IN PRAISE OF THE
GODDESS SARASVATI

BY LORD TSONGKHAPA
In Praise to the Goddess Sarasvatī
By Lord Tsongkhapa, Lobsang Drakpa
Translated by Lowell Cook
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Om delek su gyur chik
OM: may there be goodness!

Chudzin karpo lok treng drawachen
Like a white cloud decoratively latticed with lightning

Kha yi dzejé drawé yitrok ma
Adorning the sky, you are the utterly captivating goddess.

Drizé na chung ü na jogek khen
Balanced in the center of youthful gandharvas, your charm is enchanting.

Ring né tsevé lhamo datsur jön
Come here now, ever-kind and loving goddess.
On your lotus face, the honey bees of your eyes dance about.

The tips of your deep black locks glisten with a brilliant luster.

O Sarasvati, gracefully poised in a mesmerizing dance,

Continue to grant me mastery over the power of speech.

Playfully frolicking about with beautiful, deer-like eyes.

Eyes never tire of gazing upon you, enthralling goddess.

Goddess as loving as a mother, grant me the blessings of speech,

Speech the very likes of yours, O goddess of voice and words.
More beautiful than the glory of the full autumn moon,

Outshining even the likes of the melodies of Brahmā,

More difficult to fathom than the depths of the vast oceans—

To your body, speech, and mind, Sarasvati, I bow down!

Having invited the goddess Sarasvati in such a way, praise and supplicate her! This was composed by the poet of the northern lands, the glorious Lobsang Drakpa.

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1 Gandharvas are known as celestial musicians.