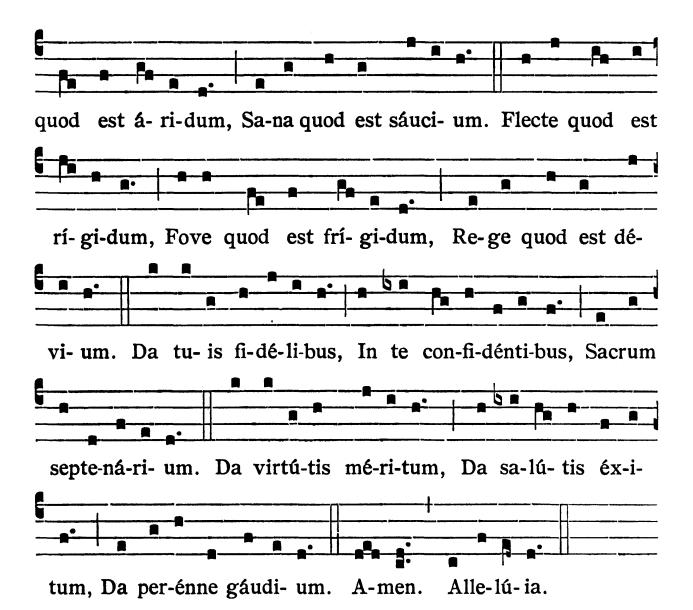
1961 Graduale p. 294-295



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



Translation

I 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.

