



THE SENTINEL
OF THE
BLESSED SACRAMENT

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The Lord's Sunrise.

The carmine blaze of sunrise on the heights
Drifts down the purple vales in paler lights,
And pleading voices seek, where'er they be,
Glory and grace, and help and strength from
I feel that glow of Eucharistic grace, [Thee.
Nay, almost see a smile illumine Thy Face,
As on Thy loving Heart falls our one plea,
The sinner's cry: "Be merciful to me!"
Pour out Thy power of uplift, Lord of all!
T'is thine to answer every piteous call.
Hear and forgive! This shining, golden day
Falls like a Hand benign on us who pray
Show us Thy tenderness, Thy deathless love:
Comfort us with sweet sendings from above!
Give us to feel Thy sunrise flame within,
And rise triumphant over conquered sin.
And as Thy roseate glory floods the earth
Bid us, exulting, hail the soul's new birth,
Hastening, in new-found might, to spread abroad
The morning splendors of Thy grace, O Lord.

