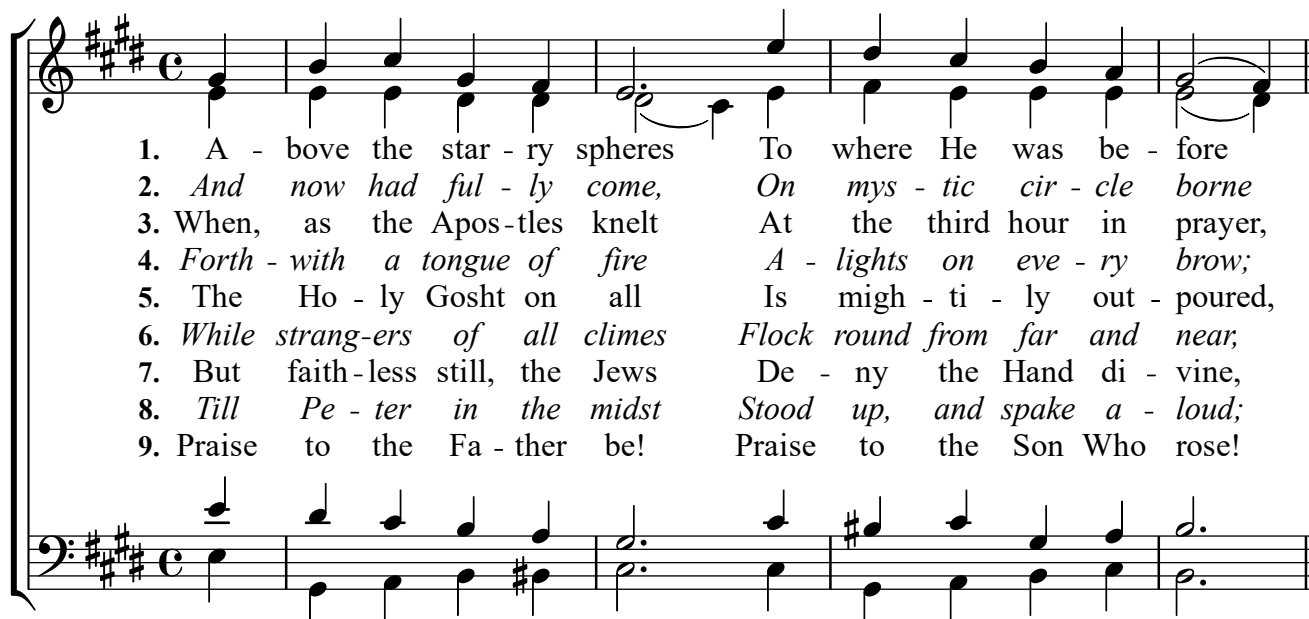


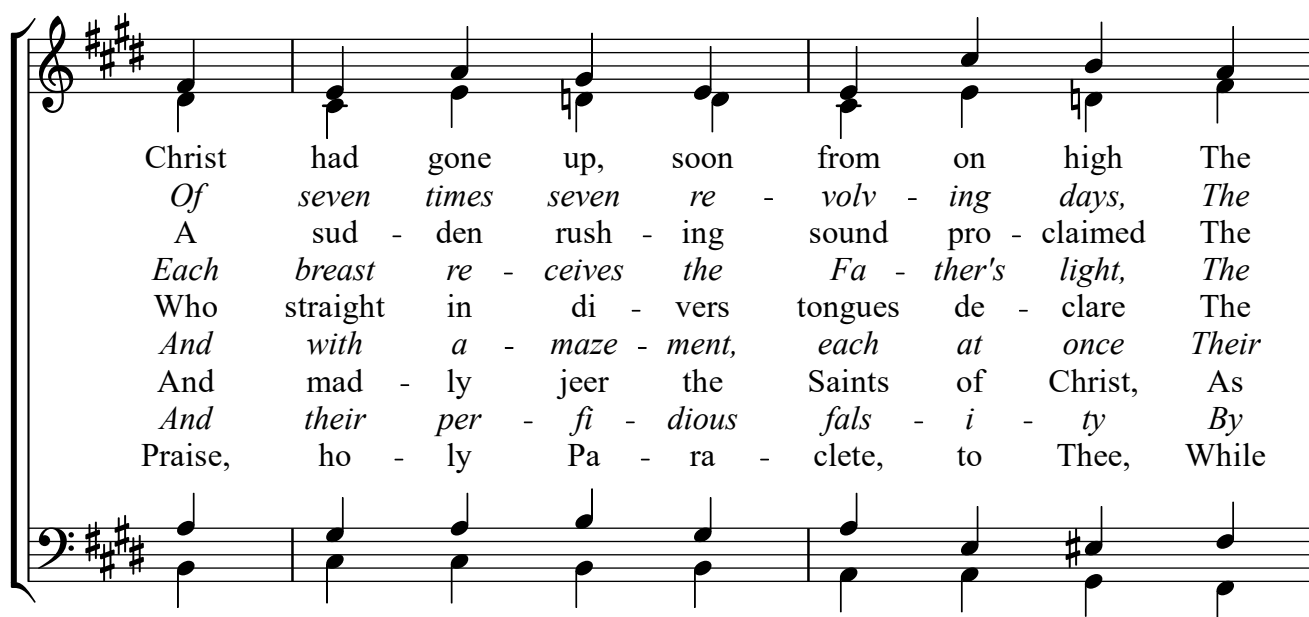
# 018. Whitsun Tide

Iam Christus astra ascenderat

H. Noble Pottle



1. A - bove the star - ry spheres To where He was be - fore  
 2. *And now had ful - ly come,* On mys - tic cir - cle borne  
 3. When, as the Apos - tles knelt At the third hour in prayer,  
 4. *Forth - with a tongue of fire* A - lights on eve - ry brow;  
 5. The Ho - ly Gosht on all Is migh - ti - ly out - poured,  
 6. *While strang - ers of all climes* Flock round from far and near,  
 7. But faith - less still, the Jews De - ny the Hand di - vine,  
 8. *Till Pe - ter in the midst* Stood up, and spake a - loud;  
 9. Praise to the Fa - ther be! Praise to the Son Who rose!



Christ had gone up, soon from on high The  
 Of seven times seven re - volv - ing days, The  
 A sud - den rush - ing sound pro - claimed The  
 Each breast re - ceives the Fa - ther's light, The  
 Who straight in di - vers tongues de - clare The  
 And with a - maze - ment, each at once Their  
 And mad - ly jeer the Saints of Christ, As  
 And their per - fi - dious fals - i - ty By  
 Praise, ho - ly Pa - ra - clete, to Thee, While

Fa - ther's gift to pour;  
*Pen - te - cos - tal morn: A - men.*  
God of glo - ry near.  
*Word's en - kindl - ing glow.*  
wond - ers of the Lord.  
*na - tive ac - cents hear.*  
drunk with new - made wine.  
*Jo - el's wit - ness showed.*  
age on ag - es flows!