

# Comfort, comfort ye my people

Johann G. Olearius (1611-1684), trans. Catherine Winkworth (1827-1878)

Johann Schop (1590-1664) arr. J.S.Bach (1685-1750)

Werde munter BWV360 87 87 77 88

1. Com-fort, com - fort ye my peo - ple, speak ye peace, thus saith our God;  
2. For the he - rald's voice is cry - ing in the de - sert far and near,  
3. Yea, her sins our God will par - don, blot - ting out each dark mis - deed;  
4. Make ye straight what long was crook - ed, make the rough - er pla - ces plain:

5  
com - fort those who sit in dark-ness, mourn - ing 'neath their sor - row's load;  
bid - ding all men to re - pen-tance, since the king - dom now is here.  
all that well de - served his an - ger he will no more see nor heed.  
let your hearts be true and hum - ble, as be - fits his ho - ly reign,

9  
speak ye to Je - ru - sa - lem of the peace that waits for them;  
O that warn - ing cry o - bey! Now pre - pare for God a way!  
She has suf - fered ma - ny a day, now her griefs have passed a - way,  
For the glo - ry of the Lord now o'er earth is shed a - broad,

13  
tell her that her sins I co - ver, and her war - fare now is o - ver.  
Let the val - leys rise to meet him, and the hills bow down to greet him.  
God will change her pin - ing sad - ness in - to e - ver spring - ing glad - ness.  
and all flesh shall see the to - ken that his word is ne - ver bro - ken.