

1. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, heaven - ly Dove, With all Thy quick - ening powers;  
 2. O raise our thoughts from things be - low, From van - i - ties and toys!  
 3. A - wake our souls to joy - ful songs; Let pure de - vo - tions rise;  
 4. Fa - ther, we would no lon - ger live At this poor, dy - ing rate;  
 5. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, heaven - ly Dove, With all Thy quick - ening powers;

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Kin - dle a flame of sa - cred love In these cold hearts of ours.  
 Then shall we with fresh cour - age go To reach e - ter - nal joys.  
 Till praise em - ploys our thank - ful tongues, And doubt for - ev - er dies.  
 To Thee our thank - ful love we give, For Thine to us is great.  
 Come, shed a - broad a Sav - ior's love, And that shall kin - dle ours.