A Rushing, Mighty Wind

A rushing, mighty wind roars through a crowded room, and tongues of fire upon their heads disperse the people's gloom.

God's Spirit blows the wind and lights the blood-red flame; a Pentecost of tongues explodes in praise of Jesus' name.

Three thousand souls that day in mind and heart were stirred; and these were added to the church as they believed the Word.

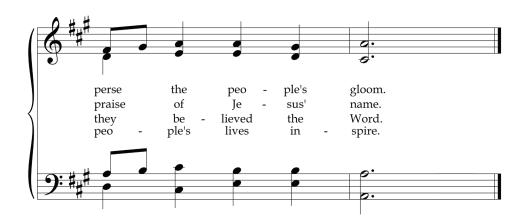
Lord, make our breath a wind and let our tongues be fire, and as at that first Pentecost your people's lives inspire.

A Rushing, Mighty Wind

DAVIS W. MUSIC

WILLIAM HENRY WALTE





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Tune: FESTAL SONG S.M.