

# **VENI, CREATOR SPIRITUS**

JOHN DRYDEN



# Table of Contents

<u>VENI, CREATOR SPIRITUS</u> .....	1
<u>JOHN DRYDEN</u> .....	2

# **VENI, CREATOR SPIRITUS**

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Creator Spirit, by whose aid  
The world's foundations first were laid,  
Come, visit ev'ry 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 promis'd 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,  
Rich in thy sev'n-fold energy!  
Thou strength of his Almighty Hand,  
Whose pow'r does heav'n and earth command:  
Proceeding Spirit, our Defence,  
Who do'st the gift of tongues dispence,  
And crown'st thy gift with eloquence!

Refine and purge our earthly parts;  
But, oh, inflame and fire our hearts!  
Our frailties help, our vice control;  
Submit the senses to the soul;  
And when rebellious they are grown,  
Then, lay thy hand, and hold 'em down.

Chase from our minds th' Infernal Foe;  
And peace, the fruit of love, bestow;  
And, lest our feet should step astray,  
Protect, and guide us in the way.

Make us Eternal Truths receive,  
And practise, all that we believe:  
Give us thy self, that we may see  
The Father and the Son, by thee.

Immortal honour, endless fame,  
Attend th' Almighty Father's name:  
The Saviour Son be glorified,  
Who for lost Man's redemption died:

VENI, CREATOR SPIRITUS

And equal adoration be,  
Eternal Paraclete, to thee.