

*Veni Sanctus Spiritus*

Holy Spirit Lord of light,  
radiance give from celestial height.  
Come Thou Father of the poor,  
come now with treasures that endure:  
Light of all who live.

Thou of all consolers the best.  
Thou the soul's delightful Guest;  
refreshing peace bestow.  
Thou in toil my comfort sweet,  
Thou coolness in the heat.  
Thou my solace in time of woe.

Light immortal, light divine;  
fire of love, our hearts refine,  
our inmost being fill.  
Take Thy grace away  
and nothing pure in us will stay,  
all our good is turned to ill.

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

Sevenfold gifts on us be pleased to pour;  
who Thee confess and Thee adore;  
bring us Thy comfort when we die;  
give us life with Thee on high;  
give us joys, give us joys that never end.