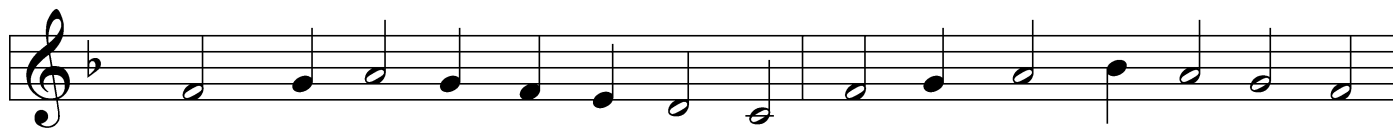


Comfort, Comfort These My People

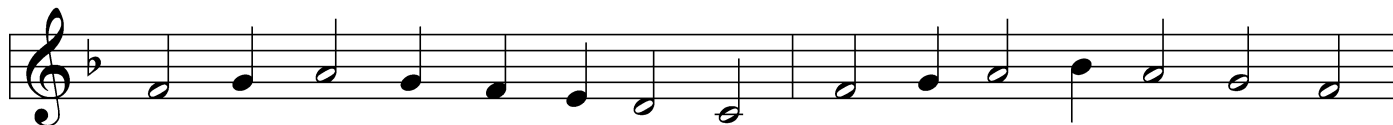
FREU DICH SEHR

Johann Olearius, 1611-1684

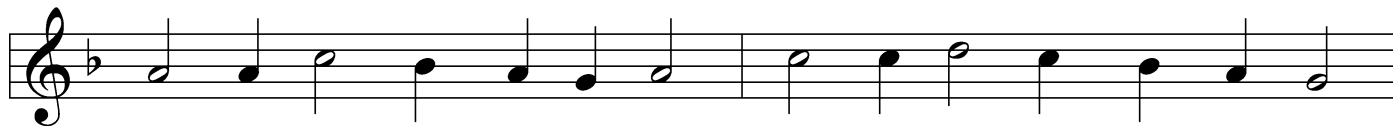
L. Bourgeois' *Genevan Psalter*, 1551



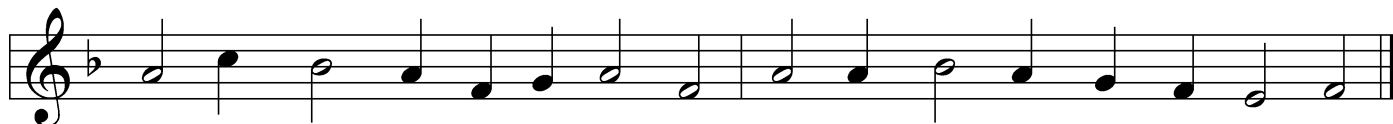
1. "Com - fort, com - fort these my peo - ple, speak of peace!" so says our God.
2. Yes, our sins the Lord will par - don, blot - ting out each dark mis - deed.
3. Now the her - ald's voice is cry - ing in the des - ert far and near,
4. Straight must be what long was crook - ed; make the rough - est plac - es plain!



"Com - fort these who sit in dark - ness groan - ing un - der sin's dread rod.
All that well de - served his an - ger he no more will see nor heed.
call - ing us to true re - pent - ance, for the king - dom now is here!
Let your hearts be true and hum - ble, read - y for his ho - ly reign!



To my peo - ple I pro - claim par - don now in Je - sus' name.
We who lan - guished man - y a day un - der guilt now washed a - way,
Oh, that warn - ing cry o - bey, oh, pre - pare for God a way,
Here the glo - ry of the Lord stands so gra - cious - ly re - vealed



Tell them that their sins I cov - er, that their war - fare now is o - ver!"
we ex - change our pin - ing sad - ness for his com - fort, peace, and glad - ness!
let the val - leys rise to meet him, let the hills bow down to greet him!
that all peo - ples see the to - ken that God's Word is nev - er bro - ken!