

014. Whitsun Tide

Veni, sancte Spiritus

(First tune)

S. Webbe

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

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

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

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