

Thou the fount ' of grace; our hope of heaven from Thee a-

lone Sole ref - uge of our fal - len race. D.C.

2. — Most loving Heart ! while heaven's bright spheres
Resound Thy glories, shall not we —
Poor exiles in this vale of tears —
Re-echo hymns of praise to Thee ?
3. — O Lamb of God ! meek victim slain
For us, let not the stream that flowed
From Thy pierced Heart have flowed in vain,
Oh ! cleanse us with Thy precious blood.
4. — God's Mother ! Virgin ever blest !
Thy heart and His are always one ;
Plead thou our cause ; thy sweet request
Is never slighted by the Son.
5. — May we 'mid heaven's exulting host,
This Heart now throned in heaven adore,
And Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
Praise, thank, and love for evermore.