


Comfort, Comfort You My People

The Presbyterian Hymnal, 3

Johannes Olearius, 1671
Trans. Catherine Winkworth, 1863


Genevan Psalter, 1551

F C F C Dm Am B \flat F Dm C F B \flat F C F




Com-fort, com-fort you my peo-ple, Tell of peace, thus says our God;
For the her-ald's voice is call-ing In the des-ert far and near,
Make you straight what long was crook-ed, Make the rough-er plac-es plain;

5 F C F C Dm Am B \flat F Dm C F B \flat F C F




Com-fort those who sit in dark-ness Bowed be-neath op-pres-sion's load.
Bid-ding us to make re-pen-tance Since the king-dom now is here.
Let your hearts be true and hum-ble, As be-fits God's ho-ly reign.

9 F B \flat F C F F B \flat F B \flat F C



Speak you to Je-ru-sa-lem Of the peace that waits for them;
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;

13 F Cm Gm Dm C F B \flat F Dm B \flat F C Dm C F



Tell them that their sins I cov-er, And their war-fare now is o-ver.
Let the val-leys rise in meet-ing And the hills bow down in greet-ing.
And all flesh shall see the to-ken That God's word is nev-er bro-ken.