

THE SENTINEL  
OF THE  
BLESSED SACRAMENT

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*Easter Morn.*

A splendid burst of dazzling' light;  
A glorious human face  
With more than human grace;  
A Body wrapt in floating raiment white;

Then, surging seas of wildest song  
Awake the slumbering ear,  
And guards in paling fear,  
Behold exulting wings of angel throng.

Now dies the song, now quenched in gloom  
The light hath lost its sheen,  
The fair face is unseen,  
And sentry angels keep an empty tomb.

D. S. s. s. s.