

# O Star of Matchless Splendor

Ida Lilliard Reed, 1913

Ira Bishop Wilson

1. O star of match-less splen - dor, We hail thy beau-teous light; We hail the glor-ious  
2. O star of match-less splen - dor, Tho' cen-tu-ries have rolled A - way since thy clear  
3. O star of match-less splen - dor, On ev - ery land shine clear, Till all shall see thy

tid - ings Of that first Christ-mas night. No star of all the glor-ious train, That  
shin - ing Bathed Beth - le - hem in gold, Thy beams are fall - ing pure and clear, On  
ra - diance, And thy sweet mes - sage hear. Till ev - ery sha-dow of the night Is

decks Heav'n's a - zure plain, Com - pares with thy ce - les - tial ray, O  
lands a - far and near, And ev - ery day more won - der - ful Thy  
lost in con - quering light, And all the world thy Lord shall know, O

*Refrain*

star of hope most bright.  
mes - sage doth un - fold. Beau-ti - ful star, won - der - ful star, Guid - ing us on - ward thro'  
star of love so dear.

*rit.*

earth's dark-est night; Bright is thy beam-ing, gold-en thy gleam-ing, Beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful star so bright.