1. Spirit of God, descend upon my heart;
2. I ask no dream, no prophetic ecstasies,
3. Has thou not bid me love thee, God and King?
4. Teach me to feel that thou art always nigh;
5. Teach me to love thee as thine angels love,

wean it from earth; through all its pulses move;
no sudden rending of the veil of clay,
All, all thine own, soul, heart and strength and mind.
teach me the struggles of the soul to bear.
one holy passion filling all my frame;

stoop to my weakness, mighty as thou art,
no angel visceral, no opening skies;
I see thy cross; there teach my heart to cling.
To check the rising doubt, the rebel sigh,
the kindling of the heaven descend-ed Dove,

and make me love thee as I ought to love.
but take the dimness of my soul a-way.
O let me seek thee, and O let me find.
teach me the patience of unanswered prayer.
my heart an altar, and thy love the flame.

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