



Holy Spir-it, Lord of Light, From Thy clear ce-lestial height, Thy pure beaming
ra-diance give: Come, Thou Father of the poor! Come, with treasures which endure!
Come, Thou Light of all that live! Thou, of all consol-ers best, Thou the soul's de-
lightsome Guest, Dost refreshing peace bestow; Thou in toil art comfort sweet, Pleas-
ant coolness in the heat, Sol-ace in the midst of woe. Light immortal, Light divine,
Vis-it Thou these hearts of Thine, And our inmost be- ing fill. If Thou take Thy grace
away, Nothing pure in man will stay; All his good is turned to ill. Heal our wounds,
our strength renew; On our dryness pour Thy dew; Wash the stain of guilt away.
Bend the stubborn heart and will; Melt the fro-zen, warm the chill; Guide the steps
that go astray. Thou, on those who evermore Thee confess and Thee adore, In Thy
se'enfold gifts descend: Give them comfort when they die, Give them life with Thee
on high; Give them joys that never end. A-men. Al-le-lu-ia.