

O King enthroned on high, thou Comforter divine, blest Spirit of all truth, be nigh and make us thine.

Thou art the source of life, thou art our treasure-store; give us thy peace, and end our strife for evermore.

Descend, O heavenly Dove, abide with us alway; and in the fulness of thy love cleanse us, we pray.

Words: Greek, c. 8th century, translated by John Brownlie (1857-1925)

Music: Henry Walford Davies (1869-1941)