The Comforter Has Come

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O spread the tidings'round, wher - er - er man is found, Wher -
The long, long night is past; the morn - ing breaks at last; And
Lo, the great King of kings, with heal - ing in His wings, To
O bound - less love di - vine! How shall this tongue of mine To

ev - er hu - man hearts and hu - man woes a - bound. Let
hushed the dread-ed wail and fu - ry of the blast, As
ev - 'ry cap - tive soul a full de - liv - rance brings, And
won - d'ring mor-tals tell the match - less grace di - vine That

ev - 'ry Chris - tian tongue pro - claim the joy - ful sound: The
o'er the gold - en hills the day ad - vanc - es fast!
thro' the va - cant cells the song of tri - umph rings;
I, a child of hell, should in His im - age shine?

Com - fort - er has come! The Com - fort - er has come! The Com - fort - er has come! The Ho - ly Ghost from heav'n, the

Fa - ther's prom - ise giv'n, O spread the tidings 'round, wher -

ev - er man is found: The Com - fort - er has come!