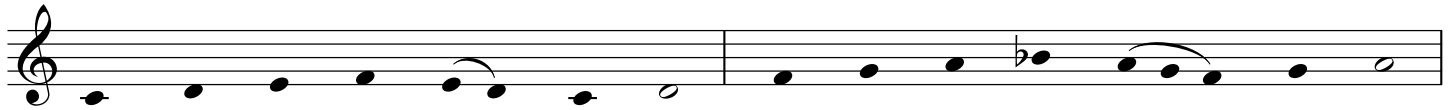


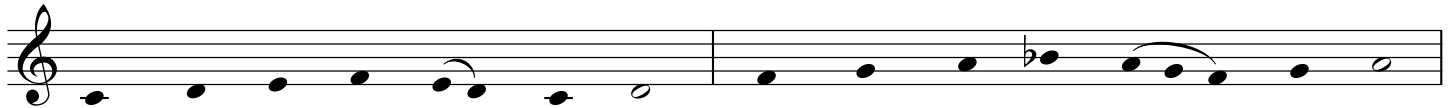
# Sequence for Pentecost



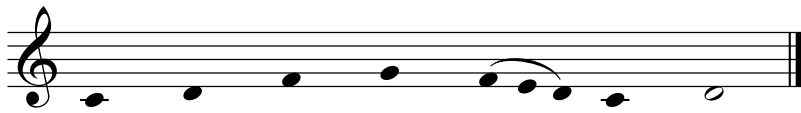
1. Come, Thou Ho - ly Spir - it, come! And from Thy ce - les - tial home



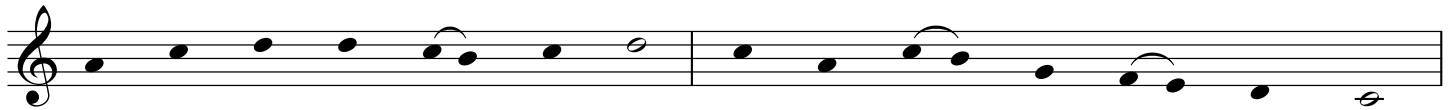
Shed a ray of light\_\_\_ di - vine!



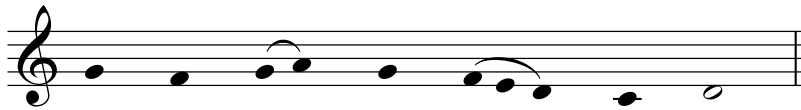
2. Come, Thou Fa - ther of\_\_\_ the poor! Come, Thou Source of all\_\_\_ our store!



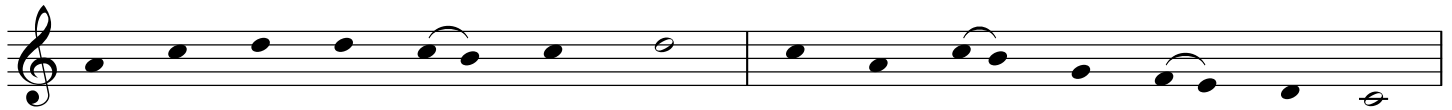
Come, with - in our bos - oms shine!



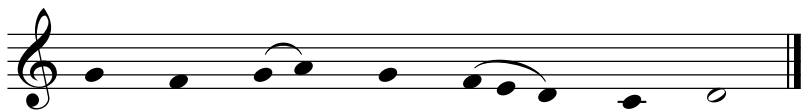
Thou, of com - fort - ers\_\_\_ the best; Thou, the soul's most wel - come Guest;



Sweet re - fresh - ment here\_\_\_ be - low;



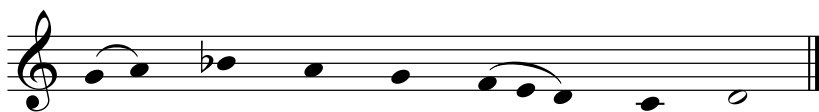
In our la - bor, rest\_\_\_ most sweet; Grate - ful cool - ness in\_\_\_ the heat;



Sol - ace in\_\_\_ the midst\_\_\_ of woe.



O most bless - èd Light\_\_\_ di - vine, Shine with - in these hearts of Thine,



And\_ our in - most be - ing fill!

Where Thou art not, man hath naught, Noth - ing good in deed or thought,  
 Noth - ing free from taint of ill.  
 Heal our wounds, our strength re - new; On our dry - ness pour Thy dew;  
 Wash the stains of guilt a - way;  
 Bend the stub - born heart and will; Melt the fro - zen, warm the chill;  
 Guide the steps that go a - stray.  
 On the faith - ful, who a - dore And con - fess Thee, ev - er - more  
 In Thy sev'n - fold gift de - scend;  
 Give them vir - tue's sure re - ward Give them Thy sal - va - tion, Lord;  
 Give them joys that nev - er end. A - men. Al - le - lu - ia.

Translated from Latin to English by Fr. Edward Caswall (Birmingham Oratory) — *Lyra Catholica*, 1849 — Page 234-236

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# PENTECOST SUNDAY

## SEQUENCE

Seq.  
I.

OME, thou Ho-ly Spir-it, come, And from thy ce-

les-tial home Shed a ray of light divine! 2. Come, thou Father  
of the poor! Come, thou Source of all our store! Come, with-  
in our bos-oms shine! 3. Thou, of comfort-ers the best; Thou,  
the soul's most welcome guest; Sweet re-freshment here be-  
low; 4. In our la-bor, rest most sweet; Grateful coolness in  
the heat; Sol-ace in the midst of woe. 5. O most blessed Light  
divine, Shine within these hearts of thine, And our inmost be-  
ing fill! 6. Where thou art not, man hath naught, Nothing good  
in deed or thought, Noth-ing free from taint of ill. 7. Heal our

wounds, our strength re-new; On our dryness pour thy dew;  
Wash the stains of guilt a-way; 8. Bend the stubborn heart and  
will; Melt the froz-en, warm the chill; Guide the steps that go  
a-stray; 9. On the faith-ful, who a-dore And confess thee, ev-  
er-more In thy sev'nfold gift descend; 10. Give them virtue's  
sure reward Give them thy sal-va-tion, Lord; Give them joys  
that nev-er end.