Come Down, O Love Divine

1. Come down, O love divine, seek out this soul of mine
   and visit it with your own ardor, glowing:
   and kindle it, your holy flame bespreading.

2. O let it freely burn, till earthly passions turn
   to dust and ashes in its heat consuming:
   and clothe me round, the while my path illumining.

3. And so the yearning strong with which the soul will long
   shall far surpass the power of human telling:
   where in the Holy Spirit makes a dwelling.

Text: Bianco da Siena (d. 1434); tr. Richard Frederick Littledale (1833-1890), alt.
Tune: Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872-1958)