



Namo Guru!

In the vast sky of the glorious Dharmadatu,
Without boundary nor center, you pervade all dharmas.

Remembering again and again,
Vajradhara the Dharmakaya,
I supplicate you with one-pointed mind full of yearning.
Guru! Grant your blessings so that I may be realized like you.



Clouds gather in the East over the land
of Sahor.

Billowing mists of blessings arise.

Remembering again and again,

Tilo Prajnabhadrā,

I supplicate you with one-pointed mind
full of yearning.

Guru! Grant your blessings so that I
may be realized like you.



Red lightning flashes over Pushpahari
in the East.

You underwent twelve trials for the
sake of dharma.

Remembering again and again,

Learned Mahpandita Naropa,

I supplicate you with one-pointed mind
full of yearning.

Guru! Grant your blessings so that I
may be realized like you.



The turquoise dragon thunders in the
South over Drowo Lung.
You translated the teachings of the
Hearing Lineage.

Remembering again and again,
the translator Marpa Lotsawa,
I supplicate you with one-pointed mind
full of yearning.
Guru! Grant your blessings so that I
may be realized like you.



A gentle rain is falling in the highlands
of the Lachi snow range. Your
instructions flow together into a lake.

Remembering again and again,
Glorious Sherpa Dorje,
I supplicate you with one-pointed mind
full of yearning.
Guru! Grant your blessings so that I
may be realized like you.



The earth is soaked in the East, in the
Dhalkha Gampo hills, by the flowing
stream of the waters of Clear Light.

Remembering again and again,
The Lord, King of Physicians,
I supplicate you with one-pointed mind
full of yearning.

Guru! Grant your blessings so that I
may be realized like you.



Shoots sprout in the land of Phagmo
Dru. You revealed the treasure of the
(profound) secret tantra.

Remembering again and again,
The Lord, the Self-Born Buddha,
I supplicate you with one-pointed mind
full of yearning.

Guru! Grant your blessings so that I
may be realized like you.



The six grains ripen in the North, in the region of Drikung. The six grains pervade all six realms of beings.

Remembering again and again,
The kind Lords of Dharma,
I supplicate you with one-pointed mind
full of yearning.
Guru! Grant your blessings so that I
may be realized like you.



On the crown of my head, on a sun and
moon seat,
Sits my kind root guru
Inseparable from Vajradhara.

Remembering again and again,
My kind root guru,
I supplicate you with one-pointed mind
full of yearning.
Guru! Grant your blessings so that I
may be realized like you.