

# Comfort, Comfort Ye My People

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*Genevan Psalter*

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.

Hark, the Herald's voice is crying  
In the desert far and near,  
Bidding all men to repentance  
Since the Kingdom now is here.  
Oh, 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.

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.

**Bible Verse:** Comfort, comfort my people, says your God.  
Speak tenderly to Jerusalem, and cry to her that her warfare is  
ended, that her iniquity is pardoned, that she has received from  
the Lord's hand double for all her sins. Isaiah 40:1-2 ESV