

H Y M N S.

1

C.M.

Breathing after the Holy Spirit.

1 COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning powers;
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

2 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise!
Hosannahs languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

3 And shall we then for ever live
At this poor dying rate?
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great!

4 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning powers;
Come, shed abroad the Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.