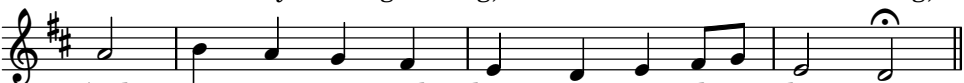




1. Come down, O Love di - vine, Seek thou this soul of mine,
 2. O let it free - ly burn, Till earth - ly pas - sions turn
 3. Let ho - ly cha - ri - ty Mine out - ward ves - ture be,
 4. And so the yearn - ing strong, With which the soul will long,



And vi - sit it with thine own ar - dour 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 tel - ling;



O Com - for - ter, draw near, With - in my heart ap - pear,
 And let thy glo - rious light Shine ev - er on my sight,
 True low - li - ness of heart, Which takes the humb - ler part,
 For none can guess its 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 Spi - rit makes his dwel - ling.

Discendi, Amor santo

Bianco da Siena, (d. 1434); tr. R.F. Littledale, 1867