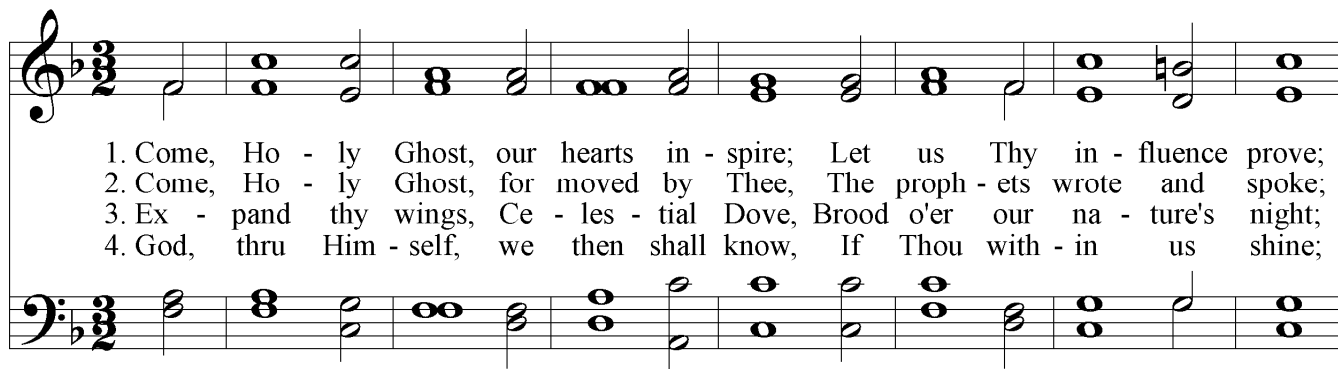
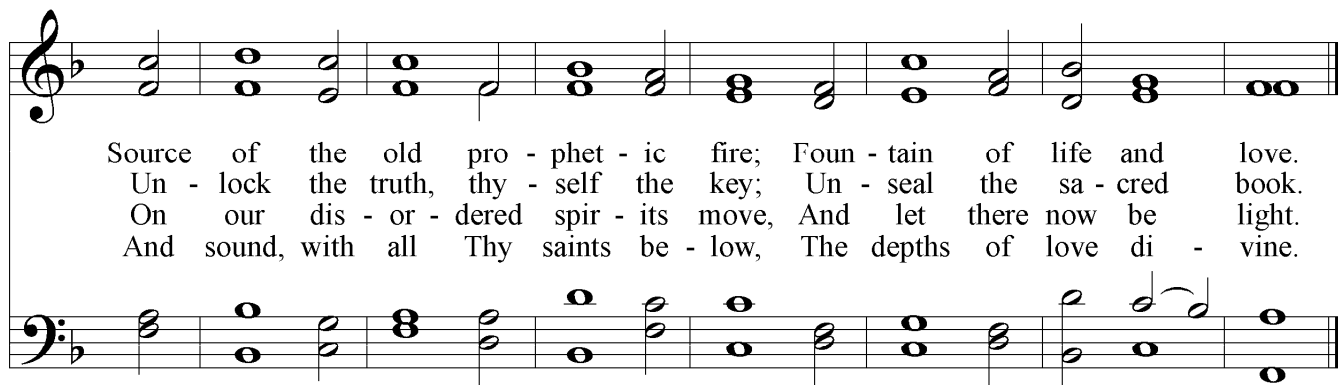


Mear C. M.



1. Come, Ho - ly Ghost, our hearts in - spire; Let us Thy in - fluence prove;
2. Come, Ho - ly Ghost, for moved by Thee, The proph - ets wrote and spoke;
3. Ex - pand thy wings, Ce - les - tial Dove, Brood o'er our na - ture's night;
4. God, thru Him - self, we then shall know, If Thou with - in us shine;



Source of the old pro - phet - ic fire; Foun - tain of life and love.
Un - lock the truth, thy - self the key; Un - seal the sa - cred book.
On our dis - or - dered spir - its move, And let there now be light.
And sound, with all Thy saints be - low, The depths of love di - vine.