

O Maitreya, our precious Lord,
We hearken to your call.
Take our left hand; walk with us,
Your garden to explore.

Compassion flowing from your heart
Envelops us in love,
A paradise of happiness
From realms of light above.

Ancient mysteries we recall
In higher realms before the fall.
Through Mercy's blessed healing flame
We are returning home again.

To Gautama goes our right hand,
For with these Buddhic hearts we stand.
We seek to raise all sentient life,
Earth forever bathed in light.

O gentle winds and flowing streams,
The Holy Spirit is our means
To love all life as God loves us
Forevermore to keep that trust.