Ortonville C. M.

1. Come, Holy Spirit, heav'n-ly Dove, With all Thy quick'n-ing pow'rs; Kindle a flame of sacred love In these cold hearts of ours, In these cold eternal joys, To reach eternal joys.

2. Look—how we grow-el here be-low, Fond of these earth-ly toys; Our souls, how heav-i-ly they go, To reach e-ter-nal joys.

3. In vain we tune our for-mal songs, In vain we strive to rise; Ho-san-nas lan-guish on our tongues, And our de-votion dies, And Thine to us so great? And Thine to us so great?

4. Fa-ther, and shall we ev-er live At this poor dy-ing rate, Our love so faint, so cold to Thee, And Thine to us so great? And Thine to us so great?

5. Come, Holy Spirit, heav'n-ly Dove, With all Thy quick'n-ing pow'rs; Come, shed abroad a Sav-ior's love, And that shall kin-dle ours. A-men.