

But oh ! forgive what I have said—
 Forgive, O Heart Divine !
 'Tis Thou hast suffered, Thou hast bled,
 And not this land of mine !
 'Tis Thou hast bled for sins untold
 That God alone doth see ;
 The insult done, so manifold,
 O Sacred Heart, to Thee !

But still Thy feet I dare embrace
 With mingled hope and fear—
 For Joseph looks into Thy face,
 And Mary kneeleth near.
 Thou canst not that sweet look withstand,
 Nor that all-powerful plea,
 And so we consecrate our land,
 O Sacred Heart, to Thee !

For us, but not for us alone,
 We consecrate our land ;
 The Holy Pontiff's plundered throne
 Doth still our prayers demand ;
 That soon may end the robber reign,
 And soon the Cross be free,
 And Rome, repentant, turn again,
 O Sacred Heart, to Thee !

One valiant band, O Lord, from us
 A special prayer should claim—
 The soldiers of Ignatius,
 Who bear Thy Holy Name :
 Still guard them on their glorious track,
 Still victors let them be
 In leading the lost nations back,
 O Sacred Heart, to Thee !