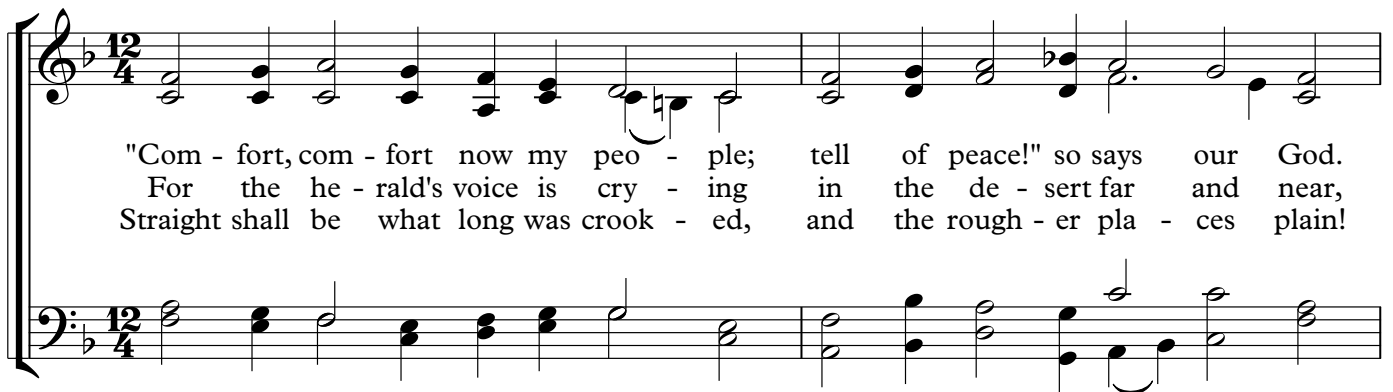


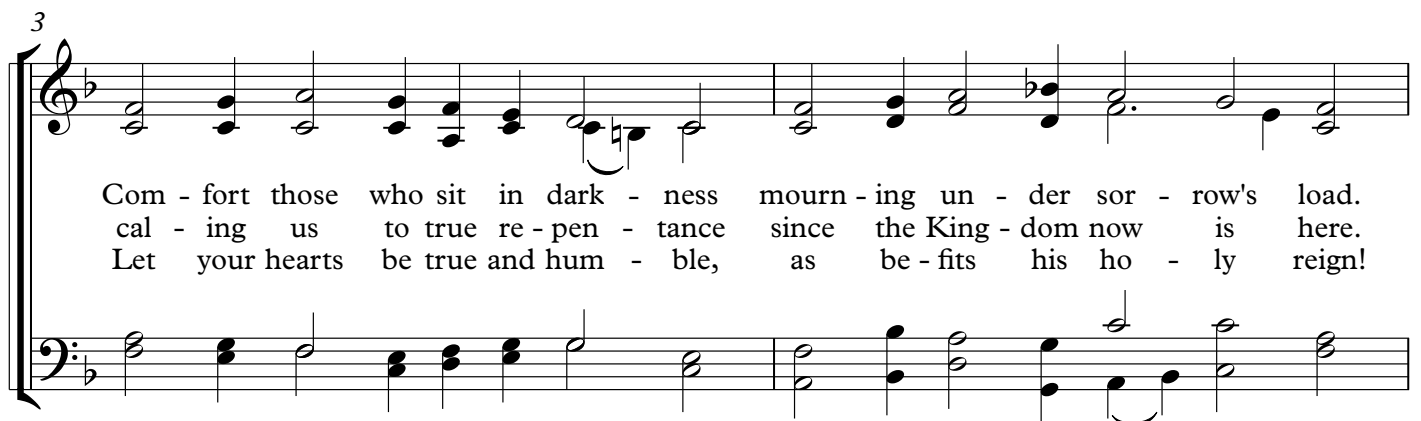
Comfort, Comfort Ye My People

Johannes G. Olearius

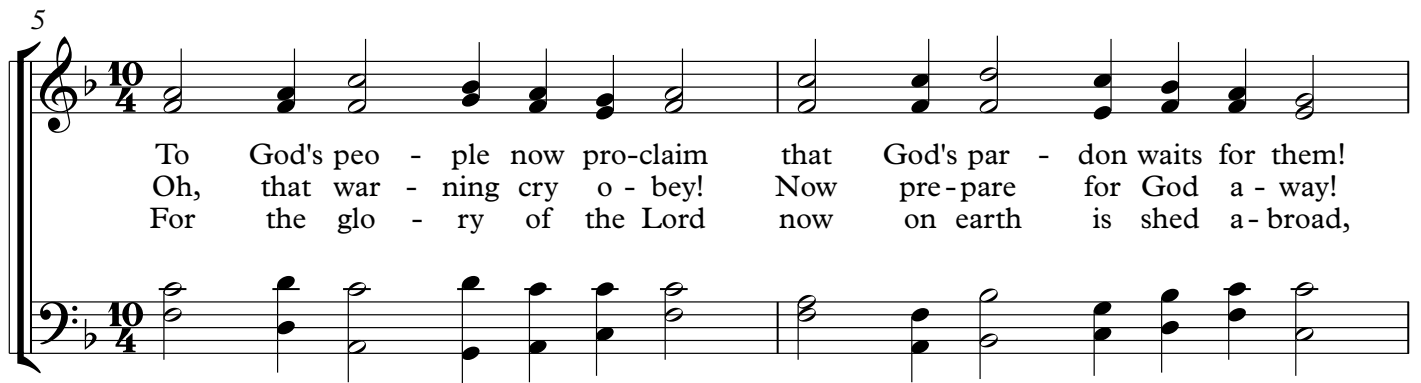
Louis Bourgeois



"Com - fort, com - fort now my peo - ple; tell of peace!" so says our God.
For the he - rald's voice is cry - ing in the de - sert far and near,
Straight shall be what long was crook - ed, and the rough - er pla - ces plain!



3
Com - fort those who sit in dark - ness mourn - ing un - der sor - row's load.
cal - ing us to true re - pen - tance since the King - dom now is here.
Let your hearts be true and hum - ble, as be - fits his ho - ly reign!



5
To God's peo - ple now pro-claim that God's par - don waits for them!
Oh, that war - ning cry o - bey! Now pre - pare for God a - way!
For the glo - ry of the Lord now on earth is shed a - broad,



7
Tell them that their war is o - ver; God will reign in peace for e - ver!
Let the val - ley's rise to meet him, and the hills bow down to greet him!
and all flesh shall see the to - ken that God's word is ne - ver bro - ken.