

Till humbly we confess our need;  
Then in your tenderness remake us,  
Revive, restore, for this we plead.

O Breath of love, come, breathe within us,  
Renewing thought and will and heart;  
Come, love of Christ, afresh to win us,  
Revive your church in every part.

Revive us, Lord! Is zeal abating  
while harvest fields are vast and white?  
Revive us, Lord, the world is waiting,  
equip your church to spread the light.

**The Spirit lives to set us free**  
*(Walk in the light)*

The Spirit lives to set us free,  
walk, walk in the light.  
He binds us all in unity,  
walk, walk in the light.  
Walk in the light, walk in the light,  
walk in the light, walk in the light of the Lord

Jesus promised life to all,  
walk, walk in the light.  
The dead were wakened by his call,  
the dead will rise again. *Chorus*

**God's Spirit is in my heart**  
*(Go tell everyone)*

God's Spirit is in my heart,  
he has called me and set me apart,  
this is what I have to do,  
what I have to do.

*He sent me to give the good news to the poor,  
tell prisoners that they are prisoners no more;  
tell blind people that they can see,  
and set the down-trodden free,  
and go tell everyone  
the news that the kingdom of God has come,  
and go tell everyone  
the news that God's kingdom has come.*

Just as the Father sent me  
so I'm sending you out to be  
my witness throughout the world,  
the whole of the world. *Chorus*

Don't carry a load in your pack,  
you don't need two shirts on your back;  
a workman can earn his own keep,  
and a soldier can't live on his pay. *Chorus*

Breathe on me, Breath of God,  
till I am wholly thine;  
until this earthly part of me  
glows with thy fire divine.

Breathe on me, Breath of God:  
so shall I never die,  
but live with thee the perfect life  
of thine eternity.



**Come down, O love divine** (*Down Ampney*)

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.

O let it freely burn,  
Till earthly passions turn

Let holy charity  
Mine outward vesture be,  
And lowliness becomes mine inner clothing;  
True lowliness of heart,  
Which takes the humbler part,  
And o'er its own shortcomings weeps with  
loathing.

And so the yearning strong,  
With which the soul will long