



- 2. The promise of the Father now descends; our lips no more are dumb: the rushing mighty wind is heard, – the Comforter has come!
 - for toil, or pain, or martyrdom; now we can face the sword or fire, – the Comforter has come!
- 3. The true Enlightener of the dark, of heavenly gifts the soul and sum, the mighty Quickener of the dead, – the Comforter has come!

8. Now are we nerved for holy fight, for longer life or earlier doom; our helmet, shield, and sword are on, the Comforter has come!

7. Now are we strong for service high,

- 4. The Breath from the four winds of heaven, that breathes into the awful tomb, the resurrection-breath of God, – the Comforter has come!
- 9. The fire from heaven descends in power, our dross for ever to consume; in holy liberty we walk, – the Comforter has come!

5. Midnight has blossomed into morn, for gladness we exchange our gloom; the joy unspeakable is ours, – the Comforter has come!

- 10. The south wind blows, the kindly sun ripens our garden's summer-bloom, and hangs the fruit upon our boughs, the Comforter has come!
- 6. Our fetters break, our burdens fall, fresh rays from heaven our souls illume; our prison-bars lie broken round, – the Comforter has come!