

1. Come, Ho - ly Ghost, our souls in-spire And light-en with ce - les - tial fire;
 2. Thy bless-ed unc-tion from a - bove Is com-fort, life, and fire of love;
 3. A - noint and cheer our soil - ed face With the a - bun-dance of Thy grace;
 4. Teach us to know the Fa-ther, Son, And Thee, of both to be but One,

Thou the a - noint-ing Spir - it art, Who dost thy sev'n-fold gifts im-part.
 En - a - ble with per-pet-ual light The dull-ness of our blind-ed sight.
 Keep far from foes, give peace at home: Where Thou art guide no ill can come.
 That through the a - ges all a-long, This may be our end-less song:

After stanza 4:
 "Praise to Thine e - ter - nal mer - it,"

Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Spir - it." A - men."