

**Palden Gyal's**

**"Lamentations in Verse on the Demise of the Noble Professor, Dungkar Rinpoche"**

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Palden Gyal  
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A doyen among scholars in the Land of Snows,  
Has passed away into the world beyond seeing.  
Unwelcome and sudden as a bolt from the blue,  
My heart lies shattered in grieving pieces!

Alas! The torrent of my grieving heart rages aimlessly in all directions,  
Your benign countenance appears before my eyes,  
But being a mere image, how can I but grieve?  
Your glorious achievements shine bright in my heart.

O My great Master! O my great Master!  
Grace the serenity of the Peaceful Realm with your presence  
And from your heart shining with a thousand lights of wisdom  
Pray, bless this seeker with your spark of encouragement!

The Sun, the moon, the four Worlds and the King of Mountains  
All these, I offer to you with delight and humility.  
With compassion and kindness please bless this wanderer  
By accepting the above offerings as tokens of my feelings.

With a heart pure as the Ganglha flower of the Snow Land,  
I offer the milk of the white Snow Lion for our spiritual cleansing,  
We, your humble disciples wandering this wide barren land,  
Pray, accept our humble offering with your infinite compassion.

Clear, sonorous and grand blasts from your long horn.  
Reverberates and echoes throughout the Land of Snows;  
>From the elixir of your knowledge, vast, deep and pure,  
An unadulterated drop you endowed me, your humble pupil.  
Merits accumulated through a life-time of noble pursuits,  
Your achievements shine bright in the eyes of the world.

From the depths of your wisdom and intellect,  
Arose the "The Key to the Unlocking of Verse".  
In the realm of poetry in the Land of Snows,  
It was akin to the birth of a golden tree of verse.

With your offering of "The Merging of Religious and Secular Rule"  
The confusions are dispelled with your intellectual clarity.  
And with your unbiased pen of truth, The History of Tibet,  
Is a priceless offering to the Fierce Land.

In many international gatherings of Tibetologists,  
Scholars vying with each other for name, fame and honour,  
Your measured pronouncements outshone the rest by far.  
Like the gleaming moon amongst the stars,  
You were, the Only Jewel of the Land of Snow.

A sampling of readings from your profound writings, like the spring rain,  
Enriches and nourishes the Motherland and enraptures your students.  
I fare thee well to the realm of the unseen, O my Guru!  
Hands cupped in reverence upon my heart, I prostrate thrice in humble  
gratitude and remembrance.

See also: "Leading Scholar Dies, Cultural Criticism Stepped Up", *TIN News Update*, Tibet Information Network, London, 4 August 1997