Come Down, O Love Divine

1. Come down, O Love divine, seek thou this soul of mine,
   and visit it with thine own ardor glowing;

2. O let it freely burn, till earthly passions turn to dust and ashes in its heat consuming;
   shall far outpass the power of human telling;

3. And so the yearning strong, with which the soul will long,
   O Comforter, draw near, within my heart appear,

and kindle it, thy holy flame bespreading.
and clothe me round, the while my path illumining.

where in the Holy Spirit makes a dwelling.

Text: Bianco of Siena, 15th cent;
Tune: Ralph Vaughan Williams, 1906

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