

# Comfort, Comfort All My People

Winkworth

1. "Comfort, comfort all my people;  
speak of peace," now says our God.  
"Comfort those who sit in darkness  
mourning 'neath their sorrow's load.  
Speak unto Jerusalem  
of the peace that waits for them!  
Tell her that her sins I cover;  
and her warfare now is over!"
2. Hark! the herald's voice is crying  
in the desert far and near,  
bidding all to full repentance,  
since the Kingdom now is here.  
O that warning cry obey!  
Now prepare for God a way;  
let the valleys rise to meet him,  
and the hills bow down to greet him!
3. O make straight what long was crooked,  
make the rougher places plain;  
let your hearts be true and humble,  
as befits his holy reign!  
For the glory of the Lord  
now o'er earth is shed abroad,  
and all flesh shall see the token  
that his word is never broken.

Inspiration: Isaiah 40:1-5; "Tröstet, tröstet meine Lieben" by Johann G. Olearious, 1611-1684, in his "Geistliche Singe-Kunst", 1671.  
Lyrics: 87.87.77.88; Catherine Winkworth, 1827-1878, in "The Chorale Book for England", 1863.