Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove

MARLOW

1. Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove, With all Thy quick'n-ing pow'rs;
2. Look how we grovel here below, Fond of these trilling toys;
3. In vain we tune our formal songs, In vain we strive to rise;
4. Dear Lord, and shall we ever live At this poor dying rate?

Kindle a flame of sacred love In these cold hearts of ours.
Our souls can neither fly nor go To reach eternal joys.
Hosannas languish on our tongues, And our devotion dies.
Our love so faint, so cold to Thee, And Thine to us so great!

Words: Isaac Watts
Music: J. Chetham

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