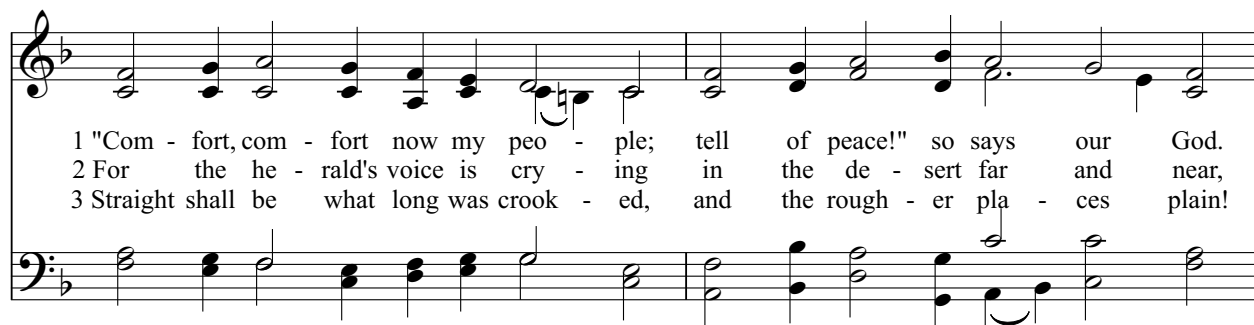
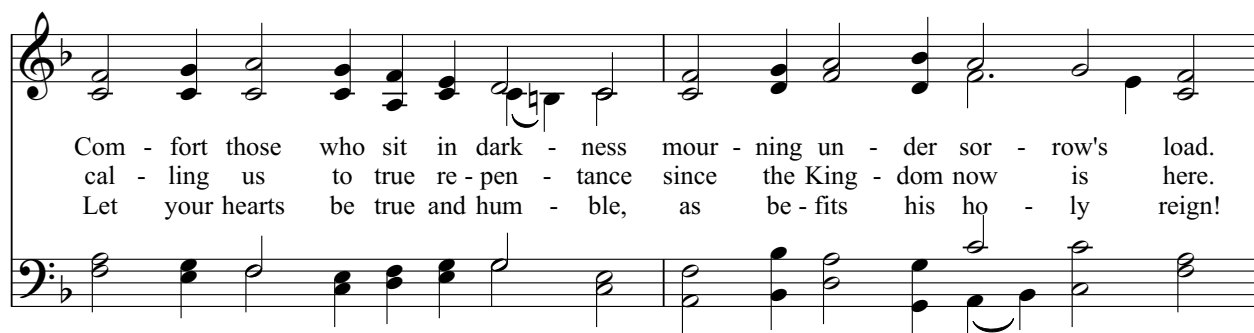


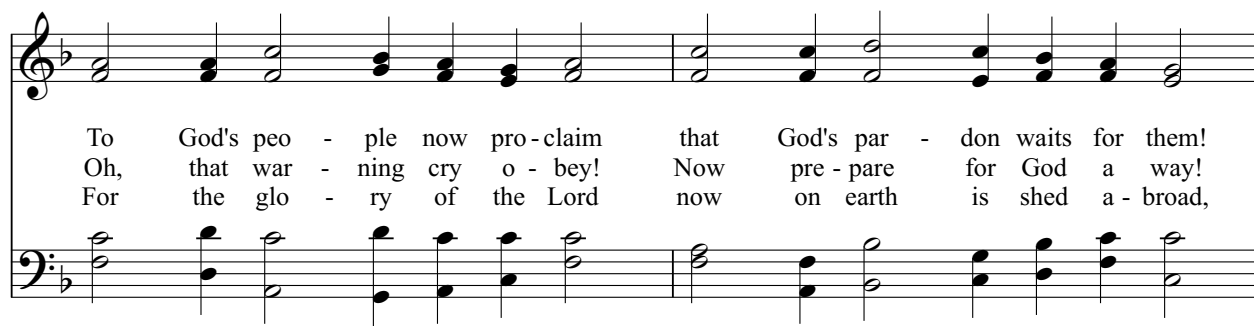
# Comfort, Comfort Now My People



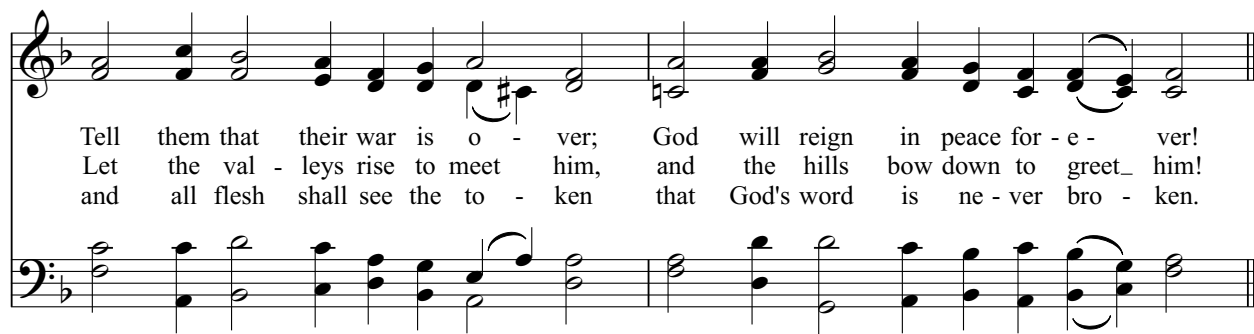
1 "Com - fort, com - fort now my peo - ple; tell of peace!" so says our God.  
2 For the he - rald's voice is cry - ing in the de - sert far and near,  
3 Straight shall be what long was crook - ed, and the rough - er pla - ces plain!



Com - fort those who sit in dark - ness mour - ning un - der sor - row's load.  
cal - ling 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!



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,



Tell them that their war is o - ver; God will reign in peace for - e - ver!  
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 God's word is ne - ver bro - ken.

Text: Johannes G. Olearius (1611-1684);  
tr. Catherine Winkworth (1827-1878), alt.  
Tune: Louis Bourgeois (ca. 1510-1561),  
*Genevan Psalter*, 1551



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GENEVAN 42  
[www.hymnary.org/text/comfort\\_comfort\\_now\\_my\\_people](http://www.hymnary.org/text/comfort_comfort_now_my_people)