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Brightly  $\text{♩} = 104$ .

P. Jiyu-Kennett.



E.K.S. Hunt.

1. O happy day, in fair Lumbini's garden,  
The happy birds their joyous praises sing,  
All nature dons her brightest, gayest blossoms  
To greet the coming of her Lord and King.  
A flower more fair than any earthly blossom  
Is born to-day beneath the Sala tree,  
All nature wears a tender smile of greeting  
That tiny babe in Maya's arms to see.
2. Lo, He is born to lead earth's weary pilgrims  
Across Samsara's ocean wide and drear.  
To break the chains of ignorance and passion,  
Which bind mankind to Karma's wheel of fear.  
Our prince is born to be a mighty beacon,  
Pointing the way to freedom and to peace,  
To shew the Eightfold Path of Holy Wisdom  
Wherein the fierce desires of self will cease.