11 Comfort, Comfort All My People

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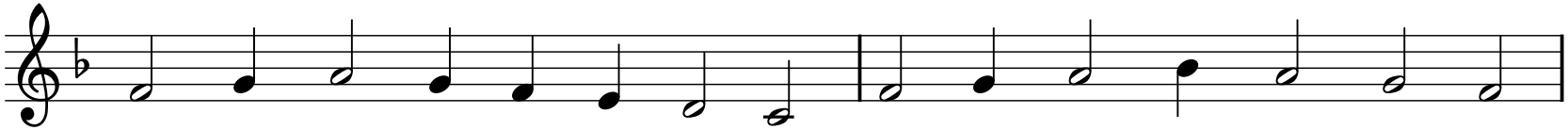
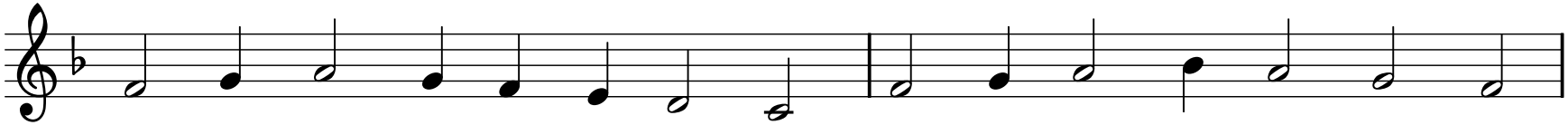
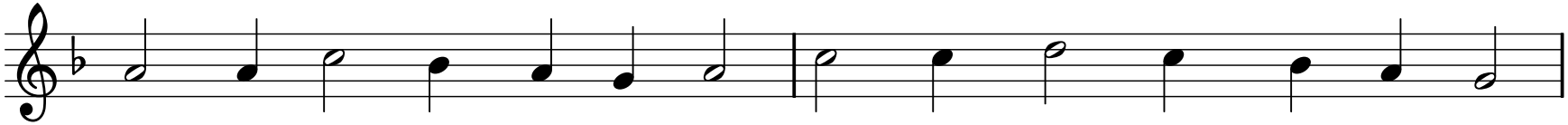


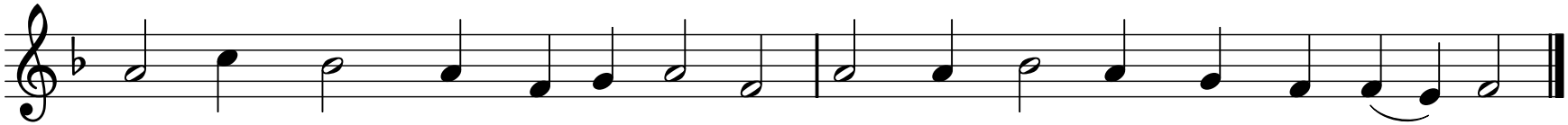
1 "Com-fort, com - fort all my peo - ple; Speak of peace," so says our God
2 All their sins our God will par-don, Blot-ting out each dark mis-deed;



"Com-fort those who sit in dark-ness, Groan-ing from their sor - rows' load.
All that well de-serve his an - ger He no more will see or heed.



Speak to all Je - ru - sa - lem Of the peace that waits for them;
They have suf - fered man-y a day; Now their griefs have passed a - way.



Tell them that their sins I cov - er, That their war-fare is now o - ver."
God will change their ach ing sad-ness In - to ev - er– spring ing glad-ness.

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3 John the Baptist's voice is crying
In the desert far and near,
Calling people to repentance
For the kingdom now is here.
Oh, that warning cry obey!
Now prepare for God a way;
Let the valleys rise to meet him
And the hills bow down to greet him.

4 Straighten out the crooked highway;
Make the rougher places plain.
Let your hearts be true and humble,
Ready for his holy reign.
For the glory of the Lord
Now o'er earth is spread abroad,
And all flesh shall see the token
That his word is never broken.

Hymn #11: Comfort, Comfort All My People
Text: Johann Olearius, 1611-84
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Christian Worship: A Lutheran Hymnal
Tune: *Trente quatre Pseaumes de David*,
Geneva, 1551
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