

The Comforter Has Come!

Frank Bottome, 1823 - 1894

William J. Kirkpatrick, 1838 - 1921

1. Oh, spread the tid - ings '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. Oh, bound-less love di - vine! How shall this tongue of mine To

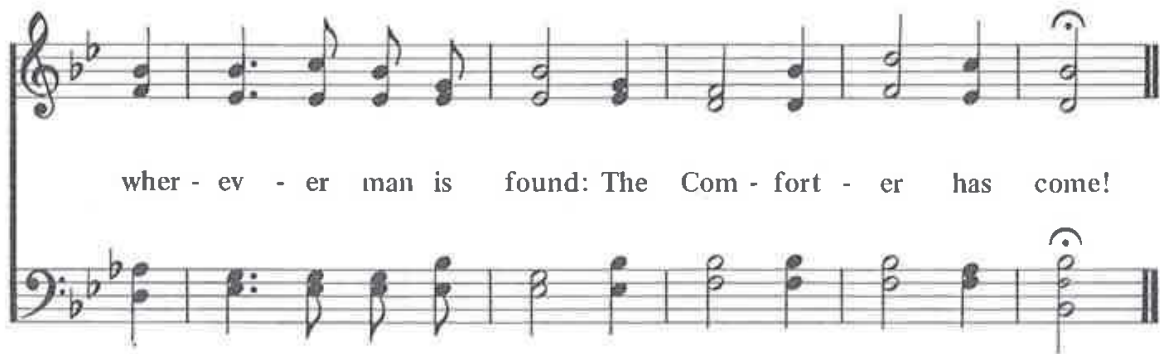
ev - er hu - man hearts and hu - man woes a-bound; Let ev - 'ry Christian
 hushed the dread-ful wail and fu - ry of the blast, As o'er the gold-en
 ev - 'ry cap-tive soul a full de-liv'rance brings; And thro' the va-cant
 won-d'ring mor-tals tell the match-less grace di-vine— That I, a child of

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

REFRAIN

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! Oh, spread the tid-ings 'round,



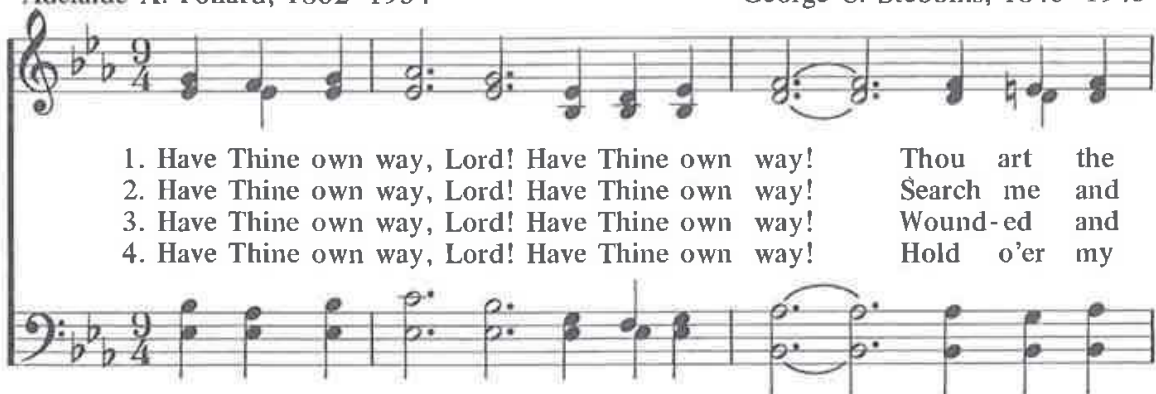
wher - ev - er man is found: The Com - fort - er has come!

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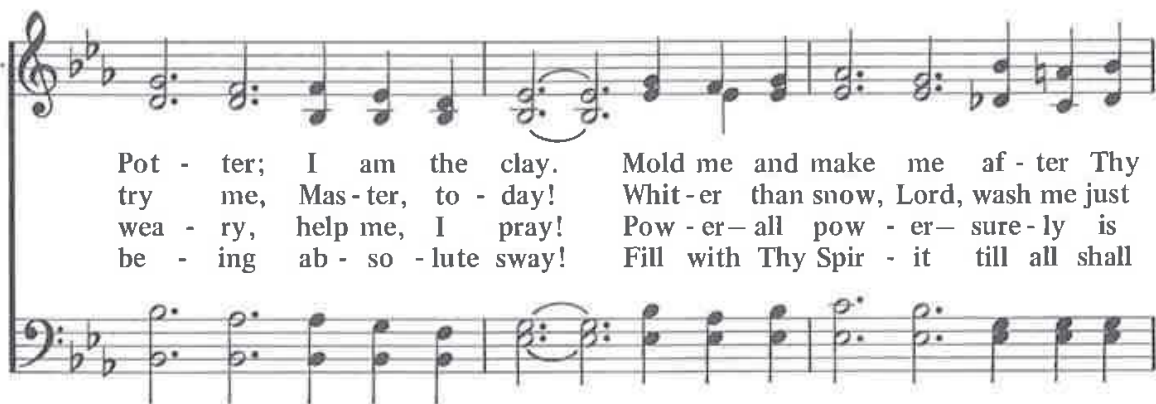
Have Thine Own Way, Lord

Adelaide A. Pollard, 1862 - 1934

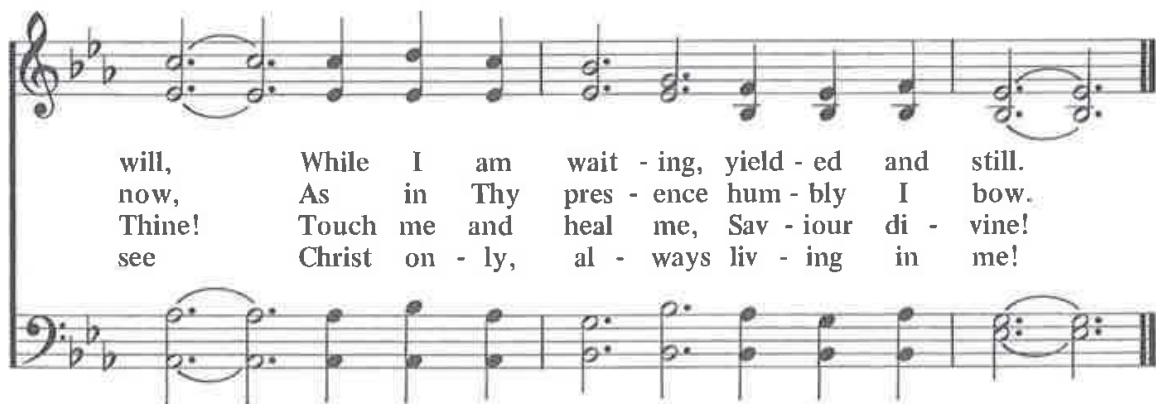
George C. Stebbins, 1846 - 1945



1. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way! Thou art the
 2. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way! Search me and
 3. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way! Wound-ed and
 4. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way! Hold o'er my



Pot - ter; I am the clay. Mold me and make me af - ter Thy
 try me, Mas - ter, to - day! Whit - er than snow, Lord, wash me just
 wea - ry, help me, I pray! Pow - er - all pow - er - sure - ly is
 be - ing ab - so - lute sway! Fill with Thy Spir - it till all shall



will, While I am wait - ing, yield - ed and still.
 now, As in Thy pres - ence hum - bly I bow.
 Thine! Touch me and heal me, Sav - iour di - vine!
 see Christ on - ly, al - ways liv - ing in me!