





Rejoice! the year upon its way Has brought again that blessed day, When on the chosen of the Lord The Holy Spirit was outpoured.

On each the fire, descending, stood In quivering tongues' similitude -Tongues, that their words might ready prove, And fire, to make them flame with love.

To all in every tongue they spoke; Amazement in the crowd awoke, Who mocked, as overcome with wine, Those who were filled with power divine. These things were done in type that day, When Eastertide had passed away, The number told which once set free The captive at the jubilee.

And now, O holy God, this day Regard us as we humbly pray, And send us, from Thy heavenly seat, The blessings of the Paraclete.

To God the Father, God, the Son, And God the Spirit, praise be done; May Christ the Lord upon us pour The Spirit's gift forevermore.

From the Latin

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