

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

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### Hymn 2. C. M.

**C**OME, 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.

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### Hymn 3. C. M.

**F**ATHER, I stretch my hands to thee,  
No other help I know ;