

When God of old came down from heaven, in power and wrath he came; before his feet the clouds were riven, half darkness and half flame.

But when he came the second time, he came in power and love; softer than gale at morning prime hovered his holy Dove.

The fires, that rushed on Sinai down in sudden torrents dread, now gently light, a glorious crown, on every sainted head.

And as on Israel's awestruck ear the voice exceeding loud, the trump that angels quake to hear, thrilled from the deep, dark cloud;

So, when the Spirit of our God came down his flock to find, a voice from heaven was heard abroad, a rushing, mighty wind.

It fills the Church of God; it fills the sinful world around: only in stubborn hearts and wills no place for it is found.

Come, Lord, come Wisdom, Love, and Power, open our ears to hear; let us not miss the accepted hour: save, Lord, by love or fear.

Words: John Keble (1792-1866)

Music: Melody from T. Este (Psalms, 1592)