

016. Whitsun Tide

Veni, sancte Spiritus

Fr. Maher, S.J.

1. Come, Ho - ly Ghost, send down those beams Which
2. O Thou, of com - fort - ers the best; O
3. Thrice - bless - ed Light, shoot home Thy darts And
4. Lord, wash our sin - ful stains a - way, Re -
5. Grant to Thy faith - ful, dear - est Lord, Whose

sweet - ly flow in si - lent streams From
Thou, the soul's de - light - ful guest, The
pierce the cen - tres of those hearts Whose
fresh from heaven our bar - ren clay, Our
on - ly hope is Thy sure word, The

Thy bright throne a - bove;
pil - grims' sweet re - lief;
faith as - pires to Thee;
wounds and bruised - heal;
seven gifts of-Thy Spi - rit;

O come, Thou Fa - ther of the poor; O
 Thou art true rest in toil and sweat, Re -
 With - out Thy God - head noth - ing can Have
 To Thy sweet yoke our stiff necks bow, Warm
 Grant us in life Thy help - ing grace, Grant

come, Thou source of all our store; -
 fresh - ment in-(the) ex - cess of heat, -
 an - y price or worth in man -
 with Thy fire our hearts of snow, Our
 us at death to see Thy Face, And

Come, fill our hearts with love.
 And sol - ace in our grief.
 Noth-ing can - harm - less be.
 wand - er - ing feet re - peal.
 end-less joy in - her - it.