

Comfort ye, my people + Ev'ry valley shall be exalted, Messiah (Georg Friedrich Händel – Charles Jennens)

Comfort ye, comfort ye my people,
[ˈkʌmfət ji: ˈkʌmfət ji: maɪ ˈpi:pəl

saith your God.
sɛθ jɔ: ɡɒd

Speak ye comfortably to Jerusalem,
spi:k ji: ˈkʌmfətʌbli tu: dʒəˈru:sələm

and cry unto her,
ænd kraɪ ˈʌntu hɜ:

that her warfare is accomplished,
ðæt hɜ: ˈwɔ:feə(r) ɪz əˈkʌmplɪʃt

that her iniquity is pardoned.
ðæt hɜ:r ɪˈnɪkwɪti ɪz ˈpɑ:dənd

The voice of him that crieth in the wilderness,
ðə vɔɪs ɒv hɪm ðæt kraɪəθ ɪn ðə ˈwɪldənɪs

prepare ye the way of the Lord.
prɪˈpeə ji: ðə weɪ ɒv ðə lɔ:d

Make straight in the desert
meɪk streɪt ɪn ðə ˈdezət

a highway for our God.
ə ˈhaɪweɪ fɔ:(r) ɑ: ɡɒd

Ev'ry valley shall be exalted,
ˈevri ˈvæli ʃæl bi: ɪɡˈzɔ:ltɪd

and ev'ry mountain and hill made low;
ænd ˈevri ˈmaʊntɪn ænd hɪl meɪd loʊ

the crooked straight
ðə ˈkrʊkɪd streɪt

and the rough places plain.
ænd ðə rʌf ˈpleɪsɪz pleɪn]