Ortonville C. M.

1. Come, Holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove, With all Thy quick'ning pow'rs;
   Kindle a flame of sacred love In these cold hearts of ours.
   In these cold hearts of ours.

2. Look—how we growel here be-low, Fond of these earthly toys;
   Our souls, how heavily they go, To reach eternal joys.
   To reach eternal joys.

3. In vain we tune our formal songs, In vain we strive to rise;
   Hosannas languish on our tongues, And our devotion dies.
   And our devotion dies.

4. Father, and shall we ever live At this poor dying 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'nly Dove, With all Thy quick'ning pow'rs;
   Come, shed abroad a Savior's love, And that shall kindle ours.
   And that shall kindle ours.

Words: Isaac Watts
Music: Thomas Hastings