1. Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove, With all thy quick'ning powers;

2. In vain we tune our formal songs, In vain we strive to rise

3. Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove, With all thy quick'ning powers;

Kindle a flame of sacred love In these cold hearts of ours.

Hosan nas languish on our tongues, And our devotion dies.

Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love, And that shall kindle ours.