

Comfort, Comfort Ye My People

FREU DICH SEHR [AINSI QU'ON OIT LE CERF BRUIRE] (8 7. 8 7. 7 7. 8 8)
Genevan Psalter, 1551
 harm. Johann Crüger, 1658

Johannes Olearius, 1671
 tr. Catherine Winkworth, 1863; alt.

1. Com-*fort*, com-*fort* ye My peo-*ple*, Speak ye peace, thus saith our God;
 2. Yea, her sins our God will par-*don*, Blot-*ting* out each dark mis-*deed*;
 3. For the her-*ald's* voice is cry-*ing* In the des-*ert* far and near,
 4. Make ye straight what long was crook-*ed*, Make the rough-*er* plac-*es* plain:

Com-*fort* those who sit in dark-*ness*, Bowed be-*neath* their sor-*row's* load;
 All that well de-*served* His an-*ger* He will no more see nor heed.
 Bid-*ding* all men to 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,

Speak ye to Je-*ru-sa-lem* Of the peace that waits for them;
 She has suf-*fered* man-*y* a day, Now her griefs have passed a-*way*;
 O that warn-*ing* cry o-*bey!* Now pre-*pare* for God a-*way!*
 For the glo-*ry* of the Lord Now o'er earth is shed a-*broad*,

Tell her that her sins I cov-*er*, And her war-*fare* now is o-*ver*.
 God will change her pin-*ning* sad-*ness* In-*to* ev-*er-spring-ing* glad-*ness*.
 Let the val-*leys* rise to meet Him, And the hills bow down to greet Him.
 And all flesh shall see the to-*ken* That His Word is nev-*er* bro-*ken*.