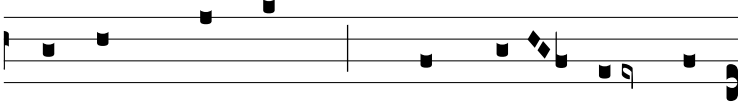
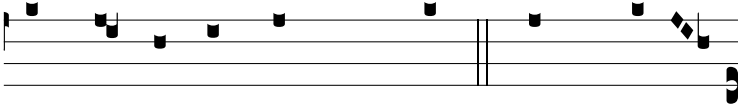


Holy Spir-it, Lord of Light, From Thy



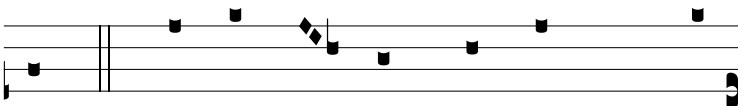
clear ce-lestial height, Thy pure beaming



ra-diance give: Come, Thou Father of the



poor! Come, with treasures which endure!



Come, Thou Light of all that live! Thou,

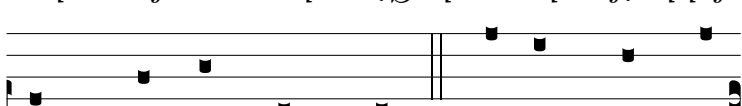


of all consol-ers best, Thou the soul's de-

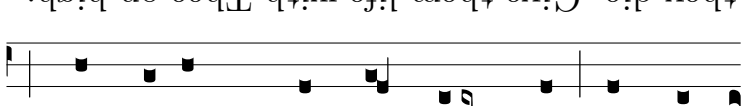
go astray. Thou, on those who evermore



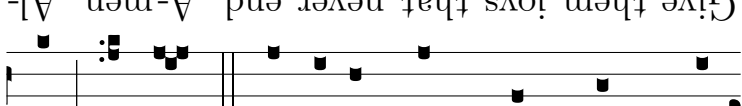
Thee confess and Thee adore, In Thy se-en-



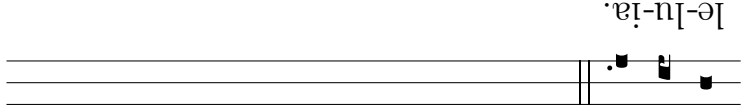
fold gifts descend: Give them comfort when



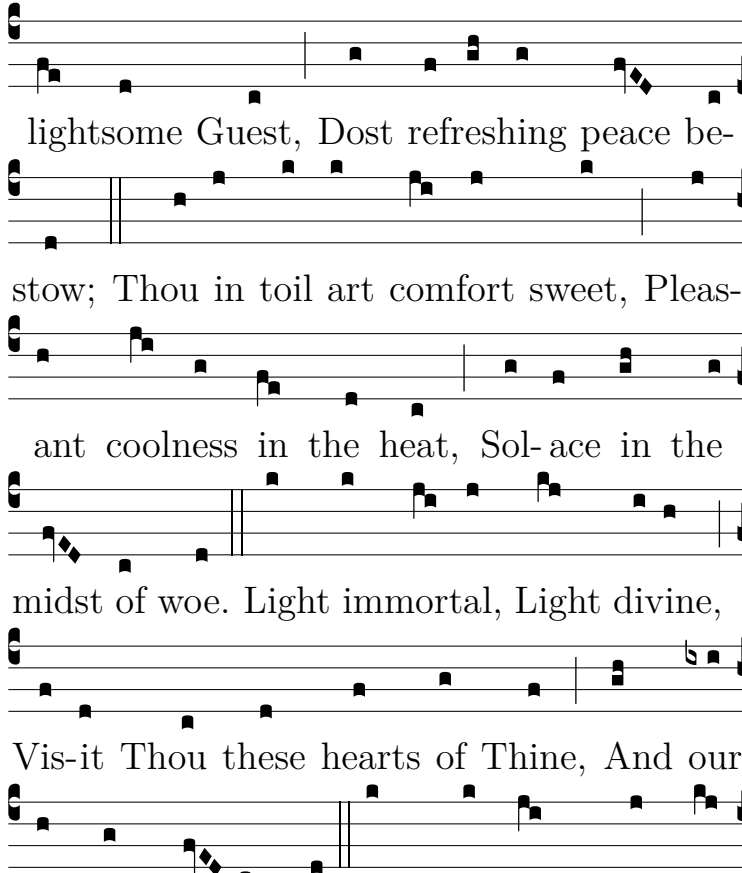
they die, Give them life with Thee on high;



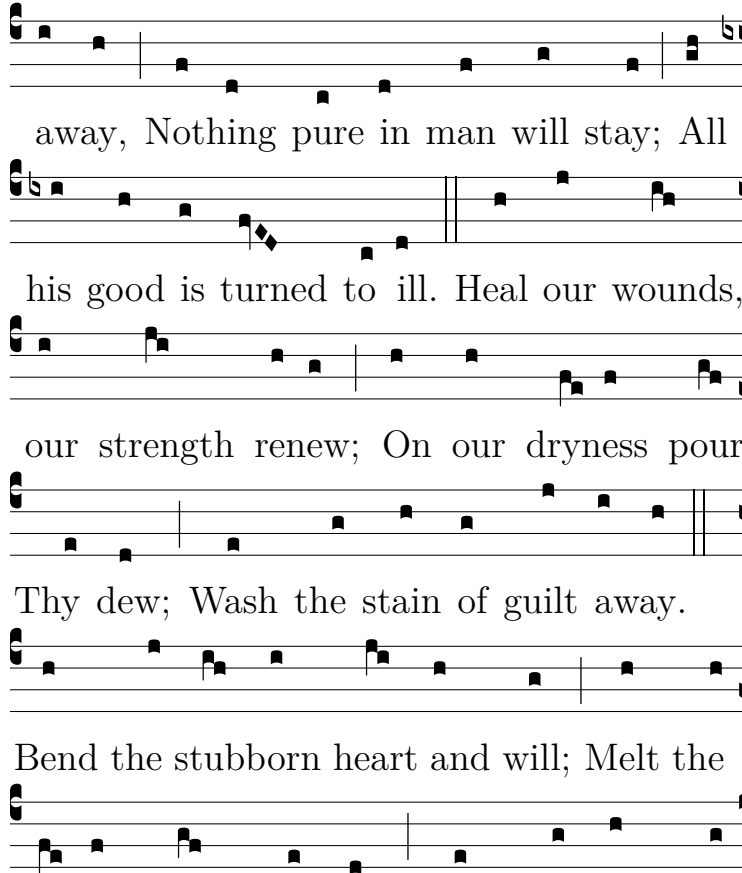
Give them joys that never end. A-men. Al-



le-lu-ia.



lightsome Guest, Dost refreshing peace be-  
 stow; 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