

Come, Thou Holy Spirit, Come

Come, thou Holy Spirit, come,
and from thy celestial home
shed a ray of light divine;
come, thou Father of the poor,
come, thou source of all our store,
come, within our hearts to shine.

Thou of comforters the best,
thou the soul's most welcome guest,
sweet refreshment here below;
in our labour rest most sweet,
grateful coolness in the heat,
solace in the midst of woe.

O most blessèd Light divine,
shine within these hearts of thine,



Come, Thou Holy Spirit, Come

and our inmost being fill;
where thou art not, man hath nought,
nothing good in deed or thought,
nothing free from taint of ill.

Heal our wounds; our strength renew;
on our dryness pour thy dew;
wash the stains of guilt away;
bend the stubborn heart and will;
melt the frozen, warm the chill;
guide the steps that go astray.

Traditionally ascribed to Stephen Langton

Translated by Edward Caswall, 1849