

# LSB 347 Comfort, Comfort Ye My People

LSB 347

---

## **Verse 1**

1 "Comfort, comfort ye My people,  
Speak ye peace," thus saith our God;  
"Comfort those who sit in darkness,  
Mourning 'neath their sorrows' load.  
Speak ye to Jerusalem  
Of the peace that waits for them;  
Tell her that her sins I cover  
And her warfare now is over."

## **Verse 2**

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.

## **Verse 3**

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 a way;  
Let the valleys rise to meet Him  
And the hills bow down to greet Him.

## **Verse 4**

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.