

Ye blind, behold your SAVIOUR come,
And leap, ye lame, for joy !

Hymn 2. C. M.

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

2 Look how we grovel here below,
Fond of these earthly toys;
Our souls how heavily they go,
To reach eternal joys!

3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
Hossannas languish on our tongues,
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?

5 Come HOLY SPIRIT, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning powers;
Come, shed abroad a SAVIOUR'S love,
And that shall kindle ours.

Hymn 3. C. M.

FATHER, I stretch my hands to thee,
No other help I know;