

CROWN ORNAMENT

FOR

THE WISE

(A PRAISE OF GREEN TARA)

by

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The First Dalai Lama

(1391-1479)



To Arya Avalokiteshvara I bow down.

Homage to exalted Tara, at whose lotus feet / Vishnu, Brahma, Vrihapati, Ganesh, Ishvara, Surya, and / The other crown ornaments amongst the many gods / Most reverently offer worship.

By the magical power of Avalokiteshvara's compassion, / The knowledge, mercy and strength of Buddhas past, present and future / Manifest in the form of the beautiful Goddess of Action; / At the feet of Tara, who protects from poverty, I bow down.

Upon a pure lotus and moon symbolizing knowledge and voidness / Sits the emerald goddess having one face and two arms; / Homage to she bounding with youth, whose right leg outstretched / And left withdrawn symbolize wisdom and method conjoined.

Her bulging breasts are a treasure of non-samsaric bliss, / Her moon-like face smiles brightly / And her wide, compassionate eyes gaze in serenity; / Homage to the beautiful one of the Rosewood Forest.

Homage to she whose delicate right hand, / Like a turquoise tree spreading its branches, / Stretches into the mudra Supreme Generosity, / As though inviting sages to a festival of supreme siddhi.

Homage to she whose left hand is in the mudra Bestowing Refuge, / Which, symbolizing the Three Jewels, seems to call out: / "O You who see a hundred terrors, fear not, / For I will quickly protect you."

Homage to she with hands adorned with blue lotus flowers / That act as an inspiring whip, as though saying: / "Be not attracted to samsaric pleasures, / But enter into the city of great liberation."

Homage to she who can conquer the Lord of Death; / For by Buddha Amitabha, he radiant as a ruby, is she crowned; / His hands, in the meditation posture, bear a bowl of ambrosia / To bestow the siddhi of immortality.

Homage to she adorned with ornaments / That embody each and every beauty / Of celestial wish-fulfilling gems / Made by the craftsmen Merit and Wisdom.

Like an emerald mountain clothed in rainbows, / The upper part of her body is draped in celestial silks / And a panchalika skirt hugs her thin, supple waist; / To her I bow down.

And homage to the goddess at her right side, Marici, / Peaceful in countenance, and emanating lights the colour of the sun; / And also to the goddess at her left, Ekajati, / Wrathful, lustful, radiant and the colour of the sky.

Homage to she whose skies are filled / With myriads of goddesses skilled in dance and the six types of song, / Who hold up countless offerings such as white umbrellas, / Peacock fans, stringed instruments and flutes.

The consorts of Vishnu, Indra and Ishvara, / And thousands of other enchanting, immortal goddesses / Must compete in beauty merely with your servants; / To the form of the exquisite goddess I bow down.

From the vast billowing cloud of your compassion / Resounds the thunder of teachings sweet to hear, / Seizing disciples in a rain of eight branches; / To she wise in raining (teachings) I bow down.

Ocean-like treasure of qualities who sees all things, / Who can describe you as you really are? / For your unimpeded mind possesses ten powers. / To she gone to the end of knowledge I bow down.

Although having found peace she is moved by compassion / And with arms of compassion quickly carries (to peace) / The beings sinking in an ocean of misery. / To she gone to the end of compassion I bow down.

Her activities of pacifying, increasing, overpowering and destroying / Like tides of the ocean pause not for a moment / But spontaneously roll on in an unbroken flow. / To she gone to the end of action I bow down.

Merely by remembering her feet one is protected / From the eight terrifying agents and evil ghosts, / And from terrors such as obstacles to liberation and omniscience; / To she gone to the end of power I bow down.

Therefore, O Worthy Refuge, I beseech you, / Protect living beings from diseases, ghosts, demons, / Untimely death, nightmares, evil omens, / And every cause of terror.

Protect us from the terrifying lion Pride / Who dwells on the mountain of wrong views; / And who is an inflated mentality holding itself better than others / And yielding a claw to degrade the world.

Protect us from the terrifying elephant Ignorance, / Who is not tamed by the sharp hooks of mindful alertness; / And who from confusion caused by drinking the alcohol of sensual indulgence / Leads us down wrong paths to the sharp fangs of pain.

Protect us from the terrifying fires of anger, / Which incite the wind of improper mental activity / And amidst swirling smoke-clouds of wrong action / Have power to burn down the forest of goodness.

Protect us from the terrifying snake Jealousy, / Who, attached to its nest of ignorance, / Is unable to bear seeing the wealth or prosperity of others / And instantly infects everything with poison.

Protect us from the terrifying thief Wrong View, / Who creates the dreadful wilds of inferior discipline / And the stark deserts of eternalism and nihilism, / And destroys the towns and hermitages of virtue and joy.

Protect us from the terrifying shackles of miserliness, / That hold us in a lock of attachment difficult to spring, / And bind living beings helplessly / In the unbearable prison of cyclic existence.

Protect us from the terrifying waters of desire, / That carry us in the current of samsara so hard to ford / And that, conditioned by violent winds of karma, / Toss in waves of birth, sickness, old age and death.

Protect us from the terrifying ghost Doubt, / The malignant spirit who moves in the space of ignorance, / Attacking those with interest in ultimate aims / And disturbing the life of freedom.

By the power of this praise and supplication to you, / May conditions opposing Dharmic practice be quelled / And may all conducive circumstances, such as long life, / Merits, glory, and prosperity be produced.

May all beings be cared for by Buddha Amitabha / And led to the pure land Sukhavati; / And without the hundredfold difficulty, / May they quickly touch the ground of enlightenment.

May I always remember my previous lives; / May I never be separated from the enlightened attitude; / And firmly as a river flows may I persevere / In seeking the vast ways of the Bodhisattvas.

Never hoping to benefit myself alone, / Solely for others may I absorb myself in the quest; / And may I produce the conditions that actually benefit others, / Such as mystic vision, clairvoyance, skill in teaching, and patience.

May I never be feint in furthering through infinite fields / The holy teachings of the Victorious Ones; / And in order constantly to fulfill the needs of living beings, / May I quickly and easily gain the stage of a Buddha.

The colophon: "A Crown Ornament for the Wise", a praise of and supplication to Green Tara, She of the Rosewood Forest, written by the Buddhist monk Gyalwa Cendun Drub after he had long propitiated Tara while he was residing in the Hermitage of Great Awakening at the Tegchen Poirang. Translated by Glenn H. Mullin.

Errata: *Amitayus*, pages 4, 7 & 14 should read *Amitabha*; page 15, *GANDHE* should follow *ALOKE*; page 31, *lightening* should read *lightning*