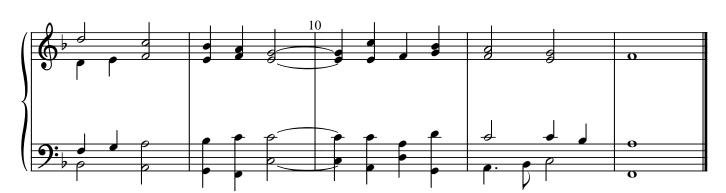
Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove





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

Dear Lord! and shall we ever live At this poor dying rate? Our love so faint, so cold to Thee, And Thine to us so great? Come, Holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove, With all Thy quick'ning powers; Come, shed abroad the Savior's love And that shall kindle ours.

Isaac Watts

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