1. Spirit of God, descend upon my heart;
2. I ask no dream, no prophet ecstasies,
3. Teach me to feel that Thou art always nigh;
4. Teach me to love Thee as Thine angels love,

Wean it from earth; thro' all its pulses move;
No sudden rending of the veil of clay,
Teach me the struggles of the soul to bear;
One holy passion filling all my frame

Stopp to my weakness, mightly as Thou art,
No angel visitant, no op'ning skies;
To check the rising doubt, the rebel sigh;
The kindling of the heav'n descending Dove,

And make me love Thee as I ought to love.
But take the dimness of my soul away.
Teach me the patience of unceasing prayer.
My heart an altar, and Thy love the flame.

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