

His life, their lives to save;
And now their palms they wave
Brought safely home.

O Lord! ascend thy throne!
For Thou shalt rule alone
Beside thy Sire,
With the great Paraclete,
The Three in One complete—
Before whose awful feet
All foes expire!

WHIT-SUNDAY.

HOLY Spirit! Lord of light
From thy clear celestial height,
Thy pure beaming radiance give:

Come, Thou Father of the poor!
Come, with treasures which endure!
Come, thou Light of all that live;

Thou of all consolers best,
Visiting the troubled breast,
Dost refreshing peace bestow;

Thou in toil art comfort sweet;
Pleasant coolness in the heat;
Solace in the midst of woe.

Light immortal! light divine!
Visit Thou these hearts of thine,
And our inmost being fill:

If thou take thy grace away,
Nothing pure in man will stay;
All his good is turn'd to ill.