Come Down, O Love Divine

Bianco da Siena

Ralph Vaughan Williams

Come down, O Love divine, seek Thou this soul of mine, and visit it with Thine own ardor glowing; 
O let it freely burn, till earthly passions turn to dust and ashes in its heat consuming; 
Let holy charity mine outward vest true be, and lowness become mine inner clothing; 
And so the yearning strong, with which the soul will long, shall far out-pass the pow'r of human telling; 

O Comforter, draw near, within my heart appearing, and let Thy glorious light shine ever on my true lowness of heart, which takes the humbler no soul can guess its grace, till he become the pear, and kindle it, Thy holy flame bestowing, sight, and clothe me round, the while my path illumining, part, and o'er its own short-comings weeps with loathing, place where in the Holy Spirit it makes His dwell ing.

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