Come Down, O Love Divine

Words: Bianco of Siena d. 1434. Translated by Richard F. Littledale, 1867.
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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;
   Wherein the Holy Spirit makes His dwelling,
   And o'er its own shortcomings weeps with loathing.

3. Let holy charity mine outward vesture be,
   And lowliness become mine inner clothing;
   True lowliness of heart, which takes the humbler part,
   And clothe me round, the while my path illuminating.

4. 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 he become the place
   Wherein the Holy Spirit makes His dwelling.