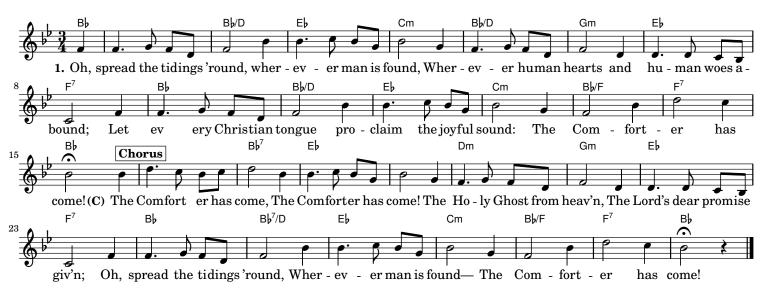
Oh, spread the tidings 'round, wherever man is found

Fulness of the Spirit — As the Comforter



- 2. The long, long night is past, the morning breaks at last; And hushed the dreadful wail and fury of the blast, As o'er the golden hills the day advances fast! The Comforter has come!
- 3. Lo, the great King of kings, with healing in His wings, To every captive soul a full deliv'rance brings; And through the vacant cells the song of triumph rings: The Comforter has come!
- 4. O boundless love divine! how shall this tongue of mine To wond'ring mortals tell the matchless grace divine— That I, a child of hell, should in His image shine! The Comforter has come!