

Spirit of God in the clear running water,  
blowing to greatness the trees on the hill.  
Spirit of God in the finger of morning,  
fill the earth, bring it to birth and blow  
where You will.

*Blow, blow, blow till I be but breath of  
the Spirit blowing me.*

Down in the meadow the willows are moaning,  
sheep in the pasture-land cannot lie still.  
Spirit of God, creation is groaning,  
fill the earth, bring it to birth and blow  
where You will.

*Blow ...*

I saw the scar of a year that lay dying,  
heard the lament of a lone whippoorwil.  
Spirit of God, see that cloud crying,  
fill the earth, bring it to birth and blow  
where You will.

*Blow ...*

Spirit of God, every man's heart is lonely,  
watching and waiting and hungry until,  
Spirit of God, man longs that You only  
fulfil the earth, bring it to birth and blow  
where You will.

*Blow ...*