

## HYMNS FOR THE NOVENA TO THE HOLY GHOST

### FRIDAY

Come down, O Love divine,  
seek thou this soul of mine,  
and visit it with thine own ardour glowing;  
O Comforter, draw near, within my heart appear,  
and kindle it, thy holy flame bestowing.

O let it freely burn,  
till earthly passions turn  
to dust and ashes in its heat consuming;  
and let thy glorious light shine ever on my sight,  
and clothe me round, the while my path illuming.

And so the yearning strong,  
with which the soul will long,  
shall far outpass the power of human telling;  
for none can guess its grace, till he become the place  
wherein the Holy Spirit makes a dwelling.

*Bianco da Siena (tr. R.F. Littedale)*

### SATURDAY

Come, Holy Ghost, Creator, come  
From Thy bright heav'nly throne;  
Come, take possession of our souls,  
And make them all Thine own.

Thou who art called the Paraclete,  
Best gift of God above,  
The living spring, the living fire,  
Sweet unction and true love.

Thou who art sev'nfold in Thy grace,  
Finger of God's right hand;  
His promise, teaching little ones  
To speak and understand.

O guide our minds with Thy blest light,  
With love our hearts inflame;  
And with Thy strength, which ne'er decays,  
Confirm our mortal frame.

Far from us drive our deadly foe;  
True peace unto us bring;  
And through all perils lead us safe  
Beneath Thy sacred wing.

Through Thee may we the Father know,  
Through Thee th'eternal Son,  
And Thee the Spirit of them both,  
Thrice-blessèd Three in One.

All glory to the Father be,  
With His co-equal Son:  
The same to Thee, great Paraclete,  
While endless ages run.

*(Veni creator spiritus - Rabanus Maurus)*

## SUNDAY

Veni Creator Spiritus,  
mentes tuorum visita,  
imple superna gratia,  
quae tu creasti, pectora.

Qui diceris Paraclitus,  
altissimi donum Dei,  
fons vivus, ignis, caritas,  
et spiritalis unctio.

Tu septiformis munere,  
Dextrae Dei tu digitus,  
tu rite promissum Patris,  
sermone ditans guttura.

Accende lumen sensibus,  
infunde amorem cordibus,  
infirmi nostri corporis  
virtute firmans perpeti.

Hostem repellas longius  
pacemque dones protinus;  
ductore sic te praevio  
vitemus omne noxium.

Per te sciamus da Patrem  
noscamus atque Filium,  
te utriusque Spiritum  
credamus omni tempore.

Gloria Patri Domino,  
natoque, qui a mortuis  
surrexit, ac Paraclito,  
in saeculorum saeculi. Amen.

## MONDAY

Breathe on me, Breath of God,  
fill me with life anew,  
that I may love what thou dost love,  
and do what thou wouldst do.

Breathe on me, Breath of God,  
until my heart is pure,  
until with thee I have one will,  
to do and to endure.

Breath on me, Breath of God,  
till I am wholly thine,  
until this earthly part of me  
glows with thy fire divine.

Breathe on me, Breath of God,  
so shall I never die,  
but live with thee the perfect life  
of thine eternity.

## TUESDAY

Blest Comforter divine,  
Whose rays of heav'nly love  
Amid our gloom and darkness shine,  
And guide our souls above;

Thou, who with still small voice  
Dost stop the sinner's way,  
And bid the mourning saint rejoice,  
Though earthly joys decay;

Thou, whose inspiring breath  
Can make the cloud of care,  
And e'en the gloomy vale of death,  
A smile of glory wear;

Thou, who dost fill the heart  
With love to all our race;  
Blest Comforter, to us impart  
The blessings of Thy grace.

*(L.H Sigourney)*

## WEDNESDAY

O Thou who camest from above,  
the pure celestial fire to impart  
kindle a flame of sacred love  
upon the mean altar of my heart.

There let it for thy glory burn  
with inextinguishable blaze,  
and trembling to its source return,  
in humble prayer and fervent praise.

Jesus, confirm my heart's desire  
to work and speak and think for thee;  
still let me guard the holy fire,  
and still stir up thy gift in me.

Ready for all thy perfect will,  
my acts of faith and love repeat,  
till death thy endless mercies seal,  
and make my sacrifice complete.

#### THURSDAY

Gracious Spirit, Holy Ghost,  
Taught by Thee we covet most  
Of Thy gifts of Pentecost  
Holy, heavenly Love.

Faith, that mountains could remove,  
Tongues of earth or heaven above,  
Knowledge - all things - empty prove,  
Without heavenly Love.

Though I as a martyr bleed,  
Give my goods the poor to feed,  
All is vain - if Love I need;  
Therefore, give us Love.

Love is kind, and suffers long  
Love is meek, and thinks no wrong,  
Love than death itself more strong;  
Therefore, give us Love.

Prophecy will fade away,  
Melting in the light of day,  
Love will ever with us stay;  
Therefore, give us Love.

Faith will vanish into sight;  
Hope be emptied in delight;  
Love in heaven will shine more bright;  
Therefore, give us Love.

Faith and Hope and Love we see  
Joining hand in hand agree;  
But the greatest of the three,  
And the best, is Love.

From the overshadowing  
Of Thy gold and silver wing  
Shed on us, who to Thee sing,  
Holy, heavenly Love.

*(Christopher Wordsworth)*

## FRIDAY

Love divine, all loves excelling,  
Joy of heav'n to earth come down:  
fix in us thy humble dwelling,  
all thy faithful mercies crown:  
Jesus, thou art all compassion,  
pure, unbounded love thou art;  
visit us with thy salvation,  
enter ev'ry trembling heart.

Come, Almighty to deliver,  
let us all thy life receive;  
suddenly return, and never,  
nevermore thy temples leave.  
Thee we would be always blessing,  
serve thee as thy hosts above,  
pray and praise thee without ceasing,  
glory in thy perfect love.

Finish, then, thy new creation;  
pure and spotless let us be:  
let us see thy great salvation  
perfectly restored in thee;  
changed from glory into glory,  
'til in heav'n we take our place,  
'til we cast our crowns before thee,  
lost in wonder, love, and praise.



## SATURDAY

Veni, Sancte Spiritus,  
et emitte caelitus  
lucis tuae radium.

Veni, pater pauperum,  
veni, dator munerum,  
veni, lumen cordium.

Consolator optime,  
dulcis hospes animae,  
dulce refrigerium.

In labore requies,  
in aestu temperies,  
in fletu solatium.

O lux beatissima,  
reple cordis intima  
tuorum fidelium.

Sine tuo numine,  
nihil est in homine,  
nihil est innoxium.

Lava quod est sordidum,  
riga quod est aridum,  
sana quod est saucium.

Flecte quod est rigidum,  
fove quod est frigidum,  
rege quod est devium.

Da tuis fidelibus,  
in te confidentibus,  
sacrum septenarium.

Da virtutis meritum,  
da salutis exitum,  
da perenne gaudium.

*(Stephen Langton 1160-1228)*

# Hail Mary

Fr Bede Rowe

Voice 1  
Hail Ma - ry full of grace! The Lord is with Thee

Voice 2  
Hail Ma - ry full of grace! The Lord is

6  
Voice 1  
Ble - ssed art Thou a - mong wo - men and blessed is the fruit of Thy

Voice 2  
with Thee. Ble - sed art Thou a - mong wo - men and

9  
Voice 1  
womb, Je - sus Ho - ly Ma - ry Mother of God,

Voice 2  
blessed is the fruit of Thy womb, Je - sus. Ho - ly Ma - ry Mother of God,

14  
Voice 1  
Pray for us sin - ners. Now and at the hour of our death. A -

Voice 2  
Pray for us sin - ners Now and at the hour of our death

19  
Voice 1  
men.

Voice 2  
A - men.