

347 Comfort, Comfort Ye My People

FREU DICH SEHR

87 87 77 88

1 "Com - fort, com - fort ye My peo - ple, Speak ye peace!" thus
saith our God: "Com - fort those who sit in dark - ness, Mourn - ing
'neath their sor - rows' load. Speak ye to Je - ru - sa - lem
Of the peace that waits for them; Tell her that her
sins I cov - er And her war - fare now is o - ver."

The musical score is written on five staves in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with a final double bar line at the end of the fifth staff. The lyrics are printed below the notes, with hyphens indicating syllables across measures.

2 Yea, her sins our God will pardon,
 Blotting out each dark misdeed;
 All that well deserved His anger
 He no more will see or heed.
 She hath suffered many a day,
 Now her griefs have passed away;
 God will change her pining sadness
 Into ever-springing gladness.

3 Hark, the herald's voice is crying
 In the desert far and near,
 Calling sinners to repentance,
 Since the Kingdom now is here.
 O that warning cry obey!
 Now prepare for God away;
 Let the valleys rise to meet Him
 And the hills bow down to greet Him.

4 Make ye straight what long was crooked;
 Make the rougher places plain!
 Let your hearts be true and humble,
 As befits His holy reign.
 For the glory of the Lord
 Now o'er earth is shed abroad,
 And all flesh shall see the token
 That His Word is never broken.

Hymn #347: Comfort, Comfort Ye My People

Text: Johann Olearius, 1611-84

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Lutheran Service Book

Tune: *Trente quatre Pseaumes de David*,

Geneva, 1551

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