

George Rawson  
(1807-89)

# Come to our poor nature's night

Joseph Barnby  
(1838-96)



1. Come to our poor nature's night  
With Thy blessed inward light,  
Holy Ghost, the Infinite,  
Comforter divine.

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

3. Orphan are our souls and poor;  
Give us from Thy heavenly store  
Faith, joy, love for evermore,  
Comforter divine.

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

5. Gentle, awful, holy Guest,  
Make Thy temple in each breast;  
There Thy presence be confest,  
Comforter divine.

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

7. In us, "Abba, Father", cry;  
Earnest of the bliss on high,  
Seal of immortality,  
Comforter divine.

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