Come Down, O Love Divine

1. Come down, O Love divine; Seek Thou this soul of mine
2. Oh, let it freely burn, Till world-ly pas-sions turn
3. Let ho-ly char-ity Mine out-ward ves-ture be,
4. 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;
And low-li-ness be-come mine in-ner cloth-ing-
Shall far out-pass the pow’r of hu-man tell-ing;

O Com-fort-er, draw near; With-in my heart ap-pear
And let Thy glori-ous light Shine ev-er on my sight,
True low-li-ness of heart, Which takes the hum-bler part,
No soul can guess the grace Till he be-come the place

And kin-dle it, Thy ho-ly flame be-stow-ing.
And clothe me round, the while my path il-lum-ing.
And o’er its own short-com-ings weeps with loath-ing.
Where-in the Ho-ly Spir-it makes His dwell-ing.