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;
and kindle it, thy holy flame bestowing.

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 out-pass 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.
Music: Down Ampkey, Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872-1958)
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