



## Pentecost.

**B**EAUTIFUL Paraclete ! Spirit of Love !

*Come from the regions of light above,  
Come, and abide in our hearts evermore,  
Teach us in spirit and truth to adore.  
We need Thee, we need Thee, for love grows cold,  
And shadows are hovering over the fold ;  
But Thou, the true Sun, will the darkness dispel,  
And triumph once more o'er the powers of hell.  
Yes, come, for our hearts are prepared to believe ;  
Thou, whom the blinded world cannot receive,  
Come, whisper the truth promised ages ago.  
By Christ ere He closed His life of woe.  
The truths which the world, now as then, cannot bear,  
The children of light are thirsting to hear ;  
O Spirit of God ! then descend at our prayer,  
That we in the joy of the blessed may share ;  
O come and enlighten the sin-steeped world,  
For the ensigns of error are boldly unfurled,  
O come and console weary hearts that are Thine,  
Blessed Spirit of Love ! Thou Spirit Divine.*