



Praise to Mañjuśrī

(Metered rhyming couplets in iambic pentameter)

I bow to Mañjuśrī with utmost respect,
Gentle-voiced guide, you always protect!
From clouds of two veils your wisdom is free,
Brilliant and pure, like sunshine you be.
The nature of truth you see and impart,
A volume of prajñā you hold at your heart.
Clouded by ignorance in endless night,
Beings suffer cruelly from torment and fright.
Entrapped in the prison of saṃsāra's guile,
You love everyone, like a mother her child.
With sixty tones, your rich voice resounds,
Like roaring dragons and thunder it pounds!
Waking us up from the anguish of sleep,
You break the chains of the karma we reap!
Your sword cuts swiftly the root of our pain,
Dispelling the blindness we cling to in vain.
Perfectly pure with qualities rare,
Ten bhūmis traversed, the conquerors' heir;
Adorned with one hundred and twelve noble signs,
You are the Buddha who constantly shines!
Lighting the darkness of mind here and now,
Mañjuśrī to you, I wholeheartedly bow!