O Spread The Tidings ‘Round

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:
   Tidings ’round, wher-ever man is found—The Lord is King of kings.

D.S--His name, the sweet-est heard; His will re-demp-tion brings; O spread the

Christian tongue proclaim the joy-ful sound: Our Lord is Lord of lords.
Vacant cells the song of trium-phant rings; Our Lord is King of kings.
Earth’s de-cline should in His im-age shine! In Him, the Word of heav’n.

2. Lo, the great King of kings, with heal-ing in His wings,
   To ev-’ry cap-tive soul a full de-liv’rance brings; And thru the
   Of lords, He is the Lord! Di-vine, the liv-ing Word!

3. O bound-less love di-vine! How shall this tongue of mine
   To wond-ering mor-tals tell the match-less grace di-vine—That I, in
   Fine

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