

SEQUENCE

*Holy Spirit, Lord of light. From the clear celestial height thy purebeaming radiance give.
Come, thou Father of the poor, come with treasures which 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 man will stay; all his good is turned to ill.
Heal our wounds, our strength renew; on our dryness pour thy dew; wash the stains of guilt away:
Bend the stubborn heart and will; melt the frozen, warm the chill; guide the steps that go astray.
Thou, on us who evermore thee confess and thee adore, with thy sevenfold gifts descend:
Give us comfort when we die; give us life with thee on high; give us joys that never end.*

