

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, descend from high,  
Rich in Thy sevenfold energy ;  
Thou strength of His almighty hand,  
Whose power does heaven and earth command ;  
Proceeding Spirit, our defence,  
Who dost the gifts of tongues dispense,  
And crown'st Thy gifts 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 Thine hand, and hold them down.

Chase from our minds the 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 Thyself, that we may see  
The Father and the Son by Thee.

Immortal honor, endless fame,  
Attend the Almighty Father's name ;  
The Saviour Son be glorified,  
Who for lost man's redemption died ;  
And equal adoration be,  
Eternal Paraclete, to Thee !