




THE SENTINEL
OF THE
BLESSED SACRAMENT

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“My Delight is to be with Men.”



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Let glad hosannas fill the air,
And tuneful choirs sing;
Let pious people kneel in prayer
And gladsome joy bells ring.

Let nature yield her stores of wealth
From every land and clime;
Let youth in beauty's bloom of health
Ten thousand echoes chime,

To Him who on our altar lies
And lovingly again,
Says to thee: “Son, my love ne'er dies;”
“My delight's to be with men.”

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May some new nations learn His ways
And to His worship throng,
To greet Him with their hymns of praise
Ten million voices strong;

For He is God, the very God,
From whom all goodness springs;
By whom the nations thrive or nod —
Most beauteous Being of Beings!

F. W. GALLAGHER.