1. Comfort, comfort ye my people, speak ye peace, thus
2. For, the voice of one that crieth In the desert
3. Make ye straight what long was crooked, make the rougher

saith our God; comfort those who sit in darkness
far and near, calling us to new repentance
places plain; let your hearts be true and humble,

mourning heath their sorrows' load. Speak ye to Je
since the kingdom now is here. Oh, that warning
as befits his holy reign. For the glory

ru--salem of the peace that waits for them;
cry o-bey! Now prepare for God a way;
of the Lord now o'er earth is shed abroad;

tell her that her sins I cover,
let the valleys rise to meet him
and all flesh shall see the token

and her warfare now is over.
and the hills bow down to greet him.
that the word is never broken.

Words: Johann G. Olearius (1611-1684); tr. Catherine Winkworth (1827-1878), alt.
Music: Psalm 42, melody Claude Goudimel (1514-1572)