

Veni Creator Spiritus
(literal English translation to match Gregorian Latin melody)

H. 8

Come down Cre- á- tor Spí rit, Minds thát are yours, now ví- sit. Fill up, with high and hea-
vén ly grace, What you cre- á- ted: hú man hearts. **2.** You who are said to be “Pá- ra clete”, En dów ment
from the híg h est God, Liv ing spring, bur ning chá ri- ty, And spi- ri- tú- a- l mé d i- cine. **3.** You, se- ven-
fó ld mu- ní- ficence, Finger óf the Fa- ther’s ówn right hand, You so lemn pro mise of the Fá- ther, Dis-
coursé en- rich ing mór tal speech. **4.** Now kin dle light *within* the sén ses, O vér flow lóve in- to all
hearts: So will our in- firm éar th ly self By vir tue cease less bé con firmed. **5.** The e- ne- my re- pél a-
far, Your gift of peace be gíven- at once; With such a guide as you ahead, May we a- void all cáuse
of harm. **6.** Through you, give us to knów the Fa- ther; And lét us learn to knów the Son, You of
them both al- so, the Spí rit, May we be lieve you ín all time. **7.** To God the Fa- ther gló ry be, And to
the Son, who fróm the Dead Is ri- sen, and to the Pá- ra clete, Un to the a- ges of á- ges. A- men.

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