On Pentecost the Spirit came: A rushing wind and tongues a-flame. The
So that we all might prophecy, The Comforter to us drew nigh. The
Praise God from Whom all blessings flow; Praise Him, all creatures here below; Praise

Gift, the Promise of the Lord Upon all flesh, that day was poured.
Living Word, the two-edged Sword We wield when we sing to the Lord.
Him above, ye heavenly host; Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.