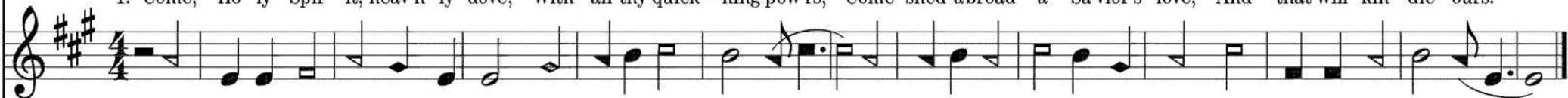


A Major. Isaac Watts, 1707.

Arr. William C. Davis, 1854 (alto ©Blake Morris, 1996).



1. Come, Ho-ly Spir-it, heav'n-ly dove, With all thy quick-'ning pow'rs, Come shed abroad a Sa-rior's love, And that will kin-dle ours.



2. Come, humble souls, ye mourn-ers come, And wipe a-way your tears; A - dieu to all your sad com-plaints, Your sor-rows and your fears.

