

Holy Ghost, Illuminator

Holy Ghost, Illuminator,
shed thy beams upon eyes,
help us to look up with Stephen,
and to see, beyond the skies,
where the Son of Man in glory
standing is at God's right hand,
beckoning on his martyr army,
succoring his faithful band.

See him, who is gone before us,
heavenly mansions to prepare;
see him, who is ever pleading
for us with prevailing prayer;
see him, who with sound of trumpet
and with his angelic train,
summoning the world to judgment,
on the clouds will come again.

Lift us up from earth to heaven,
give us wings of faith and love,
gales of holy aspirations
wafting us to realms above;
that, with hearts and minds uplifted,
we with Christ our Lord may dwell,
where he sits enthroned in glory
in his heavenly citadel.

So at last, when he appeareth,
we from out our graves may spring,
with our youth renewed like eagles,
flocking round our heavenly King,
caught up on the clouds of heaven,
and may meet him in the air,
rise to realms where he is reigning,
and may reign for ever there.

Glory be to God the Father,
glory be to God the Son,
dying, risen, ascending for us,
who the heavenly realm has won.
Glory to the Holy Spirit;
to One God in Persons Three
glory both in earth and heaven,
glory, endless glory be.

Words: Christopher Wordsworth, 1862
Music: Rex gloriae, Deerhurst
Meter: 87 87 D