

Eternal Spirit, Come
by Charles Wesley

1 ETERNAL Spirit, come
Into thy meanest home;
From thy high and holy place,
Where thou dost in glory reign,
Stoop, in condescending grace,
Stoop to the poor heart of man.

2 For thee our hearts we lift,
And wait the heavenly gift:
Giver, Lord of life divine,
To our dying souls appear,
Grant the grace for which we pine,
Give thyself, the Comforter.