

Spirit of God, that moved of old

Wittenberg, 1524

Soldau
88.88

**Spirit of God, that moved of old
Upon the waters' darkened face,
Come, when our faithless hearts are cold,
And stir them with an inward grace.**

**Thou that art power and peace combined,
All highest strength, all purest love,
The rushing of the mighty wind,
The brooding of the gentle dove.**

**Come, give us still Thy powerful aid,
And urge us on, and make us Thine;
Nor leave the hearts that once were made
Fit temples for Thy grace divine.**

**Nor let us quench Thy sev'nfold light;
But still with softest breathings stir
Our wayward souls, and lead us right,
O Holy Ghost, the Comforter.**

Cecil F. Alexander