

Holy Spirit, Lord of light,
from the clear celestial height,
Thy pure beaming radiance give;
come, Thou Father of the poor,
come with treasures with endure;
come, Thou light of all that live!

Thou, of all consolers best,
Thou, the soul's delightful guest,
dost refreshing peace bestow:
Thou in toil art comfort sweet,
pleasant coolness in the heat,
solace in the midst of woe.

Light immortal, light divine,
visit Thou these hearts of Thine,
and our inmost being fill:
if Thou take Thy grace away,
nothing pure in us will stay;
all his good is turned to ill.

Heal our wounds, our strength renew;
on our dryness pour Thy dew;
wash the saints of guilt away:
Bend the stubborn heart and will;
melt the frozen, warm the chill;
guide the steps that go astray.

Thou, on those who evermore
Thee confess and Thee adore,
in Thy sevenfold gifts descend:
Give them comfort when they die;
give them life with Thee on high;
give them joys that never end.