

COMFORT, COMFORT YE MY PEOPLE

Words by: *Johannes Olerarius, 1671, tr. Catherine Winkworth, 1863*

Music by: *Louis Bourgeois, 1551, arr. Jeff Koonce, 2011*

F B \flat F B \flat C

Com - fort, com - fort ye my peo - ple, Speak of peace, thus says our
 Yea, her sins — our God will par - don, blot - ting out each dark mis -
 For the her - ald's voice is cry - ing in the des - ert far and
 Make ye straight what long was crook - ed, make the rough - er place - s

4 F F B \flat

God; Com - fort those — who sit in dark - ness,
 deed; All that well — de - served his an - ger
 near; Bid - ding all — men to re - pen - tance,
 plain; Let your hearts — be true and hum - ble,

7 F B \flat C F F/A

mourn - ing 'neath their sor - row's load. Speak ye to — Je - ru - sa -
 he no more will see or heed. She hath suf - fered man - y'a
 since the king - dom now is here. O that warn - ing cry o -
 as be - fits — God's ho - ly reign. For the glo - ry of the

10 B \flat C F/A B \flat B \flat

lem of the peace that waits for them; Tell her that — her sins I
 day, now her griefs have passed a - way; God will change her pin - ing
 bey! Now pre - pare for God a way; Let the val - leys rise to
 Lord now o'er earth is shed a - broad; And all flesh shall see the

14 Dm F/A B \flat C C F

cov - er, and her war - fare now is o - ver.
 sad - ness in - to ev - er - spring - ing glad - ness.
 meet him, and the hills — bow down to greet - him.
 to - ken that God's word — is nev - er bro - ken.