Comfort, Comfort Ye My People

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-ing 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.