

184 HYMNS and SACRED POEMS.

Our Spirit, LORD, be one with Thine:
Let all our Works in Thee be wrought,
And fill'd with Thee be all our Thought,
Till in us thy full Likeness shine.

HYMN to the HOLY GHOST.

I.

COME, HOLY GHOST, all-quick'ning Fire,
Come, and in me delight to rest!
Drawn by the Lure of strong Desire,
O come, and consecrate my Breast:
The Temple of my Soul prepare,
And fix Thy Sacred Presence there!

II.

If now thy Influence I feel,
If now in Thee begin to live;
Still to my Heart Thyself reveal,
Give me Thyself, for ever give:
A Point my Good, a Drop my Store:
Eager I ask, and pant for more.

III.

Eager for Thee I ask and pant,
So strong the Principle Divine
Carries me out with sweet Constraint,
Till all my hallow'd Soul be Thine:
Plung'd in the Godhead's deepest Sea,
And lost in Thy Immensity.

IV.

My Peace, my Life, my Comfort now,
My Treasure, and my All Thou art!

True

one with Thine;
 see be wrought,
 all our Thought,
 rness shine.

HOLY GHOST.

ST, all-quick'ning Fire,
 delight to rest!
 strong Desire,
 te my Breath:
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 ence there!

I.

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 rop my Store:
 or more.

II.

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 e Divine
 et Constraint,
 Soul be Thine:
 's deepest Sea,
 nity.

IV.

Comfort now,
 ny All Thou art!
 True

True Witness of my Sonship Thou,
 Engraving Pardon on my Heart:
 Seal of my Sins in CHRIST forgiv'n.
 Earnest of Love, and Pledge of Heav'n.

V.

Come then, my GOD, mark out Thy Heir,
 Of Heav'n a larger Earnest give,
 With clearer Light thy Witness bear;
 More *sensibly within me live*:
 Let all my Pow'rs thy Entrance feel,
 And deeper stamp Thyself the Seal.

VI.

Come, HOLY GHOST, all quick'ning Fire,
 Come, and in me delight to rest!
 Drawn by the Lure of strong Desire,
 O come, and consecrate my Breath:
 The Temple of my Soul prepare,
 And fix thy sacred Presence there!

*On the Descent of the HOLY GHOST at
 Pentecost. Altered from Dr. H. More.*

I.

WHEN CHRIST had left his Flock below,
 The Lofs his faithful Flock deplor'd:
 Him in the Flesh no more they know,
 And languish for their absent LORD.

II.

Not long—for He gone up on high
 Gifts to receive, and claim his Crown,
 Beheld them sorrowing, from his Sky,
 And pour'd the Mighty Blessing down. He;