

Tr. 1. Come, Ho - ly Spi - rit, heav'n - ly Dove, With all thy quick' - ning powers;

C. 2. Look how we gro - vel here be - low, Fond of these tri - fling toys;

T. 3. In vain we tune our for - mal songs, In vain we strive to rise;

B. 4. Dear Lord! and shall we ev - er lie At this poor dy - ing rate?
5. Come, Ho - ly Spi - rit, heav'n - ly Dove, With all thy quick' - ning powers;

Tr. 10 Kin - dle a flame of sa - cred love In these cold hearts of ours.

C. Our souls can nei - ther fly nor go To reach e - ter - nal joys.

T. Ho - san - nahs lan - guish on our tongues, And our de - vo - tion dies.

B. Our love so faint, so cold to thee, And thine to us so great?
Come, shed a - broad a Sa - vior's love, And that shall kin - dle ours.