

## Appendix

### The Mountain Retreat

With the faith of my heart,  
I supplicate to [my] father *Chögyal Ngakgi Wangpo*,<sup>1</sup>  
who is the master, Buddha hidden in a human form,  
bless me to subdue my obstinate mind!

In the pleasant, solitary forest,  
ornamented by herb-valleys, woodlands and snowy peaks  
[there exists] abundant local food, fruit and wild greens.  
These are the delights of dwelling in a mountain-retreat.

In the pleasant, solitary forest,  
a blue cuckoo bird sings melodiously,  
a small stream falling, flowing sweetly.  
These are the delights of dwelling in a mountain-retreat.

In the pleasant, solitary forest,  
my companion deer<sup>2</sup> roam and frolic, carefree,  
flowers of exquisite color carpet the meadow.  
These are the delights of dwelling in a mountain-retreat.

In the pleasant, solitary forest,  
this natural cave, not made by anyone  
[stays] warm in winter, and totally cool in summer  
These are the delights of dwelling in a mountain-retreat..

In the pleasant, solitary forest,  
not tied to anyone, friend or foe  
stains of love and hate naturally wane.  
These are the delights of dwelling in a mountain-retreat.

In the pleasant, solitary forest,  
[By] not moving among those who are [socially] higher or lower,  
mental fickleness and hypocrisy naturally wane.  
These are the delights of dwelling in a mountain-retreat.

In the pleasant, solitary forest,  
without the distractions and diversions of this life,  
virtuous practice dawns naturally in isolation.  
These are the delights of dwelling in a mountain-retreat.

---

<sup>1</sup> "Dharma-King, Lord of Speech"

<sup>2</sup> *Ri dwags* can refer to a number of hoofed animals- deer, antelope, gazelle, elk, etc...

In the pleasant, solitary forest,  
as the four<sup>3</sup> seasons successively change,  
[I] recall life's evanescence, [and] sadness dawns.  
These are the delights of dwelling in a mountain-retreat.

In the pleasant, solitary forest,  
the intellect and senses totally cleansed,  
the qualities of realization naturally dawn.  
These are the delights of dwelling in a mountain-retreat.

In the pleasant, solitary forest,  
many resident gurus and scholars,  
sing hymns that ease the mind.  
These are the delights of dwelling in a mountain-retreat

In the pleasant, solitary forest,  
the master, the divine guru, grants blessings,  
the host of Dākinīs bestow siddhis.  
These are the delights of dwelling in a mountain-retreat.

In the pleasant, solitary forest,  
Heroic<sup>4</sup> dharma-protectors and protectresses, guard [against] obstacles,  
the gods on the side of good create favorable conditions.  
These are the delights of dwelling in a mountain-hermitage.

I, a yogin, spend [my] time in the mountains.  
May those lucky [to be born] humans [come] to the mountains,  
at all times rely on the solitary mountain retreat,  
and in this life, go from bliss to bliss.

I, a beggar, without food or needs,  
without servants or masters, [am] alone.  
Without humans or dogs in this empty valley,  
I receive happiness that is imminent, immeasurable, boundless.

May all who hear this very song,  
by resorting to the holy dharma of tantra,  
to subdue their obstinate<sup>5</sup> inner minds,  
stay in seclusion on a mountain-side.

*This as well was spoken by Tsogdruk Rangdrol*

---

<sup>3</sup> *Bzhi bo* in the book, *bzhi po* in the pecha (doesn't really change anything)

<sup>4</sup> *Dpa'* ("hero") in book, *dpal* ("glorious") in pecha

<sup>5</sup> *Gyong bo* should be *gyong po*. Pecha agrees.

## The Dry Shore of Solitude

Roaming in the wilderness like the sun and moon,  
fearless as lions,  
detached as vultures,  
to people like that, I bow.

In the layman's village household,  
anger burns like the fire within a stove  
desire boils like tea in a copper [pot]  
delusions spread like smoke  
miserliness tightens like a basket's mouth  
envy barks like a guard-dog  
pride groans like a domestic ox  
suffering, like the food and drink, is plentiful.

To remain at ease in my fatherland,  
that ocean of suffering, would I not be mad?

If I go, like the excellent forefathers,  
I will depart for the pleasant solitary forest;  
amidst dancing trees  
[to] a valley of rolling hills and dazzling flowers  
[under] a canopy of bees buzzing about<sup>6</sup>  
[to] a land where many birds sing  
[to] an abode where deer play and dance  
[to] a mountain where streams flow and fall down through the rocks.

A forest of the marvelous solitude,  
the variety of fruits in trees  
are as abundant as a household's food stores.

The nettles, radishes, vegetables  
are as plentiful as the household's yearly grass.

The utterly beautiful birds and deer  
are more beautiful than the household's men and women.

If you're always spending time with folks, your continuum  
is dull as the household's men and women.

Passing beyond all kinds of dialects  
[silence] is more melodious than the household's flutes.

---

<sup>6</sup> *Lang ling* in the book, *ling ling* in the pecha. Both mean about the same thing- swaying about, or drifting.

The afflictions of ignorance and the five poisons  
are scarcer than the household's gold and silver.

Daily virtuous practice  
is greater than the household's fall harvest.

The good qualities of experience and realization  
arise like the village's crop surplus.

The ways of the sage isolated from the household...  
to explain it is beyond the capacity of words.

To remain persistently in the blazing pit  
of the household is that not mistaken?  
If I remain now in the cool shade  
of the mountain retreat, is it not sublime?

To remain unharmed in the great depths  
of the river of the household, what, are you mad?  
If you stand now, joyfully on the dry shore  
of the solitary mountain retreat, it is good.

Lusting after offerings, poison liquid, as if its nectar,  
is such conduct not mistaken?<sup>7</sup>  
Having left for the solitary mountain retreat,  
you drink the nectar of supreme doctrine, it is good.

Swept away by the river of the eight worldly concerns,  
may people, crying out in suffering ,  
by hearing this sweet song  
be lead to the dry shore of solitude.

*This also was sung by the non-doer with blissful speech and a joyful mind, Tsogdruk Rangdrol. Will those rolling in suffering within the poison waters of Saṃsāra, by listening to this melodious tune, rely upon the dry shore of solitude?*

---

<sup>7</sup> Here Shabkar is criticizing village monks greedy for offerings. In this stanza he is contrasting village monks who only practice for their own wealth and status to mountain retreat-ants whose practice is authentic.

### Flee into Solitude!

In the pleasing, solitary pleasure grove,  
I bow at the feet of all the learned and accomplished ones  
teaching and accomplishing the doctrine, raising the victory banner  
of the teaching of the subduer, with exertion in their hands.

In one's fatherland, the demonic prison--  
the darkness of bewilderment is utter darkness  
the filth of desire is a great muck  
the thorns of hatred are extremely sharp.

The jailer, your companion the little woman, is unmerciful  
the cries of loving and hateful speech are unceasing  
the punishment of suffering is unbearable  
mind's happiness is ever unreachable<sup>8</sup>

Past *milas*, fathers and sons,<sup>9</sup>  
like fortunate ones dispelling the darkness of the land of *Rebgong*,  
now, don't stay! Don't stay! Swiftly flee!  
May you turn your back on your fatherland-prison!

Show your backs<sup>10</sup> to the girls who guard the prison.  
To the pleasing solitary pleasure grove, flee!  
[To] the place where victorious ones of the past found purification  
[in] the traces of the abodes of the learned and accomplished ones.

On the wondrous solitary mountainside  
there are so many marvels/various fantastic shows  
    Up above, the southern clouds  
    sweep and soar,  
    Down below,  
    clear streams fall and flow.  
    Out in front,  
    grass, trees, wisps of mist.  
    The melody of birds--  
    *kyu ru ru...*  
    The songs of bees--  
    *di ri ri...*

---

<sup>8</sup> More technically, *sems nam yang bde ba'i go skabs med* translates to, "mind never has an opportunity for bliss," but I chose to translate it this way to preserve the parallelism of all lines in this quartet ending in the negative verb *med*, "to not have."

<sup>9</sup> A metaphor for "masters and disciples." *yab sras dang*.

<sup>10</sup> More precisely, *ltag pa* refers to the nape of the neck. I decided that "back" simply flows better in English.

The vulture's powerful wings--  
*go ro ro...*  
The many deer--  
*sha ra ra...*

When you go somewhere like that,  
not supporting family, [you're] happy,  
not worrying about what to eat, [you're] happy,  
not burdened by watching your back, [you're] happy,  
not needing to endeavor in commerce or farming, [you're] happy,  
not suffering over guarding your wealth, [you're] happy,  
not quarreling with enemies, [you're] happy,  
gaining freedom to practice whatever dharma, [you're] happy,  
accomplishing the eternal goal, [you're] happy,  
in this life and the next, [you're] happy.

From now on, seizing [the moment]  
go to joy!  
now don't just sit there,  
flee!  
Towards the periphery, not turning [back]<sup>11</sup>  
flee into solitude!  
Far from eyes, not looking back  
flee into solitude!  
not listening to people's gossip  
flee into solitude !  
in silence, not explaining anything  
flee into solitude!  
Like a vulture escaping from a trap  
flee!  
Like a criminal breaking out of jail  
flee!  
Still not conveying whatever thoughts [about escaping]  
flee!

People down there,  
who've entered into the prison-yard of samsara,  
by this victorious one's sweet and powerful song,  
may you, having set out for a solitary place in high,  
also practice the dharma  
and dance for joy.

---

<sup>11</sup> I believe that *ma khor* has a double meaning here not capturable by English: *khor ba* means to spin or turn, but is also the translation for *samsara*. "Not turning" also means "not samsara," an absence of suffering.

*This as well was commissioned by Tsogdruk Rangdrol, the one who sang [this] song, having considered whether people wail with attachment and aversion while continually asleep in the prison of samsara are able to flee into solitude.*

## Manifestations of Transience

Homage to the Guru  
father possessing the three kindnesses <sup>12</sup>  
with your eye of gnosis  
lovingly and continuously watch over  
your devoted son from afar.

Tormented again and again by frost,  
the maroon meadow flowers,  
having shown a manifestation  
like youth changing, depart.

Frozen by bitter winds,  
the grass of the mountains and plains,  
having shown a manifestation  
like the hair on one's head, gray.

Blistered by fall,  
the various fruits on trees  
having shown a manifestation  
like teeth falling out, drop.

Stirred by wind,  
the various leaves on trees,  
having shown a manifestation  
like friends changing, part ways.

Flowing down by midday  
the dewdrops atop trees and grass,  
having shown a manifestation  
like wealth changing, wither.

Blistered by winter  
male and female geese,  
having shown a manifestation  
like passing into the hereafter, fly away.

In the secluded mountains, all [things]  
show a manifestation of transience.  
You, a human being, should abandon non-virtue  
and maintain a virtuous human life.

From the treasury of the songs in my throat

---

<sup>12</sup> *Sdom pa*- giving precepts, *lung*- reading authorization, *khrid*.



this lament arose spontaneously.  
Whoever stores it in the treasury of the ear  
benefits their mind.

External things reveal  
the manifestations of transience.  
The one who sing a tune<sup>13</sup> from afar like that  
appears to be Tsogdruk Rangdrol.

May all who hear this song  
while they are still young this year  
forsaking this life in attitude  
wish to establish<sup>14</sup> themselves in such a truth.

*This as well was spoken by a bum to himself, transcending Saṃsāra and touching the  
path of Nirvāṇa. Not this, not outside.*

---

<sup>13</sup> *Rgyang* in book ("song"), *rgyangs* in pecha ("joyful/extensive song")

<sup>14</sup> *Bsgrub par* in book, *sgrub par* in pecha (no real difference)

## Setting Out

I bow the many excellent accomplished ones in previous times,  
who turned their backs on all the mistakes of this life  
and one pointedly practiced in an isolated mountain retreat,  
the Great Seal, the Great Completion, the Middle Way, Pacification [and] Severance.

Listen, as I explain the merits of an isolated mountain retreat,  
the abodes blessed by the excellent sages of the past,  
similar to the celestial realms [of] happiness and joy.  
I'm setting out to meditate in the abode of the isolated mountain retreat.

[On] an unpolluted mountain-top where bandits can't harass [me],  
[with] an abundance [of] superb joy, bliss and happiness  
[with] the inexpressible merits of a long and healthy life.  
I'm setting out to meditate in the abode of the isolated mountain retreat.

[In] a country of many snowy peaks, medicinal trees and forests,  
filled with many beautiful birds and deer,  
pure water flows freely down as the bound ice is loosed.  
I'm setting out to meditate in the abode of the isolated mountain retreat.

The trees, ornamented by leaves, flowers and fruit,  
the sound of their leaves when struck by scented wind,  
Bees dance 'round flowers, smiling and excited.  
I'm setting out to meditate in the abode of the isolated mountain retreat.

With mountain caves, cool pavilions of trees,  
myriad sweet potatoes, fruits, vegetables,  
the sweet and delicious summer foods,  
I'm setting out to meditate in the abode of the isolated mountain retreat.

The abode blessed by the great sages of the past  
The abode where of the great sages of the present dwell  
The abode of the emanations of heirs of the victorious ones who have yet to come  
I'm setting out to meditate in the abode of the isolated mountain retreat.

The abode of a host of lamas, *yidams*, *dākinīs*,  
The abode of the divine retinue of protectors, protectresses and local gods.  
The abode where many supreme and ordinary qualities arise.  
I'm setting out to meditate in the abode of the isolated mountain retreat.

The tune that explains some of the merits of dwelling among the mountains  
it was sung when Tsogdruk Rangdrol went to the mountains.  
By this virtue, may all people, myself and all others,  
having left for the mountains, attain the supreme accomplishment.

~~

*This as well was sung for my own amusement.*

## The Old Bum

Praise be to the guru.

Flocks of vultures, kings of birds  
fly in the center of space unseen.  
Amidst many plants,  
the bees make a clamor.

Great rivers  
meld with into the ocean.  
Amidst many kinds of rocks,  
a small stream makes a clamor.

All past victorious ones  
depart for the pure realms.  
In a dried out hole in a rock<sup>15</sup>  
an old bum makes a clamor.

Though the bees' bodies are small  
buzzing appears that surpasses them  
Always singing melodies  
is the character of bees.

Though the stream in this little speech is small  
a clamor appears that surpasses it.  
Always making a clamor  
is the character of streams.

Although this old man lacks experience and realization  
good advice appears that surpasses him.  
Always drawing out melodious songs  
is the character of old bums.

When vibrant rainbows in space  
refract radiant colors,  
if there is a viewer<sup>16</sup>, look!  
Certain it will dissolve into the pure and empty sky.

When the blue cuckoo, king of birds  
speaks its many sweet sounds  
if there is an audience, listen!  
Certain that it will travel to other lands.

---

<sup>15</sup> *Brag khud* should probably be *brag khung*

<sup>16</sup> *Lta mkhan* in book, *blta mkhan* in pecha (no real difference)

When I, the renunciant yogin  
sing these melodious songs,  
if there is an audience, listen!  
Certain that I won't settle down, but move on.

*This again was expressed by Tsogdruk Rangdrol.*

## The Drunk Talk of a Yogin

As I take my stand in the view--  
not dividing into positions and biases,  
and, since an example is asked for,  
it's like the vast, all-embracing sky.  
Free of biases, this yogin is happy

As I take my stand in meditation--  
that which is ever-radiant,<sup>17</sup>  
and, since an example is asked for,  
it's like the rising sun over earth.  
Ever-radiant, this yogin is happy.

As I take my stand in conduct--  
un-fixated on "this is it,"  
and, since an example is asked for  
it's like the wind blowing through space.  
Un-fixated, this yogin is happy.

As I take my stand in fruition--  
[free from accepting and rejecting<sup>18</sup>]  
and, since an example is asked for,  
it's like coming to a isle of precious gold.  
Free from accepting and rejecting, this yogin is happy.

From now on, you, fortunate ones with a karmic connection,  
should don the cloak of the sky-like view,  
load upon your shoulders the sun and moon of meditation,  
ride upon the winds of conduct,  
and dwell on the precious golden isle of fruition.

I, the son of a pure lama,  
When I sing a tune from experience, sing it like this--  
[to] my cotton-clad heirs in the generations to come.  
If you draw out a song from experience, draw it like this--  
Drunk off the booze of reality itself.

Having spoken drunkenly,  
setting sights into similes,

---

<sup>17</sup> *Gsal zhing 'grib med pa*. I simply changed the wording or *'grib med* from "without decrease" or "unwaning" to "ever" because it flows better in English whilst preserving the meaning.

<sup>18</sup> The text appears is missing a line here, so I fabricated this one logically based on the pattern in the stanzas. Even though the exact line is lost, its meaning should nevertheless be understood; when one has attained the fruit of practice, all phenomena are equally empty, clear and blissful, and so there's no need to discriminate between things that are good and bad. The entire world is golden.

singing a tune of experience,  
uttering oral instructions,  
realizing the Dharmakāya for myself,  
manifesting the Nirmanakāya for others,  
[and] spontaneously accomplishing whatever I think.

Presently I rest happily  
grateful to the glorious lama.

E ma! How wondrous, you fortunate ones!  
Hearing this, may you be free from Saṃsāra.  
Reciting this, may you purify the five heinous crimes.  
Meditating upon this, may you rapidly attain the Dharmakāya.  
Touching this, may you [achieve] ultimate purification.

~

*This as well was sung by the renunciant Tsogdruk Rangdrol, from his hazy state loosely speaking whatever he thinks.*

## The Wine of Emptiness

Realizing that the realities of *saṃsāra* and *nirvāṇa* [are], like dreams,  
the play of mind, and resolving that mind itself  
[is] insubstantial (*dn̄gos med*), empty, all of whose conceptions, without exception,  
of entering and emerging from the with expanse of reality  
that realizes unborn emptiness itself, the Dharmakāya, have vanished,  
to the kind lama Chögyal, I bow.

Look for yourself beyond at outer objects-  
these [objects], first, from whence do they arise?  
Where do they abide? Where do they go? and so on..  
Thoroughly investigate [this]. Like clouds in the sky,  
[they] arise from the sky, abide iwithin the sky,  
and again pass into the sky's expanse.

Phenomena seen and heard arise from mind,  
abide within the mind, and again,  
pass into the mind's expanse. Realize<sup>19</sup> the faulty nature of those things!

When you realize this, consider well:  
are the characteristics of appearances established inherently?  
For instance, just like people in dreams,  
even the perceived phenomena that appear [to be] valid  
are not inherently established. Resolve that [those things] are like dreams!  
Think of them like dreams! Decide it with certainty!

When the sublime<sup>20</sup> is uncovered, look to the inner mind itself  
which apprehends all of these so called "external objects."  
As a gust of wind vanishes into space  
know that the apprehender is like [this];  
because it passes into emptiness, it's not inherently established.  
Resolve [this] with certainty!

When the sublime is uncovered,  
look thoroughly to see whether that emptiness itself  
has a limit or boundary. [In fact,] it is free of limit and boundary.  
When you realize that it is free of center and circumference, look to see:  
does it have inside or outside? [In fact,] it is free from inner and outer.  
When you realize it has no inside or outside, look to see:

---

<sup>19</sup> *Rtog* (to understand intellectually) is probably supposed to be *rtogs* (to realize viscerally), based on the fact that the very next line uses *rtogs*.

<sup>20</sup> *Bzang bo* is a multivalent term, signifying what is true and correct, but also what is good and even "auspicious." Because of the overtly religious connotations of this word, I chose "sublime" as a means of capturing the parallel connotations of truth and beauty.



does it come or go? [In fact,] it is free from coming and going.  
When you thoroughly realize it doesn't even have coming or going,  
Look to yourself, the observer of those [things.]

As perceiver and perceived, that deep darkness is dispelled,  
intrinsic awareness, luminous and empty, the pure-light Dharmakāya,  
that vast all-embracing sky emerges.

Remaining within suchness (*de nyid*), intrinsically pure (*rang sangs*),  
open, in its rootlessness,<sup>21</sup> vivid (*lhag ge*) in its undiminished lucidity,  
left as it is, unreal, unconstrained, baseless,  
naked in emptiness, hanging loose and grinning,  
Rest leisurely and relax the thoroughly investigated body.

When, by the stirring of conceptuality, you begin to awaken,  
by intellectual investigation, you should rest, ignobly as before.<sup>22</sup>  
When you rise from the rest, resolve that phenomena seen and heard  
are not established apart from the mind.

Creation, completion, purifying the stains,  
and even dedications and aspirations are just like the horses and bulls conjured by a  
magician. Look at [such things] like they're illusions,  
and the sun of bliss will dawn in the center of your heart.

To whatever extent that this song is heard by wayfarers,  
[may they] taste the intoxication of the nectar of pure light,  
purifying without remnant the chronic illness of perceiver and perceived.  
Having gone to the pure-land of the expanse of reality,  
it was [my] wish to compose a song as elegant  
as the various dances of the Nirmanakāya.

*This as well was spoken by the aimless singer of the Rebkong, the carefree madman, the  
free and serene vagrant, having gotten drunk off the booze of emptiness remains in the  
bed of the expanse of reality, drunkenly speaking of whatever arose [in his experience] to  
himself.*

---

<sup>21</sup> I'm translating *brten med* here as short for *brten sa med pa*, "rootless"

<sup>22</sup> Not sure about this line. It's *yi dpyod kyis ma 'phag sngar bzhin du gzims shig*. Perhaps this means that one should rest the conceptual consciousness (*rnam rtog*) by means of intellectual investigation (*yi d dpyod*). This would certainly be an orthodox, gradualist Tibetan position to take, that is, that people should tame their minds by using their minds, rather than taking a Ch'an approach of quelling thought with pure awareness.

### Realize This!

Having hung the victory banner,  
crowned and trimmed with pure intentions,  
I bow at the Feet of Chögyal, the supreme guide,  
the wish-fulfilling jewel that  
fulfills whatever is desired and hoped for  
when prostrations and supplications are performed.

I'm not a good singer  
but I met a kind and authentic lama  
and received unmistakable and profound instructions,  
and so I sing a song realized by me,  
of the true way of abiding.  
[You] lucky ones with ripening karma should listen up!

Rainbows and clouds of Saṃsāra and Nirvāṇa appear  
in the sky of the Dharmakāya of intrinsic own awareness, so also,  
as they have arisen, they have arisen from the sky of intrinsic awareness  
as they abide, they abide in the sky of intrinsic awareness  
[and] as they dissolve, they dissolve into the sky of intrinsic awareness.  
Apart from [that sky], nothing has moved [even] a little...  
Understand this!

Grasses and trees of the Saṃsāra and Nirvāṇa grow  
from the earth of the Dharmakāya of intrinsic awareness, so also  
as they have arisen, they have arisen from the earth of intrinsic awareness  
as they abide they abide in the earth of intrinsic awareness  
[and] as they dissolve, they dissolve into the earth of intrinsic awareness  
Apart from [that earth], nothing has moved [even] a little...  
Understand this!

Waves of Saṃsāra and Nirvāṇa emerge  
from the ocean of the Dharmakāya that is one's own awareness, so also  
as they have arisen, they have arisen from the ocean of intrinsic awareness  
as they abide, they abide in the ocean of intrinsic awareness  
as they dissolve, they dissolve into the ocean of intrinsic awareness.  
Apart [that ocean], nothing has moved [even] a little...  
Understand this!

[Though] there is both pain and pleasure during<sup>23</sup> dreaming,  
apart from sleep, there is no movement.  
Just so, the pain and pleasure of Saṃsāra and Nirvāṇa  
has not moved [even] a little apart from the intrinsic awareness....

---

<sup>23</sup> *Gyi* in book, *kyi* in pecha (no real difference)

Since the phenomena of Saṃsāra and Nirvāṇa are gathered and collected  
in the great expanse of one's own awareness, the Dharmakāya,  
beyond [that] base-awareness, the Dharmakāya,  
nothing has moved [even] a little...  
Realize this!

Presently, all phenomena seen and heard  
by those without realization appear as Saṃsāra  
I, a carefree and serene mendicant,  
realize that whatever appears is like an illusion.

Just as the light of a crystal finally dissolves within [itself]  
The basis of appearances of Saṃsāra and Nirvāṇa is purified in the Dharmakāya.  
When the base, the Dharmakāya, becomes manifest  
actual fruition is attained...  
Realize this!

Just as nothing beyond the Dharmakāya has moved,  
Nirmanakaya bodies emanate, taming whoever and whatever.  
Saṃsāra not being emptied,  
they tirelessly further the welfare of beings...  
Realize this!

