

†Hymn

Praise the Spirit

Abbot's Leigh  
Words by Katie Owen

Praise the Spi rit that des - cen - ded like a blow - ing rush of wind,  
Praise the Spi - rit now em - bo - died, speak - ing through our vi - sions and dreams,  
Praise the Spi - rit that con - nects us: young and old, each realm and race;

pour - ing out on all your peo - ples as God's Spi - rit en - ters in;  
make us in bound - less wit - ness to the truth we all re - ceive;  
though our na - tive speech di - vides us, God u - nites through time and space,

Speak a - bout God's deeds of pow - er work - ing through our his - to - ry,  
may the Spi - rit dwell a - mong us: tongues of fire that pur - i - fy,  
gift - ing us with in - spi - ra - tion, with the Spi - rit we may be

cal - ling us as one in wors - hip, ce - le - bra - ting the mys - te - ry.  
fill - ing us with gifts of lan - guage so we may speak and pro - phe - sy.  
voi - ces lif - ted up in glo - ry, one in God's com - mu - ni - ty.