

Veni, Sancte Spiritus (Fr Donald H Calloway)

Come, Holy Spirit, send down those beams, which sweetly flow in silent streams
from Thy bright throne above.

O come, Thou Father of the poor; O come, Thou source of all our store, come, fill
our hearts with love.

O Thou, of comforters the best, O Thou, the soul's delightful guest, the pilgrim's
sweet relief.

Rest art Thou in our toil, most sweet refreshment in the noonday heat; and solace
in our grief.

O blessed Light of life Thou art; fill with Thy light the inmost heart of those who
hope in Thee.

Without Thy Godhead nothing can, have any price or worth in man, nothing can
harmless be,

Lord, wash our sinful stains away, refresh from heaven our barren clay, our
wounds and bruises heal,

To Thy sweet yoke our stiff necks bow, warm with Thy fire our hearts of snow,
our wandering feet recall.

Grant to Thy faithful, dearest Lord, whose only hope is Thy sure word, the
sevenfold gifts of grace.

Grant us in life Thy grace that we, in peace may die and ever be, in joy before Thy
face.

Amen, Alleluia.