1. Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly dove, With all Thy quick'ning pow'rs;
2. Look how we grovel here below, Fond of these earthly toys;
3. In vain we tune our formal songs, In vain we strive to rise;
4. Father, and shall we ever live At this poor dying rate,

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.
Our love so faint, so cold to Thee, And Thine to us so great?

Words: Isaac Watts
Music: Adapted from R. Simpson