

# The Indian Advocate

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## Our Refuge.

Come all! oh! haste your refuge seek  
In Jesus' Heart most kind, most meek;  
He calleth all, draw nigh and nigher:  
His love will set your hearts on fire.  
*O Sacred Heart* we Thee implore  
That we may love Thee more and more.

Behold, for you is opened wide  
Love's fiery furnace in His side.  
Behold, the fount of grace has here  
Gushed forth beneath the soldier's spear.  
*O Sacred Heart* we Thee implore  
That we may love Thee more and more.

O Heart, O Victim all divine,  
O Thou thrice hallowed altar-shrine!  
On which far aye that Blood is spilt  
Which expiates all human guilt,  
*O Sacred Heart* we Thee implore  
That we may love Thee more and more.

O Heart which love hath wounded—wound  
Our sinful hearts with love profound.  
Thou changeless Love of saints above!  
Inebriate us with Thy love.  
*O Sacred Heart*, we Thee implore  
That we may love Thee more and more.

