

Blest Lanello, Mother dear,
O gurus pure and true,
Let your mantle e'er be ours;
We claim it now anew.

Messengers ascended now,
We dedicate our hearts.
As Holy Spirit's crystal flow,
Your wisdom-love imparts.

Our spirits clothe in sacred fire;
We ask of thee this day
A double portion of your love—
Descend, O God, we pray.

We claim your mantle, gurus dear,
With Morya at our side.
Now raise us in your light this day
And with us e'er abide.