

Creator Spirit, by Whose aid

Henry Carey, 1687-1743

Surrey
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Creator Spirit, by Whose aid
The world's foundations first were laid,
Come, visit every pious mind;
Come, pour Thy joys on human kind;
From sin, and sorrow set us free;
And make Thy temples worthy Thee.

O Source of uncreated Light,
The Father's promised Paraclete!
Thrice holy Fount, thrice holy Fire,
Our hearts with heav'nly love inspire;
Come, and Thy sacred unction bring
To sanctify us, while we sing!

Plenteous of grace, descend from high,
Thou strength of His almighty hand,
Whose pow'r does Heav'n and earth command:
Proceeding Spirit, our Defense,
Who dost the gift of tongues dispense,
And crown'st Thy gift with eloquence!

Immortal honor, endless fame,
Attend th'almighty Father's Name:
The Savior Son be glorified,
Who for lost man's redemption died:
And equal adoration be,
Eternal Paraclete, to Thee.

Ambrose of Milan