

Come down, O Love divine

1 Come down, O Love di - vine, seek thou this soul of mine,
2 O let it free - ly burn, till earth - ly pas - sions turn
3 And so the yearn - ing strong, with which the soul will long,

and vis - it it with thine own ar - dor glow - ing;
to dust and ash - es in its heat con - sum - ing;
shall far out - pass the power of hu - man tell - ing;

O Com - fort - er, draw near, with - in my heart ap - pear,
and let thy glo - rious light shine ev - er on my sight,
for none can guess its grace, till Love cre - ate a place

and kin - dle it, thy ho - ly flame be - stow - ing.
and clothe me round, the while my path il - lum - ing.
where - in the Ho - ly Spi - rit makes a dwell - ing.

Words: Bianco da Siena (d. 1434?); tr. Richard Frederick Littledale (1833-1890), alt. Music: *Down Ampney*, Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872-1958)
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