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Creator Spirit, by whose aid the world's foundations first were laid, come, visit every humble mind; come, pour thy joys on humankind; 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 heavenly love inspire; come, and thy sacred unction bring to sanctify us while we sing.

Plenteous of grace, come from on high, rich in thy sevenfold energy; make us eternal truth receive, and practice all that we believe; give us thyself, that we may see the Father and the Son by thee.

Words: John Dryden (1631-1700), translation of Veni Creator Spiritus Music: Henry Carey (c. 1690-1743)