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THE SONGS OF RANGJUNG RIKPE DORJE

NAMO GURAVE

Rangjung Rikpe Dorje is the greatest of the great noble ones and the holiest of the holy. Primordially, he is the father of the victorious ones of the three times. Although he is fully enlightened, he has appeared for the benefit of the untameable savages of this dark age in the form of the supreme *nirmāṇakāya*, the *vajrācārya*. He has taken up the burden of performing splendid benefit for the teachings and beings. He knows and sees the meaning of all dharma and non-dharma without exception, and is replete with inconceivable good qualities. This refuge of beings, the glorious holy guru, whose name is difficult to utter, the one known as Palden Rangjung Rikpe Yeshe Lungtok Chökyi Nyima Trinle Tönkün Trup, sang this vajra song.

[Rangjung Rikpe Dorje wrote:]

Not even a mere fraction of the virtues resembling those of the Kagyü guru forefathers are seen in me, a bad son. Nevertheless, because the oral instructions of the glorious holy gurus are so powerful, it is impossible not to obtain a little certainty in them. And so I offer this melodious vajra song to please the guru and *ḍākinīs*.

NAMO GURAVE

The father guru who is the embodiment of the three
roots

Dwells in the center of my heart, the realm of citta.

Toward the guru who is always the essence of the
trikāya,

Devotion of the three kinds of faith arises.

However, in this wheel of confusion of fixation on
permanence,

The root of the three realms is not cut.

Because of this, sentient beings, myself and others

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Are enveloped in the great darkness of ignorance.
 The guru bestows the means of dispelling this.
 This good body of the eighteen freedoms and favorable
 circumstances
 Is like a bubble, impermanent and uncertain.
 Although one knows this, one becomes more and more
 savage.
 Father guru, by your compassion
 The confusion and ignorance of myself and other
 sentient beings are destroyed.

Karma, its cause and effect, is inevitably experienced.
 It ripens accordingly as one takes up or abandons virtue
 or evil deeds.
 Thinking of this, I feel compassion toward all our
 fathers and mothers.
 Because we are ignorant, tightly fixated on permanence,
 We are fettered by our own deeds.
 In this prison, where black and white are distinguished,
 It is certain that the fruits of all one's actions will
 ripen in oneself.

Think of this, all sentient beings, our old mothers,
 And do not misunderstand the different causes and
 their effects.
 Sit freely in the place of the three solitudes,
 And practice strenuously in both body and speech.
 If you do this, the kindness of the glorious guru
 Is beyond near and far.
 Each cause brings forth its respective effects.
 When one realizes the essence of the two truths,
 The nature of all sentient beings of the three
 realms
 Is seen not to differ from this.
 In the unfabricated perfection of one's mind,
 The net of the three realms is unraveled by
 self-luminosity.

One's innate nature, uncorrupted by conceptual mind,
 Is the body of the guru, the play of self-existing space.

Not attached to the extreme of either emptiness or
 luminosity,
 It spontaneously manifests as the essence of the four
 kāyas.
 This experience is called "the guru and one's mind."
 But even this is just a name.
 It is impossible to show it as one extreme.

From this truth, yearning arises; from this yearning,
 bodhicitta is aroused.
 Saṃsāra, the three realms of our mothers, is shaken
 from its depths.
 May the 1,002 buddhas of the three times,
 By the true power of the vow of their nonconceptual
 mind,
 Make manifest instantaneously
 The kingdom of dharmakāya which transcends the
 intellect,
 And may they liberate all sentient beings in this
 essence.

Saddened by the views and actions of the untamed people of this
 dark age, I sang this song called "Dispelling the Anguish of Mind"
 in order to arouse the vow of compassion of the only father guru.

Ah ho!
 Embodiment of all refuges, dharmakāya Vajradhara,
 Is inseparable from the body of the glorious guru.
 Because of my overwhelming longing for you, this
 melodious song
 Overflows from the power of my overwhelming
 devotion.

The primordial, natural state is brilliantly clear;
 But not relaxing in this penetrating state,
 How confused I have become in analyzing my
 discursive thoughts!
 Contemplating this, I remember with longing the
 Karma Kagyü.

Passing beyond with the self-existing ground of
 insight-emptiness,
 This ordinary mind of nowness
 Is not conceptualized as being born or liberated.
 Its unceasing manifestation cannot be thought of as
 an external object.
 Saṃsāra and nirvāṇa appear simultaneously.
 This is the effortless path, marvelous mahāmudrā.
 One meets the face of basic self-existing insight.
 The ways of saṃsāra and nirvāṇa are mastered,
 And the confused appearance of the three realms
 collapses into space.
 One reaches the self-existing trikāya;
 So why wish for future results?
 This is the special teaching of the Kagyüs;
 Contemplating this, I pursue the path taken by the
 forefathers.

You followers who rely on me,
 Have no desire for this life; think of the next life.
 Though outwardly adorned with monks' robes, saffron
 like clouds at sunrise,
 Inwardly, their discipline of the three vows is like horns
 on a hare.
 How sad that they do not meditate on the two stages
 of the path.
 Tomorrow, at the time of death,
 This mind full of regrets will be overcome by
 darkness.

Therefore, concentrate on learning, contemplation, and
 meditation.
 Raise the victory banner of the teachings of the
 Practice Lineage to the summit of the world.
 Accomplish the two benefits on this very seat.
 May the fortunate circumstances of accomplishing these,
 The gurus, Mahākāla, Mahākālī, and their host,
 Always accomplish one's wishes.

I discovered a little trust and certainty in the view and meditation

of the Kagyü and was saddened at the actions of those who show the outward form of the dharma, but do not practice in accord with the dharma.

For a long time, my nephew, the retreat master Dechen, and others urged me again and again to sing a song like this. Now, on this auspicious occasion of the preparation of a new edition of the woodblock of *The Ocean of Songs of the Kagyü Forefathers*, I was again persistently urged by the head of discipline, Lama Drupgyü Tendar. In order not to refuse his request, I, the sixteenth holder of the glorious Karmapa lineage, spoke spontaneously whatever arose in my mind. MAṄGALAM