The Comforter Has Come

Words: Frank Bottome, 1890
Music: William J. Kirkpatrick

1. O spread the tidings 'round, wherever man is found, Where-er human hearts and human woes abound; Let ev'-ry Christian hushed the dreadful wail and fury of the blast, As o'er the golden tongue proclaim the joyful sound: The Comforter has come!

2. The long, long night is past, the morn-ing breaks at last, And ev'-ry captive soul a full deliverance brings; And o'er the vacant wond-ring mortals tell the match-less grace divine - That I, a child of all the saints above To all be-low reply, In strains of endless hills the day advances fast! The Comforter has come! cells the song of triumph rings; The Comforter has come! hell, should in His image shine! The Comforter has come! love the song that ne'er will die: The Comforter has come!

3. Lo, the great King of kings, with healing in His wings, To ev'-ry cap-tive soul a full de-liv-rance brings; And o'er the vacant wond-ring mortals tell the match-less grace divine - That I, a child of all the saints above To all be-low reply, In strains of endless hills the day advances fast! The Comforter has come! cells the song of triumph rings; The Comforter has come! hell, should in His image shine! The Comforter has come! love the song that ne'er will die: The Comforter has come!

4. O bound-less love divine! how shall this tongue of mine To ev'-ry cap-tive soul a full de-liv-rance brings; And o'er the vacant wond-ring mortals tell the match-less grace divine - That I, a child of all the saints above To all be-low reply, In strains of endless hills the day advances fast! The Comforter has come! cells the song of triumph rings; The Comforter has come! hell, should in His image shine! The Comforter has come! love the song that ne'er will die: The Comforter has come!

5. Sing till the echoes fly above the vault-ed sky, And ev'-ry cap-tive soul a full de-liv-rance brings; And o'er the vacant wond-ring mortals tell the match-less grace divine - That I, a child of all the saints above To all be-low reply, In strains of endless hills the day advances fast! The Comforter has come! cells the song of triumph rings; The Comforter has come! hell, should in His image shine! The Comforter has come! love the song that ne'er will die: The Comforter has come!