**The Praise in Twenty One Homages**

OM Homage to the Venerable Arya Tara

Homage! Tara swift heroic

Eyes like lightning instantaneous

Sprung from op’ning stamens of the

Lord of the Three Worlds’ tear-born lotus.

Homage! She whose face combines a

Hundred autumn moons at fullest

Blazing with light-rays resplendent

As a thousand star collection.

Homage! Golden blue one, lotus

Water-born, in hand adorned.

Giving, effort, calm, austerities,

Patience, meditation Her field.

Homage! Crown of Tathagatas

She who goes in endless triumph

Honoured much by Conqu’rors’ Offspring.

Having reached ev’ry perfection.

Homage! Filling with TUTTARA,

HUM, desire, direction and space.

Trampling with Her feet the Sev’n worlds

Able to draw forth all beings.

Homage! Worshipped by the All Lords,

Sakra, Agni, Brahma, Marut.

Honoured by the hosts of spirits,

Corpse-raisers, gan-dhar-vas, ya-ksas.

Homage! With Her TRAT and PHAT sounds,

Crusher of foes’ magic diagrams.

Putting Her feet left out, right back,

Blazing up in raging fire-blaze.

Homage! TURE, very dreadful.

Destroyer of Mara’s champions,

She with frowning lotus visage

Who is slayer of all enemies.

Homage! She adorned with fingers

At Her heart, in Three-Jewel mudra

She with universal wheels adorned,

Warring masses of their own light.

Homage! She of Great Joy shining,

Diadem emitting light-wreaths.

Mirthful, laughing with TUTTARE.

Subjugating maras, devas.

Homage! She able to summon

All earth-guardians and their trains.

Shaking, frowning, with her HUM-sign

Saving from ev’ry misfortune.

Homage! Crown adorned with crescent

Moon, all ornaments most shining.

Producing, from Amitabha

In Her hair-mass, always much light.

Homage! She mid wreath ablaze like

Eon-ending fire abiding.

Right stretched, left bent, turning glad ones’

Troops of enemies destroying.

Homage! She who smites the ground with

Her palm and with Her foot beats it.

Frowning, with the letter HUM the

Seven underworlds She conquers.

Homage! Happy, virtuous, peaceful.

She whose field is peace, Nirvana

With that having OM and SVAHA

Of the great downfall destroyer.

Homage! Of those glad at turning

Tearing foes bodies asunder

Liberating with HUM mantra

Words-arrange of the ten syllables.

Homage! Swift One. The foot-stamper

With for seed the letter HUM’s shape.

She who shakes the triple world and

Meru, Mandara and Vindhya.

Homage! Holding in Her hand the

Deer-marked moon, of deva-lake form.

With twice-spoken TARA and PHAT

Totally dispelling poison.

Homage! She whom god-host rulers

Gods and Kinnaras do honour.

She whose joyful splendour dispels

Armoured ones’ bad dreams and conflicts.

Homage! She whose eyes are bright with

Radiance of sun or full moon.

With twice HARA and TUTTARE

Driver out of chronic fever.

Homage! Full of liberating

Power by set of three Realities.

Crushing crowds of spirits, yaksas

And corpse-raisers. Supreme! TURE.

*This is a praise of the root mantra and a twenty-one fold homage.*

 **The Condensed Praise**

OM to the transcendent subduer, Arya Tara, I prostrate.

Homage to the glorious one who frees with TARE,

With TUTTARE you calm all fears,

You bestow all success with TURE,

To the sound SOHA I pay great Homage.