

O, Spread the Tidings Round

The Comforter Has Come. 6.6.6.6.6.6.6.

F. BOTTOOME

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1. O, spread the ti - dings round, Wher -
 2. The long, long night is past, The
 3. O bound - less Love di - vine! How
 4. Sing, 'till the ech - oes fly A -

ev - er man is found, Wher - ev - er hu - man hearts
 morn - ing breaks at last; And hushed the dread - ful wail
 shall this tongue of mine To won - dering mor - tals tell
 bove the vault - ed sky, And all the saints a - bove

And hu - man woes a - bound; Let ev - ery Chris - tian tongue
 And fu - ry of the blast, As o'er the gold - en hills
 The match - less grace di - vine - That I, a child of sin,
 To all be - low re - ply, In strains of end - less love,

Pro - claim the joy - ful sound: The Com - fort - er has come!
 The day ad - vanc - es fast. The Com - fort - er has come!
 Should in His im - age shine! The Com - fort - er has come!
 The song that ne'er will die: The Com - fort - er has come!