

Wind, Cloud, Fire, Electrum (Ezek. 1:4)

1. The Spirit's storm wind from heaven rushed in,
Blows over the host like Pentecost;
Softens hardened heart, quickens every part,
Till renewed I be, from sins I'm freed.

(Chorus)

Blowing, blowing, mighty Spirit's blowing!
Cov'ring, cov'ring, gracious Spirit's shrouding!
Burning, burning, purging Spirit's burning!
Shining! Gold of God shines gloriously!

2. The Spirit's great cloud—God's grace is endowed,
Cov'ring every man as hov'ring tent;
Makes me zoe-fied, keeps me sanctified,
Till I'm holy, God may dwell in me.
3. Sanctifying fire has set me afire,
Burns in every part—a perfect heart;
Burns all filthy dross, burns all earthly floss,
Till God's blent with man, His image seen.
4. God's own glorious gold shines forth, I behold,
God's nature to share—His image bear;
Two natures and two spirits blended too,
Life divine is then expressed in man.

(Translated from Chinese Hymn 212)