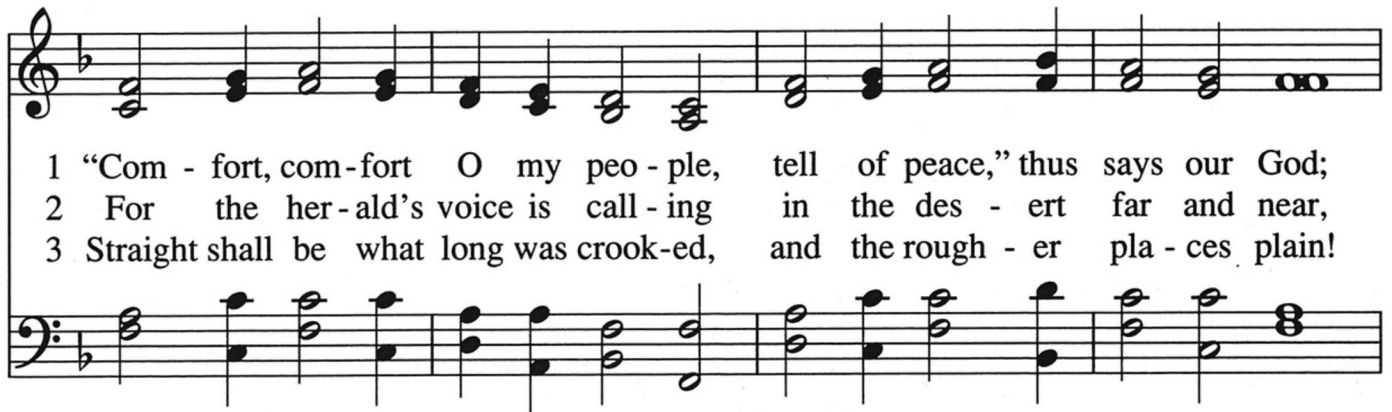




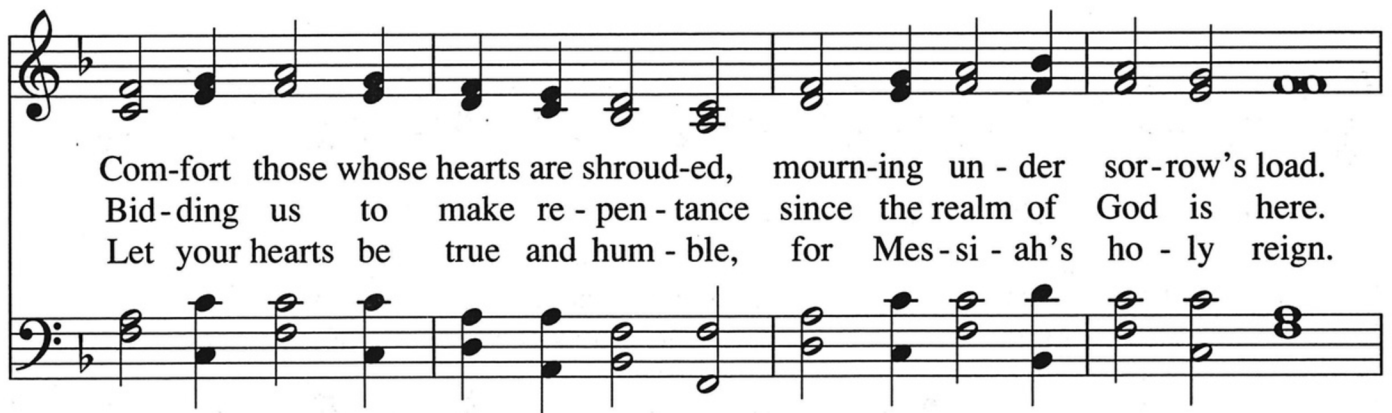
**LARGE PRINT  
HYMNS**

**SUNDAY  
December 8, 2024**

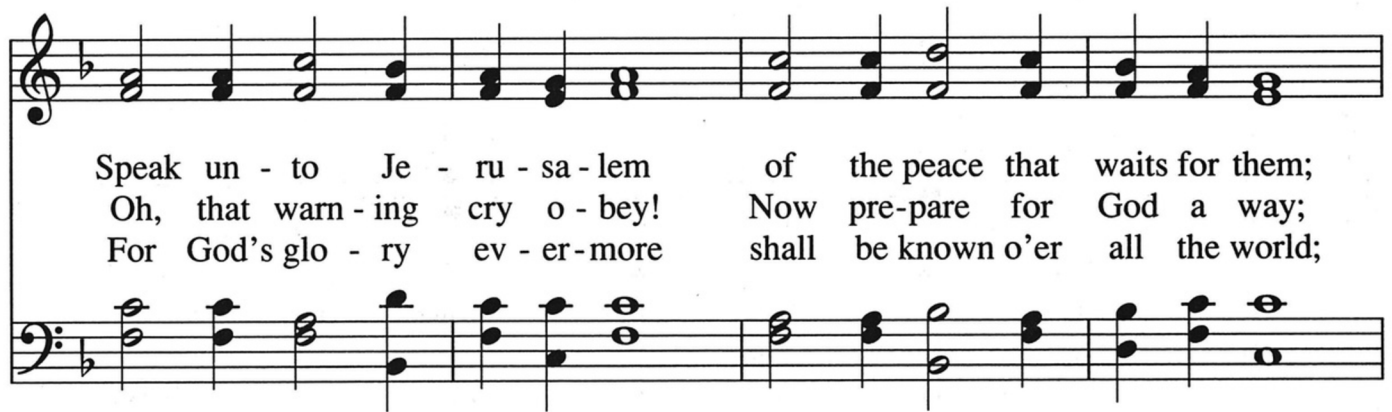
# #101 "Comfort, Comfort O My People"



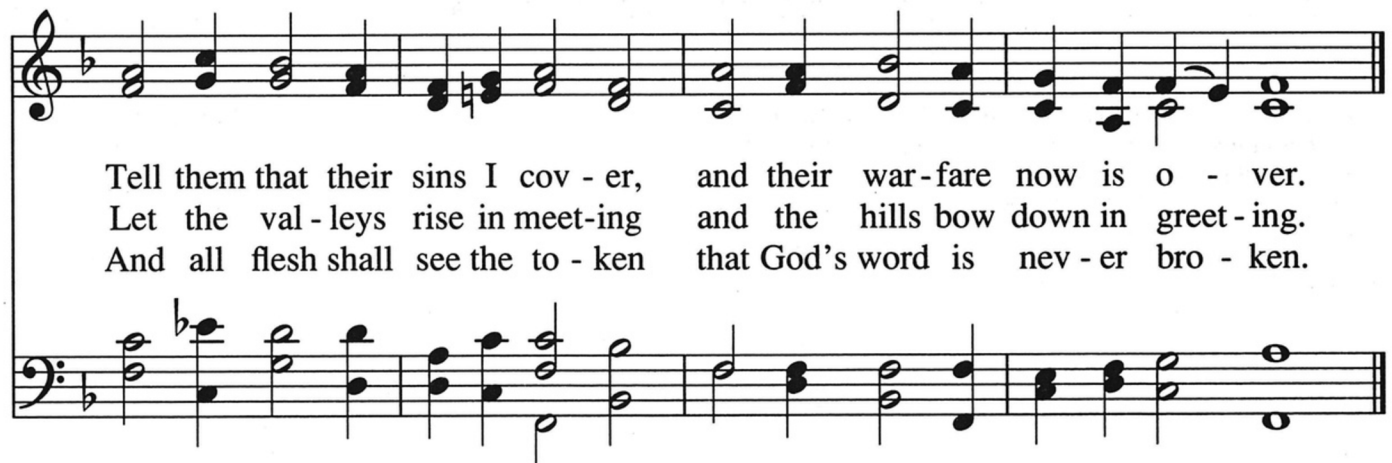
1 "Com - fort, com-fort O my peo - ple, tell of peace," thus says our God;  
2 For the her - ald's voice is call - ing in the des - ert far and near,  
3 Straight shall be what long was crook-ed, and the rough - er pla - ces plain!



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.

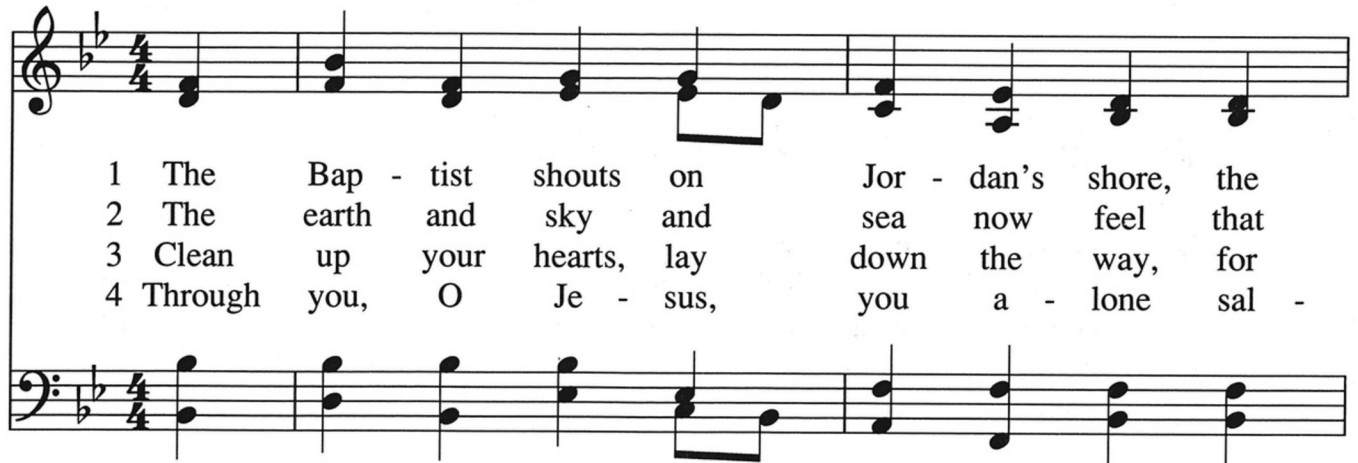


Speak un - to Je - ru - sa - lem of the peace that waits for them;  
Oh, that warn - ing cry o - bey! Now pre-pare for God a way;  
For God's glo - ry ev - er-more shall be known o'er all the world;

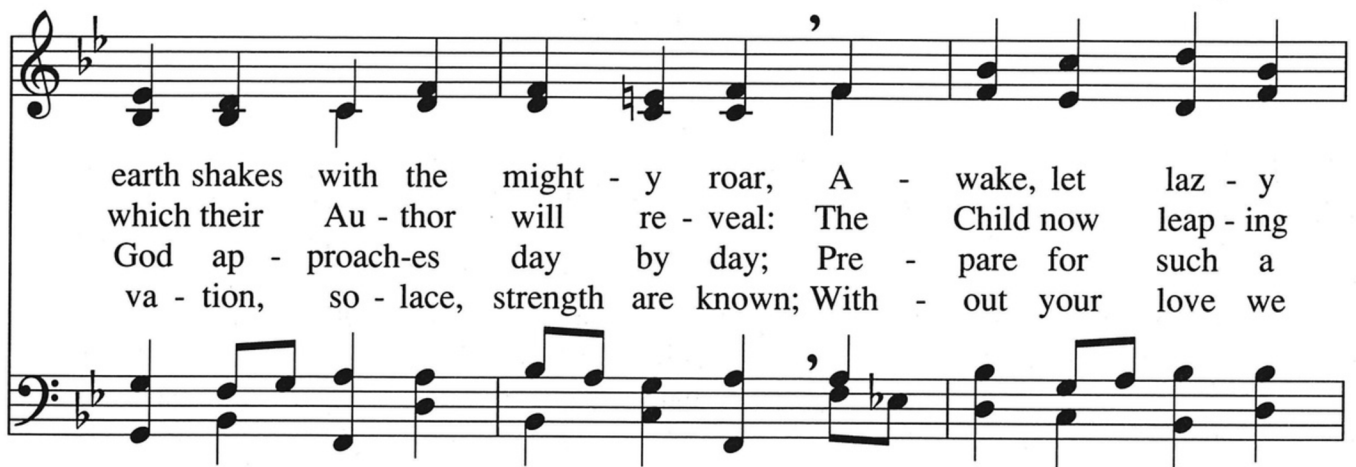


Tell them that their sins I cov - er, and their war-fare now is o - ver.  
Let the val - leys rise in meet-ing and the hills bow down in greet - ing.  
And all flesh shall see the to - ken that God's word is nev - er bro - ken.

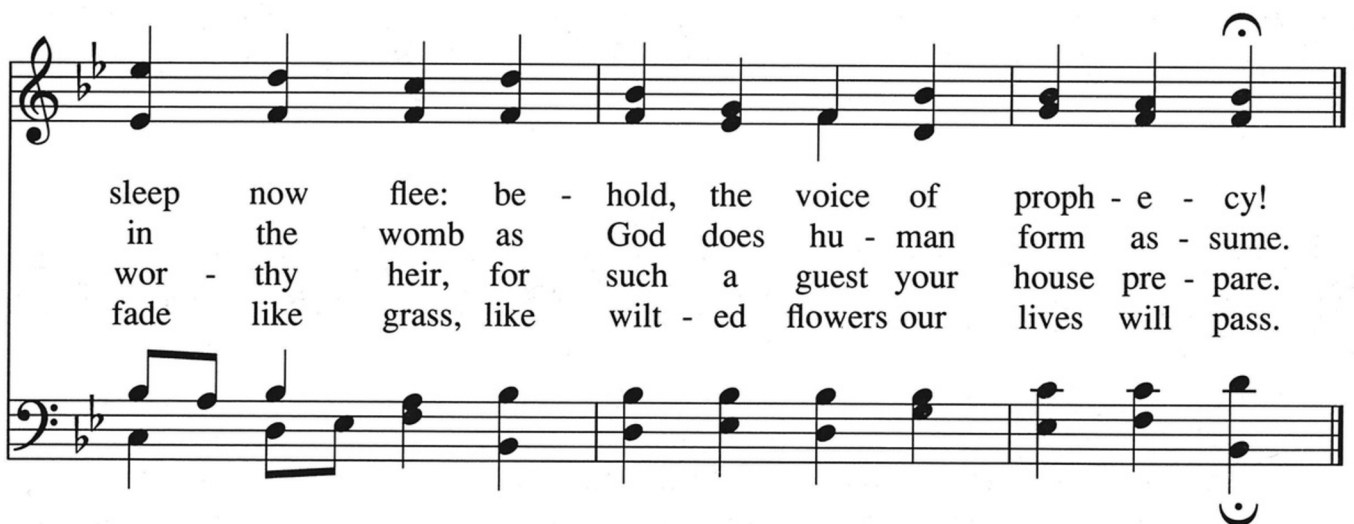
# #115 "The Baptist Shouts on Jordan's Shore"



1 The Bap - tist shouts on Jor - dan's shore, the  
2 The earth and sky and sea now feel that  
3 Clean up your hearts, lay down the way, for  
4 Through you, O Je - sus, you a - lone sal -



earth shakes with the might - y roar, A - wake, let laz - y  
which their Au - thor will re - veal: The Child now leap - ing  
God ap - proach-es day by day; Pre - pare for such a  
va - tion, so - lace, strength are known; With - out your love we



sleep now flee: be - hold, the voice of proph - e - cy!  
in the womb as God does hu - man form as - sume.  
wor - thy heir, for such a guest your house pre - pare.  
fade like grass, like wilt - ed flowers our lives will pass.

5 Your hands ex-tend, our pain em-brace,  
lift up the pros-trate, show your face;  
Though we in part your beau-ty know,  
O blos-som forth, your splen-dor show.

6 O One who comes to set us free,  
O Child, to you our song will be,  
With Fa-ther, Spir-it moth-er-ing,  
to you shall praise for-ev-er ring!