

1. 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.

2. 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.

3. O most blessed 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.

4. 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.

5. 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.

1. Breathe on me, Breath of God,
fill me with life anew,
that I may love what thou dost love,
and do what you wouldst do.

2. Breathe on me, Breath of God,
until my heart is pure,
until with thee I will one will,
to do and to endure.

3. Breathe on me, Breath of God
Till I am wholly thine;
Until this earthly part of me
Glows with thy fire divine.

4. Breathe on me, Breath of God,
so shall I never die,
but live with thee the perfect life
Of thine eternity.

**1. O thou who camest from
above**
the fire celestial to impart,
kindle a flame of sacred love
on the mean altar of my heart.

2. There let it for thy glory burn
with inextinguishable blaze,
and trembling to its source return
in humble prayer and fervent
praise.

3. Jesus, confirm my heart's desire
to work and speak and think for
thee;
still let me guard the holy fire,
and still stir up the gift in me.

4. Ready for all thy perfect will,
my acts of faith and love repeat,
till death thy endless mercies seal,
and make the sacrifice complete.

till he become the place
wherein the Holy Spirit makes his
dwelling.

1. Come down, O Love divine,
seek thou this soul of mine,
and visit it with thine own ardour
glowing;
O Comforter, draw near,
within my heart appear,
and kindle it, thy holy flame
bestowing.



2. O let it freely burn,
till earthly passions turn
to dust and ashes in its heat
consuming;
and let thy glorious light
shine ever on my sight,
and clothe me round, the while my
path illuming.

3. Let holy charity
mine outward vesture be,
and lowliness become mine inner
clothing:
true lowliness of heart,
which takes the humbler part,
and o'er its own shortcomings
weeps with loathing.

4. And so the yearning strong,
with which the soul will long,
shall far outpass the power of
human telling;
for can we guess its grace,