

Table of Contents

Singing Yogic Songs	3
All these Forms	4
Appearances are my Friends	5
Auspiciousness that Lights up the Universe	6
Calon Lân	9
Calon Lân, a Pure Heart	10
Condensed from the Perfect Utterance of the Middle Way	11
Departing Aspiration Prayer	13
Dombi Heruka's Song	15
E Ma, the Phenomena	16
Eight Cases of Goodness not to be Shunned	17
Eight Flashing Lances	19
Eight Things to Remember	21
Eight Wonderful Forms of Happiness	23
Eighteen Kinds of Yogic Joy	25
Five Perfections of the Definitive Meaning	27
Four Yoginis' Songs of Realization	29
Appearances like an Illusion	30
Leave your Body like a Corpse	30
Friends	31
Guru Rinpoche Prayer (All These Forms) (A)	32
Guru Rinpoche Prayer (All These Forms) (B)	34
Guru Rinpoche, You are the Living Truth	35
Heart Connections	36
I can Contemplate the Sea	38
I was so Frightened of Samsara	39
I will Always be There for You	40
Light Offering	42
Long Life Prayer for Khenpo Tsultrim Gyamtso Rinpoche	43
Prayer to Avalokiteshvara	44
Prayer to Openness, Clarity and Sensitivity	45
Seven Delights	46
Seven Things to Forget (A)	48
Seven Things to Forget (B)	49
The Buddha Within	50
The Sky Dragon's Profound Roar	52

Song of Mahamudra (A)	54
Song of Mahamudra (B)	54
Students, do We have this Certainty?	55
The Magic Dance of Appearances	57
The Six Bardos	59
The Six Questions	61
The Song of the Profound Definitive Meaning	62
The Sources of Power	63
The True Union of the Heart	64
True Union of the Heart - Song to a Pigeon Goddess Girl	65
Three Clarities	67
Three Key Points to be Driven Home	68
Three Kinds of Confidence in Genuine Reality	70
Twelve Kinds of Yogic Joy	71
Twenty Seven Cases of Dissolution	73
Warrior Song of the Awakened Heart	76
Welcome Song	78

Singing Yogic Songs

Generally speaking, yogic songs are songs that yogins sing extemporaneously as a kind of heartfelt expression of what they are experiencing meditatively.

A tradition of writing these songs down developed and many of the songs were collected by disciples into volumes, perhaps the most famous of which is the 100,000 songs of Milarepa (these sets are often referred to as 100,000, which in Tibetan is 'boom').

These collections are often recited on special occasions such as the Full Moon or at the New Year. Often yogins sing them when in retreat to inspire themselves, both as a way of remembering the lineage Gurus and opening their heart to their adhishtana. They are also a way of remembering how they practised and so act as an inspiration to emulate them.

The songs are about realization and meditation experience, so they also contain many key points of instruction to act as reminders for the yogin. Most importantly of all, perhaps, is that singing from the heart is a very helpful exercise in itself, helping to integrate and enliven body, speech and mind/heart in a natural and inspiring way.

Melodies for songs

A very good reference for the yogic songs that we sing is the website of Khenpo Tsultrim Gyamtso Rinpoche (ktgrinpoche.org). There is a catalogue of songs, many of which also have a sound track with the melody.

Lama Shenpen Hookham, Hermitage of the Awakened Heart, May 2004.

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All these Forms

Appearance, Emptiness

All these forms, appearance emptiness,
Like a rainbow with its shining glow,
In the reaches of appearance emptiness,
Just let go, and go where no mind goes.

Every sound is sound and emptiness,
Like the sound of an echo's roll.
In the reaches of sound and emptiness,
Just let go, and go where no mind goes.

Every feeling is bliss and emptiness,
Way beyond what words can show.
In the reaches of bliss and emptiness,
Just let go, and go where no mind goes.

All awareness, awareness emptiness,
Way beyond what thoughts can know.
In the reaches of awareness emptiness,
Let awareness go, and go where no mind goes.

Composed by Khenpo Tsultrim Gyamtso Rinpoche in the Garden of Translation near the Great Stupa of Boudanath, Nepal. Translated and arranged by Jim Scott, March 1998. ©2012 Jim Scott.

Appearances are my Friends

Bodhisattvis and sattvas who have gathered here,
In Bodhi's fortress, this secluded place,
Gain mastery of Bodhichitta,
And through this attain supreme Enlightenment.

The deity is Buddha Nature.
In it are the seeds of great compassion and love.
And the seed of profound wisdom has always been here,
So meditate on emptiness, compassion's path.

Looking outside at the variety of forms,
I know they're appearance-emptiness like a rainbow.
Looking inside at the perceiving mind,
I know it is luminous emptiness inexpressible.

Looking out at the enemies who are harming me,
My teachers of patience, how kind they are.
Looking in at the friends who love me so,
A focus for love and compassion, how kind they are.

Happiness and suffering, these feelings that I have,
When I investigate they have no base or root.
But still when I don't analyse I experience them,
So I know they exist dependently like in a dream.

Free from coming and going, this belief in self,
Cannot be seen to arise, abide or cease,
And cannot be found anywhere inside or out,
So know it is alpha-pure great Emptiness.

In this empty expanse without centre or end,
On this planet that does not have a bottom or top,
We wandering beings who are neither me nor you,
In the lap of our great mother Prajnaparamita,
Rest happily.

Auspiciousness that Lights up the Universe

NAMO GURU HASA VAJRA YE!

You see that everything in samsara and Nirvana
 Is merely dependently arisen.
 You see the Dharmata of true being
 That is the essence of all dependent arising.
 The power of your great insight
 Fills the universe with auspicious light.
 Oh mighty Shepa Dorje,
 Please rise up now from within my heart.

Ground's basic nature transcends conceptuality,
 And like watermoons, appearances arise dependently.
 May everyone realize that this is true
 And dispel the darkness cast by doubt and wrong view.
 And may their realization's auspiciousness
 Light up the whole universe!

The vision of your wisdom is amazing,
 You see just how things are, you see everything.
 As parents love their children, so you love all beings.
 You bring us benefit and happiness,
 Your power makes disciples out of your enemies.
 May your auspiciousness light up the universe!

For samsara's cause, clinging to 'I' and 'me',
 The Dharma realizing selflessness is the greatest remedy.
 May all beings use it to pacify
 Their confused belief that there is an 'I',
 And by the power of this great happening
 May auspiciousness light up the universe!

The ways of ordinary beings, you have left behind,
Noble ones who realize Reality, the true nature of mind.
May you lead all ordinary beings
Who have not yet entered on the path of peace.
And by this may auspiciousness light up the whole
universe!

May the yidams who bestow the siddhis
And the protectors who clear obstacles away
Eliminate all harmful conditions,
Everything adverse to the path.
And by this may auspiciousness
Light up the whole universe!

May the noble path of non - violence
Flourish in all the worlds there are.
When beings meet and interact,
May the connections they make be filled with love.
And by this may auspiciousness
Light up the whole universe!

At the dawning of this century
That is one of such prosperity,
May struggle over wealth and gain
Disappear and not be seen again.
Free from strife and violence,
May all enjoy great abundance.
And by this may auspiciousness
Light up the whole universe!

In this and the last century
Science has advanced incredibly.
Amazing and wondrous, these new machines
That have brought the gods' enjoyments to human beings.
May they be used with skill supreme
To end violence and cause peace to reign.
And by this may auspiciousness
Light up the whole universe!

May the sciences that explore outside
Be joined with the inner science of the mind,
And excellently put an end
To mistaken views and confusion.
And by this may auspiciousness
Light up the whole universe!

The source of all this auspiciousness
Is the true nature of mind, so luminous!
So may realization of mind, just as it is,
Set the universe ablaze with auspicious excellence!

On December 29th 1997 in the Garden of Translation near the Great Stupa of Boudhanath, Nepal, this was spoken extemporaneously by Khenpo Tsultrim Gyamtso Rinpoche. Translated by Ari Goldfield. Translation ©2012 Ari Goldfield.

Calon Lân

Nid wy'n gofyn bywyd moethus,
Aur y byd na'i berlau mân:
Gofyn wyf am galon hapus,
Calon onest, calon lân.

*Calon lân yn llawn daioni,
Tecach yw na'r lili dlos:
Dim ond calon lân all ganu -
Canu'r dydd a chanu'r nos.*

Pe dymunwn olud bydol,
Hedyn buan ganddo sydd;
Golud calon lân, rinweddol,
Yn dwyn bythol elw fydd.

*Calon lân yn llawn daioni,
Tecach yw na'r lili dlos:
Dim ond calon lân all ganu -
Canu'r dydd a chanu'r nos.*

Hwyr a bore fy nymuniad
Gwyd i'r nef ar edyn cân
Ar i Dduw, er mwyn fy Ngheidwad,
Roddi i mi galon lân.

*Calon lân yn llawn daioni,
Tecach yw na'r lili dlos:
Dim ond calon lân all ganu -
Canu'r dydd a chanu'r nos.*

Traditional Welsh song written by Daniel James (1847 – 1920) with the melody by John Hughes.

Calon Lân, a Pure Heart

I don't ask for worldly riches
Such as gold or precious pearls,
But a heart that's truly happy,
A heart that's true, a heart that's pure.

*A heart that's pure and full of goodness,
Fairer than a lily white,
That's a heart that's truly singing,
Singing all the day and night.*

If I wished for worldly riches,
They would swiftly go to seed,
But the riches of a good heart
Yield fruit eternally.

*A heart that's pure and full of goodness,
Fairer than a lily white,
That's a heart that's truly singing,
Singing all the day and night.*

Dusk and dawn this is my heart's wish
Singing out for all to hear,
Asking for the power of Goodness
To make my heart forever pure.

*A heart that's pure and full of goodness,
Fairer than a lily white,
That's a heart that's truly singing,
Singing all the day and night.*

Condensed from the Perfect Utterance of the Middle Way

An Authentic Portrait of the Middle Way - by Milarepa

From the standpoint of the Absolute Truth
There are no demons and not even Buddhas,
No meditator and no meditation,
No signs of progress through the paths and levels,
And no fruition, Kayas and no wisdoms,
So neither is there any Nirvana.

All this is mere labelling, names and words.

All moving and non-moving, the three realms
Are unborn and non-existent from the outset,
With no base to rest on and are not innate;
There is no karmic act, nor maturation,
So even the name 'samsara' does not exist.

Reality is ultimately like this.

But oh dear! If there are not any beings,
Where do the Buddhas of the three times come from?
There can be no fruition without cause,
So then in terms of the apparent truth,
Both samsara and Nirvana do exist.

This is what the great Shakyamuni taught.

The truly existing dharmas that appear
To us deluded beings as 'things',
And their Empty nature, the true Dharmata,
Revealed by seeing 'things' as non-existent,
These two are inseparable, the one taste.
So there's no such 'thing' as vidya of self and other.

Everything is co-emergent in vast openness.

Those masters with this kind of realization
Do not see vijnana, they see only Jnana,
Do not see beings, they see only Buddhas,
Do not see phenomena, they see Dharmata.

From this compassion spontaneously arises,
And the powers, fearlessnesses, dharanis,
And all other Buddha qualities arise
Like a precious, wish-fulfilling jewel.

This is the measure of this yogin's realization.

x 2

Translated by Lama Shenpen Hookham.

Departing Aspiration Prayer

For the Well-being of the Following and the Environment

Father, protector of wanderers,
You who've fulfilled your heartfelt wish,
At your feet, Oh Marpa the Translator
I bow down in gratitude.

All of you students, whose lives have brought you here,
All of you have been so kind to me;
And I have also been kind to you.
Equally kind we are, teacher and students,
I pray we meet in True Joy's pure domain.

All of you good people who live here at this place,
May you enjoy long life and merit full;
And may wrong thinking not come to you,
Your wishes be fulfilled to Dharma true.

This country too, may it enjoy prosperity,
Be free of sickness and of fighting free,
Enjoy good harvests, the good grain growing well,
May everyone be happy and may all of their endeavours
Be ways of living Dharma through and through.

May those who've seen my face or heard what I have had to say,
And those who keep my story in their minds,
Those who've only heard of it or only heard my name
May we all meet in True Joy's pure domain.

Anyone who lives by this story of my life
Or uses it to practise Dharma by,
Or writes it down, explains, or listens to it being told,
Or reads it through, makes offerings, or lives up to its spirit,
May we all meet in True Joy's pure domain.

And what of all those people yet to come in future times?
If they can also learn to meditate,

In weathering the hardships and managing hard times,
May they be free of hindrance and not stray.

Those undertaking hardships for the Dharma's sake
Build up merit far too great to tell.
Those who inspire others to take up this call,
Their kindness stretches far too far to tell.

For those who hear of this austere way to live
Blessings gather far too high to pile.
These are three qualities beyond all measurement.
And through the blessing of these three, may merely hearing set them free.
By merely wishing, may their wish come true.

And may all those places where I've settled for a while
Be sites of joy and comfort to the mind.
And all of my possessions, however few they be,
Wherever they end up, may they bring joy.

And just as the elementary principles
Of earth and water, fire, wind and space
Are everywhere you go, may I be just like that as well.
May I be everywhere that you might go.

May nagas, gods, and so on, in their eight battalion ranks,
And lokapalas and all hordes of fiends,
May they not wreak their havoc even for an instant's time,
Their every wish fulfilled to Dharma true.

May every creature down to the smallest worm
Fall into samsara never more.
For each and every one, without a single one left out,
May I be there to lead them on their way.

Composed by the Lord of Yogins, Milarepa. Under the guidance of Khenpo Tsultrim Gyamtso Rinpoche, translated and arranged by Jim Scott, Karme Choling, Barnet, Vermont, July 1995. Translation © 2012 Jim Scott.

Dombi Heruka's Song

The world and peace beyond it
Are actually the same.
Beyond anything we can grasp at,
Striving is just a pain!

The body and chitta are not two
They interpenetrate.
Clinging to them as different
Is extremely wearisome!

Self and other are not two,
They are the Dharmakaya.
Clinging to good and bad is
So utterly pitiful!

Translated by Lama Shenpen Hookham in August 2005, at the Hermitage of the Awakened Heart (Changchub Dzong).

E Ma, the Phenomena

All these servants of worldly attachment
 Fill the earth with their to and fro,
 Their master drives them on and on,
 And I the yogin watch them.

Here on Kun-sal Rin-chen Drak,
 The precious peak where all is clear,
 I remember appearances
 Are examples of impermanence.

I see sense pleasures as a mirage,
 This life like a dream and an illusion,
 And I cultivate compassion
 For all who do not know this.

I eat the food of empty space,
 I meditate without distraction,
 I have different experiences,
 Just about anything can happen!

E ma, the phenomena,
 Of the three realms of samsara,
 While not existing, they appear,
 How incredibly amazing!



*E ma kamsu korway chö,
 Me shing nangwa ngom tsa che*

Milarepa sang this song of realization to the benefactor, Lha-bar, at the sacred place of practice, Changchub Dzong, the fortress of enlightenment. From 'The First Visit to Rag-ma', translated under the guidance of Dechen Rangdrol (Khenpo Tsultrim Gyamtso Rinpoche), by Ari Goldfield, Guayrapa Asociacion Cultural, Spain, May 3, 2003.

Eight Cases of Goodness not to be Shunned

I bow to the Lord who grants the bliss that is utterly supreme,
Which takes away the suffering of illness
For every being that's everywhere throughout the reaches of space
By administering the medicine of the Three Kayas.

In the pure space of the sky that's the sky of essential mind itself
The clouds of negative actions thickly gather,
But the mighty force of the powerful wind of the wisdom prajna
Doesn't blow them away, but clears them up like this.

The illness and its painfulness have neither base nor root,
Relax into it, fresh and uncontrived,
Revealing Dharmakaya, way beyond all speech and thought.
Don't shun them, pain and illness are basically good.

What confusion takes to be taking place is negative forces' work,
But it's all your own mind, simple, unborn, unceasing.
Without anxiety or even worrying at all
Don't shun them, demons and gods are basically good.

When the agony of illness strikes your four-fold elements
Don't grasp at its stopping, don't get angry when it won't improve;
Such adversities have the flavour of bliss that's free of contagion's
 blight.
These kleshas are not to be shunned, they're basically good.

All of our joy and the pain we go through, all our highs and lows,
When realized, have no ground, they are our friends.
Don't try to stop pain, don't try to be happy, be free of all hope and
 fear.
Samsara is not to be shunned, it's basically good.

And though this human life is plagued by the torments of falling ill,
Don't think that's bad, don't plan to get around it.
Then it will be your badge, your proof of conduct of equal taste,
Your suffering's not to be shunned, it's basically good.

The mind that's sunk in dullness and torpor, when realized for what it
is

Is pure being pure of every imperfection.

So, free of thinking you should be wishing to clear this all away

Don't shun your dense state of mind, it's basically good.

Habitual patterns, imprints printed throughout beginningless time
Are the myriad doors illusion comes marching through.

If you do not take them as true, don't meditate on them as empty.

Don't shun your thoughts, they're basically good in themselves.

The state of co-emergence has no birth and knows no death,

Knows nothing of arising or ceasing or staying somewhere.

It's infinity, it's the vast expanse of the unconditioned state.

Don't shun your death, it's basically good in itself.

All eight of these things that are not to be shunned since they're
Basically good in themselves.

Need a meditation which turns them into equal taste.

They are the thought that comes from the heart of the uncle and
nephew lord.

They are the hammer that hammers down the host of maras.

They are the practice that's put into practice by beggars like you and
me.

These are the tools that keep us in natural retreat.

They are the bliss supreme that performs the two forms of benefit.

You've mastered this from the beginning, old friend, but you'd better
put it into practice.

*Composed by Lord Götsangpa. Translated and arranged by Jim Scott at Karne Choling,
Vermont, August 1997. Translation © JimScott 2012*

Eight Flashing Lances

*A Song of Eight Cases of Freedom from Impedance, Exemplified by a Lance
Which Meets No Hindrance When Flourished in the Sky*

To that paragon, the Dharmakaya, treasure isle,
To the treasure too, Samboghakaya's range of forms
Who as Nirmanakaya fills the needs of beings,
To the precious lord, I bow respectfully.

Decisive understanding of your basic being,
No bias towards samsara or Nirvana,
Conviction reached, you change your mind no more.
These are three which render view unhindered
Like a lance that flashes free in the open sky.

Cutting through the root, it holds its own ground,
Six fold consciousness unspoiled by artifice,
Free of effort aimed at recollection.
These are three which make meditation fully free
Like a lance that flashes free in the open sky.

Experiences just naturally unhindered,
Free of fear, depression, and anxiety,
The triumph over all perceived/perceiver split.
These are three which render conduct fully free
Like a lance that flashes free in the open sky.

The Kayas five pristinely self-occurring,
Directly manifest through your experience
Ambition for achieving Buddhahood consumed.
These are three which make fruition fully free
Like a lance that flashes free in the open sky.

Transgressions, downfalls, pure from the beginning
Experiences' stainless clarity and emptiness
When you have made your peace with self-importance
These are three which make samaya fully free
Like a lance that flashes free in the open sky

Self-concern's ambitions are exhausted,
Uplifting waves of love without contention,
Tireless, relentless, not self-seeking.
These are three which make compassion fully free
Like a lance that flashes free in the open sky.

The murkiness of clinging clarified,
Causes and conditions, like reflections,
Knowing what to do and not, that subtle art.
These are three which make relations fully free
Like a lance that flashes free in the open sky.

Prayers of aspiration long sent wakening,
Whatever's done contributing to benefit,
Effortless spontaneous performance.
These three make activity unhindered
Like a lance that flashes free in the open sky.

This tune upon this well-known site in Chungkar
That tells of eight whole lances flashing freely,
Borne on the blessing waves of able gurus
Appeared in mind and now's been put to song.

Composed by the Lord Götsangpa. Under the guidance of Khenpo Tsultrim Gyamtso Rinpoche, translated and arranged by Jim Scott, Kamalashila, Schloss Wachendorf, Germany, 7 Aug. 1996.

Eight Things to Remember

At the moment you are fond of large estate sites,
You surround yourself with a manor and its grounds.
But when your time to go has come, you'll have to leave it
Behind you like an empty shell.
Are you aware that this is what will happen?
You'd do well to remember and keep it well in mind.

At the moment you are fond of fame and fortune,
You surround yourself with power and pomp.
But when your time to go has come, who will you turn to?
Not a refuge in this sorry world for you.
Are you aware that this is what will happen?
You'd do well to remember and keep it well in mind.

At the moment you are fond of family relations,
You surround yourself with relatives and friends.
But when your time to go has come, you'll have to leave them,
Kin and dear ones, every last one.
Are you aware that this is what will happen?
You'd do well to remember and keep it well in mind.

At the moment you like admirers and helpers,
You surround yourself with children and good things.
But when your time to go has come, you'll leave without them,
Empty-handed and stark naked you'll depart.
Are you aware that this is what will happen?
You'd do well to remember and keep it well in mind.

At the moment you are fond of material comforts,
You surround yourself with the status of success.
But when your time to go has come, your body will fail you,
Then it-is-fit-for-nothing-more than to put in the ground.
Are you aware that this is what will happen?
You'd do well to remember and keep it well in mind.

At the moment you are fond of your good condition,
Your faculties work and your physical state is fine.
But when your time to go has come it is another story,
You no longer have any power over your mind.
Are you aware that this is what will happen?
You'd do well to remember and keep it well in mind.

At the moment you are fond of the palate's pleasures,
You surround yourself with delicious food to eat.
But when your time to go has come, your appetite dwindles,
You won't even manage to get a little water down.
Are you aware that this is what will happen?
You'd do well to remember and keep it well in mind.

By keeping these in mind I practise Dharma.
I know the bliss of having no worldly goods.
This melody on eight things to remember,
Sung at the Karakache Inn in Tsang,
Composed by me the yogi, Milarepa,
May it give you the boost you need to practise well!

*By Milarepa: Under the guidance of Khenpo Tsultrim Gyamtso Rinpoche, translated
and arranged by Jim Scott, KTC, New York City, Summer 1995. Translation © 2012
Jim Scott.*

Eight Wonderful Forms of Happiness

Beloved wish-fulfilling jewel and emanation body,
Supreme of lamps that take the darkness of ignorance away.
Oh precious chakravartin king, the one behind the wheel,
At your feet, Oh Marpa the Translator, I bow in trusting homage!

Here at this place so high, at red rock fortress of the sky,
Here at this meeting place which dakinis of the four kinds grace,
This old man on this site that fills him up with such delight
Experiences so strong a heartfelt joy I put to song.
And you whose knowledge penetrates, who with perseverance meditate,
All you students gathered here, please listen with attentive ear!

This mountain retreat that's free of dogmatism and narrow mind
Is the guide that nurtures and sustains samadhi-experiences.
Is there anyone here who is able to keep to this path and follow it through?
The one who knows that the body itself is the monastery is happy,
That native mind itself is pure like space is e ma ho!

When faith has grown reliable and free of fickle change,
This is the guide that helps you in abandoning samsara.
Is there anyone here who is able to keep to this path and follow it through?
The one for whom samsara, Nirvana are free on the spot is happy,
This completion of Four Kayas in your mind is e ma ho!

The meeting of appearances of the six kinds of consciousness
This is the guide that turns adverse conditions into a path.
Is there anyone here who is able to keep to this path and follow it through?
The one for whom desire and craving have been fulfilled is happy,
The rope that ties perceiver and perceived, when cut, is e ma ho!

A guru truly reliable, belonging to a lineage,
This is the guide on the path of dispelling the darkness of ignorance.
Is there anyone here who is able to keep to this path and follow it through?
The one who relies on a guru who is Buddha in person is happy,
The mind's own recognition of itself is e ma ho!

These cotton clothes I'm wearing, which are neither hot nor cold,
 This is the guide for travellers whose retreat is in the snows.
 Is there anyone here who is able to keep to this path and follow it through?
 The one who is not intimidated by heat and cold is happy,
 To be able to lie down naked in the snow is e ma ho!

The instructions that make it possible to connect up with transference
 This is the guide for conquering all bardo fears you have.
 Is there anyone here who is able to keep to this path and follow it through?
 The one who makes no split between this life and the next is happy,
 To arrive at last in pure being's expanse is e ma ho!

The path of special skills so deep of the whispered lineage,
 The guide that separates the murkiness from lucid mind.
 Is there anyone here who is able to keep to this path and follow it through?
 The one whose bliss of body and mind grows more and more is happy,
 The entry of the life force in avadhuti* is e ma ho!

The yogi who has reached success in emptiness compassion,
 This is the guide for cutting through complexity's conventions.
 Is there anyone here who is able to keep to this path and follow it through?
 The one with realized students as a retinue is happy,
 To gather emanations as a retinue is e ma ho!

This little song of experience on eight forms of happiness
 Which this old man has felt inspired to sing for you like this,
 Might just light up the practice heart for you who are gathered here.
 It came from a yogi's joyfulness,
 Put it in your hearts and forget it not!

* the central channel

Sung to Dreteun who requested instructions from the Jetsun to experience the happiness that comes from within. Under the guidance of Khenpo Tsultrim Gyamtso Rinpoche, translated and arranged by Jim Scott, Kagyu Ling, Chateau de Plaigne, Toulon-sur-Arroux, France, August 1994. Translation © 2012, Jim Scott.

Eighteen Kinds of Yogic Joy

*In Praise of Yolmo Gangra, a Song on Wakening the Heart
also called 'The Trulkhor Song'*

I bow at the feet of the genuine guru.
Because of merit gathered I've met this lord,
The guru with his prophecy is what has brought me here,
My comfortable castle this wooded mountain range,
This is a meadowland so beautiful in bloom,
The trees are dancing in the midst of all the trees.

This is a place of play where the monkeys and the langurs play,
A place where birds speak in bird-like tongues.
A land of flying bees on gentle wings,
Where day runs into night and rainbow paintings shine.
Summer runs into winter, a light drizzle falls,
Autumn runs into springtime, the mist comes rolling in.

In a solitary place like this I, the yogi Milarepa,
Am feeling very clear-light well meditating on emptiness mind.
When I get a lot of stuff coming up I feel extremely well,
When the highs roll into lows feels even better still,
Feels so good to be a human being without the karmic deeds,
When confusion gets complicated I feel extremely well.

Fearsome visions getting worse and worse feels even better still.
Kleshas, birth and death, and freedom from those is a good way to feel.
With the bullies getting worse and worse I feel extremely well,
When there's not a painful illness in sight feels even better still.
The suffering-being bliss feels so good that feeling bad feels good,
Since the trulkhor* comes from what I am it feels extremely good.

To leap and run about is dance, feels even better still,
To be a king of speech with a treasury of song feels good.
That the words are like the buzzing of bees feels extremely good,
That the sound it makes is merit collecting feels even better still.
The bliss is good in the expanse of the confidence of strength of mind.
What develops on its own by its own force feels extremely good.

What comes out looking like a hodgepodge feels even better still.
This happy-experience song by a yogi carefree,
Is for you who believe in what you're doing here
To take along with you when you go.

* a yogic process of unwinding illusion in the form of physical movement.

*Under the guidance of Khenpo Tsultrim Gyamtso Rinpoche, translated and arranged by
Jim Scott, Karne Choling, Barnet, Vermont, 1994. Translation © 2012, Jim Scott.*

Five Perfections of the Definitive Meaning

The support is the three precious jewels,
They're present primordially.
Perfect in natural awareness,
I don't need to supplicate them.

I am the blissful yogi,
Ain't doing no recitation!

The yidams, bestowers of siddhis,
Both common and supreme,
Are not something you can create,
They're perfect within clear light mind.
So I do not need to practise
The deity's creation stage.

I am the blissful yogi,
My own body is the deity!

The host of sky flying dakinis
Who clear bad conditions away,
Are perfect in natural being,
No need to offer them tormas*.

This blissful yogi is resting
In six consciousnesses so relaxed!

This demon who causes such problems,
This demon is just my own thoughts.
Appearances of ghosts and goblins
Are perfect within Dharmata.
I don't need to do wrathful pujas,
I don't need to make all that noise.

I am the blissful yogi,
My thoughts shine as Dharmakaya!

All conventions in scriptures and logic
Are perfect when I taste clear light.
And so I do not need to study
In the conventional way.

I am the blissful yogi,
My texts are whatever appears!

**Torma is a butter cake, a traditional Tibetan offering.*

*Composed by Milarepa. Under the guidance of Khenpo Tsultrim Gyamtso Rinpoche,
translated by the Dzogchen Ponlop Rinpoche and Ari Goldfield 1999. Translation
©1999 Dzogchen Ponlop Rinpoche and Ari Goldfield.*

Four Yoginis' Songs of Realization

All appearances have the nature of a magic illusion.
I will not make an imprint in my mind with the habit of thinking
things are real.
Native mind has the nature of clarity so bright.
I will not let the pollution of thoughts spoil this luminous light.

—Rechungma

A variety of appearances is shining outside,
You teach us how to know they are illusory,
And awareness meets its mother, pure reality.
The movements of the mind, its magical display,
Like waves in the ocean, dissolve in their own place.

—Sahle Ö

When you don't engage in the arrogance
Of clinging to appearance or to emptiness,
All demons are cut through within the mind
And mind itself is free in the unborn expanse.
Hey, Hey, phat!

—Machig Labdrön

My son, what throws you down into samsara's deep ocean,
Are these thoughts of attachment and anger.
But realize they don't truly exist,
And all is an island of gold.

—The Wisdom Dakini Niguma

*Under the guidance of Dechen Rangdrol (Khenpo Tsultrim Gyamtso Rinpoche)
translated by Ari Goldfield. Translation © 2004, Marpa Foundation.*

Verse from Nagarjuna's 'Knowledge Fundamental to the Middle Way'

Like a dream, like an illusion
 Like a city of gandharvas.
 That's how birth, that's how living,
 That's how dying, are shown to be.

Under the guidance of Khenpo Tsultrim Gyamtso Rinpoche, translated and arranged by Jim Scott and Ari Goldfield, August 1999. Translation ©2012, Jim Scott and Ari Goldfield.

Appearances like an Illusion

I know all appearances are like an illusion
 The sickness of clinging to self is gone.
 Samsara's chains of duality no longer bind me
 And I've conquered the capital of unchanging Dharmakaya!

Under the guidance of Khenpo Tsultrim Gyamtso Rinpoche, translated by Ari Goldfield in a cave below the Parthenon, Athens, Greece, June 2000. Translation © copyright 2012, Ari Goldfield.

Leave your Body like a Corpse

Leave your body like a corpse,
 Leave it without any owner,
 Leave your mind as space,
 Leave it with no reference point.

—Machig Labdrön

Friends

A Song of Those who are Full of Love but Free of Attachment

Friends are empty forms, like a water moon.
To think of them as being truly real
Will only make your many sufferings increase.

To know they're empty forms, like a water moon,
Will make illusion-like samadhi increase.
Compassion free of clinging will increase.

And non-referential view will also increase,
And meditation that's fixation-free
And conduct free of doer, deed increase.

Of all the many marvels, this by far the most marvellous!
Of all the many wonders, this the most wonderful!

Translated and arranged by Jim Scott, Marpa House, England, August 1997.

Translation © 2012, Jim Scott.

Guru Rinpoche Prayer (All These Forms) (A)

*A prayer that appearances be liberated as the Deity, that sounds be liberated as
Mantra, that thoughts be liberated into Pure Being*

All these forms that appear to eyes that see,
All things on the outside and the inside,
The environment and its inhabitants,
Appear, but let them rest where no self's found.
Perceiver and perceived when purified
Are the body of the Deity, clear emptiness.
To the Guru for whom desire frees itself,
To Orgyen Pema Jungnay I supplicate.

All these sounds that appear for ears that hear,
Taken as agreeable or not,
Let them rest in the realm of sound and emptiness,
Past all thought, beyond imagination.
Sounds are empty, unarisen and unceasing,
These are what make up the Victor's teaching.
To the teaching of the Victor, sound and emptiness,
To Orgyen Pema Jungnay I supplicate.

All these movements of mind towards its objects,
These thoughts that make five poisons and afflictions,
Leave thinking mind to rest without contrivances.
Do not review the past or guess the future.
If you let such movement rest in its own place,
It liberates into the Dharmakaya.
To the Guru for whom awareness frees itself,
To Orgyen Pema Jungnay I supplicate.

Grant your blessing that purifies appearance
Of objects perceived as being outside.
Grant your blessing that liberates perceiving mind,
The mental operation seeming inside.
Grant your blessing that between the two of these
Clear light will come to recognize its own face.
In your compassion, Sugatas of all three times,
Please bless me that a mind like mine be freed.

Sung by Guru Rinpoche to Namkhai Nyingpo.

*Under the guidance of Khenpo Tsultrim Gyamtso Rinpoche, translated and arranged by
Jim Scott in Aarhus, Denmark, September 28, 1997. Translation © 2012, Jim Scott.*

Guru Rinpoche Prayer (All These Forms) (B)

All things appearing to the eyes
 As the world and its inhabitants,
 Appear and yet cannot be grasped.
 They all rest in this way naturally.
 The Buddhakaya, radiant Emptiness,
 Free from grasper, grasping at the grasped.
 Self-liberated, empty appearances,
 Guru please be present in my heart.

All sounds that echo in the ears
 Whether sounding harsh or sweet or not,
 Are empty sounds beyond all thought and speech.
 They all rest in this way naturally.
 The Buddha's speech is Emptiness,
 Utterance that does not arise or cease.
 Self-liberated, empty utterances,
 Guru please be present in my heart.

All the movements of the mind
 Producing thoughts of troubling five poisons,
 Not engaging in the effort of mind
 That cuts what's gone from what then follows on.
 Liberated in the Dharmakaya,
 Mental movement rests in its own place.
 Self-liberated Vidya-Awareness,
 Guru please be present in my heart.

Appearances that are grasped outside
 Are purified, and so the mind itself
 That grasped as if from inside is
 Liberated, and between the two
 Clarity knows its own self.
 By the kindness of the Sambuddhas
 Past, present and future yet to come
 May your blessing free the minds of those like me.

Sung by Guru Rinpoche to Namkhai Nyingpo.

Alternative translation by Lama Shenpen Hookham, October 2009.

Guru Rinpoche, You are the Living Truth

Guru Rinpoche, you are the Living Truth,
The vast open expanse of Awareness beyond time,
Simply and naturally, all that is and will be,
Ungrasped infinity, all is complete in you,
Nothing at all to do, responding naturally,
Not thinking anything, a Mandala of joy.
Your all pervading love, like space the same for all.
Guru Rinpoche please hear, I open my heart and call to you.
Guru Dharmakaya hear, I open my heart and call to you.

Guru Rinpoche, from within that space,
Manifests your being, body speech and mind,
Qualities and action, a Mandala of bliss,
The bliss of the Unborn, your presence is alive,
In the solidness of earth, in the fluidness of water,
In the motion of the wind, in the burning heat of fire,
In unobstructed space, as Awareness outside time,
This five aspected display, an eternal play of youth,
Showing compassion for all beings,
In countless skilful ways.
Guru Rinpoche please hear, I open my heart and call to you.
Guru Sambhogakaya hear, I open my heart and call to you.

Guru Rinpoche, to you this world is pure.
For us suffering in this world, you come in deepest love,
Appearing in what forms are going to tame us beings,
Past future and right now in whatever form we need.
Guru Rinpoche please hear, I open my heart and call to you.
Guru Nirmanakaya hear, I open my heart and call to you.

Based on a terma revealed by Orgyen Chokgyur Dechen Lingpa, found in 'Guru Rinpoche – his life and times' by Ngawang Zangpo p219. Adapted by Lama Shenpen Hookham at Wenling (Pen y Bwlch) in 2002.

Heart Connections

Marpa of Lhotrak, I bow at your feet.
Please bless this mendicant that he keep
To mountain retreat.

You patrons here are the auspicious connection
For accomplishing the good of self and others.
This hard to come by and easily lost body
Is well because it's met with your provisions.

The richness of the earth with its fruits and seeds
And the deep blue sky with its rain and bees
Are the connections that bring benefit to beings.
The heart of this connection is the Dharma divine.

The illusion of a body brought up by parents
And the Guru's instructions so profound
Are the connections that cause the Dharma to grow.
The heart of this connection is wholeheartedness.

My caves in wild uninhabited valleys
And my Dharma practice that is not mere words
Are the connections for accomplishing my true heart wish.
The heart of this connection is Emptiness.

Milarepa's endurance in meditation
And the faith of beings in all three realms
Are the connections for the benefit of every being.
The heart of this connection is Compassion.

The yogin who meditates on rocky peaks
And the patrons providing his sustenance
Are the connections for us all to awaken together.
The heart of this connection is the sharing of punya.

The compassion of a kind and genuine Guru
And the patient meditation of good disciples
Are the connections for holding the Dharma firm.
The heart of this connection is samaya.

The abhisheka with swift adhishtana
And our heartfelt and fervent prayers
Are the connections for our quickly meeting again.
The heart of this connection is auspiciousness.*

The essence of Akshobya, Lord Vajradhara,
Please know the joys and sorrows of this mendicant!

** auspiciousness here is tashi in Tibetan. The idea is that by making the right connections everything comes together in a good way, so attention to connections (tendrel in Tibetan) is vital.*

Sung by Milarepa. Translated by Lama Shenpen Hookham in retreat at Changchub Dzong (Hermitage of the Awakened Heart), July 2005.

I can Contemplate the Sea

I can contemplate the sea
But waves make me uneasy.
Milarepa show me how
To meditate on waves.
If the sea's as easy as you say,
Waves are just the sea's play.
Let your mind stay within the sea.

I can contemplate the sky,
But clouds make me uneasy.
Milarepa show me how
To meditate on clouds.
If the sky's as easy as you say,
Clouds are just the sky's play.
Let your mind stay within the sky.

I can contemplate my mind,
But thoughts make me uneasy.
Milarepa show me how
To meditate on thoughts.
If the mind's as easy as you say,
Thoughts are just the mind's play.
Let your mind stay within the mind.

A song by Milarepa following a request from his senior female student Palderbum asking him to teach. Melody by Winfield Clark.

I was so Frightened of Samsara

I was so frightened of samsara I turned to the lama for help,
And through the kindness of Marpa the Translator, I made the following
vows:

Until I taste the supreme flavour of Dharma that's genuine
I will not think about any outer object, I won't get distracted.

Until I master the path of method, I'll practise it quietly.
I won't go around demonstrating yogic conduct, I won't try to show off.

With the Lord Naropa's pith instructions, empowerments, and conduct,
I will uphold the great lineage of the Kagyu, I'll never let it down.

I'll first give rise to Bodhichitta aspiration and application,
Then I won't practice Dharma for myself alone, I'll practise for everyone.

In Tibet, this land of snows, to students fortunate and true,
I will spread the teachings of Marpa's secret conduct, spontaneous and
natural.

Whatever it is that pleases the lama is what I will strive to do.
Whatever it is that makes the lama happy is what I will strive to do.

*Under the guidance of Dechen Rangdrol (Khenpo Tsultrim Gyamtso Rinpoche),
translated by Ari Goldfield May 18, 2003, Karma Tengyal Ling, Germany.
Translation © 2003, Marpa Foundation.*

I will Always be There for You

I will always be there for you.
I don't ever come or go.
I am never born and therefore,
There's no way that I can die.

*I'm the heart that you rely on.
I'm the heart that tells you true.
I'm the heart that gives life meaning.
I'm the heart that shows the way.*

Peace is what the deep heart longs for;
Peace that cannot be destroyed.
Peace is ease and never ending,
Joyous heart and love unbound.

*It's the heart that we rely on.
It's the heart that tells us true.
It's the heart that gives life meaning.
It's the heart that show the way.*

When waves move the water's surface,
Reflections in it seem confused.
Waves will come and go, that's certain;
But the ocean's always there.

*It's the heart that we rely on.
It's the heart that tells us true.
It's the heart that gives life meaning.
It's the heart that shows the way.*

When confusion casts its shadow,
And we leave the ocean's depths,
Surface movement may mislead us.
And we then forget the heart.

*It's the heart that we rely on.
It's the heart that tells us true.
It's the heart that gives life meaning.
It's the heart that shows the way.*

When the time has come for dying,
When my last breath's drawing near,
That's the time that I'll remember,
You will always be right there.

*It's the heart that we rely on.
It's the heart that tells us true.
It's the heart that gives life meaning.
It's the heart that shows the way.*

I will always be there for you.
I don't ever come or go.
I am never born and therefore,
There's no way that I can die.

*I'm the heart that you rely on.
I'm the heart that tells you true.
I'm the heart that gives life meaning.
I'm the heart that shows the way.*

*Composed by Lama Shenpen Hookham 2013. Melody from traditional Welsh lullaby
Suo Gân.*

Light Offering

May the shining light of this candle flame we offer,
To the ten directions' Victors and their Heirs,
Remove the darkness of all beings' ignorance;
May the shining light of knowledge and wisdom blaze.

Composed by Khenpo Tsultrim Gyamtso Rinpoche.

Translated and arranged by Jim Scott, Jamgon Labrang, Pullahari, Nepal, 1999.

Translation © 2012, Jim Scott.

Long Life Prayer for Khenpo Tsultrim Gyamtso Rinpoche

You who shine with the radiance of intelligent skilful play,
You who are a fertile field of excellent qualities,
You manifest an ocean of Dharma, with each point clear and distinct.
In all ten directions the melodious sound of your song reverberates.
You sing the songs of the deep meaning of the view and meditation,
Genuine spiritual friend, may your feet continue their playful dance.
We beg you to always remain!

This prayer for the long life of Khenpo Tsultrim Gyamtso, the unequalled spiritual friend, I make out of my own devotion to this genuine master, and also in response to the repeated requests of many groups of his Eastern disciples, who possess the jewel of faith. On the topmost floor of the Gyuto Ramoche Temple in the noble land of India, the one fortunate to receive the healing nectar of his excellent teachings, Karmapa Orgyen Trinle Palden Wangi Dorje, makes this supplication with a clear mind, and may its aspiration be realized in precisely the way it has been made.

At the gracious bidding of Dzogchen Ponlop Rinpoche, translated and arranged by Jim Scott, Warsaw, Poland, October 10, 2010. Translation © 2012, Jim Scott.

Prayer to Avalokiteshvara

Mighty Arya Avalokiteshvara,
Treasure mine of compassion.
Please think of me and my circle.
For me and the beings of all six realms,
Who've been my mothers and fathers,
Please quickly bring the ocean of samsara to an end.

Composed spontaneously by Khenpo Tsultrim Gyamtso Rinpoche in Tekchokling Nunnery, Kathmandu, 2011. Translated by Lama Shenpen Hookham. Melody by Tara.

Prayer to Openness, Clarity and Sensitivity

We open our hearts to the Dharma
 Within us and within all beings,
 Vast open space that is nowhere,
 Discovered and yet never found.

In this openness we find wisdom,
 Clarity, awareness and truth,
 The world how it is when not hidden
 By the habit of shying away.

There in the heart of that courage
 Open, awake and aware,
 Is a sensitive place that's our essence,
 Forever alive, love and joy.

In awe I look on your glory,
 Tenderness, holy and pure.
 Yet you're so close I can touch you,
 With tears I welcome you here.

Such a deep heart is for giving,
 Giving and giving again.
 Giving is loving and open,
 Expecting nothing back in return.

Oh how long have I wandered
 Away from this true living heart,
 Causing it pain and confusion,
 With habits born of despair?

Dear heart can you ever forgive me?
 Those who are Awake, do you care?

If there's a power to restore me,
 Forgive me and make good my ways.

Forgiveness is your deepest nature,
 For all that we're holding is false.
 Only letting go do we realize
 The past is only a thought.

Now I can look up to others
 With joy that is open and clear,
 Sensing their virtues and goodness,
 To emulate without fear.

Wisdom of my heart please instruct
 me,
 Don't leave me alone in the dark.
 Come now and show me the pathway
 And how to bring others the light.

You are forever within me.
 You are the light of my life.
 Please never turn away from me.
 Stay with me to the end of the path.

Even as I pray to my heart light,
 The fire of wisdom and love
 Stirs in my being and fills me
 With goodness, life, joy and power.

All this is given for others,
 That they find this open way too.
 The way to the heart that's within us,
 May it awaken us all.

Written by Lama Shenpen Hookham at Wenling (Pen y Bwlch), Wales, 2002.

Seven Delights

NAMO RATNA GURU

When thoughts that there is something perceived and a perceiver
Lure the mind away and distract,
I don't close my senses' gateways to meditate without them,
But plunge straight into their essential point.
They're like clouds in the sky, there's this shimmer where they fly;
Thoughts that rise for me, sheer delight!

When kleshas get me going and their heat has got me burning,
I try no antidote to set them right.
Like an alchemistic potion turning metal into gold,
What lies in kleshas' power to bestow
Is bliss without contagion completely undefiled;
Kleshas coming up, sheer delight!

When I'm plagued by god-like forces or demonic interference,
I do not drive them out with rites and spells.
The thing to chase away is the egoistic thinking
Built up on the idea of a self.
This will turn those ranks of maras into your own special forces;
When obstacles arise, sheer delight!

When samsara with its anguish has me writhing in its torments,
Instead of wallowing in misery,
I take the greater burden down the greater path to travel
And let compassion set me up
To take upon myself the sufferings of others;
When karmic consequences bloom, sheer delight!

When my body has succumbed to attacks of painful illness,
I do not count on medical relief,
But take that very illness as a path and by its power
Remove the obscurations blocking me,
And use it to encourage the qualities worthwhile;
When illness rears its head, sheer delight!

When it's time to leave this body, this illusionary tangle,
Don't cause yourself anxiety and grief.
The thing that you should train in and clear up for yourself is
There's no such thing as dying to be done.
It's just clear light, the mother, and child clear light uniting;
When mind forsakes the body, sheer delight!

When the whole thing's just not working, everything's lined up
against you,
Don't try to find some way to change it all.
Here the point to make your practice is reverse the way you see it,
Don't try to make it stop or to improve.
Adverse conditions happen, when they do it's so delightful -
They make a little song of sheer delight!

Composed by the Lord Götsangpa. Translated by Jim Scott & Anne Buchardi, 2 August 1996, Karmc Choling, Barnet, Vermont. Translation © 2012, Jim Scott.

Seven Things to Forget (A)

When I realize everything's equality
I forget all about my close friends and relatives.
It's okay to forget the objects of your attachment.

When I realize wisdom beyond thought
I forget everything included in perceiver and perceived.
It's okay to forget these sources of happiness and pain.

Beyond memory, beyond feelings,
I forget all about experiences, the good ones and the bad.
It's okay to forget them, they just go up and down.

Knowing the Three Kayas are present naturally
I forget all about the deity's generation stage practice.
It's okay to forget the Dharma that's made up of concepts.

When I realize the result is inside me,
I forget all about the results you have to strive and strain to get.
It's okay to forget the Dharma of the relative truth.

Meditating on the key instructions
I forget all about explanations and definitions of words.
It's okay to forget the Dharma that makes you arrogant.

When I realize appearances are my texts
I forget all about those big books with their letters in black.
It's okay to forget the Dharma that's just a heavy load.

Sung by Milarepa to Rechungpa after burning his books and showing him miracles to help him regain his faith. Under the guidance of Khenpo Tsultrim Gyamtso Rinpoche, translated by Ari Goldfield, July 13, 2002, Dechen Choling, France. Translation © 2012, Ari Goldfield.

Seven Things to Forget (B)

When the realization of Equalness arose,
I lost all sense of having close friends and relatives!
It's right, though, to forget
What's attachment and desire.

When the realization
Of Primordial Wisdom beyond thought arose,
I lost all sense of anything perceiving or perceived!
It's right, though, to forget
What's alternating joy and sorrow.

When the realization that's not a thought or feeling arose,
I lost all sense of having any special experience!
It's right, though, to forget
What's getting more or getting less.

When the realization of the natural Three Kayas arose,
I lost all sense of the Deity arising in stages!
It's right, though, to forget
The Dharma that's just made up of thoughts.

When the realization of the naturally present fruit arose,
I lost all sense of a fruit
I had to strive and strain to get!
It's right, though, to forget
The Dharma that's just apparent truth.

By meditating on
The profound instructions of the oral lineage,
I lost all sense of explanations using technical terms!
It's right, though, to forget
The Dharma that makes you arrogant.

When the realization arose that the world itself is text,
I lost all sense of needing texts written in black and white!
It's right, though, to forget
The Dharma that's just a heavy load.

The Buddha Within

*To my heart I pay homage, to all beings I bow;
To the unchanging nature, beyond birth and death;
To wisdom and love shining forever;
I bow to the Buddha within.*

A flowering lotus will soon fade and die,
But still driven by grasping at objects am I.
For our heart's deepest wish there's no need to look far,
At the core of our being is Tathagata.

The sweetest of honey surrounded by bees,
Like bliss covered over by hostility.
Through the teachings so deep and profound that we hear,
The one taste of Dharma removes all fear.

A tender kernel encased in a husk,
Bewildered and blind we're cut off from our source.
The Dharma so manifold breaks us apart,
And opens us up to reveal our heart.

*To my heart I pay homage, to all beings I bow;
To the unchanging nature, beyond birth and death;
To wisdom and love shining forever;
I bow to the Buddha within.*

Through the mire of kleshas we stumble and trip,
Not seeing the gold in the rubbish tip.
The basis of all is complete purity,
And our heart of gold has always been free.

A lifetime of struggling, needy and poor,
Yet there's treasure right under our own front door.
We search everywhere, we wander and roam,
Yet riches and plenty await us at home.

Within the ripe fruit is a sprouting seed,
To continue the life of the mango tree.
As doubts fall away we are ripening,
As we follow the path to the Buddha within.

*To my heart I pay homage, to all beings I bow;
To the unchanging nature, beyond birth and death;
To wisdom and love shining forever;
I bow to the Buddha within.*

Like a fine Buddha image bound up in rags,
The Dharma pervades like the rays of the sun.
The perfectly pure True Self shines forth,
In the presence of each and everyone.

A lowly woman, tormented and poor,
Bears in her womb unknown to her,
A king to be that will govern the world.
Her Refuge is within her.

Inside our clay mould of identity,
Is a mind of clear light and serenity,
A Buddha of golden purity,
Acting forever to set beings free.

*To my heart I pay homage, to all beings I bow;
To the unchanging nature, beyond birth and death;
To wisdom and love shining forever;
I bow to the Buddha within.*

A song composed by Tara based on the nine examples of Buddha Nature in sentient beings from the Ratnagotravibhaga. ©Copyright Tara Dew 2014.

The Sky Dragon's Profound Roar

Up in the sky's expanse, true being, unborn, forever pure.
Beautiful is the world below me, how many colours do I see?
But when I look I can't find anything that's born or has a root.
So the time has come to meditate on true reality, of ego clinging free.

All my possessions, all that I enjoy, are like rainbows in the sky.
Even their smallest parts have no essence, they don't exist at all.
So when I enjoy illusory pleasures, empty appearing tea and beer,
It's time to rest in mind's full moon - empty awareness, radiant clarity.

The stages of practice of the Tathagata's view and meditation
Are skilful methods that clear away ordinary thoughts.
So I train in appearance and mind being without base or root.
When sickness and death suddenly strike, I'll be ready without regret.

In the pattern that the world and life's appearances weave
Visions of parents, relatives and friends are like illusions and dreams.
Like morning mist, they are fleeting, and at the time they dissolve
That's the time to search for unborn confused mind's basic reality.

In the baseless, rootless and empty confused appearances of life
We suffer from heat and from cold and so many other things.
But diligence in Secret Yana's practices, so powerful
Makes fox-like cowardice be free all by itself - the time has come!

To what we beautify with hats and clothing - to this heap of elements
We offer tasty food and many other things - whatever we may find pleasing.
But the carelessness and craziness of this life will end one day,
So be ready to be fearless of the judgement of the mighty Lord of Death.

From the country of great snow mountains - a realm of Dharma,
Having crossed many hills and valleys and now flying through the sky,
He purifies illusory flesh and blood into empty-appearing deity.
Paths and bhumis realizations self liberated - in this he trains.

Khenpo Rinpoche, Tsultrim Gyamtso, to you we pray.
Please live long, and stay in this world, where you are so needed!
It's our connection with the Guru that gives our practice special
power.
So come again to bless us, and teach Awakened Heart - True Being.

Ha Ha! Dechen Rangdrol's conduct that's attachment free.
A Ho! It's time to fly in the expanse of sky, spacious Mother.

This was spoken extemporaneously by Dechen Rangdrol (Khenpo Tsultrim Gyamtso Rinpoche) while travelling in the expanse of sky from Los Angeles to Honolulu. October 29, 1998.

Translated by Ari Goldfield with the help of George Eudy. Translation ©2012 Ari Goldfield. The penultimate verse was written by Lama Shenpen Hookham on the occasion of a visit by Dechen Rangdrol in 2003.

Song of Mahamudra (A)

At the time I'm meditating on Mahamudra
 I rest without struggle in actual real being;
 I rest relaxed in a free-from-wandering space;
 I rest in a clarity-cradled-in-emptiness space;
 I rest in awareness-and-this-is-blissful space;
 I rest unruffled in non-conceptual space.
 In variety's space I rest in equipoise,
 And resting like this is native mind itself.
 A wealth of certainty manifests endlessly
 Without even trying self-luminous mind is at work.
 Not stuck in expecting results, I'm doing okay;
 No dualism, no hopes and fears, Ho Hey!
 Delusion as wisdom, now that's being cheerful and bright,
 Delusion transformed into wisdom, now that's all right!

*Sung by Milarepa in reply to the challenge raised by three scholars. Under the guidance of Khenpo Tsultrim Gyamtso Rinpoche, translated and arranged by Jim Scott.
 Translation ©2012, Jim Scott.*

Song of Mahamudra (B)

Here is the measure of my realization of Mahamudra,
 Effortlessly I rest in the true meaning of Emptiness.
 I rest relaxed in non-distraction.
 I rest in clarity within emptiness.
 I rest in awareness (*rigpa*) within great bliss.
 I rest in brilliance within non-thought.
 I rest in the sameness of everything.
 In the nature of Mind (*chitta*) that rests like this,
 Unobstructedly knowledge of all kinds arises.
 Effortlessly natural clarity accomplishes Buddha activity.
 With all the fruits one could wish for my mind is happy.
 Free from clinging to hopes and fears, I am glad.
 Confusion appearing as primordial wisdom,
 I am ablaze with joy!

Alternative translation by Lama Shenpen Hookham, Wenling (Pen y Bwlch), 2003.

Students, do We have this Certainty?

We students gathered here bring awareness to our task -
For wholehearted Dharma these are the things we'll need:
Teachers are the source of all good qualities we have,
The essence of the Buddhas of all three times.
We need confidence our teachers are the Dharmakaya!
Students, do we have this certainty?

The teachings that they give us are the greatest medicine
They completely uproot the five poisons.
We need confidence these teachings are the sweetest amrita!
Students, do we have this certainty?

The teacher's deeds are perfect, showing us the path,
Awakened Heart in action, benefiting everyone.
We need confidence these actions are the Nirmanakaya!
Students, do we have this certainty?

Our thoughts are running wild, but even as they do,
They are empty awareness, appearances of mind.
We need confidence true mindfulness cannot be distracted!
Students, do we have this certainty?

Our kleshas are the waves on an ocean of poison,
But like burning a rope round a bundle of sticks,
We need confidence these kleshas do not really bind us!
Students, do we have this certainty?

The gods of the desire realm bask in happiness,
But like the four seasons even that will fade.
We need confidence there's no happiness that lasts in samsara!
Students, do we have this certainty?

Everything on earth is impermanent like lightning,
Like bubbles on water, like wafting incense smoke.
We need confidence that practice cannot wait a moment longer!
Students, do we have this certainty?

Every living being will definitely die,
For nothing that is born does death leave behind.
We need confidence that practice reveals timeless awareness!
Students, do we have this certainty?

*Adapted by Five Cram in 2004 from 'The Eight Certainties You Need to Practise Dharma' sung by Milarepa at Ramding Sky Cave to Rechungpa.
Under the guidance of Dechen Rangdrol (Khenpo Tsultrim Gyamtso Rinpoche),
originally translated by Ari Goldfield, Tekchen Kyetsal, Tenerife, Spain, April 29,
2003. Translation ©2012, Ari Goldfield.*

The Magic Dance of Appearances

An Offering of the Sense Pleasures that Pervades the Universe

In a land of the Mighty One's teachings, of explanation, practice and activity,
As a youth your habits of Dharma naturally awakened,
And wearing the armour of great bravery, nothing could make you lose heart.
You climbed to the peak of the nine vehicles— my Master, I bow down to you.

The universe is adorned with formless form,
Appearances are rainbows, the display of illusion;
Their beauty is dancing a magical dance—as it plays before my eyes I delight.
I offer it all to the Lama who passes on the lineage of true meaning.
May I come to realize dependent arising.

The universe resounds with soundless sound,
Appearances are echoes, the display of illusion;
Their beauty is singing a magical song—as it dances in my ears I delight;
I offer it to the Lama who passes on the lineage of true meaning.
May I realize sound-emptiness, the sound of true being.

Scents that have no scent fill the universe with their incense,
Appearances so sweet-smelling, the display of illusion;
Their sweetness is dancing a magical dance—as I breathe it in I delight;
I offer it to the Lama who passes on the lineage of true meaning.
May I also gain the discipline that never is weakening.

Taste without any taste delights this pure universe;
One-taste pervades all appearance, the display of illusion.
True being is dancing the dance of the expanse—as I taste its magic I delight;
I offer it all to the Lama who passes on the lineage of true meaning.
May I meet the face of the Dharmakaya - self-awareness in its own being.

Untouchable things to touch fill the whole universe,
Appearances transparent - meeting in luminous contact.
Contact with the five spontaneous lights is blissful, magical delight.
I offer it all to the Lama who passes on the lineage of true meaning;
May I enjoy the Sambhogakaya—the Dharma of five certainties.

This realm is appearance-emptiness-samsara Nirvana not different.
Appearance is self-awareness, phenomena's true being.
The movement of thoughts is so excellent-original wisdom's dance.
I offer it all to the Lama who passes on the lineage of true meaning;
May I realize the magical dance of Nirmanakayas without end.

Whatever arises is the dance of the Lama's Three Kayas;
Confusing and liberating thoughts are true being, the Lama's speech;
Radiantly clear and uncontrived is basic being, the Lama's mind.
Please bless my mind to mix with yours, to be inseparable, to be a taste that's
one.

This is a garland of offerings of all that dawns in the appearances of the sense pleasures and the whole host of thoughts, made to the supremely wise one who in three ways manifests his kindness, the Guru Vajradhara, Tsultrim Gyamtso Rinpoche. At a time when the mind aches with devotion, from the western land of Canada it is offered with great respect by his student named Dzogchen Ponlop. By the virtue of this offering, may the teachings of the practice lineage in general, and in particular the Kaya of our Lama's emanation, appearing before all of his students who have faith and devotion in him, remain with us steadily from aeon to aeon to aeon. May all be virtuous!

*Under the guidance of Dzogchen Ponlop Rinpoche, translated by Ari Goldfield,
Autumn, 1998. Translation © 2012, Ari Goldfield.*

The Six Bardos

I prostrate to the exalted Gurus.

In the bardo between appearances and emptiness
There is no view of permanence or nihilism.
Made-up theories I've none.
Instead I know what's unborn, what's beyond the intellect:
That's the view of this beggar-mendicant.

Among realized practitioners –
 Now I won't feel ashamed.
 Among realized practitioners –
 Now I won't feel ashamed.

In the bardo between bliss and emptiness
There's no reference point for the practice of shamatha.
Instead of fighting my mind,
I rest in the innate state, not moving, undistracted:
That's the meditation of this beggar-mendicant.

Among experienced practitioners –
 Now I won't feel ashamed.
 Among experienced practitioners –
 Now I won't feel ashamed.

In the bardo between passion and no passion
There is no trace, no place at all for defiled bliss.
I am no hypocrite, I have no use for wrong livelihood.
Now appearances arise as my aid:
That's the conduct of this beggar-mendicant.

Among yogin practitioners –
 Now I won't feel ashamed.
 Among yogin practitioners –
 Now I won't feel ashamed.

In the bardo between being flawed and flawless
 There is no purity, not at all, and nothing impure.
 I am free of deceit; I am no impostor.
 I take my mind as my witness:
 That's the samaya of this beggar-mendicant.

Among disciplined practitioners -
 Now I won't feel ashamed.
 Among disciplined practitioners -
 Now I won't feel ashamed.

In the bardo between samsara and Nirvana,
 Those sentient and those enlightened demonstrate no difference.
 I look for no results that come from hopes or fears.
 Now suffering rises up as bliss:
 That's the result for this beggar-mendicant.

Among siddha practitioners -
 Now I won't feel ashamed.
 Among siddha practitioners -
 Now I won't feel ashamed.

In the bardo between words and what they refer to
 There are no terms or conventions that scholars use.
 Now my doubts are all gone;
 All appearances are Dharmakaya:
 That's the realization of this beggar-mendicant.

Among learned practitioners -
 Now I won't feel ashamed.
 Among learned practitioners -
 Now I won't feel ashamed.

*Composed by Rechungpa. From the 'White Rock Vajra Fortress'.
 Translated according to the explanations of Khenpo Tsultrim Gyamtso Rinpoche by
 Elizabeth Callahan with melody by Patrick Reilly. New York, France and Belgium,
 July 2002. Translation © 2012, Elizabeth Callahan.*

The Six Questions

Mind has even more projections than there are dust motes in the sun;
Is there an accomplished yogi here or a yogini
Who sees the appearance of things laid bare in the very bed where it
lies?

The basic nature of things is not produced by cause or condition;
Is there an accomplished yogi here or a yogini
Who gets to the very bottom of this, cuts down to its very root?

Mind's impulse to sudden thought cannot be stopped by hundreds with
spears;
Is there an accomplished yogi here or a yogini
Who sees that attachment can dissolve, be freed in and of itself?

The movement of thinking mind cannot be locked in an iron box;
Is there an accomplished yogi here or a yogini
Who sees that discursive mind itself is empty in itself?

The sensory enjoyments even wisdom deities do not shun;
Is there an accomplished yogi here or a yogini
Who's able to see through the transparency of the process of
consciousness?

What about the appearance of the six kinds of objects
that go with the consciousnesses -
Not even the hands of Victorious Ones can put a stop to that;
Is there an accomplished yogi here or a yogini
Who can see there is no object there behind the appearances?

The Song of the Profound Definitive Meaning

Sung on the Snowy Range

Emptiness shines in the viewing mind
 And there is no trace of an essence to be seen;
 Seen and seer have collapsed completely.
 Such is my success in realizing the view.

Meditation is a continuous stream of Clarity,
 So there is no meditation to keep in sessions and breaks;
 Meditation and meditator have collapsed completely.
 Such is my success in devoting myself to meditation.

Through the certainty in the emptiness of interdependent
 conditions,
 As I perform actions in the natural state of Clarity,
 Action and actor have collapsed completely.
 Such is my success in maintaining right conduct.

Biased thoughts have vanished into the expanse of space,
 So there is no more public and private, eight worldly dharmas,
 hopes and fears;
 All sense of keeping vows and someone keeping them has
 collapsed completely.
 Such is my success in keeping samaya.

Because of the certainty that my mind is Dharmakaya
 Which accomplishes the benefit of both myself and others,
 Something to attain and someone to attain it has collapsed
 completely.
 Such is my success in realizing the fruit.

The Sources of Power

There's a whole lot of power in my view,
Free from extremes, beyond concepts.
There's a whole lot of power right here in the heart
Of what's been pure from the very start.

There's a whole lot of power in my meditation,
Undistracted and reference-free.
A whole lot of power is what I find
In the great clear light, the great clear light.

There's a whole lot of power when I act,
Because whatever happens, I'm relaxed.
There's a whole lot of power flowing easily
When actions are natural, relaxed and free.

There's a whole lot of power in the result
Of pure reality recognizing itself.
There's a whole lot of power in the fruit
Of this great variety being naturally free.

There's a whole lot of power in my samaya,
I've precisely followed the Lama's commands.
There's a whole lot of power because nothing is wrong,
No vows have been broken, no harm has been done.

There's a whole lot of power in my practice
Because whatever happens, I adapt to it.
There's a whole lot of power, because in the end
All appearances are my friends.
I say, all appearances are my friends!

By Milarepa. Under the guidance of Khenpo Tsultrim Gyamtso Rinpoche and with the help of Chryssoula Zerbini, translated by Ari Goldfield, May 29, 2000. Translation © 2012, Ari Goldfield.

The True Union of the Heart

Oh Marpa of Lhotrak / Dechen Rangdrol /
Rigdzin Shikpo / Shenpen Shikmo
You are the one
Who shows me such great kindness.

I call upon you from the depths of my heart
And I meet you in meditation.

Again and again I call out your name
So we'll never ever be separated.

The bliss is the bliss of the true union
Of my heart with the heart of the Guru.

Milarepa's reply to a pigeon goddess girl. Translated by Lama Shenpen Hookham, 2006, from a spanish translation. Original song on following page.

True Union of the Heart - Song to a Pigeon Goddess Girl

E MA HO

O Marpa from Lhodrak, you are the one
with that kindness, oh, so kind.

By calling you up from my heart, in my heart
you are when I meditate.

Again and again I pray that we never again will separate.
The bliss is the bliss of the blending of minds
when your own with the guru is fused.

AH LA LA what appearances are
deep down in their basic being;
They're the ever unborn, the Dharmakaya
when this is pointed out.

They fuse in the depths of Dharmakaya,
the ever uncontrived.

I do not go checking on views to find out
if my own are high and others' are low.

This mind that's not tampered with, left uncontrived,
is when feeling good feels just right.

The emptiness luminosity
is mind in its basic being.

Luminosity emptiness is awareness
when this is pointed out.

They fuse in the depths of the uncontrived mind,
you're home free in the native state.

I do not go checking on meditation
to see if mine is good and yours bad;

This mind that's not tampered with, left uncontrived,
is when feeling good feels just right.

The sixfold collection of consciousnesses
is lucid right there in itself.

This, the non-dual: perceived, perceiver not two;
when this is pointed out,

The pleasure and pain duality too
is two where one and one equals one.
What's left is the depths of the uncontrived mind,
you're home free in the native state.
I do not go checking on conduct to see
if I got it and the others missed out.
This mind that's not tampered with, left uncontrived,
is when feeling good feels just right.

What the fruit of this is, is Dharmakaya,
what success is all about.
What variety is, is Nirmanakaya,
when this is pointed out
They fuse in the depths where mind and object connect,
and liberation is remembering that.
But to worry and wait for some result to come back
is not the kind of life for me.
This mind that's not tampered with, left uncontrived,
is when feeling good feels just right.

*Under the guidance of Khenpo Tsultrim Gyamtso Rinpoche, translated and arranged by
Jim Scott, Kagyu Ling, Chateau de Plaique, Toulon-sur-Arroux, France, August, 1994.
Translation © 2012, Jim Scott.*

Three Clarities

What appears is clarity,
Emptiness is clarity,
Wisdom's clarity as well.
The meeting of these clarities three
Is like the sun
In a sky cloud-free.



*Nang sal tong sal yeshe sal
Salwa sum dang drok tsa na
Trin may ka la nyi shar dra
Trin may ka la nyi shar dra*

A verse from a Milarepa song. Translated by Lama Shenpen Hookham, June, 2005, at the request of Khenpo Tsultrim Gyamtso Rinpoche..

Three Key Points to be Driven Home

Lord Guru, bless me that I remain spontaneously
In the flow of your view, meditation and action.

There are three key points of the view
That need to be driven home.
There are three key points of the meditation
That need to be driven home.
There are three key points of the action
That need to be driven home.
There are three key points of the fruit
That need to be driven home.

What are the three key points of the view?
The world of appearances all reduces to mind;
The mind itself is by nature Clarity,
Beyond the range of conceptual recognition.

What are the three key points of the meditation?
All thoughts are liberated in the Dharmakaya;
The natural state is Awareness, Clarity and Bliss;
Resting in this without contrivance is meditation.

What are the three key points of the action?
The ten wholesome actions occur spontaneously;
The ten unwholesome actions are purified as they arise;
Clarity - Emptiness needs no correction.

What are the three key points of the fruit?
There is no Nirvana to get from somewhere else;
There is no samsara to give up and leave behind;
One becomes completely sure one's mind is Buddha.

All these three points contain one key point
That needs to be driven home.
That one key point is the Dharmata-Shunyata;
The one who drives it home is the genuine Guru.
It is not driven home through much analysis;
It is driven home through realizing the Innate Nature.

This common property of Dharma practitioners everywhere
Arose as it occurred to the mind of this yogin.
May it delight the minds of you my disciple sons and daughters.

*Composed by Milarepa, titled 'The Three Nails'. Translated by Lama Shenpen
Hookham. Melody by Five Cram.*

Three Kinds of Confidence in Genuine Reality

At the feet of Marpa the Translator, I bow
From meditating here and there in natural retreats:

I've gained confidence that there is no arising,
This swept away my taking past and future lives as two,
Exposed all six realms' appearances as false,
And cut right through believing all too much in birth and death.

I've gained confidence in everything as equal,
This swept away my taking happiness and grief as two,
Exposed the ups and downs of feelings as false,
And cut believing there are some to have and some to shun.

In inseparability I've gained confidence,
This swept away samsara and Nirvana seen as two,
Exposed the exercise of paths and levels as false,
And cut right through believing all too much in hope and fear.

Sung by Milarepa in answer to benefactors who asked him how his realization had increased after having practised in different mountain retreats. Under the guidance of Khenpo Tsultrim Gyamtso Rinpoche, translated and arranged by Jim Scott, Pullahari Monastery, Nepal, February, 1998, Translation © copyright 2012, Jim Scott

Twelve Kinds of Yogic Joy

Like a criminal gaining his freedom from a dungeon hole,
The yogi who gives up his native country knows bliss.

Like a spirited horse that's freed of hobbling chains,
The yogi who slips from perceived and perceiver knows bliss.

Like a deer that has been wounded will lie low,
The yogi who lives on his own all alone knows bliss.

Like the king of birds that wings his way on high,
The yogi who gains command over view knows bliss.

Like the wild wind that's roaming through the sky,
The yogi not blocked by any obstruction knows bliss.

Like a shepherd tending his flock of white-fleeced sheep,
The yogi tending his luminous/empty experience knows bliss.

Like the massive bulk of the central king of mountains,
The yogi unfazed by transition and change knows bliss.

Like the constant flow of a great and mighty river,
The unbroken-flow-of-experience-yogi knows bliss.

Like a human corpse as it lies in a cemetery,
The yogi who shuts all activity down knows bliss.

Like a stone that's thrown into the deep blue sea,
The yogi who never turns back again knows bliss.

Like the sun that rises and lights up the whole sky,
The yogi who lights up everything knows bliss.

Like a palm tree when you strip it of its leaves,
The yogi not needing to be reborn knows bliss.

This melody on these twelve kinds of yogic happiness
Is a Dharma gift to all of you, may it answer your question well.

Sung by Milarepa when concerned students inquired about his health

*Under the guidance of Khenpo Tsultrim Gyamtso Rinpoche, translated and arranged by
Jim Scott at Karma Tengjal Ling, Ludwigshorst, Germany, Summer, 1994.*

Translation © 2012 Jim Scott.

Twenty Seven Cases of Dissolution

Master and hidden Buddha in human form,
You with the name not spoken lightly, Lotsawa,
Father who've been so kind, at your feet I bow.

I am no singer of Vedic songs,
You spirit said "Sing a song, sing me a song,"
In answer here's a melody that sings of basic being.

Thunder and lightning and floating clouds,
Whenever these appear from the sky, they appear,
And when they dissolve, into the sky they dissolve.

Rainbows and fog banks and sleet, these three,
Whenever these appear from the blue they appear,
And when they dissolve, into the blue they dissolve.

Pollen and harvest and fruit, these three,
Whenever these appear from the earth they appear,
And when they dissolve, into the earth they dissolve.

Forests and flowers and foliage, these three,
Whenever these appear from the mountain they appear,
And when they dissolve, into the mountain they dissolve.

Rivers, foaming waters and waves, these three,
Whenever these appear from the ocean they appear,
And when they dissolve, into the ocean they dissolve.

Attachment as patterns, perception, holding on,
Whenever these appear from the all-base they appear,
And when they dissolve, into the all-base they dissolve.

Self-aware, self-luminous, self-liberated too,
Whenever these appear from the mind itself appear,
And when they dissolve, into the mind itself dissolve.

The unborn and unceasing and inexpressible,
Whenever these appear from pure being they appear,
And when they dissolve, into pure being they dissolve.

What appears as, is perceived as, and is thought of as a ghost,
Whenever these appear from the yogi they appear,
And when they dissolve, into the yogi they dissolve.

The blocking spirits: magic creations of the mind,
Your own projections empty, with this not realized
The yogi takes these ghosts as real, into delusion falls.

The root of delusion grows out of the mind,
By gaining realization of the essence of the mind
Clear light is seen to be quite free of coming, going too.

Objects seeming outside, a delusion of your mind,
And through examination of appearances' traits,
Appearance and its emptiness, you are not two.

When you think it's meditation, meditation is a thought,
"I'll do non-meditation" is another thought again,
Meditation and non-meditation, not two different things.

A view involving dualism forms delusion's base.
There is no view or theory in reality itself,
And all of these examples show the character of mind.

Consider well examples illustrating space's traits,
And their point will be quite clear to you, pure being's reality.
Then view for you is look into what's real past thinking mind.

In the depths of meditation without wandering, just rest.
Keep a flow of natural conduct flowing, don't let it get lost.
For fruition toss all terms away, along with hope and fear.

Spirit, claim this Dharma inheritance that's yours,
I have no time to while away in endless empty songs.
Don't think or question more just now, but teach your tongue to rest.

A spirit said to sing a song and so I've done just that;
And now the words that came of this, the words of a crazy man,
Are for you to put into practice, spirit, if you can.

For food you then will feed on the food of great bliss,
For drink you'll quench your thirst on a nectar undefiled,
For work you'll spend your energy tending yogis' needs.

A song of Dharma's definitive meaning, sung by Milarepa to a female spirit. Under the guidance of Khenpo Tsultrim Gyamtso Rinpoche translated and arranged by Jim Scott, at Karma Choling, summer, 1994, revised at Cha'n Centre, 1995. Translation © 2012, Jim Scott.

Warrior Song of the Awakened Heart

The Awakened Heart Sangha is steadfast and fearless,
With the courage of warriors, working forever.
Beings are endless, tormented by suffering,
We shall be fearless with the courage of warriors,
Working forever to free them.

The Awakened Heart Sangha is never faint-hearted,
With the courage of warriors working forever.
The task is not easy, there's much to be suffered.
We shall be steadfast, with the courage of warriors,
Our hearts never faltering nor failing.

The Awakened Heart Sangha's secret of wisdom
Is realizing not-self, open and Empty.
No one to vanquish and no one defeated,
Fears, doubts and worries are all mere appearance,
There's no true arising or ceasing.

The Awakened Heart Sangha relies on this secret,
With the courage of warriors working forever.
True love for all beings pours forth from true wisdom,
Discovered within us, each true-hearted warrior,
Full bound to the service of others.

When deep, rare instructions from a kind, realized lama
Meet with the glad hearts of faithful disciples,
This coming together depends on connections,
Like a reflection of moonlight on water,
Wakening the heart's deepest wisdom.

All that we are seeing depends on connections.
Like moonlight on water, it's merely reflections.
All sounds are like echoes resounding in valleys,
Empty of substance, there's nothing to grasp at.
They're illusions like magic or rainbows.

When we have the courage to see things in this way,
Sufferings and pleasures become truly equal.
Just as when ice melts and turns into water,
Sufferings and pleasures are free and delightful.
This is the true meaning of wisdom.

Certainty is needed in the Clarity of Chitta,
The changeless nature, non-arising, non-ceasing.
This Truth alone is the nature of beings,
Not mere illusion but love ever-active,
Working forever for others.

These are instructions in the key points of Dharma,
Sutra and Tantra, that point to the essence.
Again and again please apply them in practice!
Let samsara and Nirvana be self-liberated
In the spacious and empty expanse.

This is a profound song on appearance and essence,
How things appear and how they truly are,
Sung by the wandering Yogin Dechen Rangdrol
In directionless space, without size or dimension:
An ungraspable song, yet we sing it.

The Awakened Heart Sangha will train in compassion,
Together with wisdom, never faint-hearted,
Always uplifted and never despairing,
Working forever to benefit others,
And bring peace and joy to their hearts.

Composed by Lama Shenpen Hookham in December 2001, based on an original spoken extemporaneously by Khenpo Tsultrim Gyamtso Rinpoche in an interview with students of the Awakened Heart Sangha in September 2001.

Welcome Song

You have come, you have come,
From your Dharmadhatu palace,
From compassion for all beings,
You have come.

From our hearts, from our hearts,
We rejoice and bid you welcome,
And we thank you for your kindness,
From our hearts.

In this place, in this place,
Is the citadel of Dharma,
And the Buddhas are assembled,
In this place.

Please remain, please remain,
Till all beings are awakened,
And samsara's pit is emptied,
Please remain.

Composed by Francesca Fremantle to welcome Lama Rigdzin Shikpo Rinpoche to Tyn y Gors in November 2012.