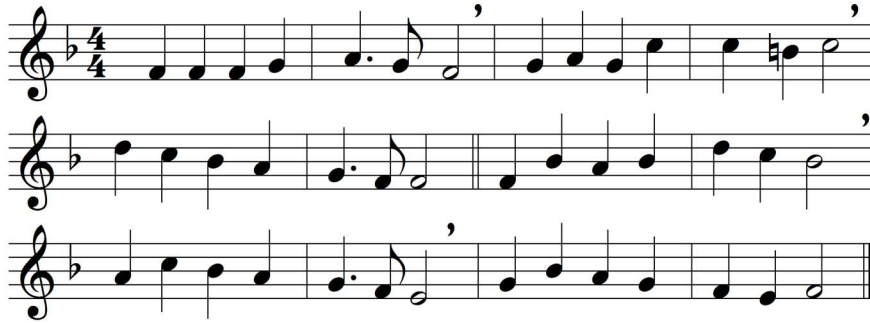


Come, thou Holy Spirit, come

AMNS 92

Melody: Veni, sancte Spiritus

7 7 7. D.



Come, thou Holy Spirit, come,  
and from thy celestial home  
shed a ray of light divine;  
come, thou Father of the poor,  
come, thou source of all our store,  
come, within our bosoms shine:

Thou of comforters the best,  
thou the soul's most welcome guest,  
sweet refreshment here below;  
in our labour rest most sweet,  
grateful coolness in the heat,  
solace in the midst of woe.

O most blessèd Light divine,  
shine within these hearts of thine,  
and our inmost being fill;  
where thou art not, man hath naught,  
nothing good in deed or thought,  
nothing free from taint of 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.

On the faithful, who adore  
and confess thee, evermore  
in thy sevenfold gifts descend:  
give them virtue's sure reward,  
give them thy salvation, Lord,  
give them joys that never end.

Words: Stephen Langton (d. 1228), translated by Edward Caswall (1814-1878)  
Music: Melody by Samuel Webbe the elder (1740-1816)