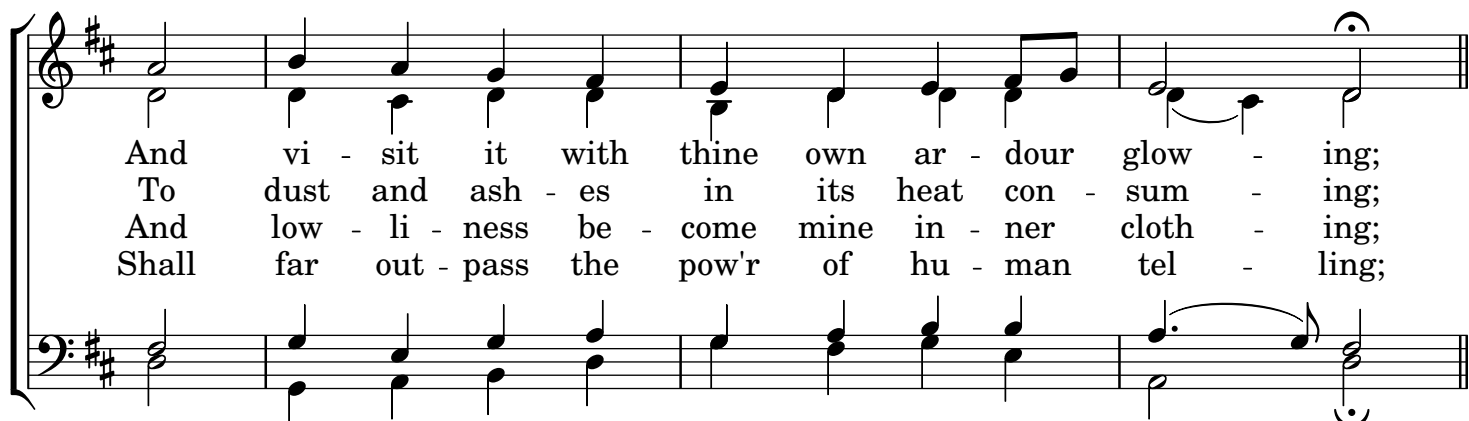
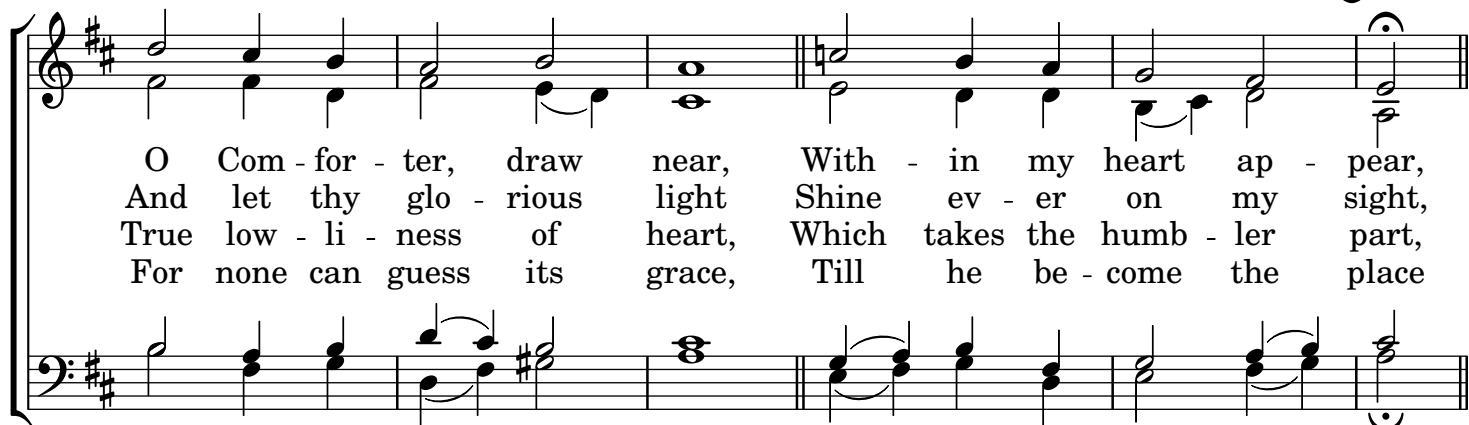


1. Come down, O Love di - vine, Seek thou this soul of mine,  
 2. O let it free - ly burn, Till earth - ly pas - sions turn  
 3. Let ho - ly cha - ri - ty Mine out - ward ves - ture be,  
 4. And so the yearn - ing strong, With which the soul will long,



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.