

1 Come down, O Love divine,
seek thou this soul of mine,
and visit it with thine own ardour
glowing;

O Comforter, draw near,
within my heart appear,
and kindle it, thy holy flame
bestowing.

2 O let it freely burn,
till earthly passions turn
to dust and ashes in its heat
consuming;
and let thy glorious light
shine ever on my sight,
and clothe me round, the while my
path illuming.

3 Let holy charity
mine outward vesture be,
and lowliness become mine inner
clothing:
true lowliness of heart,
which takes the humbler part,
and o'er its own shortcomings
weeps with loathing.

4 And so the yearning strong,
with which the soul will long,
shall far outpass the power of
human telling;
for none can guess its grace,
till He become the place
wherein the Holy Spirit makes his
dwelling.

1 O Thou who camest from above,
the fire celestial to impart,
kindle a flame of sacred love
upon the mean altar of my heart.

2 There let it for Thy glory burn
with inextinguishable blaze,
and trembling to its source return,
in humble prayer and fervent
praise.

3 Jesus, confirm my heart's desire
to work, and speak, and think for
thee,
still let me guard the holy fire,
and still stir up the gift in me.

4 Ready for all thy perfect will,
my acts of faith and love repeat,
till death thy endless mercies seal,
and make my sacrifice complete.

**1 Be still for the presence of the
Lord,**

the Holy One is here.

Come, bow before him now,
with reverence and fear.

In him no sin is found,
we stand on holy ground.

Be still for the presence of the Lord,
the Holy One is here.

2 Be still for the glory of the Lord
is shining all around;
he burns with holy fire,
with splendour he is crowned.
How awesome is the sight,
our King of radiant light!
Be still, for the glory of the Lord
Is shining all around.

3 Be still, for the power of the Lord
is moving in this place,
he comes to cleanse and heal,
to minister his grace.
No work too hard for him,
in faith receive from him;
be still for the power of the Lord is
moving in this place.

1 Come, Holy Spirit, come!

Inflame our souls with love,
transforming every heart and home
with wisdom from above.
O let us not despise
the humble path Christ trod,
but choose, to shame the worldly
wise,
the foolishness of God.

2 Come with the gift to heal
the wounds of guilt and fear,
and to oppression's face reveal
the kingdom drawing near.
Where chaos longs to reign,
descend O holy Dove,

and free us all to work again the
miracles of love.

3 Spirit of truth arise;
inspire the prophet's voice:
expose to scorn the tyrants lies,
and bid the poor rejoice.
O Spirit, clear our sight,
all prejudice remove,
and help us to discern the right,
and covet only love.

4 Give us the tongues to speak,
in every time and place,
to rich and poor, to strong and
weak, the word of love and grace.
Enable us to hear
the words that others bring,
interpreting with open ear
the special song they sing.

5 Come Holy Spirit, dance
within our hearts today,
our earthbound spirits to entrance,
our mortal fears allay.
And teach us to desire,
all other things above,
that self-consuming holy fire,
the perfect gift of love!