

Veni, Creator Spiritus  
BY JOHN DRYDEN

Creator Spirit, by whose aid  
The world's foundations first were laid,  
Come, visit ev'ry pious mind;  
Come, pour thy joys on human kind;  
From sin, and sorrow set us free;  
And make thy temples worthy Thee.

O, Source of uncreated Light,  
The Father's promis'd Paraclete!  
Thrice Holy Fount, thrice Holy Fire,  
Our hearts with heav'nly love inspire;  
Come, and thy Sacred Unction bring  
To sanctify us, while we sing!

Plenteous of grace, descend from high,  
Rich in thy sev'n-fold energy!  
Thou strength of his Almighty Hand,  
Whose pow'r does heav'n and earth command:  
Proceeding Spirit, our Defence,  
Who do'st the gift of tongues dispence,  
And crown'st thy gift 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 thy hand, and hold 'em down.

Chase from our minds th' 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 thy self, that we may see  
The Father and the Son, by thee.

Immortal honour, endless fame,  
Attend th' Almighty Father's name:  
The Saviour Son be glorified,  
Who for lost Man's redemption died:  
And equal adoration be,  
Eternal Paraclete, to thee.

Also 'Wit Wonders' Anonymous C15

A God and yet a man,  
A maid and yet a mother:  
Wit wonders what wit can  
Conceive this or the other.

A God and can he die?  
A dead man, can he live?  
What wit can well reply?  
What reason reason give?

God, Truth itself, doth teach it.  
Man's wit sinks too far under  
By reasons power to reach it:  
Believe and leave to wonder.

How Shall I Sing That Majesty (Coe Fen)  
Ken Naylor

How shall I sing that Majesty.  
Which angels do admire?  
Let dust in dust and silence lie;  
Sing, sing, ye heavenly choir.

Thousands of thousands stand around  
Thy throne, O God most high;  
Ten thousand times ten thousand sound  
Thy praise; but who am I?

Thy brightness unto them appears,  
While I Thy footsteps trace;  
A sound of God comes to my ears,  
But they behold Thy face.

I shall, I fear, be dark and cold,  
With all my fire and light;  
Yet when Thou dost accept their gold,  
Lord, treasure up my mite.

Enlighten with faith's light my heart,  
Inflame it with love's fire;  
Then shall I sing and take my part  
With that celestial choir.

They sing because Thou art their Sun;  
Lord, send a beam on me;  
For where heaven is but once begun

There alleluias be.

How great a being, Lord, is Thine,  
Which doth all beings keep!  
Thy knowledge is the only line  
To sound so vast a deep.

Thou art a sea without a shore,  
A sun without a sphere;  
Thy time is now and evermore,  
Thy place is everywhere.

A Reading from the letters of St Athanasius.

Light, splendour, grace in the Trinity and from the Trinity.

Paul in the second letter to the Corinthians gives the teaching in these words: 'The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ and the love of God and the fellowship of the holy Spirit be with you all.' For grace and the gift which is given in the Trinity is given by the Father through the Son in the Holy Spirit. For just as grace is given from the Father through the Son, so within us the fellowship in the gift cannot be brought about except in the Holy Spirit, then we have the love of the Father, the grace of the Son and the fellowship of the Holy Spirit himself.

*Taken from the Office of Readings for Trinity Sunday in The Divine Office.*

Advent tells us  
Christ is near;  
Christmas tells us  
Christ is here.  
In Epiphany we trace  
All the glories of his grace.  
Those three Sundays before Lent  
They prepare us to repent,  
That in Lent we may begin  
Earnestly to mourn for sin.  
Holy Week and Easter then  
Tell Christ died and rose again;  
Yes, and Christ ascended too,  
To prepare a place for you.  
Then he sent the Holy Ghost  
On the day of Pentecost,  
With us ever to abide,  
Well may we keep Whitsuntide.  
Last of all we humbly sing  
Glory to our God and King,

Glory to the One in Three,  
At the feast of Trinity.

Trinity  
Father, Son and Holy Spirit,  
Mother, Daughter, He and She,  
Compassed in one mystery,  
Pattern of all relationships,  
Creating, powerful:  
Sustaining not contained,  
Outflowing into us  
Drawn into you. O Holy God  
We worship you

{Watching for the Kingfisher by Ann Lewin}