Come, Holy Spirit

Words: Isaac Watts
Music: Rev. W. H. Havergal

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.
   Our souls, how heavily they go, To reach eternal joys.
   Hosannas languish on our tongues, And our devotion dies.
   Come, shed abroad a Savior's love, And that shall kindle ours.

2. Look how we grovel here below, Fond of these earthly toys;
   Our love so faint, so cold to Thee, And Thine to us so great?

3. In vain we tune our formal songs, In vain we strive to rise;
   Our love so faint, so cold to Thee, And Thine to us so great?

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?

5. Come, Holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove, With all Thy quick'ning pow'rs;

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