

I

V Eni Sancte Spí-ri-tus, Et emít-te caé-li-tus Lu-
 cis tu-ae rá-di-um. Ve-ni pa-ter páu-pe-rum, Ve-ni da-tor
 mú-ne-rum, Ve-ni lumen cór-di-um. Conso-lá-tor ó-pti-
 me, Dulcis ho-spes á-ni-mae, Dulce refri-gé-ri-um. In labó-
 re réqui-es, In aestu tempé-ri-es, In fle-tu so-lá-ti-um.
 O lux be-a-tís-sima, Reple cordis íntima Tu-ó-rum
 fi-dé-li-um. Si-ne tu-o nú-mi-ne, Ni-hil est in hó-mi-ne,
 Ni-hil est innó-xi-um. Lava quod est sór-di-dum, Ri-ga



quod est á-ri-dum, Sa-na quod est sáuci-um. Flecte quod est rí-gi-dum, Fove quod est frí-gi-dum, Re-ge quod est dé-vi-um. Da tu-is fi-dé-li-bus, In te con-fi-dé-nti-bus, Sacrum septe-ná-ri-um. Da virtú-tis mé-ri-tum, Da sa-lú-tis éx-i-tum, Da per-énne gáudi-um.

Translation

Come, Holy Spirit, send forth from on high the radiance of thy light. Come, thou, father of the poor, come, dispenser of all good gifts, come thou, light of our hearts. Supreme Comforter, beloved guest of our soul, its most desirable nourishment. In the midst of labour, rest, a cool breeze to temper the heat, solace in the midst of woe. O most blessed light, fill the innermost being, the very hearts of thy faithful. Without thy divine strength no good dwells in man, nothing but what turns to ill. Wash away every stain, irrigate all dryness, heal every wound. Make supple all that is rigid, give ardour to things grown cold, straighten every crooked path. Grant to thy faithful who put their trust in thee, the blessing of thy sevenfold gifts. Grant us the reward of a virtuous life, a death which leads to salvation, to the gift of eternal joy.

