

Come, Holy Ghost, Creator, Come
Words: Anonymous, 1867
Music: Thomas Tallis, 1567

Come, Holy Ghost, Creator, come
From Thy bright heav'nly throne;
Come, take possession of our souls,
And make them all Thine own.

Thou who art called the Paraclete,
Best gift of God above,
The living spring, the living fire,
Sweet unction and true love.

Thou who art sevenfold in Thy grace,
Finger of God's right hand;
His promise, teaching little ones
To speak and understand.

O guide our minds with Thy blest light,
With love our hearts inflame;
And with Thy strength, which ne'er decays,
Confirm our mortal frame.

Far from us drive our deadly foe;
True peace unto us bring;
And through all perils lead us safe
Beneath Thy sacred wing.

Through Thee may we the Father know,
Through Thee th'eternal Son,
And Thee the Spirit of them both,
Thrice-blessed Three in One.

All glory to the Father be,
With His co-equal Son:
The same to Thee, great Paraclete,
While endless ages run.