

PROCESSIONAL HYMN 225


*Hail thee, festival day!*

SALVE FESTA DIES


*Refrain*



Hail thee, fes - ti - val day! blest day that art hal - lowed for




ev - er, day when the Ho - ly Ghost shone in the



world with God's grace. *First time only* grace.




1 Lo, in the like - ness of fire, on those who a -  
3 Hark! for in myr - i - ad tongues Christ's own, his —



wait his ap - pear - ing, he whom the  
cho - sen a - pos - tles, preach to the



*Repeat Refrain*  
Lord fore - told sud - den - ly, swift - ly, de - scends:  
ends of the earth Christ and his won - der - ful works:



2 Forth from the Fa - ther he comes with seven - fold —  
4 Praise to the Spi - rit of Life, all praise to the



my - sti - cal of - fering, pou - ring on all hu - man  
fount of our be - ing, light that dost light - en —



*Repeat Refrain*  
souls in - fin - ite rich - es of God:  
all, life that in all dost a - bide:

*The refrain may be sung once by choir alone and repeated by all. The stanzas may be sung by choir alone, alternately by contrasted groups, or by all.*

1 Ho - ly Spi - rit, ev - er liv - ing as the Church's  
2 Ho - ly Spi - rit, ev - er work - ing through the Church's

ve - ry life; Ho - ly Spi - rit, ev - er striv - ing  
min - is - try; quick - ening, strength - ening, and ab - solv - ing,

through her in a cease - less strife; Ho - ly Spi - rit, ev - er  
set - ting cap - tive sin - ners free; Ho - ly Spi - rit, ev - er

form - ing in the Church the mind of Christ; thee we praise with  
bind - ing age to age, and soul to soul, in a fel - low -

end - less wor - ship for thy fruits and gifts un - priced.  
ship un - end - ing thee we wor - ship and ex - tol.

1 Breathe on me, Breath of God, fill me with life a - new,  
 2 Breathe on me, Breath of God, un - til my heart is pure,  
 3 Breathe on me, Breath of God, till I am whol - ly thine,  
 4 Breathe on me, Breath of God, so shall I nev - er die;

that I may love what thou dost love, and do what thou wouldst do.  
 un - til with thee I will one will, to do or to en - dure.  
 till all this earth - ly part of me glows with thy fire di - vine.  
 but live with thee the per - fect life of thine e - ter - ni - ty.

The musical score consists of two systems. Each system has a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment line (bass clef). The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are printed below the vocal line of each system.

Words: Edwin Hatch (1835-1889), alt. Music: *Nova Vita*, Lister R. Peace (1885-1969).



1 Praise the Spi - rit in cre - a - tion, breath of God, life's  
 2 Praise the Spi - rit, close com - pan - ion of our in - most  
 3 Praise the Spi - rit, who en - light - ened priests and pro - phets  
 4 Tell of how the a - scend - ed Je - sus armed a peo - ple  
 5 Pray we then, O Lord the Spi - rit, on our lives de -  
 6 Praise, O praise the Ho - ly Spi - rit, praise the Fa - ther,



1 or - i - gin: Spi - rit, mov - ing on the wa - ters,  
 2 thoughts and ways; who, in show - ing us God's won - ders,  
 3 with the word; his the truth be - hind the wis - doms  
 4 for his own; how a hun - dred men and wo - men  
 5 scend in might; let your flame break out with - in us,  
 6 praise the Word, Source, and Truth, and In - spi - ra - tion,



1 quick - ening worlds to life with - in, source of breath to  
 2 is him - self the power to gaze; and God's will, to  
 3 which as yet know not our Lord; by whose love and  
 4 turned the known world up - side down, to its dark and  
 5 fire our hearts and clear our sight, till, white - hot in  
 6 Trin - i - ty in deep ac - cord: through your voice which



1 all things breath - ing, life in whom all lives be - gin.  
 2 those who lis - ten by a still small voice con - veys.  
 3 power, in Je - sus God him - self was seen and heard.  
 4 fur - thest cor - ners by the wind of hea - ven blown.  
 5 your pos - ses - sion, we, too, set the world a - light.  
 6 speaks with - in us we, your crea - tures, call you Lord.

Words: Michael Hewlett (b. 1916), alt. By permission of Oxford University Press. Music: *Finnian*, Christopher Dearnley (b. 1930). By permission of Oxford University Press.