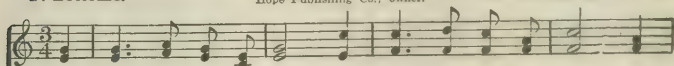


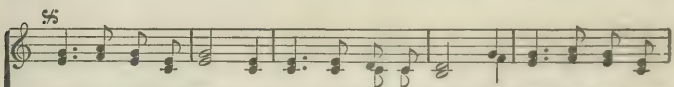
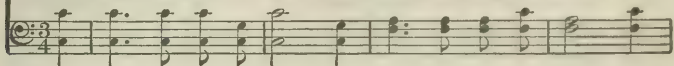
F. Bottome.

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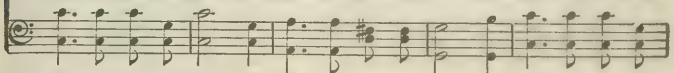
Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



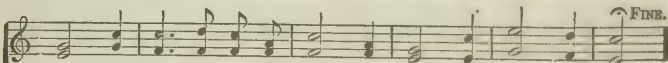
1. O spread the ti-dings 'round, wher - ev - er man is found, Wher-
 2. The long, long night is past, the morn - ing breaks at last, And
 3. Lo, the great King of kings, with heal - ing in His wings, To
 4. O bound - less love di - vine! how shall this tongue of mine To



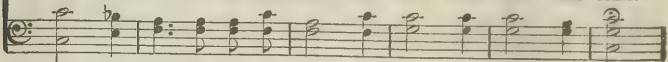
ev - er hu-man hearts and hu - man woes a-bound; Let ev - 'ry Chris-tian
 hushed the dreadful wail and fu - ry of the blast, As o'er the gold-en
 ev - 'ry cap - tive soul a full de-liv-'rance brings; And thro' the va - cant
 wond'ring mor-tals tell the match-less grace di - vine—That I, a child of



D.S.—Ho-ly Ghost from Heav'n, The Fa-ther's prom-ise giv'n; O spread the ti - dings

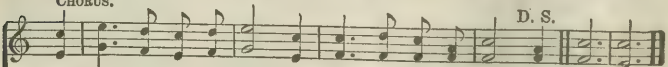


tongue pro-claim the joy - ful sound: The Com - fort - er has come!
 hills the day ad-vanc-es fast! The Com - fort - er has come!
 cells the song of tri-umph rings; The Com - fort - er has come!
 hell, should in His im - age shine! The Com - fort - er has come!



'round, wher-ev - er man is found—The Com - fort - er has come!

CHORUS.



The Com - fort - er has come, The Com - fort - er has come! The A - MEN.

