

CHANTS FROM SHANGRI-LA



*Original Translation From
the Tibetan*

by

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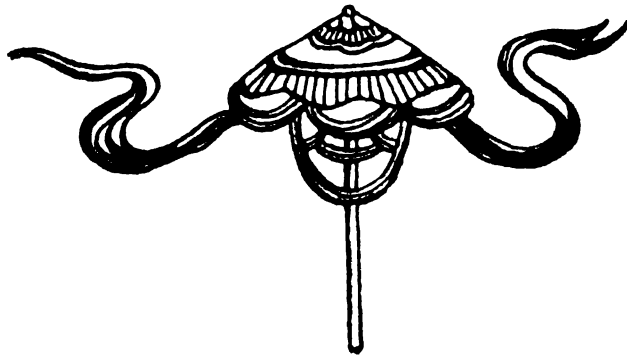
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Manufactured in the United States of America.



DEDICATED
TO THOSE WHO SEEK FOR BEAUTY





FOREWORD

Every race has some contribution to make to the beauty of the world and to the life of each individual who seeks for the beautiful. Pain and sorrow, crime and death, are the same in every part of the world, and the only actual differences that exist between the races are their expressions of beauty. Since they will enrich our lives, we should ever be on the alert to see and find them, even in the far corners of the world. My hope is that you may find in this little book a bit of the beauty that is Tibet. May you see in these old chants the simple, sincere, yet idealistic philosophy of the true Tibetan.

The Shangri-la we read about in James Hilton's *Lost Horizon* in a short time has become a symbol of an ideal Utopia, a sanctuary where one might go to escape from the endless hurry, worry, and distress of the world in this twentieth century. Each individual may build his own Shangri-la and use it for a refuge where he may catch his mental breath and lose his confusion. This story appealed to me for a Shangri-la does exist and is a pass in the mountains near the great lamasery of Tashilunpo, and because it gave to the outside world one conception of the philosophy and ideals of the Tibetan people, who are in one sense my people. I hope that these chants from the "Roof of the World" may add a bit more beauty to your picture of Tibet.

One time my father and Gezong Ongdu, his Tibetan teacher, borrowed some hand-written books from a lamasery in eastern Tibet. Among them mother found these chants which she thought were so interesting and appealing she decided to translate them into English. Most of them were supposed to have been written by Milarepa or some of his disciples. Milarepa was called the poet-singer of Tibet, and during his life traveled from place to place using these chants to teach the people religious ideals. He lived approximately in the eleventh century, and because he was considered a great teacher and a very holy man, the caves where he spent a part of his life in meditation near the foot of Mt. Everest are even today worshiped by many devout Buddhists.

I am grateful to my father and mother for being born and reared in Tibet, and for the opportunity to really know these reserved people of the mountains and their rare ideas of beauty. It was only natural that I should learn their language, ideas, and philosophy of life.

Tibet has so much beauty to share, not only in the thrilling natural beauty of her snow-capped mountains, her blue lakes and whirling rivers, but a wistful appealing beauty which is found in the beliefs and thoughts of her people. Every Tibetan, old and young, always wears a piece of turquoise either set in a ring or tied like a bead around his throat or wrist as a charm to

bring him happiness. They believe, too, that it will gradually take on the color of the owner's heart. That is, the stones belonging to those who are kind and generous will turn to a true pale blue, while those of the bitter, cruel, and selfish person will grow dark and green. Strangely enough, it does happen, and so becomes one of the many things in this world which can never be explained. Remember, doubt has often barred the way to beauty.

The frontispiece of the book is a photograph which my father, Dr. A. L. Shelton, made of a Tibetan painting. Gezong Ongdu, the Tibetan teacher, helped mother make the literal translation and should receive credit for his faithful work. Also I acknowledge with appreciation the fine work of Mr. James Kwan Kee Park of Honolulu, who did the lovely pen and ink sketches. There are of course numerous other people and friends I shall never forget, who gave me the help and encouragement I needed to do this work.

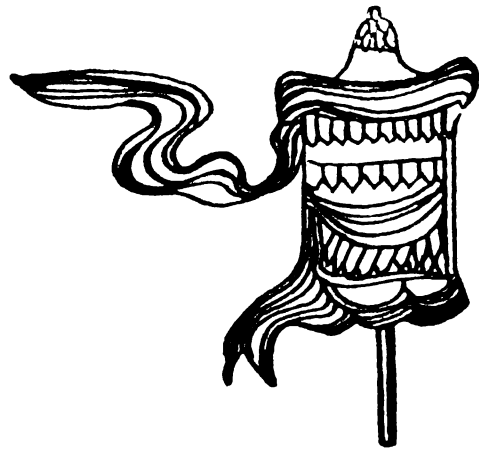
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September, 1939.

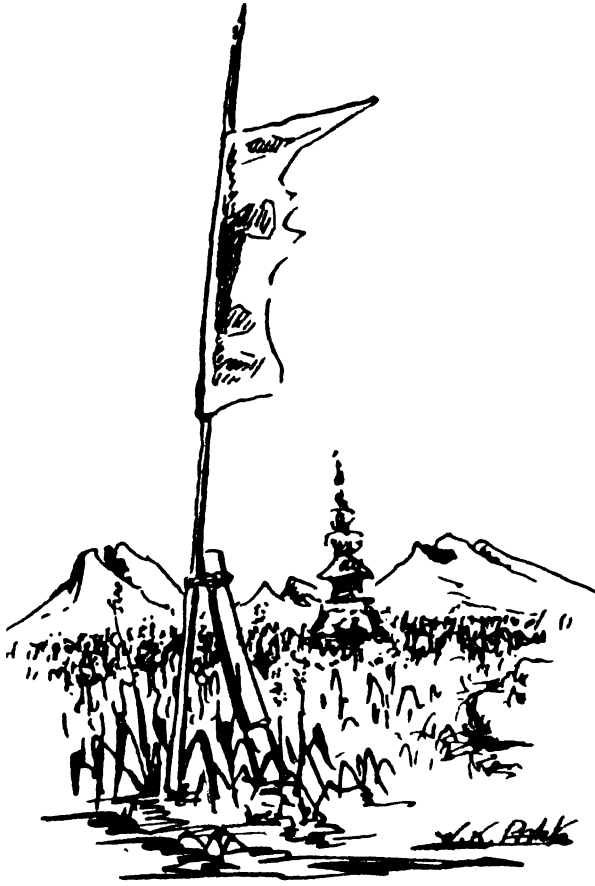


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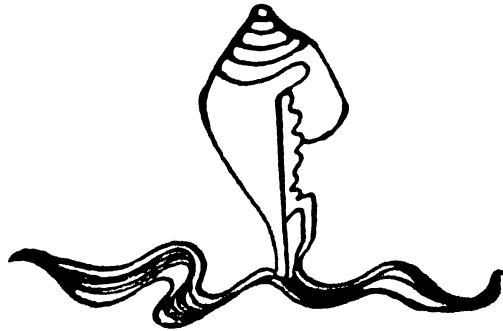
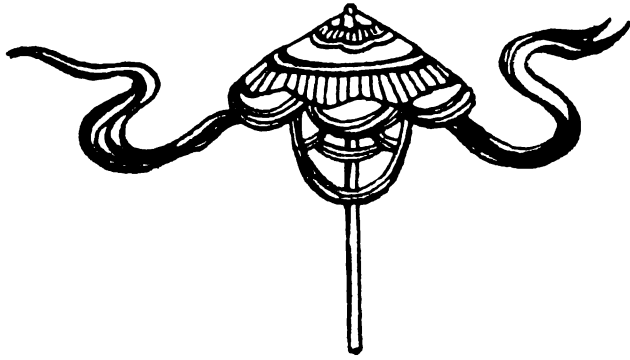






CHANT OF YOUTH

When you become
A full-grown youth
You may be told
Of the magic rites.
You will know of death
And the Lord of Death.



As you go forth
On Life's adventure,
Face without dread
The fortress of fear,
Be not enticed
By riches and jewels,
But seek the road
To meditation
Far through the spaces
Of turquoise blue.
And a great light
As of sun and moon
Will shine about you
When you discover
Joy and virtue
Are really one.
To attain them
You must strive on
Through a prison
Of darkness,
But you shall find
Life sweet to live.

Thus It Is Written.



CHANT OF CONVERSION

Once upon a time
A certain woman
Of great wealth
Was converted.
She had suffered
Great misery
In her life
And had been ill
In mind and body.
She longed intensely
For comfort and peace.
At last she found
True happiness
In the Doctrine
And came to know
The beauty of faith,
And her heart
Was filled
With the essence
Of the Doctrine.

She wanted
To share
With others
This peace
And contentment
She had found,
So she gave
All her jewels
And wealth
To the temple,
That the
Blessed Doctrine
Might be told
To the world;
That all who heard
And felt the imprint
Of its light
Might grasp its meaning,
And while they
Contemplated
On its beauty



All of their
Self-complacency,
Pride and arrogance,
Should disappear,
And they would know
The true happiness,
For their hearts
Would be at ease
In holy meditation.

It is well
To remember
That our hearts
Must know
And feel
True pity
And compassion
For others
Before we
May acquire
Great mercy
For ourselves.



Then, if we
Will follow
The counsel
Of the priests,
Who know
The highest art
Of thinking,
And can teach us
The law
Of the Doctrine,
We too may worship
With sincere devotion
And obtain
True pleasure
In the Gods.

Thus It Is Written.



CHANT OF DIFFICULTY

To cultivate lovely flowers and fruit

Is difficult

Unless we know the value of Dampness.

To understand the origin of life and thought

Is difficult

Unless we read and know the Kanjur.

To be free of misery but still have mercy

Is difficult

Unless we know and practice the Doctrine.

To have religion in our lives and hearts

Is difficult

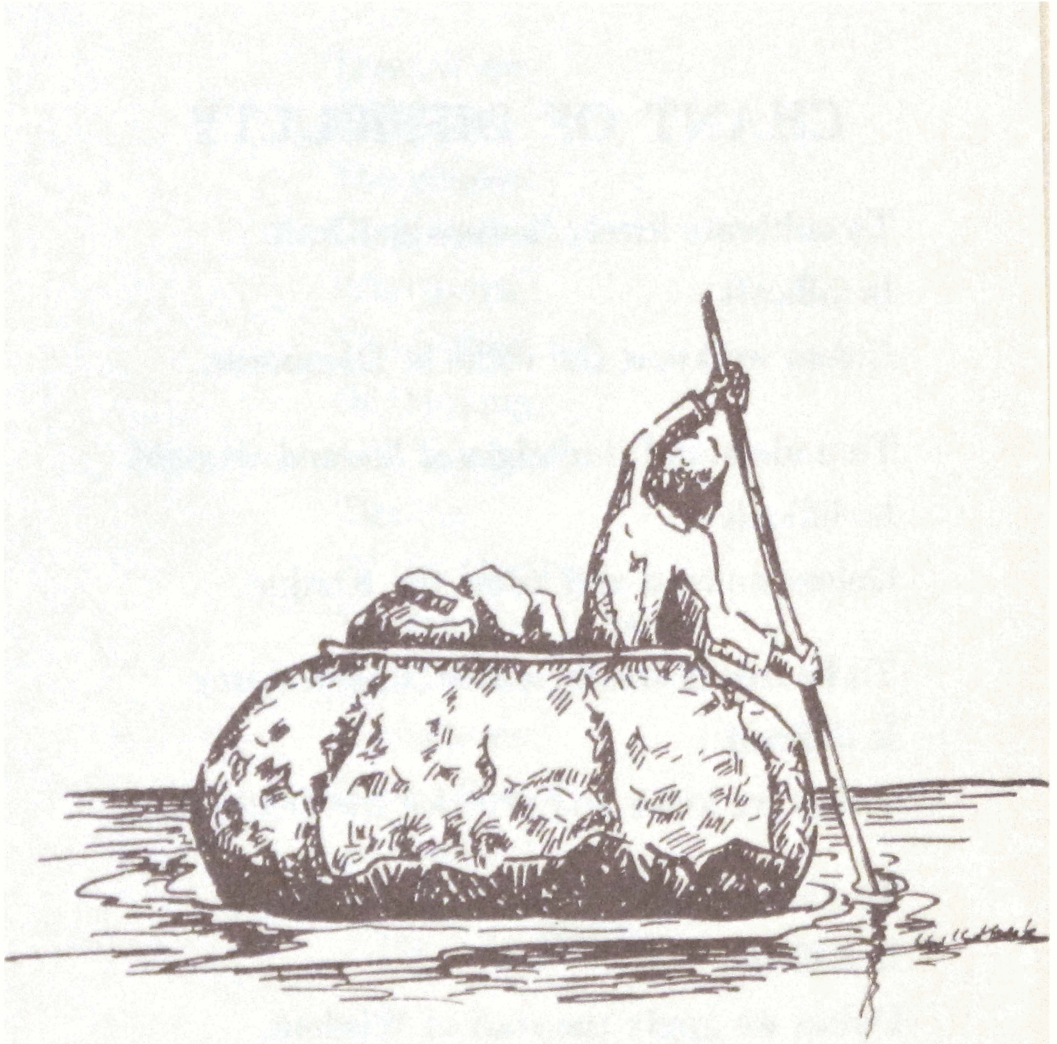
Unless we apply the staff of Wisdom.

To permeate life with spiritual values

Is difficult

Unless we follow the counsel of the Gods.

Thus It Is Written.



CHANT OF HAPPINESS

(FIRST)

If you ignore
The suffering in the world,
You will not be Happy.

If you commit
The works of sin,
You will not be Happy.

If you harbor
Small jealousies,
You will not be Happy.

If you work
With deceit and theft,
You will not be Happy.

If you live
Without being useful,
You will not be Happy.

If you heed
The call of the world,
You will not be Happy.

If you see
With eyes blinded by wealth,
You will not be Happy.

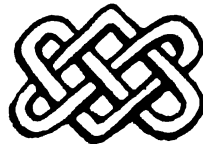
If you feel
That heaven does not exist,
You will not be Happy.

If you believe
There is no life after death,
You will not be Happy.

BUT

If you lead
A life of service,
You will be Happy.

If you are
Sincere in deeds of charity,
You will be Happy.



If you meditate
To learn of the mystic realms,
You will be Happy.

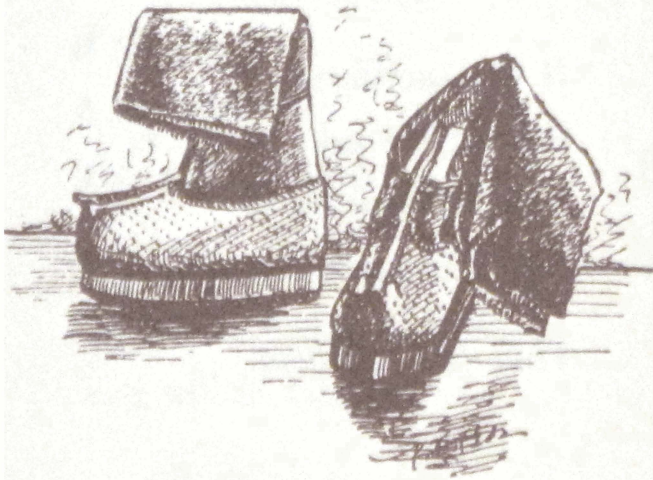
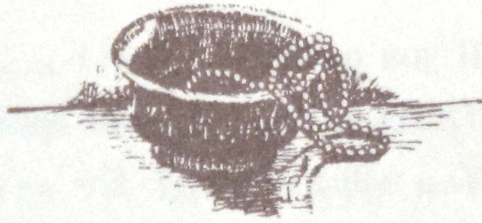
If you possess
The power of a fearless heart,
You will be Happy.

If you ponder
On the six holy thoughts,
You will be Happy.

If you learn
That virtue gives strength,
You will be Happy.

If you sacrifice
Self for the sake of others,
You will find Faith
And Love and Happiness.

Thus It Is Written.



CHANT OF COMMAND

By holy command
Of the king
It was explained
In the books
Which came
From India
That the place
For meditation
Is not when
You are
In a crowd,
But alone
In a quiet
Monastery
High on
A mountain top.
You may
Learn there
To be steadfast
And firm,

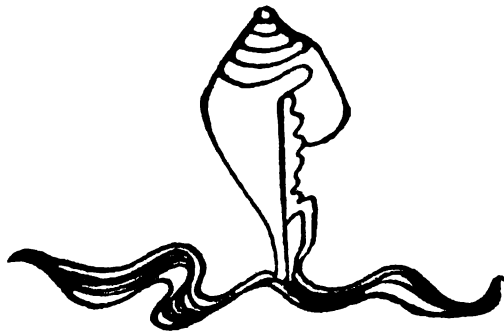
To ponder
In deep thought
The eight
Holy Doctrines
And learn to
Perform acts
Of true charity.

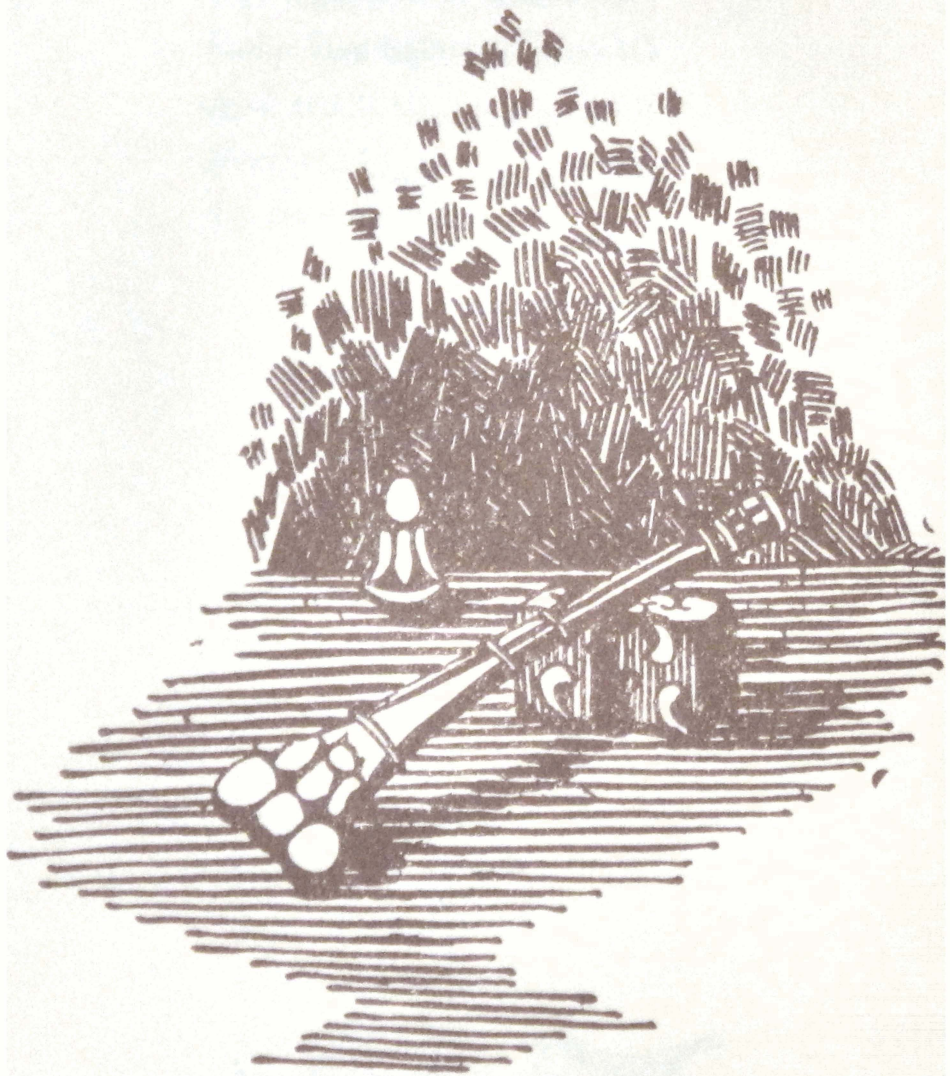


Free then from
The devils
Of possession,
With the sins
Of laziness
Left far behind,
And all desire
For earthly wealth
Forgotten,
You shall see
Without distraction
The good that
You should do.

Then at last,
Your freedom earned,
The sharp sword
Of sublime wisdom
Will be yours;
With it you may,
Sever yourself
Free forever
From all
Earthly misery.

Thus It Is Written.

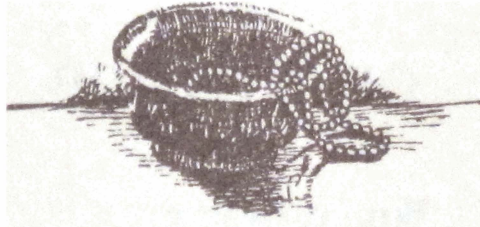




CHANT OF WORSHIP

With reverence
We bow in worship
Before the
Great Lord Lama,
Who guards with care
All living things.
He grants to all
Great blessings
And heeds
With compassion
The cry of misery
And pain.





Remember
We too
Must do
A part,
For the
Prosperity
Of the classes
Depends on us
And if we
Are willing
To share and fill
The bowls of those
Who beg.



We worship too
All other
Great lamas
Who spend
Their lives
In great
Monasteries
High in
The mountains,
Searching
The holy books
For wisdom
And understanding
To dispel
The darkness
From their
Own spirits,
That they
May be able
To show us
The way
To conquer
Ignorance,
The greatest foe
We shall meet
In our search
For the
Kingdom of Light.

Grant,
Most Holy One,
That they
May share
With us always
The wisdom
And knowledge
They shall gain
In their lonely
Lives on the
Mountain peaks,
For we too
Are ever seeking
To find
And understand
The reason for death.

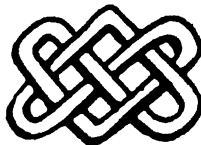
Thus It Is Written



CHANT OF ACQUISITION

The Great
And Holy
Lord of Lamas,
Whose feet
Are as jewels
Of dew on
The grass,
Teaches us
That it is
Indeed difficult
To acquire
Jewels of merit
Or possess
The Eighteen
Blessings
Unless we learn
To share;
That life
Is a gift
That the Gods
Will allow
Only the brave
To keep.

Unless
We guard
To keep
Our hearts
Ever humble,
Without anger
Or evil thought,
We may not seek
The happy way
Of meditation,
So we must
Ever beware of
The great sin
Of laziness
Will cause us
To fail
In this life,
And prevent us
From gaining
Our freedom.



If we do
Great works
Of merit,
We may
Eventually
Be free from
The prison
Of the body,
And by illusion,
A great vehicle
Of religion,
We may achieve
Reflection,
The highest art
Of thinking.

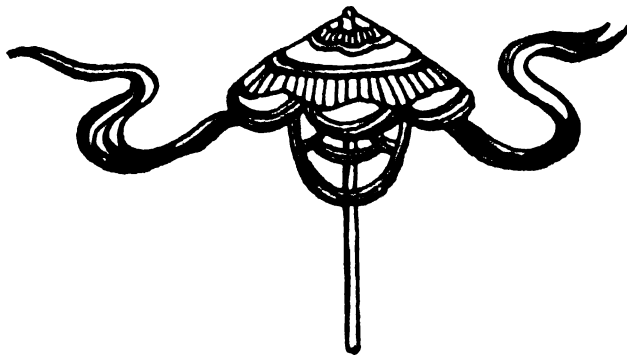


Buddha,
Most Skillful One,
Will never grow old,
For his heart
Was ever filled
With true faith,
And he worked
Always with
Great courage,
Until at last
He gained
The freedom
Of Ever-lasting Light.



For us
It is hard
To understand
The reason
And cause of
Phases in life,
For we see now
As through
An autumn mist
Or heavy fog,
But if we live
With faith
And courage,
We too can attain
The Freedom of Light.

Thus It Is Written.



CHANT OF THREE

Material things,
Household stuff,
And a profitable business,
Are three we should renounce
As we seek the way to religious meditation.

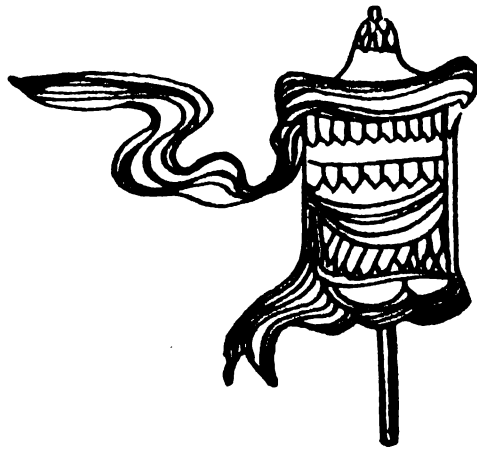
Kinfolks,
Stupid thought,
And priests of sacrifice,
Are three we should leave behind
As we search for the state of meditation.

Much wine,
Much sleep,
And physical weariness,
Are three we should fear
As we acquire the state of meditation.

Gossip,
False lamas,
And opening wide the mouth,
Are three we must avoid
As we plan to live in deep meditation.

Emotion,
Hazy thought,
And satisfied content,
Are three we must overcome
As we attempt to find the state of meditation.

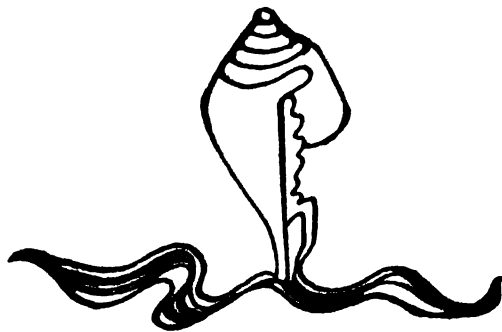
A man,
His wife,
And the opinions of others,
Are three that can be merged
As our life becomes filled with true meditation.



Solitude,
A life sincere,
And a few true comrades,
Are three that will encourage
As we strive for the state of meditation.

Knowledge,
Deep faith,
And undaunted desire,
Are three we shall need
As we realize at last perfect meditation.

Thus It Is Written.





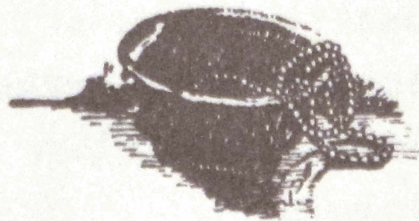
CHANT OF PENANCE

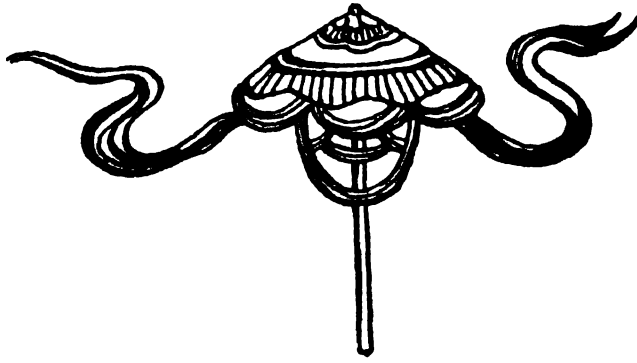
The great act
Of penance
Will bring you into
Happy meditation,

For if you are
Disgusted with life
And your birthplace
Seems like a prison,
If you are without
Hope or refuge
On this earth,
Do not despair
Or pity yourself;
You are fortunate,
For now your
Spirit can grow.

Forget yourself
And the cares
Of business;
Forget the desire
You have for ease
And the wish for
Sweet contentment.

Go and seek
A lonely place
High in the hills
On the rim of the valley.
Meditate there
In solitude,
So you may be
Strengthened
And cleansed,
For without your
Selfish desires
And weakness of spirit,
You can become
A pillar of strength.





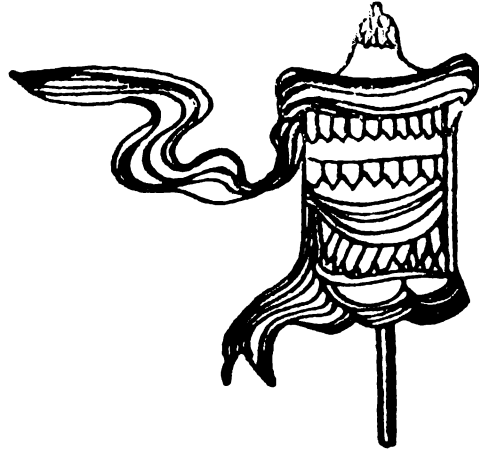
Then pray
That the words
Of the Doctrine
Be carved on stone
So the eyes of man
May always see to
Find the way of Peace.

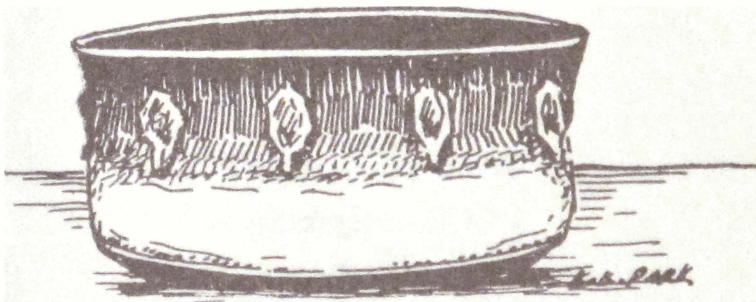
Pray also
That the light
Of the Doctrine
Will shine forever
On the highest peaks
And in the lowest depths,
From India to Cathay,
To enlighten
The heart of man.

Then go and bring
To the Gods
An offering
Of holy flowers,
The yellow marigold,
That they may know
Of your gratitude
And answer your prayer
That the whole world
Would someday know
And bow in worship
To the Highest One.
This done, you may
Relax in heart and mind
To rest and to adore.

Thus It Is Written.







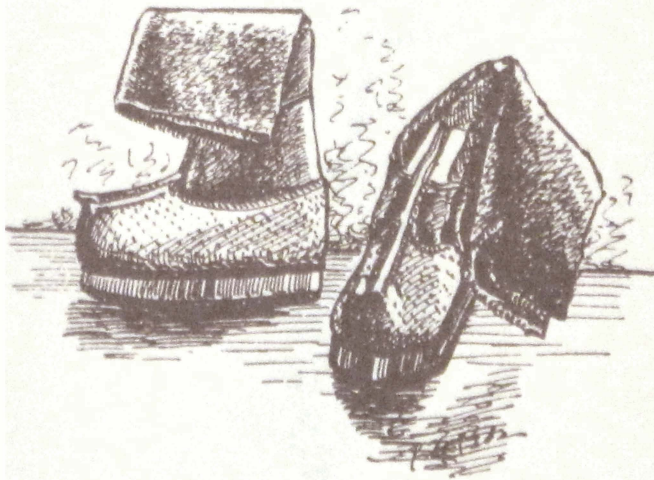
CHANT OF THE DOCTRINE

With deepest
Reverence
The Most Gracious
Lamas
Have brought us
From the court
Of the Gods
In the heart
Of paradise
This holy command
Concerning
The Doctrine.

To be worthy
Of the sacred
Doctrine
We must struggle
In the holy lake
Of meditation
Until our lives
Are deepened
And cleansed of
The black fires
Of the world.

To acquire peace
We must be free
From the sin
Of these evil times
And degenerating lies.
If we hope
Ever to achieve
The holy state
Of meditation,
We should live
Always under
The holy banner
Of the celestial
Spirit of Lhassa,
Sacred city
Of the Gods.

Since the ears
Of women
May not hear
The ringing
Of holy bells
Or understand
The Doctrine,
They should
Receive the counsel
And advice
Of the priests



As its symbol,
And wear it
As a scarf
On their heads,
So they may
Be cleansed
And prepared
To receive
The holy blessing
Of the Doctrine.

Thus It Is Written.



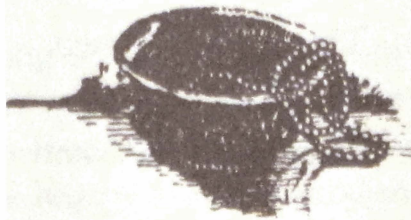


CHANT OF PEACE

To worship
At the feet
Of the very
Holy Lama,
Who dwells
With the Gods,
Will lead us
Into the way
Of Peace
And rescue us
From the
Fires of hell.

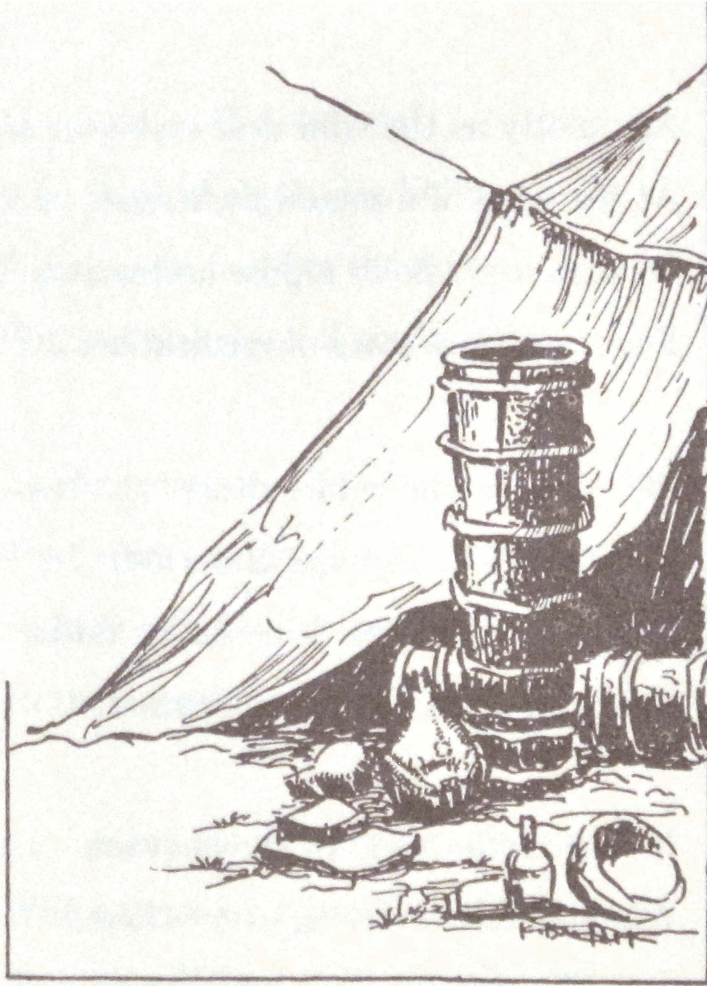
He has attained
The power
To bless,
Being fully
Developed
In holiness
And filled
With virtue.
He is wise
And knows
The way of
True happiness.
He has eaten
The magic fruit
From the garden
Of the Gods
And was
Transformed,
As if he had
Taken a
Skillful
Medicine,
And now leads
The Life of
Perfection.

If worthy,
We too may
Become as
This highest
Of lamas
And be free
From pain
And ignorance
And spared
The torments
Of fire.
If we gain
The pleasure
Of the Gods
By refraining
To take
Life from any
Living creature,
We shall be allowed
To see through
The door of
Ever-lasting Peace.



We need then
To acquire
Many virtues,
And it would
Be easy if the
Wishing Cow
Were only ours,
But since that
Can not be,
We must
Earn them.
If we succeed
And can climb
Away from sin
And ignorance
Toward perfection
And live always
In holy thought
And meditation,
We too shall find
The Perfect Peace.

Thus It Is Written.



CHANT OF MEDITATION

As one would long to be free
From the deep hole of a prison,
So man in his lowly birthplace yearns
For the happy state of meditation.

As strong as the leather strap
Used to keep a horse in control,
So man must be when he strives
For the happy state of meditation.

As quietly as the wild deer rest
At the edge of a mountain stream,
So man must be in repose and wait
For the happy state of meditation.

As surely as the wild vulture
Can soar aloft through the wind,
So man must never falter in his faith
Of the happy state of meditation.

As lost as the wind in the heavens
Which goes wandering everywhere,
So is the man who has no home
Or the happy state of meditation.

As barren as the plot of ground
Where a flock of sheep have grazed,
So man will find his life if he forget
About the happy state of meditation.

As stupid as the crickets
Who think they shed a light,
So man will find his thoughts
Without the state of meditation.

As changeless as the great hills of Lhasa
That were not made by human hands,
So man will find his peace of mind
In the happy state of meditation.

As continuous as the great river
Which flows on regardless of time,
So man will find the tranquil joy
Of the happy state of meditation.

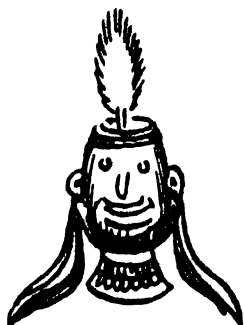
As hopeless as a corpse
Which is ready for the grave,
So man will find his highest act
Without the state of meditation.

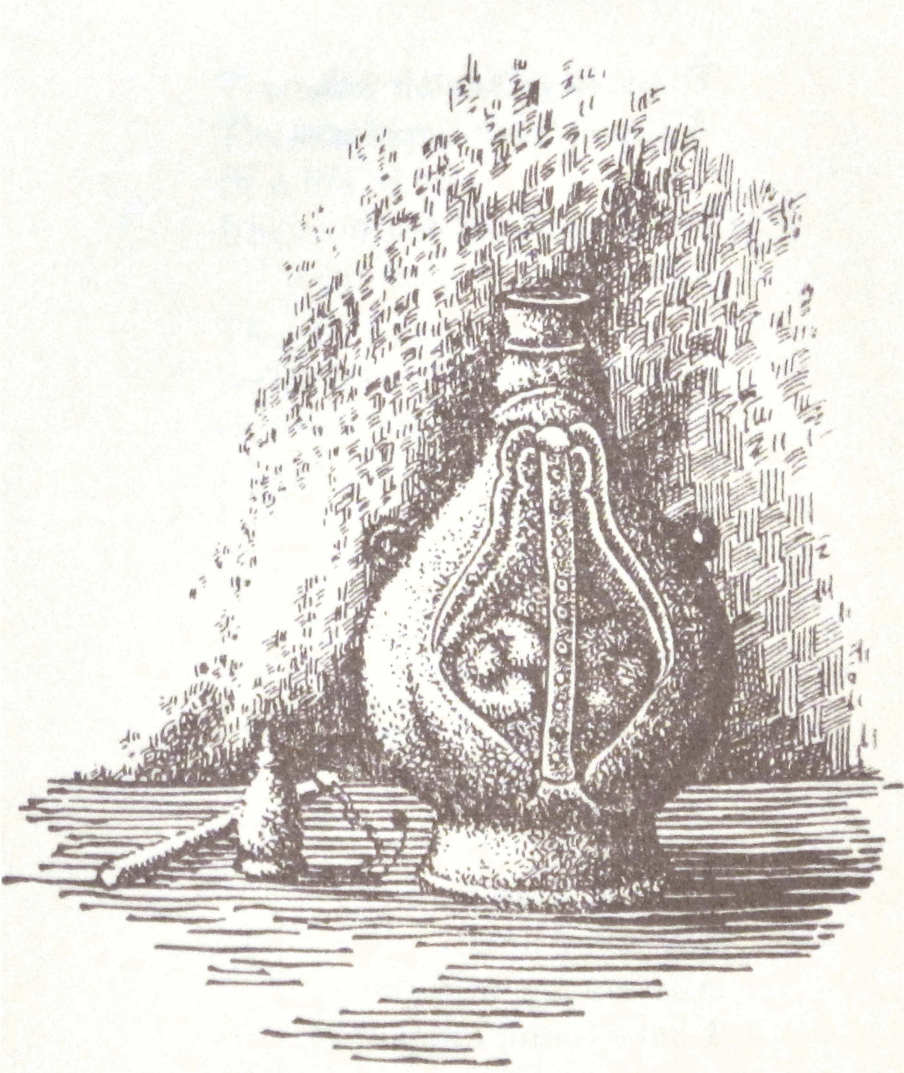
As faithful as the sea which
Rolls the stones along the shore,
So man must be in his eternal search
For the happy state of meditation.

As bare as the Bo tree
When all its leaves are stripped,
So man will find the years of time
Without the state of meditation.

So the joy of the twelve virtues
Is for the man who wisely chooses
The arduous road that slowly climbs
To the happy state of meditation.

Thus It Is Written.





CHANT OF HAPPINESS

(SECOND)

Worry and fatigue
Will not bring happiness.

To practice hypocrisy
Will not bring happiness.

To avoid difficult work
Will not bring happiness.

To be afraid of death
Will not bring happiness.

To run away from trouble
Will not bring happiness.

To have wealth and fear its loss
Will not bring happiness.



Though I am far from
My loved ones
And among strangers,
I have found happiness.

Though my race is in ruins
And I am alone
With no one to care,
I have found happiness.

Though I have never
Had many clothes
Or a great deal of food,
I have found happiness.

Though I do without
The comfort and pleasure
Of a life of ease,
I have found happiness.

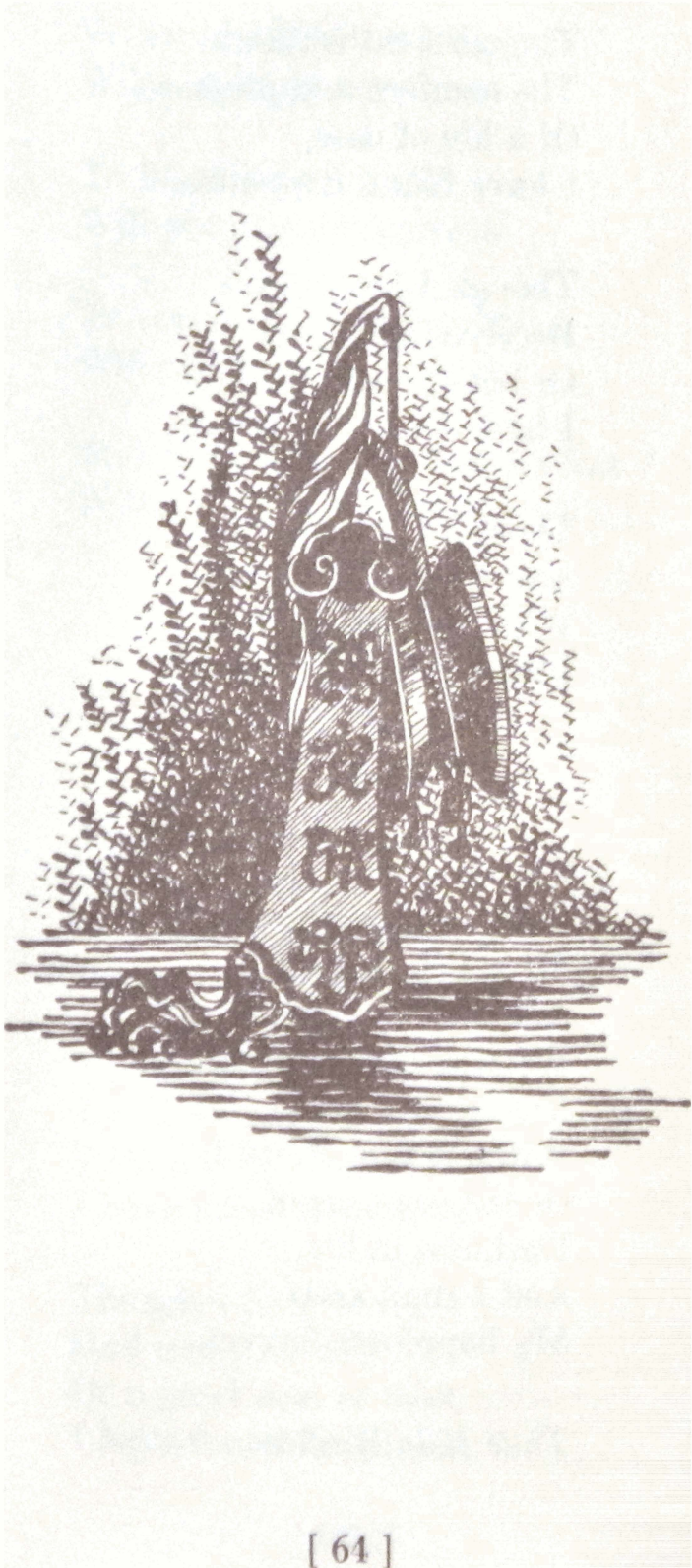
Though I have never
Received any gifts
Or heard sweet praise,
I have found happiness.

Though I have lived
And worked always
With no time to rest,
I have found happiness.

BECAUSE

I have lost
From my heart
All selfish desire,
And now the seven
Wealths of a Buddhist
Are mine; I am
Without fear of death
Or the shadows of
Darkness in life,
And I shall keep
My happiness forever.

Thus It Is Written.



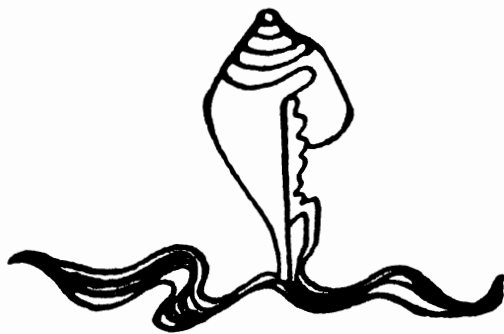
CHANT OF AN OLD MAN

Through this world I must go
And then to the world
On the other side,
Of this much I am certain.
Much misery and pain
Have come with the years,
And I am bent with age
As time goes by;
I miss the measure of my paces
And need the support of a staff;
My heart has seen many winters,
And my hair is white as the snow;
My strength is small,
My eyes are dim;
On the upper part of my head
Is a round bald spot;
My ears can no longer hear
The voice of thunder;
My cheeks with no blood
Are like a dry sea;

My countenance like wrinkled wood
Is stretched from ear to ear;
My bones and my teeth
Are stinging like a bee.

I am humble in speaking,
For even my tongue feels
Wrinkled and bent;
My debts and lice are many;
My friends and relatives
Are going fast;
There are many false
And deceptive voices to which
I should not listen;
My sons and grandsons,
Whom I have loved and cherished,
Are often filled with anger
And displeasure,
And though gathered together
In the home,
Do not fill it with blessing
Or kindness.

Old age is without reason,
And yet my spirit is aged
And grief-laden;
Being old, the Gods and religion
Are all on which I should ponder,
And death, they say,
Is without sin,
So I would turn my footsteps
Into the path of virtue.
I must not be avaricious,
For blessings follow
Only good deeds,
Not bad ones.
Of my former work
Which has ripened and developed
I should not think,
For it is now as far distant
As the breath of the Gods.



I go on and on in this life,
Yet I know that man
Is not eternal here,
But disease and misery,
Sickness and pain,
Will continually arrive.
The pain-thrusts I feel
Are as flames of fire;
I can feel the wind
Through my body,
For my blood is as water
In the veins;
The pangs of illness
Come now with more power,
And I must rest
Down on a felt mat
Or sit on a cushion
Stuffed with hair
From the Musk deer.





I may wish for good food,
Cold water to drink,
And a place to rest
Where it is cool.
Or I may wish for warm clothing
And a pleasant couch
Upon which to sleep
Near the warmth of a fire,
And other blessings,
But, alas, they may not come;
Sickness, misery, and discord
Will come, though,
Nor can I hope to escape.
Often I desire the fortune-teller
And the priest,
And sometimes I need medicine,
But there is not a chance
For me to have them.

Without reason or justice,
Evil acts and illness
Fall ever upon me;
I must do hard work
And receive no wage,
So with deep misery
My heart is filled.
But if I have faith
In the Doctrine
And the good will
Of the Gods,
Like fog that is
Banished by a breath,
All my misery
And troubles
Will disappear,
And I shall be left—Peace.

Thus It Is Written.

CHANT OF CLEANSING

I am Milarepa,
An ascetic of Tibet.
To the highest
And the lowest
I would give
This sound advice.
If weak in spirit,
Lose not heart, but
Have great courage;
A little sleep is
Enough for us,
As we can endure much
If we truly desire
To achieve great things,
Though we will need
To be always
Sincere and diligent.
To know one fact
Requires sense, but the
Desire to know all things
Demands great skill
In reason, knowledge,
And mental perception

I have found
That a small trace
Of the punishment
Of the cross
Is happiness,
Though at first
I was afraid
Of suffering.
Now if I have
Few clothes,
I know I will not
Be too warm;
If I have little food,
I know I can not
Become a glutton.

When I was
In meditation
Seeking to find
Some solution for
The problems in life,
I lost all conceit
And learned from
The holy books
That with great faith
I could destroy
The fear of death.

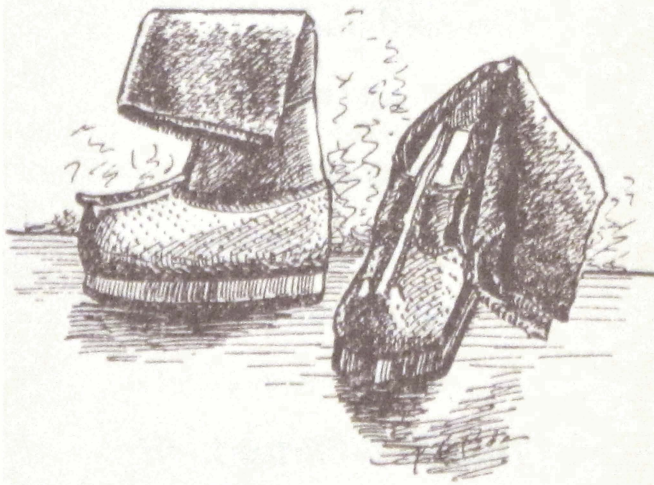
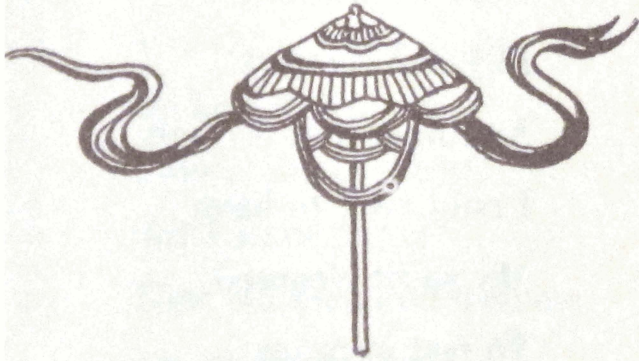


I realized too
I could never
Accomplish all
The good I should
If I yielded
To the desires
Of the body,
For a little lust
Which once had
Seized and held
A few desires
Of this weak body
Had caused me
To suffer great
Misery and pain.

There is much darkness
And evil in the world,
And there seems to be
No key which can
Unlock the problem,
But I have found
That old men and women
Are great consolers.
They are wise with age,
And have acquired
Great patience
And understanding.
Though they offer
No solution,
They are able to erase
The troubled thoughts
Of their younger friends
Who are perplexed.
They know the way,
And we should all
Learn from them
Where we may find
The Kingdom of Peace.

I know now
I can do without
Physical comfort
And food that is clean.
I only need to have
My spirit cleansed
To rest in peace.
So follow the advice
I humbly give
From experience,
And with your spirit
Cleansed and pure,
Come rest with me
In holy peace
'Neath the gateway
Of the Gods.

Thus It Is Written.



CHANT OF ADVICE

A Lama,
His advice,
And his pupil are three;

Origin,
Compassion,
And divine wisdom are three;

Courage,
Deep faith,
And the demon of misery are three;

You will find
These nine on the
Road that leads
To a life of merit,
So give yourself
A propitious start
For the journey
Through life
And seek the solitude
Of a lonely place

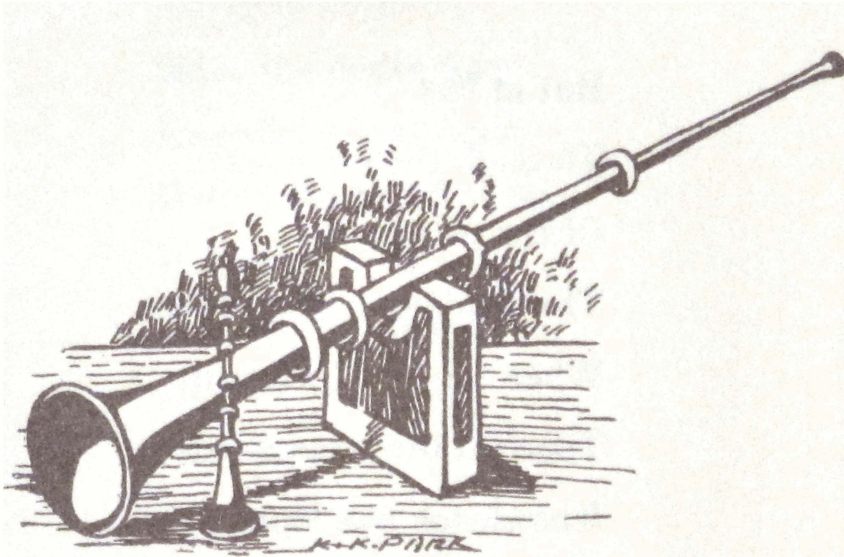
Where you can
Concentrate
In meditation
And be led at last
By faith out of
The darkness of
Your ignorance
To the foot of the
Road which leads
Finally to happiness.
The merciful saints
Along the way
Will guide you if
You will learn to avoid
The fine flowers
Of desire and
Can forget the
Pleasures of sin,
And though the way
Is narrow and
Difficult to pass,
Your spirit,
When free of sin,
Will find its way,

And the thread of
Advice that comes
From the Lama's mouth
Will help to keep
The earnest ones
From straying and
The sins of death.

All holy men
And even the Gods
Have had to pass
Along this same way
Until their hearts
Lost all desire
For wealth and jewels,
And they have earned
Release from sin.
Then they went on
And finally reached
That plane of beauty
And pure delight
Where they now dwell
Without toil or worry,
Their only task
To enjoy the flowers
In this garden
Of the Gods.

If you would enter
This Heavenly Kingdom
And stay in the
Happy valley
Of meditation,
It is only possible
If you are willing
To practice
With diligence
Self—purification
And rid yourself
Of sin and weakness.
Then the flower of
Mercy and compassion
Will bloom within
Your heart
And heal all the
Wounds of your spirit
Like a medicine,
And at last you too
Will be a Saint.

Thus It Is Written.



CHANT OF JOY

Chant with joy
At the wonders
Of this marvelous
And holy Doctrine
That was made
For man and beast.
In the beginning
Without truth
Man was lost far
From the Great One,
And doomed to wander
In deep darkness.

But at last
Through the kindness
Of the priests,
The shadows were parted;
When the light of truth
Touched the mind of man,
Knowledge was born,
And thought became
Clear and shining;
Doubt and suspicion
Slowly disappeared,
And the dark curtain
Of ignorance was lifted.



Since the desire for
Knowledge was born
Within the mind of man,
It is filled with
A wonderful power
Beyond any words
Of description,
For he is able
To realize with
Some understanding
The truth and purpose
Of the Infinite.
He can even conceive
Of life eternal,
For he has discovered
The brilliant light
Of a spiritual existence
Which burns as a torch
Within himself.



We know now
That it is as if
We were in heaven
When we lose all
Pettiness and prejudice
And live without
Thought of self,
And our minds
Can be filled
With thoughts
Of meditation,
Which may blend
With the shining flame
Of our spiritual life,
As ice and water
In our hearts.

When we are in
True meditation,
Reason and hope
Are with us always,
Bringing us peace,
And we shall find
That within our minds
Is the one true source
Of happiness.

If we wish to keep
This joy forever,
We must guard
Our thoughts
With great care
Against agitation
And stupid doubts
Of darkness,
Until our spirit
In quiet peace
Can become as
An individual entity,
Independent of
Our physical self,
In truth a symbol
That it does exist,
And someday without
Material hindrance
Or restraint
Will spring forth
And live forever.

Thus It Is Written.



CHANT TO THE BUDDHA

Incarnate one,
Men worship
At thy feet,
For kindness
And mercy
Are in thy heart.
Thou art as
A mother
To the universe,
And like the
Mother turquoise,
Thou who was
Before time
Can not be destroyed.
Verily the
Priests who
Have worshiped
Before you
Can now be called
Enlightened.

In the ages past
The most devoted
Of the Highest Lamas
Learned to breathe
In a magic manner
And through control
Of mind and spirit
Possessed the power
To go back and forth
In spiritual form
From this world
To the other.
In my devotion
I grew anxious for
This same experiece,
So from all the
Inner parts of my body
I made the sacred circle.
Then in holy thought
And reverence
I took the magic breaths.
In awe I saw my
Spiritual self
Take form.

The following is
A record of the
Experience I had
On the other side
As my spiritual self.
When I entered
The other world,
A reverend saint
Came to guide me
And explained the
Way of true salvation.
I learned that
Gold and dirt
Have the same value
In heaven, and
No one knows
Or cares about
The difference there
Exists on earth.

I wandered on
And came at last
To the holy place
Where the Buddha dwells
And was given there
More pure instruction
For my spiritual life.



I learned there is
No need to fear
The foes of darkness
Or the devils of despair,
For eventually all
Will be conquered
By the pure ones.

I heard the music
Of the conch shell
And was taught to mold
Chortens in clay
And concoct charms
That I could use
To help and keep
The men of earth
From dread and harm.
If man would
Only listen for
The music from heaven,
It would help him
Purify his mind
And enable him to
Grasp the power
Of meditation,
Which eventually
Could absorb his
Whole heart and mind
And guide him
In the fine art
Of a religious life.

Countless are
The reasons
Men should worship
The Holy Buddha,
But I shall give
You only one.
That is that you need
The peace of mind
It will bring, for we
Must leave behind us
Our sin and
Stupid regrets,
All petty thoughts
And bitterness,
If we wish to worship
At his holy shrine,
For only through
Quiet thought
And holy meditation
May we ever hope
That our prayers
Will reach him,
And we must wait
In perfect stillness
For the blessing
Of the Buddha.

Thus It Is Written.

