

Tröstet, tröstet meine Lieben
Comfort, Comfort Ye My People

Catherine Winkworth / GENEVAN 42



1. "Comfort, comfort ye my people;
speak ye peace," thus saith our God.
"Comfort those who sit in darkness
mourning 'neath their sorrow's 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!"

2. Hark! 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.

Inspiration: Isaiah 40: 1-5; "Tröstet, tröstet meine Lieben" by Johann G. Olearious, 1611-1684, in his "Geistliche Singe-Kunst", 1671.

Lyrics: 87.87.77.88; Catherine Winkworth, 1827-1878, in "The Chorale Book for England", 1863.

Music: GENEVAN 42 (aka FREU DICH SEHR); attributed to Louis Bourgeois, ca. 1510-1559, in "Pseavmes octantetrois de David mis en rime Francoise", Geneva, 1551.