The Comforter Has Come!

Words by Rev. F. Bottome
Music by William J. Kirkpatrick

1. O spread the tidings 'round, wher-e-ver man is found,
   Wher-ev-er hu-man hearts and hu-man woes a-bound;
   Let ev-ry Chris-tian tongue pro-claim the joy-ful sound:
   D.S.--The Ho-ly Ghost from heav'n, the Fa-ther's prom-ise giv'n,
   The Com-forter has come, The Com-forter has come!

2. The long, long night is past; the morn-ing breaks at last;
   And hushed the dread-ful wail and fu-ry of the blast, As o'er the gold-en hills the day ad-va-nces fast!
   The Com-forter has come!
   The Com-forter has come, The Com-forter has come!

3. Lo, the great King of kings, with heal-ing in His wings,
   To ev-ry cap-tive soul a full de-liv-rance brings; And thru the va-cant cells the song of tri-um-ph rings!
   The Com-forter has come!

4. O bound-less love di-vine! How shall this tongue of mine
   To wond-ring mor-tals tell the match-less grace di-vine--That I, a child of hell, Should in His im-age shine!
   The Com-forter has come!

5. Sing, till the ech-oes fly a-bove the vault-ed sky,
   And all the saints a-bove to all be-low re-ply, In strains of end-less love, the song that ne'er will die: The Com-forter has come!
   D.S. al Fine

WORDS

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