

Come Down, O Love Divine

1. Come down, O Love di - vine; Seek Thou this soul of mine And vis - it it
 2. Oh, let it free - ly burn Till earth - ly pas - sions turn To dust and ash -
 3. Let ho - ly char - i - ty Mine out - ward vest - ure be; And low - li - ness
 4. And so the yearn - ing strong With which the soul will long Shall far out - pass

with Thine own ar - dor glow - ing. O Com - fort - er, draw near; With - in my
 es in its heat con - sum - ing; And let Thy glo - rious light Shine ev - er
 be - come mine in - ner cloth - ing - True low - li - ness of heart, Which takes the
 the pow'r of hu - man tell - ing. No soul can guess His grace Till it be -

heart ap - pear, And kind - le it, Thy ho - ly flame be - stow - ing.
 on my sight And clothe me round, the while my path il - lum - ing.
 hum - bler part, And o'er its own short - com - ings weeps with loath - ing.
 come the place Where - in the Ho - ly Spir - it makes His dwell - ing.

Music: Ralph Vaughan Williams, 1906
 Text: Bianco da Siena (?-1434); tr. Richard F. Littledale, 1867

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