

Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove

Isaac Watts, 1707; alt.

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John 1:32

The musical score is written for a four-part setting (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) in G major (one sharp) and 3/4 time. It consists of two systems of staves. The first system contains the first three verses of the hymn, and the second system contains the final two verses. The lyrics are printed below the vocal staves, with the Soprano and Alto parts having lyrics on the first line and the Tenor and Bass parts having lyrics on the second line. The music features a mix of single notes, dyads, and triads, with some measures containing rests for certain parts.

1 Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, heaven-ly Dove, with all your quick-ening powers;
2 In vain we tune our for - mal songs, in vain we strive to rise;
3 Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, heaven-ly Dove, with all your quick-ening powers;

Kin - dle a flame of sa - cred love in these cold hearts of ours.
Ho - san-nas lan-guish on our tongues, and our de - vo - tion dies.
Come, shed on us the Sav-ior's love, that it may kin - dle ours.

This text from an early collection of Watts' Hymns and Spiritual Songs (1707) has seen many modifications through the years, including some made by John Wesley on theological grounds.

Tune: ST. AGNES C.M.
John B. Dykes, 1866

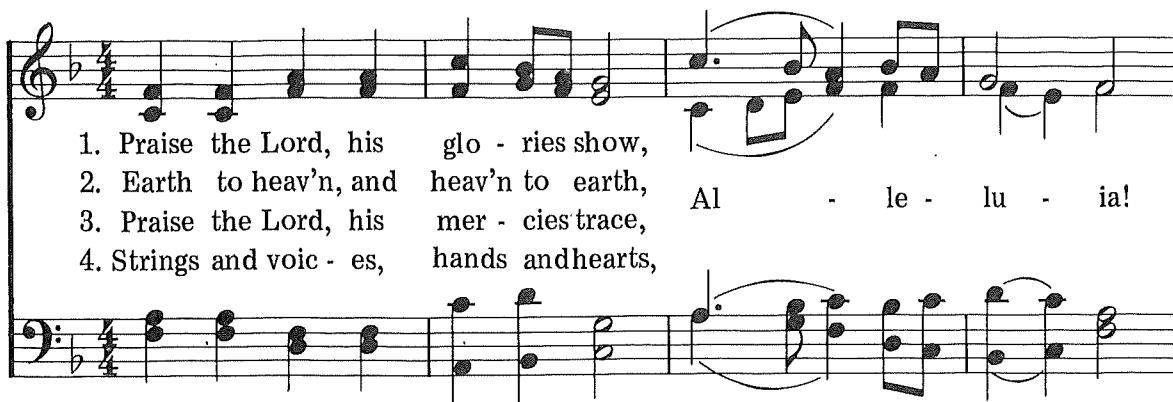
Praise the Lord, His Glories Show

Ps. 150

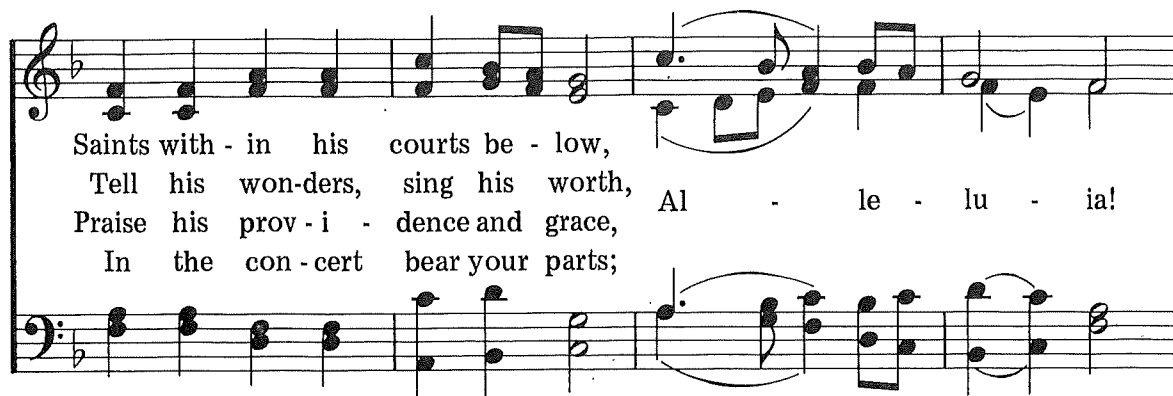
Henry F. Lyte, 1834

LLANFAIR 7.7.7.7. with Alleluias

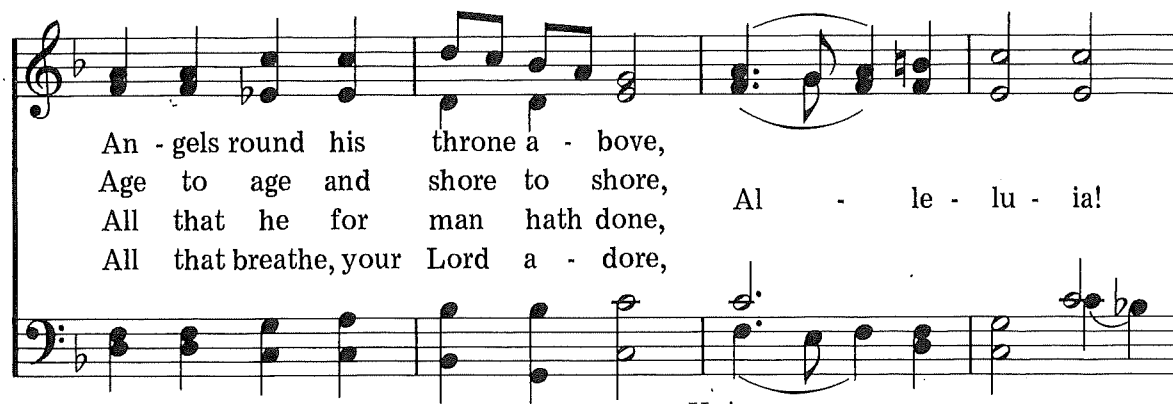
Melody by Robert Williams, 1817



1. Praise the Lord, his glo - ries show,
 2. Earth to heav'n, and heav'n to earth, Al - le - lu - ia!
 3. Praise the Lord, his mer - cies trace,
 4. Strings and voic - es, hands and hearts,

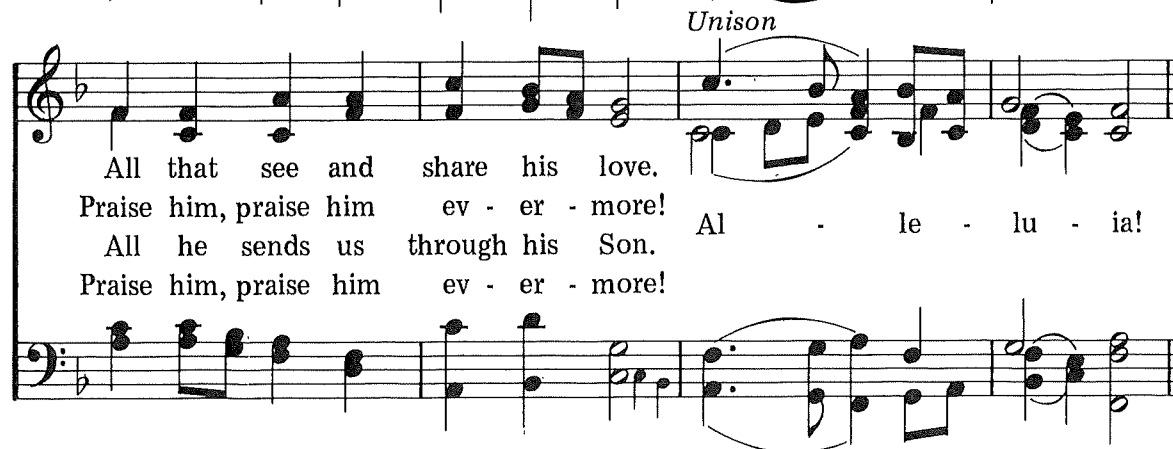


Saints with - in his courts be - low,
 Tell his won - ders, sing his worth, Al - le - lu - ia!
 Praise his prov - i - dence and grace,
 In the con - cert bear your parts;



An - gels round his throne a - bove,
 Age to age and shore to shore, Al - le - lu - ia!
 All that he for man hath done,
 All that breathe, your Lord a - dore,

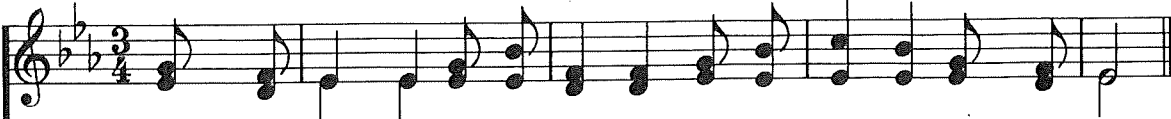
Unison




All that see and share his love.
 Praise him, praise him ev - er - more! Al - le - lu - ia!
 All he sends us through his Son.
 Praise him, praise him ev - er - more!

Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing


NETTLETON 8.7.8.7.D.

*American Folk Tune**John Wyeth, 1812**Robert Robinson, 1758*



1. Come, thou Fount of ev - ery bless - ing, Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
2. O to grace how great a debt - or Dai - ly I'm con - strained to be!



Streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas - ing, Call for songs of loud - est praise.
Let thy good - ness, like a fet - ter, Bind my wan - dering heart to thee:



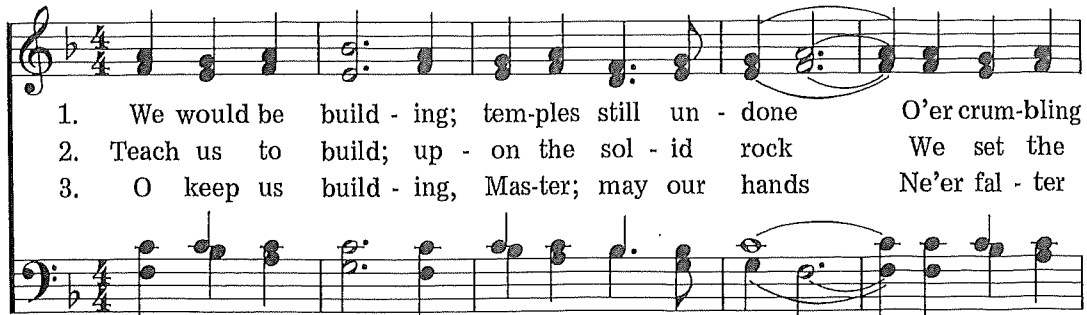
Teach me some me - lo - dious son - net, Sung by flam - ing tongues a - bove;
Prone to wan - der, Lord, I feel it, Prone to leave the God I love;



Praise the mount! I'm fixed up - on it, Mount of thy re - deem - ing love.
Here's my heart, O take and seal it, Seal it for thy courts a - bove.

We Would Be Building

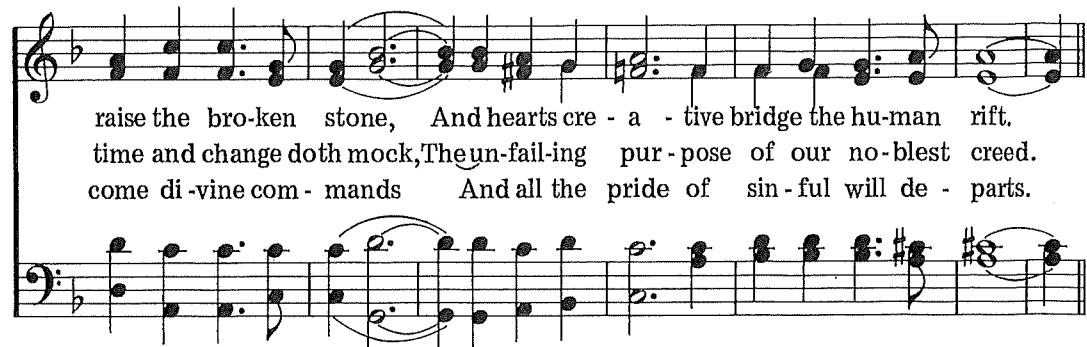
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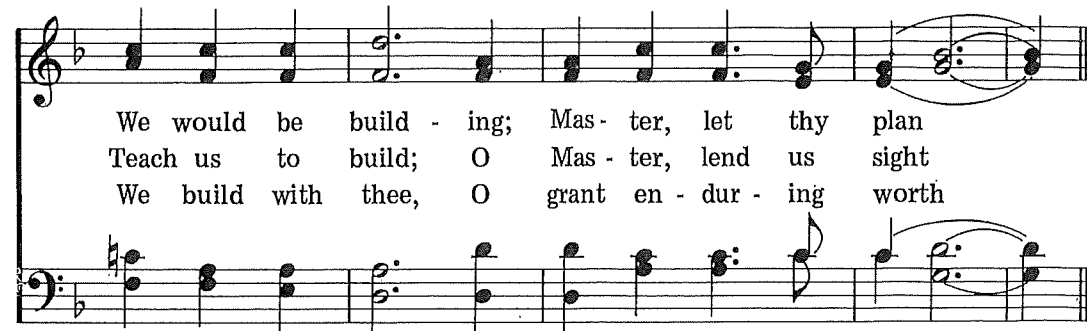
1. We would be build - ing; tem-ples still un - done O'er crum-bling
2. Teach us to build; up - on the sol - id rock We set the
3. O keep us build - ing, Mas-ter; may our hands Ne'er fal - ter



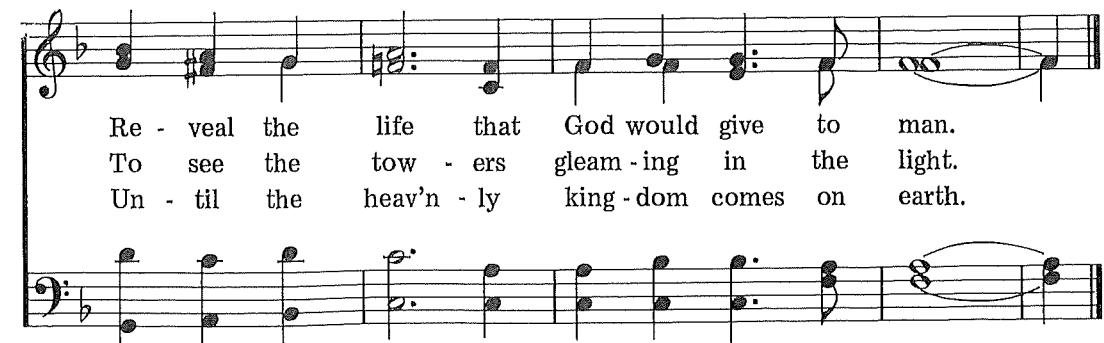
walls their cross-es scarce - ly lift, Wait - ing till love can
dream that hard - ens in - to deed, Ribbed with the steel that
when the dream is in our hearts, When to our ears there



raise the bro-ken stone, And hearts cre - a - tive bridge the hu-man rift.
time and change doth mock, The un-fail-ing pur - pose of our no-blest creed.
come di-vine com - mands And all the pride of sin - ful will de - parts.



We would be build - ing; Mas-ter, let thy plan
Teach us to build; O Mas - ter, lend us sight
We build with thee, O grant en - dur - ing worth



Re - veal the life that God would give to man.
To see the tow - ers gleam - ing in the light.
Un - til the heav'n - ly king - dom comes on earth.