O Spread The Tidings ‘Round

Words by F. Bottome
Music by William J. Kirkpatrick

1. O spread the tidings 'round, wher-ever man is found,
   Wher-ever human hearts and human woes a-bound;
   Christian tongue proclaim the joyful sound:
   Of lords, He is the Lord! Divine, the living Word!
   D.S. His name, the sweetest heard;
   D.S. al Fine

2. Lo, the great King of kings, with healing in His wings,
   To every captive soul a full deliverance brings;
   Vacant cells the song of triumph rings;
   Of lords, He is the Lord! Divine, the living Word!
   D.S. His name, the sweetest heard;
   D.S. al Fine

3. O boundless love divine! How shall this tongue of mine
   To wondering mortals tell the matchless grace divine?
   Earth's decline should in His image shine!
   Of lords, He is the Lord! Divine, the living Word!
   D.S. His name, the sweetest heard;
   D.S. al Fine

Fine