


28 Comfort, Comfort These My People

FREU DICH SEHR


87 87 77 88

F Dm F Dm C F Dm




1 "Com - fort, com - fort these my peo - ple, Speak of peace!" so
 2 Yes, our sins the Lord will par - don, Blot - ting out each
 3 Now the her - ald's voice is cry - ing In the des - ert
 4 Straight must be what long was crook - ed; Make the rough - est

F C F Dm F Dm C F



says our God. "Com - fort these who sit in dark - ness Groan - ing
 dark mis - deed. All that well de - served his an - ger He no
 far and near, Call - ing us to true re - pen - tance, For the
 plac - es plain! Let your hearts be true and hum - ble, Read - y

Dm F C F Am F



un - der sin's dread rod. To my peo - ple I pro - claim
 more will see nor heed. We, who lan - guished man - y a day
 king - dom now is here! Oh, that warn - ing cry o - bey,
 for his ho - ly reign! Here the glo - ry of the Lord

Dm Bb C F Bb



Par - don now in Je - sus' name. Tell them that their sin
 Un - der guilt now washed a - way, We ex - change our pin -
 Oh, pre - pare for God a way, Let the val - leys rise
 Stands so gra - cious - ly re - vealed That all peo - ple see

FREU DICH SEHR (G)

Transposed for B \flat Instruments



Hymn #28: Comfort, Comfort These My People

Text: Johann Olearius, 1611-84

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Lutheran Worship

Tune: *Trente quatre Pseaumes de David*,

Geneva, 1551

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