

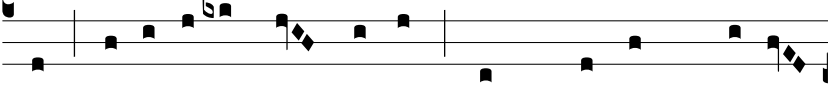
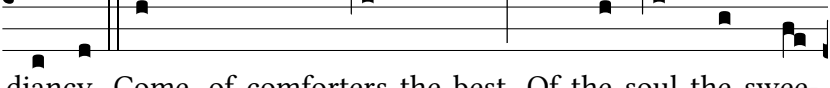
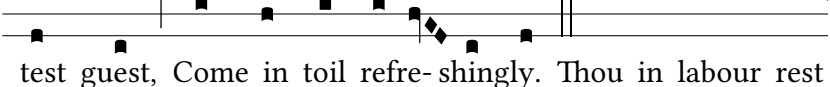
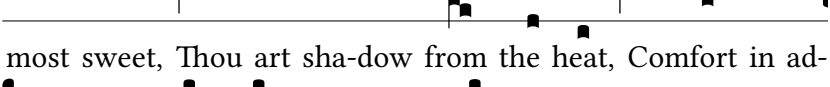
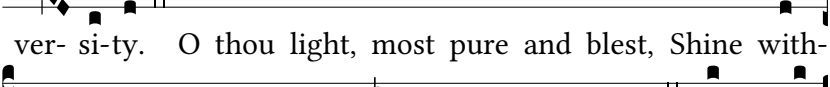
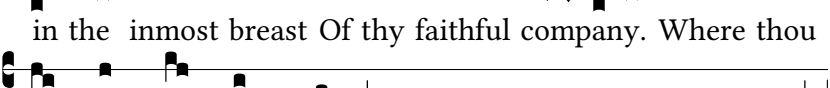
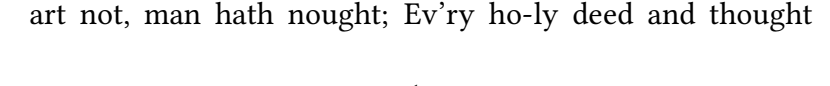


VENI, SANCTE SPIRITUS

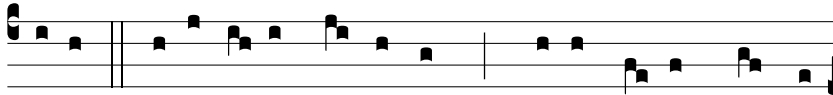
i.  **C** Ome, thou Ho-ly Pa-raclete, And from thy ce-les-tial
 seat, Send thy light and bril- liancy. Father of the poor draw
 near, Gi-ver of all gifts, be here, Come, the soul's true ra-
 diancy. Come, of comforters the best, Of the soul the swee-
 test guest, Come in toil refre-shingly. Thou in labour 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



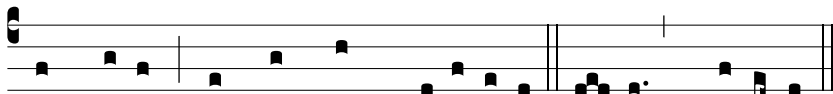
tend, Straighten what goes erringly. Fill thy faithful who



confide 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.