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# Comfort, Comfort O My People

*Isa. 40:1-8*

*Johannes Olearius, 1671  
Transl. Catherine Winkworth, 1863; alt.*

1 "Com - fort, com - fort O my peo - ple, tell of peace," thus says our God;  
2 For the her - ald's voice is call - ing in the des - ert far and near,  
3 Straight shall be what long was crook - ed, and the rough - er pla - ces plain!

Com - fort those whose hearts are shroud - ed, mourn - ing un - der sor - row's load.  
Bid - ding us to make re - pen - tance since the realm of God is here.  
Let your hearts be true and hum - ble, for Mes - si - ah's ho - ly reign.

Speak un - to Je - ru - sa - lem of the peace that waits for them;  
Oh, that warn - ing cry o - bey! Now pre - pare for God a way;  
For God's glo - ry - ev - er - more shall be known o'er all the world;

Tell them that their sins I cov - er, and their war - fare now is o - ver.  
Let the val - leys rise in meet - ing and the hills bow down in greet - ing.  
And all flesh shall see the to - ken that God's word is nev - er bro - ken.

*Isa. 21:11-12**John Bowring, 1825; alt.*

1 Watch-er, tell us of the night, what its signs of prom-ise are.  
 2 Watch-er, tell us of the night, high-er yet that star as-cends.  
 3 Watch-er, tell us of the night, for the morn-ing seems to dawn.

Trav - eler, O a won-drous sight! See that glo-ry - beam-ing star!  
 Trav - eler, bless-ed - ness and light, peace and truth its course por - tends.  
 Trav - eler, shad-ows take their flight, doubt and ter-ror are with-drawn.

Watch-er, does its beau - teous ray news of joy or hope fore - tell?  
 Watch-er, will its beams a - lone gild the spot that gave them birth?  
 Watch-er, you may go your way; has - ten to your qui - et home.

Trav-eler, yes; it brings the day, prom - ised day of Is - ra - el!  
 Trav-eler, a - ges are its own; see, it bursts o'er all the earth!  
 Trav-eler, I re - joice to-day, for Em - man - u - el has come!

# Let All Mortal Flesh Keep Silence

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Liturgy of St. James  
Tr. Gerard Moultrie, 1829-1885

PICARDY 8.7.8.7.8.7.  
Traditional French Carol

1 Let all mor-tal flesh keep si-lence, And with fear and trem-bling stand;  
2 King of kings, yet born of Mar-y, As of old on earth he stood,  
3 Rank on rank the host of heav-en Spreads its van-guard on the way,  
4 At his feet the six-winged ser-aph; Cher-u-bim, with sleep-less eye,

Pon-der noth-ing earth-ly-mind-ed, For with bless-ing in his hand,  
Lord of lords, in hu-man ves-ture, In the bod-y and the blood,  
As the Light of light de-scend-eth From the realms of end-less day,  
Veil their fa-ces to the pres-ence, As with cease-less voice they cry,

Christ our God to earth de-scend-eth, Our full hom-age to de-mand.  
He will give to all the faith-ful His own self for heav-enly food.  
That the powers of hell may van-ish As the dark-ness clears a-way.  
Al-le-lu-ia, Al-le-lu-ia, Al-le-lu-ia, Lord Most High! A-men.