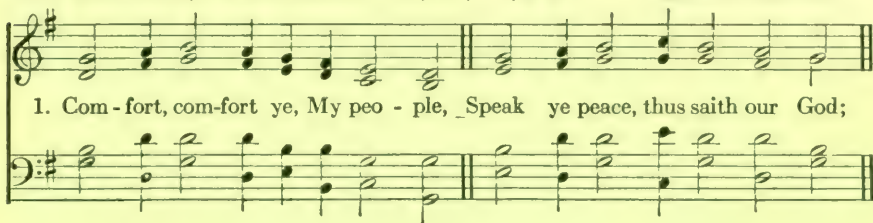


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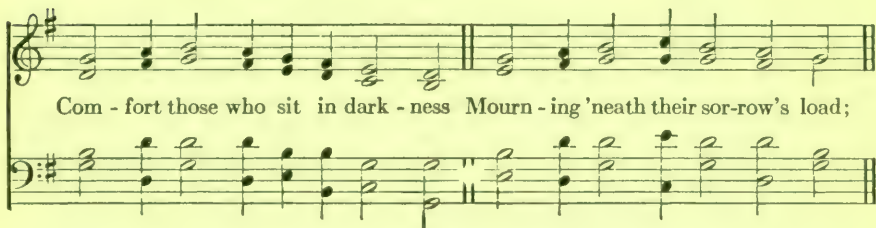
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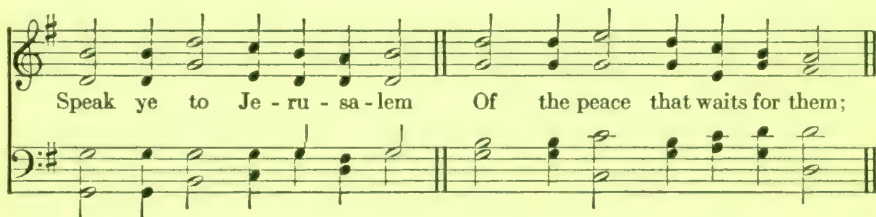
Genevan Psalter, 1551



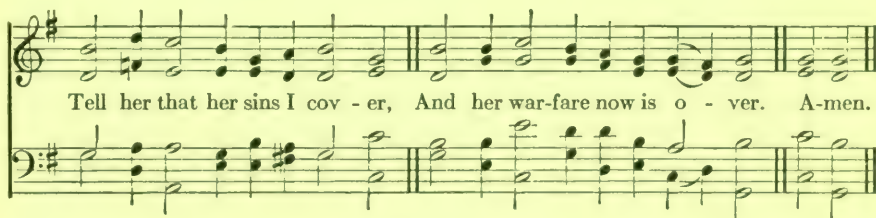
1. Com - fort, com-fort ye, My peo - ple, _Speak ye peace, thus saith our God;



Com - fort those who sit in dark - ness Mourn - ing 'neath their sor-row's 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. A-men.

2 For the herald's voice is crying
In the desert far and near,
Bidding all men to repentance,
Since the kingdom now is here.
O, 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.

3 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.

Johannes Olearius, 1671. Tr. Catherine Winkworth, 1863. a