

COME, Holy Ghost, all-quickenning fire!
Come, and my hallowed heart inspire,
Sprinkled with the atoning blood;
Now to my soul Thyself reveal,
Thy mighty working let me feel,
And know that I am born of God.

2 Humble, and teachable, and mild,
O may I, as a little child,
My lowly Master's steps pursue!
Be anger to my soul unknown,
Hate, envy, jealousy, be gone;
In love create Thou all things new.

3 Let earth no more my heart divide,
With Christ may I be crucified,
To Thee with my whole soul aspire.
Dead to the world and all its toys,
Its idle pomp, and fading joys,
Be Thou alone my one desire!

4 Come, Holy Ghost, all-quickenning fire!
My consecrated heart inspire,
Sprinkled with the atoning blood;
Still to my soul Thyself reveal,
Thy mighty working may I feel,
And know that I am one with God.

Charles Wesley, 1707-88