

Hymn of Reparation

UPON the altar night and day
 The Heart of Jesus lies,
 And night and day throughout the world,
 Do men Its claims despise ;
 For by their cold ungrateful lives;
 They pierce It through and through,
 And by the scourges of their crimes
 Its agonies renew.
 Oh ! draw us close to Thee, sweet Lord !
 And burning zeal impart,
 To now repair by praise and prayer
 The wrongs of Thy dear Heart !
 Beneath a crown of cruel thorns,
 Thy Heart is all on fire ;
 And brightly shines from out its flames
 The cross of Thy desire.
 If pure and true must be the soul
 That fain would hide in Thee, —
 Oh ! let Thy royal love supply
 For all our misery !
 Then draw us close to Thee, sweet Lord !
 And burning zeal impart,
 To now repair by praise and prayer
 The wrongs of Thy dear Heart !
 We offer Thee our humble gifts
 (For they are poor and small)
 Our hearts, our souls, our little lives,
 Dear Heart ! we give Thee all !
 And joyous victims we shall be,
 Consumed before Thy throne,
 If dead to sin, if dead to self
 We live to Thee alone !
 Then draw us closer still to Thee
 Oh ! Sacred Heart divine.
 In joy or grief, in life and death,
 Our hearts are ever Thine !

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