

THE SENTINEL  
OF THE  
BLESSED SACRAMENT

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The Star of Bethlehem.

The star that shone o'er Bethlehem  
Is surely shining yet,  
Altho' unseen by mortal eye;  
And never will it set  
And leave the world without its light,  
In darkness and regret.

The star that shone o'er Bethlehem  
Was God's sweet star of love,  
That showed itself when Christ was born,  
The manger rude above,  
And hung there in its mellow light  
Like a fair silver dove.

The star that shone o'er Bethlehem,  
The love of God divine,  
Is shining now as it did then  
In that dear heart of thine,  
And there, as when the Lord was born,  
That star will ever shine.