Is 40:1–8

Comfort, Comfort Ye My People

Words: Johann Olearius (Oelschlaeger), 1671. Translated by Catherine Winkworth, 1862.
Music: 'Freu dich sehr, o meine Seele' from Trente Quatre Pseaumes de David, Geneva, 1551.
Setting: "Evangelical Lutheran Hymn-Book", 1931.
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1. Comfort, comfort ye My people, Speak ye peace, thus saith our God;
2. For the herald's voice is crying In the desert far and near,
3. Yea, her sins our God will pardon, Blotting out each dark misdeed;
4. Make ye straight what long was crooked, Make the rougher places plain:

Comfort those who sit in darkness, Mourning 'neath their sorrow's load;
Bid all men to repentance, Since the kingdom now is here.
Let your hearts be true and humble, As befits His holy reign,

Speak ye to Jerusalem Of the peace that waits for them;
O that warning cry obey! Now prepare for God a way!
She has suffered many a day, Now her griefs have passed away,

Tell her that her sins I cover, And her warfare now is over.
Let the valleys rise to meet Him, And the hills bow down to greet Him.
God will change her pining sadness Into ever springing gladness.
And all flesh shall see the token That His Word is never broken.

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