

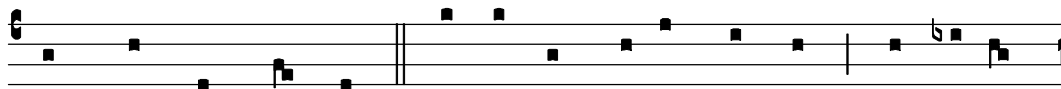
Sequence  
i.

C

OME, thou Ho- ly Pa- ra- clete, And from thy ce- les- tial seat,  
Send thy light and bril- lian- cy. Fa- ther of the poor draw near,  
Gi- ver of trea- sures be here, Come, en- light, make bright our hearts Come, of  
con- sol- ers the best, Of the soul, the sweet- est guest, Sweet de- light,  
re- fresh- ing rest Thou in la- bour, rest most sweet, Thou art cool- ness from  
the heat, Sol- ace in ad- ver- si- ty. Bless- ed light, most pure thou art,  
Shine with- in our in- most heart Of thy faith- ful com- pan- y. With-  
out your will, man hath nought; Noth- ing here in sight and thought, No- thing  
left that won't do harm. Bathe a- way our filth and grime, Thirst- ing souls-  
re- freshed by thine, Made health- y from all that ills. That which is stiff,  
make it give, That which is cold, make it live, That that errs, make staight with- in.



Grant to those whose faith is blessed, Be- lief in You, they con- fess, Thy



sev'n- fold gifts de- scend. Grant us vir- tue, our re- ward, Grant to us



sal- va- tion Lord, Grant us joys that nev- er end. A- men. Al- le- lu- ia.