目 录 / Table of Contents

序 *Song of Liberation*

序

Song of Liberation

永嘉大师《证道歌》调古神清，有足多者，而宏德上人注释亦有独到之处，今熔于一炉，间参我见，作《解脱歌》。	Master Yongjia's Song of Enlightenment is ancient in tone and lucid in spirit, with much to commend it. Venerable Hongde's annotations likewise contain distinctive insights. I have now fused them into one, adding some of my own views from time to time, and composed the Song of Liberation.
觉后乐，乐如何？听我教唱解脱歌，不让古人风调高，我今何妨拈句和。	Joy after awakening—what is that joy like? Listen as I teach and sing the Song of Liberation. The ancients need not stand alone in their lofty song; why should I not take up a line and join in?
本无妄，亦无真，原来二法空无性，无性无相不着空，即是如来真实性。	Originally there is no delusion, nor is there truth; the two dharmas are, from the start, empty of intrinsic nature. Without intrinsic nature or marks, and without attachment to emptiness—this is the Tathāgata's true reality.
见实相，诸法空，刹那顿悟万法同，一旦风光藏不住，赤裸裸的觌面逢。	See ultimate reality: all dharmas are empty. In an instant of sudden awakening, the myriad dharmas are the same. Once this radiance can no longer be concealed, one meets it face-to-face, utterly bare.
决定说，佛心印，有人不肯如实信，直截根源当下了，摘叶寻枝渐教人。	I speak decisively of the Buddha-mind seal, yet some refuse to believe it as it truly is. To grasp the root directly is to be finished then and there; those who pluck leaves and seek branches follow the gradual teaching.
几回生，几回死，亘古亘今长如此，神头鬼面有多般，返本还元没些子。	How many times have we been born, how many times have we died? From ancient times until now, it has always been so. There are countless forms of gods' heads and ghosts' faces; returning to the root and source, there is not the slightest thing.
习显教，修密宗，方便门异归元同，自从踏遍涅　路，了知生死本来空。	Study Exoteric Buddhism, cultivate Esoteric Buddhism: their expedient gates differ, but their return to the source is the same. Having traveled the path to nirvāṇa to its end, I have understood that birth and death are originally empty.
行也空，坐也空，语默动静无不空，纵将白刃临头颅，犹如利剑斩春风。	Walking is empty; sitting is empty. Speaking or silent, moving or still—nothing is not empty. Though a naked blade be held over one's head, it is

	like a sharp sword cutting through the spring breeze.
顿觉了，妙心源，无明壳裂总一般，梦里明明有六趣，觉后空空无圣凡。	Awaken at once to the wondrous source of mind; when the shell of ignorance shatters, the realization is the same. In dreams, the six realms are vividly present; upon awakening, all is empty: neither sages nor ordinary beings remain.
烦恼本，即菩提，罪福没性何处觅，无绳自缚解脱后，大摇大摆大休息。	Afflictions are themselves bodhi. Wrongdoing and merit have no intrinsic nature—where can they be sought? Once freed from binding oneself without a rope, one strides about freely in great repose.
莫攀缘，莫执著，随缘随份随饮啄，不变随缘行无碍，自在随心大安乐。	Do not chase after conditions; do not cling. Accord with conditions and your circumstances, accepting whatever food and drink come your way. Unchanging amid conditions, act without obstruction; at ease, follow your mind in great peace and joy.
但得本，莫愁末，妙用纵横活泼泼，弹指敲开不二门，升堂直入如来屋。	Simply attain the root; do not worry about the branches. Wondrous functioning moves freely, alive and vibrant. With a snap of the fingers, the gate of nonduality is flung open; ascend the hall and enter directly into the Tathāgata’s house.
宗亦通，说亦通，团团杲日丽晴空，百千三昧无量义，只在寻常日用中。	Thorough in realization, fluent in exposition; the radiant sun hangs round and full in the clear sky. The hundred thousand samādhis and immeasurable meanings are found only within ordinary daily activity.
觉心体，生佛同，有情无情共鼻孔，无缚无脱无遮障，迷时自碍悟自通。	Awaken to the essence of mind: Buddhas and sentient beings are alike. Sentient and insentient beings breathe through the same nostril. There is no bondage, no liberation, no obstruction; when deluded, one obstructs oneself, and when awakened, one penetrates freely.
无形相，极灵妙，非亲证知那能晓，镜里看影虽不难，水底捉月怎办到！	Without form or appearance, supremely numinous and wondrous—without direct realization, how could one know it? Seeing reflections in a mirror is not difficult, but how can one grasp the moon at the bottom of the water?
狮子吼，无畏说，百兽闻之皆咋舌，香象奔波失却威，天龙寂听生欣悦。	The lion’s roar, the fearless teaching: hearing it, all the beasts are left tongue-tied. Mighty elephants

	flee in panic and lose their majesty; devas and dragons listen silently, giving rise to joy.
狮子儿，众随后，三岁即能大哮吼，若是野犴逐法王，百千妖怪虚开口。	A lion cub is followed by all the other beasts; at three years old, it can already roar mightily. But if wild jackals pursue the Dharma King, a hundred thousand demons merely open their mouths in vain.
谁无念，谁无生，莫将镜影认作真，若以断灭为究竟，何异外道邪见人。	Who is without thought? Who is unborn? Do not mistake a mirror’s reflection for what is real. If annihilation is taken as ultimate, how does this differ from the erroneous views of non-Buddhists?
大丈夫，秉慧剑，般若锋兮金刚焰，非但能摧外道心，并且破除邪魔见。	A great person grasps the sword of wisdom: the edge of prajñā and the flame of vajra. It can not only shatter non-Buddhist ways of thinking, but also destroy the views of deviant demons.
震法雷，击法鼓，海水奔腾须弥舞，毛头许里乾坤定，大千沙界寸土无。	The Dharma thunder shakes; the Dharma drum resounds. The sea surges, and Mount Sumeru dances. Within the span of a hair’s breadth, heaven and earth are settled; in the great trichiliocosm, with worlds like grains of sand, not an inch of land remains.
让他谤，任他毁，把火烧天徒自累，我闻恰是空中风，何碍甚深大三昧！	Let them slander; let them revile. Trying to burn the sky with fire only exhausts them. What I hear is merely wind in empty space—how could it obstruct profound great samādhi?
一切声，皆实相，恶言善语无二样，不因谤赞别冤亲，方契本心平等相。	All sounds are ultimate reality; harsh words and kind speech are no different. Only when one does not distinguish enemies from friends on the basis of blame or praise does one accord with the impartial nature of the original mind.
赞无增，谤无减，空中鸟迹著云天，太虚饮光消契阔，幽谷回声话晚烟。	Praise adds nothing; blame takes nothing away. A bird’s tracks in the sky are written upon the clouds; the vast void drinks in light and dissolves separation, while echoes in a deep valley speak amid the evening mist.
默时说，说时默，大施门开无壅塞，有人问我解何宗？我为摩诃般若客。	Speaking when silent, silent when speaking: the great gate of giving stands open, without obstruction. If someone asks which school I belong to, I am a traveler of Mahāprajñā.

昔曾说，今懒说，山河大地广长舌，或是或非人不识，逆行顺行天莫测！	I once spoke of it; now I am too lazy to speak. Mountains, rivers, and the great earth are broad, long tongues. Whether right or wrong, people do not recognize it; whether moving against or with the current, even heaven cannot fathom it.
常独行，常独步，脚底草鞋狞似虎，举趾粉碎金刚地，不觉踏断来时路。	Ever walking alone, ever treading alone, grass sandals beneath my feet fierce as tigers. A step crushes the vajra ground to powder; without realizing it, I have trodden through the road by which I came.
疯颠汉，无字经，信口掉舌说不尽，海底金乌天上日，目中童子眼前人。	A madman, a wordless sūtra, speaking freely and endlessly. The golden crow beneath the sea, the sun in the sky; the pupil in the eye, the person before one’s eyes.
觉即了，不施功，物我俱亡心境空，菡萏枝枝撑夜月，木樨叶叶扇香风。	Awaken, and it is done; no effort is applied. Things and self both vanish, and mind and objects are empty. Lotus blossoms, branch after branch, support the night moon; osmanthus leaves, leaf after leaf, fan the fragrant breeze.
有等人，寻经论，终年求解不起行，分别名相那知休，入海算沙徒自辛。	There are those who search the sūtras and treatises, seeking understanding all year without putting that understanding into practice. Discriminating among names and marks, how could they know rest? Counting sand after entering the sea merely wearies them in vain.
佛当日，曾叮咛，数他珍宝无己分，从来蹭蹬行不利，难免枉堕文字坑。	The Buddha once earnestly warned: counting another’s treasures gives one no share. Those who have always stumbled and made no progress can scarcely avoid falling uselessly into the pit of words and letters.
亦愚痴，亦憨呆，海市蜃楼生实解，执指为月枉施功，根尘法中盲摩揣。	They are foolish and dull, taking mirages for reality. Mistaking the finger for the moon, they exert themselves in vain; amid faculties, objects, and dharmas, they grope blindly.
心为根，境为尘，两种犹如镜上痕，痕垢尽净光始现，心境双亡性乃真。	Mind is the faculty; objects are the dust. The two are like traces upon a mirror. Only when the traces and grime are completely cleansed does the light appear; when both mind and objects vanish, true nature is revealed.

非不非，是不是，毫厘差之千里失，是即龙女顿成佛，非则善星人身失。	Wrong is not inherently wrong; right is not inherently right. Yet a hair's breadth of deviation leads a thousand miles astray. On the right path, the Dragon Girl instantly becomes a Buddha; on the wrong path, Sunakṣatra loses even his human state.
种性邪，错知解，不达如来本性怀，二乘苦行非究竟，外道练身终必坏。	When one's spiritual disposition is deviant, understanding goes astray; one fails to comprehend the Tathāgata's original intent. The ascetic practices of the two vehicles are not ultimate; the bodies cultivated by non-Buddhists will ultimately decay.
不思议，解脱力，恒沙大地载不起，摩诃般若波罗蜜，甚深般若波罗蜜。	Inconceivable is the power of liberation; lands as numerous as the sands of the Ganges cannot bear it. Mahāprajñāpāramitā—profound prajñāpāramitā.
圆顿教，没人情，翻身踏倒涅　城，威音那畔至今日，好个风流画不成！	The perfect and sudden teaching makes no concessions to sentiment: turn about and tread down the city of nirvāṇa. From beyond the time of Bhīṣmagarjitasvara Buddha until today—such splendid grace cannot be captured in a painting!
方便门，善巧开，火中生莲终不坏，勇施犯重悟无生，早已成佛无障碍。	The gate of skillful means opens well: lotuses growing in fire are never destroyed. Yongshi committed grave offenses, yet awakened to non-arising and has long since become a Buddha, free of obstruction.
一切处，悉兰若，无闹无静无牵挂，怡然幽居无遮殿，游戏人间实潇洒。	Every place is an āraṇya, a secluded retreat: no bustle, no stillness, no entanglement. Serene in secluded dwelling within the unimpeded hall, one plays freely in the human world, truly untrammeled.
江月照，松风吹，更于何处觅作为，万世古今如电拂，三千刹海一芦苇。	River moon shines, pine wind blows—where else is there any doing to seek? The myriad ages of past and present pass like a flash of lightning; the great trichiliocosm's ocean of worlds is but a single reed.
旃檀林，无杂树，郁密幽深狮子住，境静林间独自游，走兽飞禽皆远去。	In a sandalwood grove there are no other trees; dense and secluded, it is where lions dwell. Alone one wanders through the quiet forest, while beasts and birds all depart afar.

心境明，照无碍，廓然莹彻周法界，万象森罗隐现中，一颗圆明无内外。	Mind and objects are clear; illumination is without obstruction. Vast, lucid, and penetrating, it pervades the dharma realm. Amid the hidden and manifest profusion of myriad forms, a single perfect luminosity has no inside or outside.
日可冷，月可热，邪见何能坏真说，无筋空力大无比，螳螂岂能拒车辙？	The sun may grow cold, the moon may grow hot, but how could erroneous views destroy the true teaching? Without sinews, the power of emptiness is incomparably great—how could a praying mantis block a cart's path?
如实唱，如实听，未曾开口已和竟，三世诸佛齐唱和，尽未来际无穷尽。	Sing in accordance with reality; listen in accordance with reality. Before the mouth has even opened, the harmony is already complete. The Buddhas of the three times sing together in accord, endlessly, to the end of future time.
歌毕不觉哈哈大笑，和者喝曰：不怕开了口合不得吗？诸人且道，这疯汉哈哈大笑，毕竟作么生？	When the song ended, I could not help bursting into laughter. One who joined in shouted, "Are you not afraid that once you open your mouth, you will be unable to close it?" All of you, say: what, after all, is this madman's great laughter?