496 HOLY SPIRIT, LIGHT DIVINE 1 Ho - ly Spir - it, light di - vine, Shine up on this heart of mine: 2 Let me see my Sav-ior's face, Let me all His beau-ties trace; 3 Ho - ly Spir - it, pow'r di - vine, Cleanse this guilt - y heart of mine; 4 Ho - ly Spir - it, joy di - vine, Cheer this sad-dened heart of mine; 5 Ho - ly Spir - it, all di - vine, Dwell with - in this heart of mine; dark - ness in - to day. Chase the shades of night a - way, Turn the Show those glo-rious truths to me Which are on - ly known to Thee. Thy mer - cy pit - y me, From sin's bond-age set me free. Yield a sa-cred, set-tled peace, Let grow and still in-crease. it Cast down ev - 'ry i - dol throne, Reign su - preme, and reign a - lone. Text: Andrew Reed, 1787–1862, alt. Tune: Orlando Gibbons, 1583–1625 Text and tune: Public domain 497 COME, HOLY GHOST, GOD AND LORD 1 Come, Ho - ly With all Your grac - es Ghost, God and Lord, guide di - vine, 2 Come, ho ly Light, Now cause the Word of 3 Come, ho Fire, com - fort true, Grant us the will Your out-poured On each be - liev - er's mind and heart; right life to shine. Teach us to know our God a work to do And in Your ser - vice to bide; a Your fer - vent love to them im - part. Lord, by the And call Him Fa ther with de - light. From 'ry ev -Let tri - als turn us not a - side. Lord, by Your ho - ly faith Your Church u - nite; bright-ness of Your light er - ror keep us free; Let none but Christ our mas - ter be pow'r pre-pare each heart, And to our weak-ness strength im - part ev - 'ry From ev - 'ry This to Your land and tongue liv - ing faith a - bide, That we in In Him, our Through life That brave - ly here we may con - tend, and praise, O Lord, our God, be sung: Al-le-lu-ia, al-le-lu-ia! Lord, with all our might con-fide. Al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia! death to You, our Lord, as - cend. Al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia! Text: tr. The Lutheran Hymnal, 1941, alt.; (st. 1): German, 15th cent.; (sts. 2-3): Martin Luther, 1483–1546 Tune: Eyn Enchiridion oder Handbüchlein, 1524, Erfurt

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- 5 Let me praise God's boundless favor, Whose own feast of love I savor, Bidden by His gracious call. Wedding garments He provides me, With a robe of white He hides me, Fits me for the royal hall.
- 6 Now have I found consolation, Comfort in my tribulation, Balm to heal the troubled soul. God, my shield from ev'ry terror, Cleanses me from sin and error, Makes my wounded spirit whole.

Text: Heinrich Puchta, 1808–58; tr. David W. Rogner, 1960
Tune: Johann Löhner, 1645–1705; adapt. Johann Balthasar König, 1691–1758
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