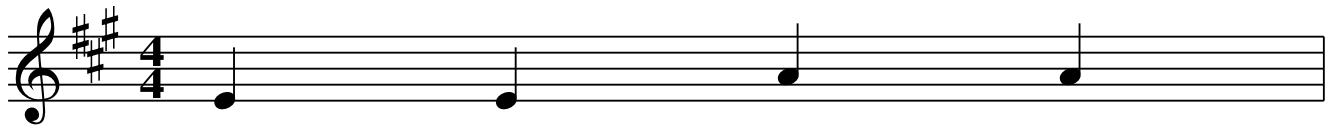
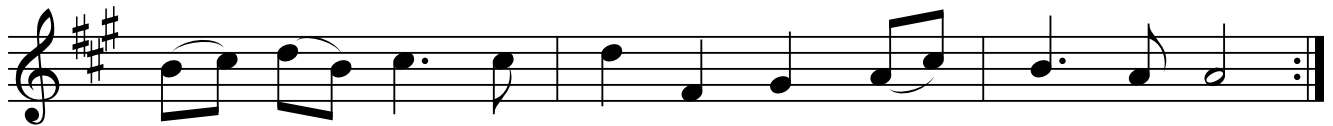


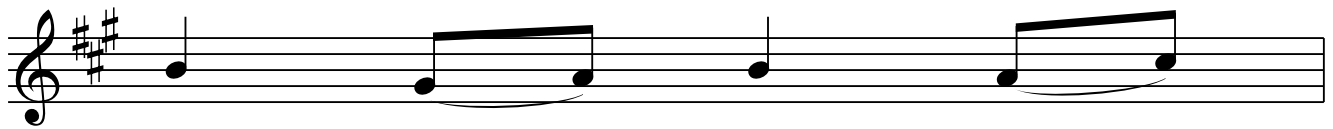
On this day



On this day our
With me - - - theg - - - in



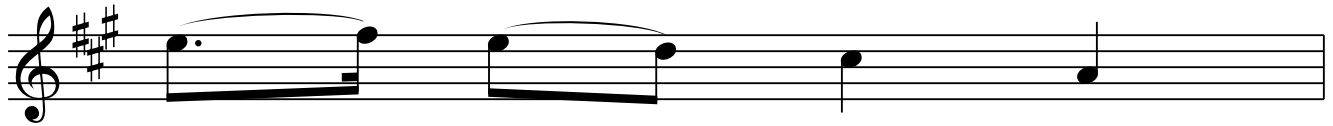
King _ was _ born, Let harp be sound - ed _ fill'd the horn;
to _ the _ brim, For ev - 'ry heart beats _ high for him.



Bards with _ _ _ _ _ voi - - - - ces _ _ _ _ _



clear _ and _ strong, Pour _ free - ly forth _ a _ joy - ous song,



Cheer - - - - ing _ _ _ _ _ day and



gladd - 'ning _ night, And call the song the _ 'King's De-light'.

On this day our King was born,
Let harp be sounded, fill'd the horn;
With methegin to the brim,
For ev'ry heart beats high for him.
Bards with voices clear and strong,
Pour freely forth a joyous song,
Cheering day and gladd'ning night,
And call the song the "King's Delight".

For the King well pleased will be
While list'ning to the melody,
Rising from his subjects all,
In lowly cot or lofty hall.
May he live a thousand years,
And may this song salute his ears;
May his smile be ever bright,
When he has heard the "King's Delight."