# Song.

I love the lonely Star that gems
The Banner of the brave;
I love the light that guideth men
To freedom or the grave;
But O, there is a fairer Star
Of pure and holy ray,
That lights to glory's higher crown,
And freedom's brighter day;
It is the Star before whose beams,
All earth should bow the knee;
The Star that rose o'er Bethlehem,
And set on Calvary.

Let others round the festive board,
The madning Wine-cup drain;
Let others court its guilty joys
And reap repentant pain;
But O, there is a sweeter Cup,
And be its raptures mine,
Whose fragrance is the breath of life,
Whose spirit is divine.—
It is the Cup that Jesus filled —
He kissed the sacred brim,
And left the world to do the same,
In memory of Him.