



The Song of the Divine Drum at a Time of Victory

by Khenchen Jigme Phuntsok

Ever-youthful and glorious Mañjuśrī,
Embodiment of the wisdom of all the buddhas,
Remain forever upon the eight-petalled lotus in my heart,
And make whatever I say beneficial to all sentient beings!

The Great Perfection, the most profound of paths,
Simply to hear the words of its essence can break the roots of saṃsāra,
While meditation on its key points achieves liberation within six months,
So let this alone penetrate into your heart.

Those with great fortune encounter such supreme teaching,
This is a sign of having gathered merit over many aeons in the past,
And provides an opportunity equal to that of Samantabhadra—
So rejoice, my dear heart-friends!

For the sake of all sentient beings wandering in the suffering of saṃsāra,
By leading them to a state of lasting happiness,
Take on the responsibility of benefiting others,
And avoid the poisonous food of self-cherishing.

This blocks the gate to lower realms,
Allows you to attain the happiness of higher realms,
And eventually leads you to the ultimate liberation from saṃsāra,
You shall take this essential practice without being distracted at all.

Towards all the luxuries and enjoyments of saṃsāra,
Do not have any thought of desire.
Observe pure dharma discipline as the supreme adornment,
The greatest source of reverence for gods and other beings alike.

Since all the temporary and ultimate happiness,
Result from observing the pure precepts,
And breaking precepts leads one to take rebirth in lower realms,
You must make the right choices and not fall into confusion.

Always be in harmony with friends in attitude and deed,
And exert yourself in cultivating sincerity and kindheartedness;
Even if you seek your own best interest in the long term,
The method is still to benefit others—this is the instruction.

These are the pure standards for being a good person,
And the skillful methods of the buddhas of the past, present and future,
Also the essence of the four dharmas of attraction,
Each of you, my disciples, should never ever forget this!

I dedicate this virtue to all sentient beings,
May they transcend the abyss of saṃsāra.
May all my fortunate disciples be sustained with joy,
And take rebirth in the blissful pure land to the west!

I, Ngawang Lodrö Tsungmé, sang these words of advice before an assembly of almost five thousand sangha members on the ninth day of the eighth month of the Fire Rat year during the seventeenth cycle of the Tibetan calendar, when we, the teacher and disciples, were celebrating victory over outer, inner and secret obstacles. May virtue abound!