Come Holy Ghost

Come, Holy Ghost, creator, come, inspire the souls of thine; till every heart, which thou hast made, is filled with grace divine. Thou art the comforter, the gift of God, and of grace divine. Thou art the comforter, the gift of God, of grace divine. Thou art the comforter, the gift of God, of grace divine. Thou art the comforter, the gift of God, of grace divine.
2. Thy gifts are manifold, thou writ'st
God's laws in each true heart;
The promise of the Father, thou
Dost heav'nly speech impart.
Enlighten our dark souls, till they
Thy sacred love embrace;
Assist our minds, by nature frail,
With thy celestial grace.

2. Drive far from us the mortal foe,
And give us peace within;
That, by thy guidance bless'd, we may
Escape the snares of sin.
Teach us the Father to confess,
And Son, from death reviv'd;
And, with them both, thee, Holy Ghost,
Who art from both derived.

3. With thee, O Father, therefore, may
The Son, from death restored;
And sacred comforter, one God,
Devoutly be adored
As in all ages heretofore
Has constantly been done,
And now it is, and shall be so
When time his course has run.