

COME to our poor nature's night
With Thy blessèd inward light,
Holy Ghost the Infinite,
Comforter divine.

2 We are sinful—cleanse us, Lord;
Sick and faint—Thy strength afford;
Lost—until by Thee restored,
Comforter divine.

3 Guide, subdue our wayward will,
Like the dew Thy peace distil;
Things of Christ unfolding still,
Comforter divine.

4 With us, for us, intercede,
And with voiceless groanings plead
Our unutterable need,
Comforter divine.

5 In us 'Abba, Father!' cry,
Earnest of the bliss on high,
Seal of immortality,
Comforter divine.

6 Search for us the depths of God;
Upwards by the heavenly road
Bear us to Thy high abode,
Comforter divine.

George Rawson, 1807-89