

HOMAGE TO SAKYA PANDITA, THE DHARMA KING

The Dharma King, protector of a multitude of beings,
Took birth at glorious Sakya to tame disciples
On the twenty-sixth day of the middle spring month
Of the water male tiger year.

Listen devotedly to this summary of his extremely wonderful limitless biography
From that day until his departure into peace,
At the magically-emanated place on the fourteenth day
Of the middle winter month of the iron female pig year.

Through Bodhichitta, as a naga king,
Crown beautified by jewels of boundless virtues,
You entered the ocean of undefiled wisdom,
Powerful one, I bow my head to you.

At the time of your birth rays of light swept the world,
Your unharmed mother's bliss increased.
Countless celestials gathered in the sky.
Foremost Among Men, I bow my head to you.

You knew the Abhidharma without being taught
And accomplished all good qualities as a youth.
Sages extolled you in their assemblies.
Wisdom-endowed, I bow my head to you.

Throughout twenty-five lives,
By Manjushri's grace, you mastered completely
The sciences of art, logic, philosophy, language, and healing.
Incomparable One, I bow my head to you.

Because of your excellent study in every lifetime,
Holy teachers directly taught you
All doors of Dharma, even in dreams.
Immaculate One, I bow my head to you.

When blessed with the Profound Path,
You beheld your holy master as Manjushri,
And realized all Dharmas instantly.
Liberated Mind, I bow my head to you.

Through the path of means you purified the four elements,
Through recitation you gazed on the Wrathful Lord,
Through your master's kindness, you won supreme realization.
Flawless One, I bow my head to you.

You refuted logicians' errors, and
Overcame the wranglings of haughty sophists,
The fame of your scholarship pervaded the whole world.
Fearless One, I bow my head to you.

You utterly abandoned thoughts of attachment,
And always gave freely gifts of the Dharma,
Never forgetting for an instant the welfare of others.
Loving One, I bow my head to you.

When you feigned illness to help your disciples,
Manjushri, Maitreyanatha, Shantideva, and
Nagarjuna came to comfort you.
Receiver of Solace, I bow my head to you.

The eyes of some pure-minded disciples
Beheld you as Manjushri.
For this, you were renowned even in the Land of the Noble.
Spontaneously Arisen, I bow my head to you.

In the middle summer month in the wood female snake,
And the last autumn month of iron male dog, you declared
I shall leave this world in the iron female pig year.
Foreseer of Time, I bow my head to you.

Dwelling in meditation that saw the world as illusion,
You never knew disease, but feigned illness
To purify disciples' obscurations.
Unfathomable One, I bow my head to you.

To incite lazy beings to diligent efforts,
To increase the merit of the less fortunate,
You repeatedly prolonged your life span,
Attainer of Sovereignty, I bow my head to you.

When first you thought of leaving this world
The inanimate earth quivered in six directions
And all bird life cried out in lament.
Greatly Kind, I bow my head to you.

When you performed the rites of mandala creation,
The deities and lineage lamas of the Hevajra mandala
Clearly appeared before you.
Owner of Power, I bow my head to you.

Avalokiteshvara stroked your head with his hand,
Holy Tara revealed herself in the sky,
You often beheld the face of Manjushri.
Exhalted One, I bow my head to you.

Often you gazed on the Buddha, King of Inexhaustible Tones,
And the Lion of Shakya surrounded by disciples,
And on a multitude of mandala emanations.
Most Excellent One, I bow my head to you.

Jetsun Drakpa, Virupa, and Krishanapa foretold
When reborn as King Aditiya's son,
You will win enlightenment as Buddha Vimalashiri.
Prophesied One, I bow my head to you.

Upon your crown an ushnisha clearly arose
Between your brows, a snow-like hair like a conch curled,
And the secret parts of your body receded within.
Perfectly Marked One, I bow my head to you.

Often the sound of celestial music came from the sky,
Banners and canopies of rainbow light appeared.
The earth trembled at the power of gods.
Transcendently Peaceful, I bow my head to you.

You gathered countless beings through the power of your love,
Received the highest offerings of gods and men,
And left relics of your holy body for devoted disciples' worship.
Intender of Benefit, I bow my head to you.

Again and again in every life,
You were the wisest among the hosts of wise,
And thus understood in this life every doctrine
By merely hearing it once or twice.
Kunga Gyaltzen Pal Zangpo, I bow my head to you.

Limitless qualities of the clear light Dharmakaya,
Adorned with major and minor marks, voice like a lion's roar.
Performing beings' benefit like a wish-fulfilling jewel.
To the protector of beings and lineage lamas,

I offer Samantabhadra's cloud offering, equal to space.
I confess each and every sin of body, voice, and mind.
I rejoice in every type of meritorious deed.
I beseech you to turn the Wheel of Dharma and remain forever.

Protector, when you manifest perfect enlightenment,
Compassionately gaze on living beings and
Release not me and the other disciples.
I beseech you to fill us with the nectar of the Mahayana Dharma.

Prepare a Dharma boat of memory and courage
To completely rescue all sentient beings
From the river of defilement, karma, and rebirth.
I beseech you to bestow great bliss free from the two extremes.

Like parental compassion which never abandons
Worldly children despite their behavior,
So look with compassion despite the behavior
Of the other disciples and I, deluded by ignorance.

Relying upon the lamas in every life,
Worshiping with offerings of material, service, and practice.
Never ceasing to perceive them as Buddhas for even an instant,
May my mind never be sullied by defective thought.

Whatever deeds the lama performs,
May my admiration and devotion ever increase,
Never conceiving another attitude,
May I regard them as beneficial deeds.

Whatever little virtue I may have gained
From prostrating, offering, confessing
Rejoicing, requesting, and beseeching,
Be dedicated to attaining perfect enlightenment.

May there arise the auspicious body unchangable as a mountain.
May there arise the auspicious voice with sixty tones.
May there arise the auspicious mind of the ultimate free from extremes.
May there arise the auspicious body, voice, and mind of the Victorious Ones.

Wide eyed perceiver of all knowledge,
Compassionate bestower of benefit and happiness for all beings,
Powerful performer of inconceivable holy deeds,
Prostration to the feet of Guru Manjunatha.

This summary of the holy biography of Sakya Pandita was written by the logician Yarlungpa. Translated and edited by Ven. Lama Kalsang Gyaltsen and Ane Kunga Chodron based on translations from several other sources, in 1995 at Sakya Phuntsok Ling in Washington D.C. Rededicated in December 2003 as gift to the Dharma benefactor Dean Willard, as an auspicious beginning to the Sakya curriculum translation project. By this merit may our holy teachers live long lives, the Sakya doctrine flourish throughout the world, and all virtuous aspirations be accomplished.