

# 015. Whitsun Tide

Veni, sancte Spiritus

(Second tune)

E. M. Lott

1. Ho - ly Spir - it, come and shine On our  
2. Come, Con - so - ler, kind - est, best, Come, our  
3. O di - vin - est Light, im - part Un - to  
4. Wash a - way each sin - ful stain; Gent - ly  
5. Un - to all Thy faith - ful just, Who in

souls with beams di - vine, Is - suing from Thy ra - diance bright.  
bo - som's dear - est guest, Sweet re - fresh - ment, sweet re - pose.  
ev - ery faith - ful heart Plen-teous streams from love's bright flood.  
shed Thy gra-cious rain On the dry and fruit - less soul.  
Thee con - fide and trust, Deign the seven - fold gift to send.

Come, O Fa - ther of the poor, Ev - er boun-teous of Thy  
Rest in la - bor, cool - ness sweet, Tem - per - ing the burn - ing  
But for Thy blest De - i - ty, Noth - ing pure in man could  
Heal each wound and bend each will, Warm our hearts be-numbed and  
Grant us vir - tue's blest in - crease, Grant a death of hope and

store, Come, our hearts' un - fail - - ing Light.  
heat, Tru - est com - fort of our woes.  
be; Noth - ing harm - less, noth - - ing good.  
chill, All our way - ward steps con - trol.  
peace, Grant the joys that ne - - ver end.