

COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all Thy quickening powers,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

- 2 See how we grovel here below
Fond of such trifling toys!
How slow our hearts to turn and go
To seek eternal joys.
- 3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
Our praise is weak upon our tongues,
And our devotion dies.
- 4 Dear Lord, and shall we always lie
In such a languid state?
Our love so faint, so cold to Thee,
And Thine to us so great?
- 5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all Thy quickening powers,
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

Isaac Watts, 1674-1748