I

1 Ho - ly Spir - it, Lord of light,
2 Come, O Fath - er of the poor,

From your clear ce - les - tial height,
Come with treas - ures that en - dure;

Your pure beam - ing ra - diance give.
Come, O Light of all that live.

3 You, of all con - sol - ers best,
4 You in work are com - fort sweet,

You the soul's de - light - ful guest,
Pleas - ant cool - ness in the heat,

Sweet re - fresh - ing peace be - stow.
Sol - ace in the midst of woe.

5 Light im - mor - tal, Light div - ine,
6 If you take your grace a - way,

Show your love to hu - man - kind,
Noth - ing pure in us will stay;

And our in - most be - ing fill.
All our good is turned to ill.

7 Heal our wounds, our strength re - new,
8 Bend the stub - born heart and will;

On our dry - ness pour your dew;
Melt the fro - zen, warm the chill;

Wash the stains of guilt a - way.
Guide the steps that go a - stray.

9 On the faith - ful who a - dore
10 Give us com - fort when we die;

And con - fess you ev - er - more
Give us life with you on high;

In your sev'n - fold gift des - cend.
Give us joys that nev - er end.

A - men. Al - le - lu - ia.

Author: St. Stephen Langton, ?–1228
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