

Seq.

1.

Come, thou Ho-ly Pa-raclete, And from thy ce-les-tial
seat, Send thy light and bril-li-ancy. Father of the poor draw
near, Gi-ver of all gifts, be here, Come, the soul's true ra-
di-ancy. Come, of comforters the best, Of the soul the swee-
test guest, Come in toil refre-shingly. Thou in labour rest
most sweet, Thou art sha-dow from the heat, Comfort in ad-
ver-si-ty. O thou light, most pure and blest, Shine with-
in the inmost breast Of thy faithful company. Where thou
art not, man hath nought; Ev'ry ho-ly deed and thought
Comes from thy Di-vi-ni-ty. What is soi-led make thou
pure, What is wounded work its cure, What is parched fruc-
ti-fy. What is ri-gid gently bend, What is fro-zen warmly
tend, Straigten what goes erringly. Fill thy faithful who
con-fide In thy pow'r to guard and guide, With thy sev'nfold
myste-ry. Here thy grace and virtue send, Grant salva-tion
in the end, And in heav'n fe-li-ci-ty. A-men. Alle-lu-ya.