WHIT SUNDAY



- 2. We ask not, Lord! thy cloven flame, or tongues of various tone; but long thy praises to proclaim with fervour in our own.
- 3. We mourn not that prophetic skill is found on earth no more! Enough for us to trace thy will in Scripture's sacred lore.
- 4. We neither have nor seek the power ill demons to control; but thou, in dark temptation's hour, shalt chase them from our soul.
- 5. No heavenly harpings soothe our ear, no mystic dreams we share; yet hope to feel thy comfort near, and bless thee in our prayer.
- 6. When tongues shall cease and power decay, and knowledge empty prove, do thou thy trembling servants stay with Faith, with Hope, with Love!

Words: Reginald Heber. Music: Johannes Thomas Rüegg.
Copyright © 2015 Johannes Thomas Rüegg. Source: www.christmysong.com/1156/