

Hymn 489

1 Come down, O Love Divine,
seek out this soul of mine,
and visit it with your own ardour glowing;
O Comforter, draw near,
within my heart appear,
and kindle it, your holy flame bestowing.

2 O let it freely burn,
till earthly passions turn
to dust and ashes, in its heat consuming;
and let your glorious light
shine ever on my sight,
and clothe me round, the while my path illuming.

3 Let holy charity
my outward vesture be,
and lowliness becomes my inner clothing;
true lowliness of heart,
which takes the humbler part,
and o'er its own shortcomings weeps with loathing.

4 And so the yearning strong,
with which the soul will long,
shall far outpass the power of human telling;
we cannot guess its grace,
till he become the place
wherein the Holy Spirit makes a dwelling.