

# **Hymns for Pentecost Sunday**

## **June 5, 2022**

### **Opening Hymn: CP 653**

#### **Gracious Spirit, Holy Ghost**

Gracious Spirit, Holy Ghost,  
taught by thee, we covet most  
of thy gifts at Pentecost,  
holy, heavenly love.

Love is kind, and suffers long,  
love is meek, and thinks no wrong,  
love than death itself more strong;  
therefore give us love.

Prophecy will fade away,  
melting in the light of day;  
love will ever with us stay;  
therefore give us love.

Faith will vanish into sight;  
hope be emptied in delight;  
love in heaven will shine more bright;  
therefore give us love.

Faith and hope and love we see  
joining hand in hand agree;  
but the greatest of the three,  
and the best, is love.

From the overshadowing  
of thy gold and silver wing  
shed on us, who to thee sing,  
holy, heavenly love.

**Gradual Hymn: CP 249**  
**Wind Who Makes All Winds That Blow**

Wind who makes all winds that blow—  
gusts that bend the saplings low,  
gales that heave the sea in waves,  
stirrings in the mind's deep caves—  
aim your breath with steady power  
on your church, this day, this hour.  
Raise, renew the life we've lost,  
Spirit God of Pentecost.

Fire who fuels all fires that burn—  
suns around which planets turn,  
beacons marking reefs and shoals,  
shining truth to guide our souls—  
come to us as once you came;  
burst in tongues of sacred flame!  
Light and power, might and strength,  
fill your church, its breadth and length.

Holy Spirit, wind and flame,  
move within our mortal frame.  
Make our hearts an altar pyre;  
kindle them with your own fire.  
Breathe and blow upon that blaze  
till our lives, our deeds, and ways  
speak that tongue which every land  
by your grace shall understand.

**Offertory Hymn: CP 656**  
**She Comes Sailing on the Wind**

*Refrain:* She comes sailing on the wind,  
her wings flashing in the sun;  
on a journey just begun, she flies on.  
And in the passage of her flight,  
her song rings out through the night,  
full of laughter, full of light, she flies on.

Silent waters rocking on the morning of our birth,  
like an empty cradle waiting to be filled,  
and from the heart of God the Spirit moved upon the earth,  
like a mother breathing life into her child.

Many were the dreamers whose eyes were given sight  
when the Spirit filled their dreams with life and form.  
Deserts turned to gardens, broken hearts found new delight,  
and then down the ages still she flew on. *[Refrain]*

To a gentle girl in Galilee, a gentle breeze she came,  
a whisper softly calling in the dark;  
the promise of a child of peace whose reign would never end,  
Mary sang the Spirit song within her heart.

Flying to the river, she waited circling high  
above the child now grown so full of grace.  
As he rose up from the water, she swept down from the sky,  
and she carried him away in her embrace. *[Refrain]*

Long after the deep darkness that fell upon the world,  
after dawn returned in flame of rising sun,  
the Spirit touched the earth again, again her wings unfurled,  
bringing life in wind and fire as she flew on. *[Refrain]*

**Hymn during Communion: CP 649**  
**Breathe on Me, Breath of God**

Breathe on me, breath of God,  
fill me with life anew,  
that I may love what thou dost love,  
and do what thou would do.

Breathe on me, breath of God,  
until my heart is pure,  
until my will is one with thine,  
to do and to endure.

Breathe on me, breath of God,  
till I am wholly thine,  
until this earthly part of me  
glows with thy fire divine.

Breathe on me, breath of God,  
so shall I never die,  
but live with thee the perfect life  
of thine eternity.

**Closing Hymn: CP 645**  
**Come Down, O Love Divine**

Come down, O Love divine,  
seek thou this soul of mine,  
and visit it with thine own ardour glowing;  
O Comforter, draw near,  
within my heart appear,  
and kindle it, thy holy flame bestowing.

O let it freely burn,  
till earthly passions turn  
to dust and ashes in its heat consuming;  
and let thy glorious light  
shine ever on my sight,  
and clothe me round, the while my path illuming.

Let holy charity  
Mine outward vesture be,  
and lowliness become mine inner clothing;  
true lowliness of heart,  
which takes the humbler part,  
and o'er its own shortcomings weeps with loathing.

And so the yearning strong,  
with which the soul will long,  
shall far outpass the power of human telling;  
for none can guess its grace,  
till they become the place  
wherein the Holy Spirit makes a dwelling.