

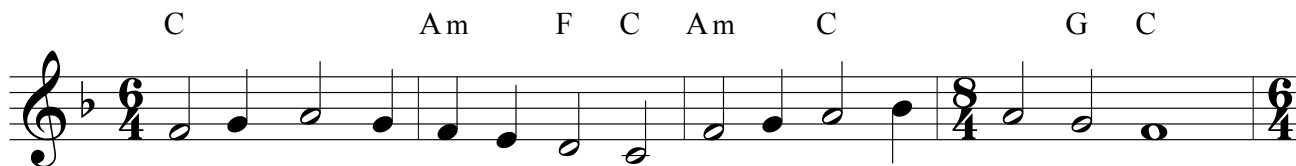
# Comfort, Comfort You My People

The Presbyterian Hymnal, 3

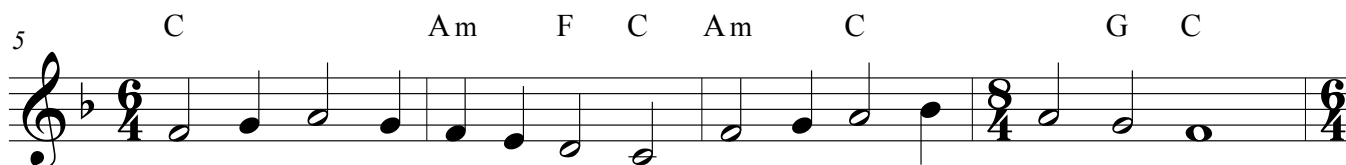
Johannes Olearius, 1671  
Trans. Catherine Winkworth, 1863

Genevan Psalter, 1551

GUITAR CAPO 5 - Easy Version



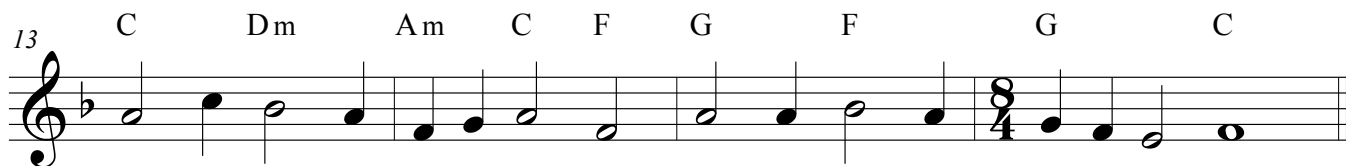
Com-fort, com - fort you my peo - ple, Tell of peace, thus says our God;  
For the her - ald's voice is call - ing In the des - ert far and near,  
Make you straight what long was crook - ed, Make the rough - er plac - es plain;



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



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;



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.