

Comfort, Comfort Ye My People

Winkworth

1. "Comfort, comfort ye my people;
 speak ye peace," thus saith our God.
 "Comfort those who sit in darkness
 mourning 'neath their sorrow's load.
 Speak ye to 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 men to 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. Make ye 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.