

Tröstet, tröstet meine Lieben

Comfort, Comfort Now My People

Catherine Winkworth

1. "Comfort, comfort now my people;
tell of peace," so says our God.
"Comfort those who sit in darkness
mourning under sorrow's load.
To God's people now proclaim
that God's pardon waits for them!
Tell them that their war is over;
God will reign in peace for ever!"
2. For the herald's voice is crying
in the desert far and near,
calling us to true repentance,
since the Kingdom now is here.
O that warning cry obey!
Now prepare for Christ a way!
Let the valleys rise to meet him,
and the hills bow down to greet him!
3. Straight shall be what long was crooked,
and the rougher places plain!
Let your hearts be true and humble,
as befits his holy reign!
For the glory of the Lord
now on earth is shed abroad,
and all flesh shall see the token
that God's word is never broken.

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

Lyrics: 87.87.77.88; Catherine Winkworth, 1827-1878, in "The Chorale Book for England", 1863. Revision from "Catholic Worship Book II", Melbourne, 2016.