

# Comfort, Comfort Ye My People

Louis Bourgeois, 1551

Johannes Olearius, 1671

Harmony from DeVries Koraalboek

Tr. Catherine Winkworth, 1863

Adapted by Henry Bruinsma, 1946

Com - fort, com - fort ye My peo - ple,  
For the her - ald's voice is cry - ing  
Make ye straight what long was crook - ed,

Speak ye peace, thus saith our God;  
In the des - ert far and near,  
Make the rough - er plac - es plain;

Com - fort those who sit in dark - ness,  
Bid - ding all men to re - pent - ance,  
Let your hearts be true and hum - ble,

Mourn - ing 'neath their sor - row's load.  
Since the king - dom now is here.  
As be - fits His ho - ly reign.

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Speak ye to Je - ru - sa - lem  
O that warn - ing cry o - bey!  
For the glo - ry of the Lord

Of the peace that waits for them;  
Now pre - pare for God a way;  
Now o'er earth is shed a - broad;

Tell her that her sins I cov - er,  
Let the val - leys rise to meet Him  
And all flesh shall see the to - ken

And her war - fare now is o - ver.  
And the hills bow down to greet Him.  
That His Word is nev - er bro - ken.