

Through the Starry Sky

(p. 228)

1. Through the starry sky
at midnight
Came the Devas' song of
old,
Singing songs of expecta-
tion,
Singing of a Lord foretold.

Chorus:
Hail, the Lord has con-
quered suffering,
Glory to Lord Buddha.

2. Visions of a saint, to
Maya,
Had foretold the Buddha's
birth
And the soft, sweet, rain of
Heaven
Bowed the flowers to the
earth.

Chorus:
Hail, the Lord has con-
quered suffering,
Glory to Lord Buddha.

3. In Lumbini's gracious
garden,
Hidden from all worldly
sight,
'neath the flowers, modest
bending,
Gave birth to the Lord of
Light.

Chorus:
Hail, the Lord has con-
quered suffering,
Glory to Lord Buddha.

4. At His birth the sages
gathered
To predict His destiny,
Some said He would be a
ruler,
One did future Buddha
see.

Chorus:
Hail, the Lord has con-
quered suffering,
Glory to Lord Buddha.

5. Thus the prince did
grow in splendour
Till there came the fateful
day;
Moved to wisdom, deep
and tender,
Found He the Eternal
Way.

Chorus:
Hail, the Lord has con-
quered suffering,
Glory to Lord Buddha.

**Hear the Devas
Singing** (p. 230)

Hear the devas' singing
on this morn of grace
Light has banished
darkness for the human
race
Buddha's birth has
promised refuge and
delight,
Pointing to Nirvana
from this very night.

Hear the joy of Wesak
ringing round the sky,
Voices of the devas
singing from on high.
Man henceforth has
conquered hate and
lust and greed,
So that we may follow
where the Lord may
lead.

O Happy Day
(p. 235)

O happy day, in fair
Lumbini's garden,
The happy birds their
joyous praises sing,
All nature dons her
brightest, gayest blos-
soms
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.

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.

All Hail! All Hail!

(p. 243)

Chorus:—

(All*) Hail! All Hail!

The Sala Tree

That hides His birth so
modestly;

(This) Child will find
Eternity

Beneath a sala tree.

1. (The) garden waits so
silently,

The mother stands so
reverently,

(The) flowers bow down
in modesty,

Beneath the sala tree.

Chorus:—

(All) Hail! All Hail!

This Mystery

That hides His birth so
mystically;

(This) Child will find
Eternity

Beneath a Bodhi Tree.

2. (The) garden waits so
silently,

The mother stands so
reverently,

(The) flowers bow down
in modesty,

Beneath the sala tree.

**Words in parentheses are sung by sopranos only.*

Welcome Joyous Wesak Day

(p. 247)

1. Joyfully we greet the
coming of this blessed
Wesak Day;
Morn of our release
from sorrow, dawning of
the Dharma-way!
How our hearts lift up
with gladness, unto
Truth's Infinite Light,
As we contemplate the
freedom in its liberating
might!

Chorus:—

Morn of light to banish
darkness! Morn of
never-ending day!
Day of triumph o'er
illusion; welcome Joy-
ous Wesak Day!

2. Praises to our match-
less Teacher, Leader,
Master, Guide and
Friend;
Following His peerless
victory, our own free-
dom we may win!
Breaking cruel chains of
ignorance, banishing
the night of fear,
Till at last, in wordless
glory, to Nirvana all
draw near.

Chorus:—

Morn of light to banish
darkness! Morn of
never-ending day!
Day of triumph o'er
illusion; welcome
Joyous Wesak Day!

3. To our Lord we offer
all that mind and hand
and heart procure;
Gladly would we share
with others liberating
knowledge sure.
Wesak! Wesak! Blessed
Wesak! On this day
Truth's sun arose
Light of Hope that
never falters till all
transiency shall close.

Chorus:—

Morn of light to banish
darkness! Morn of
never-ending day!
Day of triumph o'er
illusion; welcome
Joyous Wesak Day!

Adoration of the Buddha's Relics

(p.81)

Homage to the Relics of
the Buddha of merit
all;
Homage to the Body of
Truth which is Truth
Itself
And a Stupa for the
World of the Dharma
for our present body.

Homage to the Relics of
the Buddha of merit all;
Homage to the Body of
Truth which is Truth
Itself
And a Stupa for the
World of the Dharma
for our present body.

Through the merits of
the Buddha
The Truth enters into
us and we enter the
Truth;
Through the excellent
power of Buddha
We realize Truth.

Let us do only good
things for all living
things
That we may possess the
true Mind;
Let us do only pure
deeds
That we may enter the
peaceful Mind
Which is unchanging
Great Wisdom;
Let us pay homage
eternally
To the Buddha, to the
Buddha, to the Buddha.