

Rabanus Maurus (9c)	Literal (21c, J. Rose)	Modern (20c)	Wm. Hereward (14c)
1. <i>Veni, Creator Spiritus, mentes tuorum visita, imple superna gratia quae tu creasti pectora.</i>	Come, Creator Spirit the minds of your own [<i>people</i>], visit, fill up, with lofty [<i>from above</i>] grace, those you have created, chests [<i>hearts</i>].	Come, Holy Spirit, Creator blest, and in our souls take up Thy rest; come with Thy grace and heavenly aid to fill the hearts which Thou hast made.	Com, Shuppere [<i>Shaper</i>], Holy Gost, of-sech [<i>seek out</i>] oure thouhtes; Ful wyth grace of heuene heortes that thou wrouhtest.
2. <i>Qui diceris Paraclitus, altissimi donum Dei, fons vivus, ignis, caritas, et spiritalis unctio.</i>	[<i>You</i>] who are declared “Paraclete”, gift of God most-high, living font, fire, charity, and spiritual salve [<i>unguent</i>].	O comforter, to Thee we cry, O heavenly gift of God Most High, O fount of life and fire of love, and sweet anointing from above.	Thou, that art cleped [<i>called</i>] For-Spekere and gyft from God y-send, Welle of lyf, fyr, charite and gost-lych [<i>ghostly</i>] oynement,
3. <i>Tu, septiformis munere, digitus paternae dexteræ, Tu rite promissum Patris, sermone ditans guttura.</i>	You, sevenfold in gift [<i>or; reward</i>], finger of Fatherly right hand, you solemn promise of the Father, by discourse enriching throats [<i>speech</i>].	Thou in Thy sevenfold gifts are known; Thou, finger of God’s hand we own; Thou, promise of the Father, Thou Who dost the tongue with power imbue.	Thou gyfst the sevene gyftes thou finger of Godes honde, Thou makest tonge of flesshe speke leodene [<i>Latin</i>] of uche [<i>each</i>] londe.
4. <i>Accende lumen sensibus: infunde amorem cordibus: infirma nostri corporis virtute firmans perpeti.</i>	Kindle light for senses, pour love upon [<i>into</i>] hearts, the infirmities of our body, by perpetual virtue, confirming.	Kindle our sense from above, and make our hearts o’erflow with love; with patience firm and virtue high the weakness of our flesh supply.	Tend [<i>supply</i>] lyht in oure wyttes, in oure heortes love, Ther oure body is leothe-wok [<i>wavering</i>] Gyf strengthe from above.
5. <i>Hostem repellas longius, pacemque dones protinus: ductore sic te praeviso vitemus omne noxium.</i>	The enemy [<i>may you</i>] repel further and peace give constantly [<i>or; at once</i>]; with such a guide as you ahead [<i>leading the way</i>], may we avoid every injury [<i>or, fault</i>].	Far from us drive the foe we dread, and grant us Thy peace instead; so shall we not, with Thee for guide, turn from the path of life aside.	Shyld ous from the feonde, and gyf ous gryth [<i>safe passage</i>] anon, That woe wyten [?] ous from sunne [<i>each sunrise?</i>] thorou the lodes-mon [<i>leader; cf. lodestone</i>].
6. <i>Per te sciamus da Patrem, noscamus atque Filium; Teque utriusque Spiritum credamus omni tempore.</i>	Through you, grant [<i>that</i>] we may understand the Father, [<i>that</i>] we may come to know also the Son, [<i>and that</i>] you (also of them both), the Spirit, we may trust, at every time.	Oh, may Thy grace on us bestow the Father and the Son to know; and Thee, through endless times confessed, of both the eternal Spirit blest.	Of the Fader and the Sone thou gyf ous knowlech-inge [<i>acknowledge</i>], To leue [<i>be-lieve</i>] that of bothe thou ever boe lou-inge [<i>bowing</i>].
7. <i>Deo Patri sit gloria, et Filio, qui a mortuis surrexit, ac Paraclito, in saeculorum saecula.</i>	To God the Father be glory and to the Son, who from the Dead is risen, and to the Paraclete, unto ages of ages.	Now to the Father and the Son, Who rose from death, be glory given, with Thou, O Holy Comforter, henceforth by all in earth and heaven.	Woele [<i>wealth</i>] to the Fader and to the Sone, that from deth aros, And also to the Holy Gost ay boe worshipe and los [<i>honor</i>].