

Glory of the Triple Ground

Magnificent precious root guru,
 Lotus-seated at our hearts,
 Through your great kindness,
 Held by your great compassion,
 Bestow powers of body, speech, and mind.

Lone eye of beings of the triple ground,
 Liberation seekers' protector unsurpassed,
 Great compassion, more than all the conquerors:
 Peerless supreme guru, I pray to you.

Bodhisattvas' deeds adopted, witnessed by conquerors
 In Tushita as Jampāl Nyingpo well renowned,
 In the Snow Land known as glorious Losang Drakpa:
 Heir of the conquerors, I pray to you.

I pray to you, replete with education
 Of excellent teachings, Sanskrit, grammar, and science,
 All learned without effort by the power
 Of the ripening of your merit's vast expanse.

Emerging from your mother's water-holder,
 Amidst the lightning flashes of samsara's flirtations,
 Not consorting but illuminating all
 To the sun of your form, I humbly make requests.

In youth all conquerors' austerities performed,
 Upholding supreme moral discipline,
 Bound, lifelong familiar with restraint –
 Powerful one, to you I make requests.

Discerning, unhindered, entering the words
 And meaning of the conquerors' excellent speech;
 Always seeking to practice their advice –
 Vast mine of knowledge, to you I make requests.

I pray to you, eye for all phenomena, omitting none,
 Undeified, subtle, meticulous ability,
 Never satisfied with streams of babble,
 Supreme sage of ten million difficult points.

Your speech trained in all debates
 And a hundred answers analysed;
 Even the slightest distortion abandoned –
 Pure, powerful mind, I pray to you.

Who else but you seeing just as they are
 The texts of the great Indian chariots
 And all the excellent teachings arising
 As supreme advice: to you alone I pray.

Wherever on the ocean-clad your feet
 May rest, the mark left in the dust becomes
 An eternal place of offering and so,
 Crown of all supreme scholars, to you I pray.

However much even the conquerors probe
 The pure moral practice in your mind,
 Of the subtle fault of slacking in your deeds
 Not a whit to see, abandoned – to you I pray.

Mass of water, source of treasure,
 Such is the depth of your compassion.
 Eye of wisdom beyond all objects
 Compassion's mine – lord, to you I pray.

Your extraordinary thought, the carriage, will not leave
 The burden of beings' welfare still to board.
 The end of the great waves of deeds is reached.
 Excellent courage, to you I make requests.

Protector, if even your breath becomes
 Medicine for all migrating beings,
 What need to mention your two collections' deeds.
 Friend of the triple ground-born, I pray to you.

Daily from Manjushri straight to you,
 A nectar stream of teachings' eloquence.
 The three times' conquerors' mind-essence distilled,
 Continuum uncut – to you I make requests.

Called sun of conquerors on the lotus grove
 Of teachings in this world, directly praised
 By protector Mipham as supreme –
 Sweet sigh of relief, I pray to you.

Victory flag of countless buddhas seen
 By many mighty yogis direct-blessed
 Saraha, Lutipa, and the rest.
 Totally pure, supreme, I pray to you.

Nagarjuna, Aryadeva, Buddhapalita –
 Life-blessed by Chandrakirti's followers;
 Then in subtle suchness, stains of error
 All cast aside, I make requests to you.

I pray to you, never distracted,
 Good in meditation, supreme concentration,
 In absorption on sky-like suchness
 And afterwards in illusion-like mind.

Indistinguishable from Lord Vajradhara
 In analysing precisely the ocean of Vajrayana,
 The ultimate of the subduer's excellent teachings –
 Supreme lama, to you I make requests.

In achieving the two stages, the path's end,
 Having seen just as they are the subtle points
 In this uncharted field uncrossed by others,
 To you who practiced the essence, I make requests.

Having completed deity yoga, gross and subtle,
 Far from desire for vulgar false appearance,
 Whatever arises by the play of the mandala wheel
 Your mind undistracted: to you I make requests.

Superstition, cause of winds, dissolved into the dhuti,
 Clear light seeing all as empty suchness
 Whatever arises having the play of supreme bliss –
 Vajra mind–possessor, I pray to you.

Limitless prayers by powerful skilful means,
 Effortless achievement leading hosts of disciples
 Onto the path pleasing to the conquerors –
 Protector of all worlds, I pray to you.

I make requests to you who illuminated
 The three trainings' scriptures and realisations,
 Of all of the conquerors' holy Dharma
 When the virtuous trainees were nothing but symbols
 Of practice and training in mere definitions,
 Turning remnants of the doctrine into just words.

When you emanate in this realm at will
 Collections of sky-bound heroes, dakinis,
 Gather close and enter in your heart.
 Offering to you who are sky beyond thought, I pray.

When the clear light dharmakaya manifested
 In the bardo, your form became a mass of light
 Supreme illusory form, sambhogakaya.
 To you the one who attained this, I pray.

From this day on in all my future births
 By respectfully offering to your lotus feet,
 Listening to your words, bless me to accomplish
 With body, speech, and mind what pleases you.

Having abandoned all desire for pleasure and selfish peace,
 Riches and honour, the appearances of this life,
 Bless me never to part from supreme bodhichitta,
 The thought to help all transmigrating beings.

By incisive intelligence, subtle and wise, following reason,
 Having internalised without omission the meaning
 Of all the conquerors' teachings, please bless me
 To clear the great darkness of the ignorance of migrators.

Having ascertained the meaning of the Vajrayana's many aspects,
 Unmoved by all obstacles, outer and inner,
 Bless me to practice one-pointedly and reach
 The profound meaning of the two stages, the end of the good path.

In short, having learnt well all the pure Dharma of the conquerors,
 Their original thought exactly as intended,
 Particularly the highest Vajra Vehicle,
 Bless me to be a guide for transmigrators.

By this virtue in all of my lives,
 Unseparated from you, lama, supreme guide,
 Protector, nourish me with the taste of this nectar source,
 Your excellent teaching, the essence of your mind.

All the virtuous work to be done and being done
 By myself and others, however much there is
 Following what pleases you,
 May it be accomplished just as you advised.

Conqueror Tsongkhapa, in all my lives
 By the direct power of the Supreme Vehicle virtuous friend,
 May I never turn back even for a moment
 From this good path praised by the conquerors.

Having unmistakably realised bodhichitta,
 The supporting beam of the Supreme Vehicle,
 The two stages, and the points of the pure view,
 By my effort may I accomplish the essence of your speech.

Through study and practice may I see as supreme advice
 The sutra Tripitaka and four classes of tantra;
 May the glory of Losang Drakpa bring good fortune
 To spread the supreme teachings of the sage always and everywhere.

Colophon:

After persistent urging firstly by a good many virtuous trainees, Sangwa and others, and later by virtuous friend Nyima Nyingpo, and also strongly urged by my own faith, by uttering this supplication in verse in the form of a brief deeds of liberation, unfettered by poetics and easy to understand while reciting, of the essence of the unified love and wisdom of all the conquerors, crown jewel of the five five hundreds, glorious pure great lama Je Tsongkhapa, through almost touching the lotus feet of that holy lama himself and much nourished by his kindness and by hard listening composed by the monk Gelek Pel Sangpo, may there be good fortune everywhere always.

In life after life, in good lineage, good mind, and free of pride,
 Through great compassion and respect
 May I abide in my pledge to the glorious lama.
 Glorious lama, in whatever life, form, retinue, and realm
 I urge you to spread Dharma and good fortune.

Translator's Colophon:

Translated by John Groeneveld, between 2002 and 2003, firstly in Cologne, Germany, with extensive help from Namgyael Nyima of the Dept. of Central Asian Languages and Cultural Science at Bonn University, and additional help from Phukang Rinpoche of the same dept., then completed at Nalanda monastery in France, with additional help from Geshe Losang Jampael at Nalanda monastery, Geshe Tenzin Dorje of Institute Vajra Yogini, and Bill Magee. Final editing by Ven. Connie Miller