

Thomas Byrom's Translation — Dhammapada — *Adapted* and (*amplified*) by Dzogchen Semde Lama: Jigme Gyatso

Dhammapada's Sayings Attributed to the Buddha

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adapted and (*amplified*)
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Thomas Byrom's Translation — **Dhammapada** — *Adapted and (amplified) by Dzogchen Semde Lama: Jigme Gyatso*

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Choices — *the First of Twenty-six Chapters*

We are what we think.
ALL that we are
could arise with our thoughts.

With our thoughts
we *could* make the world.

Spéak or act with an impure mind
and trouble *could* follow you

ás the wheel follows the ox
that draws the cart.

We are what we think.
ALL that we are
could arise with our thoughts.

With our thoughts
we *could* make the world.

Spéak or act with a pure mind
and happiness *could* follow you
as your shadow, unshakable.

*“Lóok how he abused me
and beat me,
how he threw me down
and robbed me.”*

*Cling to such thoughts
and you live in hate.*

*“Lóok how he abused me
and beat me,
how he threw me down
and robbed me.”*

***Rélease** such thoughts,
and live in love.*

Ín this world
hate NEVER yet
dispelled hate.

Ónly love dispels hate.
This is the *way*,
ancient and inexhaustible.

You too shall pass away.
Knowing this,
how can you quarrel?

Hów easily the wind
overturns a frail tree.

Séek happiness in the senses,
indulge in food and sleep,
and you too *could* be uprooted.

The wind **cannot** overturn a mountain.
Temptation **cannot** *overturn* the *one*

who is awake, strong, and humble,
who masters himself and *follows* the *way*.

If a man's thoughts are muddy,
if he is reckless and full of deceit,
how can he wear the *ocher shawl*?

Whoever *has* mastered his (*buddha*) nature,
bright, clear, and true,
he may indeed wear the *ocher shawl*.

Místaking the false for the true
and the true for the false,

yoú overlook the heart
and fill yourself with desire.

Sée the false as false,
the true as true.

Lóok into your heart.
Follow your (*buddha*) nature.

Án unreflecting mind is a poor roof.
Passion, like the rain, floods the house.

BÚT if the roof is strong,
there is shelter.

Whoever follows impure thoughts
suffers in this world
and the next.

In both worlds he suffers
and how greatly when he sees
the wrong he has done.

Bút whoever follows the *way*
is joyful here and joyful there.

In both worlds he rejoices
and how greatly
when he sees the good he has done.

Fór great is the harvest in this world,
and greater still in the next.

Hówever many holy words you read,
however many you speak,

whát good will they do you
if you do NOT act upon them?

Are you a shepherd who counts
another *one's* sheep,
never sharing the way?

Read as few words as you like
and speak fewer.
But act *in accord* (*with*) the way.

Give up the old ways:
passion, *resentment*, folly.

Know the truth and find peace.
Share the way. 

Wakefulness — *the Second of Twenty-six Chapters*

Wákefulness is the way to life.

The fool sleeps

as if *they* were already dead,

bút the master is awake

and *they* live foréver.

Hé watches. He is clear.
How happy he is!
For he sees that wakefulness **is** life.

Hów happy he is,
following the path
of the awákened.

Wíth great perseverance he meditates,
seeking freedom and happiness.
So wake, reflect, (*ánd*) watch.

Wórk with care and attention.
Live in the way
and the light *could* grow ín you.

Bý watching and working
the master makes *of* himself an island
which the flood cannot overwhelm.

Thé fool is careless.
But the master guards his *awareness*.
It is his most precious tréasure.

Hé never *gives in* to (*the tyranny of*) desire.
He medítates.

Ánd in the strength of his resolve
he discovers true happíness.

Hé *transcends* (*the tyranny of*) desire:
and from the tower of wísdóm

hé looks down with dispassion
upon the sorrowíng crowd.

Fróm the mountaintop
he looks down on those
who live close to thé ground.

Míndful among the mindless,
awake while others dream,

swíft as the race horse
he outstrips thé field.

Bý watching
In-dra became the king of thé gods.

Hów wonderful it is to watch,
how foolish (*it is*) tó sleep.

Thé *yogi* who guards his mind
and *transcends*
the waywardness of his thoughts

búrn̄s through every bond
with the fire of his vigílan̄ce.

The *yogi* who guards his mind
and *transcends* his own confusion
cannot fall.

Hé has found
the way tó peace.



Mind — *the Third of Twenty-six Chapters*

As the fletcher whittles
and makes straight his arrows,

so the master *watches*
(*all*) his *painful* thoughts.

Like a fish out of water,
stranded on the shore,

thoughts thrash and quiver.
For how can they shake off
(*the tyranny of*) desire?

They tremble, they are unsteady,
they wander at their will.

It is good to *work* (*though*) them,
and to *transcend* them
brings happiness.

But how subtle they are,
how elusive!

The task is to *tame* them,
and by *transcending* them
to find happiness.

With single-mindedness
the master *tames* his thoughts.
He ends their *dominion*.

Seated in the cave of the heart,
he finds freedom.

How can a troubled mind
understand the way?

If a man is disturbed
he will never
be filled with knowledge.

An untroubled mind,
NO longer seeking to consider
what is right and what is wrong,

a mind beyond judgments;
watches and understands.

Know that the body
is (*like*) a fragile jar,

and make a castle
of your mind.

In every trial
let understanding
fight for you

to defend
what you have won.

For soon the body
is discarded.
Then what does it feel?

(*Like*) a useless log of wood,
it lies on the ground.
Then what does it know?

Your worst enemy
cannot harm you

as much as
your own thoughts,
unguarded.

NO one can help you
as much,

NOT even
your father or mother.



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Flowers — *the Fourth of Twenty-six Chapters*

Who shall conquer this world
and the world of death
with all its gods?

Who shall discover
the shining way
of the *path*?

You shall,
(*for*) even as the man
who seeks flowers

finds the most beautiful,
the rarest.

Understand that the body
is merely

the (*impermanent*) foam of a wave,
the shadow of a shadow.

Snap the flower arrows of desire
and then, unseen,

escape the king of death
and travel on.

Death overtakes the man
who (*frivolously*) gathers flowers

when with *scattered* mind
and thirsty senses,
searches vainly for happiness
in the pleasures of the world.

Death fetches him away
as a flood carries off
a sleeping village.

Death overcomes him
when with *scattered* mind
and thirsty senses
he (*frivolously*) gathers flowers.

He will never have his fill
of the pleasures of the world.

The bee gathers nectar
from the flower
without marring
its beauty or perfume.

Likewise, may the master
settle and wander.

Look to your own faults,
what you have done
or left undone.

Overlook
the faults of others.

Like a lovely flower,
bright but scentless,

are the fine but empty words
of the man
who does NOT mean what he says.

Like a lovely flower,
bright and fragrant,

are the fine and truthful words
of the man who means what he says.

Like garlands woven
from a heap of flowers,

fashion from your life
many good deeds.

The perfume
of sandalwood, rosebay, or jasmine
cannot travel against the wind.

But the fragrance of *peace (and) kindness*
travels even against the wind,
as far as the ends of the world.

How much finer
is the fragrance of *peace (and) kindness*

than (*that*) of sandalwood, rosebay,
blue lotus, or jasmine!

The fragrance
of sandalwood and rosebay
does NOT travel far.

BUT the fragrance
of *peace (and) kindness*
rises to the heavens.

(*The tyranny of*) desire
never *dominates* the path
of those who are
wakeful, *peaceful*, and *kind*.

Their brightness
sets them free.

How sweetly the lotus grows
in the litter of the wayside.

Its pure fragrance
delights the heart.

Follow the awakened
and from among the blind

the light of your wisdom
could purely radiate.

Λ

The Fool — *the Fifth of Twenty-six Chapters*

How long the night
to the watchman,

how long the road
to the weary traveler,

long the wandering
of many lives

to the fool
who misses the way.

If the traveler cannot find
master or friend
to go with him,

let him travel on alone
rather than with a fool
for company.

“My children, my wealth!”
So the fool troubles himself.

But how has he children or wealth?
(*When*) he is NOT even
his own master.

The fool
who knows he is a fool
is that much wiser.

The fool
who thinks he is wise
is a fool indeed.

Does the spoon
taste the soup?

A fool may live all his life
in the company of a master
and still miss the way.

The tongue
tastes the soup.

If you are awake
in the presence of a master
one moment
could show you the way.

The fool is his own enemy.
The mischief he does
is his undoing.

How bitterly
he suffers!

Why do
what you will regret?

Why bring tears
upon yourself?

Do only
what you do NOT regret,
and (*you'll*) fill yourself with joy.

For a while
the fool's mischief tastes sweet,
(*as*) sweet as honey.

But in the end
it turns bitter.

And how bitterly
he suffers!

For months
the fool may fast,

eating (*only*) from the tip
of a blade (*of*) grass.

Yet he is NOT worth a penny
beside the master
whose *food* is the way.

Fresh milk
takes time to sour.

Likewise, a fool's mischief
takes time to catch up to him.
Like the embers of a fire
it smolders within him.

Whatever a fool learns,
it only makes him duller.

(*Then*) knowledge cleaves his head.
For then he wants recognition,
a place before other people,
a place over other people.

“*May* they know my work,
may everyone look to me
for direction.”

Such are his desires,
such is his swelling pride.

One way
leads (*merely*) to wealth and fame,

the other (*leads*)
to the *mastery* of the way.

Look NOT for recognition
BUT (*rather*) follow the awakened
and set yourself free. Λ

The Wise — *the Sixth of Twenty-six Chapters*

The wise tell you
where you have fallen

and where you yet may fall...
invaluable secrets!

Follow *them*,
follow the way.

Let *them* chasten
and teach you
and keep you from mischief.

The world may hate *them*,
BUT good *ones* love *them*.

Do NOT look for bad company
or live with *those*
who do NOT care.

Find friends
who love the truth.

Drink deeply (*of meditation*).
Live in serenity and joy.

The wise delight in the truth
and follow the *path*
of the awakened.

(*As*) the farmer channels water
to his land.

the fletcher whittles
his arrows,

and the carpenter
turns his wood,

so the wise
*train in mindfulness
and meditation.*

(*As*) the wind
cannot shake a mountain,

neither praise nor blame
move the wise.

They. Are. clarity.

Hearing the truth,
they are like a lake,
pure, and tranquil, and deep.

Want nothing.
Where there is desire,
say nothing.

Happiness or sorrow,
whatever befalls you,

walk on
untouched, unattached.

Do NOT *invoke*
family, or power, or wealth,

either for yourself
or for another.

Can the wise
wish to rise (*from*) *contrivance*?

Few cross the river,
most are stranded on this side.

On the river bank
they run up and down.

But the wise,
following the way,

cross over,
beyond the reach of death.

They leave the dark way
for the way of light.

They leave home,
seeking happiness
on the hard road.

Free from (*the tyranny of*) desire,
free from (*the tyranny of*) possessions,

free from (*the tyranny*
of) the dark places of the heart.

Free from (*the tyranny
of*) attachment and appetite,

following
the seven enlightenment (*factors*),

and rejoicing greatly
in their freedom,

in this world the wise
become (*like*) a (*guide*) light:
pure, shining, and free.

Λ

The Master — *the Seventh of Twenty-six Chapters*

At the end of the way
the master finds freedom

from (*the tyranny of*)
desire and sorrow:
(*a*) freedom (*that*) is *vast*.

Those who awaken
never rest in one place.

Like swans,
they rise and leave the lake.

On the air (*these awakened*) arise
and fly an invisible course,

(*neither*) gathering
(*nor*) storing.

Their food is knowledge.
They live upon emptiness.

They have seen
how to break free.

Such is their purity
that masters, like birds,

(spontaneously live as if)
rising on the limitless air
and flying an invisible course.

(The masters) wish for nothing.
Their food is knowledge.

They live upon emptiness.
They have broken free.

They are the charioteers
who have tamed their horses
(*of*) pride and the senses.

Even the gods
admire *them*.

Yielding like the earth,
joyous and clear like *a* lake,
still as the stone at the door,

they are free from (*the tyranny of*)
life and death.

Their thoughts are still.
Their words are still.
Their work is stillness.

They see their freedom
and *are* free.

The masters
surrender their beliefs.

They see beyond
the end and the beginning.

They cut all ties.

They transcend all their desires.

They transcend all temptations.

And *they prevail*.

And wherever (*these masters*) live,
in the city or the country,

in the valley or in the hills,
there is great joy.

Even in the empty forest
they find joy

because *they* (*have*) *transcended*
(*the tyranny of*) all *desires*. Λ

The Thousands — *the Eighth of Twenty-six Chapters*

Better than
a thousand hollow words

is one word
that brings peace.

Better than a thousand
hollow verses

is one verse
that brings peace.

Better than a hundred
hollow **lines**

is one **line** of the *way*,
bringing peace.

Better, it is,
to conquer yourself

than to win
a thousand battles.

Then the victory is yours,
it cannot be taken from you;

NOT by angels or by demons,
heaven or hell.

Better than
a hundred years of worship,

better than
a thousand offerings...

better than giving up
a thousand worldly ways
in order to win merit...

better even than tending,
in the forest,

a sacred flame
for a hundred years;

is one moment's reverence
for *those*
who *have* conquered *themselves*.

To revere (*the archetype of*)
such a *one*,

a master old in *kindness*
and *peace*,

is to have victory
over life itself,

as well as beauty,
strength, and happiness.

Better than
a hundred years of mischief

is one day
spent in contemplation.

Better than
a hundred years of ignorance

is one day
spent in reflection.

Better than
a hundred years of idleness

is one day
spent in *enthusiasm*.

Better to live one day
wondering how all things
arise and pass away.

Better to live one hour
seeing the one life
beyond the way.

Better to live one moment
in the moment

of the way
beyond the way.



Mischief — *the Ninth of Twenty-six Chapters*

Be quick
to (*flow from*) *love's (effortless effort)*.

If you are slow, the mind (*set*),
delighting in mischief,
could catch you.

Transcend mischief.
Again and again, *transcend*,

sorrow
befalls (*all who*) you (*effect*).

*(Contemplatively) prepare your heart
to (flow from) love's (centered spontaneity).*

Do it over and over again,
and you *(and all who you effect)*
could be filled with joy.

A fool is happy
until his mischief
turns against him.

And a good man
may suffer
until his goodness flowers.

Do NOT make light
of your failings,

saying,
“What are they to me?”

(*For*) drop by drop
a jug fills.

(*and*) thus their folly
fills to the brim.

Do NOT belittle
your *kindnesses*,

saying,
“They are nothing.”

(*For*) drop by drop
a jug fills.

(*and*) thus (*the*) *kindness* of the wise
fills to the brim.

As the rich merchant
with few servants
shuns a dangerous road...

and the *one* who loves life
shuns poison,

beware the dangers
of folly and mischief.

For (*just as*) an unwounded hand
may handle poison;

those (flowing from) love's (effortless effort)
come to NO harm.

Like dust thrown against the wind,
mischief is blown back into the face

of the fool who wrongs
those (who flow from) love's (effortless effort).

Some (*experience life as like a*) hell,
some (*experience life as*) *ordinary*,
some (*experience life as like a*) heaven.

But the *transcendent*
NO longer (*restlessly*) *wander* anywhere:

NOT in the sky,
NOR in the midst of the sea,
NOR deep in the mountains.

We can hide from *our stress*:
NEITHER in the sky,

NOR in the midst of the ocean,
NOR deep in the mountains;

NOWHERE can we hide
from our own *stress*.



Violence — *the Tenth of Twenty-six Chapters*

All beings tremble
before violence.

All fear death.
All love life.

See yourself in others.
Then whom can you hurt?
What harm can you do?

Those who seek happiness
by hurting those
who (*also*) seek happiness

undermine their (own) capacity
find happiness.

Your brother is like you.
He wants to be happy.

Never harm him
and when you leave this *circumstance*
you too will find happiness.

Never speak harsh words
for they will rebound
upon you.

angry words hurt
and the hurt rebounds.

Like a broken gong
be still, be silent.

Know the stillness of freedom
where the (*tyranny of*) striving
(*enslaves us*) no more.

Like herdsmen
driving their cows
into the field

old age and death
drive *us* before them.

But the fool in his *cruelty* forgets
and lights the fires

(*of deep dissatisfaction and stress*)
wherein one day he *could* burn.

He who harms the harmless
or hurts the innocent,

*(strengthens their own capacity
for anxiety and aggression*

*so undermining their physical
and mental health
that it could feel as if)*

they often fall into:
torment or infirmity, (*or*) injury,
or disease, or madness,

persecution, or *railing* accusations,
loss of family, and loss of fortune.

(Even after enduring what feels like)
(materially) fire from heaven
striking their homes

and *(physically)* *their* bodies
being struck down,
(emotionally) *their torment* could *(persist)*.

Those who (*ascetically*) *wander* naked,
with matted hair,
mud bespattered,

who fast, and sleep on the ground,
and smears *their* body with ashes

sitting in endless meditation
so long as *they are slaves to their turmoil,*
they can NOT find freedom.

But *those* who live (*in*) *love* and *peace*,
in quietness and *kindness*,

who *are* harmless, non-violent,
and blameless,

even if they
wear fine clothes,

as long as they also have
spiritual enthusiasm
(then) they are true seekers.

A well-trained horse rarely feels
the touch of the whip.

Who is there
in this world
as blameless?

Like a well-trained horse
(*vulnerably*) smart under the whip
(*of life's vicissitudes*).

Enthusiastically yearn
(for universal wellbeing),
(practice) mindfulness and meditation.

Be harmless,
be blameless.

Awaken to the (*eight-fold*) *path*
and from (*the tyranny of*) all sorrow
free yourself.

The farmer
channels water to his land.

The fletcher
whittles his arrows.

The carpenter
turns his wood.

And the wise
master *themselves*.



Λ

Old Age — *the Eleventh of Twenty-six Chapters*

The world is on fire,
and are you laughing?

You are deep in the dark,
(*and*) will you NOT fight for light?

For behold your body:
(*like*) a painted puppet,
a toy,

(*is vulnerable to*) *arthritis*,
and *illness*, and *confusion*,

a (*ghost like*) shadow
that shifts and fades.

How frail it is,
frail and pestilent;
it sickens, (*and*) festers, and dies.

Like every living thing
in the end it sickens and dies.

Behold
these (*sun*) whitened bones,

the hollow shells and husks
of a dying summer.
And are *we* laughing?

We are a house of bones,
(*with*) flesh and blood for plaster.

Pride lives in *us*,
as well as hypocrisy,
decay, and death.

The glorious chariots of kings
shatter.

So also, the body
turns to dust.

But the *momentum* of *peaceful love*
is changeless

and so (*those strong in*) peaceful love
instruct (*those weak in*) peaceful love.

The ignorant
are (like) ox,

They grow in size
(*but*) NOT in wisdom.

“Vainly I sought
the builder of my house
through countless lives.

I could NOT find him;
how hard it is to wander

(for what could seem like)
life after life.”

“But now I see you,
oh builder!

And never again
shall you build my house.

I have snapped the rafters,
split the ridgepole,

beaten out (*the tyranny of*) desire,
and now my mind is free.”

The long-legged cranes
stand in the water

(*but*) there are
NO (*more*) fish in the lake.

Sad is the *one*
who in *their* youth

lived loosely
and squandered *their* fortune,

sad as a broken bow,
and sadly *they* sigh

(*mourning*) after all that has arisen
and has passed away. 

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Yourself — *the Twelfth of Twenty-six Chapters*

Love yourself and watch:
today, tomorrow, always.

FIRST establish yourself in the way,
THEN teach,
and so, defeat sorrow.

To straighten the crooked
you must FIRST do a harder thing:
straighten yourself.

We are *our* only master,
who else?

(*Let's*) subdue *ourselves*,
and discover *our* (*true*) master.

Willfully we have fed
our own folly.

Soon it *could* crush *us*
as *a* diamond crushes stone.

By *our* own folly
we could be brought as low
as *our* worst enemy wishes;

as *a creeping* vine
strangles a tree.

How hard it *could be*
to serve *ourselves*,

how easy (*it could be*) to lose ourselves
in *cruelty* and folly.

(*Just as*) a Kash-ta reed dies
when it bears fruit;

likewise, fools,
scorning the teachings
of the awakened,

spurning those
who follow the *way*,

once *their* folly flowers
suffer.

Folly is *ours*,
sorrow is *ours*,

but *kindness* is also *ours*,
and *peace*.

We are the source
of all *kindness* and *cruelty*;
NO one *releases* another.

(*May we*) never neglect *our* work
for another's,
however great *their* need.

Our path
is to *watch our path*

and then with *great vulnerability*
to *rest into* it. 

The World — *the Thirteenth of Twenty-six Chapters*

Do NOT live in the world,
scattered and

(reaching for) destructive goals,
separate (from the Buddha's) path.

Arise and watch,
follow *this* path joyfully

through this world
and beyond (*its tyranny*).

Follow *this path* of virtue,
follow *this way* joyfully

through this world
and beyond (*its tyranny*)!

Consider *this* world:
(*like*) a bubble,
(*like*) a mirage.

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See the world as it is,
and death (*'s tyranny*)
could overlook you.

Come, consider the world (*'s delights*),
(*like*) *an* (*alluring*) painted chariot for kings,
(*that is*) a trap for fools.

But *those* who see
go free.

Like the moon
(*that*) slips from behind a cloud
and shines

(*those who have*) mastered (*Buddha's path*)
come out from behind *their* ignorance
and shine.

This world is in darkness,
how few have eyes *that* see!

How few the birds
that escape the net
and *take* to the *sky*!

Swans, take wing
and fly toward the sun
(*as if by*) magick!

*Likewise, those (who) watch and rest
transcend the armies of illusion,
arise, and fly.*

If *we* scoff at heaven
depart (from) the way,

and *our* words are lies,
where *could our folly* end?

Fools
laugh at generosity,

the miser
cannot *experience* delight.

But the master
finds joy in giving
and happiness is his reward.

Far greater
than all the joys of heaven and earth,

greater still
than dominion over all the worlds,

is the joy
of reaching the stream
(*of the Buddha's teachings*).



Thomas Byrom's Translation — Dhammapada — *Adapted and (amplified) by Dzogchen Semde Lama: Jigme Gyatso*

The Awakened — *the Fourteenth of Twenty-six Chapters*

*They are awake
the victory is theirs
they have conquered the world.*

How can *they* lose the way
who *are* beyond the way?

Their eyes *are* open
their feet *are* free
who can follow after *them*?

The world cannot reclaim *them*
or lead *them* astray,

NOR can the poisoned net
of desire('s *tyranny*) hold *them*.

They are awake
the gods watch over *them*.

They are awake and find joy
in the *peace* of meditation
and the sweetness of surrender.

Hard it is to be born,
hard it is to live,

harder still to hear of the way,
and hard to: rise, follow, and awake.

Yet the teaching is simple:
do what is right,
be pure.

At the end of the way is freedom,
until then, patience.

If *we (physically)* wound
or (*emotionally*) grieve another

we have YET (*to*) *master*
(*loving*) *peace*.

Offend in neither word NOR deed,
eat with moderation,
live from your heart,

seek the *mastery*
of (*mindfulness and*) *meditation*,

(*and*) master yourself
according to the way;

this is the simple teaching
of the awakened.

The rain could turn to gold
and still *our* thirst
could NOT slacken.

Desire is unquenchable
or it ends in tears,
even in heaven(*-like conditions*).

They who wish to awake
transcend their desires joyfully.

In *their* fear
folks may shelter
in mountains, in forests,

in groves of sacred trees,
or in shrines

but how can *they* hide
from *their* sorrow.

Those who shelter
in the way (*of the Buddha*)

and travel with those
who (*also*) follow it

come to see
the four great truths

Concerning sorrow,
the beginning of sorrow,

the end of sorrow,
and the eight-fold way.

Then at last they are safe,
they have shaken off sorrow,
they are free.

The awakened are few
and hard to find,

happy is the house
where *one* awakens.

Blessed are *their* births,
blessed are the teachings of the way,

blessed is the understanding
among those who follow it,
and blessed is their *enthusiasm*.

And blessed are they who:

- revere the awakened ones
- and follow the way.

They are free from (*the tyranny of*) fear,
they are free,

they have crossed over
the river of sorrow.

Λ

Joy — the Fifteenth of Twenty-six Chapters

Line in joy, in love,
even among those who hate.

Live in joy, in health,
even among the afflicted

Live in joy, in peace,
even among the troubled.

Live in joy, without possessions,
like the shinning ones.

The winner sows hatred
because the loser suffers.

Let go of winning and losing
and find joy.

There is NO fire like passion,
NO crime like hatred,
NO sorrow like separation,

NO sickness like hunger, and
NO joy like the joy of freedom.

Health, contentment, and trust
are your greatest possessions,
and freedom your greatest joy.

Look within, (*and*) be still,
free from fear and attachment,
know the sweet joy of the way.

How joyful
to look upon the awakened

and to keep company
with the wise.

How long the road to the man
who travels with a fool.

But whoever follows
those who follow the way

discovers his family,
and is filled with joy.

Follow then the shinning ones,
the wise, the awakened, the loving,
for they know how to work and forbear.

Follow them as the moon
follows the path of the stars.



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Pleasure — *the Sixteenth of Twenty-six Chapters*

Do NOT let pleasure distract you
from meditation,
from the way.

Free yourself from (*the tyranny
of*) pleasure and pain;

for in craving pleasure or nursing pain
there is only sorrow.

Like nothing
lest you lose it
let it bring you grief and fear.

Go beyond (*the tyranny
of*) likes and dislikes.

From (*the tyranny of*) passion and desire,
sensuousness and lust,
arise grief and fear.

Free yourself
from (*the tyranny of*) of attachment.

They are pure, and see.

They speak the truth,
and live it.

They does *their* own work.

So *they are* admired and loved.

With determined minds
and undesiring hearts
they long for freedom.

They are called Ud-dham-so-to
“*One* who goes upstream.”

When a traveler at last comes home
from a far journey,

with what gladness
their family and friends receive *them*!

Even so *could* our good deeds
welcome us like friends
and with what rejoicing

when *we* pass from this life
to the next! Λ

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Anger — *the Seventeenth of Twenty-six Chapters*

Let go of anger.

Let go of pride.

When *we* are bound by nothing
we could go beyond sorrow.

Anger is like a chariot
careening wildly.

Those who curb *their* anger
are the true charioteers.
Others merely hold the reins.

With gentleness
overcome anger.

With generosity
overcome *stinginess*.

With truth
overcome deceit.

Speak the truth.
Give whatever you can.
Never be *cruel*.

These three steps
could lead *us*
into the presence of the gods.

The wise harm NO one.

They are masters of their bodies

and they go to the boundless (*like*) country
(*of the mastery of peace and love*).

They go beyond sorrow.

Those who seek perfection
watch (*and rest*) day and night
until (the tyranny of) ALL desires vanish.

Listen, (*oh unparalleled*) A-tu-la,
this is NOT (*a*) new (*saying*),
(*but rather*) an old (*one*):

“They blame *us* for being silent,
they blame *us* when *we* talk too much,
and when *we* talk too little.”

Whatever *we* do,
they blame *us*.

The world always finds
a way to praise
and a way to blame.

It always has
and it always will.

But who dares blame
the *ones* whom the wise
continually praise,

whose lives *are* virtuous
and wise,

who shines like a coin
of pure gold?

Even the gods praise *them*.
Even Brah-ma praises *them*.

Beware of the anger
of the body.

(May we) master our bodies.
May they serve truth.

Beware of the anger
of the mouth.

(May we) master our words.
May they serve truth.

Beware of the anger
of the mind.

(May we) master our thoughts.
May they serve truth.

The wise have mastered
body, word, and mind.
They are the true masters.



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Impurity — *the Eighteenth of Twenty-six Chapters*