

~WIND OF GOD~



h blessed Spirit, wind of God,
The breath of my beloved,
At times as soft as soft can be,
At others like a trumpet.

Come, blest wind, whom we cannot see,
Oh, come and move upon us,
Bring us thy spikenard and saffron,
Cinnamon and calamus.

At first thou seemest to be weak ~
Thou hast no form nor substance ~
And yet thou bringest Christ to us,
Movest us to repentance.

Thou'rt like the wind we cannot see
Which moveth without cumbrance,
And yet upholdeth winged birds
And seedlings in abundance.

Oh Spirit wind we cannot see,
Uphold us on our wings of faith,
Bring us Kingdom seedling word
And myriad showers of grace.