

Isaac Watts, 1709  
(Hymn 34, Book 2)

86. 86. (C. M.)

# St. Albans

Transcribed from *The Meridian Harmony*, 1808.

E minor  
Walter Janes, 1808

Tr. 5 *tr* 10 15

1. Come, Ho - ly Spi-rit, heav'nly Dove, With all thy quick'ning powers; Kindle a flame of sac - red love \_\_\_ In these cold hearts of ours.

C. 2. Look how we grovel here be - low, Fond of these trifling toys; Our souls can neither fly \_\_\_ nor go \_\_\_ To reach e - ter - nal joys.

T. 8 *tr* 3

3. In vain we tune our for - mal songs, In vain we strive to rise; Ho-san - nals languish on our tongues, And our de - vo - tion dies.

B.

4. Dear Lord! and shall we ev - er lie At this poor dying rate? Our love so faint, so cold to thee, And thine to us so great?

5. Come, Ho - ly Spi-rit, heav'nly Dove, With all thy quick'ning powers; Come, shed a - broad a Sa - vior's love, And that shall kindle ours.