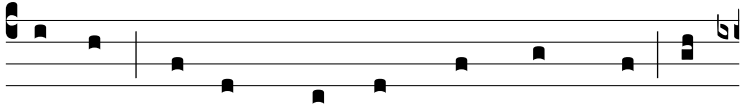


Holy Spir-it, Lord of Light, From Thy
 clear ce-lestial height, Thy pure beaming
 ra-diance give: Come, Thou Father of the
 poor! Come, with treasures which endure!
 Come, Thou Light of all that live! Thou,

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

lightsome Guest, Dost refreshing peace 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,



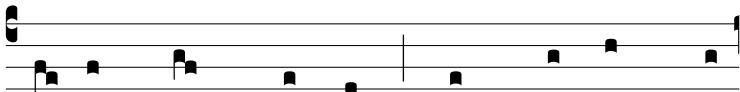
our strength renew; On our dryness pour



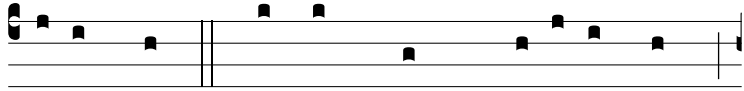
Thy dew; Wash the stain of guilt away.



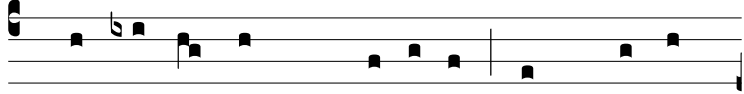
Bend the stubborn heart and will; Melt the



fro-zen, warm the chill; Guide the steps that



go astray. Thou, on those who evermore



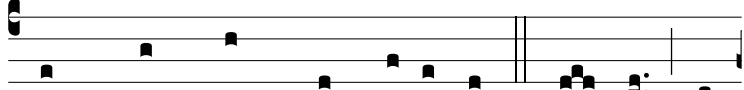
Thee confess and Thee adore, In Thy se'en-



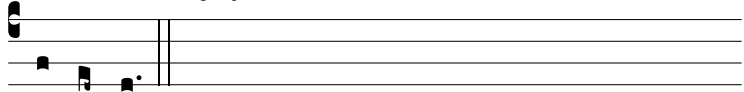
fold gifts descend: Give them comfort when



they die, Give them life with Thee on high;



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



le-lu-ia.