

Come Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove
Issac Watts (1674-1748)

to the tune MAITLAND

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

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

In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning pow'rs;
Come, shed abroad a Savior's love,
And that shall kindle ours.