

Rudra

"The Ancient One"

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Om Triyambakam Yajamahe
Sugandhim Pushtivardhanam
Urvarukamiva Bandhanat
Mrtyormuksheeya Mamrtat

Terrifying and yet benevolent
Where the opposites dwell in harmony
O Mahadeva, Praise to thee
He is the eye of the storm
And the calm after the same storm
The Primal Cause, the Effulgent One
Om Namah Shivaya Shivaya Namah
I bow to the Ancient One, O Rudra
Bow to the Ancient One, O Consort of Durga

The King of the Holy Mountains
Who dwells beyond the three gunas
He is the three-eyed one
With the ash-besmeared body
The one with the matted locks
Who slays the demons

I bow before this wielder of the trident
Who bears the Holy River in his matted locks
Can't you see the serpent slithering around his neck
O Mahayogi
O Conqueror of Death
The one who walks the cremation grounds
garlanded with human skulls
O Hara, My obeisance to you

Om Namah Shivaya Shivaya Namah
I bow to the Ancient One
O Lord of the three worlds
Bow to the Ancient One
O Consort of Shakti

The King of the Holy Mountains
Who dwells beyond the three gunas
Who is the Maha-Guru
Ruler of the Universe
Most ancient of the ancients

Bow to that primeval one

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