



## The Bodhicaryāvatāra Offering Sādhana

*Take refuge and cultivate bodhicitta by reciting three times:*

In the Buddha, Dharma, and Supreme Assembly,  
I take refuge until enlightenment is achieved.  
May the merit of my generosity and other virtuous acts  
Lead to buddhahood for the benefit of all beings.

*Then cultivate the four immeasurables by reciting three times:*

May all sentient beings have happiness and the causes of happiness,  
May they be free from suffering and the causes of suffering,  
May they never be apart from the sublime bliss that is free from suffering,  
May they remain in a state of equanimity, free from attachment and aversion to those near and far.

*The Seven-Line Prayer to Guru Rinpoché*

Hūṃ! In the northwest of the land of Oḍḍiyāna,  
In the center of a blooming lotus flower,  
Is the one with supreme, wondrous siddhi:  
The renowned lotus-born Padmākara,  
Surrounded by a vast retinue of ḍākinīs.  
Following in your footsteps, I pray:  
Please come and bestow your blessings!  
guru padma siddhi hūṃ [*one time*]

*Supplication Prayer to Śāntideva*

Throughout all your lives, you took the protector Mañjuḥoṣa  
As the lord of your buddha family, and, for the sake of all,  
Illuminated the excellent path of a bodhisattva's way of life,  
To Śāntideva, son of the buddhas, I pay homage! [*one time*]

*Supplication Prayer to Patrül Rinpoché*

Outwardly, you are the bodhisattva Śāntideva,  
Inwardly, Sāvaripa, the lord of the mahāsiddhas,  
Secretly, Avalokiteśvara, the supreme and noble  
Self-liberation of Suffering—in person:  
Jigmé Chökyi Wangpo, to you I pray! [*one time*]

## The First Chapter of the Way of the Bodhisattva: The Benefits of Bodhicitta

*Homage to the buddhas and bodhisattvas!*

With devotion I pay homage to the buddhas gone to bliss,  
To their Dharma body, noble heirs, and all worthy of respect.  
In accordance with the scriptures, I shall now in brief describe  
The way to adopt the discipline of all the buddhas' heirs.

There is nothing here that's not been said before;  
And I have no skill in the art of composition.  
Therefore I do not expect this to be of much use to others,  
And write it only to acquaint it to my mind.

Through this, my faith will be strengthened for a while,  
And I will grow more accustomed to what is virtuous.  
Then should others, somehow equal to myself in fortune,  
Chance upon these words, they might find them beneficial.

This free and well-favored human form is difficult to obtain.  
Now that we have the chance to realize the full human potential,  
If we don't make good use of this opportunity,  
How could we possibly expect to have such a chance again?

Like a flash of lightning on a dark and cloudy night,  
Which, for just a single instant, sheds its brilliant light,  
Rarely, through the buddhas' power,  
A mind of virtue arises, briefly, to people of the world.

All ordinary virtues therefore are forever feeble,  
While negativity is strong and difficult to bear—  
But for the mind intent on perfect buddhahood,  
What other virtue could ever overcome it?

Contemplating wisely throughout the ages,  
The mighty buddhas have seen its great benefit:  
That it helps the boundless multitude of beings  
Easily to gain the highest states of bliss.

Those who long to triumph over life's distress,  
And who wish to put an end to others' sorrows,  
Those who seek to experience abundant joys—  
Let them never turn their backs on bodhicitta.

For the very instant that bodhicitta is born  
In the weary captives enslaved within saṃsāra,  
They are called heirs of the bliss-gone buddhas,  
Honorable to gods, humans, and the world.

Like the alchemists' supreme elixir,  
It takes this ordinary, impure human form,  
And makes of it a buddha's priceless body—  
Such is bodhicitta: let us grasp it firmly!

With their boundless wisdom, beings' only guides,  
Have investigated thoroughly and seen its value.  
Thus whoever longs for freedom from conditioned states  
Should grasp this precious bodhicitta and guard it well.

All other virtues are like the plantain tree:  
They bear their fruit, and then they are no more.  
Yet constantly the marvelous tree of bodhicitta  
Yields fruit and, undiminished, grows forevermore.

Even those who've committed intolerable misdeeds,  
Through having bodhicitta instantly are freed,  
Just like a brave companion banishing all one's fears—  
Why then would the prudent fail to put their trust in it?

Just like a great inferno at the ends of time,  
It annihilates terrible misdeeds in but an instant.  
Thus its benefits are vast beyond all measuring,  
As the wise Lord Maitreya explained to Sudhana.

Understand that, briefly stated,  
Bodhicitta has two aspects:  
The mind aspiring to awaken,  
And bodhicitta that's enacted.

Just as one understands the difference  
Between wishing to go and setting out upon a journey,  
The wise should understand these two,  
Recognizing their difference and their order.

Bodhicitta in aspiration brings about great results,  
Even as we continue to circle within saṃsāra;  
Yet it does not bring about a ceaseless stream of merit,  
For that will come solely from active bodhicitta.

From the moment we genuinely take up  
This irreversible attitude—  
The mind that aspires to liberate entirely  
The infinite realms of beings,

From then on, even while asleep,  
Or during moments of inattention,  
A plentiful, unceasing force of merit  
Will arise, equal to the vastness of the sky.

This was explained by the Buddha,  
Together with supporting reasons,  
In a teaching given at Subāhu's request,  
For the sake of those inclined to lesser paths.

If boundless merit comes to anyone who,  
With the intention to be of benefit,  
Has the thought simply to relieve the pain  
Of those afflicted merely with a headache,

What need is there to speak of the wish  
To dispel all beings' boundless sufferings,  
Or the longing that they all might gain  
Enlightened qualities infinite in number.

Do even our fathers or our mothers  
Have such benevolence as this?  
Do the gods or the great sages?  
Does even mighty Brahmā?

If these beings have never before  
Held this aspiration for their own sake—  
Not even in their dreams—how could  
They have made this wish for others?

A thought such as this—wanting for others  
What they do not wish for even for themselves—  
Is an extraordinary and precious state of mind,  
And its occurrence a marvel unlike any other!

This source of joy for all who wander in existence,  
This elixir that heals the sufferings of all beings,  
This priceless jewel within the mind—  
How could such merit ever be evaluated?

For if the simple wish to benefit others  
Surpasses offerings made before the buddhas,  
What need is there to mention striving  
For the welfare of all without exception?

Although seeking to avoid pain,  
They run headlong into suffering.  
They long for happiness, but foolishly  
Destroy it, as if it were their enemy.

To satisfy with every kind of joy,  
And to cut through all the sufferings  
Of those who lack any real happiness,  
And are oppressed by sorrow's burden,

To bring an end as well to their delusion—  
What other virtue is comparable to this?  
What friend is there who does as much?  
What else is there which is as meritorious?

If even those who do good deeds as repayment  
For past favors are worthy of some praise,  
What need is there to mention the bodhisattvas,  
Whose perfect actions are carried out unbidden?

There are those who offer meals occasionally, and to just a few;  
Their gifts, which are no more than food, are made in just a moment,  
And with disrespect, to bring nourishment for merely half a day—  
And yet such people are honored by the world as virtuous.

Yet how does this compare to those who give  
Over many ages and to the whole infinity of beings,  
Constantly offering them the fulfillment of their every wish:  
The unsurpassable happiness born of blissful buddhahood?

And those who develop feelings of hostility  
Towards these benefactors, the buddhas' heirs,  
Will languish in the hells, the mighty Sage has said,  
For aeons equal to the moments of their malice.

By contrast, to look upon them well  
Will yield benefits in still greater measure.  
For even in adversity, the buddhas' heirs  
Bring no harm, only virtue that naturally increases.

I bow down before all those in whom  
This most precious, sacred mind is born!  
I take refuge in those great sources of joy  
Who bring bliss even to those who harm them.

## Bodhisattva Vow Ritual

*Take refuge and cultivate bodhicitta by reciting three times:*

In the Buddha, Dharma, and Supreme Assembly,  
I take refuge until enlightenment is achieved.  
May the merit of my generosity and other virtuous acts  
Lead to buddhahood for the benefit of all beings.

*Then cultivate the four immeasurables by reciting three times:*

May all sentient beings have happiness and the causes of happiness,  
May they be free from suffering and the causes of suffering,  
May they never be apart from the sublime bliss that is free from suffering,  
May they remain in a state of equanimity, free from attachment and aversion to those near and far.

*Supplication Prayer to Bodhicitta*

Grant your blessings—  
So that with the wisdom realizing the equality of self and others,  
All dualistic clinging to ourselves and objects may be cut right through,  
Our own and others' welfare may be accomplished spontaneously,  
And that we may perfect the supreme mind of bodhicitta. *[one time]*

*The General Benefits of Bodhicitta*

Contemplating wisely throughout the ages,  
The mighty buddhas have seen its great benefit:  
That it helps the boundless multitude of beings  
Easily to gain the highest states of bliss.

If bodhicitta is born, in that moment,  
Even those who suffer, chained in prisons of saṃsāra,  
Are called children of the buddhas,  
Revered by all the world, by gods, and humankind. *[one time]*



*The Specific Benefits of Aspiration and Application Bodhicitta*

Understand that, briefly stated,  
Bodhicitta has two aspects:  
The mind aspiring to awaken,  
And bodhicitta that's enacted.

Just as one understands the difference  
Between wishing to go and setting out upon a journey,  
The wise should understand these two,  
Recognizing their difference and their order. *[one time]*

*The Preciousness of Those Who Have Bodhicitta*

I bow down before all those in whom,  
This most precious, sacred mind is born!  
I take refuge in those great sources of joy,  
Who bring bliss even to those who harm them. *[one time]*

*Seven Branches Prayer*

*Offering*

In order that I might adopt this precious jewel of mind,  
I now make the most excellent of offerings to the buddhas,  
To the sacred Dharma—that most rare and flawless jewel—  
And to the buddhas' heirs, whose qualities are limitless.

*Prostration*

Multiplying my body as many times as there are atoms  
In the universe, I prostrate and bow before  
The buddhas of the past, present, and future,  
The Dharma, and the supreme assembly.

*Confession*

All the misdeeds that I, the wicked one, have done,  
Faults that cling to me from my many mistakes,  
And all the unbearable crimes I have committed,  
I openly declare to you, the guides of all the world.

### *Rejoicing*

Gladly I rejoice in the infinite sea of virtue,  
Which is the noble intention of bodhicitta,  
Wishing to secure the happiness of beings,  
And acting in ways that bring benefit to all.

### *Requesting to Turn the Wheel of Dharma*

Now I join my hands and pray  
To you, the buddhas of all quarters:  
Shine the lamp of Dharma upon us,  
As we suffer in confusion's darkness!

### *Requesting the Buddhas Not to Pass into Nirvāṇa*

With my palms clasped at my heart,  
I urge all buddhas longing for nirvāṇa:  
Do not leave us blind and all alone,  
But remain with us for countless ages!

### *Dedication*

Through whatever virtue I have gained  
By all these actions now performed,  
May the pain of every living being  
Be cleared away entirely, never to return.

## The Second Chapter of the Way of the Bodhisattva: Confession of Negativity

[1]

In order that I might adopt this precious jewel of mind,  
I now make the most excellent of offerings to the buddhas,  
To the sacred Dharma—that most rare and flawless jewel—  
And to the buddhas' heirs, whose qualities are limitless.

[2]

I offer every variety of fruit and flower,  
And every kind of healing medicine,  
Each and every jewel this world affords,  
And all its pure and freshest waters,

Every mountain filled with precious gems,  
And forest groves, isolated and inspiring,  
Trees of paradise garlanded with blossom,  
And trees whose branches are laden with fine fruit,

Perfumed fragrances from the gods and other realms,  
Incense, trees that grant wishes and produce magic gems,  
Spontaneous harvests grown without the tiller's care,  
And every thing of beauty worthy to be offered,

Lakes and ponds adorned with lotus flowers,  
Where the pleasant calls of geese are heard,  
Every thing and place of beauty unclaimed by any owner,  
Extending to the boundless limits of space itself.

I picture them all in my mind, and to the supreme buddhas  
And their bodhisattva heirs, I make a perfect gift of them.  
Think of me with love, O sublime and compassionate lords,  
And accept all these offerings which I now present.

Lacking stores of merit, I am destitute  
And have nothing more to offer.  
O protectors, who consider only others' benefit,  
In your great power, accept this for my sake.

[8]

To the buddhas and their bodhisattva heirs,  
I offer my body now and in all my lives to come.  
Supreme courageous ones, accept me totally,  
For with devotion I will be your servant.

If you accept me and take me fully in your care,  
I will not fear saṃsāra as I offer other beings help.  
The harmful acts I did before are entirely in the past,  
And from now on, I vow to do no further deeds of harm.

[10]

To a bath house filled with soothing scents,  
With brightly sparkling floors of crystal,  
And fine pillars all shimmering with gems,  
Where hang gleaming canopies of pearls,

I invite the buddhas and their bodhisattva heirs.  
I request you: come to bathe yourselves in scented water,  
Poured from overflowing jugs made of exquisite jewels,  
All the while accompanied by melody and song.

Then let me dry you in cloths beyond compare,  
Immaculate and anointed well with perfumed scent,  
And dress you finely in the most excellent of garments,  
Lightly scented and dyed in vivid colors.

I offer clothing made of the finest gentle fabrics,  
And hundreds of the most beautiful adornments,  
To grace the bodies of noble Samantabhadra,  
Mañjuḥṣa, Lokeśvara, and the rest.

[14]

With the most sublime of fragrant perfumes,  
That gently permeates throughout a billion worlds,  
I will anoint the bodies of all the buddhas,  
Gleaming brightly, like pure and burnished gold.

To the mighty sages, perfect recipients of my offering,  
I will present red lotus and heavenly mandāra,  
Blue utpala flower, and other scented blossoms,  
Beautifully arranged in brightly colored garlands.

I also offer billowing clouds of incense,  
Whose sweet aroma captivates the mind,  
And a rich feast of plentiful food and drink,  
Fit to grace the tables of the gods.

I offer row upon row of precious lamps,  
All perfectly contrived as golden lotuses,  
And I scatter the petals of attractive flowers  
Upon level, incense-sprinkled ground.

I offer divine palaces resonant with songs of praise,  
Gleaming with precious pearls and pendant gems,  
The most beautiful of structures in the whole of space—  
All this I offer to those whose nature is compassion.

Jewel-encrusted parasols with handles made of gold,  
Whose fringes are all embellished in ornate designs,  
Turned upright, well proportioned, and pleasing to the eye.  
Now and forever, I offer this to all the buddhas.

[20]  
May a multitude of other offerings,  
Accompanied by music sweet to hear,  
Be made in great successive clouds,  
To soothe the pains of living beings.

May rains of precious gems and flowers  
Shower down in never-ending streams,  
Upon all the jewels of noble Dharma,  
And sacred monuments and images.

[22]  
Just as Mañjuḥoṣa and the rest  
Made offerings to all the buddhas,  
Likewise I too will offer to those thus gone  
And all their bodhisattva heirs.

[23]  
With vast oceans of melodious praise,  
I honor these oceans of good qualities.  
May clouds of sweet and gentle praise  
Ascend unceasingly before them.

[24]

Multiplying my body as many times as there are atoms  
In the universe, I prostrate and bow before  
The buddhas of the past, present, and future,  
The Dharma, and the supreme assembly.

To all supports of bodhicitta  
And all stūpas, I bow down,  
And to preceptors and teachers,  
And those who practice discipline.

[26]

Until I realize the essence of enlightenment,  
I take refuge in the buddhas,  
And likewise in the Dharma,  
And in the assembly of bodhisattvas.

[27]

To the perfect buddhas and bodhisattvas,  
Who reside in every direction of space,  
And who embody great compassion,  
I press my palms together and pray:

In this and all my other countless lifetimes  
Spent wandering in beginningless saṃsāra,  
In my ignorance I have committed wrongs  
And encouraged others to do the same.

Overwhelmed by ignorant delusion,  
I celebrated the harm that was done.  
But now I see it all was done in error,  
And before the buddhas, sincerely I confess.

Whatever I have done against the Three Jewels,  
My parents, my teachers, or anyone else,  
Through the force of my afflictions,  
With my body, speech, or mind,

All the misdeeds that I, the wicked one, have done,  
Faults that cling to me from my many mistakes,  
And all the unbearable crimes I have committed,  
I openly declare to you, the guides of all the world.

Before my negativity has been purified,  
My life may well come to an end,  
So I pray now: grant me your protection,  
Swiftly, to ensure that I am freed!

The Lord of Death is fickle, unworthy of our trust,  
Whether life's tasks are done or not, he will not wait.  
For the sick and for the healthy alike,  
This fleeting life is not something on which we can rely.

When we go, we must leave everything behind,  
But I have failed to understand this, and so  
For the sake of friends and enemies alike,  
I engaged in all manner of harmful deeds.

My enemies will become no more,  
And my friends will cease to be,  
I myself will pass from this existence,  
And everything in turn will disappear.

Like experiences in a dream,  
Everything I make use of and enjoy,  
Will later turn to faded memory,  
And having passed will not be seen again.

In this lifetime, which lasts but for a while,  
Some friends and enemies are now gone.  
But not the harmful acts I did for them—  
Those unbearable effects are still to come.

Never thinking that I too  
Might quickly pass away,  
In my delusion, lust, and hatred,  
I have done so much to harm.

Never halting, day or night,  
My life is always slipping by.  
Having gone, life cannot be extended,  
So how could the likes of me not die?

While I lie there in my final bed,  
Friends and family may be by my side,  
But I alone will be the one  
To feel the severing of all ties to life.

When I am seized by the emissaries of death,  
What help will be my family or my friends?  
At that time it is merit alone that can protect me,  
But upon that, alas, I have failed to depend.

O protectors! I was heedless,  
Unaware of horrors such as this,  
And all for this transient existence,  
Amassed so many harmful deeds.

When led toward the place of torture,  
Where his body will soon be ripped apart,  
A man is transfigured by his terror;  
His mouth turns dry, his pained eyes dart.

If that is so, then how desperate will I be,  
When stricken down and gravely ill with fear,  
I am seized by the messengers of death,  
And their gruesome, terrifying forms appear?

Is there anyone who can really save me  
From the horrors of this appalling fate?  
Staring in terror with my eyes opened wide,  
I'll search all around to find a refuge place.

When nowhere do I see such a place of safety,  
My heart will sink; depressed, I'll give up hope.  
For if there is no haven to which I might retreat,  
What options am I left with? What is there to do?

[47]  
Thus, from this day onward I take refuge  
In the buddhas, the guardians of the world,  
Who labor to protect and benefit us all,  
And whose great strength can banish every fear.

Likewise, I genuinely take refuge  
In the Dharma they have realized,  
Which eliminates saṃsāra's terror,  
And also in the hosts of bodhisattvas.

Utterly terrified and gripped with fear,  
I give myself to Samantabhadra;  
And to Mañjuḥṣa too,  
I offer this body in service.



To the protector Avalokiteśvara,  
Whose compassion is in all his actions,  
I cry out in the depths of desperation:  
“Grant me your protection, evil as I am!”

To the noble bodhisattvas  
Ākāśagarbha and Kṣitigarbha,  
And all the lords of great compassion,  
From my heart, I call for your protection.

And I take refuge in Vajrapāṇi,  
Before whom death’s messengers  
And all who threaten us will flee  
In terror, dispersed in all directions.

In the past I ignored your words,  
But now I have seen this horror,  
And so I take you as my refuge:  
Swiftly banish all my fears, I pray!

[54]  
For if, alarmed by common ailments,  
I must follow the doctor’s sage advice,  
How much more so when perpetually  
Afflicted by desire and other faults.

If one of these alone brings ruin  
To all who dwell within the world,  
And no other cure to heal them  
Is found anywhere at all,

Then the intention not to follow  
The advice of the omniscient physician,  
Whose words banish ills of every kind,  
Is utter madness, worthy of contempt.

If I need to take special care when poised  
Above a common drop of some small height,  
Then how much more so to avoid the one  
Of deep duration that falls a thousand miles?

It makes no sense to relax and think:  
“Today, at least, I shall not die,”  
For it is certain that a time will come  
When my life will cease to be.

Who can offer me reassurance?  
How can I be sure I need not fear?  
If there is no doubt that I will die,  
Then how can I remain at ease?

Of my experiences from the past,  
What's left for me? What now remains?  
Yet by clinging to them obsessively,  
I have disobeyed my teacher's words.

Just as I must eventually forsake this life,  
So too must I take leave of relatives and friends.  
When I must go alone on death's uncertain journey,  
What concern to me are all these enemies and allies?

How can I free myself from non-virtue,  
The source from which sufferings arise?  
At all times of the day and night,  
This should be my one concern.

[63]  
Whatever wrongs I have committed,  
In my ignorance and blindness—  
Whether actions plainly negative  
Or deeds proscribed by vows,

[64]  
Before the buddhas, I join my palms together,  
And, terrified by the awful sufferings to come,  
Prostrate myself upon the ground over and again,  
Confessing all my harmful deeds, each and every one.

[65]  
I call upon you, the guides of all the world,  
To accept me and the harm that I have done.  
And these actions, since they are unwholesome,  
I promise, from now on, I shall never do again.

## Bodhisattva Vow Ritual

*Request the buddhas and bodhisattvas to grant their attention by reciting three times:*

All you buddhas who dwell in the ten directions,  
All you great bodhisattvas on the ten levels,  
All you great gurus, the vajra-holders,  
Turn your mind toward me, I pray!

*Take refuge by reciting three times:*

Until I realize the heart of enlightenment,  
I take refuge in the buddhas,  
And likewise in the Dharma,  
And in the assembly of bodhisattvas.

*Recite the maṇḍala prayer one time:*

Oṃ āḥ hūm!  
The boundless splendor of the billionfold Sahā universe,  
Along with my own body, wealth, merit, and virtue—  
To perfect the two accumulations, I offer all of this  
As a beautiful maṇḍala to the Three Jewels.

*Take the bodhisattva vow by reciting three times:*

Just as all the buddhas of the past,  
Aroused bodhicitta,  
And established themselves by stages,  
In the training of a bodhisattva,

Just so, for the benefit of beings,  
I will arouse bodhicitta,  
And likewise I will train,  
Progressively in those practices.

*Cultivate joy for oneself by reciting one time:*

Today my life has become meaningful;  
Having well obtained this human existence,  
I've been born in the family of the Buddha,  
And now am one of Buddha's children.

Thus whatever actions I do from now on,  
Must be actions befitting my family.  
Never shall I do anything to disgrace,  
This faultless, noble family!

Just like a blind person,  
Discovering a priceless jewel in a heap of trash,  
So, through some fortunate coincidence,  
Bodhicitta has been born within me.

*Cultivate joy for others by reciting one time:*

Today in the presence of all the protectors,  
I invite all beings to the state of enlightenment.  
At the feast of temporal and ultimate bliss:  
May the guests—gods, demigods, and others—rejoice!

*Recite the maṇḍala prayer one time:*

Oṃ āḥ hūṅ!  
The boundless splendor of the billionfold Sahā universe,  
Along with my own body, wealth, merit, and virtue—  
To perfect the two accumulations, I offer all of this  
As a beautiful maṇḍala to the Three Jewels.

*Recite the aspiration prayer one time:*

May all aspects of the pāramitā of discipline be perfected completely within the minds of all sentient beings, including my mind.  
May all the harmful actions and obscurations caused by breakages in discipline due to negative emotions be cleansed and purified.  
May I possess the good fortune to practice the discipline that pleases the noble ones.  
May I attain the bliss of complete liberation free from the oppression of the negative emotions.

## The Third Chapter of the Way of the Bodhisattva: Fully Adopting Bodhicitta

[1]

Joyfully I celebrate all the acts of virtue  
That ease the pains of the lower realms,  
And rejoice as well when those who suffer  
Find themselves in states of happiness.

I rejoice in the gathering of virtue  
That is the cause of awakening,  
And celebrate the definite liberation  
Of beings from saṃsāra's pain.

I rejoice in the awakening of the buddhas  
And the bhūmis gained by bodhisattvas.

Gladly I rejoice in the infinite sea of virtue,  
Which is the noble intention of bodhicitta,  
Wishing to secure the happiness of beings,  
And acting in ways that bring benefit to all.

[5]

Now I join my hands and pray  
To you, the buddhas of all quarters:  
Shine the lamp of Dharma upon us,  
As we suffer in confusion's darkness!

[6]

With my palms clasped at my heart,  
I urge all buddhas longing for nirvāṇa:  
Do not leave us blind and all alone,  
But remain with us for countless ages!

[7]

Through whatever virtue I have gained  
By all these actions now performed,  
May the pain of every living being  
Be cleared away entirely, never to return.

For all the beings ailing in the world,  
Until their sickness has been healed,  
May I become the doctor and the cure,  
And may I nurse them back to health.

Bringing down a shower of food and drink,  
May I dispel the pains of thirst and hunger,  
And in those times of scarcity and famine,  
May I myself appear as food and drink.

For all beings who are destitute and poor,  
May I be a treasure, unending in supply,  
A source of all that they might call for,  
Accessible always and close by.

My own body and all that I possess,  
My past, present, and future virtues—  
I dedicate them all, withholding nothing,  
To bring about the benefit of beings.

By letting go of all I shall attain nirvāṇa,  
The transcendence of misery I seek,  
Since everything must finally be abandoned,  
It would be best if I gave it all away.

This body of mine I have now given up,  
Entirely for the pleasure of all who live.  
Let them kill it, beat it, and abuse it,  
Forever doing with it as they please.

And if they treat it like a toy,  
Or an object of ridicule and jest,  
When I have given it away,  
Why should I then become upset?

Let them do to me as they please,  
Whatever does not harm them;  
And when anyone should think of me,  
May that only serve them well.

If the sight of me inspires in others  
Thoughts of anger or devotion,  
May such states of mind be causes  
For eternally fulfilling their desires.

May those who insult me to my face,  
Or cause me harm in any other way,  
Even those who disparage me in secret,  
Have the good fortune to awaken.

May I be a guard for those without one,  
A guide for all who journey on the road,  
May I become a boat, a raft, or bridge,  
For all who wish to cross the water.

May I be an isle for those desiring landfall,  
And a lamp for those who wish for light,  
May I be a bed for those who need to rest,  
And a servant for all who live in need.

May I become a wishing jewel, a magic vase,  
A powerful mantra, and a medicine of wonder.  
May I be a tree of miracles granting every wish,  
And a cow of plenty sustaining all the world.

Like the earth and other great elements,  
And like space itself, may I remain forever,  
To support the lives of boundless beings,  
By providing all that they might need.

Just so, in all the realms of beings,  
As far as space itself pervades,  
May I be a source of all that life requires,  
Until beings pass beyond saṃsāra's pain.

[23]

Just as the sugatas of former ages,  
Aroused bodhicitta and then, in stages,  
Trained themselves in skillful practice,  
On the genuine path of the bodhisattvas,

Like them, I take this sacred vow:  
To arouse bodhicitta here and now,  
And train myself for others' good,  
Gradually, as a bodhisattva should.

Like this, all those whose minds are clear,  
And who adopt bodhicitta with inspiration,  
Will, to ensure that it grows thereafter,  
Praise it highly in the following way:

[26]

Now my life has great significance,  
At birth I found this human existence,  
And now I'm born into the buddhas' line,  
As a son or daughter of the noble kind.

From this day on, come what may,  
I'll act only in an appropriate way,  
And never shall I bring dishonor  
Upon this flawless, noble family.

For like a beggar, poor and blind,  
Who, by chance, a jewel might find,  
So now somehow, auspiciously,  
Bodhicitta has dawned within me.

This is the perfect nectar of immortality,  
Through which the Lord of Death is overcome.  
It is an inexhaustible treasury of wealth  
To dispel the poverty of all who live.

It is the very best of medicines  
That heals the sickness of the world,  
And the tree that shelters all who wander  
Wearily along the pathways of existence.

It is the universal bridge to freedom,  
Leading us all from the lower realms,  
And it is a rising moon within the mind,  
To cool the passions of all living beings.

It is the mighty sun whose light dispels  
The darkness of ignorance in our minds.  
And it is the very purest form of butter  
Churned from the milk of sacred Dharma.

[33]

For beings traveling life's pathways,  
And seeking to taste its greatest joys,  
This will satisfy their eternal wanderings,  
By granting them the highest form of bliss.



Now with all the buddhas as my witness,  
I invite all beings to lasting happiness,  
And, before that, to ordinary joys:  
May gods, asuras, and others rejoice!

## The Tenth Chapter of the Way of the Bodhisattva: Dedication

By all the virtue I have now amassed  
By composition of this book, which speaks  
Of entry to the bodhisattva way,  
May every being tread the path to buddhahood.

May beings everywhere who suffer  
Torment in their minds and bodies  
Have, by virtue of my merit,  
Joy and happiness in boundless measure.

As long as they may linger in saṃsāra,  
May their joy be undiminished;  
May they taste of unsurpassed beatitude  
In constant and unbroken continuity.

Throughout the spheres and reaches of the world,  
In hellish states as many as there are,  
May beings who abide there taste  
The bliss and peace of Sukhāvātī.

May those caught in the freezing ice be warmed,  
And from great clouds of bodhisattvas  
Torrents rain in boundless streams  
To cool those burning in infernal fires.

May forests where the leaves are blades and swords  
Become sweet groves and pleasant woodland glades.  
And may the trees of miracles appear,  
Supplanting those upon the hill of Shālmali.

And may the very pits of hell be sweet  
With fragrant pools all perfumed with the scent of lotuses,  
And lovely with the cries of swan and goose  
And waterfowl so pleasing to the ear.

May fiery coals turn into heaps of jewels,  
The burning ground become an even crystal floor,  
May crushing hills become sublime abodes:  
Offering temples, dwellings of the buddhas.

May the hail of weapons, lava, fiery stones  
Become henceforth a rain of flowers.  
And all the mutual woundings with sharp blades  
Be now a rain of flowers thrown in play.

And those engulfed in fiery Vaitaraṇī,  
Their flesh destroyed, their bones bleached white as kunda flowers,  
May they, through all my merits' strength, have godlike forms  
And sport with goddesses in Mandākinī's peaceful streams.

“What fear is it,” they'll ask, “that grips the henchmen of the deadly lord,  
the frightful vultures, and the carrion crows?  
What noble strength is it that brings us joy and drives away our dreadful night?”  
And looking skyward they will see the shining form of Vajrapāṇi.  
Then may their sins be quenched in joy and may they go to him.

And when they see the seething lava-flood of hell  
Extinguished in a rain of blossoms, drenched in fragrant streams,  
At once fulfilled in bliss, they'll ask, “How can this be?”  
May then the denizens of hell behold Padmapāṇi.

“Friends, throw away your fears and quickly gather here.  
For who is it who comes to us to banish dread, this gleaming youth with bound-up hair,  
This loving bodhisattva saving and protecting every being,  
Whose power relieves all pain, bestowing joy?”

“Behold the hundred gods who lay their crowns before his lotus feet,  
The rain of flowers that falls upon his head, his eyes moist with compassion,  
The splendor of his house that echoes praises of a thousand goddesses!”  
May those in hell thus cry on seeing Mañjuḥoṣa.

And likewise, through my roots of virtue,  
Seeing bodhisattvas like Samantabhadra, free from stain,  
Those clouds of bliss all laden with a cooling scented rain,  
May all those languishing in hell come now to perfect joy.

And may the stooping animals be freed  
From fear of being preyed upon, each other's food.  
And may the famished spirits have such joy  
As those who dwell within the northern continent.

And may they be replete and satisfied  
By streams of milk that pour  
From noble Lord Avalokita's hand,  
And bathing in it, may they be refreshed and cooled.

And may the blind receive their sight,  
And may the deaf begin to hear,  
And women near their time bring forth,  
Like Māyādevī, free from all travail.

And may the naked now be clothed,  
And all the hungry eat their fill.  
And may those parched with thirst receive  
Pure waters and delicious drink.

May the poor and destitute find wealth,  
The haggard and the careworn, joy.  
May those now in despair be whole in mind,  
Endowed with sterling constancy.

May every being ailing with disease  
Be freed at once from every malady.  
May every sickness that afflicts the living  
Be wholly and forever absent from the world.

May those who go in dread have no more fear.  
May captives be unchained and now set free.  
And may the weak receive their strength.  
May living beings help each other in kindness.

May travelers upon the road  
Find happiness no matter where they go,  
And may they gain, without the need of toil,  
The goals on which they set their hearts.

May those who put to sea in boat or ship,  
Attain the ports that they desire,  
And may they safely come to shore  
And sweet reunion with their kith and kin.

May those who lose their way and wander  
In the wild find fellow travelers.  
And safe from threat of thieves and savage beasts,  
May they be tireless and their journey light.

May children and the aged, and all those without protection  
Wandering in the fearful, pathless wastes,  
Who fall asleep unconscious of their peril,  
Have pure celestial beings as their guardians.

May all be freed from states of bondage,  
May they be possessed of wisdom, faith, and love.  
With perfect sustenance and conduct,  
May they always have remembrance of their former lives.

May everyone have unrestricted wealth  
Just like the treasury of space,  
Enjoying it according to their wish,  
Without a trace of harm or enmity.

May beings destitute of splendor,  
Be magnificent and bright.  
And those who suffer from deformity  
Acquire great beauty and perfection.

May all the women of the world  
Attain the strength of men.  
And may the lowly come to excellence,  
The proud and haughty lose their arrogance.

And thus by all the merit I have gained,  
May every being, leaving none aside,  
Abandon all their evil ways,  
Embracing goodness now and ever more.

From bodhicitta may they never separate,  
And constantly engage in bodhisattva actions.  
May they be accepted as disciples by the buddhas,  
Drawing back from what is demons' work.

And may these beings, each and every one,  
Enjoy an unsurpassed longevity.  
Living always in contentment,  
May the very name of death be strange to them.

In all the ten directions and on every side  
May groves of wish-fulfilling trees abound,  
Resounding with the sweetness of the Dharma,  
Spoken by the buddhas and their bodhisattva heirs.

And may the earth be wholesome everywhere,  
Free from boulders, cliffs, and chasms,  
Flat and even like a level palm,  
And smooth like lapis lazuli.

For many circles of disciples,  
May multitudes of bodhisattvas  
Live in every land,  
Adorning them with every excellence.

From birdsong and the sighing of the trees,  
From shafts of light and from the sky itself,  
May living beings, each and every one,  
Perceive the constant sound of Dharma.

And always may they come into the presence of the buddhas,  
And meet with bodhisattvas, offspring of the same.  
With clouds of offerings unbounded,  
May the teachers of the world be worshipped.

May kindly spirits bring the rains on time,  
For harvests to be rich and plentiful.  
May princes rule according to the Dharma;  
May the world be blessed with all prosperity.

May medicines be full of strength;  
May secret words of power be chanted with success.  
May spirits of the air that feed on flesh  
Be kind, their minds imbued with pity.

May beings never suffer anguish.  
Let them not be sick nor evilly behave.  
May they have no fear, nor suffer insults.  
Always may their minds be free from sorrow.

In monasteries, temples, and the like,  
May reading and reciting widely flourish.  
May harmony prevail among the Saṅgha;  
May its purposes be all fulfilled.

May ordained monks, intent upon the practice,  
Find perfect places for retreat in solitude,  
Abandon every vagrant thought,  
And meditate with trained and serviceable minds.

May nuns have all their wants supplied;  
May quarreling and spite be strange to them.  
Let all who have embraced monastic life  
Uphold a pure and unimpaired observance.

May those who break their discipline repent,  
And always may they strive to cleanse away their faults.  
And thus may they acquire a fortunate rebirth,  
Wherein to practice stainless discipline.

May wise and learned beings be revered,  
And always be sustained by alms.  
May they be pure in mind,  
And may their fame spread far and wide.

May beings never languish in the lower realms,  
May pain and hardship be unknown to them.  
With bodies greater than the gods,  
May they attain enlightenment without delay.

May beings time and time again  
Make offerings to all the buddhas.  
And with the Buddha's unimagined bliss  
May they enjoy undimmed and constant happiness.

May all the bodhisattvas now fulfill  
Their high intention for the sake of wanderers.  
May sentient beings now obtain  
All that their guardians wish for them.

And may the hearers and pratyekabuddhas  
Gain their perfect happiness.

And till, through Mañjuḥṣa's perfect kindness,  
I attain the ground of Perfect Joy,  
May I remember all my lives  
And enter into the monastic state.

Thus may I abide, sustained  
By simple, ordinary fare.  
And in every life obtain  
A dwelling place in perfect solitude.

Whenever I desire to gaze on him  
Or put to him the slightest question,  
May I behold with unobstructed sight  
My own protector Mañjughoṣa.

To satisfy the needs of beings  
Dwelling in the ten directions, to the margins of the sky,  
May I reflect in all my deeds  
The perfect exploits of Mañjusrī.

And now as long as space endures,  
As long as there are beings to be found,  
May I continue likewise to remain  
To drive away the sorrows of the world.

The pains and sorrows of all wandering beings—  
May they ripen wholly on myself.  
And may the virtuous company of bodhisattvas  
Always bring about the happiness of beings.

May the doctrine, only cure for sorrow,  
Source of every bliss and happiness,  
Be blessed with wealth, upheld with veneration,  
And throughout a vast continuance of time, endure!

And now to Mañjughoṣa I prostrate,  
Whose kindness is the wellspring of my good intent.  
And to my virtuous friends I also bow  
Whose inspiration gave me strength to grow.

*This completes the Bodhicaryāvatāra by Śāntideva.*