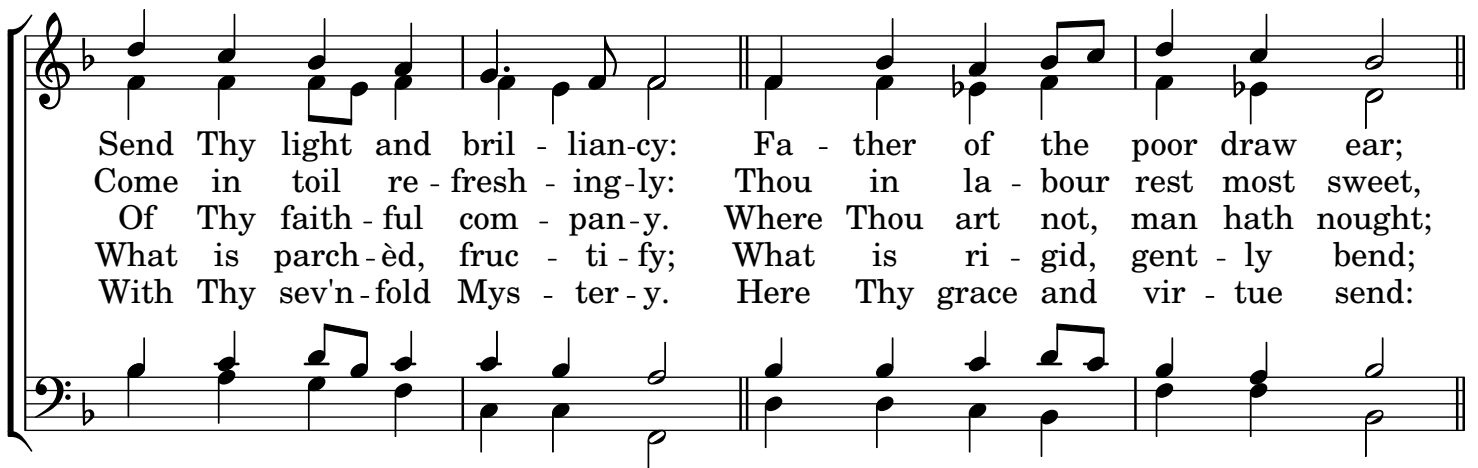
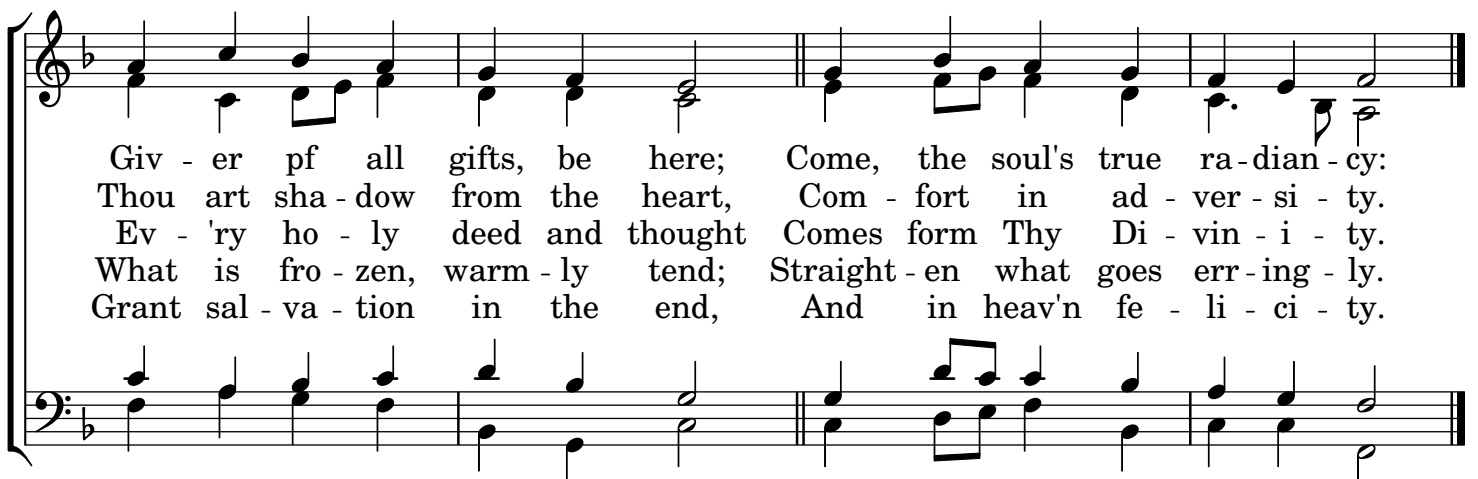


1. Come, Thou ho - ly Pa - ra - clete, And from Thy ce - les - tial seat
 2. Come, of com - for - ters the best, Of the soul the sweet - est guest,
 3. O Thou Light, most pure and blest, Shine with - in the in - most brea
 4. What is soil - ed, make Thou pure; What is wound - ed, work its cure;
 5. Fill Thy faith - ful, who con - fide In Thy pow'r to guard and guide,



Send Thy light and bril - lian-cy: Fa - ther of the poor draw ear;
 Come in toil re - fresh - ing-ly: Thou in la - bour rest most sweet,
 Of Thy faith - ful com - pan-y. Where Thou art not, man hath nought;
 What is parch - ed, fruc - ti - fy; What is ri - gid, gent - ly bend;
 With Thy sev'n-fold Mys - ter - y. Here Thy grace and vir - tue send:



Giv - er pf all gifts, be here; Come, the soul's true ra - dian - cy:
 Thou art sha - dow from the heart, Com - fort in ad - ver - si - ty.
 Ev - 'ry ho - ly deed and thought Comes form Thy Di - vin - i - ty.
 What is fro - zen, warm - ly tend; Straight - en what goes err - ing - ly.
 Grant sal - va - tion in the end, And in heav'n fe - li - ci - ty.