

# More Days for Praise

Teresa of Ávila

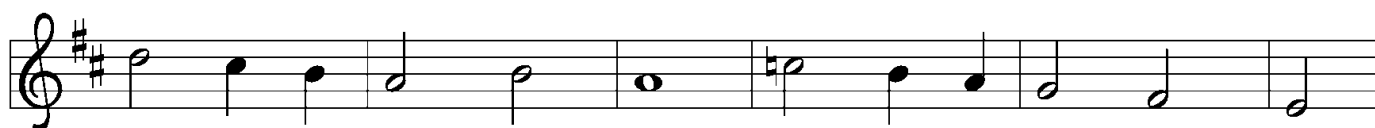
## Come Down, O Love Divine



1 Come down, O Love di - vine; seek thou this soul of mine  
2 Oh, let it free - ly burn, till world - ly pas - sions turn  
3 Let ho - ly char - i - ty mine out - ward ves - ture be,  
4 And so the yearn - ing strong, with which the soul will long,



and vis - it it with thine own ar - dor 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 tell - ing;



O Com - fort - er, 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 hum - bler part,  
no soul can guess Love's grace till it 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 Spir - it makes a dwell - ing.

Text: Bianco da Siena, d. 1434; tr. Richard F. Littledale, 1833–1890

Music: DOWN AMPNEY, Ralph Vaughan Williams, 1872–1958

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