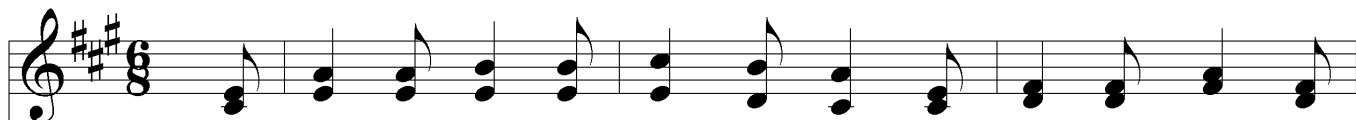
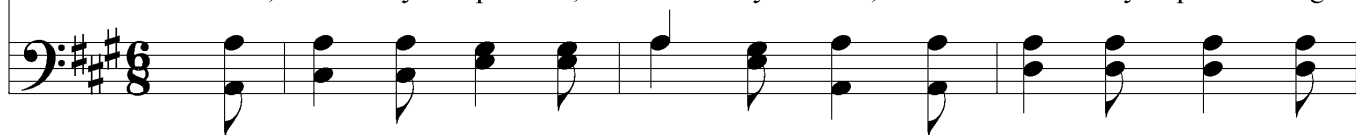


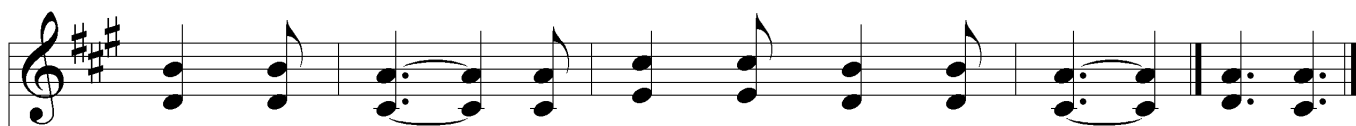
Ortonville C. M.



1. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, heav'n - ly Dove, With all Thy quick'n - ing
2. Look- how we grov - el here be - low, Fond of these earth - ly
3. In vain we tune our for - mal songs, In vain we strive to
4. Fa - ther, and shall we ev - er live At this poor dy - ing
5. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, heav'n - ly Dove, With all Thy quick'n - ing



pow'rs; Kin - dle a flame of sa - cred love In these cold
toys; Our souls, how heav - i - ly they go, To reach e -
rise; Ho - san - nas lan - guish on our tongues, And our de -
rate, Our love so faint, so cold to Thee, And Thine to
pow'rs; Come, shed a - broad a Sav - ior's love, And that shall



hearts of ours, In these cold hearts of ours.
ter - nal joys, To reach e - ter - nal joys.
vo - tion dies, And our de - vo - tion dies.
us so great? And Thine to us so great?
kin - dle ours, And that shall kin - dle ours. A - men.

