



Comfort, Comfort Ye My People

setting by J.S. Bach



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Comfort, Comfort Be My People

Text: Tröset, tröset meine Lieben; Johann Olearius (1671); tr. Catherine Winkworth (1863), alt.

Tune: Freu dich sehr, o meine Seele; Geneva 1551

Setting: Johann Sebastian Bach (1723); BWV 70.7

S.
A.

1. "Com - fort, com - fort ye My peo - ple,
2. Yea, her sins our God will par - don,

T.
B.

5

Speak ye peace," thus saith our God;
Blot - ting out each dark mis - deed;

9

"Com - fort those who sit in dark - ness,
All that well de - served His an - ger

13

Mour - ning 'neath their sor - rows' load.
He no more will see or heed.

17

Speak ye to Je - ru - sa - lem
She hath suf - fered man - y a day,

21

Of the peace that waits for them;
Now her griefs are passed a - way,

25

Tell her that her sins I cov - er
God will change her pin - ing sad - ness

30

And her war - fare now is o - ver."
In - to ev - er - spring - ing glad - ness.

35

3. Hark, the her - ald's voice is cry - ing
4. Make ye straight what long was crook - ed;

39

In the de - sert far and near,
Make the rough - er plac - es plain.

43

Call - ing sin - ners to re - pen - tance,
Let your hearts be true and hum - ble,

47

Since the King - dom now is here.
As be - fits His ho - ly reign.

51

O that warn - ing cry o - bey!
For the glo - ry of the Lord

55

Now pre - pare for God a way;
Now o'er earth is shed a - broad,

59

Let the val - leys rise to meet Him
And all flesh shall see the to - ken

64

And the hills bow down to greet Him.
That His Word is nev - er bro - ken.