

Seq.

I.

V

Eni Sancte Spí-ri-tus, Et emít-te caé-li-tus Lu-

cis tu-ae rá-di-um. Ve-ni pa-ter páu-pe-rum, Ve-ni da-tor

mú-ne-rum, Ve-ni lumen cór-di-um. Conso-lá-tor ó-pti-

me, Dulcis ho-spes á-nimae, Dulce refri-gé-ri-um. In labó-

re réqui-es, In aestu tempé-ri-es, In fle-tu so-lá-ti-um.

O lux be-a-tís-sima, Reple cordis íntima Tu-ó-rum

fi-dé-li-um. Si-ne tu-o nú-mi-ne, Ni-hil est in hó-mi-ne,

Ni-hil est innó-xi-um. Lava quod est só-r-di-dum, Ri-ga



quod est á- ri-dum, Sa-na quod est sáuci- um. Flecte quod est
rí- gi-dum, Fove quod est frí- gi-dum, Re-ge quod est dé-
vi- um. Da tu- is fi-dé-li-bus, In te con-fi-dé-nti-bus, Sacrum
septe-ná-ri- um. Da virtú-tis mé-ri-tum, Da sa-lú- tis éx-i-
tum, Da per-énne gáudi- um. A-men. Alle-lú- ia.

Translation

1 Come, O Holy Spirit, now, from the heavenly regions, thou beams of light impart.
2 Come, thou Father of the poor; come with gifts that long endure, brighten every
heart. 3 Thou, of all consolers best, thou, the soul's enchanting guest, comfort when
we fail. 4 Perfect rest in toilsome task, in the heat thy breath we ask, soothe when
tears prevail. 5 Light most blessed, light the kindest, search our hearts: what dross
thou findest, burn it with thy rays. 6 Nothing is in wretched man, nothing good he
fashion can, thou bright'ning not his ways. 7 Leave thou what is soiled with sin,
moisten what is parched within, heal the sore in mind. 8 Bend the stubborn to thy
will, warm the hearts that pride doth chill, lead the erring blind. 9 She upon thy
faithful fold, by unbounded hope controlled, seven gifts thou hast. 10 Give them
what their deeds have won, give them when life's days are done, give them joys that
last.

