

Sending Hymn

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 earh - ly pass - ions turn long,
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.

Text: Bianco da Siena (d. 1434); tr. Richard Frederick Littledale (1833-1890), alt.)

Music: *Down Ampney*, Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872-1958)

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