

Swami Ram Tirtha's Song

None can tone me, say who would injure me?
The world stands aside to make room for me.
I come, O blazing Light! The shadows must flee.

Hail, O ye ocean, divide up and part!
Or parched up and scorched up, be dried up, depart!

None can tone me, say who would injure me?

Beware, O ye mountains! Stand not in my way.
Your ribs will be shattered and tattered today!

Friends and couns'lors, pray waste not your breath,
Take up my orders, devour up ye death!

None can tone me, say who would injure me?

I ride on the tempest, astride on the gale.
My gun is the lightning, my shots never fail.

I chase as a huntsman, I eat as I seize
The trees and the mountains, the land and the seas.

None can tone me, say who would injure me?

I hitch to my chariot the fates and the gods;
In the voice of thunder, proclaim it abroad!

Howl, O ye winds! Blow, bugles, blow free!
Liberty! Liberty! Liberty! Om!