

Light and dark **op·pose** one an·o·ther like the front and back foot in walk·ing.

● **Each** of the myriad things has its mer·it, ex·pressed ac·cord·ing to func·tion and place.

Phenom·e·na ex·ist; box and lid fit; prin·ci·ple res·ponds; ar·row points meet.

● Hea·ring the words, un·der·stand the mean·ing; **don't** set up stand·ards of your own.

If you don't un·der·stand the way right be·fore you, how will you know the path as you walk?

Pro·gress is not a mat·ter of far or near, **but** if you are con·fused, moun·tains and riv·ers block your way.

+ I re·spect·ful·ly urge you who stu·dy the mys·ter·y, **do + not** pass your days and nights in vain.

*Chant leader alone –*

## **The Precious Mirror Samadhi ●**

*All together –*

**The dhar·ma of thus·ness is in·ti·mate·ly trans·mit·ted by budd·has and an·ces·tors**;

**Now you have it**; **pre·serve it well**.

●<sup>D</sup> **A sil·ver bowl** filled with snow; a he·ron hid·den in the moon.

Tak·en as sim·i·lar, they are not the same; not dis·ting·uished, their places are known.

**The mean·ing does not re·side in the words**, **but a pi·vo·tal mo·ment brings it forth**.

**Move and you are trapped**; **miss and you fall in·to doubt and va·cil·la·tion**.

**Turn·ing a·way and touch·ing are both wrong**, **for it is like mas·sive fire**.

**Just to por·tray it in lit·er·ar·y form is to stain it with de·file·ment**.

**In dark·est night it is per·fect·ly clear**; **in the light of dawn it is**

hid·den.

It is a stan·dard for all things; its use re·moves all suf·fer·ing.

'Though it is not con·struct·ed, it is not be·yond words.

Fac·ing a pre·cious mir·ror, form and re·flec·tion be·hold each o·ther.

You are not it, but in truth it is you.

Like a new·born child, it is ful·ly en·dowed with five as·pects:

No go·ing, no com·ing, no a·ris·ing, no a·bid·ing;

A ba·by bab·bles - is an·y·thing said or not?

In the end it says no·thing, for the words are not yet right.

In the Il·lum·in·a·tion hex·a·gram, ap·par·ent and real in·ter·act,

Stacked to·geth·er they be·come three, the per·mu·ta·tions make five,

Like the taste of the five·fla·vored herb, like the five·pronged vaj·ra.

Won·drous·ly em·braced with·in the real, drum·ming and sing·ing be·gin to·geth·er.

Pen·e·trate the source and trav·el the path·ways; em·brace the ter·ri·to·ry and trea·sure the roads.

You would do well to re·spect this; do not ne·glect it.

Na·'tral and won·drous, it is not a mat·ter of de·lu·sion or en·light·en·ment.

With·in cau·ses and con·di·tions, time and sea·son, it is ser·ene and il·lu·min·a·ting.

So mi·nu·te it ent·ers where there is no gap, so vast it tran·scends all di·men·sion.

Just a hair's breadth's dev·i·a·tion, and you are out of tune.

Now there are sud·den and gra·du·al, so teach·ings and ap·proa·ches a·rise.

With these mat·ters dis·tin·guished, each has its stand·ard,

Ma·stered or not, re·al·i·ty con·stant·ly flows.

**Out-side still and in-side trem·bling, like teth·ered colts or  
cow·er·ing rats,**

**The an·cient sa·ges grieved for them, and of·fered them the  
dhar·ma.**

**Led by their in·vert·ed views, they take black for white.**

**When in·vert·ed think·ing stops, the af·firm·ing mind na·t·ral·ly  
ac·cords.**

**If you want to fol·low in the an·cient tracks, please ob·serve the  
sa·ges of the past.**

**One on the verge of re·al·i·zing the bud·dha way con·tem·pla·ted a  
tree for ten long kal·pas,**

● **Like a bat·tle·scarred ti·ger, like a horse with shanks gone gray.**

**Be·cause some are vul·gar, jewel·ed ta·bles and or·nate robes;**

**Be·cause some are wide·eyed, cats and white ox·en.**

● **With a great arch·er's skill one can hit the mark at a hund·red  
yards,**

**But ar·rows meet·ing head on, how could it be a mat·ter of skill?**

**Wood·en man starts to sing; stone wo·man gets up danc·ing.**

**It is not reached by feel·ings or con·scious·ness, how could  
it in·volve de·lib·er·a·tion?**

**Min·is·ters serve their lords, chil·dren o·bey their par·ents;**

**Not o·bey·ing is not fil·i·al, fail·ure to serve is no help.**

**With prac·tice hid·den, fun·ction se·cret·ly, like a fool, like an i·di·ot;**

**+ Just to do this con·tin·u·ous·ly + is called the host with·in the  
host.**

*Chant one of the following two lineages –*

*The Traditional Line of Dharma Ancestors can be found  
on the next page. ►*

*The Line of Women Dharma Ancestors is on page 10. ►*