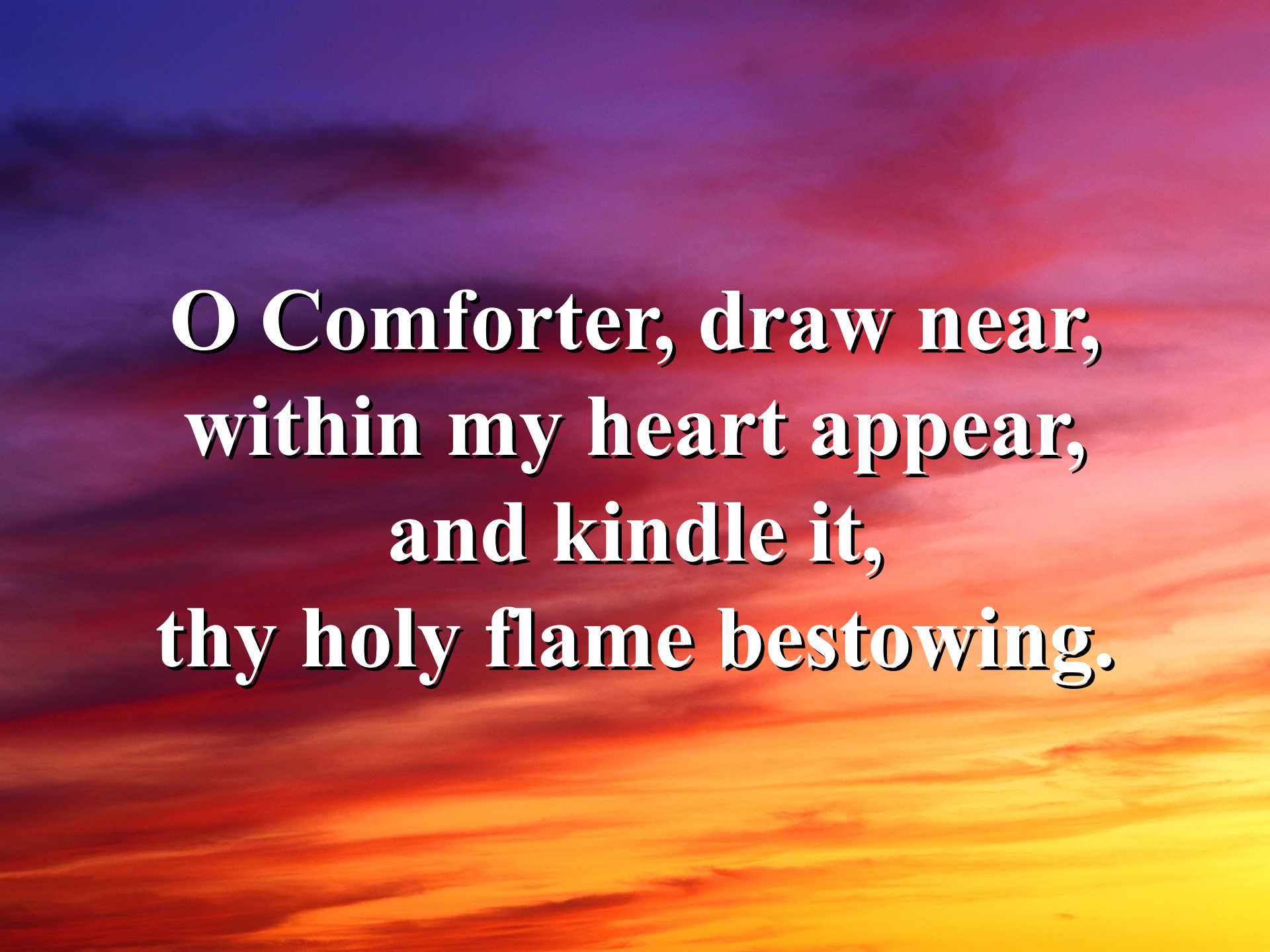


Come Down, O Love Divine

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WORDS: Bianco of Siena, 15th cent.; trans. by Richard F. Littledale, 1867, alt.

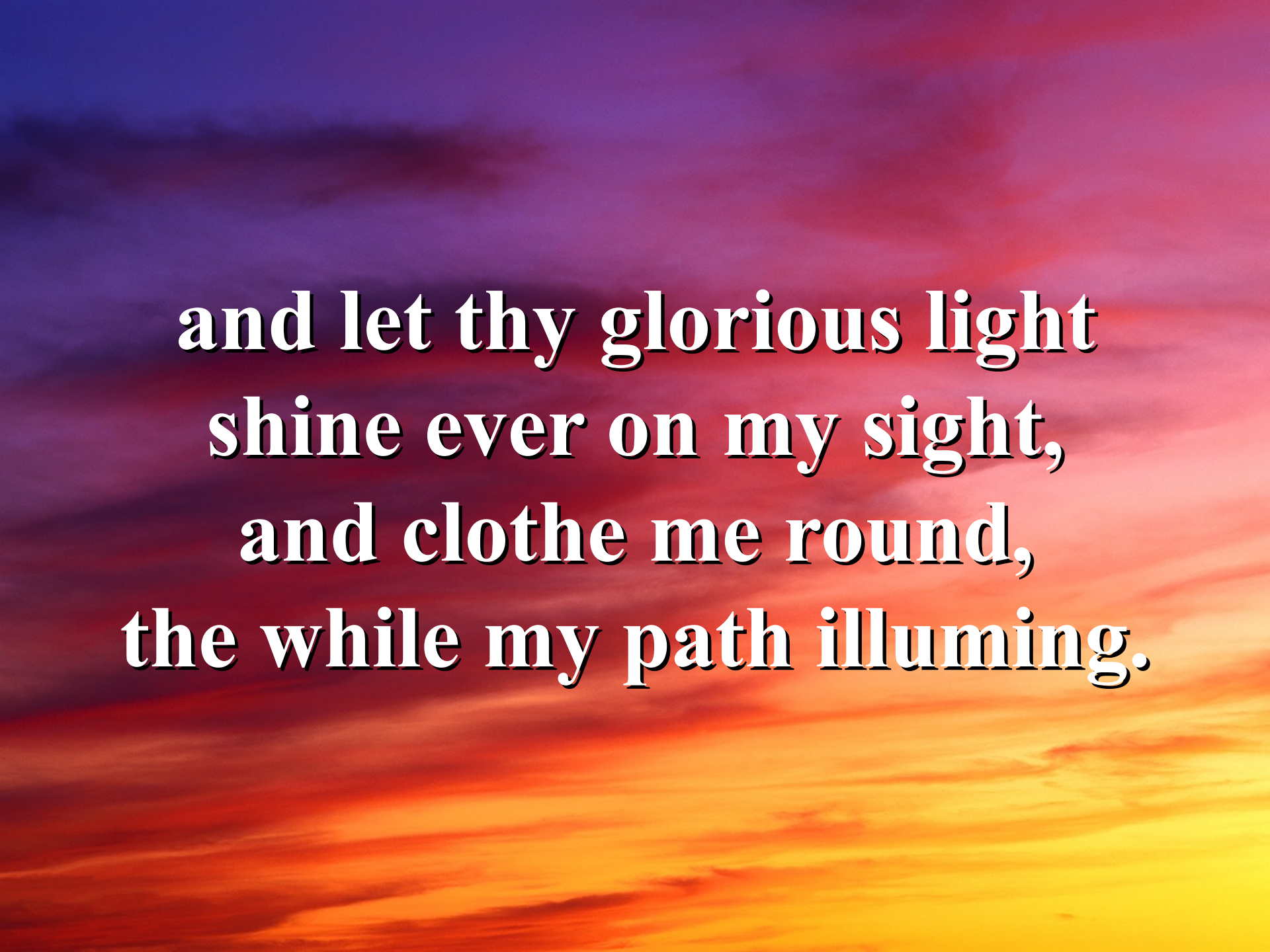
**1. Come down, O Love divine,
seek thou this soul of mine,
and visit it with thine
own ardor glowing;**



**O Comforter, draw near,
within my heart appear,
and kindle it,
thy holy flame bestowing.**

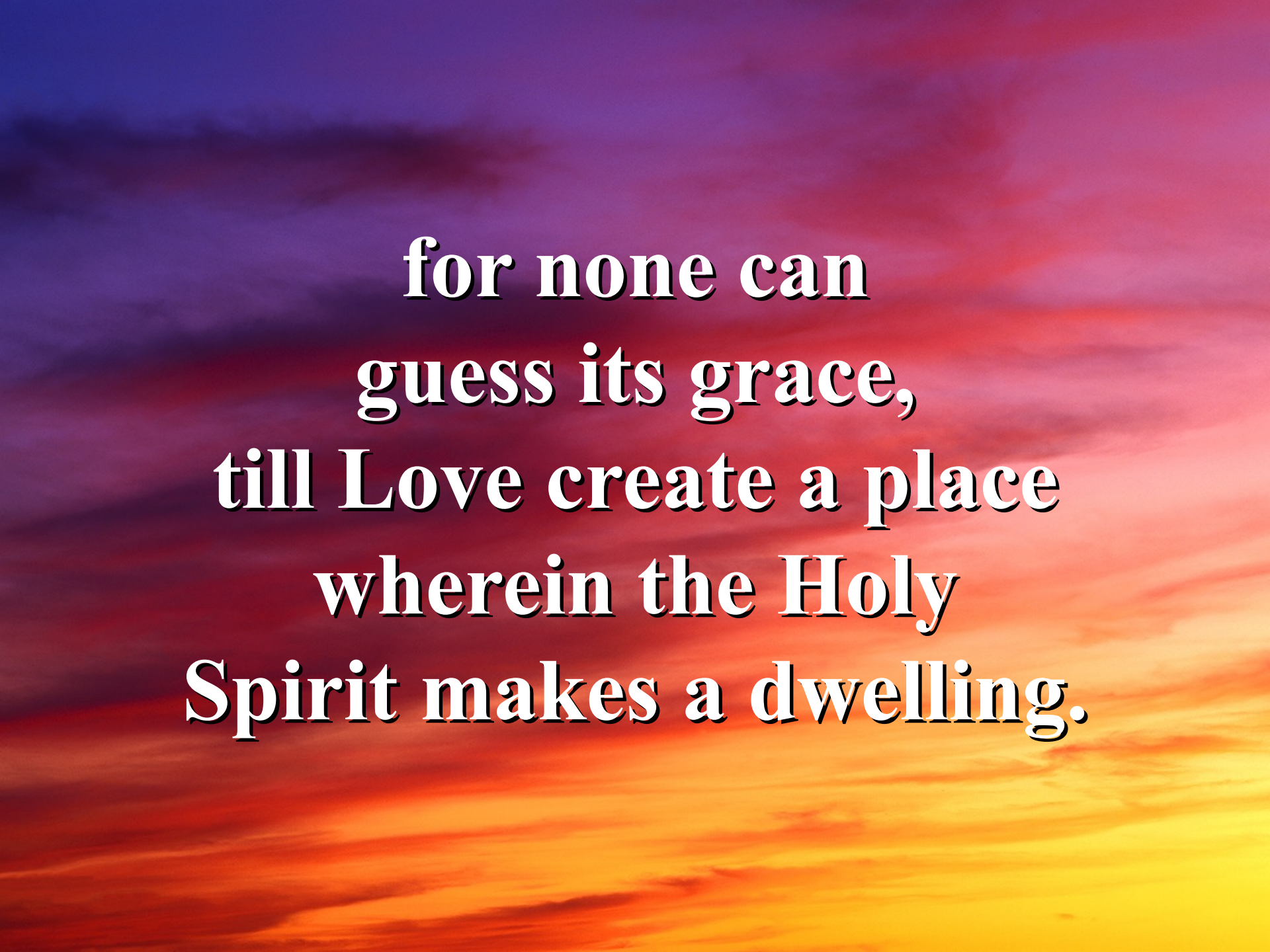


**2. O let it freely burn,
till earthly passions turn
to dust and ashes
in its heat consuming;**



**and let thy glorious light
shine ever on my sight,
and clothe me round,
the while my path illuming.**

**3. And so the
yearning strong,
with which the soul will long,
shall far outpass the
power of human telling;**



**for none can
guess its grace,
till Love create a place
wherein the Holy
Spirit makes a dwelling.**