

Come, thou holy Paraclete

Come, thou holy Paraclete,
and from thy celestial seat
send thy light and brilliancy:
Father of the poor, draw near;
giver of all gifts, be here;
come, the soul's true radiancy.

Come, of comforters the best,
of the soul the sweetest guest,
come in toil refreshingly.
Thou in labor rest most sweet,
thou art shadow from the heat,
comfort in adversity.

O thou Light, most pure and blest,
shine within the inmost breast
of thy faithful company.
Where thou art not, man hath nought;
every holy deed and thought
comes from thy Divinity.

What is soiled, makes thou pure;
what is wounded, work its cure;
what is parchèd, fructify.
What is rigid, gently bend;
what is frozen, warmly tend;
strengthen what goes erringly.

Fill thy faithful who confide
in thy power to guard and guide,
with thy sevenfold mystery.
Here thy grace and virtue send;
grant salvation in the end,
and in heaven felicity.

777 D