

## THE WORLDLY AZHVARS

Divyaprabandham  
Seven Azhvars  
Volume 1

You are the sweetness in milk.  
You are the brightness of precious gold.  
You are the freshness of green moss.  
You have the dark color of bees  
that drink honey and fly around the ponds.  
You are the four seasons.  
How is it that the world cannot understand the nature of the god Maal? (795)

### Introduction

The Seven Azhvars in this volume are Periyazhvar, Aṇḍal/Thalaivi, Kulasekharazhvar, Thirumazhisaiyazhvar, Thoṇḍaraḍippoḍiyazhvar, Thiruppaṇazhvar, Madhurakavi Azhvar.

There is much information about Vaishnavism and the Azhvars' lives found on the internet. My concern in this book is to provide a good translation of the pasurams. I hope this work will be helpful for academic scholars, students who do research on the Azhvars and anyone who is interested in the Divyaprabandham. This is my own work and if there are any mistakes, they are my responsibility. I hope you will enjoy reading this great work of Azhvars.

According to Tamil scholars the Vaishnava Bhakthi movement dates from the 5th century CE to the 10th century. 4000 poems (pasurams) were composed by twelve Azhvars who called their god Maal, Neḍumaal, Thirumaal, Kaṇṇan and Nambi. The name Vishnu is not found in the text. (The word Viṭṭu is found in one Pasuram. Does it mean the god is arguable? As much as I know there is no grammar rule for Vishṇu changing to Viṭṭu.).

“The god” in this translation means Thirumaal. “Gods” in the plural refers to other gods. The word Shiva is not used by the Azhvars. Shiva is mentioned as, “the one who has a crescent moon on his jaṭa,” “the one who has Ganges in his jaṭa,” “the one who has three eyes,” “the one who has a dark neck.” etc. This translation uses the word “Shiva” so that the readers will understand who the god is. In a very few places the word Brahma is used, but more often

the word “Nanmuhan” is used for Brahma. For Indra the Azhvars use the phrases like, “the king of the gods” and “the thousand-eyed one.” The translation may use “Indra” for clarity. The word Lakshmi is not used in the pasurams, rather, “goddess on the lotus,” “beloved of the god,” “the one who stays on the chest of the god” and similar epithets are used for her. I used the word for this goddess ‘Lakshmi’ for the sake of the readers. Nappinnai, who is considered as Lakshmi, appears in the Pasurams often.

Other uses are as follows: “Maayan,” “Maayanar,” “Maayavan” and the like refer to Maal (Vishnu). Nambi is another name often used by the Azhvars for Vishnu. When the Azhvars say, “emberuman,” “embiran,” my translation uses phrases like “dear one,” “dear god,” “highest god,” “god of gods” and the like.

At the end of a masculine proper nouns, many derived from Sanskrit, the Azhvars use the Tamil -an ending while Sanskrit uses just -a. In order to retain a Tamil flavor, I have used the -an ending on most of these (“Asuran”) but have retained the Sanskrit usage for some names like Rama to accord with common usage.

Phonetics. For the names of gods, kings, Rakshasas, cities, plants, flowers and animals I have often transliterated Tamil terms, using the following scheme:

The vowels a, i, u, e, ee, o, ai, au are used in the translation. ‘aa is used sometimes for clear pronunciation.

Consonants. Tamil writing system has eighteen consonants.

k, ch, t, th, p, ng, nj, n, m, (n), y, r, r, l, v, l and zh.

Soft consonants hg, j, d, d, and b are used for pronunciation.

Pronunciation. Nasals and medial sounds have only one pronunciation: ng, nj, n, n and m. y, r, r, v, l, l and zh. The stops k, ch, t, th, and p are unvoiced when they occur initially in a word. In the middle of a word in between vowels, they are pronounced as unvoiced stops. In the middle of the word if they are unvoiced stops, Tamil writing indicates these with double letters. The soft consonants h/g, s, d, d, b are voiced and occur in the middle of a word between vowels. The Tamil writing system indicates these with single letter between vowels. The soft consonants may also occur after a nasal: ngg, nj, nḍ, nd, and mb.

Some proper names often used are as follows.

Names of the gods: Kaṇṇan, Naraṇan, Narayaṇan, Kesavan, Govindan, Gopalan, Shridharan, Vasudevan, Baladeven, Madhavan, Nanmuhan (Brahma), Hanuman.

Names of kings: Janakan, Dasharathan, Nandagopan, Ravaṇan, Vibhishaṇan, Mahabali.

Names of Raksasas: Kamsan, Hiranyaṇan, Sakaṭasuran, Thenuhan, Narahan, Muran, Ashtaṭasuran, Kabithasuran.

Names of Rakshasis: Thaḍahai, Puthana.

Names of goddesses: Thiru, Thirumagaḷ, Nappinnai.

Names of women: Devaki, Yashoda. Vaidehi.

The 10 avatharams are fish, turtle, boar, Vamanan, man-lion, Rama, Parasuraman, Balaraman, Krishna, and Kalki.

Divyadesams: The Vaishnavaites believe that the Azhvars praised 108 temples, which are called the Divyadesams. Many of these are also names of cities. In other cases, one city might have two, three or more Divyadesams (temples) in it. The Azhvars also call these Thirupadis. The tradition says Thirumangai Azhvar praises the god Maal in 108 Thirupadis. The internet has a list of all the Divyadesams. 105 of the Divyadesams are in India, one is in Nepal and the last two are Thirupaṛkadal (the ocean of milk) and Sri Vaikuṇṭam (Vishnu's paradise).

Some of the stories of Vishnu in the Divyaprabandham are listed here. There are many others could be found in the Pasurams.

1. His fight in Lanka with Ravaṇan
2. Killing Sakaṭasuran who came in the form of a cart,
3. Killing Kalingan the snake.
4. Stopping the storm with Govardana mountain.
5. Killing Hiranyaṇan.
6. Killing Kamsan, his uncle.
7. Taking the female form of Mohini to help to gods to receive nectar.
8. Killing the Asuran Kesi who come in the form of a horse.
9. Splitting open the mouth of the Asuran who came in the form of a heron..
10. Killing the two Asurans who came in the form of marudam trees.
11. Killing an Asuran by throwing a calf.
12. Killing the evil elephant Kuvalayabeeḍam.
13. Saving the elephant Gajendra and killing the crocodile that came to kill the elephant.
14. Killing seven bulls for Nappinnai so he could marry her.

15. Hurting Sukrachariyaar and Namusi in the sacrifice of Mahabali.
16. Helping Arjuna in the Bharatha war.
17. Bringing the earth goddess from the underground.
18. Straightening the hunch back of the kuni, the servant of a king.
19. Removing Shiva's curse and helping to make the head of Brahma fall.
20. Saving Draupathi in Duriyodana's assembly.
21. Killing Vali. 22. Killing Thadagai. 23. Killing Banasuran. 24. Killing Puthana

I would like to thank Mr. Venkataraghavan for putting the Divyaprabandham in Tamil on the internet (<http://srivaishnavam.com>, [rmvenkat@yahoo.com](mailto:rmvenkat@yahoo.com)). His careful and exacting work has been of enormous help to me in preparing this volume.

SUBHAM

## The Worldly Azhvars

Periyazhvar Thirumozhi  
Thiruppallaṇḍu

1. Let us praise the god and say, “Pallaṇḍu! Pallaṇḍu!”  
You conquered your enemies with your strong arms.  
You have the color of the blue sapphire.  
We praise you forever, forever and forever  
and for many crores of years.  
Protect us as we are beneath your divine feet.

2. Let us praise the god and say, “Pallaṇḍu! Pallaṇḍu!”  
Let us live never apart from your devotees and you.  
Let us praise you.  
Let us praise the beautiful Lakshmi  
who lives on the right side of your strong chest.  
Let us praise the beautiful shining discus  
that you carry in your right hand.  
Let us praise the Panchajanyam conch  
that you blow on the battlefield.

3. Let us praise the god and say, “Pallaṇḍu! Pallaṇḍu!”  
O devotees, if you wish to serve the god  
come and carry sand and fragrance in his festivals.  
If you concern yourself only with food,  
we will not include you among our devotees.  
We are from families  
that have not sinned for seven generations.  
Let us praise the god who fought and destroyed  
the Rakshasas and their land Lanka.

4. Let us praise the god and say, “Pallaṇḍu! Pallaṇḍu!”  
Come and join us to do service to the god.  
If you realize always that your soul is god  
there is nothing you need to think of to go to him.  
Praise, singing, “Namo, Narayaṇa!”  
in all towns and in all countries.  
O devotees, come and praise the god with us.

5. Let us praise the god and say, "Pallaṇḍu! Pallaṇḍu!"  
O devotees,  
worship and praise Rishikesa, the king of the whole earth.  
He destroyed the Rakshasas and their large clan.  
Give up your old ways and join us  
and recite the thousand names of the god.  
Bow to his feet and say, "Pallaṇḍu! Pallaṇḍu!"

6. Let us praise the god and say, "Pallaṇḍu! Pallaṇḍu!"  
My father, his father and his grandfather,  
for seven generations they all worshipped him  
and served him.  
He took the form of Narasimha  
on the evening of Sravaṇa Nakshatram day  
and destroyed Hiranya.

7. Let us praise the god and say, "Pallaṇḍu! Pallaṇḍu!"  
We brand our shoulders  
with the famous divine discus that shines like fire.  
We join the temple and serve the god for many generations.  
The strong god fought with Baṇasuran  
who had a thousand arms and a magical army  
and destroyed him with his discus  
making all his thousand arms bleed.  
Let us praise that strong god and say, "Pallaṇḍu! Pallaṇḍu!"

8. Let us praise the god and say, "Pallaṇḍu Pallaṇḍu!"  
O divine god,  
you gave me prasadam with good ghee,  
betal leaves and nuts, ornaments for my neck,  
earrings to decorate my ears,  
and sandal paste to smear on my body.  
You gave me your grace  
so that I would become pure and wise and serve you.  
Let me praise the god who holds the Garuḍa banner  
and say, "Pallaṇḍu! Pallaṇḍu!"

9. Let us praise the god and say, "Pallaṇḍu Pallaṇḍu!"  
We are your devotees.  
We wear the silk clothes that you have worn.  
We put on the Thulasi garland that adorned you.

We eat the food that is left over after you have eaten.  
We do the services that you want us to do everywhere.  
On the day of Sravaṇa festival,  
we praise the god who sleeps on the snake bed  
and say, “Pallaṇḍu! Pallaṇḍu!”

10. Let us praise the god and say, “Pallaṇḍu Pallaṇḍu!”  
From the morning of each day we serve you as your slaves  
and we will do the same in all our lives and in future generations.  
Release us from birth and give us moksha.  
You were born on auspicious Sravaṇa day.  
You broke the bow of Kamsan in northern Madhura,  
and danced on Kalingan the five-headed snake.  
Let us praise and say, “Pallaṇḍu, Pallaṇḍu!”

11. Let us praise the god and say, “Pallaṇḍu! Pallaṇḍu!”  
Dearest god, I am an old devotee of yours,  
like Abhimanadungan, the king of beautiful Kottiyur  
where there is no injustice.  
You are pure in all ways.  
Devotees praise you with many names and say,  
“Namo Narayaṇa” with love.  
I will praise you and say, “Pallaṇḍu Pallaṇḍu”

12. Viṣṇuchithan of Villiputhur praised the highest god,  
the pure god who carries the bow Sarngam.  
Those who recite these poems and worship the god  
saying, “Namo Narayaṇa”  
will be with the highest god, praising him always  
and saying, “Pallaṇḍu! Pallaṇḍu!”

Periyazhvar’s Pillaithamil on Kaṇṇan  
The birth of Kaṇṇan

13. Kaṇṇan, Kesavan, the lovely child,  
was born in Thirukkottiyur  
filled with beautiful palaces.  
When the cowherds sprinkled oil  
and turmeric powder mixed with fragrance  
on each other in front of Kaṇṇan’s house  
they made the front yards of the houses muddy.

14. When cowherds heard that the divine child was born,  
they ran, fell and shouted in joy.  
They searched for the baby and asked everyone,  
“Where is our dear one?”  
They beat the drums, sang, danced  
and joy spread everywhere in their village.

15. When the glorious child was born  
the cowherds entered with love into Yashoda’s house,  
saw him and praised him, saying,  
“See! Among all men there is no equal to this child.  
He was born under the Thiruvonam star  
and will rule the world.”

16. The women of the cowherd village  
took the pots from the uri,  
rolled them in front of their houses and danced.  
The fragrant ghee, milk and yogurt spilled all over  
and they became crazy with joy  
and their thick soft hair became loose.

17. When the cowherds who carry the uri,  
sharp mazhu weapons, staffs for grazing the cows  
and who have palm-leaf beds to sleep on  
heard the divine child was born,  
they joined happily together  
and laughed with their jasmine flower-like teeth.  
They smeared oil on themselves  
and jumped into the water to bathe.

18. The cowherdess Yashoda massaged  
the baby’s hands and legs  
and gently poured fresh turmeric water on his body  
from the pot and bathed him.  
When she cleaned his lovely tongue,  
he opened his mouth  
and she saw all the seven worlds inside.



19. The beautiful cowherd women  
who saw the worlds in his mouth  
wondered and praised him,  
“This is no cowherd child.  
He is the supreme god.  
This wonderful child is really is a Maayan!”

20. The cowherds planted poles of victory  
in all directions on the twelfth day after the child was born  
and gave him a name of the god  
who lifted up the huge Govardhana mountain.  
They carried him in their arms and rejoiced.

21. Yashoda said, “If I put him in the cradle,  
he will kick and tear the cloth of the cradle.  
If I take him in my hands, he will hurt my waist.  
If I embrace him tightly, he will kick my stomach.  
I don’t have strength anymore to deal with him.  
I am tired, my friends!”

22. Vishṇuchithan who wore a shining sacred thread  
composed the poems that describe  
the birth of omnipresent Narayaṇan, Purushothaman  
in Thirukkottiyur, surrounded with flourishing paddy fields.  
All the sins of the devotees  
who recite these poems will go away.

Padaadi kesa paruvam.

Yashoda and other cowherd women describe Kaṇṇan from his feet to his head.

23. Come and see the lotus feet  
of the innocent child of Devaki  
who was given to Yashoda by Devaki, his mother,  
and who is as sweet as the nectar  
that came from the milky ocean.  
He puts his lotus foot in his mouth and tastes it.  
See, you have mouths red as coral.  
Come and see his lotus feet.

24. Come and see the ten perfect toes  
of the sapphire-colored child  
that look like an ornament studded  
with pearls, jewels, diamonds and pure gold.  
O girls, you have shining foreheads,  
come and see his perfect toes.  
Come and see his toes.

25. Come and see the child's ankles  
that are decorated with shining silver ornaments  
as he drinks milk from Yashoda's breasts  
embracing her and sleeps peacefully.  
O beautiful girls,  
come and see his ankles.

26. See the knees of the child  
who ate fragrant ghee from all the pots  
that Yashoda had filled doing hard work.  
He was beaten with a rope by Yashoda  
and crawled away from her in fear.  
O girls with bud-like breasts,  
come and see his knees.

27. Come and see the thighs of the child  
who pretended to sleep  
after drinking the milk from the breasts of the cruel  
devil Puthana and killing her.  
He split the chest of the heroic Hiranyan.  
O girls with round breasts!  
Come and see his thighs! Come and see him.

28. Come see the mutham of the child Achudan  
who was born ten days after the star Astham  
from the womb of Devaki  
who is always in the heart of her husband Vasudevan,  
the lord of many elephants that drip ichor.  
Come, see the mutham of our dear child.  
O girls who smile like blooming flowers,  
come and see it!

29. Come and see the waist decorated  
with strings of coral and beautiful pearls of the highest god  
who killed the mighty-trunked rutting elephant Kuvalayabeedam  
and took its ivory tusks and ran away.  
O girls, you have shining foreheads,  
see his waist, come and see!

30. Come and see the lovely navel  
of the cowherd chief Nandan's son  
who is as strong as a white-tusked elephant.  
He plays mischievously with a group of children  
and gives them trouble.  
O girls, you are decorated with shining ornaments,  
come and see his navel!

31. Come see the stomach of the child  
whose color is as dark as the roaring ocean.  
The cowherdess Yashoda fed him sweet milk  
from her breasts and then tricked him  
and tied him up with an old rope without worrying about him.  
O girls, you are decorated with shining bangles,  
come and see his stomach!

32. Come and see the chest  
decorated with the shining Kaustubham ornament  
and studded with large diamonds  
of the child who pulled the big mortar  
between two marudam trees and made them fall  
when I, Yashoda tied him to the mortar.  
O girls, you are decorated with precious ornaments,  
come and see his chest!

33. Come and see the arms of the small child  
who kicked and took the dear life of Sakaṭasuran  
who came in the form of a cart.  
He killed Puthana who has sharp sword-like teeth  
when he was only four or five months old.  
O girls, you have curly hair, come and see his shoulders.  
Come and see.

34. Come and see the hands  
of the dark-blue-colored child with beautiful hair  
who carries in them the conch and the discus  
that is smeared with oil.  
Yashoda's dark eyes are decorated with kohl  
and she is raising Kaṇṇan, the beautiful child.  
O girls, you are decorated with precious ornaments,  
come and see his hands.

35. Come and see the neck of the small cowherd child  
who is being raised by Yashoda.  
She has lovely hair, decorated with flowers  
swarming with bees.  
See his neck that swallowed all the worlds and the sky.  
O beautiful girls, see his neck.  
Come and see.

36. The cowherd women  
who have mouths red as thoṇḍai fruits  
kiss his red mouth, drink its nectar, and embrace him, saying,  
"O you who are a lion and have a mouth  
as sweet as a thoṇḍai fruit, come."  
O girls, you are decorated with lovely ornaments!  
Come and see his mouth red as a thoṇḍai fruit.  
Come and see.

37. Come and see the tongue of the child,  
that Yashoda lovingly cleans  
with turmeric powder and then bathes him.  
Come and see his eyes, mouth, teeth and nose.  
O girls whose hair swarms with bees,  
come and see.

38. Come and see the eyes of the child  
who was born on earth as the son of Vasudevan.  
He was brought up to destroy the strong Asurans,  
and remove the suffering of the gods in the heavens.  
O girls, you are decorated with beautiful bangles,  
come and see his eyes. Come and see.

39. Come and see the eyebrows of the dark child  
who shines like a dark jewel  
and came to save the world.  
He was born to Devaki, beautiful as Lakshmi.  
She gave birth to a child  
even though she was too young to give birth.  
O girls with breasts decorated with ornaments,  
come and see his eyebrows. Come and see.

40. Come and see the beautiful emerald earrings  
of the child who happily swallowed  
the earth, hills, oceans and all the seven worlds.  
O girls who are decorated with beautiful ornaments,  
see his lovely emerald earrings.

41. When small girls carrying a winnowing fan and a small pot  
wander holding a puvai bird on their wrists  
and make play houses,  
the dear child of Yashoda grabs the birds from their hands  
and runs away.  
Come see his forehead.  
O girls, you are decorated with precious jewels. Come and see his forehead.

42. Carrying a beautiful golden stick  
in his hands he runs behind baby calves  
as the lovely sound of his anklets spreads everywhere.  
O girls who have round breasts, come and see his curly hair.

43. Yashoda, who has dark curly hair  
described the beauty of her child from his feet to his head.  
The poet Puduvaippattān of the southern Puduvai,  
composed poems with Yashoda's words.  
The devotees who recite these twenty-one poems  
will go to Vaikuṅṭam and remain there.

Lullaby - Thalattupparuvam. Yashoda sings a lullaby to Kaṇṇan.

44. Nanmuhan made a beautiful gold cradle  
studded with rubies and diamonds and sent it to you with love.  
You went to Mahabali in the form of a dwarf.  
Thalelo, you measured the world, thalelo.

45. Kabali, Shiva who rides a bull,  
sent you a golden ornament  
studded with precious diamonds for your waist  
and a beautiful garland that was tied together  
with pomegranate flowers for a waistband.  
You are the god who holds all lives within you.  
Do not cry, do not cry. thalelo,  
you measured the world for Mahabali, thalelo.

46. O dear god,  
the goddess Lakshmi stays on your beautiful chest.  
The king of the gods Indra brought musical anklets  
for your lovely fragrant lotus feet,  
gave it to you and stood nearby, thalelo.  
Your eyes are as beautiful as lotuses, thalelo.

47. Your body is dark as a cloud.  
Your eyes are beautiful.  
The gods in the sky came and gave you  
a valampuri conch, musical kolusu for your divine feet,  
round bangles for your beautiful hands,  
a sacred thread for your chest and a waistband.  
O you lion-like son of Devaki,  
thalelo, thalelo.

48. As Vaishnavan, Kuberan  
who gives generously to all without discriminating,  
thought that a beautiful aimbaḍaithali  
and a necklace would be suitable  
for your beautiful chest where Lakshmi stays.  
He brings them, stands away from you  
and worships you.  
Thalelo, your body is as beautiful as a blue sapphire, thalelo.

49. Varuṇan thought that a necklace  
made of shining pearls born in a roaring ocean,  
precious high quality coral,  
and bangles made of singing conches  
would be suitable for you and sent them to you.  
You are decorated with a shining crown, thalelo!  
You have handsome arms, thalelo.

50. The divine Lakshmi who stays on a lotus that drips honey  
sent you a garland of forest Thulasi  
and a garland of karpaga flowers  
that bloomed in the fertile grove in the sky  
to tie around your forehead.  
O king, do not cry, do not cry, thalelo,  
you sleep on Adishesha in Kuṇḍandai, thalelo.

51. O Achuda! The earth goddess sent a dress,  
a small golden sword with a handle, golden bangles,  
a diamond ornament for your forehead  
and a shining golden flower on a stalk for you.  
You drank the poison  
from the breast of Puthana, thalelo.  
O Narayaṇa! Do not cry, thalelo.

52. Durga, the goddess who rides on a heroic deer  
sent you fragrant powder to put on your body,  
turmeric for your bath,  
kohl for your beautiful large eyes  
and red kumkum to decorate your forehead.  
O dear child, do not cry, do not cry.,  
Thalelo, you sleep on a snake bed in Srirangam, thalelo.

53. The Paṭṭan of Pudukkottai composed lullaby songs  
that Yashoda sang for kohl-colored Kaṇṇan  
who drank milk from the breast of the cunning Puthana  
when she came to kill him.  
The lives of the devotees  
who learn these poems well and recite them  
will be free of all difficulties.

5. Ambulipparuvam  
Yashoda calls the moon to come and play with Kaṇṇan

54. As he crawls and plays in the sand making himself dirty,  
the chuṭṭi ornament on his forehead swings around  
and the golden kiṅṅiṅi bells on his feet ring loudly.  
O young beautiful moon! If you have eyes on your face,  
come here and see the mischievous play of my son Govindan.

55. He is my small child!

He is my dear child and he is sweet nectar for me.

He calls you with his small hands

pointing to you again and again.

If you really want to play with the dark-colored one  
do not hid in the clouds.

O lovely moon, come running happily to play with him.

56. Even though you are surrounded by a shining wheel of light  
and you spread light everywhere,

whatever you do, you cannot match the beauty of my son's face.

He is clever.

The god of Venkaṭam hills calls you.

O lovely moon, come quickly.

Don't make him keep pointing at you and hurt his hands.

O lovely moon, come running happily to play with him.

57. As I hold him on my waist,

my son opens his flower-like eyes wide

and calls you as he points to you with his sweet fingers.

O bright moon,

if you know what is good for you, don't try to fool us.

You aren't someone who doesn't know

how precious a child is. Come and see him.

58. He calls you loudly with his prattling words  
that come from his beautiful nectar-filled mouth.

You move without stopping,

even when the beautiful one, Sridharan,

the god who is in all, calls you again and again.

Does that mean that your ears are stopped up

and you cannot hear if someone calls you?

Tell me, O wonderful shining moon.

59. He is the god who carries a club, a discus  
and a conch in his strong hands.

He wants to sleep and yawns.

If he does not sleep

he cannot digest the milk that he drank.

O lovely moon, you are merely wandering in the sky.

Run and come quickly to him.



60. Don't ignore him thinking that he is just a little boy.  
He is the same crazy one who slept on a banyan leaf  
in an ancient time.  
If he gets mad at you, he will jump on you and catch you.  
Don't disrespect him. He is the god Maal.  
O lovely moon, run and quickly come happily.

61. Don't ignore him thinking that he is a small child.  
See, he is like a young lion.  
Go and ask the king Mahabali  
about the few words that the god has spoken to him.  
If you make a mistake and think  
that he is not strong,  
you will soon be needing his help.  
O full moon, Neḍumaal calls you to come to him soon.

62. He is our god who took butter  
from the pots with his small hands  
and swallowed as much as he wanted.  
His stomach is full and looks like a pot.  
He is calling you loudly.  
If you don't come  
he will throw his discus at you,  
there is no doubt about it.  
O lovely moon, if you want to survive,  
run and come happily.

63. Yashoda's large eyes are decorated with kohl.  
She called the moon to come to play with her son.  
Vishṇuchithan, the poet of flourishing Villiputhur  
composed these Tamil poems  
that describe what Yashoda said.  
No trouble will come to those  
who recite all these poems.

Sengeeraipparuvam  
Yashoda describes how Kaṇṇan crawls.

64. You have created the world  
and swallowed it into your beautiful stomach.  
You are the highest god

and you sleep gently on a banyan leave  
that floats on the ocean  
whenever the world ends and begins again.  
Your eyes are long and beautiful like lotus flowers.  
You have a dark body like kohl.  
Your ears are decorated with precious shining emeralds.  
O dear one, crawl gently.  
Do not shake the goddess of wealth, Lakshmi,  
who stays on your chest.  
You should think of her safety.  
Shake your head and crawl for me once.  
You are the bull who fights for the cowherds.  
Crawl, crawl.

65. You wanted to prove  
what Hiranyan's son Prahaladan said was true  
and took the form of a man-lion  
and split Hiranyan's body with your sharp nails  
as the Rakshasa's blood flowed out and spread everywhere.  
When Indra the king of gods was angry with you  
because you ate the food that the cowherds had kept for him  
and he made the dark clouds pour stones as rain  
and the winds blow wildly,  
you carried Govardhana mountain as an umbrella  
and protected the cows.  
Shake your head and crawl for me once.  
You are the bull who fights for the cowherds.  
Crawl, crawl.

66. You are our chief.  
You are the meaning of all the four Vedas.  
You are the mother of Nanmuhan  
who stays on a beautiful lotus on your navel.  
You grew tall, crossing all the earth,  
the world of the stars and anything above them for Mahabali.  
You conquered the elephant Kunalayabedam  
and the seven bulls that came to fight with you.  
O dear one, shake your head and crawl for me once.  
You are the bull who fights for the cowherds.  
Crawl, crawl.

67. You fought with Sakaṭasuran and killed him  
and the gods in the sky rejoiced.  
You drank the poison from the breasts  
of the cunning devil Puthana and killed her.  
You threw Vathsasuran who came in the form of a calf  
on Kabithasuran who stood disguised as a wood-apple tree  
and killed both of them.  
You are the elephant who fought  
with the strong Rakshasas Thenahan, Muran  
and cruel Vennarahan in a terrible battle and killed them.  
O dear one, shake your head and crawl for me once.  
You are the bull who fights for the cowherds.  
Crawl, crawl.

68. You stole and swallowed yogurt and ghee  
kept by the beautiful cowherd women  
who have beautiful long curly hair.  
You, the strong god, kicked with your legs  
and fought with your hands the two Asuras  
who came in the form of marudam trees.  
You do not know how to smile  
with your pearl-like small teeth yet.  
You crawl and dance  
as your beautiful thick hair sways.  
O dear one, shake your head and crawl for me once.  
You are the bull who fights for the cowherds. Crawl, crawl.

69. You have the color of a dark kayam flower.  
Your body is in the color of the dark cloud.  
O my little child! You are the beautiful god  
who danced on the top of the snake Kalingan  
who lived in a deep pool in the forest.  
You took away the tusks of  
the strong rutting elephant Kuvalayabeedam.  
You fought and killed the wrestlers  
who came to fight with you, looking for the right time,  
and then danced with your two feet.  
O dear cowherd!  
Shake your head and crawl for me once.  
You are the bull who fights for the cowherds.  
Crawl, crawl.

70. You listened to the words of the strong cowherds,  
fought and controlled seven strong bulls  
and married Nappinnai, lovely as a peacock,  
who has beautiful dark hair.

You went on a bright shining chariot,  
searched for the children who were lost,  
found them and brought them back to their mother.  
O dear one, shake your head and crawl for me once.  
You are the bull who fights for the cowherds.  
Crawl, crawl.

71. The cowherd women carry you on their waists,  
take you to their homes,  
do whatever they like to do with you  
and take care of you with love.  
Young girls who see you become happy.  
You give your grace to the learned ones who praise you.  
You stay in the eternal Thirukkurungudi.  
You are the god of Thiruvellaṟai.  
You are the king of Solaimalai surrounded with forts.  
You are the nectar that stays in Kaṇṇapuram  
Give me your grace and remove my sorrows.  
O dear one, shake your head and crawl.  
You are the god of all the seven worlds.  
Crawl, crawl.

72. When you crawl,  
the fragrance of milk, ghee, yogurt,  
pure sandalwood, shenbaga flowers, lotuses  
and good camphor spreads everywhere.  
The tiny teeth in your lovely mouth that is red as coral  
shine like beautiful small silver stars.  
The nectar that is as sweet as a fruit  
drips slowly from your mouth and runs through  
the lovely aimbaḍaithali on your blue chest.  
You are the perfect meaning of the four Vedas.  
Shake your head and crawl.  
You are the god of all the seven worlds.  
Crawl, crawl.

73. Small silver rings decorate the tiny soft petal-like toes  
on your red lotus feet.

Your feet are decorated with kinginis.

Your waist is decorated with a golden chain  
mingled with beautiful pomegranite flowers.

Your arms are decorated with rings and bracelets.

An auspicious aimpadaithali beautifies your chest.

Your ears are decorated with emerald ear rings,  
and vali ornaments.

A chuṭṭi ornament shines on your forehead.

O king of our tribe,  
shake your head and crawl.

You are the god of all the seven worlds.

Crawl, crawl.

74. Yashoda, the beautiful one

who walks like a swan praised her divine child, saying,

“O chief of cowherds!

You took the form of a swan, a fish, a man lion, a dwarf and a turtle.

Remove my sorrows. Shake your head and crawl.

You are the lord of all the seven worlds. Crawl, crawl.”

The famous Paṭṭan of Pudukkottai composed

ten Tamil poems that describe how Yashoda told of her son crawling.

Those who recite these ten Tamil poems

will become famous in all the eight directions

and be happy.

Chappaṇipparuvam. Clapping hands.

Yashoda asks Kaṇṇan to clap his hands.

75. The ruby kinginis on your feet jingle.

Your waist is decorated with a precious golden chain.

In your coral mouth, your pearl-like teeth shine.

Clap your hands

that took the land from the king Mahabali.

O little one with dark curly hair,

clap your hands.

76. The bells tied on the golden chain on your waist,

and the kingini bells decorated with rubies

that are tied on your waist jingle.

The chutti ornament on your forehead swings.  
O magical one! Come down from my lap  
and go sit on the lap of the chief of cowherds Nandagopan,  
your father, and clap your hands.  
Clap your hands.

77. O my child colored like a blue sapphire!  
Your shining golden earrings are studded  
with many diamonds, pearls and precious corals.  
You smile with your jewel-like mouth  
that makes your face lovely.  
Come to your mother's lap and clap your hands.  
You carry the discus in your beautiful hand,  
clap your hands.

78. Your father, the chief of the cowherds,  
called the moon, saying,  
"O bright moon! You crawl in the sky!  
Come to our porch, shine with your white rays  
and play with my child."  
Clap your hands so that your father,  
the chief of the cowherds  
who praises you, will be happy.  
You sleep on the water in Thirukudandai,  
clap your hands.

79. You filled your hands with mud and dirt  
from the cowherd village and threw them at me.  
You entered our house when I was not there  
and stole yogurt and butter from large pots.  
You are like a loose calf that is not tied.  
Clap your hands,  
O Padmanabha! Clap your hands.

80. A hundred Kauravas did not  
listen to their father's advice  
and came to fight with the Paṇḍavas.  
You became the charioteer for Arjuna in the battle  
and destroyed the Kauravas who wanted to rule the land.  
Clap your hands that drove the chariot.  
O lion-like son of Devaki, clap your hands.

81. When Varuṇan hid and sent arrows to stop you  
from building a bridge to Lanka,  
as Rama, you shot arrows to calm the waves of the ocean  
and the ocean allowed you to go to Lanka.  
Clap with the hands that carry the bow Saṁga  
that shot those arrows. Clap your hands.

82. When you came as Rama to the earth,  
the monkeys, your helpers, built a strong bridge  
on the roaring ocean.  
You shot your arrows on the battlefield  
and destroyed the Rakshasas  
who ruled Lanka surrounded with wide oceans.  
Clap your hands that shot those arrows.  
You who carry the discus in your hands, clap your hands.

83. You came out of the tall pillar  
in the form of a huge man-lion  
when Hiraṇyan broke it and you split open his strong chest  
with your shining fingernails.  
Clap with the hands that did that heroic deed.  
You drank the milk from the breasts  
of the female devil Puthana and killed her.  
Clap your hands.

84. When the gods churned the deep milky ocean,  
you joined them and helped them  
using the mountain Manthara as a churning stick  
and the snake Vasuki as the strong rope.  
Clap with the hands that churned the milky ocean.  
You are as beautiful as dark clouds,  
clap your hands.

85. Vishnu Paṭṭan of Villiputhur  
that is surrounded by blooming groves  
that spread fragrance all day  
composed with love ten Tamil poems praising Kaṇṇan,  
the king of the cowherds, born to protect the cowherds.  
The karma of the devotees who recite these ten poems  
about the god clapping his hands  
will disappear.

Taḷarnaḍaipparuvam. Toddling.

Yashoda describes how Kaṇṇan walks as a toddler.

86. An elephant tied to a chain on his feet,  
dripping with ichor,  
walks slowly as his chain makes the noise, “chalar, pilar,”  
and the golden bells hanging on both side of him ring.  
Just like that won’t my child  
who carries the Sarnga bow  
walk as the bells of the kinginis  
that decorate his feet ring loudly?  
Won’t he toddle with his lovely feet?

87. The sapphire-colored god who sleeps on Adishesha,  
was born to Vasudeva.  
He is decorated with a chain made of shell on his waist  
and a pendant in the form of a turtle.  
Won’t he toddle as his small white teeth  
in his coral mouth shine  
like the crescent moon in the red sky?

88. He, Rishikesa, the bright one,  
wears a chain that shines like lightning.  
His hair is decorated with an arasilai ornament  
that shines like the white moon.  
He wears a silk dress.  
His dark cloud-like neck is decorated  
with the bright golden Karai ornament  
that shines like lightning.  
He is like a bright light.  
Won’t he toddle?

89. As the dark cloud-colored god  
who holds Lakshmi on his chest  
laughs with the sound “gaṇa, gaṇa,”  
it sounds like sugarcane juice  
pouring through the hole of a pot.  
He delights his parents  
as he comes and kisses them with his sweet nectar-like mouth.  
Won’t he toddle on his enemies’ heads and conquer them?



90. As the little Kaṇṇan runs fast behind his elder brother,  
Baladeva who is praised by the whole world,  
he looks like a dark baby mountain  
running quickly behind a large silver mountain.  
Won't the little child who runs behind his good brother toddle?

91. He has on his right foot the sign of a conch  
and on his left foot the sign of a wheel.  
When he walks with his two feet  
he makes the marks of the wheel and conch on the ground.  
He toddles and gives me a flood of the joy again and again.  
Won't the one who has the color of the dark ocean,  
the father of Kama, toddle?

92. He walks as the saliva from his red lotus mouth  
continually drips slowly like small cool drops of dew.  
The bells that decorate his dress ring "gaṇa gaṇa"  
like the bells that are tied on the neck of a strong bull.  
Won't he who carries the bow Sarṅga  
toddle with his soft feet?

93. When Vasudevan, the sapphire-colored one  
came to the world in the form of a child,  
people had never seen such a marvelous child before.  
He toddles as his shining chain made of shells  
that decorates his waist sways like a white waterfall  
falling on a black hill. Won't he toddle?

94. Thrivikraman plays throwing mud on himself  
like a dark elephant calf  
playing in the sand and pouring white dirt on his body.  
Won't he toddle on the cool soft flower-covered earth  
without hurting his small feet that are like freshly blooming lotuses  
as his body sweats with small drops of water?  
Won't he toddle?

95. When Kesavan who has beautiful eyes  
on his moon-like face toddles,  
his chuṭṭi ornament shines and swings  
like the shadow of the moon in rippling water.  
The small drops of saliva dripping from his mouth

give boons to his devotees even more than the water  
of the Ganges that sprinkles drops from its rolling waves.  
Won't he toddle?

96. The famous poet Vishṇuchithan of the Veyar clan  
described how the dark-colored god  
who was born in the cowherd tribe  
toddled giving joy to his mother  
and making his enemies tremble.  
Those who recite the poems of Vishṇuchithan  
will get children who will worship the feet  
of that Maayan who has the color of a dark jewel.

Achopparuvam - Yashoda Embraces Kaṇṇan. Acho - Acho, what a wonderful thing  
it is? How sweet it is?

97. O dear one, you run fast and come in front of me  
like a cloud with lightning  
as the golden kinginis that adorn your feet  
make the sound "chalan, chalan."  
Come and stay on my waist. acho! acho!  
O dear one, come and embrace me, acho, acho.

98. As your dark hair falls on your coral mouth  
it looks as if bees were coming to drink nectar on a red lotus.  
Come and embrace me with your beautiful hands  
that carry a conch, bow, sword, club and discus.  
Come and stay on my waist. acho! acho!  
Come and embrace me tightly. acho, acho.

99. O dear one, You went as a messenger  
for the Paṇḍavas and fought for them in the Bharatha war.  
You entered the pond where the snake Kalingan lived  
and killed him and gave your grace to the cowherds.  
O you have the dark color of kohl, acho, acho.  
O dear child of the cowherds,  
come and embrace me, acho, acho.

100. You asked a hunch-backed woman  
who was a servant of king Kamsan  
to give you the fragrant sandal paste

that she was carrying for the king.  
She took it and smeared it on your body  
without being afraid of the king  
and you straightened her back.  
Come and embrace me, acho! acho!  
O dear one, come and embrace me, acho, acho.

101. When you went to Duryodhana's assembly,  
he shone like a sun,  
surrounded with kings decorated with heroic anklets.  
He saw you and stood up first but sat down again  
and looked at you angrily.  
You looked at Duryodhana with fiery eyes  
and destroyed his evil thoughts. acho, acho.  
You carry a discus in your hand.  
Come and embrace me, acho, acho.

102. You became the charioteer for Arjuna  
who was decorated with beautiful garlands,  
fought in the battle with the Paṇḍavas  
and removed the troubles of the earth.  
Your eyes are big and dark.  
Your body is as dark as a cloud.  
Come and embrace me tightly, acho, acho.  
You are the bull that fights for the cowherds, acho, acho.

103. When the rishi Sukrachariyar said  
it was not good to give the boons that the dwarf asked  
and wished to stop the sacrifice of the famous king Mahabali,  
you became angry at the rishi and hurt his eyes with a stick.  
You carry the wheel in your right hand, acho, acho.  
You carry the conch in your left hand, acho, acho.

104. When Namusi the son of Mahabali said, "What is this magic?  
When you asked for land from my father,  
you were in the form of a dwarf and now you have become  
so tall that you measure the earth and the sky.  
My father didn't know your trick.  
You should have taken your real form  
when you asked for land and measured the earth,"  
You grew angry, carried Namusi

and threw him down to the earth from the sky.  
You are decorated with a shining crown,  
embrace me, acho, acho.  
You are the god of Thiruvēnkaṭam, acho, acho.

105. When Brahma's head was stuck on Shiva's palm  
because of a curse, Shiva, who has matted hair,  
came and begged you, saying,  
“Even all the deep oceans, mountains  
and the seven worlds cannot fill this Brahma's head  
that has stuck to my hand.  
O you who have the color of a dark cloud, help me.”  
You filled Brahma's head with your blood.  
Embrace me, acho, acho.  
You have the mark Srivatsam on your chest. acho, acho.

106. Once when thick darkness covered the world  
and all the four omnipresent Vedas disappeared,  
you took the form of a swan  
and removed the darkness of the earth.  
Embrace me, acho, acho.  
You taught the divine Vedas to the rishis, acho, acho.

107. Yashoda called her son, Narayāṇan,  
who presents himself in front of his devotees  
who love him, and said, “Come, acho, acho!”  
Vishṇuchithan, the chief of Pudukkottai city  
that is filled with beautiful palaces and porches  
composed poems with Yasoda's words.  
Those who recite these poems every day  
will go to heaven and rule the sky.

Puṛam pulhal

Yashoda describes how Kaṇṇan stands behind her and embraces her.

108. My little child comes  
and embraces me from behind  
as his ornaments make the sound “choṭṭu, choṭṭu.”  
They sound as if pearls-like drops were dripping  
from the top of shining diamond-like buds that grow in a garden.  
Govindan comes and embraces me.

109. My dear Kaṇṇan  
decorated with kingini bells on his feet,  
coral bracelets on his hands  
and a chain on his neck,  
dances, walks, comes beautifully  
and embraces me from behind.  
My lovely child, embraces me from behind.

110. The highest god was born  
to destroy the clan of the evil king Duryodhana,  
who kept his abundant wealth and lands for himself  
without sharing them with his relatives, the Paṇḍavas.  
He comes and embraces me from behind.  
The bull among the cowherds  
embraces me from behind.

111. The king of gods wished to help Arjuna,  
driving the strong chariot decorated with jewels  
and terrifying the Paṇḍava enemy kings in battle.  
Arjuna worshipped the god and said.  
“You are the best among men and my refuge!  
You carry the sword Nandagam.”  
That king of gods embraces me from behind.

112. The god took the form of Vamanan,  
carried a brass pot and an umbrella,  
sang songs under flourishing groves, played  
and went to king Mahabali,  
and took over the earth and the sky  
as his devotees praised him, saying, “Pallaṇḍu!”  
He comes and embraces me from behind.  
That short Vamanan embraces me from behind.

113. The beautiful god who took the form  
of a short bachelor, carried an umbrella  
and went to king Mahabali’s sacrifice, asked for a boon,  
and took the earth, the sky and all lands  
as all the kings looked on.  
He comes and embraces me from behind.  
The god who measured the world  
embraces me from behind.

114. The sweet child  
turned over the wide-mouthed mortar,  
climbed on it and stole the sweet milk  
and butter in the pot, swallowed all of it  
and filled his divine stomach.  
He comes and embraces me from behind.  
The god who carries the discus  
embraces me from behind.

115. He climbed on a sand hillock  
played his flute and danced a village dance  
as the old cowherds of the village looked on happily.  
He is worshipped by rishis and praised by gods  
and comes and embraces me from behind.  
My sweet child comes and embraces me from behind.

116. He promised his beloved wife  
that he would bring the Kalpaka garden from Indra's world.  
He brought it and planted it in her front yard  
where the moon shines.  
He embraces me from behind.  
The god of gods embraces me from behind.

117. Yashoda, the cowherdess  
who has round bamboo-like arms  
describes how the god who carries a discus  
embraced her from behind when he was a child.  
Vishnuchithan put Yasoda's words into poems.  
The devotees who recite those ten Tamil poems  
will get good children and live happily.

Appuchi Kaattal

Kaṇṇan threatens the cowherdesses as if he were a goblin and they complain about  
his mischievous deeds to Yashoda.

118. He carries a conch in his left hand  
that sounds in victory  
and he plays delightful music on his flute.  
He went as a messenger to the Kauravas  
for the Paṇḍavas when they had lost everything

to the dishonest gambling of Sakuni  
and, unable to keep even ten cities,  
had to fight the Bharatha war  
to get their land back.  
He comes as a goblin and frightens us.  
That dear one comes as a goblin and frightens us.

119. His eyes are beautiful.  
He gives his grace to all his devotees.  
He stood with Arjuna on a strong chariot in the Bharatha war  
and helped Arjuna bend his bow  
and destroy many kings who had arms strong as mountains  
along with warriors and his hundred Kaurava foes.  
The mischievous one comes as a goblin and frightens us.  
That dear one comes as a goblin and frightens us.

120. He, the clever one,  
the cowherd who plays beautiful music on his flute,  
climbed on a Kaḍamba tree,  
jumped from it into the foaming water  
and danced on the head of the evil Kalingan  
as the bells on his anklets sounded.  
He, the cowherd comes as a goblin and frightens us.  
That dear one comes as a goblin and frightens us.

121. He was born in the night  
and raised in a poor, cowherd's village.  
He killed the evil king Kamsan  
and took away the troubles of the cowherds.  
He stole our pretty silk dresses.  
He comes mischievously as a goblin and frightens us.  
That dear one comes and frightens us.

122. The god killed Sakaṭasuran  
who came in the form of a cart yoked with bulls.  
The dear child was pulled with a rope used to churn yogurt  
and tied on mortar by Nandan's wife Yashoda.  
He comes as a goblin and frightens us.  
That dear one comes as a goblin and frightens us.

123. The dear child who was born to Devaki  
whose young soft breasts are like cheppu  
stole and swallowed ghee, milk and yogurt  
that we, the cowherd women kept.  
He comes as a goblin and frightens us.  
That dear one comes as a goblin and frightens us.

124. Did Yashoda adopt this child?  
Or did she give birth to him?  
She does whatever he wants.  
That dear child, who has dark hair  
decorated with bunches of flowers,  
Gopalan, the young lion-like son of Yashoda  
comes as a goblin and frightens us.  
That dear one comes as a goblin and frightens us.

125. He came to the world as Rama.  
He obeyed his stepmother  
who listened to the words of cruel Manthara,  
gave away his precious elephants, horses  
and his earthly kingdom to his brother Bharathan  
and went to the terrible forest.  
That dear one with lovely eyes comes as a goblin and frightens us. He comes as a  
goblin and frightens us.

126. The majestic god came  
riding his eagle to save the elephant Gajendra  
and saved him when Gajendra, caught by a terrible crocodile,  
cried out, “O my Kaṇṇa, my Kaṇṇa!”  
He comes as a goblin and frightens us.  
The god who saves his devotees  
comes as a goblin and frightens us.  
That dear one comes as a goblin and frightens us.

127. Vishṇuchithan composed poems  
about how the god who as Rama destroyed the strong Rakshasas  
who ruled Lanka with his bow  
came as a goblin and frightened  
the cowherd women in the cowherd village.  
The good devotees who recite the ten beautiful “appuchi kaaṭṭal” poems  
will go to Vaikuṇṭham and stay there forever.



Ammam

Yashoda calls Kaṇṇan to come and drink milk

128. You are a bull among the cowherds!  
You sleep on the snake bed.  
Get up to drink your milk.  
You have not eaten in the night and slept  
and even today you have not got up until afternoon.  
Your stomach looks empty.  
My beautiful breasts are filled with milk.  
Come and drink milk happily with your divine mouth  
as you kick me with your feet.

129. Since you were born, I have not seen  
the ghee, the boiled milk,  
thick yogurt and fragrant butter that I kept.  
You have done whatever you like with them.  
Don't get upset, I won't punish you.  
Smiling with your pearl-like teeth,  
come and drink milk from my breast.

130. If their children cry and go to their mothers  
because you hit them while you played with them,  
their mothers get upset,  
and they come and complain about you.  
You aren't worried and ignore them.  
Your father doesn't care about their complaints  
and I don't have the heart to shout at you.  
You are the lovely son of Nandagopan.  
Come and drink the milk that comes from my breast.

131. I was afraid that your feet, soft as cotton  
might have been hurt when you kicked Sakaṭasuran  
who came in the form of an illusory cart sent by Kamsan.  
O king of the gods,  
you are the protector of the cowherds.  
You destroyed Kamsan with your cunning deeds.  
Come and drink the milk from my breast.

132. If Kamsan who intends only evil gets angry at you,  
finds the right time, and comes and attacks you  
with his magic when you are tired and hurts you,  
I will not live without you.  
O Vasudeva, you know it is good  
to listen to mother's advice.  
I tell you strongly, don't go.  
You are the bright light of cowherds' village.  
Come, sit and drink milk from my breast.

133. You stay in Villiputhur happily  
where the bees that buzz sweetly  
swarm around the long hair of women  
whose waists are thin as lightning.  
You made the people who see you say,  
"What tapas did his mother do  
to give birth to this son?"  
O Rishikesha, come and drink the milk from my breasts.

134. Women who wish to give birth to a child like you  
see you and will not leave you.  
Wearing flowers in their hair that swarm with bees,  
they look at you passionately  
and want to kiss you  
and drink the nectar from your mouth.  
They stand near you wondering how  
to take you to their homes.  
O Govinda, come and drink the milk from my breasts.

135. You burned the bodies of the two mountain-like wrestlers  
when they came to oppose you.  
Come, climb on my lap  
and rest your chest where Lakshmi stays on my body.  
Then drink the milk from one of my breasts  
as you rub my other breast with your fingers.  
Come and drink milk eagerly  
from one breast and then the other.

136. As you play in the front yard  
your red lotus-like face sweats  
and the drops of that sweat look like precious pearls

that fall on a beautiful lotus blossom.  
Don't make your body dirty  
with the mud you are playing in.  
You are the king of gods  
who made them rejoice by giving them nectar.  
Come and drink the milk from my breasts.

137. I thought that you are Padmanabhan  
as you come running, your kingini ornaments sounding like music.  
You dance and dance swaying and come.  
Don't run away dancing and dancing for the music,  
that your kingini makes.  
O, best among men, come and drink milk from my breasts.

138. Yashoda, who wears a band around her breasts  
called her child saying,  
"Madhava, come and drink milk!"  
The famous Vishṇucithan of Villiputhur  
where the kuṇḍalāi flowers spread their fragrance  
as they bloom in the ponds composed poems  
about how the cowherdess Yashoda called her son.  
The hearts of the devotees who recite these poems  
will think only of the god Maal  
who has beautiful eyes.

Piercing the ears  
Yashoda calls Kaṇṇan to come to her  
so that she can pierce his ears to put earrings on them.

139. Your body is in the color of the beautiful blue ocean.  
You wander around everywhere alone.  
Your proud father has not returned home from his work.  
Kamsan, the strong, brave fighter is cruel  
and there is no one to save you from him.  
You, the crazy one, drank milk  
from the breast of the devil Puthana.  
You are the best among men, O Kesava!  
All the cowherd women came here to see  
the ceremony of having your ears pierced.  
I have prepared the betal leaves  
and nuts to give to them.

140. O Narayana!

You are never separated from the minds of the devotees  
who approach you and worship you.  
Come to me wearing the beautiful coral chain on your waist  
as the kingini ornaments on your lotus feet sing.  
I will put threads  
through the holes in your ears without hurting you  
and then I will decorate your ears with earrings.  
See, these beautiful golden earrings lovely to look at.

141. I bought and kept for you emerald earrings,  
shaped like fish that live in the ocean  
and so expensive that even the whole earth  
would be not enough to buy them.  
I will put threads through your ears without hurting you.  
I will give you all the things that you want.  
O radiant god,  
you were born in the cowherd clan to save the cowherds.  
You attract the minds of the young cowherd women by your magic.  
O Madhava, come.

142. O Govinda, the cowherd children wear earrings  
studded with beautiful diamonds  
that hang down from their ears  
and see, they are good cowherd children.  
O Govinda, why don't you listen to me?  
If you wear these lovely earrings  
I will give you sweet jackfruit to eat,  
and the milk from my beautiful breasts.  
Listen to me, you are my dear god. Come here.

143. O dear child! Even when I beg you  
and say I worship you, you don't listen to me.  
How can I think you are a good child  
when you join the girls who have curly hair,  
dance the kuravai dance with them and come back late?  
O dear child, if you will let me put the thread in your ears  
I will give you large appams even though you are naughty.  
You are the god in the sky.  
Your hair is as dark as clouds  
and the girls with round arms like bamboo love you. Come here.

144. You cried so loud  
that even the sky-dwellers could hear you.  
When I looked into your mouth,  
I saw the whole earth inside and I was frightened  
as I thought that you are the “Madhusudanan.”  
See, even your ears know  
that there will not be any wound.  
Just bear with me.  
You are my dear child!  
You are lovely like a dark cloud!  
You have the color of the ocean.  
You are our protector.  
Come and drink the milk from my breasts.

145. You said, “I don’t want your milk”  
and ran away with the earrings.  
When the rain of stones fell,  
you carried Govardhana mountain happily  
and protected the herd of cows.  
O Thirivikrama! You broke the bow of Shiva!  
You are the chief of the beautiful cowherd village.  
I didn’t put the thread on your ears  
when you were a baby because I was worried  
your head wouldn’t stay still.  
Wasn’t that my mistake?

146 O dear child! you complained and said,  
“See, mother, you shouldn’t say it is my fault.  
When I ate mud, you caught me and hit me.  
Didn’t you show your friends my mouth  
and tell them I had eaten mud?”  
O dear one, are you not Vamanan who carried the eagle flag,  
the enemy of a evil snake?  
If I do not put threads in,  
the holes on your ears will close.  
O beloved god who remove the troubles of your devotees!  
I am telling you the truth, I won’t hurt you.  
Come and let me put in the thread.

147. O Sridhara, you complain saying,  
“Mother, you believed what others said and punished me.  
Isn’t it true you thought I had stolen the butter?  
And didn’t you pull me and tie me to the mortar?  
Everyone who saw me tied to the mortar made fun of me.”  
O, dear child, listen.  
If you keep complaining about what happened, laughing and wasting time,  
the holes in your ears will close.  
Come, I will put the thread in your ears  
before the beautiful women standing here laugh at you.

148. O dear child, you said,  
“Mother, what would it matter to you and these lovely women  
if my ears swell up and hurt?”  
I didn’t put the thread in your ears when you were young  
because I worried it might hurt you. It is my fault.  
Don’t you see how all the children of the cowherd village  
who wander around had threads put in their ears?  
O Rishikesha, you killed Arishtaśuran and Vasthaśuran  
throwing a young calf at them.

149. You are a lovely child.  
You stay sweetly in the thoughts of the beautiful girls  
whose hair is decorated with fragrant flowers  
and who always look at you with love.  
You are our sweet nectar.  
I will give you fruits to eat.  
I will put the thread in your ears without hurting you.  
O Padmanabha, you kicked Sakaṭaśuran  
when he came in the form of a cart and killed him.  
Come here.

150. O dear child, you told me,  
“If you pull my hand and say, ‘Come’  
and put the thread in my ears, will it hurt you?  
My ears will hurt. I won’t let you do that.”  
O Damodara, you are the best among men.  
See these berries I brought for you.  
You killed the vicious Puthana by drinking milk from her breasts  
and destroyed Sakaṭaśuran when he came in the form of a cart.  
Come here.

151. The lovely Yashoda wished  
to put thread in Kaṇṇan's ears,  
brought emerald earrings and called her child.  
The chief of Pudukai who is praised by all the world  
composed twelve poems with Yashoda's words.  
Those who recite those divine twelve anthaadi poems  
will be devotees of the god Achudan.

Neeraṭṭal paruvam : Yashoda calls Kaṇṇan to come and take a bath.

152. I won't allow you to go to sleep in the bed  
with your dirty body that smells with the butter that you stole  
and the mud you have been playing in.  
I've been waiting for a long time  
with oil and lemon juice to give you a bath.  
O dear god, you are hard for anyone to reach.  
O Naraṇa, come to bathe.

153. Look, you want to catch small ants  
and put them in the ears of calves.  
If they get scared and run away how can you get butter  
from cow's milk and eat it as you do now?  
You made the mara trees fall.  
You are our beloved god.  
Today is Thiruvonam, your birthday.  
Don't run away. Come to bathe.

154. All the cowherd women called me  
and told me not to feed you milk  
because you drank the poisonous milk  
from the breasts of the devil Puthana.  
But my mind won't let me not feed you, so I will.  
I've boiled water with gooseberry  
and filled a large pot with it.  
O sapphire-colored god, praised by all,  
come to bathe in the water mixed with turmeric.

155. Kamsan sent Sakaṭasuran to kill you  
and he came in the form of a cart.  
You kicked and killed him.  
You drank the milk from the breast of the evil Puthana

and killed her .  
You are our dear god.  
I brought kohl for your eyes,  
turmeric, a senkashuneer flower garland  
and fragrant sandal paste for your bath.  
O beautiful child, come to bathe.

156. I have made excellent appams and other snacks  
made of brown sugar and milk for you.  
O dear child, come here if you want to eat them.  
If you don't bathe,  
the young girls who have ceppu-like breasts  
will talk about you behind your back and laugh.  
You should have a good bath.  
O beloved god, come here.

157. You roll the pots and spill the ghee from them.  
You pinch sleeping babies and wake them up.  
You open your eyes wide and scare them making faces.  
O beloved god, I will give you fruits to eat.  
You are beautiful and you have the lovely color  
of the sounding ocean that has roaring waves.  
Come to bathe in the fragrant turmeric water.

158. From the time you were born,  
I have not seen the good milk that I have gotten,  
the churned yogurt and the butter that I put on the *uri*.  
O beloved god,  
I'll be careful not to speak of these things in front of others  
because they may gossip and say I'm your step mother  
and am treating you badly.  
Come and bathe in the fragrant turmeric water.

159. You tied palm leaves to the tails of calves.  
You shook fruits from the trees  
and threw them at the Asuran and killed him.  
You caught the tail of the snake Kalingan and danced on his heads.  
O best among men! I am not as strong as you are.  
Today is your auspicious birthday.  
You should take a good bath, O Naraṇa.  
Don't run away, come here.



160. I may be happy  
to see your golden body smeared with dirt  
because you went into the shed where the cows are tied,  
played with them and made yourself dirty,  
but others will blame me when they see you.  
You are shameless!  
If Nappinnai sees you, she will laugh.  
O my diamond, my jewel,  
come and bathe in the fragrant turmeric water.

161. Vishṇuchithan the chief of old Pudukottai,  
praised by all the world,  
composed poems describing how Yashoda  
called Kaṇṇan to come bathe in fragrant turmeric water.  
Those who have learned these excellent Tamil poems  
will not get the results of any bad karma.

Calling a Crow

Yashoda calls a crow to come to help her to comb Kaṇṇan's hair.

162. He is the beloved of Nappinnai.  
and he sleeps on the ocean in Thirupperur.  
He is the ancient, unique seed of all the gods.  
O crow, come and help me comb the hair  
of the king who protects me and my whole clan.  
O crow, come and help me comb Madhavan's hair.

163. O crow, come and help me comb  
and groom the hair of the god  
who has a pure blue-sapphire-colored body.  
He drank milk from the breasts of the evil Puthana.  
He destroyed the magical Sakaṭasuran  
who came in the form of a cart  
and the two Asurans who were disguised as marudam trees.  
His body is blue like the kaya flower.  
O crow, come and help me comb his hair.

164. O crow, come and help me  
comb the hair of the god of gods,  
the chief of the cowherds,  
who swallowed the butter that I had kept

in a large pot on the *uri*  
and then ran away fast and pretended to sleep.  
O crow, he has the color of the dark cloud.  
Come and help me comb the hair of Kaṇṇan.  
Come and help me comb his hair.

165. He split open the beak of the thief Baṇasuran  
who came in the form of a heron,  
hid and flew along the valley.  
O crow, come and help me comb the hair of the child  
who killed Baṇasuran.  
O crow, come and help me comb the hair of the god  
who drank milk from the breasts of the devil Puthana.

166. O crow, when he grazed the cattle  
he threw Vathsasuran who came in the form of a calf  
onto the vilam tree, shaking down the vilam fruits,  
and killed that Asuran.  
Don't fly around everywhere and wander,  
crowing sweetly and praising the name of the highest god.  
O crow, come every day and help me comb his hair.  
O crow, come and help me comb the hair  
of the god who holds a discus in his hand.

167. O crow, come and help me comb and groom  
the hair of him who, in the time it takes to blink,  
destroyed with his discus the Asurans  
when they afflicted the innocent people of the eastern land.  
O crow, come and help me comb his hair  
and make it beautiful.  
O crow, come and help me comb Govindan's hair.

168. O crow, don't fly around  
wishing to eat the food people give  
in the ceremony for their ancestors  
and the watery rice people give for the peys.  
O crow, come and help me comb the hair, dark as a bee,  
of the beautiful god, the god of the gods in the sky.  
O crow, come and help me comb the hair of Maayavan.

169. O crow, come and help me comb the hair  
of the god who created the four-headed Brahma  
on a beautiful lotus that grew from his navel.  
Come help me untangle his thick hair with oil  
and make it beautiful with a white comb made of ivory.  
O crow, come and help me comb Damodaran's hair.

170. O crow, come, stand behind me  
and help me comb the hair  
of him who measured the whole world  
and delighted the queens of king Mahabali when they saw it.  
I am putting him on a soft bed to comb his golden hair.  
O crow, come and help me comb the hair  
of the god who has thousand names.

171. Paṭṭan, the chief of Villiputhur surrounded by walls  
that touch the sky composed these poems  
that describe how the cowherdess Yashoda called the crow and said,  
“Come, O crow, help me comb the dark cloud-colored hair  
of the god that swarms with bees.  
We don't want anyone who sees his hair uncombed to blame me.”  
Those who praise the god and sing these poems  
will not have any bad karma.

Calling a crow to bring a stick  
Yashoda asks a crow to bring a grazing stick for Kaṇṇan  
to help him graze the cows.

172. O crow, bring a grazing stick for him  
who wears a chain with a turtle pendent on his round neck  
and peacock feathers on his head.  
He cuts sticks from the fences, makes arrows  
and plays with the boys with them.  
Bring a grazing stick for him who goes behind the cattle.  
Bring a grazing stick for him who has the color of a blue ocean.

173. O crow, bring a suitable, well-formed round grazing stick  
for my son who carries a conch in his strong hands  
and wanders and plays in the Kongu country,  
Kuṇḍandai, Koṭṭiyur and Thirupperur.  
Bring a grazing stick painted red.

174. O crow, bring a suitable grazing stick  
for my son who runs and grazes small calves  
as his curly hair blows around.  
The god killed Kamsan when he came angrily to fight with him.  
He split open the mouth of the Asuran  
when he came in the form of an heron to fight with him.  
Bring a grazing stick for the god of gods.

175. O crow, bring a grazing stick to graze the calves  
for the god who went as a messenger to Duryodhana  
and was victorious in the Bharatha war  
over the Paṇḍava's enemy Duryodhana  
who declared he would never be friends with the Paṇḍavas  
or give them any land.  
Bring a grazing stick for him to graze the calves.  
Bring a grazing stick for the child  
who has the blue color of the ocean.

176. O crow,  
Kaṇṇan went as a messenger to Duryodhana,  
asked him to give the Paṇḍavas' land back to them,  
but Duryodhana refused to give  
even one city to them.  
Kaṇṇan angrily started the Bharatha war,  
drove Arjuna's chariot in the battle  
and got victory for the Paṇḍavas.  
O crow, bring a grazing stick for the god of gods  
who conquered the Kauravas.

177. O crow, he sleeps on the banyan leaf as a baby  
at the end of the world.  
He sleeps on Adishesha on the blue ocean for endless time.  
He granted his grace to Arjuna in the Bharatha war.  
O crow, bring a grazing stick for the beautiful lord  
of the god of Kuṇḍandai.

178. O crow, when he, as Rama,  
stayed on golden Chithrakuḍam mountain,  
he put out one eye of Jayanthan  
who came in the form of a crow and wounded Sita.

Bring a grazing stick quickly for him who has thick hair  
before he gets angry and destroys the other eye of the crows.  
Bring a grazing stick to this dear child,  
who has the color of a shining sapphire.

179. O crow, bring a grazing stick for him  
who bent his matchless bow  
and killed the ten-headed Ravaṇan,  
the king of Lanka, decorated with shining diamond crowns,  
for the sake of Sita whose waist is as thin as lightning.  
Bring a grazing stick for the god  
who wears a shining crown.  
Bring the grazing stick for the god  
who made a bridge over the ocean to go to Lanka.

180. O crow, bring a grazing stick for him  
who cut off the heads and arms of Ravaṇan,  
the king of Lanka in the south  
and gave the country to Vibhishāṇa with shining ornaments,  
saying, “You will rule this country as long as  
my name abides in the world.”  
Bring a grazing stick to the beautiful god who shines like lightning  
and stays in the Thiruveṅkaṭam hills.

181. The Paṭṭan of Villiputhur composed poems  
using the words of Yashoda as she asked the crow  
to bring a cattle stick to her beloved child.  
Those who recite these ten Tamil poems  
will get good children and live happily in the world.

Puu Chuṭṭal: Yashoda asks Kaṇṇan to come  
so that she can adorn his hair with flowers.

182. You go to graze the cattle.  
Don't you know that you are the finest remedy for all troubles.  
You wander around the forest  
and your divine dark body becomes dull.  
You steal milk from the pots of others  
and those who don't like you see it and laugh at you.  
O dear child, you are sweeter than honey.  
Come, I will decorate your hair with shenbaga flowers.

183. If we see dark clouds, our eyes feel like we have seen you  
who have a beautiful body.  
You were born to create all the seven worlds.  
You are the beloved of Lakshmi, the goddess of wealth.  
You sleep on the Kaveri river in Srirangam.  
Come to me and I will decorate your hair  
with jasmine flowers that spread their fragrance everywhere.

184. You climb up to the patios of the palaces,  
enter into the homes where the girls stay  
and tear their bras and silk blouses. Is that all?  
You grab the border of their saris and tear them.  
You give them trouble every day.  
You are the god of the tall Thiruvēṅkaṭam hills.  
Come to me and I will decorate your hair  
with padiri flowers and green Thulasi leaves.

185. Don't stand on the street  
and bother the young cowherd girls.  
O dear child! You have the color of the dark cloud  
and you are like a small calf. You have beautiful eyebrows,  
glistening dark hair and a shining forehead.  
The fragrance of your Thulasi garland spreads everywhere.  
Come happily and I will I decorate your hair  
with this Thulasi garland.

186. You split open the beak of Baṇasuran  
when he came in the form of a heron.  
You broke the tusk of the elephant, Kuvalayabēḍam.  
You cut off the nose of the cunning Surpanakha.  
You cut down the heads of the king Ravaṇan,  
yet I, your devotee, wasn't afraid of you  
when I hit you because you took gobs of butter  
and swallowed them.  
Come and I will decorate your hair  
with a garland of sengazhuneer flowers  
that bloomed in clear water.

187. O, best among men!  
What do you gain fighting with bulls to marry Nappinnai?  
You knew the evil deeds of Kamsan

and killed him with your ploys.  
You fought with the wrestlers and defeated them.  
You harassed the cowherd girls on the streets.  
You who are precious as gold,  
come and I will decorate your hair with punnai flowers.

188. You are our king!  
You throw pots into the sky  
and dance the kuḍakkuthu with them.  
O my son, you bewitch beautiful girls,  
whose faces are lovely as the moon.  
You split the chest of Hiranyan  
into two pieces with your nails.  
O beloved god, you are the god of Kuḍandai,  
come and I will decorate your hair with kurukathi flowers.

189. You made friends with the Asura Thirumalihan  
and then cut off his head with your discus.  
You know the future of all.  
You sleep on the Kaveri river in beautiful Srirangam.  
Don't cheat me.  
Come and I will decorate your hair with iruvaṭchi flowers.

190. In heaven you stay in the assembly of gods,  
and you live in the hearts of your devotees.  
You are the beloved of Lakshmi who stays on a lovely lotus.  
You swallowed all the seven worlds  
and sleep on the banyan leaf.  
Come and I will decorate your hair  
with iruvaṭchi flowers blooming with big buds.  
I will see you and be happy.

191. The Paṭṭar Piran, the chief of Villiputhur  
composed poems with music  
telling how the cowherdess Yashoda happily called her son,  
the king of the earth, to come  
so that she could decorate his hair  
with eight kinds of flowers that she brought that day.  
Those who recite these poems  
will become beloved devotees of the god.

Kaappiḍal

Yashoda wants to put a “kaappu” on Kaṇṇan to protect him from the evil eye.

192. Indra, Brahma, Shiva and all other gods  
brought beautiful divine flowers,  
stood away from you and looked at you happily .  
You abide in Veḷḷarai where the moon shines above the palaces  
and the dancers sing your praise while they dance.  
This is the evening time.  
O beautiful child, come and I will put a kaappu on you  
so that evil eyes will not harm you.

193. The calves you grazed haven't come home  
and their mothers cry out and summon them.  
I am tired of calling you, heartless one!  
Don't stay on the streets, it is getting dark.  
O god, you who stay in Thiruveḷḷarai surrounded by walls,  
listen! I'm saying this for your good.  
Come and I will put kaappu on you  
so that evil eyes will not harm you.

194. When you knocked over the play houses  
and messed up the play food of the girls  
whose soft breasts are formed like ceppus,  
I scolded you.  
You ran away and haven't come back to eat.  
You are the ruler of the world.  
You stay in Thiruveḷḷarai where rishis live  
and the gods praise you three times a day.  
I won't do anything to hurt you.  
O beloved god, come and I will put kaappu for you  
so that evil eyes will not harm you.

195. Countless children come again and again  
and they complain that you threw sand into their eyes  
and kicked them. You bother everyone you see.  
O Kaṇṇa, you are the god of Thiruveḷḷarai.  
You have the color of the ocean!  
You are generous!  
Come and I will put kaappu on you  
so that evil eyes will not harm you.



196. Even if thousands of children from this village  
do naughty things, people will say  
you are the one who did them.  
O beloved god, come.  
You stay in Thiruveḷḷārai where good people live  
and you are the light of wisdom.  
I will praise your beautiful body.  
Come and I will put kaappu on you  
so that evil eyes will not harm you.

197. I heard that Kamsan is angry at you  
and is sending Puthana, the dark red-haired devil,  
to cheat and kill you.  
You stay in the beautiful Thiruveḷḷārai  
that is surrounded by walls  
and filled with diamond-studded palaces  
where the clouds crawl.  
I am afraid you will be hurt even if you stay there.  
O beautiful child,  
come and I will put kaappu on you  
so that evil eyes will not harm you.

198. O beloved, you are my prince.  
I know that you have kicked and killed the evil Sakatasuran  
who came disguised as a cart.  
You destroyed the two Asurans  
who were disguised as marudu trees.  
I know you killed the devil Puthana  
drinking milk from her breasts,  
but I don't know what else you might have done after that.  
You stay in the lustrous Thiruveḷḷārai.  
It is time for you to go to bed.  
O highest god,  
come and I will put kaappu on you  
so that evil eyes will not harm you.

199. You gave me the highest joy.  
Even the gods do not know who you are.  
You are the king who killed the elephant Kuvalayabeeḍam.  
You are Yama for cruel Kamsan.  
You stay in Thiruveḷḷārai

surrounded with precious golden walls.  
You have been raised as a precious child.  
See, there is a beggar, a Kambakkabaali with a garland of skulls.  
Run, come quickly and I will put kaappu on you  
so that evil eyes will not harm you.

200. The Brahmins who know the Vedas well  
recite the Rg Veda, come holding conches  
with water and stand near you.  
O dear child! Don't be proud!  
You stand in the middle of the street  
and refuse to listen to my words.  
I, your mother, only want to put divine kaappu on you.  
You stay in prosperous Thiruveḷḷarai  
It is evening.  
I will light the lamp, so I can see you when you return.  
Come and I will put kaappu on you  
so that evil eyes will not harm you.

201. Yashoda, the best among women,  
called her son to put kaappu on him who stays  
in auspicious Thiruveḷḷarai  
with Lakshmi the goddess of wealth  
who lives on a lotus.  
Vishnuchithan who knows the benefit of learning the Vedas  
made Yashoda's words into poems.  
The bad karma of devotees  
who recite even one part of these poems will disappear.

The complaining cowherd girls!

202. The cowherd girls complain saying,  
"When he gulps down the butter in our house  
and throws the pots on the stones  
we hear the noise of them breaking.  
We can't stop his naughty deeds.  
You should take care of your son.  
The things he does hurt us  
as if they were pouring sour juice into wounds.  
You should tell your son not to act like that.  
You gave birth to a son

whose actions are very naughty.  
You are the mother of the one who is the chief of all.  
O lovely Yashoda, call your son!”

203. Yashoda asks Kaṇṇan to come  
and then speaks to her neighbors.  
“You are my dear child!  
You were the dwarf Vamanan who went to the king Mahabali.  
Come, come, come here!  
You are the best of the Kahusta dynasty.  
You have dark hair, a beautiful face and a lovely mouth.  
Come here.  
And you, lovely neighbors, you know he is my beloved child.  
You know how precious he is to me.  
Listen, son, you with a body dark as kohl,  
it hurts me when I hear the neighbors complain about you.  
I can’t bear it. Don’t you feel sorry for me?  
Come to me.”

204. The cowherd women complained to Yashoda and said,  
“Your wonderful son doesn’t hesitate to do naughty things.  
He thinks it is just fine to do them.  
He swallowed all the melted ghee in our pots,  
and broke them,  
and now he stands here as if he has done nothing wrong.  
Is it right to do bad things like this to your neighbors?  
Yashoda, call him to come to you.  
He doesn’t allow us to live!  
No doubt, he is indeed Madhusudanan.

205. Yashoda asked Kaṇṇan to come to her and said,  
“O you who have the color of a cloud, come.  
You are the god of Srirangam. Come.  
You are the divine Naraṇan of Thirupperur  
surrounded by the ocean with clear waves. Come.”  
He came running into the house and said,  
“I’ve only come to eat.”  
Yashoda could not get angry at him.  
She approached him and embraced him.  
This is the loving trick  
that Yashoda’s dear child has learned.

206. A cowherdess complains,  
“I milked the cow and put the milk on the stove,  
but then I found out I didn’t have any fire to light it.  
I asked my daughter to stay there  
and went to borrow some fire from a neighbor.  
As I stood there and chatted with the neighbor for a while,  
the dear god of Saalakkiraamam turned over the pot,  
drank the milk and ran away.  
O beautiful Yashoda,  
your voice is as sweet as the juice  
from a sugarcane press,  
call your son.”

207. Yashoda called Kaṇṇan to come to her.  
“O my son, you should come to me.  
You should come to me now.  
Don’t say you won’t come. Come to me.  
The neighbors keep complaining about you  
and it’s hard for me to hear so many complaints.  
You are a happy little one!  
You carried Govardhana mountain.  
You danced the Kuḍakkuthu dance.  
You are the meaning of the Vedas.  
You are my god of Venkaṭa hills.  
You are clever.  
Come here.”

208. A cowherd girl complained,  
“I made twelve types of sweets with good rice,  
small lentils, sugar, fragrant ghee and milk  
for the festival of Thiruvoṇam.  
I know what he does!  
He already ate my food once before.  
He said he wanted more and gobbled everything up  
and then stood as if he hadn’t done anything wrong.  
O lovely Yashoda, call your son  
and ask him to come to you.  
I only have a little bit of food left over.”

209. Yashoda called Kaṇṇan to come to her.  
“O Kesava, come here.  
Don’t say no. Come to me.  
Don’t go to unfriendly people’s houses and play there.  
Come to me.  
Don’t stay where common people  
say bad things about you and servants live.  
Obeying your mother’s words is your duty.  
Damodara, come here.”

210. A cowherd girl complains,  
“ I kept sweet laḍḍus, seedais and sesame sweet balls in a pot  
and went outside.  
I thought no one would come into my house  
and take anything, but your son entered my house  
and ate all the sweets without leaving any at all.  
He even looked into the pot hanging on the uri  
and checked to see if there was any butter hidden there.  
O Yashoda, you are beautiful.  
Call your son to come to you.  
I’ve only told you some of the naughty things he did.”

211. A cowherd girl complains,  
“If anyone complains about your son, you get upset.  
O lovely Yasoda, he is tricky.  
He came to our house and called my girl.  
He took her bracelets, went away through the backyard,  
sold them to the berry seller,  
bought some sweet berries and ate them.  
When I asked him about the bracelets,  
he said, “I haven’t seen them” and laughed.

212. The chief Paṭṭar, Viṣṇuchithan, composed songs  
describing the play of the god of Srirangam in the southern land  
surrounded with groves where bees happily swarm  
and the Kaveri flows with its abundant water.  
People who sing these songs and dance  
will become devotees of Govindan  
and will be like lights that brighten up all the eight directions.  
I bow to them and worship their feet.

The complaints of the young cowherd girls

213. O Yashoda, your son threw mud at us  
when we were bathing and playing in the river.  
He stole our bracelets and clothes  
and ran faster than the wind and hid in his house.  
When we asked for our clothes and bangles  
he didn't answer. This isn't fair.  
If he doesn't give us our bangles it isn't fair.

214. O Yashoda, your son has long ear rings.  
He has long hair.  
His sacred thread hangs down to his belly button.  
He is worshipped and praised  
by people in all eight directions.  
We are beautiful women and our hair is decorated  
with flowers that swarm with bees.  
Your son stole our clothes  
and climbed to the top of a tree  
that touches the sky and sat there.  
This isn't fair.  
We begged him to give our clothes back,  
but he wouldn't. This isn't fair.

215. Yashoda, your son stirred up the water in the pond  
where large lotuses bloom,  
grasped the tail of the poisonous snake Kalingan  
and climbed on its heads, dancing and shaking its whole body.  
We think that was good,  
but he stole our clothes, stays in the top of the tree  
and refuses to give them back. This isn't fair.

216. Yashoda, your son killed the Asuran Thenuhan,  
threw his body at the tree,  
and made the fruits of the palmyra tree fall.  
When Indra made a heavy rain fall on the cattle,  
he carried Govardhana mountain in his big arms  
and protected the cows. We think that was good,  
but he stole our clothes, stays in the top of the tree,  
and refuses to give them back. This isn't fair.

217. O Yashoda,  
your son stole the milk and yogurt  
in the cowherd village and ate them.  
The cowherds saw him, caught him and tied him up.  
Now he can't steal the butter  
made by the cowherd women  
who have round bamboo-like arms  
because they tied him up and spanked him so he cried.  
This isn't fair.

218. O Yashoda, even when he was a baby  
toddling with his tiny feet,  
that young child knew in his mind  
that the devil Puthana would come, cheat him and try to kill him.  
When she came, he drank milk from her breasts and killed her.  
We think that was good,  
but he stole our clothes, stays in the top of the tree  
and refuses to give them back. This isn't fair.

219. O Yashoda, the god  
went to the sacrifice of king Mahabali,  
asked for three feet of land,  
and measured this earth with one foot  
and the sky with the other foot.  
We think that was wonderful,  
but he stole our clothes, stays in the top of the tree  
and refuses to give them back. This isn't fair.

220. O Yashoda, your son, the god of gods in the sky,  
came riding on his vehicle, the Garuḍazhvar  
and removed the sorrow of Gajendra the elephant  
when he was caught by a crocodile  
in the large pond blooming with cool screw pine plants,  
and ambal flowers.  
He killed the crocodile with his discus.  
We think that was wonderful,  
but he stole our clothes, stays in the top of the tree,  
and refuses to give them back. This isn't fair.

221. O Yashoda, your son has the color of the cloud in the sky.  
He grazes the cows in the forest and plays happily.

He took the form of a boar, went beneath the earth  
brought the earth stolen by an Asuran  
and put it back.

We think that was wonderful,  
but he stole our clothes, stays in the top of the tree,  
and refuses to give them back. This isn't fair.

222. Paṭṭan, the chief of Puduvai,  
composed poems describing the complaints  
of the beautiful cowherd women to Yashoda  
about Kaṇṇan who has lotus-eyes.  
Devotees who recite those poems  
will not have any trouble in their life.

Yashoda gives food to Kaṇṇan  
Yashoda is afraid of feeding Kaṇṇan because she thinks he is the god.

223. He toddles and comes to me  
just like thousands of other children.  
I give him butter precious as gold and milk.  
He drinks the milk and embraces me.  
He is the god who drank milk from the breasts of  
the cheating devil Puthana  
whose waist is thin as lightning and killed her.  
Dear child, I know who you are  
and I'm afraid to give you food.

224. I gave a bath to your sky-blue body  
and fed you food sweet as nectar and went out.  
Before I came back you killed the Asuran  
who had come in the form of a fully-laden cart  
and returned to stay quietly at home.  
You changed the mind of a young girl  
who has waist thin as lightning  
and you made her love you.  
Dear child, I know who you are  
and I'm afraid to give you food.

225. You swallowed all the butter and the lentils in the pots,  
turned over the yogurt pot and ate all the yogurt.  
Now, after killing the Asurans



who were disguised as marudam trees, you come.  
O best among men!  
You can do all these miraculous things.  
People say you are my son,  
but dear child, I know who you are  
and I'm afraid to give you food.

226. You fascinate the beautiful young cowherd girls  
whose dark eyes are decorated with kohl.  
You follow them holding onto their soft clothes,  
and steal their clothes and stand alone  
and do many mischievous things.  
You tell lies and people are gossiping about you.  
I heard a lot about you near the pond.  
Dear child, I know who you are  
and I'm afraid to give you food.

227. You swallow the butter and the yogurt  
that the cowherd women churn three times a day and keep.  
You make the pots that the cowherds  
carry on their shoulders fall and drink the yogurt.  
You sob and sob like the children  
who want to drink milk from their mothers.  
Dear child, I know who you are  
and I'm afraid to give you food.

228. When an Asuran came in the form of a calf  
and refused to eat the good paddy  
that all the other cows were eating happily  
on the flourishing fields humming with bees,  
you knew that it was not a calf.  
You threw him up, made the vilam fruits fall and killed him.  
O naughty one, you wander about and plot  
to make a young girl whose soft curly hair is filled with bees  
fall in love with you.  
Dear child, I know who you are  
and I'm afraid to give you food.

229. You are the light!  
You go into the grove and play soft music  
on your flute, entrhralling everyone.

The cowherd girls with soft curly hair come  
and surround you to listen to you playing music  
and worship you.

O dear child,  
my only fault is that I have raised you.  
You are naughty and the cowherd women  
are always complaining about you,  
but I know who you are  
and I'm afraid to give you food.

230. Even if you keep quiet  
without doing anything naughty,  
people don't believe it.  
You fascinate the beloved daughters of others,  
embrace and enjoy them,  
and do things one can't speak of.  
No matter what I say about you,  
the cowherd families don't listen.  
They blame me because of you  
until I can no longer listen to all their complaints.  
You, son of Nandan, are like a bull.  
I know who you are  
and I'm afraid to give you food.

231. Cowherd mothers go to sell buttermilk.  
Cowherd fathers go behind the cows to graze them.  
Fearless, you run behind the lovely cowherd village girls.  
You wander around and everyone who sees you  
says how naughty you are.  
You are the god who does things to please even those  
who don't like you.  
You are my dear child.  
I know who you are  
and I'm afraid to give you food.

232. You went into a blooming garden with a young girl  
whose hair is decorated with a flower bunch,  
embraced her breasts decorated with pearl chains,  
and stayed there with her all night.  
You only returned after the night was gone  
and came at dawn.

Let the people who want to gossip about you  
say what they want.  
I won't shout at you.  
Dear child, I know who you are  
and I'm afraid to give you food.

233. Yashoda whose hair is decorated with fragrant flowers  
called the one who has a dark cloud-like color  
and told him that she will give him food sweet as nectar,  
not just any food.  
Paṭṭarpiran, the chief of Pudukkottai, the famous poet  
who is praised by the whole earth,  
composed poems with Yashoda's words.  
Those who recite these poems  
will become the devotees of god Rishikesa.

Yashoda sends Kaṅṅan to graze the cows

234. I bathed the dear child of cowherd clan  
who has the color of kohl in turmeric water  
and sent him out to go behind the calves  
because I didn't want him wandering from house to house.  
But how could I send my child who fought Kamsan  
without worrying that his feet decorated with anklets  
would hurt as he went behind the calves?  
O god, what a terrible thing I have done!

235. I don't want my son to go wandering around  
kicking and destroying the play houses  
of doll-like lovely girls  
who wear fragrant turmeric powder on their bodies.  
I don't want him going around doing naughty things.  
Why have I sent him behind the calves to the forest  
where hunters go with their axes?  
Why did I send my child behind the calves?  
O god, what a terrible thing I have done!

236. I don't want my son wandering  
and playing every day with young girls  
decorated with beautiful maṇimegalai ornaments.  
I don't want him making his shining golden body dirty with mud.

That's why I've sent my sapphire-colored son  
to go behind calves on the forest paths  
where the bells of the cattle ring out.  
O god, what a terrible thing I have done!

237. I don't want him wandering around  
in this cowherd village doing naughty things  
so the beautiful dark-haired women there come  
and gossip about him.  
He is sweet to the eyes.  
He is the god beyond all thought.  
I have sent him to the forest behind the calves to graze them.  
O god, what a terrible thing I have done!

238. I don't want him wandering here and there  
in the cowherd village doing naughty things.  
I don't want him approaching the cowherd girls  
and kissing them with his lips that are like kovvai fruits.  
I've sent that divine one, the king of gods,  
behind the calves to the forest  
where hunters carry afflicting bows.  
O god, what a terrible thing I have done!

239. I don't want him stealing butter  
and filling his mouth by swallowing it  
and doing many other naughty things  
as he wanders around in this cowherd village.  
I've sent him behind the calves to the forest paths  
where many elephants wander and people trip and stumble.  
O god, what a terrible thing I have done!

240. I don't want him jumping around,  
playing and wandering about with his friends  
as women with vine-like waists gossip about him.  
I've sent the lord of Garuḍa behind the calves  
to the hot forest paths where there are dry kaḷḷi plants.  
O god, what a terrible thing I have done!

241. I carried him on my lap for twelve months,  
and fed him nectar-like milk from my young breasts.  
Now I have sent my young lion-like son

behind the calves to the dry forest  
where he will hurt his golden feet,  
O god, what a terrible thing I have done!

242. I have sent my son Damodaran behind the calves  
without giving him an umbrella and sandals  
to go in the terrible forest  
where broken, hard, rough stones will hurt his feet.  
Cruelly, I have sent my son to the forest.  
O god, what a terrible thing I have done!

243. Paṭṭan, the chief of Pudukkottai filled with palaces that shine like gold  
composed a garland of sweet Tamil poems  
that describe how Yashoda was worried  
when she sent her beautiful sapphire-colored son  
who was always sweet to her to graze the calves.  
Those who recite these poems  
will have no difficulties in their lives.

Kaṇṇan returns after grazing the cows

244. He wears kudambai flower for an earring on his one ear  
and a red thondri blossom on an other ear.  
He wears a lovely kachu on his waist  
and a checked dress on his body.  
He wears a precious pearl chain on his chest  
as he goes behind the cattle.  
Come and see the beautiful form of the ocean-colored one.  
O lovely women, I am the only one  
who has a precious son like him on this earth.  
There is no one like me.

245. You are the eternal, famed Madhusudanan  
who stays in Srirangam surrounded with good strong walls  
where the Kaveri river flows and groves bloom.  
O Kesava, I have done wrong.  
I fed you a little food and heedlessly sent you  
on your tiny feet to graze the young calves  
because I thought it would be good for you.  
No woman has a harder heart than I.  
O small one, give me a kiss.

246. O Damodara, you go through the forest,  
graze the calves, run behind them and return,  
wearing koḍal flowers that bloom in the rainy season.  
Now see, your body is covered with dirt.  
You are the beloved of Nappinnai, lovely as a peacock.  
I have made water ready for your bath.  
Take a bath and come to eat.  
Your father hasn't eaten yet. He will eat with you.

247. You stay in the beautiful Thiruvēkaṭam hills  
filled with fragrant groves!  
You are a strong bull that fights in terrible battles.  
O dear child, I brought you an umbrella, sandals and a flute  
but you went without taking them  
and your small red lotus-like feet  
that went behind the calves have blistered.  
Your eyes are red and you are tired, dear child!

248. You are a bull in the battle!  
When you blow the Panchajanyam conch  
on the battlefield, your enemies shiver.  
You are the little lion of the cowherd clan.  
You are the beloved of Sita.  
You are Maal, you are small and short and have lovely eyes.  
You left your clothes and a small sword on your bed  
and went to graze the cows with other cowherds.  
It seems you have returned with them.

249. You are beautiful!  
You hold a shining discus in your hand.  
I felt I might die when you entered the pond  
and fought with the snake that spat poison.  
What can I do?  
You made my stomach hurt.  
I am not worried.  
Everything you did made Kamsan happy,  
O you who have the dark color of a kayam flower.

250. You have the dark color of the ocean  
and you sleep on the milky ocean.

You took the forms of a boar, a turtle and a fish.  
When the cunning Asuran came in the form of a calf  
to the field where cows were grazing,  
you took him in your small hands  
and threw him at the vilam fruit trees.  
Those Asurans always do only evil things to my son.

251. I just heard something new to me!  
You ate the rice, curries and yogurt  
that the cowherds made and kept for Indra.  
It seems that you have mixed them up and eaten them all.  
I'm not good enough to feed you.  
I'll never be able to do it.  
O Vasudeva, your fame is faultless.  
From now on, I will be frightened of you.

252. You carry a strong white conch in your hand.  
It is the auspicious Thiruvonam day, your birthday.  
I called some women whose words are like music,  
planted bean seeds and blessed you  
asking that you should live for many years.  
I made curry and rice to celebrate your birthday.  
O dear child, don't go tomorrow to graze the calves.  
Dress and decorate yourself and stay here.

253. Vishṇuchithan, the chief of Pudukottai  
where faultless people live  
composed poems that describe  
how the cowherdess Yashoda saw her son  
coming after grazing the calves.  
Those who learn these poems and sing will approach  
the ankleted feet of the god who is dark as the ocean.

The cowherd girls fall in love with Kannaṅga

254. Cowherds come, decorated with fresh leaves and garlands.  
The sounds of flutes and songs are heard everywhere.  
Drums are beaten.  
Govindan, decorated with peacock feathers in his hair,  
comes with them.  
The young women come to their front doors,

see the cowherds and Kaṇṇan, stand at the doorsteps  
and say, "Is a cloud coming in the crowd?"  
They forget what they should do  
and stand there, forgetting even to eat.

255. He wears a soft garment  
that looks like the petals of flowers blooming on a vine.  
He carries a small sword.  
He is decorated with a garland made of fragrant mullai  
and vengai blossoms mixed with fresh kachandi leaves.  
He comes in the middle of a group of cowherds in the evening.  
O girls, if you go in front of him,  
you will lose your beautiful bangles.

256. His young friends wearing silk garments  
run behind him carrying small swords, bows, chendus and sticks.  
One of them blows a conch so the cows will hear and return.  
Kaṇṇan, tired, comes with them.  
My daughter sees his beautiful body  
adorned with turmeric powder and approaches him.  
The people of the village see and gossip about her.

257. He, my beloved god who carried Govardhana mountain  
and protected the cows when there was a big storm,  
now plays the music on his flute as a cowherd,  
grazes the calves and comes with his friends.  
O beautiful friend, I see him on the streets.  
I have not seen anyone like him before.  
O friend, come and see him.  
All my bangles are getting loose  
and my young breasts beneath their blouse are not under my control.

258. I saw the cowherds standing around him  
carrying umbrellas made of peacock feathers  
as Kaṇṇan decorated with beautiful peacock feathers in his hair  
sang and danced in front of their doorsteps.  
I don't want you to give me in marriage to anyone  
except Maayan, the god of Thirumaalirunjolai.  
You should realize that I belong only to the victorious one  
and give me in marriage to him.  
If you don't do it, it will plunge into sorrow.



259. He will be decorated with shining sinduram  
and a perfect naamam on his divine forehead.  
The lovely music of flutes and the sound of drums will play.  
With the cowherds who carry their grazing sticks  
he will come into the flourishing grove.  
He is the cowherd child, the god who is eternal.  
He will walk on the street as if he knows everything.  
Let's stop him and tell him that he stole our ball  
and see the lovely smile on his coral mouth.

260. He goes behind good cows in a flourishing grove.  
His divine body shines bright.  
His fragrant hair is decorated with peacock feathers.  
His beautiful lotus eyes shine.  
He comes in the middle of a group of cowherd children  
and plays the flute, sings songs and dances.  
The cowherds come with him singing and dancing.  
My daughter is fascinated seeing the beauty of that cowherd child.

261. He is decorated with a poṭṭu made of red powder  
and a divine naamam on his forehead.  
His hair is decorated with beautiful peacock feathers.  
The cowherd child comes like Indra the god of gods.  
I told my daughter, "If you go in front of him, you will lose your bangles."  
My beautiful girl stands in front of him in the middle of the street.  
See, her bangles and clothes are becoming loose.

262. He wears on his left ear a lovely thondri flower.  
His long hair is decorated with jasmine and forest mauval flowers.  
My daughter sees the beauty of the cowherd child  
who comes playing his flute.  
She falls in love and stands in front of him without moving.  
See, her lovely bangles become loose and she grows thin.

263. Viṣṇuchittan, the chief of Pudukai  
surrounded with lovely groves where bees swarm,  
composed ten poems about the love of cowherd girls  
who saw Kaṇṇan, the god of gods  
coming on the street of cowherd village  
surrounded by cows and cowherd children.  
The devotees who sing these songs happily will reach divine Vaikuṇṭam.

Govardhana mountain

Kaṇṇan carried Govardhana mountain and used it as an umbrella to protect the cows and the cowherds from the storm.

264. The victorious umbrella-like mountain that the god who has the color of the ocean with rolling waves that gives rain and who ate a pile of rice with lentils, yogurt and ghee carried to protect the cows— is Govardhana where the gypsy girls feed good milk and raise round-eyed innocent baby deer that were caught by their husbands and given to them.

265. The victorious umbrella-like mountain that the god Madhusudhanan carried to stop the rain when Indra, the king of gods was angry and made it rain for seven days, hurting the innocent cows— is Govardhana where a female elephant chased by a young lion, afraid her cub may be hurt and protecting it under her legs, opposes the lion and fights.

266. The victorious umbrella-like mountain that the god carried when the cows, the large-eyed cowherd women and the cowherds screamed and asked for help saying, “Help us, you are our refuge!”— is Govardhana where men who have strong mountain-like arms bend their bows when their lovely doll-like women ask them to catch deer saying, “See, a group of deer are grazing on our millet.”

267. The victorious umbrella-like mountain of the god of gods who, taking the form of a boar, dug and carried the earth with his tusks as if he were a mahout giving a ball of rice to a cruel-eyed elephant— is Govardhana where the clouds gather after descending to the ocean, scooping up the water, rising to the sky in the east and pouring down rain.

268. The victorious umbrella-like mountain that our father,  
the god who took the form of a boar, carried,  
digging it up and calling the gods, saying,  
“O gods in the sky!

If anyone among you is strong enough, tell me,  
and come carry this with me!”—

is Govardhana where a happy forest elephant  
that has lost its tusks raises its trunk, worships the god  
and asks him to give the crescent moon for his tusk  
as the musth pours from his temples.

269. The victorious umbrella-like mountain  
that our wonderful god carried,  
putting all the five fingers of his lovely lotus hand  
at its base and lifting it with his large, beautiful arms—  
is Govardhana where the water  
of the white waterfall flows everywhere  
as it carries lovely glistening beautiful pearls  
and makes the hill look like a treasure of pearl garlands.

270. The victorious umbrella-like mountain  
that our god Damodaran carried  
using the five fingers of his wide hands  
just as the thousand-headed Adishesha carries the earth—  
is Govardhana where the monkeys who live there  
put their small children to sleep  
holding them in their hands  
and singing the fame of Hanuman  
who went to Lanka and destroyed its pride.

271. The victorious umbrella-like mountain that the god  
Narayanān carried to protect the cows  
when the strong rain fell  
like a warrior who uses his shield to stop  
the arrows coming at him like a heavy rain—  
is Govardhana where pious rishis who practice tapas  
live in huts roofed with leaves, while angry murderous tigers  
go and sleep with them.

272. The victorious umbrella-like mountain  
that the god Damodaran, who drank milk

from the breasts of the terrible devil Puthana  
carried like a pillar—  
is Govardhana that has the same name as the god Govardhanan,  
where monkeys carrying their babies on their backs  
climb on the branches of trees  
and teach them how to jump.

273. When the beautiful blue-colored one  
carried Govardhana mountain,  
the fingers of his lotus hands did not lose their beauty  
and his strong beautiful finger-nails did not hurt.  
He carried the mountain as if it were something he did every day.  
On victorious umbrella-like Govardhana mountain,  
a group of large clouds that rest on the top of the hills  
make the mountain look as if it has grey hair  
as they pour down rain everywhere.

274. The famous Paṭṭarpiran Viṣṇuchithan  
where the Brahmins recite the divine Vedas  
composed these ten poems on Govardhana mountain  
where jasmine flowers bloom  
on the branches of kuravam trees.  
He describes how the hill is carried as an umbrella  
by the god who sleeps on Adishesha  
and rides on an eagle, the enemy of snake.  
The devotees who recite those poems in their hearts  
and worship god will reach divine Vaikuṇṭam.

Kaṇṇan plays the flute

275. O beautiful girls who live in this wide world,  
listen to a wonderful thing!  
When Thirumaal who has a white valampuri conch in his hand  
plays the flute with his divine lips,  
the cowherd girls who have young breasts  
hear the sound of the flute, get excited  
shiver and run away from their houses  
where they are guarded,  
untying the ropes that they are tied with.  
Putting the ropes on their necks as if they are garlands,  
they come, shyly and surround him.

276. When Govindan takes his flute in his hands,  
bends his eyebrows, blows the air bending his stomach and plays,  
the young girls who are beautiful as peacocks  
and have doe-like eyes, listen.  
Their hair decorated with flowers becomes loose,  
their dresses become loose.  
Holding their falling dresses  
they stand looking at him out of corners of their eyes.

277. He is the prince of the sky.  
He is the little one of Vaikuṅṭam. He is Vasudeva.  
He is the king of Madhura.  
He is the princely son of Nandagopan.  
He, Govindan, is the little child of the cowherds.  
When he plays his flute the young Apsarases  
come down from the sky and approach him.  
Their hearts melt and their flower-like eyes shed tears.  
Their hair swarming with bees becomes loose.  
Their foreheads sweat  
and they close their ears to everything else  
and hear only the music of his flute.

278. He fought, conquered and destroyed  
the evil Asuras Thenuhan, Pilamban and Kaliyan.  
When that small dark child plays his flute  
wandering about in the forests,  
Menaga, Thilothama, Ramba,  
Urvasi and other heavenly Apsarases,  
fascinated as they hear his music, become speechless.  
They come down from the sky, dance, and sing with joy.

279. The kings of the three worlds are afraid of the god.  
He came in the form of a man-lion and killed Hiranyan.  
When Madhusudanan plays the flute,  
Narada who plays the Tumburu veena,  
those who play the kinnaram,  
the midunam and other string instruments,  
hear his music, forget their skills and say,  
“We won’t touch our musical instruments  
because we can’t compete  
with the lovely music of Madhusudanan.”

280. He is the small son of Devaki,  
who has large beautiful eyes and strong arms.  
He is our highest god and a lion among the gods.  
When he plays his flute,  
the Gandharvas who wander in the sky,  
fascinated by the nectar-like music,  
say, "He, our highest god, is playing the flute,"  
and they feel ashamed because they can't play like him,  
and they stand folding their hands and worshipping him.

281. Listen to the wonders that I have seen on this earth.  
When the god who sleeps on Adishesha plays his flute  
in the middle of a crowd of young cowherds,  
the music is heard in the gods' world  
and all the sky dwellers forget to eat their sacrificial food  
and enter the cowherd village.  
Their ears are filled with the sweetness of the music  
and they follow happily wherever Govindan goes  
and do not leave him at all.

282. When Govindan plays the flute  
holding it in his small fingers, his beautiful eyes close,  
his red cheeks puff out  
and his brow sweats with small drops of water.  
The flocks of birds leave their nests,  
come and surround him.  
The herds of cattle leave the forest  
where they graze, come near Govindan,  
and lie down holding their legs apart.  
They bend their heads, listening to the music of the flute  
and move their ears as if they are dancing.

283. His body is dark like a cluster of clouds,  
his face is beautiful like a red lotus,  
and his dark curly hair is the color of the bees.  
When he plays his flute,  
a herd of deer, fascinated with his music, forgets to graze.  
The grass that they have eaten  
hangs from their mouths  
and, unmoving from side to side,  
they stand motionless as if they were painted pictures.

284. Our god, the matchless one,  
the chief of the cowherds  
decorated with dark-eyed peacock feathers  
and a silk garment tied tightly and beautifully  
on his handsome body plays the flute.  
The trees stand without moving,  
flowers pour honey-like rain  
as if to bow and worship him.  
Their straight branches bend to hear the music.  
They all turn towards wherever the beautiful god Thirumaal is  
because that is their nature.

285. Vishṇuchithan, the chief of Pudukottai,  
composed poems about  
how the music flowed like a flood of nectar  
from the holes of the bamboo flute  
in the beautiful hands of Govindan  
who has curly hair and a tuft on his head.  
Those who know Tamil well  
and recite these poems of Vishṇuchithan  
will be among the devotees of the god.

The mother of a young girl worries about her daughter  
who falls in love with Kaṇṇan.

286. She plays on the sand and makes herself dirty.  
She speaks like a baby.  
She doesn't know how to wear her lovely dress  
made with fine threads.  
She has not gone out of our front yard yet  
with a small play pot in her hands,  
but holding the hands of the one  
who sleeps on the snake bed she comes home.

287. Her teeth have not grown out yet.  
Her hair is not yet thick.  
She plays with sparse-haired slow-witted children.  
She made friends with naughty girls  
but she says that they are good children like her.  
She falls in love with Maayan  
who has a beautiful sapphire color.

288. Even when she tries to make a play house  
on the white sand in the front yard of her house,  
she cannot make it without drawing  
pictures of a conch, a wheel, a club, a sword and a bow.  
Her breasts have not grown out yet.  
My heart worries every day  
because she is in love with Govindan.

289. Who can I tell about the tricks  
that this young Kaṇṇan does?  
He gets together with my young, innocent  
daughter's friends  
and cheats her and makes fun of her.  
She doesn't know the old saying  
that the spoon that scoops the porridge  
doesn't know how much salt is in the porridge.  
Just like that she does not know  
whether the one who holds the discus loves her  
as much as she loves him.

290. She wears fragrant Thulasi garlands  
and goes to all the cities and lands  
where Narayaṇan stays and searches for him.  
Many can't understand her and want to hurt her.  
Confused, they say, "Put her in a guarded place with Kesavan."  
Why is the world like this?

291. I decorated her with a forehead ornament,  
golden ear rings, a paḍagam ornament and anklets  
and raised her with love.  
She doesn't want to stay with me now.  
She left me and just keeps saying, "Puvai puvanna!"  
O girls with long thick hair,  
see, she is falling in love with him.

292. I am an innocent mother and she is my innocent daughter.  
She stands in front of the girls who are obedient to their mothers.  
She is like a spoon that gets loose from its stem and spills food  
everywhere without knowing what it is doing.  
Shameless, she mutters like a parrot and says,



“Kesava, you are faultless!”  
O girls with long fragrant hair,  
she is fascinated with him and has fallen in love.

293. She wears pretty dresses  
and looks at herself in the mirror.  
She makes the bangles on her arms jingle.  
She wears a new sari and sighs.  
She decorates her red mouth as sweet as a kovvai fruit.  
She does the same thing again and again.  
She raves about the power of the god who has a thousand names.  
She falls in love with the sapphire-colored god.  
who has no hatred for anyone.

294. What is the use if I save abundant wealth  
and wish to spend it  
to do the auspicious ceremonies for her?  
It only hurts me.  
She is like a tender shoot that grows on a field  
and he is like the one who owns the land.  
He can do whatever he wants with her.  
Take her to the place of the beautiful one  
who has the color of a dark cloud  
and leave her there.

295. We did all the auspicious ceremonies  
that we needed to do for her  
and kept her in our home thinking that she will stay here.  
But she wants to do something else  
and worries how she can leave home.  
Before others know that she is in love with him  
and is leaving home because her parents  
have not arranged marriage for her,  
we must take her to him  
who went to Mahabali as a dwarf  
and measured the world.

296. Vishṇuchithan, the chief of Pudukottai  
surrounded with beautiful flower gardens  
composed a garland of ten poems  
about how a mother describes her daughter

who fell in love with Narayaṇan,  
the god who swallowed the whole earth  
and sleeps on a banyan leaf.  
Those who recite these poems  
will not have any trouble in their lives.

A Mother's worry. Mother says.

297. "I haven't seen my daughter anywhere.  
My house is empty.  
It is like a pond that has lost its beauty  
and its fresh lotuses have shed their petals  
when the dew has fallen on them  
and the alli blossoms have shed their pollen.  
Did she go towards Madurai city  
following him who destroyed the Asurans  
when they came disguised as wrestlers?"

298. Narayaṇan made my virgin daughter  
play with him and took her with him  
like the ignorant cowherds who steal calves.  
Won't this terrible thing that Narayaṇan did  
be a disgrace for our family?

299. We made arrangements for my daughter's wedding,  
decorated her beautifully and kept her at home.  
We announced to our relatives  
that we are giving her in marriage to Damodaran.  
Will the people beat the sounding drums,  
worship the queen of Indra the king of gods  
and decorate this village with beautiful garlands?

300. I have only one daughter  
and I raised her like Lakshmi, the beautiful goddess.  
The world praises me as a good mother.  
Lovely-eyed Maal has taken her with him.  
Will Yashoda who lives in a respectable family  
and gave birth to a wonderful son  
feel happy seeing her daughter-in-law  
and perform the post-marriage ceremonies for her well?  
Will I see that?

301. Will Nandagopan, the father-in-law  
of my daughter, embrace her and say,  
“I am proud to have you as my daughter-in-law?”  
Seeing her lovely fish eyes, red mouth, round breasts,  
waist and beautiful arms,  
will he say, “How can the mother  
who gave birth to one like you  
be able live apart from her?”

302. Will the family of her in-laws join together,  
perform all the requisite ceremonies  
and make her happy?  
Will her beloved who destroyed the Asuran  
that came in the form of a cart  
be able to live happily with my daughter  
whom he married as the whole city  
and the country looked on?

303. Will the chief of the gods in the sky  
who carries a discus  
live with my daughter without blaming her for anything?  
Will he live with her in the family,  
give her the name of belonging to a cowherd family  
so that all the other housewives  
will know and protect her?

304. O beautiful girl!  
The son of Nandagopan doesn't do any of the things  
that people born in good families do!  
He doesn't follow our customs.  
O my god!  
My daughter's waist is becoming thin  
and she is longing for a better life.  
Will her hands become rough  
always churning buttermilk and holding the churning rope?

305. Without sleeping well, can my daughter wake up before dawn  
and churn the white yogurt?  
Will the god who has shining beautiful lotus eyes,  
who measured the world,  
make her do hard work or will he keep her happy?

306. The chief of flourishing Pudukai  
composed ten poems describing  
how a good mother went to a cowherd village  
searching for her daughter  
who went away with Maayavan and how she worried  
whether her daughter could live as a daughter-in-law in the cowherd village.  
Those who recite the poems of Vishṇuchithan  
will become devotees of the god  
who has a beautiful sapphire-colored body.

Playing balls - undi paṛathal.

307. O undi, fly and sing the strength of my god  
who pulled a beautiful Parijatha flower tree  
from Indra's world with the help of strong Garuḍa  
when Indrani did not give the flowers to Sathyabama.  
Praise and sing the strength of my beloved and fly.  
Praise and sing the strength of my god and fly.

308. O undi, fly and sing the power of the bow of the god  
who took away the power of Balaraman's tapas  
when he came in front of him and said,  
"See the power of my bow and leave!"  
He bent his bow and took the life of Thaḍagai.  
Sing and praise the strength of the son of Dasharatha.  
Fly and sing the power of his bow.

309. O undi, when the god brought Rukmaṇi on his chariot,  
Rukman, her proud brother,  
came there angrily and opposed him.  
Kaṇṇan destroyed his heroism and cut off his head.  
O undi, fly and sing the praise of the god.  
Praise the lion-like son of Devaki and fly.

310. O undi, fly singing the strength of the god  
who went to the terrible forest without getting angry  
when his step-mother who is like Yama told him,  
"Go to the forest!"  
and as the mother who gave birth to him  
followed him crying, "My dear son!"  
Sing the praise of Rama the beloved of Sita.

311. O undi, fly and sing the praise  
of the dark kohl-colored god  
who went to Duryodhana as a messenger for the Paṇḍavas  
and helped them fight the Bharatha war.  
He jumped into the pond and danced on the heads  
of the snake Kalingan and then gave his grace to it.  
Sing the praise of the lion-like son of Yashoda and fly.

312. O undi, fly and sing the praise  
of Rama who gave his padukas  
to his faultless brother Bharatha  
who followed him and asked him to come back  
to rule all the three worlds and be the king  
and show him his grace.  
Sing the praise of the king of Ayodhya and fly.

313. O undi, fly and sing the praise  
of the strength of the heroic arms  
of the clever god who jumped into the pond,  
stirred it up and danced on the five wide heads  
of Kalingan and then gave his grace to him.  
Praise the pure sapphire-colored god and fly.

314. O undi, fly and sing the praise of the god  
who gave the kingdom to his younger brother  
and went to the forest obeying the order  
of his step-mother Kaikeyi.  
In the forest Rama cut off the ears and nose  
of thin-waisted Surpanakha as she screamed.  
Sing and praise the king of Ayodhya and fly.

315. O undi, fly and sing the praise of the god  
who kicked and destroyed the Asuran  
when he came in the form of a deceiving cart.  
He killed the Asuran brothers  
who stood in the form of marudam trees.  
He is a clever god  
who goes with the cowherds, protects the cattle  
and plays the flute wonderfully.  
O undi, fly and sing the praise of the bull-like son of the cowherds.  
Fly and sing the praise of the god who grazed the cows.

316. O undi, fly and sing the praise of the god  
who crossed the ocean, entered Lanka,  
killed his enemy Ravaṇan, the ten-headed king,  
and gave his kingdom to Vibhisana, Ravaṇan's good brother.  
O undi, fly and sing the praise of the nectar-like sweet god,  
fly and sing the praise of the king of Ayodhya.

317. Viṣṇuchithan, the chief of southern Puduvai  
where ornamented Tamil flourishes composed ten poems  
describing how the women decorated with shining ornaments  
asked the undi to praise  
and sing the heroic deeds of Kahustan, the son of Nandan.  
Those devotees who learn and sing these ten poems of Viṣṇuchittan will not have  
any trouble in life.

Hanuman sees Sita. Story of Rama.

These poems describes how Hanuman went to Lanka, saw Sita, told her things that  
only she would know to show that he was a messenger from Rama and gave her the  
ring of Rama.

318. Hanuman sees Sita in Asokavanam in Ravaṇan's palace and says,  
“O Beautiful goddess with dark thick hair!  
I am your slave. This is my request.  
Rama broke the bow of king Janakan  
who wore a shining crown studded with diamonds and married you.  
When Balaraman, who did much tapas,  
stopped him on the way to Ayodhya after your marriage,  
Rama broke his bow and destroyed his powerful tapas.  
This tells you I am a messenger from Rama.

319. “Your hair is decorated with lovely alli blossoms.  
I bow to your feet. This is my request.  
Give me your grace and listen.  
You are beautiful like a deer  
and your two eyes are like blooming flowers.  
One day when you were with your beloved husband,  
he brought you a jasmine garland  
and you were very happy to see it.  
This tells you I am a messenger from Rama.

320. “Kaikeyi, the queen of Dasharatha,  
confused in her mind,  
asked for two boons from Dasharatha  
and the king with a sorrowful mind  
was unable to refuse and granted the boons.  
He sent Rama away saying, ‘O dear son of our family!  
Go and stay in the forest!’  
And Rama went with his brother Lakshmana.  
This tells you I am a messenger from Rama.

321. “O Vaidehi, you are beautiful  
and your breasts are decorated with a band.  
This is my request.  
You are the royal queen of the king of Ayodhya  
who has a beautiful chariot.  
Give me your grace and hear me.  
He became a good friend of Guhan  
who is proficient in using a sharp spear  
and who lives on the bank of Ganges.  
This tells you I am a messenger from Rama.

322. “O Vaidehi, your look is soft like a deer,  
your words are as sweet as milk!  
This is my request.  
When you and Rama went to the forest  
filled with stony paths and stayed in Chithrakuḍam  
where the mountain slopes are filled with groves  
and flowers drip honey  
Bharatha came and worshipped you.  
This tells you I am a messenger from Rama.

323. “When you were in Chithrakuḍam,  
a small crow came and touched your breast.  
You were frightened when Rama shot an arrow at the crow and the crow,  
frightened, flew all over the world.  
You called Rama, saying,  
‘O Rama, you are a clever one. Come, you are my refuge.’  
At once Rama came and made the crow blind in one eye.  
This tells you that I am a messenger from Rama.

324. "Your waist is as thin as lightning!  
This is the request of your true slave. Hear me.  
When a golden deer came in the forest and played sweetly,  
you asked your beloved husband to bring it to you.  
He took his bow and went to catch it.  
Lakṣmaṇa who was guarding you left  
and searched for Rama  
because he heard Rama calling him  
and thought that Rama was in trouble.  
This tells you I am a messenger from Rama.

325. "O Vaidehi, your kohl-like dark hair  
is decorated with beautiful flowers.  
This is my request.  
I am a chief of the monkeys.  
The great king of Ayodhya told all these things to me  
so that I could search for you.  
This is a ring from his hand  
and this is the best sign that I am his messenger."

326. Sita saw the ring of Rama  
who is praised in all directions,  
and thought of the day  
when Rama came to Janaka's palace,  
broke the bow in the middle of a large assembly of kings  
and married her.  
Sita, decorated with flowers on her hair,  
said, "O Hanuman, this is a marvelous sign!"  
and joyfully put the ring on the top of her head.

327. The Paṭṭarpiran of Pudevai who is praised  
by all the world composed in poems the signs  
by which the famous Hanuman convinced Vaidehi  
when he saw her, the beautiful one  
whose breasts are bound with a band.  
Devotees who recite these poems will stay  
with the god in divine Vaikuṅṭam.

Devotees search for the God (Rama and Kaṇṇan)  
These poems describe devotees who search for Rama and the other devotees who  
guide them to the places where Rama is.



328. If you want to find Rama  
who has matchless fame  
whose bright crown shines like the rays of thousands of suns joined together,  
go to the people who saw him with his fingers bloodied  
after he split open the chest of heroic Hiraṇyan  
whose strong arms were decorated with bracelets.

329. If you want to find the famous Rama  
who carries a sword, conch, club,  
a bow that twangs loudly as it shoots arrows,  
and a divine discus,  
go to the people who saw him at Sita's suyavaram  
in the palace of Janaka, the king of kings,  
where Rama broke the strong bow for Sita  
whose beautiful fingers are like blooming kandal flowers.

330. If you are searching anxiously for the god  
who broke the tusks of the murderous elephant,  
who killed the Kauravas fighting in the Bharatha war,  
and who destroyed the mara trees with his bow,  
go to the people who saw him  
on the seashore with rolling waves,  
when the monkey clan carried large stones  
and made a bridge on the ocean with rolling waves.

331. If you are searching for the magical child,  
the ancient god who sleeps in the middle of the ocean,  
come, I will tell you the way.  
Go to people who were there and actually saw him  
when he sweated and fought the seven strong bulls  
and killed them for the love  
of the beautiful cowherd girl Nappinnai.

332. If you are searching for the divine Thirumaal  
who is praised by Nanmuhan  
and Shiva who has red jaṭa where the Ganges flows,  
go to the people who were there and saw him  
when he took Rukmaṇi whose breasts are decorated with a band on his chariot  
and her brother, Rukman came to oppose him on the way.

333. If you are searching for the place  
of the handsome dark sapphire-colored god,  
the heroic one who drank milk  
from the breasts of the ugly devil Puthana and killed her,  
go to the people who saw him  
seated on a throne surrounded by thousands of queens  
in famous Dvarapuri.

334. If you want to know the place of your god  
who carries in his hands a sounding white conch  
and a divine shining discus,  
come, I will tell you.  
Go to the people who have seen him  
driving a chariot yoked to white horses  
and decorated with victorious monkey flags  
in the Bharatha war where he used his tricks to help Arjuna.

335. If you want to see the young son of Devaki  
who hid the light of the sun with his discus  
for thirty nalihais and made enemy kings wait  
and then conquered them,  
go to the people who saw him  
drive the chariot for Arjuna  
who fought and killed Jayathratha in the Bharatha war.

336. If you are searching anxiously for the god  
who swallowed the earth, mountains, wavy oceans  
and everything else and then spat them out,  
go to the people who saw him  
when he became a boar that no one can imagine,  
dug the ground and brought the earth  
from the underworld  
and married the earth goddess with lovely dark hair.

337. The Paṭṭarpiran of Pudevai  
where good paddy grows in the fertile fields  
described in poems the places  
where the devotees  
who search for the dark cloud-colored god can find him.  
Those who recite these ten poems and praise god in their minds  
will reach the feet of the highest god.

The beauty of Thirumaalirunjolai

338. The mountain of the god, the king,  
the light of the family of the cowherds  
who destroyed the clan of the Rakshasas  
who wandered about and scared and destroyed people  
is the southern Thirumaalirunjolai  
where the divine Apsarasas come  
and wander as their anklets jingle  
and where the river Silambaaru flows.

339. The mountain of the great god  
who cut off the thousand arms of his strong enemy Banasuran,  
and the ten heads of Ravanaan who carried a strong sword,  
and his sister Surpanakha's nose  
is the lovely southern Thirumaalirunjolai,  
whose fame is spread in all places  
and has remained and will remain for many ages.

340. The golden mountain of the glorious god  
who leads the noble, the great and the evil  
on the right paths is cool Thirumaalirunjolai  
that will change the lives  
of the devotees who go there always  
and worship the god.

341. The mountain of the god  
who carried Govardhana mountain  
to save the cows and the family of the cowherds  
when Indra, the king of the gods,  
tried to destroy their festival with a storm  
is the southern Thirumaalirunjolai  
where a river of honey flows  
just like the river that flows in the Karpaga garden  
blooming with lovely flowers.

342. The mountain of the god  
who saved Gajendra when a crocodile caught him in a pond  
and who destroyed Kamsan, strong as an elephant,  
is fertile Thirumaalirunjolai,  
where the strong male elephant searched for his mate

that was angry and had left him, and when he could not find her,  
he promised on the dark ocean-colored god  
that he would behave when she returned.

343. The mountain of the clever god  
who has lovely arms smeared with sandal paste  
and who killed the wrestlers  
who were sent by his uncle Kamsan to oppose him  
is southern Thirumaalirunjolai  
where the gods and the good sages worship him,  
saying that he is their refuge.

344. The mountain of the god  
who gave water to the horses and caused a flood  
and who drove the chariot in the battle  
for his brothers-in-law  
to help them conquer the Kauravas  
is southern Thirumaalirunjolai,  
praised by the Pandiyan king Neḍumaran  
of Kuḍal city in the south  
who carried a sharp spear and a bent bow.

345. The golden mountain of the precious god  
who destroys the countries of enemy kings  
who do not approach him  
and who makes them walk on small paths in cruel forests  
is golden southern Thirumaalirunjolai  
where in the dawn thousands of bees  
that have six legs and lines on their bodies  
sing the thousand names of the god.

346. The mountain of the dear god  
where Bhudams offer copious food with red blood  
and give sacrifices in the evening and worship the god  
is southern Thirumaalirunjolai  
where the velvet mites  
whose bodies are red like the sweet lips of our god  
fly around in groves where honey drips,

347. The mountain of the faultless god  
who stays in majesty surrounded

by his many beautiful queens  
who shine in all the eight directions  
is southern Thirumaalirunjolai  
where village cows play with their bulls  
and in the evening go back  
and think of the happiness that they enjoyed together.

348. Vishṇuchittan of Villiputhur  
who worships always with devotion the god  
who has the color of the dark ocean  
composed poems about the beautiful Thirumaalirunjolai hills  
surrounded with fields and groves.  
Those who recite Vishṇuchithan's poems  
and worship the god  
will reach Kaṇṇan's feet decorated with anklets.

Praising the mountain Thirumaalirunjolai

349. The mountain of the heroic god  
who tied on his chariot Rukman  
when he came to take his sister back  
after Kaṇṇan took Rukmani with him  
is majestic Thirumaalirunjolai  
where the kondrai trees on the hills shower golden flowers  
that look like wheels and coins  
as if they were generous  
and lovingly gave coins to the poor.

350. The mountain of the sapphire-colored god  
who destroyed Kamsan, Kalingan,  
the elephant Kuvalayabeeḍam, the marudu trees  
and the seven bulls when he was growing up,  
is Thirumaalirunjolai  
where a poisonous snake comes  
and hides the cool beautiful moon with his shining tongue  
thinking he can swallow it.

351. The mountain of the dark ocean-colored god  
who destroyed Narahasuran with his craftiness  
and attracted and married his young daughters  
is Thirumaalirunjolai surrounded with beautiful groves

where the flowers of blooming punnai, cherundi,  
punavengai and kongu trees look like golden garlands.

352. The mountain of the matchless god, strong as a bull,  
who released Anirudhan from Vaṇan's prison  
and arranged the marriage of Anirudhan with Ushai  
is Thirumaalirunjolai  
where gypsy women with lovely voices  
dance and sing kuṛinji songs and praise Govindan  
the beloved child of the cowherds.

353. The mountain of the handsome god  
decorated with jewels  
who relieved Sisupalan of his troubles  
even though he blamed Kaṇṇan for some small  
tricks he did  
is Thirumaalirunjolai.  
It is a great mountain.  
It is a beautiful mountain.  
It is a flourishing, victorious mountain.  
It is the greatest hill on the earth  
and the highest mountain.

354. The mountain of our dear god  
who made the hundred wives of the Kauravas  
suffer like Panchali, the wife of the five Paṇḍavas,  
when she was oppressed by the Kauravas,  
is the ancient southern Thirumaalirunjolai,  
the hill of the great god where a swarm  
of beautiful bees sings lovely songs and drinks honey.

355. The mountain of our god who has handsome arms  
and who as Rama destroyed the Rakshasa's clan  
for the sake of his wife Sita who has thick hair  
is the great and beautiful Thirumaalirunjolai  
where a clear waterfall descends bringing gold as it flows  
and all people join together and bathe.

356. The mountain of the god  
who destroyed Lanka with his fiery arrows,  
bending his bow heroically, is Thirumaalirunjolai

where all the gods and Indra the king of gods  
go and worship him  
and where the bright sun, moon  
and the stars surrounding it shine.

357. The mountain of the faultless god  
who playfully dug up the earth with his tusk as a boar  
and who measured the earth in the form of Vamana  
and swallowed it as small Kaṇṇan  
is Thirumaalirunjolai  
where the cool river Silampaaṟu  
collects and brings many things and places them  
at the feet of the god as offerings and worships him.

358. The mountain of the god  
who sleeps on Adishesha who has a thousand heads,  
a thousand shining crowns and a thousand arms  
is beautiful Thirumaalirunjolai  
where there are a thousand rivers, a thousand springs  
and a thousand blooming groves,  
all ruled by the god Maal.

359. Viṣṇuchithan described and praised  
the god of the great mountain Thirumaalirunjolai,  
who is the ocean of nectar,  
the creator of the four Vedas,  
the generous Karpaga tree in heaven,  
the deep meaning of Vedantha and the highest light,  
and who shines in all eight directions.

Praising the Devotees of Thirumaal in Thirukkottiyur and blaming those who are  
not Vaishnavaites

360. Thirukkottiyur is where devotees live  
who never say wrong things,  
feed guests every day, serve the god,  
and learn and recite the Vedas.  
How could the creator have created sinful people  
in Thirukkottiyur who do not think of the ancient god  
who helps the actions of the three gods,  
Nanmuhan, Shiva and Indra?

361. Thirukkottiyur is where faultless devotees live  
who do only good deeds, do service to their gurus,  
never get angry, and are generous.  
How could those who do not worship the god  
who has the color of pure sapphire  
and swallowed all the seven worlds  
have been born there to give terrible pain to their mothers?

362. Thirukottiyur is filled with porches  
studded with beautiful precious diamonds  
and emeralds and filled with cool shadow  
where the devotees live who count  
with their fingers the divine names  
of the auspicious god Thirumaavalavan.  
How can people live there  
who do not think of the god even for a moment,  
do not count the names of the god with their fingers,  
and merely swallow food with their dirty mouths.

363. Thirukottiyur is surrounded with fields  
filled with beautiful lotuses  
and flocks of white swans that are like the white conches  
in the hands of the god who sleeps on the soft snake bed.  
What sins would the water people there drink  
and the clothes they wear  
have to commit to make them fail to recite  
with their tongues the names of the god  
who destroys hell for them?

364. In Thirukkottiyur young valai fish  
jump over the backs of turtles,  
knock over lovely flowers  
and play in the water mischievously.  
The hard-hearted ones who live there  
and do not think of the god  
who carries a discus in his strong hand  
should eat grass instead of rice.  
They are a burden to the earth.

365. Thirukottiyur is where devotees live  
who are not disturbed by water, sky, lands, wind or fire



or the five sacrifices or the five senses  
and who praise their god Narasimhan.  
The world is fortunate  
because dust falls on the ground  
from the feet of those generous devotees.

366. In Thirukottiyur how much tapas  
must have been done by those who live there,  
where Brahmins recite the four Vedas night and day  
and cowherds play with their cattle  
with sticks from kurundam trees  
and celebrate many festivals  
and devotees who fold their hands  
worship the dark cloud-like god.

367. Thirukottiyur is where the lovely-eyed god Maal  
made the good king Abhimanadungan his devotee  
so that he praised and worshipped god every day.  
Rakshasas will never be able to take the grain  
that grows in that land  
where devotees sing the greatness of Govindan  
who stays in the temple  
that is on the cool waterfront.

368. Thirukottiyur is filled with flourishing fields  
and surrounded with beautiful walls that are like pure gold.  
The cuckoo birds that live  
on the branches of the groves there  
sing the fame of the god Govindan.  
When I see the devotees  
who praise our dear god, Narasimhan,  
I want to live like them  
so my worldly desires go away.

369. Thirukottiyur is where generous people live  
who give food to others without hiding it  
even if they need to sell whatever is in their hands  
for some money.  
They praise the god, saying,  
“You are Kesavan, you are the Purshothaman,  
you are a shining light, you are the dwarf.”

They would even sell themselves to do good  
for the devotees of god.

370. If those who wander without serving  
as slaves to the ancient god in Thirukkottiyur  
surrounded by fertile fields and flourishing water,  
recite without mistakes  
the poems of the faultless Paṭṭarpiran Viṣṇuchithan  
of beautiful Pudukkottai,  
they will become the devotees of Rishikesa.

Advising the people to worship god before the time of their death

371. If, at the time of death,  
those who have only thought of their mothers, fathers, children, and wives who  
have fragrant hair,  
close their eyes and praise the god and say,  
“Kesava, Purushothama,  
you became a boar and you are faultless,”  
they are my dear friends,  
and there are no words for me to praise them.

372. If those who were never the devotees of Narayaṇan  
are wounded and their wounds become bad  
and swarm with flies,  
and if, fainting and coming to the end of their lives,  
they fold their hands and worship the god,  
saying “Namo Narayaṇa,”  
they will never again go near people  
who are not the devotees of Narayaṇan.

373. If the relatives of someone  
who has collected and saved wealth  
come to him before his death  
and ask greedily,  
“Tell us where you keep your wealth!  
Tell us where you keep it!”  
If he, without saying anything,  
makes his heart a temple of Madhavan,  
places the god there and sprinkles his love as flowers,  
he will be saved even if a snake comes to bite him.

374. When someone is old,  
his breathing may become thin.  
His neck will be swelling with air.  
His legs and hands will be shaking.  
If he says the mantra of one sound  
before he closes his eyes  
and thinks of the god, he will go to heaven.

375. Before someone comes to the time of his death  
and the water he has drunk is spit out  
and the food that he ate is vomited  
and his eyes close,  
if he praises god saying, "Rishikesa!"  
on his way, the dogs will not come.  
No one will hurt him with their spears.  
He will not lose his wealth any time.

376. Before someone loses the sense  
of his eyes, nose, mouth, ears and touch,  
and before his breath ceases,  
and before he can no longer swallow the water  
given to him from a conch,  
and before his head sags to the side,  
if he thinks in his heart of Madhusudhanan, the Maayan  
who sleeps on the ocean, abundant with water,  
there is nothing that he cannot achieve.

377. Before the heartless messengers of Yama  
enter into someone's home like kidnappers,  
tie him with strong ropes and pull him away,  
if he worships in his heart faultlessly  
and says "O Madhusudana,  
you are my king, I am your slave!"  
he will reach heaven.

378. Before someone's relatives gather together,  
speak only of his good qualities and not his faults,  
sing and sing,  
and put him on a bier and take him to the burning ground  
and leave him there in the forest  
after putting new clothes on him,

if he sings, dances and worships the god Govindan,  
decorated with the Kausthubham ornament,  
he will escape from Yama and join the god.

379. Before someone cannot speak  
and his weakening eyes shed water  
and his mother, father and wife weep,  
and before fire takes hold of his body,  
if he worships god  
and thinks of himself as the devotee of the lovely-eyed Maal,  
and if he thinks of the god as his relative,  
he will escape from Yama's messengers.

380. Vishnuchithan, the chief of Villiputhur,  
composed ten poems which say  
that if people worship the god and ask for his refuge  
and become his devotees  
before Yama's messengers come and take them  
they will be able to reach god.  
Those who learn and recite these poems  
will become devotees who think only of the god.

Naming children with the names of god  
Advising those who do not give the names of the divine god to their children.

381. O poor ones!  
You gave your children mean names of the rich  
because you wanted to get money,  
clothes with decorations and other things from them.  
If you give the name of Kesavan and live worshipping him,  
the god Naraṇan will not send  
the mothers of your children to hell.

382. O poor ones!  
You name your children the names of people  
even if they are not good,  
because you wish them to give you some clothes.  
If you call your children,  
"O lovely-eyed Neḍumaal, O Sridhara,"  
Naraṇan will not send  
the mothers of your children to hell.

383. Why did you name your children  
with the names of those who give you oil  
to put on your children's hair, and give ornaments  
and bracelets to decorate them?  
Even if you have to live by begging,  
you should give your children the divine name of our god Naraṇan.  
If you do, Naraṇan will not send  
the mothers of your children to hell.

384. You will not be blessed in your next birth  
if you give birth to a child  
and give that child the name of another person.  
If you call your child,  
"O Madhava, king of heaven, Govinda,"  
Naraṇan who is in all hearts will not send  
the mothers of your children to hell.

385. You will not be blessed in your next birth  
if you give the name of another human  
who was born from an unclean womb.  
If you call him, saying, "O Govinda, Govinda!  
You have been born in a good family!"  
Naraṇan who does only good things for all  
will not send the mothers of your children to hell.

386. Do not give human names to your children  
like others who join with the people of your country and town and celebrate with  
them the name ceremony for their children.  
Do not fall in the ditch like them.  
If you approach the god and worship him saying,  
"O Naraṇa, you destroyed the Asura  
who came in the form of a cart.  
You are our chief, O Damodara!"  
he will not send the mothers of your children to hell.

387. O, ignorant ones!  
Your children are human  
and they were born from unclean bodies  
and will return to the earth.  
You gave them the name of people

and do not realize what you have done is not good.  
Think of giving the name of the one  
who has the color of a dark cloud and is sweet to the eyes.  
Approach the god Naraṇan.  
He will not send the mothers of your children to hell.

388. If you give your children the names of village people such as “nambi, pimbi”  
those “manbu, pimbu” will be forgotten in a few days.  
If you give them the name of the god  
who has lovely lotus eyes,  
O friends, Naraṇan will not send the mothers of your children to hell.

389. Giving the name of the dark cloud-colored god  
to your children who are born in an unclean body  
is like pouring nectar into a dirty ditch.  
But if you wear the naamam and dance and sing the praise of the god Naraṇan  
who is never false to his promises,  
he will not send the mothers of your children to hell.

390. Viṣṇuchithan from the ancient village of Veeraṇai,  
who is praised by all, always,  
and who worshipped the divine name of Maal  
composed ten beautiful Tamil poems about how people  
should name their children with the names of the god.  
Those who recite these ten beautiful poems  
will go to the divine splendid Vaikuṇṭam  
and stay there happily forever.

The praise of Kaṇḍa Thirupadi

391. Kaṇḍam is where Dasharatha’s son,  
our god who cut off the heads of Ravaṇan  
and the nose of his sister Surpanakha,  
stayed and ruled as his fame spread everywhere.  
If a devotee goes there where our god Purushothaman stays  
and merely says, “Ganges, Ganges!”  
his bad karma will disappear  
and he will receive the virtue of joining his hands  
to worship the god on the banks of the Ganges.

392. Divine Kaṇḍam, the Thirupadi  
where the water of the southern Ganges  
flows mixed with kondrai blossoms  
that decorate the jaṭa of Shiva who shines with goodness  
and the Thulasi that adorns the feet of Naraṇan  
is where Maal Purushothaman stays,  
the dark sapphire-colored one  
who grew to the sky and measured it for Mahabali,  
frightening the cool moon and the hot sun.

393. Divine Kaṇḍam is where the Ganges flows  
carrying shining diamonds  
from the hand of the four-headed Nanmuhan  
onto the feet of the four-armed god to stay in the jaṭa of Sankaran.  
It is the Thirupadi where our god Purushothaman stays  
who blows the roaring valamburi conch  
and who cuts off the heads of his enemies  
with his discus that emits fire.

394. Divine Kaṇḍam  
is on the banks of the famous Ganges  
that descends from the Himalaya mountain  
and flows to the shore of the great sea,  
shaking the mountains with its roaring  
that spreads all over the earth.  
It is in that Thirupadi that the god Purushothaman stays  
who, with his Nandaham sword,  
sent his enemies' army to the land of Yama  
and helped the gods rule their lands.

395. Divine Kaṇḍam  
is on the banks of the Ganges  
and has the power to take away  
the sins of seven births in one moment.  
It is in that Thirupadi that Maal Purushothaman stays  
who carries a plough, pestle, bow,  
shining discus, conch, mazhu and sword.

396. Divine Kaṇḍam is on the banks  
of the Ganges with rolling waves  
where paddy fields flourish

and rishis who do powerful tapas bathe.

It is in that Thirupadi that the god Maal Purushothaman,  
the king of Mathura, stays,  
who stopped the rain with Govardhana mountain  
using it as an umbrella when the thick clouds poured rain  
with the sound “chala, chala” and thundered.

397. Beautiful Kaṇḍam

is on the bank of the Ganges whose fragrant water flows  
mixed with Karpaga flowers,  
the sweet-smelling sandal paste of young girls who bathe in it  
and the fragrant musth of the Indra’s wonderful elephant Airavadam.  
It is in that Thirupadi that Maal Purushothaman stays  
who, holding a bow, controlled the elephant Kuvalayabeedam  
and who, fighting with the king Kamsan, kicked and killed him.

398. Beautiful Kaṇḍam

is on the banks of the Ganges  
where the fragrance of sacrifices spreads on both shores  
and their smoke continually rises in long streams.  
It is in that Thirupadi that our god Hari Purushothaman lives  
who is the king of Dvaraga that is surrounded  
by the roaring ocean and strong walls,  
who took the land of Duryodhana  
and gave it to his brothers-in-law.

399. In divine Kaṇḍam

the flood of the Ganges flows  
shaking the mountains with sound,  
and undermining the earth.  
The roaring river makes the trees on the banks fall  
and then joins the ocean stirring up its water.  
It is in that Thirupadi that our god Purshothaman stays  
who is the god of northern Madhura,  
of Saaḷakkiramam, Vaikuṇṭam, Dwaraga, Ayodhya and Adari.

400. Divine Kaṇḍam on the bank of the Ganges

surrounded by flourishing groves  
is where the god stays  
who himself is all three gods, Shiva, Nanmuhan and Vishnu.  
He measured the world with three footsteps.



He, the god Purushothaman, gives his grace  
to the devotees who love him.

401. Vishṇuchithan, the chief of Villiputhur  
who has no troubles in his life  
composed with devotion ten Tamil songs  
on Purushothaman, the god who stays in Kaṇḍam  
where the Ganges flows with flourishing, gurgling water.  
Those who recite these poems will go to Vaikuṇṭam  
and stay beneath Thirumaal's feet decorated with anklets.

Srirangam, the divine Thirupadi

402. Srirangam surrounded with water  
where honey drips from blossoms  
and water dashes on the banks of the Kaveri river  
where pure Brahmins who know the Vedas  
bathe, wash and dry their clothes,  
is the Thirupadi of the god who gave life  
to the great rishi Shantipini's son  
who died in the wave-filled ocean  
as an offering for the guru who taught him.

403. Srirangam where good Brahmins  
who know the Vedas live,  
make sacrifices with fire  
and receive guests happily  
is the Thirupadi of the god  
who at once brought four children back to life  
when they died as soon as they were born.

404. Srirangam surrounded with water  
where lotuses as red as the god's face  
and kavalai flowers as dark as the god's body  
bloom beautifully everywhere  
is the Thirupadi of the god  
who protected the clan of his son-in-law  
and gave life to all his in-laws  
so that they would not be defeated  
in the Bharatha war.

405. Srirangam where groves bloom with flowers  
and drip with honey  
is the Thirupadi of the god who gave up his kingdom  
and left the mother who gave him birth  
and went to the forest and destroyed the Rakshasas,  
because his step-mother  
listened to the cruel words of her servant Manthara.

406. Srirangam surrounded with flourishing groves  
where cuckoo birds sing  
and kongu buds open and blossom  
is the Thirupadi of Thirumaal who protected this world,  
fighting with his enemy the proud Ravanaan  
who had great strength and who received many boons.

407. Srirangam, where bees buzz like lutes  
and drink pollen from the petals of screw pine flowers  
that shower lovely coral-like pollen  
is the Thirupadi of the god  
who went to the underworld,  
threw his discus and utterly destroyed the Asurans  
so that their dynasty would not continue on the earth.

408. Srirangam where the Kaveri that flows with abundant water  
and uproots and brings fragrant sandalwood trees  
from the large mountains and places them  
at the feet of the dear lord to worship him  
is the Thirupadi of the highest god  
who fought and destroyed all the Asurans  
as their red blood bubbled and flowed out along with their fat.

409. Srirangam, surrounded by walls  
where the bees that have dark wings  
swarm around the jasmine flowers  
and sing the fame of our god,  
buzzing like the sound of the white conches  
is the Thirupadi of the god  
who took the forms of a boar with strong teeth  
to dig up the immeasurable earth  
and of a lion with shining teeth  
to split open the body of the Rakshasa Hiranyan.

410. Srirangam, surrounded by walls  
where the breeze blows through the yards  
and touches the breasts of women  
with vine-like waists  
and enters into the groves that grow thick on the hills  
is the Thirupadi of the tall god Neḍumaal,  
who has the lovely color of a beautiful dancing peacock,  
the blue color of the sounding ocean  
and the color of dark kuvalai blossoms  
and of the thick clouds that move above the high hills.

411. Vishṇuchithan composed a garland of ten Tamil poems  
describing the divine Srirangam,  
the Thirupadi of the auspicious god  
who fought and destroyed Ravaṇa  
who, with many great boons,  
came with a large army and opposed the god.  
Those who sing the poems of Vishṇuchithan  
and praise the god who burned the body of the two Rakshasas,  
Madhu and Kaiṭapa, will be devotees of the god.

The greatness of Srirangam

412. The Thirupadi of the divine god Thirumaal  
who gave his kingdom to his brother Bharathan,  
went to the forest, lived as a sage  
and destroyed the arrogant southern king Ravaṇa  
to remove the troubles of the gods in the sky  
and came back to rule his kingdom,  
is the lustrous Srirangam  
where beautiful neelam flowers swaying in the breeze  
have the color of the divine feet of the god  
and of the lovely lotus-like eyes of beautiful Lakshmi.

413. Even if Lakshmi who stays on the lotus  
complains to her beloved  
that his devotees do things that are wrong  
the god answers her, “My devotees will not do wrong,  
and even if they do, it is for good reason.”  
How can the devotees whom the god praises like this

become the devotees of other gods?  
He is my god of Srirangam  
who gave his grace to Vibhishana  
and made him the king of Lanka  
surrounded by strong walls.

414. Beautiful Srirangam where our god  
makes the bright sun rise in the sky  
and removes the darkness of the earth  
giving his grace to his devotees,  
is the Thirupadi of our god.  
He destroyed the Asurans  
who came as marudu trees in the dark groves,  
the rutting elephant Kuvalayabeeḍam, the Asuran Pilamban,  
the Rakshasa Kesi who came as a wild horse,  
Sahaṭasuran who came in the form of a cart,  
and the wrestlers.  
The devotees praise him in Srirangam  
and he gives his grace to them.

415. Lovely Srirangam  
surrounded by water precious as gold  
where the fresh lotuses bloom and shine  
like the lotus on the golden navel of our god  
is the divine Thirupadi  
where our god Maṇavalar stays  
who lives in Dwaraga with his sixteen thousand wives.

416. Srirangam, surrounded by rippling water  
where all the birds embrace flowers  
and praise the name of the god  
who rides on the bird Garuḍa  
is the Thirupadi where our matchless god stays  
who took the form of a turtle  
and who is the Ganges, the deep ocean, earth, great mountains,  
Nanmuhan, the four Vedas and both sacrifice and offering.  
Naradar who gives goodness to all  
often goes there and worships him with love.

417. Srirangam that brightens all the directions  
where devotees, sages, the wise rishis,

the people of the world and the siddhas  
worship the god with love,  
is the Thirupadi of the god who gives life to all,  
who made his brothers-in-law kings,  
made Draupadi tie up her loosened hair  
and gave life to the son of Uthara.

418. Srirangam where our god sleeps on Adishesha,  
the snake that spits from its mouth precious diamonds  
as bright as the morning sun  
rising from a lovely shining hill,  
is the Thirupadi of our god  
who took the form of a dwarf,  
tricking king Mahabali,  
took his kingdom and then at once happily granted him  
a kingdom in the underworld.

419. Srirangam where flourishing lotus plants grow to the sky  
like the divine feet of the god who measured the sky  
and good paddy plants bend their heads worshipping his feet  
is the Thirupadi of our god  
who grasped the chest of Hiranyan  
split it open with his sharp nails, pulled his hair,  
gouged out his eyes and made him scream.

420. Srirangam surrounded with rippling water,  
where a male swan with its mate climbs on a lovely lotus,  
swings on it and then jumps on a flower bed,  
plunging into it and playing with the beautiful pollen,  
is the divine Thirupadi of the god  
who takes the forms of a shining fish, turtle, boar, lion,  
dwarf, Parasuraman, Balaraman,  
Rama, Kaṇṇan and Kalki, the form that will end the world.

421. The noble generous god rides on an eagle,  
defeats his enemies and rules the world.  
He is bright as the sun,  
carries the sword Nandaham,  
creates the Vedas and protects the world.  
He has the goddess Lakshmi on his chest  
and sleeps sweetly on the ocean in Srirangam, his Thirupadi.

422. Vishnuchithan, the true devotee who only speaks the truth,  
composed ten Tamil poems on divine Srirangam  
that is worshipped by southern and northern lands,  
where the god stays who carries a fire-like discus  
and who removed the suffering of Gajendra.  
Those who recite these ten Tamil poems  
will abide under the two feet of our god always.

Requesting the god to come and help when Yama's messengers come.

423. When they are old, people go to others who are strong  
because they believe that they will help them.  
Even though I am not worthy to approach you,  
I come to you for refuge  
because you saved the elephant Gajendra  
from the crocodile when it seized him.  
When I become old and my time comes to an end  
and I am suffering, I may not be able even to think of you.  
Now I have told you what my state will be then.  
O God, you sleep on the snake bed on the ocean in Srirangam.

424. Look, you need to come and help me  
when my time comes to an end.  
O god, you hold a conch and discus in your hands.  
The Kingarar who are the messengers of Yama  
will come to take me and bring me terrible pain.  
I worship you always.  
Wherever you go, with your miracles you can prevent  
any suffering that comes to anyone.  
I am telling you right now while I can.  
O God, you sleep on the snake bed on the ocean in Srirangam.

425. When the Kingarars, the messengers of Yama,  
come to take me,  
even if I run to the front door of my house  
and beg them, saying, "Stop here" they will not do it.  
O god, you carry a discus and conch in your hands.  
Whenever I can I worship you and praise you, saying all your names.  
You should protect me from all trouble and take care of me.  
O God, you sleep on a snake bed on the ocean in Srirangam.

426. You are the great god.  
Shiva who rides on a bull and Nanmuhan  
could not find your head or feet.  
You are the whole world.  
You are the ancient god praised with the syllable "Om."  
When the messengers of Yama come  
terrifying me because they think my time is up,  
you must come and protect me.  
O god, you sleep on a snake bed on the ocean in Srirangam.

427. You are the highest one!  
You sleep on Adishesha, the snake on the milky ocean.  
You made Nanmuhan on your navel  
so that he could create all the creatures of the world.  
You also made Yama because you thought  
that the lives of people in this world should not be unlimited.  
O dear lord! You should protect me now.  
O god, you sleep on a snake bed on the ocean in Srirangam.

428. O god, you are the earth, ocean, fire, wind and the sky!  
The Kingarars, the messengers of Yama are not kind.  
They come and cruelly take people's lives.  
Whenever I have thought of you  
I have recited all your names and worshipped you.  
O my lord, think of me always and protect me.  
O god, you sleep on a snake bed on the ocean in Srirangam.

429. O my father, you are the god of gods.  
You are the meaning of the Vedas whose words are pure.  
You are my sweet faultless nectar.  
You are the lord of all the seven worlds.  
You are my father,  
When the Kingarars, the messengers of Yama, come  
with their cunning forms, make me suffer and take me,  
you must come to protect me and say, "Do not be afraid!"  
O god, you sleep on a snake bed on the ocean in Srirangam.

430. I do not know any of the magic you do.  
When Kingarars, the messengers of Yama, come,  
make me suffer and take me to Yama's world,  
I may not be able to think of you.

You are the god of the gods in the sky.  
O Maaya! You were born in Madhura.  
My soul is yours. You should protect me.  
O god, you sleep on a snake bed on the ocean in Srirangam.

431. You are the cowherd who carried  
Govardhana mountain and protected the cows.  
You grazed the cows. You are my lord.  
O god, you are the ancient light.  
From the day I was born until today I have never forgotten you.  
When the Kingarars, the cruel messengers of Yama,  
come, make me suffer and take hold of me,  
you should come and protect me.  
O god, you sleep on a snake bed on the ocean in Srirangam.

432. The chief of the Veyar, Vishṇuchittan of Villiputhur,  
composed ten Tamil poems on the god called Maayavan, Madhusudanan,  
Madhavan,  
and Achudan who sleeps on a snake bed.  
Those who recite these ten poems  
will become pure-minded  
and will be the devotees of the sapphire-colored god.

The poet's request

433. O Madhava, because I do not know  
how to say anything that is good I do not praise you  
but still my tongue says nothing but your names.  
I am afraid, nothing is under my control.  
You may be angry with me  
because you think I speak as someone ignorant,  
but I cannot stop my tongue.  
Great ones find meaningful things  
even in the calling of crows.  
You are the reason for everything.  
O god, you carry an eagle banner.

434. I compose worthless poems with my useless tongue.  
O god, you carry a conch and a discus in your hands.  
Is it not the duty of the great ones  
to forgive the mistakes their devotees make when they speak?



My eyes can only see through your eyes.  
My mind will not think of any other god except you.  
I am like a deer—  
one more dot on its coat does not spoil its loveliness.  
See, it is not too much for you to accept my mistakes.  
O god, you swallowed all the seven worlds  
and spit them out.

435. I do not know what is good or what is bad.  
All I know is to say, “Naraṇa.”  
Before, I said unworthy things about you  
but now I only praise you. See, O Thirumaal!  
I do not even know how to think of you.  
Always I say, ‘Namo Naraṇa, Namo Naraṇa.’”  
My only strength is that I am a Vaishṇavan  
and I live in your temple.

436. You measured this world with your tall body.  
You are the pure one, you are the tall god.  
Do not hesitate to make me your slave.  
I do not want any clothes or food.  
See, I have not become your slave  
and I am wandering here and there.  
You killed the cruel Kamsan  
and cut the chains of Vasudevan who was in prison  
and released him, your father.

437. I have placed all my property, wife, cattle, canals,  
lands and wells and anything that I have  
under your golden feet without any worry.  
It is hard for me to deal with my villagers  
because they are jealous that I own so much.  
O god, you took the form of a boar and dug up the earth.  
You broke the tusk of an elephant and killed it.  
I need your help.

438. O dear god, you created the four-headed Nanmuhan.  
You are the reason for everything.  
Your body is dark. I am your devotee.  
Even if I do not eat, I do not get hungry  
because worshipping you takes my hunger away.

If there is a day when I do not think of you,  
and do not always say, “Namo Naraṇa”  
and do not recite Rig and Sama Vedas  
and do not place fresh flowers on your feet,  
that will be the day I starve.

439. O dear god, you pretend to sleep  
on the white flood of ocean on a snake bed.  
When I want to see you sleeping on the snake bed,  
my heart becomes weak and I sob with happiness,  
my hair stands on end, my eyes shed tears  
and I cannot sleep at all.  
O tell me how I can reach you.

440. You carried the huge beautiful Govardhana mountain,  
used it as an umbrella  
and protected the cowherds and the cows from the storm.  
O Madhusudanan, O Kaṇṇa,  
you released Gajendra the elephant from his suffering.  
You are the reason for everything.  
You killed the elephant Kuvalayabeeḍam.  
You remove the troubles of those who worship you.  
You are so famous that I do not have enough words  
to praise you.  
O my dear god, give me your grace  
so that I may approach you and worship you every day.

441. You are my friend!  
You are the god of those who praise you with love.  
O lord, you took the form of a man-lion.  
You are the god of the gods in the sky.  
You measured all the seven worlds.  
You are the apocalypse.  
You removed the suffering of the elephant Gajendra  
when he was caught by a crocodile.  
You are the reason for everything.  
You churned the milky ocean with the gods.  
You are my honey.  
Make me your devotee and protect me.  
I am weak! Remove my suffering.

442. He is the father of Kama.  
He is a lion for those who oppose him.  
He took the form of a dwarf with dark hair  
and he was sweet to see.  
His body is as beautiful as emerald.  
He is Madhavan. He is Madhusudanan.  
Vishṇuchithan the chief of Pudukkottai  
that flourishes with goodness  
composed ten wonderful Tamil poems on the god.  
Those who recite these poems  
will reach the world of Naraṇan soon.

Paṭṭinam kaappu.

Asking diseases to go away because the god will protect the Azhvar and his devotees.

443. O diseases that stay and spread on our bodies  
like the ants that swarm around the ghee pot and climb on it,  
you go away and we want to become well.  
The god of the Vedas entered into my body  
and stays there lying on the snake bed.  
It is not my old body.  
God is there now and he protects it.

444. The plan that Chitragupthan wrote  
by the order of Yama the king of the southern direction  
is canceled and the messengers of Yama  
have run and hidden themselves, leaving me alone  
because I am a slave of the devotees of the ancient god,  
the all-knowing one who sleeps on the ocean  
and who is the lord of the wise and nectar for his devotees.  
My body is not the same as it was.  
God is in it now and he protects me.

445. My god brought me out of my mother's womb.  
He helped me control the desires of my five senses.  
He helped me remove the desires  
of this body made of nerves and flesh.  
He kept the messengers of Yama  
from binding me with ropes and taking me away.  
My god who took the form of a boar,

taught me to become his devotee night and day and serve him.  
My body is not the same as it was.  
God is in it now and he protects me.

446. O diseases, you give pain to people  
because of their bad karma,  
but see, there is also bad karma for you.  
Do not enter my body, do not enter it.  
Do you see how it is not easy to enter my body?  
Look, my body is the divine temple  
where the god who took the form of a man-lion stays.  
Go away or you will be in trouble.  
My body is not the same as it was.  
God is in it now and he protects me.

447. O diseases, I made Maayan  
who took the form of a dwarf  
enter my mind and I kept him there with love.  
I have nothing else in my mind.  
See, my mind is a precious treasure that keeps a diamond.  
He is strong and he is mischievous.  
Do not hesitate. Go away.  
My body is not the same as it was.  
God is in it now and he protects me.

448. O diseases, you bring suffering to people.  
I will tell you something, listen.  
See, my body is the divine temple of the god who grazed cows.  
Be careful or you will get bad karma.  
There is nothing you can have here.  
You should go away.  
My body is not the same as it was.  
God is in it now and he protects me.

449. I was attracted, slipped and fell into the small cave  
that is called a woman's breast.  
I plunged into it and could not get out.  
My dear god who has the shining color of the ocean  
removed my bad karma and saved me from my troubles.  
My body is not the same as it was.  
God is in it now and he protects me.

450. The god who is decorated with fine silk  
came to me as a divine guru,  
saved me from all my troubles,  
entered into my heart that is like a blooming lotus  
and marked me with his foot on my neck behind my head.  
My body is not the same as it was.  
God is in it now and he protects me.

451. Do not sleep, do not sleep, do not sleep,  
O bright shining discus, do not sleep.  
O conch, do not sleep.  
O Nanthaka sword that follows the path of dharma,  
do not sleep.  
O beautiful Sarngam bow, do not sleep.  
O mace, do not sleep.  
O eight guards of the world  
who do not fail in your work, do not sleep.  
O Garuda king of birds, do not sleep.  
Watch my room when I rest, do not sleep.  
My body is not the same as it was.  
God is in it now and he protects me.

452. I, Vishṇuchithan praise the god  
who came and entered my heart  
lying on his snake bed  
on the beautiful milky ocean that has roaring waves  
with Lakshmi whose form is like a statue  
and who abides on a lotus.  
I worship god who sleeps on the ocean  
so he will help me compose the poems on paṭṭinam kaappu.

Requesting the god of Thirumaalirunjolai not to leave the devotee's heart.

453. O father, god of Thirumaalirunjolai,  
I released myself from the sufferings of this world,  
became your devotee and saw you.  
I will not allow you to leave my heart.  
You came to this world  
and were born from the womb of Devaki  
as her seventh child after she had lost six children.

454. I embraced you and kept you in my heart.  
I will not allow you to leave me.  
If you hide yourself with your magical tricks  
I swear by you that what you do is not right.  
You are my father, the god of Thirumaalirunjolai  
that is surrounded with pure water  
that removes the bad karma  
of the people of all lands and all cities.

455. I have done much tapas to serve you.  
If I go to another god and serve him,  
it will destroy your pride.  
You are the god of beautiful Thirumaalirunjolai  
where the gypsy tribe plants grain in the earth,  
grows new crops, worships you and says,  
“We worship your golden feet  
and eat the new grain.”

456. O father, you are the god of Thirumaalirunjolai.  
I suffered wandering many miles in this life.  
There is no shade for me here.  
There is no water for me here.  
I see no refuge that would let me survive  
except the shade beneath your feet.  
You went as a messenger for the Paṇḍavas,  
told lies to the Kauravas and made them your enemies.  
You are the cause of the deaths of all those  
who died on the battlefield in Kurukshetra.

457. My feet do not have the strength to walk.  
The tears from my eyes do not stop.  
My body becomes weak and trembles.  
I cannot speak. I shiver.  
My arms twist up and I can't make them straight.  
My mind is fascinated by you and thinks only of you.  
I begin to praise you and live.  
O my father, god of Thirumaalirunjolai  
surrounded by springs where fish frolic.

458. Shiva who possesses the bull banner,  
Nanmuhan, Indra and all others  
do not know the cure for the sickness that is this birth.  
You are beautiful like shining sapphire.  
You are the doctor who can cure the sickness that is birth.  
O my father, god of Thirumaalirunjolai,  
give me your grace so I may enter your world  
and not be born again.

459. I was plunged in the sufferings of this world  
and now by your wonderful grace I am released from them.  
I am tired. Please give me your grace and say to me,  
“Don’t be afraid.”  
O god of Thirumaalirunjolai, you carry the shining discus,  
your hands are strong, your eyes are lovely,  
you wear silk garments,  
and your body has the color of the red evening sky.

460. I thought I could see you today or tomorrow.  
I suffered, longing to see you,  
for many ages and many eons.  
Now I will not leave you.  
You destroyed all the hundred Kauravas,  
and you gave life to their enemies the Pandavas  
who were your brothers-in-law.  
Don’t you know that my heart is with you,  
O my father, god of Thirumaalirunjolai?

461. Even when I was in my mother’s womb  
I wanted to serve you as a slave.  
I was born in this world and I found you.  
How could I leave you?  
You fought with Baṇasuran  
and with your discus you cut off his thousand arms  
and made them scatter in all the directions,  
O my father, god of Thirumaalirunjolai.

462. Viṣṇuchittan the chief of Pudukai  
that is filled with golden shining palaces,  
composed poems about the god of Thirumaalirunjolai  
where people of the world go and play in the spring water.

Those who recite these ten poems  
will become devotees of the god who measured the world.

The Azhvar describes the benefits he has received because god has entered into his heart.

463. You are god of the rich, lofty Thiruvēnkaṭam hills.  
You flourish and protect the world.  
You are Damodaran. You are a clever god.  
I put the mark of your discus on myself  
and on all my possessions.  
I live because of your grace.  
What do you want me to do now?

464. You are the highest god  
who rides on the eagle Garuḍa.  
After you possessed me  
the ocean of my births dried up.  
I have reached the highest place.  
My sins have burned up as if in a forest fire  
and I have plunged into the river of nectar of knowledge.

465. You are our lord. You are the god of my family.  
You are my master.  
You entered into my heart.  
Who could ever get the goodness I have received?  
All the sins of the world that made me suffer  
have run away and hidden in the bushes.

466. Like the gods who churned the ocean of milk  
and filled a pot with nectar,  
I opened my mouth and filled my body with you.  
My heart melted.  
Even cruel Yama  
will not be able to come near my feet with his club.  
O god, your arms are as strong as mountains.  
You carry the discus in your hand.  
You carry the bow Sarngam  
and you are the servant of your devotees.



467. Like someone who brightens gold  
by rubbing it on a touchstone,  
I kept you faultlessly and praised you with my tongue.  
I kept you in my heart through your grace.  
You are my father, you are my Rishikeshan,  
you are the protector of my life.

468. As if I were drawing on a wall,  
I drew your form in my heart perfectly.  
You are Rama and the best among men.  
You carried an axe in your left hand  
when you came to the earth in the form of Balarama  
to rule the world.  
You came to me, O my god.  
Don't go anywhere leaving me.

469. Like the king of the Pandya country  
who placed his mark on the mountains,  
you placed your bright, divine feet on my head.  
You broke the tusks of the elephant Kuvalayabeedam.  
You fought and defeated the wrestlers.  
I have always praised your name with my good tongue.  
You made me your own.

470. O my god, you came into my mind  
along with Adishesha and Garudazhvar,  
stayed there and made me live.  
My heart melts when I think how you stay there.  
Tears fill my eyes and flow down.  
O tall god who carry a discus,  
I need only to think of you for my sorrows to go away.

471. You left your bed on the cool ocean,  
came running to me,  
and now you stay in the ocean of my heart.  
You are my magical and beloved god.  
You are the best of men and the Maayan.  
You are the beloved of Nappinnai.  
You are a matchless ocean.  
You are a precious light. You are a unique world.  
You made my heart your abode and you own me.

472. O, dear god, you are light.

You stay in my heart like a shining lamp

and are like a tall bright coral vine that grows on a large hill.

You did not want to stay in the northern ocean, in Vaikuṅṭam,  
in Dwarapuri surrounded by walls, or in other places.

You left them all and came into my heart.

473. Viṣṇuchithan who was born in the tribe of Veyar

praises the god, the cowherd,

the beautiful cool cloud-colored god,

the bull of the cowherds,

the king of gods and the nectar of the Brahmins.

Those who sing the poems of Viṣṇuchittan

as if they were shadows of the god will reach him.

Shubham

Aṇḍal. A thalaivi who loves the god Kaṇṇan describes her love, her longing for him and her wedding with him in dreams in these poems

Thiruppaavai and Nachiyaar Thirumozhi.

Friends wake up the thalaivi to go to bathe and perform a nombu.

474. The girls coming to wake up their friends say,  
“Today is the auspicious full moon day of Markazhi month.  
O you who are decorated with beautiful ornaments,  
let us go bathe. Come!  
We are the beloved young girls of the flourishing cowherd village.  
Narayaṇan is the son of Nandagopan  
who carries a sharp spear and looks after the cows.  
He is the young lion of lovely-eyed Yashoda.  
His body is dark and he has handsome eyes.  
His face is as bright as the shining moon.  
He is Narayaṇan and he will give us the Paṛai.  
Come and let us bathe and worship our Paavai  
as the world praises him.”

475. The girls coming to wake up their friends say,  
“O you people of the world!  
Hear how we worship our Paavai.  
We worship the feet of the highest god  
who sleeps on the milky ocean.  
We don't eat ghee, we don't drink milk,  
we bathe early in the morning,  
we don't put kohl to decorate our eyes,  
we don't decorate our hair with flowers,  
we don't do evil things,  
we don't gossip.  
We give alms to all beggars and sages.  
Come and let us be happy and worship our Paavai.”

476. The girls coming to wake up their friends say,  
“Let us sing and praise the name of the good god  
who measured the world with his tall form  
and let us decorate our Paavai and bathe.  
If we do that, rain will fall three times a month  
without stopping all over our land.  
The paddy in the fields will flourish,

fish will frolic in the fields,  
bees will sleep on the buds of the kuvaḷai blossoms  
and the cows will not hide their milk  
but yield generously to fill up the pots  
when the cowherds milk them.  
Let riches be abundant!  
Come and let us bathe and worship our Paavai.”

477. The girls coming to wake up their friends say,  
“O Varuṇa, you give rain from the ocean!  
Do not hide your rain.  
The cloud enters the ocean, scoops up the water and rises,  
looking like the dark form of the lord of the uzhi.  
The discus shines like lightning in the hands  
of the god Padmanaban who has strong arms.  
Thunder roars like the sound of his conch  
and the rain pours like the arrows from his Sarngam bow.  
O Varuṇa, give us rain  
so that the people of the world may live happily.  
Come and let us bathe happily in this month of Markazhi  
and go to worship our Paavai.”

478. The girls coming to wake up their friends say,  
“He, the young Maayan, the king of Northern Madhura,  
grew up playing on the banks of the Jamuna river  
whose water is abundant and pure.  
He is the bright light of cowherd clan.  
He is Damodaran who made his mother's womb divine.  
Pure, we come, sprinkle flowers, worship him,  
sing his praises and think of him only in our minds.  
All the bad things we have done and may do  
will disappear like dust in fire.  
Let us go and worship our Paavai.”

479. The girls coming to wake up their friends say,  
“See, the birds are singing.  
Do you hear the loud sound of the white conch  
in the temple of the god of Garuḍa?  
O child, get up.  
He is the lord who drank the poison from Puthana's breasts.  
He destroyed the cheating Sakatasuran.

He, the seed of the world,  
sleeps on the ocean on the snake Adishesha.  
Sages and the yogis rise and praise the god  
saying, "Hari, Hari!"  
Listen to their praise and get up, happy in your heart.  
Let us go and worship our Paavai."

480. The girls coming to wake up their friends say,  
"O crazy girl!  
Don't you hear the sound of the sparrows flocking together  
and making the sound "keech, keech" everywhere?  
The cowherd women who are decorated  
with many ornaments and who have fragrant hair  
churn the yogurt. Don't you hear their sound?  
You are like a queen of the cowherd village.  
How can you sleep when you hear the sound of people  
singing the praise of Kesavan?  
You shine brightly! Open the door.  
Let us go and worship our Paavai."

481. The girls coming to wake up their friends say,  
"The east is growing bright,  
the buffaloes leave their small sheds and go to graze.  
Women are about to do their nombu.  
We stopped them so they would wait for you  
and we came to wake you up.  
Get up, cheerful one!  
He is the god of gods  
who split open the mouth of the Asuran Kesi  
when he came in the form of a horse.  
He fought with the wrestlers and conquered them.  
If we sing his praise wishing to get a Parai  
and worship him, he will give us his grace.  
That would be a wonderful thing.  
Let us go and worship our Paavai."

482. The girls coming to wake up their friends say,  
"O my uncle's daughter,  
the fragrance of incense spreads everywhere in your room.  
The lamps on all sides of the palace  
studded with pure jewels shine.

You still sleep on your bed.  
Open the beautiful door.  
O aunts, won't you wake her up?  
Doesn't your daughter speak? Doesn't she hear?  
Has some magic put her into deep sleep?  
Let us praise the god singing his many names,  
saying 'You are the great Maayan, Madhavan, Vaikuṅṭan!'  
Go and worship our Paavai.”

483. The girls coming to wake up their friends say,  
“You want to find happiness doing your nombu  
but you don't open the door and don't answer us.  
The virtuous Narayaṇan who wears a Thulasi garland in his hair  
will give us the Paṛai.  
Is it Kumbakarṇan who was defeated by Rama  
who makes you sleep so soundly?  
You are very lazy! You are a precious ornament!  
Wake up and open the door.  
Let us go and worship our Paavai.”

484. The girls coming to wake up their friends say,  
“You are as beautiful as a golden vine.  
You are the daughter of the faultless cowherds  
who milk many cows,  
who are brave and fight with their enemies  
and destroy their valor.  
You are as beautiful as a forest peacock. Get up.  
Your friends in the neighborhood have come  
and stand in your front yard  
and praise the fame of the god  
who has the dark color of a cloud.  
You have not stirred from your bed.  
You are a dear girl, you have not said a word.  
Why are you sleeping like this?  
Let us go and worship our Paavai.”

485. The girls coming to wake up their friends say,  
“The buffaloes that just gave birth  
drip milk from their udders lovingly, thinking of their calves,  
and the front yard of the house is wet with milk.  
You are the sister of the brothers of a rich family.

We sing praising the god who is sweet to our mind,  
who angrily destroyed the king of southern Lanka.  
You haven't opened your mouth.  
Wake up. Why do you sleep like this?  
Don't you know all the people in your house are up?  
Let us go and worship our Paavai.”

486. The girls coming to wake up their friends say,  
“Other girls, singing and praising the fame  
of the god who killed the evil Rakshasa Ravana  
and split open the mouth of the Asuran  
when he came in the form of a bird  
have gone to worship the Paavai.  
The star Guru fades and the star Sukran rises.  
See, the birds are awake and chatter.  
Your eyes are like blossoms.  
Why are you sleeping without coming with us  
to bathe and play in the cool water?  
Today is an auspicious day.  
Don't pretend to sleep.  
Come and join us.  
Let us go and worship our Paavai.”

487. The girls coming to wake up their friends say,  
“See, in your backyard,  
in the pond in your garden,  
senkazu flowers open  
and ambal flowers close and become buds.  
The sages who do pure tapas  
and wear clothes that are red like powdered brick  
go to the divine temple to blow their conches.  
O young girl, you said you would wake us up.  
Aren't you ashamed? Get up.  
You don't do the things you say you will.  
Come, let us sing and praise the god who has lotus eyes  
and holds a conch and discus in his strong hands.  
Let us go and worship our Paavai.

488. The girls coming to wake up their friends say,  
“You are as beautiful as a young parrot.  
What is this? You're still asleep!”

She answers, "Don't shout and call me.  
I am a poor girl,  
and you are as bright as lightning.  
I'm coming."  
They say, "We know your tricks. You always say this."  
She answers, "You are the clever ones.  
Let me be what I am."  
They say, "Come quickly. We can't wait for you."  
She asks, "Have all our friends arrived?"  
They say, "Yes, They're all here.  
If you want, come and count them.  
Come and sing the praise of the god, the Maayan  
who killed his foes  
and whose strength destroys the might of his enemies.  
Let us go and worship our Paavai."

The girls wake up the god and ask for the Paṛai.

489. The girls coming to the palace of Nandagopan to wake up the god say to the guard,  
"You are the guard of the palace of the lord Nandagopan.  
You guard the doors that are decorated with flags and festoons.  
Maayan, the god who has the dark color of a jewel  
told us yesterday that he would give sounding Paṛai  
to us who are cowherd girls.  
We have bathed to make ourselves pure  
and have come to sing and wake up the god.  
O guard! Don't say this or that and make excuses.  
Open the door! Open the front door of this palace.  
We are going to worship our Paavai."

490. The girls speak who are coming to wake up Nandagopan, Yashoda, Baladeva  
and the god, say,  
"O Nandagopala!  
You are our dear lord who gives clothes, water and food to all.  
Get up!  
O Yashoda, among all the women who are soft as vines  
you are like a tender shoot.  
You are the bright light of your family.  
You are our dear one. Get up.  
O king of the gods!



You grew tall, split the sky and measured the world.  
Do not sleep. Get up.  
You are our dear one  
whose feet are decorated with pure golden anklets.  
O Baladeva, don't sleep with your little brother.  
We are going to worship our Paavai.”

491. The girls coming to wake up Nappinnai say,  
“O, Nappinnai, your hair is fragrant.  
You are the daughter-in-law of strong-armed Nandagopan  
who is the lord of rutting elephants.  
Open the door.  
See, the roosters are coming and calling to wake everyone.  
The flock of cuckoo birds sitting on the vines  
blooming with madhavi flowers call out.  
Your fingers are beautiful and soft.  
Come and open the door making the lovely bracelets  
on your beautiful lotus-like hands jingle.  
Come and join us to sing  
and praise the name of your husband.  
We are going to worship our Paavai.”

492. The girls coming to wake up the god and Nappinnai say,  
“O Maal, you sleep on a soft mattress on an ivory cot  
and your room is bright with lights.  
Your chest is decorated with flowers.  
You sleep on the breasts of Nappinnai,  
decorated with beautiful flowers in her hair.  
Open your mouth, O Nappinnai. Your eyes are decorated with kohl.  
How could you not get up and want to see your beloved.  
You won't be able to be away from him for long.  
This is not a hard thing to understand.  
This is not good for you.  
We are going to worship our Paavai.”

493. The girls coming to wake up god and Nappinnai say,  
“O dear god, if any of the thirty-three crore of the gods  
have troubles, you go and remove them.  
Get up. You are faultless and strong.  
You vex your enemies and take care of your devotees.  
O young Nappinnai,

your soft breasts are like small cheppus.  
Your mouth is red and you have a tiny waist.  
O beautiful one, get up!  
Give us fans and mirrors and send your husband with us  
so that we can praise him and go to bathe.  
We are going to worship our Paavai.”

494. The girls coming to wake up the god say,  
“You are the son of Nandagopan  
who has fine cows that yield milk generously  
and make the pots overflow.  
You are intelligent.  
You are our refuge.  
You are a bright light. Get up.  
We have come to your door  
as if we were your enemies who cannot fight with you  
and so we come and worship your feet.  
We praise you. You have abundant fame.  
We are going to worship our Paavai.”

495. The girls coming to wake up the god say,  
“We have come to you  
as if we were kings of this wide world  
who have affectionately joined together,  
and we stay by your bed and worship you.  
Won't your beautiful lotus eyes  
show even a little grace to us?  
Your eyes are bright like the sun and the moon.  
If you look at us, our karma will go away.  
We are going to worship our Paavai.”

496. The girls coming to wake up the god say,  
“You have the dark color of a kaya flower.  
You wake up like a lion that has slept  
in a mountain cave in the rainy season.  
You come out like a lion that opens its fiery eyes  
and roars, its mane hanging low.  
You come from your temple and sit on your majestic throne.  
Give us your grace, and help us.  
We are going to worship our Paavai.”

497. The girls come, praise the god and ask for the Paṛai,  
“You once measured the world.  
We praise your feet.  
You went to southern Lanka and killed the Rakshasas.  
We praise your strength.  
You destroyed Sakatasuran when he came as a cart.  
We praise your fame.  
When Vathsasuran came as a calf you threw him  
at Kabithasuran who had taken the form of a vilam tree  
and killed both of them.  
We worship your feet that are decorated with anklets.  
You carried Govardhana mountain to save the cows.  
We praise your compassion.  
We praise the spear in your hands that conquers your enemies.  
We want to serve you always and have come to receive the Paṛai.  
Give us your grace.  
We are going to worship our Paavai.”

498. The girls ask for the Paṛai saying,  
“In the night you were born to Devaki  
and were raised by Yashoda.  
This is something no one knows.  
You afflicted Kamsan who always wanted to harm you.  
You were like a burning fire in Kamsan’s stomach  
because he always thought of giving you trouble.  
O Neḍumaa! We worship you and have come here to you.  
If you give us the Paṛai,  
we will sing and praise your great wealth and grace.  
Our sorrows will go away and we will be happy.  
We are going to worship our Paavai.”

499. The girls ask the god for the things they need for their nombu  
and say,  
“O Maal, you have the beautiful color of a jewel!  
We want to bathe in the month of Markazhi.  
Hear us!  
Give us the things we need for our nombu.  
We want to have white milk-colored conches  
that will roar and shake the earth like your pancajanyam.  
We want many good Paṛais.  
We want to be with people who sing “Pallaṇḍu!” to you.

Give us beautiful lamps, flags and a roofed place to stay.  
You slept on the banyan leaf.  
Give us your grace.  
We are going to worship our Paavai.”

500. The girls, coming to ask for Parais, ornaments and clothes, say,  
“O Govinda, you conquer your enemies.  
We wish to receive a Paṛai from you and praise you.  
We want many gifts—bracelets, earrings,  
other ornaments for our ears, anklets  
and other ornaments that everyone desires.  
We will happily wear them.  
We will wear beautiful clothes.  
We will eat rice with milk, pouring ghee in it  
so when we eat the ghee drips from our elbows.  
We will join together and happily eat it.  
We are going to worship our Paavai.”

501. The girls, asking for a Paṛai from the god, say,  
“We go behind the cattle to the forest  
and eat our food there.  
You were raised with simple cowherd people.  
We are fortunate to be born in the same place as you.  
O Govinda, you are faultless  
and we cannot give up our closeness to you.  
We are innocent children.  
We call you with simple names because we love you.  
O god, do not get upset with us.  
Give us the Paṛai and give us your grace.  
We are going to worship our Paavai.”

502. The girls come to the god and say that they do not want just the Paṛai and  
wish to be with him in all their births.  
“We come early in the morning and worship you  
and praise your golden feet. Hear us.  
We were born in the cowherd clan just like you.  
We want to serve you  
and want to receive the Paṛai from you.  
See, Govinda,  
we want to be with you always,  
in all the fourteen births that we will have.

We will serve you in all our births.  
Give us your grace  
and keep us from wanting anything but your service.  
We are going to worship our Paavai.”

503. Paṭṭarpiran Kodai from Pudukai  
adorned with a beautiful lotus garland  
composed thirty Tamil poems about how the girls  
who have moon-like lovely faces  
and were decorated with beautiful ornaments  
went to the god Madhavan, Kesavan  
who churned the wavy milky ocean, and asked for the Paṛai.  
Those who recite these poems without mistakes  
will receive the grace of Thirumaal,  
the rich lord who has a lovely face, beautiful eyes  
and twelve strong mountain-like arms  
and be happy.

Naachiyar Thirumozhi.

Worshipping Kama, the god of love

504. We clean the floor in the month of Thai  
and decorate it with beautiful kolams.  
In the month of Masi we use soft white powder  
and make lovely decorations in our front yard.  
O Kamadeva, I worship you and your brother Saman.  
I wonder, can I survive this love sickness?  
Give me the boon of belonging to the lord of Thiruvēkaṭam  
who holds a discus in his hand that throws out fire.

505. We decorate our front yard with soft white sand.  
We bathe at dawn when the sun comes out.  
We make fire with sticks that have no thorns.  
I try to worship you, O Kamadeva.  
You carry flower arrows dripping with honey.  
I write the name of the god  
who has the color of the ocean in my mind.  
Give me your grace so I may enter the place of the lord  
who split open the mouth of the Asuran  
when he came in the form of a bird.

506. I worship your feet all three times of the day  
with fragrant umatham flowers and blossoms of murukkam.  
O Manmatha, I don't want to be angry with you  
and scold you, saying that you are heartless.  
Get ready with your flower arrows made of fresh flowers  
and give me your grace  
so I may enter into the brightness  
of the clever lord of Venkaṭam hills.

507. O Kamadeva!  
You are without a body.  
I wrote your name on the wall, made your fish flag,  
and gave it to you with horses, fans and a sugarcane-bow.  
I worshipped you and asked you to give me your grace  
so that my round breasts  
would belong at once to the god of Dwarapuri.

508. If people wish to give me away in marriage  
so that my round breasts belong to someone human  
instead of to the pure lord who carries a conch and discus,  
it would be as if foxes that wander in the forest  
came and ate the food that the sages make in a sacrifice  
for the gods in the sky. O Manmatha,  
I will not live if I have to marry someone other than my lord.

509. I am doing nombu  
with beautiful young girls who know the sastras well.  
I do this nombu on the street where you will be going.  
O Kamadeva!  
He has the dark form of the clouds and the Kaya flower  
and shines like a karuvilai blossom.  
Give me your grace  
so that he, the god who has a lotus face,  
will see me with his divine eyes and give me his grace.

510. I offer paddy, sugarcane,  
and cooked rice with brown sugar and aval  
and worship you reciting the manthras from the sastras.  
O Manmatha, I bow to you.  
Give me your grace so that Thirivikraman

who measured the world  
will touch me with his divine hands.  
Give me your grace so that the god will approach me  
and touch my breasts.

511. I don't bathe when it is time for my nombu.  
I don't comb my hair.  
I eat once a day  
and my mouth grows pale because I haven't eaten enough.  
You can see how I suffer in this nombu.  
I want to say something to you.  
Kesavan Nambi fought with the Asuran Kesi to protect a woman.  
Give me your grace so that he will show me the same  
compassion  
and I have the fortune of sitting with him and pressing his feet.

512. I sprinkle flowers and worship you  
and bow to your feet three times a day.  
If I am unable to live for the one  
who has the color of the dark ocean  
and to serve him faultlessly,  
I will cry and suffer  
and, O Kamadeva, you will feel bad.  
It will be as if you didn't feed an ox that plows  
and hit it with a stick instead.

513. Vishṇuchithan Kodai, the chief of Pudukottai  
where the mountain-like palaces shine  
composed poems about the women  
who worshipped Kama  
who carries a sugarcane bow and flower arrows  
so that he would give his grace to them  
and they could be with the god who broke the tusks  
of the elephant and split open the bird's beak.

Do not break our sand houses

514. O Narayana, you are praised by a thousand names.  
You came to the earth in the form of Rama.  
If Yashoda had given birth to you,  
it would be easy for us to love you

because you would be human just like we are.  
We do the nombu in the month of Punguni  
because that is the month when Kama comes.  
O Sridhara, don't bother us,  
don't come and destroy our little sand houses.

515. We worked all day to build these sand houses  
and our backs hurt.  
Look at our sand houses.  
They make us happy .  
You are the ancient one  
who slept on a banyan leaf as a baby.  
It is a pity that you are not kind to us.  
Do not come and destroy our little sand houses.

516. You sleep on the deep ocean.  
You took the form of a lion to destroy Hiranyan.  
You saved Gajendra from the mouth of the crocodile.  
We saw you and fell in love with you.  
You saw us out of the corner of your eye,  
and didn't worry about what we might think.  
We worked hard to make our houses with soft sand  
and our hands decorated with bracelets hurt.  
You sleep on the ocean where clear waves roll.  
Do not come and destroy our little sand houses.

517. You have the color of the clouds that give rain.  
Your speech and deeds fascinate us.  
What spell does your beautiful face cast to bewitch us?  
We won't complain to others  
that you trouble us innocent, weak girls.  
We don't want them to blame you.  
You have beautiful lotus eyes.  
Don't come and destroy our little sand houses.

518. We made our sand houses with soft white sand.  
Everyone on the streets was amazed  
when they saw our lovely sand houses  
but you came and destroyed them.  
Even so we are not angry at you.  
Our hearts melt for your love.



You are a thief, Madhavan, Kesavan!  
Don't you have eyes on your face?  
Don't come and destroy our little sand houses.

519. We are children who have not grown up yet.  
Our breasts have not grown out.  
You come here to knock over our little sand houses  
but really you want to do something else.  
We don't understand what you want.  
You built a bridge on the ocean, went to Lanka,  
and fought and destroyed the Raksasa clan.  
You are the servant of all of your devotees.  
Don't give us trouble,  
don't come come and destroy our little sand houses.

520. If you talk to people who understand what you say,  
that will be all right,  
but if you talk to us who are young and don't know anything,  
it just hurts us. What do you gain from that?  
You have the color of the wide sounding ocean.  
You built the bridge Sethu.  
You will get in trouble with your wives.  
Don't come and destroy our little sand houses.

521. We brought a pot, a winnowing fan and sand,  
built sand houses and play as we like.  
What is the use of destroying our sand houses?  
What do you get if you come  
and kick them down and give us trouble?  
You carry a shining discus in your hand.  
Don't you know that even jaggery will not be sweet  
if your mind is bitter?  
You have the color of the ocean.  
Do not come and destroy our little sand houses.

522. You enter our yard and smile.  
Not only do you destroy our little sand houses,  
you destroy our hearts as well.  
You measured the earth  
and grew tall and measured the sky.  
What will those who stand near us say

if you come and embrace us?  
Do not come and destroy our little sand houses.

523. Vishṇuchithan Kodai, the chief of Villiputhur where Brahmins who recite the Vedas live, composed poems about what the cowherd girls who play making little sand houses said to Kaṇṇan. They said, “You drank the nectar of the mouth of Sita. Do not destroy our little sand houses.” Those who learn these poems well will go to Vaikuṇṭam.

The cowherd girls ask Kaṇṇan to give back their clothes that he stole.

524. We get up in the morning before the rooster crows and come to bathe, plunging into the water. Our beloved sun god who comes on his chariot rises. O god, you sleep on the snake bed. You give us trouble. We won't come to the pond from now on. I and my friends worship you. Give us our clothes.

525. Why did you come here?  
O dear one! How did you come to this pond?  
You are decorated with a Thulasi garland dripping with honey.  
You are Maayan and you are as sweet as nectar.  
O, clever one! We will not leave you even it is our fate.  
Don't go away here and there.  
Don't take our clothes like this.  
You danced on the snake Kalingan.  
Give us back the clothes you put on the kurundam tree.

526. It is early morning.  
What is this childishness?  
If my relatives see this, they won't like it,  
but you don't think what you do is naughty.  
You are sitting on the kurundam tree and we can't reach you.  
You destroyed Lanka with your bow.  
We will give you whatever you want.  
Give us back our clothes.  
We will go away and no one will see your mischief.

527. We plunge into the pond and bathe.  
We look everywhere  
and make sure no one is looking at us.  
Our eyes do not want to stop shedding tears  
because we don't have our clothes.  
You don't have any pity on us.  
O lord, you destroyed Lanka.  
We know that you were the king of the monkeys.  
Give us back the clothes  
that you put on the kurundam tree.

528. My brothers who carry spears will come running  
if they hear that valai and kayal fish  
are biting our feet in the pond.  
It won't be a joke for you.  
O lord, you have a beautiful dark-colored body.  
Don't stay on the kurundam tree with our beautiful clothes.  
Give us back our silk clothes.

529. The stalks of the lotus plants  
that bloom in the pond hurt our feet  
and it feels as if scorpions were biting us.  
We can't bear the pain.  
We can't stay in the water for a long time.  
You, the king, can throw pots in the sky  
and dance the kuthu dance.  
Don't be mischievous.  
Give us back our silk clothes.

530. You are the god who knows  
what will happen when the world ends.  
We are sitting in the water, tired  
while you are doing things you shouldn't.  
Our houses are far away.  
We really love you.  
If our mothers see us, they won't like it.  
Drop our silk clothes down to us.  
Don't sit in the top of the kurundam tree  
blooming with flowers.

531. All the women, the mothers-in-law  
and others are here bathing.  
We couldn't close our beautiful flower-like eyes in the night  
thinking of your naughty acts.  
This isn't good for us.  
We are telling you about all the trouble you cause.  
You are the beautiful jewel-like son of the cowherd village.  
Give us our clothes back  
that you put on the kurundam tree.

532. You escaped from the trap of Kamsan  
and survived in the dark night when you were born.  
Is it because you want to bother us like this?  
Yashoda loves you so much  
that she doesn't scold you even if you are naughty.  
She just leaves you to do whatever you want.  
You weren't ashamed to drink the milk  
of the wicked Rakshasi Puthana.  
Give us back our clothes.

533. Vishṇuchithan Kodai the chief of Pudukkottai  
surrounded by golden palaces  
composed with beautiful music  
a garland of ten Tamil songs  
describing the play of the dark god  
with the young girls.  
Those who learn and recite these poems  
will go to Vaikuṅṭam  
and be with the eternal god Madhavan.

Kuḍal izhaithal. Drawing a Kuḍal.  
A kuḍal is a circle made by young girls with their fingers. If its lines connect their  
love will be successful.

534. He is the highest god worshipped by all good people.  
He is generous and he is the god Azhahiyā Maṅgaḷan  
of Thirumaalirunḷolai.  
If you want us to press his feet when he sleeps,  
O kuḍal, you should come together.  
Come and join the place you started.  
Kuḍiḍu kuḍalee.

535. He who took the form of Vamanan  
stays happily in the forest in Thiruvengaṭam  
and in Thirukaṇṇapuram.

O kuḍal, if you want him to come here,  
hold my hands and embrace me,  
you should come together.  
Come and join the place you started.  
Kuuḍiḍu kuḍalee.

536. He is praised by Brahma who stays on a lotus  
and by other gods.

He is the dear son of Devaki who has a shining forehead  
and the wonderful son of famous Vasudeva.  
O kuḍal, if you want that king to come to see us,  
you should come together.  
Come and join the place you started.  
Kuuḍiḍu kuḍalee.

537. He climbed and danced  
on the tall blooming kaḍamba tree  
and jumped into the pond  
and danced on the heads of strong Kalingan.  
O kuḍal, if you want that dancer to come to me,  
you should come together.  
Come and join the place you started.  
Kuuḍiḍu kuḍalee.

538. He killed the elephant Kuvalayabeeḍam  
whose forehead was decorated with an ornament.  
If you want him to come to the middle of our streets  
in Madurai surrounded by big palaces and embrace us,  
O kuḍal, you should come together.  
Come and join the place you started.  
Kuuḍiḍu kuḍalee.

539. The god does not have any desire.  
When he learned to walk, he killed the Rakshasas  
who came in the form of marudam trees.  
He killed Kamsan by his tricks.  
He is the victorious king of shining Madurai.

O kuḍal, if you want him to come here to us,  
you should come together.  
Come and join the place you started.  
Kuuḍiḍu kuuḍalee.

540. He conquered Shishupala who did evil deeds,  
the Rakshasas who came in the form of tall marudu trees,  
the seven bulls, the bird, and heroic Kamsan  
who carried a victorious spear.  
O kuḍal, if you want that victorious hero to come to us,  
you should come together.  
Come and join the place you started.  
Kuuḍiḍu kuuḍalee.

541. He does not enter the minds of people  
who do not have desire and love for him.  
He is the protector of flourishing Dvarapuri.  
He is a cowherd who grazes the cows and plays with them.  
O kuḍal, if you want him to come to us,  
you should come together.  
Come and join the place you started.  
Kuuḍiḍu kuuḍalee.

542. In ancient times  
he went to the great sacrifice of king Mahabali as a dwarf  
and measured the earth with one foot  
and the sky with the other.  
O kuḍal, if you want him to come here to us,  
you should come together.  
Come and join the place you started.  
Kuuḍiḍu kuuḍalee..

543. He is the inner meaning of the four Vedas.  
He saved Gajendra, the elephant dripping with rut,  
from the mouth of the crocodile.  
He is a handsome god  
and the cowherd women love him dearly in their hearts.  
O kuḍal, if you want him to come here to us,  
you should come together.  
Come and join the place you started.  
Kuuḍiḍu kuuḍalee.

544. The poet Vishṇuchithan Kodai composed ten songs about how the cowherd women who have curly hair and who are praised always by the world made a kuḍal so that their love would be successful and they could love, fight with, feel and embrace the god. Those who learn these poems well will not have the results of bad karma in their lives.

The thalaivi asks the cuckoo to call the god.

545. He is the eternal Madhavan who is praised by all in the world. He has a beautiful sapphire-colored body. He is a king decorated with a crown studded with jewels. I have a problem with him— my conch bangles became loose because I fell in love with him. O cuckoo bird! You live in the holes in punnai, kurukkathi, nyazhal and cherundi trees. Won't you coo and call at all times of the day for him who has a coral mouth to come quickly to me?

546. The faultless god who carries in his left hand a sounding white conch does not show his form to me. He entered my heart and makes me long for his love. See, he is taking my life away and playing with my feelings. O cuckoo bird! You drink the honey that drips from the blooming shenbaga flowers and sing happily. Don't be lazy and prattle, just sing and be happy. Coo and call so the lord of Venkaṭam hill comes to me.

547. As Rama he fought with Ravaṇan while the charioteer Madali drove his chariot and he cut off all the ten heads of Ravaṇan, shooting his arrows like rain. I don't see that lord coming to me.

O cuckoo bird!  
You live with your beloved wife  
listening to the kamaram music of the bees  
that have dots on their bodies,  
in the groves where fragrant flowers bloom  
and spread their smell.  
Coo and call the dark-colored god  
who shines like a diamond so he will come to me.

548. My bones melt.  
My long spear-like eyes do not close.  
I entered an ocean of sorrow  
and I could not find the boat called the god Vaikundan  
to escape from my suffering.  
O cuckoo bird!  
You know how hard it is to be apart from your beloved.  
Coo and call so the virtuous one  
who has a golden body and an eagle flag will come to me.

549. He stays in Villiputhur  
where the swans that walk softly play.  
My fish-like eyes do not close to sleep  
because they wish to see his golden feet.  
O cuckoo bird!  
I will make the beautiful parrot  
that I raised feeding it sweet rice and milk  
be your friend.  
Coo and call so he who measured the world will come to me.

550. Rishikesan who is worshipped by the gods  
in all directions made me unhappy with love  
and the beauty of the white pearl like-smile  
of my red mouth and of my breasts was all lost.  
O young cuckoo bird!  
You sleep in a beautiful place  
in a grove blooming with flowers.  
If you coo and call for the true god to come to me,  
I will bow down to you with my head.  
I don't know any other way to pay you back.



551. My breasts have grown out and they are happy  
because they want to embrace the lord  
who sleeps on the surging milky ocean.  
They make me sad also since I have not seen him.  
O beautiful cuckoo bird, why are you hiding?  
If you coo and call and make the god  
who carries a discus, conch and strong club come to me,  
you will have the benefit of doing many generous acts.

552. He shoots arrows from his bow with his strong hands.  
He is clever and someone who can be loved by all.  
He and I know the promises that we made when we stayed in our home.  
O small cuckoo bird!  
You pluck the tender shoots of the sweet mango tree in the grove.  
If you coo and call for Thirumaal to come here quickly,  
you will see what I can do for him.  
You will see how I show my love for him.

553. I fell in the love with the god  
Sridharan who has the color of a green parrot.  
O cuckoo bird!  
You live in a grove that swarms with shining bees.  
Give me your attention and listen.  
You should coo and call  
for the god who carries a conch and discus to come to me,  
or you should find the golden bangles  
that I have lost and bring them to me.  
If you want to live in this grove,  
you should do one of these things.

554. I fell in love with the god  
who measured the world and became his devotee,  
but he only makes me sad  
because I love him and I have not seen him .  
I cannot describe the sorrow  
that the breeze and the moon give me.  
O cuckoo bird!  
Don't make me suffer  
staying in this grove and cooing always.  
If you don't call today for Narayānan to come,  
I will chase you away from here.

555. The Paṭṭar Kodai, chief of Puduvai  
where Brahmins live who recite with music the four Vedas  
composed ten poems about how a woman  
who has spear-like eyes asked a cuckoo bird  
to call for the god who grew into the sky  
and measured the world to come, saying,  
“O dark cuckoo bird!  
Coo and call my beloved who has the color of the ocean.”  
Those who learn these poems and recite them and say,  
“Namo, Narayaṇaa!” will reach the god.

A thalaivi dreams about her wedding with the god  
and talks to her friend

556. O friend, I had a dream.  
People decorated every place with festoons  
and put out golden pots with coconuts  
to welcome Naraṇan Nambi  
when he comes in procession  
surrounded by a thousand elephants.

557. O friend, I had a dream.  
My relatives decided the day for my wedding.  
They decorated a beautiful pandal with kamuhu trees.  
Madhavan Govindan who once took a form of a lion,  
strong as a bull, entered into the pandal  
and I saw him in my dream.

558. O friend, I had a dream.  
Indra and the other gods came together,  
asked for me to be his bride  
and made all the arrangements.  
My sister-in-law Durga tied a silk marriage sari on me  
and decorated me with fragrant garlands.

559. O friend, I had a dream.  
The Brahmin brought divine water  
from different directions and sprinkled it all over.  
They sang songs of purification.  
The priest tied the string bound together with flowers  
on my hand and on the divine groom’s hand to protect us.

560. O friend, I had a dream.  
Dancing women carried shining lights and kalasams  
and went in front of him and welcomed him.  
The king of Madura walked touching the earth  
as the earth shook.

561. O friend, I had a dream.  
The drums were beaten.  
The lined conches were blown.  
My bridegroom, Nambi Madhusudanan,  
came and held my hand  
under the pandal that was decorated  
with hanging strings of pearl garlands.

562. Brahmins who know the mantras well  
recited the Vedas and mantras.  
They made a likeness of the sun  
with green naṇal grass.  
He who is strong as an angry elephant  
held my hand and we circled the fire.

563. O friend, I had a dream.  
He is the refuge for this birth  
and the fourteen future births.  
He is Narayaṇan Nambi and he is our king.  
He held my feet with his perfect divine fingers  
and placed them on the grinding stone.

564. O friend, I had a dream.  
My brothers who have shining faces  
and who carry bows  
came and stood in front of us.  
They kindled the fire and made it bright  
and joined my hand with the hand of Achuthan  
who once took the form of a lion,  
and they poured popped rice on it.

565. O friend, I had a dream.  
I was decorated with kumkum  
and smeared with cool sandal paste.

I went with him on an elephant in procession  
circling through all the auspicious streets  
as people sprinkled turmeric water on us.

566. The chief of Villiputhur Kodai  
who is praised by the family of Veyars  
composed a garland of ten Tamil poems that describe a dream of the thalaivi  
and what she said about her marriage with the cowherd.  
Those who learn and recite these ten poems  
will give birth to many good children and find happiness.

The conch and the thalaivi

567. O white conch, you were born in the ocean.  
Tell me, I ask you anxiously.  
What is the taste and the fragrance  
of the mouth of Madhavan  
who broke the tusks of the elephant?  
Does it have the fragrance of camphor?  
Does it have the fragrance of a lotus flower?  
Does his beautiful red coral mouth taste sweet?

568. O beautiful conch!  
You were born in the ocean.  
You entered the body of the Asuran Panchajanya  
and you rest in the hand of the god now.  
You make the sound of victory  
when the god conquers the evil Asurans.

569. You are a wonderful conch!  
Like the full moon that rises in the autumn  
from behind the large mountain,  
you stay in the hands of Vasudevan  
the king of northern Madura.

570. O beautiful large valampuri conch!  
You are like the moon even though you are not in the sky.  
You stay in the hand of the god Damodaran.  
Do you say any mantras in his ears?  
Even Indra the king of gods  
does not have the fortune that you have.

571. O Panchajanya!

Others were born along with you in the ocean,  
but they do not receive the great respect that you do.  
You drink constantly the nectar from the mouth  
of the king Madhusudanan.

572. O Valampuri conch!

You have not gone to the Ganges  
or on other pilgrimages to bathe.  
You are in the hands of Maal  
who has beautiful eyes  
and who destroyed the Asurans  
when they came as the marudam trees.  
You have the good fortune of plunging  
into the divine water that comes from the mouth of the god.

573. You are the king of conches!

Like a swan that stays on a fresh red lotus flower  
and drinks honey,  
you are held in the beautiful hands of Vasudevan  
who has a dark body and red eyes and you stay with him.  
Your good fortune is truly wonderful.

574. O Panchajanya!

Your food is the nectar  
that springs from the mouth of the god  
who measured the world.  
You sleep on the hands of the god  
who has the color of the ocean.  
Women complain loudly about your good luck,  
and you make them jealous.

575. O great and fortunate conch!

You drink the nectar from the mouth of Madhavan  
as if you were drinking honey.  
Won't his sixteen thousand wives be angry  
when they see you with him  
drinking the nectar that all others want to drink?

576. Paṭṭarpiran Kodai

who is famous in rich Pudukkottai

composed ten Tamil poems  
describing the god Padmanabhan with the Panchajanya conch.  
Those who learn and recite these poems  
will be near the god.

The cloud messenger

577. O clouds!  
You look like a blue blanket covering the sky.  
Thirumaal, the god of Venkaṭam hill where clear water flows  
has not come to see me  
and my eyes shed tears that fall on my breasts.  
I am tired. I am just a woman.  
Is it right that he should destroy my pride like this?

578. O great clouds!  
You pour rain like rich pearls.  
Do you have any message  
from the god of Venkaṭam, the generous one  
who has the dark color of night?  
My love for him burns me like fire.  
If in the middle of the night  
the breeze comes and hurts me,  
how will I survive?

579. O clouds, you are generous  
and give rain to the earth.  
My shining beauty, bangles, mind and sleep  
have all gone, taking my pride with them.  
I survive singing the great qualities of Govindan,  
the god of Thiruveṅkaṭam where cool waterfalls flow.

580. O shining clouds with lightning!  
He is the lord of Thiruveṅkaṭam  
and the goddess Lakshmi stays on his handsome chest.  
Can you tell him that my breasts desire  
every day to embrace his golden chest?

581. O dark clouds!  
You rise in the sky and spread everywhere.  
You pour rain in Thiruveṅkaṭam

and make the flowers bloom and drip honey.  
The god who split open the body of Hiranyan  
with his sharp nails  
has taken away my bangles.  
If you would go to him to bring back my bangles,  
tell him how much I love him and suffer.

582. O cool clouds!  
You take water from the ocean,  
rise to the sky and pour rain everywhere  
in Thiruvēṅkaṭam of the god  
who took the land from Mahabali.  
Like insects that enter into a vilam fruit and eat it,  
Naraṇan has entered into my heart and made me suffer.  
Go and tell him how much I love him.

583. O cool clouds  
that float on the hills of Thiruvēṅkaṭam  
of the god who churned the milky ocean filled with conches!  
I bow to the feet of Maal who has beautiful eyes  
and ask him for one thing.  
Only if he comes one day and embraces me  
smearing kumkum paste on my breasts  
I will be able to survive.  
Go tell him this.

584. O clouds that rise in the rainy season  
in Thiruvēṅkaṭam hills!  
I fall down like the old leaves of the erukkam plants  
when raindrops fall on them.  
I recite the names of the god  
who went to the battlefield and fought.  
Will he come one day and talk to me?

585. O big clouds! You rise like rutting elephants.  
You think Thiruvēṅkaṭam is your place and live there.  
What does the god  
who sleeps on the snake bed wish to tell me?  
The people of the world may say,  
“He doesn’t understand that she thinks that he is her refuge  
and he hurts her who is beautiful as a vine.”

586. Vishnuchithan Kodai, the chief of Pudukottai  
flourishing with richness composed ten Tamil poems  
about how a thalaivi who has a beautiful forehead  
asks the clouds to go as messengers  
and tell the suffering of her love  
to the god who sleeps on the snake bed.  
Those who learn these poems and keep them in their minds  
will become devotees of the god.

The love of the thalaivi for Maal

587. O velvet mites,  
you are colored like red sinduram powder.  
You fly everywhere in the groves of Thirumaalirunjolai.  
He churned the milky ocean with Manthara mountain  
and took the sweet nectar from it.  
I am caught in my love for the god who has handsome arms.  
It is like a net. Will I survive this sorrow?

588. O friend,  
the mullai flowers on the vines in the forest  
filled with blossoms laugh at me in Thirumaalirunjolai  
where elephants fight with each other and play.  
The vines that grow in the rainy season  
bloom as if to say, "You will not survive!"  
To whom can I tell the pain that his garland gives me?

589. O beautiful karuvilai flowers! Kaya flowers!  
You have the color of Thirumaal.  
Tell me how I can survive.  
Is it right that strong-armed Nambi of Thirumaalirunjolai  
who is always playing  
should come into our house and steal my bangles?

590. O cuckoo birds who live in the flourishing groves!  
Peacocks! Beautiful karuvilai blossoms!  
Fresh kala fruits! Colorful fragrant kaya flowers!  
You are my five most powerful enemies.  
Why must you have the color of the dear lord  
of beautiful Thirumaalirunjolai?  
Is it to make me sad with love and hurt me?



591. O swarm of bees,  
you have the divine color of the dark cloud-colored god  
who has beautiful eyes  
and who stays in Thirumaalirunjolai  
surrounded with flourishing flowers.  
O abundant, beautiful mountain springs!  
O lovely lotus flowers!  
Tell me, who can be my refuge?

592. I made a hundred pots of butter  
for Nambi of Thirumaalirunjolai  
surrounded with fragrant groves.  
I told him that I will fill all the hundred pots  
with sweet pongal for him.  
Do you think the god who grows more and more beautiful  
will come and eat?

593. If the dear god of Thirumaalirunjolai  
where a fragrant breeze blows  
enters my heart and stays there,  
I will make hundred thousand pots of butter  
and sweet pongal and give them to him.  
If he comes today and eats,  
I will give him all these pots and serve him.

594. A flock of black sparrows wakes up in the morning,  
welcomes the god Maal and sings the raga marul.  
Is it true that they sing that raga to wake up the god?  
They sing as if they were repeating the names  
of the great god of Thirumaalirunjolai,  
our lord of Dwarapathi who sleeps on a banyan leaf,  
but he does not come to me.

595. I seem to hang down like the golden flowers  
that hang from the branches of kondrai trees  
in Thirumaalirunjolai surrounded by groves  
where kongu flowers bloom.  
When will I hear the sound of the conch  
that he blows with his lotus mouth,  
and the sound of his Sarngam bow that shoots arrows?

596. Vishnuchithan the chief of Villiputhur  
whose garland swarms with bees  
composed ten lovely Tamil poems  
praising the beautiful lord who stays in Thirumaalirunjolai  
where the Silamparu river flows  
bringing sandalwood, akil wood  
and throwing them up on its banks.  
Those who learn and recite these ten lovely poems  
will join the feet of Thirumaal.

Flowers blooming in the rainy season

597. O flowers that bloom in the monsoon!  
Did the dark ocean-colored god  
send you as warriors to fight with me?  
Where did he go?  
To whom can I complain?  
I cannot fight with my heart  
that wants his beautiful Thulasi garland.

598. O thondri flowers blooming up to the sky!  
Do not grow to the sky  
and burn me like the brightness of the discus  
that is in the hand of the god  
who is praised by the Vedas as the ancient god.  
Take me to the group of the cowherds where he is.

599. O kovai vine, you are like my mother!  
Don't take my life, ripening with your sweet round fruits  
that remind me of his dark color.  
I am afraid of the lord who has a lovely red mouth.  
Pitiful, I say two things that are opposite.  
I say I will not live without him,  
yet I am alive without him now  
and say that I want to be with him.  
I am shameless like two-tongued Adishesha  
on whom the lord sleeps.

600. O mullai vine! You are like a young girl!  
Don't hurt me with your smile.  
You shine like the discus of the lord.

I go to you for refuge—please show me your love.  
The young lord who cut off Surpanakha's nose  
promised he would never be apart from me.  
If his promise is false,  
it would be better if I had not been born.

601. O cuckoo birds, you sing beautifully!  
What is this song you are singing?  
Come here and sing only  
if the god of the beautiful Venkaṭa hills  
gives me his love and allows me to survive.  
If the god who carries an eagle flag comes,  
gives his grace and embraces me,  
he can also listen to your songs.

602. O flock of peacocks!  
You have the beautiful color of the dear lord Kaṇṇan  
and move gracefully  
as if you had studied long to learn to dance.  
I bow to your feet.  
Do you see the sorrow of love that the dear god  
who sleeps eternally on Adishesha on the ocean  
has given me?

603. O lovely peacocks!  
You dance beautifully spreading your wings.  
I am pitiful and have no interest in seeing you dance.  
Govindan, the god who dances kudavai kuthu on a pot,  
has taken all my feelings with him.  
It is cruel of you to dance happily,  
reminding me of him and giving me pain.

604. O cloud, O cloud!  
The thought that he has not entered my heart  
make me suffer.  
Like wax covered with sand that melts and pours down,  
my love for him pours out.  
Won't you make the beautiful god of Venkaṭa hills  
enter into my heart and embrace me?

605. O milky ocean, O milky ocean!

The god Maayavan churned you  
and took the nectar from you,  
and just like that he entered my heart  
and took my life away.

Will you go to the god who sleeps on the snake bed  
and tell him how I suffer for his love?

606. O dear friend!

The wonderful one who sleeps on the snake bed,  
our highest lord, is great but we are small.  
What can we do for him?

Yet if Vishṇuchithan, the chief of Villiputhur,  
calls his god lovingly by composing beautiful poems  
we may be able to see him.

The thalaivi loves the lord of Srirangam

607. O friends!

You are decorated with precious jewels!  
Aren't the bangles that I have on my hands  
as precious as the conch he carries in his hand?  
Won't the god of Srirangam  
who sleeps on the fiery-faced snake Adishesa look at me?  
It is very hard for me, very hard.

608. O lovely women!

The sweet nectar-like lord of Srirangam  
has beautiful hair.  
His mouth and eyes are handsome.  
A lovely lotus has grown from his beautiful navel.  
He has made my bangles loose and fall.  
Did he take them so he could wear them?

609. My dear god of Srirangam who carries a scepter  
rules the world surrounded by roaring oceans  
and the world of the sky, keeping trouble away from them.  
Would my bangles that he has made loose  
help him remove all the troubles of the world  
and keep it prosperous?

610. He is Vamanan, the lord of Srirangam  
filled with beautiful palaces and walls.  
He is the divine god who went to Mahabali  
in ancient times as a sage.  
He made Mahabali pour water on his hands  
and took his lands.  
Wasn't that enough for him?  
If he wants my bangles also can't he come to my street  
and ask for them?

611. He is my dear lord who went to Mahabali  
in the form of cheating Vamanan  
and made him give him his land  
by pouring water on his golden hands.  
He measured all the worlds and the sky.  
He is the god of Srirangam where good people live  
and he sleeps on the snake bed.  
We are poor and have little.  
It seems he wants to take the little things  
that we have in our hands.

612. He is the wealthy god of Srirangam  
where the Kaveri river flows carrying riches from everywhere  
and gives water to the fields.  
He cannot be reached by anyone, high or low.  
He is the inner meaning of the four Vedas.  
He already stole my bangles  
and now he has stolen my heart.

613. When he had the form of Rama,  
the divine god of Srirangam,  
surrounded by strong walls,  
suffered as he thought of his wife Sita.  
He didn't eat or sleep when he was without her  
and he made a bridge over the ocean  
to bring her back from Lanka.  
Now he doesn't worry about us  
who are separated from him  
and only thinks of making himself happy.

614. He, the bright lord, took the form of an unclean pig  
in ancient times, split open the ground  
and rescued the earth goddess  
who had been hidden by an Asuran.  
Even if I don't want to think of the promises  
that the beautiful shining god of Srirangam  
made to me, I cannot forget them.

615. When Sisupalan wanted to marry Rukmami,  
after all the arrangements had made,  
Kannan fought him, took Rukmani with him  
and married her.  
Sriranganathan, the lord of Srirangam,  
will help me as he helped Rukmani.

616. Vishnuchithan listened to the true, divine words  
as the god of Thiruvarangam, the good lord,  
ordered him to do and composed poems.  
The god said, "I love those who love me,"  
but if he says this and turns it into a lie,  
who is there to tell the truth?  
How can I trust him?

The thalaivi requests her relatives to take her to  
the place where her beloved is.

617. You don't understand  
that I love only Madhavan whom no one can know.  
If you say that you will make me marry someone else  
you're just talking like someone who is dumb and deaf.  
He is Nambi who left the mother who gave birth to him  
and was raised by Yashoda, his other mother.  
Take me near Madurai of the god and leave me there  
before he goes to the battlefield to fight with the wrestlers.

618. There is no use being ashamed because I love the god.  
All the neighbors know about it.  
Don't try to do something and make me like I was before.  
I fell in love with Kaṇṇan.  
If you really want to save me,  
take me to the cowherd village.

I will only survive if I see the Maayan  
who measured the world in the form of a dwarf.

619. If people know that I went with Kannan  
and if they blame you saying,  
“She left her father, mother and her dear relatives  
and went away with someone,”  
you will be hurt and you won’t be able  
to avoid the disgrace that comes to you.  
Maayavan comes often to me and stands before me.  
He plays with the cowherd girls and does mischievous things.  
He is the naughty son of Nandagopalan.  
Take me to the doorstep of Nandagopalan  
and leave me there at midnight.

620. My breasts say,  
“We will not look at the face of others,  
only of him who carries a discus in his beautiful hand.”  
They are covered with a fine sari  
and become shy if they see common people.  
They won’t even look at the doorsteps of others,  
only the house of Govindan.  
I don’t want to live here.  
Take me to the banks of the Jamuna river and leave me there.

621. O mothers!  
No one understand how much the love  
that I have for him hurts me.  
It will go away only if the god  
who has the color of the dark ocean  
embraces me with his arms.  
Take me to the pond and leave me on the banks  
where he climbed the kadamba tree,  
jumped into the pond  
and danced on Kalingan  
as if he were dancing on a battlefield.

622. The cool cloud of the rainy season,  
the karuviḷai flowers, the kaya blossoms,  
and the lotus flowers all attract me and tell me,  
“Go to Rishikeshan’s place.

He is sweating, hungry, feels weak in his stomach  
and wants food,  
and he looks for the wives of the rishis  
to bring him something to eat.”  
Take me to where he waits for food  
and leave me there.

623. My color is becoming pallid.  
My mind is confused and I have no sense of shame.  
My mouth grows white,  
I don't want to eat or sleep and I am becoming thin.  
If the god who has the color of the roaring ocean  
puts on me his cool Thulasi garland,  
all these problems will go away.  
Take me to the banyan tree  
where Balaraman conquered the Asuran Pilamban  
and leave me there.

624. He grazed the calves,  
living among the families of cowherds in the forest.  
He was tied to the mortar by Yashoda.  
O poor mothers, don't gossip about these things.  
Take me near Govardhana mountain  
that he carried as a victorious umbrella  
to stop the the rain and protect the cows.  
Don't get together and argue  
about what you have heard from others,  
don't argue with each other.

625. My parrot that stays in its cage  
always says, “ Govinda, Govinda!”  
If I am angry at it and don't feed it,  
it calls him loudly and says,  
“O Lord who have measured the world!”  
If I leave home and go to his place,  
people will blame you, my relatives,  
and you will be ashamed.  
Take me to Dwarapathi filled with high palaces  
and leave me there.



626. Vishṇuchithan Kodai, the chief of Puduvai  
filled with shining golden palaces  
composed a garland of beautiful poems with music,  
described how the thalaivi who has long hair  
tells her relatives her firm decision to go to join Kaṇṇan,  
and she asks them to take her on a pilgrimage  
from Madurai to Dwarapathi and leave her with Kaṇṇan.  
Those who learn and recite these ten poems  
will reach Vaikuṇṭam.

The love sickness of the thalaivi

627. I love Kaṇṇan, the dark god and think of him.  
I long to see him and suffer.  
O mothers!  
Your gossip is like pouring tamarind juice on a wound.  
The dear lord does not know how this girl suffers.  
Bring the colorful silk cloth that decorates his waist  
and use it to fan me and make me cool.

628. I fell into the love-net of the highest lord  
who sleeps on the soft banyan leaf.  
Don't gossip uselessly  
as if you were piercing someone with a spear.  
He is a cowherd and grazes the cows holding a stick.  
He is the god who danced on a pot in Kuḍanthalai.  
Bring the cool Thulasi garland of the dark-colored god  
and decorate my soft curly hair.

629. He is the lord who destroyed Kamsan with his strong bow.  
The glances from the corners of his eyes go through my heart  
like sharp spears and make me weak and hurt.  
He doesn't tell me, "Don't worry!"  
O mothers! If that matchless god gives the garland  
from his chest and doesn't cheat me,  
bring it and spread it on my chest.

630. He, the dark bull who stole butter and milk  
from the cowherd village women,  
has made me weak with his love and I am heartbroken.  
Who is there to relieve this sorrow?

He is as sweet as nectar.  
Bring the water that springs from his the nectar-like mouth.  
If you feed me that, the weakness of my body  
and my sickness of love will go away.

631. Even when people weep, even if they worship him,  
he does not come in front of them and say,  
“Don’t be afraid!”  
He, the matchless one, came, embraced me, entered my heart,  
and now seems to follow me everywhere.  
That Nedumaal does not ever leave my heart .  
Sprinkle the water on my face  
that comes from the holes of his flute  
when he plays it going behind his cows in the grove.

632. This world is unfair.  
Thirumaal, the son of Nandagopan,  
makes me suffer as if I were crushed  
beneath the feet of a bull.  
I can’t even move.  
Bring the dust from where he has walked  
and smear it on me  
and I will survive.

633. He carries a victorious eagle flag.  
He rules the world and all obey him.  
Yashoda who raised him  
only made him like an unripened fruit that has a bitter taste.  
If he embraces tightly my faultless breasts  
with his young strong arms,  
then my faults will go away  
and I will be happy.

634. I melt in my heart for him and suffer.  
He doesn’t even care whether I’m alive or not.  
He carried Govardhana mountain.  
If I see that mischievous one who stole my heart,  
I will take my useless breasts and throw them on his chest.  
Perhaps that will make my fire-like anger cool.

635. If I cannot serve Govindan in this birth,  
making my breasts happy,  
what is the use of doing tapas in the future?  
If he embraces me with his chest it would be good,  
and if he looks at me and tells me the truth to my face,  
“I don’t want you!” and says goodbye,  
it would be very good.  
If he doesn’t want me what is the use of waiting  
without knowing what he wants?  
Isn’t it better if he tells me the truth?

636. The chief of Villiputhur, Vishṇuchithan Kodai,  
composed poems about how the thalaivi  
whose eyebrows conquer the beauty of bows  
loved the dear god, the bright light of the cowherd village  
who gave her such pangs of love.  
Those who learn these poems and worship him  
will not suffer in the ocean of sorrow.

Seeing Kaṇṇan in Brindavan.

When some devotees ask others whether they have seen Kaṇṇan, they answer that  
they have seen him in Brindavan.

637. “Playing like a young calf,  
he makes the cows crazy  
as he goes behind his brother Baladevan.  
Did you see that dark bull-like one?”  
“We saw him grazing the cows and giving them water.  
He loves them and plays with them in Brindavan.”

638. “Did you see Govardhanan  
who steals butter, eats it and smells of ghee?  
He left me and went to the cowherd village.”  
“We saw the dark one who is adorned with garlands made of forest flowers.  
He looked like the clouds shining with lightning  
in Brindavan as he played there.”

639. “Did you see Nambi Maal who was born as a child?  
He bewitched all the young girls,  
telling unbelievable lies.  
Did you see him coming here?”

“We saw him flying on Garuḍa  
protected by it from the heat in Brindavan.”

640. “Did you see the god who attracted me  
with his dark beautiful lotus eyes,  
tied me with his love, pulled me and played with me?”  
“We saw him who is like a baby elephant  
that is covered with a cloth decorated with pearls.  
We saw him sweating and playing in Brindavan.”

641. “Did you see Madhavan, my god, my jewel,  
who is like a pig that has been caught in a net and escaped?  
Has no one seen him?  
Doesn’t he want to show himself to anyone?”  
“We saw him who is like a dark baby cloud  
decorated with golden clothes  
when he came on the street in Brindavan.”

642. “Did you see the naughty one  
who has beautiful eyebrows that bend like the Sarngam bow?  
He doesn’t have any compassion for the young girls  
who love him and is always bothering them.  
He doesn’t know how to get along with others.”  
“We saw him who has a dark body and a fair face.  
He looked like the bright sun rising from behind a hill.  
We saw him in Brindavan.”

643. “Did you see him who is like a beautiful dark cloud?  
Is his mind as dark as his body?  
He makes many promises to girls but doesn’t keep them.  
Doesn’t he have any compassion?”  
“We saw him who is bright as the sky filled with stars  
when he came with a big crowd in Brindavan.”

644. “Did you see generous Thirumaal,  
our god who carries a white conch and a discus  
and wears golden clothes?”  
“We saw him who has lovely fragrant hair  
falling on his large arms  
as he was playing in Brindavan.”

645. “He created Brahma on a beautiful lotus  
growing from his navel  
so that Brahma could create the whole world.  
Did you see the faultless lord who created this world  
and plays in it?”  
“We saw the lord returning from fighting and conquering  
the Rakshasa Thenugan and the elephant Kuvalayabeedam  
in the forest.  
We saw him in Brindavan”

646. Vishṇuchithan Kodai composed poems  
about how the people who saw the the highest lord  
said that in Brindavan they saw him  
who gave his grace to Gajendra the elephant  
and saved him from the crocodile.  
They who keep in their minds these poems as a cure  
will live under the divine feet of the lord  
without leaving him.

Kulasekharazhvar. Perumaal Thirumozhi.  
Praising the god and his devotees

When will I see my god?

647. When will the day come when my two eyes see  
the dark god shining like a komalam jewel  
who sleeps on the beautiful white shining bed  
of Adishesha, the king of snakes  
whose thousand shining foreheads  
remove the darkness with their bright diamonds,  
as the god's feet are washed  
by the clear water of the Ponni river flowing  
in the great Thirupadi of Srirangam.  
When will my two eyes see the god and feel happy?

648. When will the day come  
that I can praise wholeheartedly our god, Maayon,  
decorated with fragrant garlands  
and dark as a kayam flower.  
He stays in my mind like a pillar  
and sleeps on the water in Srirangam  
on the fiery snake that has a curving body  
and a thousand heads that spit fire  
and that looks like a canopy made of fresh flowers.

649. When will the day come  
when I can place flowers under his feet  
and approach the god with his devotees  
where the good Nanmuhan who has four faces  
and eight beautiful eyes praises the god  
with his four tongues  
as our dear lord shining like pure gold  
keeps him on a lovely lotus on his navel  
while he sleeps on the beautiful snake bed in Srirangam.

650. When will the day come when I fold my hands  
and worship the king who has the color of the ocean  
and sprinkle pure fresh flowers with my hands  
to Maal who split open the mouth of the bird,  
the bull among the cowherds

who carried Govardhana mountain to save the cows?  
He is the king of the gods in the sky.  
He is sweet Tamil poetry, he is Sanskrit.  
He sleeps on a snake bed in Srirangam  
where the sages who are without attachment  
praise him with their tongues.

651. When will the day come  
when I worship, bowing my head,  
and see the dear sapphire-colored god  
decorated with garlands  
who sleeps on the snake bed in Srirangam  
that is rich and filled with palaces and beautiful porches,  
where Narada and the rishi Thumburu praise the god,  
playing sweet matchless music on their yaazhs  
and Nanmuhan, decorated with beautiful flowers,  
worships him constantly with the incomparable ancient Vedas.

652. When will the day come when I worship  
melting in my heart and see the divine face  
bright as the moon and the lotus eyes of the god  
who sleeps on the snake bed in beautiful Srirangam  
surrounded by groves blooming with fragrant flowers,  
where Nanmuhan who stays on a beautiful lotus,  
Shiva, Indira and all other gods, Apsarases  
and wise sages join together and sprinkle flowers  
in all the directions to worship the god.

653. When will the day come  
when my eyes, filled with tears,  
see the dark-colored Maayon who sleeps on the snake bed  
in beautiful Srirangam on the Kaveri river?  
He changes the evil hearts of people to good,  
helps them control their five senses  
and relieves them from the burden of their troubles and sickness  
and makes them his devotees  
so they can follow the ways of dharma in their minds.

654. When will the day come  
when I, who have done bad karma,  
can see and join happily the god

who sleeps on the snake bed in Srirangam  
surrounded by groves and flourishing fields  
where fish frolic?

When will the day come when I can join him,  
protected by his long bent bow, his conch, his discus  
that destroys enemies, his cruel shining sword,  
his vehicle Garuḍa who flies in the sky?

655. When will the day come  
when I worship, jumping and rolling on the ground,  
and see the dear god who carries a discus  
and sleeps on the snake bed in Srirangam  
where devotees, joined together as a group  
who love the god in their minds,  
sing devotional songs,  
shed tears like rain, praise him happily  
and where the beating of beautiful drums  
is like the sound of the ocean.

656. When will the day come  
when I see the group of happy devotees  
and join them and am joyful  
in the divine temple of beautiful Srirangam  
where Maal sleeps facing south,  
giving his grace so that the wide sky pours rain,  
the gods in the heavens survive,  
the earth flourishes,  
the people of the world survive,  
the sorrow of people disappears,  
good health increases in the world  
and his devotees survive.

657. The dear god sleeps on the snake bed  
in Srirangam on Ponni river.  
Kulasekaran, the king with a strong army  
who carries a victorious shining sword  
and sits under a royal umbrella,  
composed ten Tamil poems praising the lord of Srirangam.  
Those who have learned these poems well and recite them  
will stay under the feet of Naraṇan  
who showers goodness to all.



Praise of the Devotees

658. If I am able to see and join  
the happy group of true devotees  
who call, sing and dance, enthralled  
and think only of Rangan of south Srirangam  
who is as sweet as honey, hard to find,  
decorated with garlands that never wither,  
and who has the goddess of wealth seated on his chest,  
that will be the purpose of this birth.

659. If I can see and join the devotees  
who praise the god saying,  
“O Ranga, you embrace Lakshmi  
who sits on a lotus with blooming buds.  
You cut down the tall mango tree with your shining sword  
and you grazed the cows,”  
and if I can think only of him and call him,  
dance, sing and worship the dust on his devotees’ feet,  
why should I desire to bathe in the Ganges?

660. The devotees sing and praise the god, saying,  
“You conquered the bulls.  
Taking the form of a boar you split the earth.  
As Rama you conquered your enemy Ravanaṇ.  
You came in the form of a dwarf and measured the earth.”  
When I see your devotees as they make the front yard  
of the god Rangan’s temple wet with their tears  
that are like the flow of abundant water of the rich Ponni river,  
I will put on my head the good dust  
that is beneath their divine feet.

661. My heart praises and worships the divine feet  
of the devotees who call, worship, melt  
and praise the god, saying,  
“Naraṇa, you are our dear god.  
You were not afraid that Yashoda might punish you  
when she saw you stealing and eating the butter,  
good yogurt and milk.  
You stood there bravely and tapped your arms in front of her.”

662. He has the color of a dark cloud  
and carries a heroic bow.  
He killed seven evil bulls, breaking their horns,  
and he danced on the snake Kalingan.  
My mind trembles  
when I think of the devotees  
whose bodies shake when they worship the god Rangan  
who stays in southern Srirangam  
surrounded by strong shining stone walls.

663. In all my births, my heart worships and praises  
those devotees who love and serve the god Rangan  
and wander everywhere to show  
the faultless good path to sinners  
who do not have devotion  
and do not worship the divine feet of Maal  
who has no beginning or end,  
the wonderful one, the dear god of the gods.

664. My heart loves and praises  
the feet of the devotees  
who love the god Maal and shed tears,  
melting in their hearts as they worship him  
who is a bright wonderful light, Rangan,  
the god of Srirangam, who has a red mouth,  
teeth that shine like pearls, a body dark as a cloud,  
and a chest decorated with garlands.

665. The god has lovely flower-like eyes  
and his divine mountain-like chest  
wears a fragrant Thulasi garland  
swarming with bees and dripping with honey  
as he sleeps on the milky ocean.  
My heart falls in love with those devotees,  
who are fascinated by him  
and wander, sing, dance and worship Rangan, our dear god.

666. The devotees of Rangan, my lord and father,  
as they shed tears of joy,  
tremble, long for him in their hearts  
worship, dance and sing.

They seem mad but they are not.  
It is they who do not worship, dance, sing  
and praise the god who are truly mad.

667. Kulasekharan, the king of Uraiyur,  
the lord of Kuḍal Nagar and the protector of Kolli hills  
composed sweet Tamil poems on the god Rangan,  
the beloved of Lakshmi who stays on a lotus.  
He abides in the minds of his true devotees  
who think only of him and serve him as slaves.  
Those who learn and recite these poems  
will become the devotees of his devotees.

The love of the Azhvar for Rangan

668. I do not want to join the people of this world  
who all think that this false life on earth is true.  
I call you, "O dear father, Ranga!"  
and suffer falling in love with my god Maal.

669. I do not join the people in the world  
who love women with beautiful waists as thin as threads.  
I called you, saying, "O Ranga, you sleep on the banyan leaf,  
I am calling you, my god!"  
My love increases for the god Maal  
and I suffer with love for him.

670. I do not join the people who fall in love  
when cupid sends his mischievous arrows  
from his beautiful bow.  
My god Rangan is adorned with garlands on his chest.  
He is my good god Naraṇan and he sleeps on Adishesha.  
He saves his devotees from falling into hell.  
I am crazy for him.

671. I do not join the people of this world  
who desire food and clothes and search for them.  
See, I am crazy for the god of the world, Rangan,  
who drank milk from the breasts of the cruel devil Puthana.

672. I do not join those who do evil things  
when there are good things to do.  
I am crazy for the ancient god, the cowherd, Rangan,  
the beloved husband of innocent Lakshmi  
who stays on a beautiful lotus.

673. I will not join those  
who are not the devotees of my highest god.  
I do not think the life of any other god in the sky is best.  
For all my seven births I want to be a crazy devotee  
of my dear god in divine Srirangam, the god of gods.

674. I shun the thought of joining anyone  
in my mind who is not your devotee.  
I call you, "O god Maal, you have beautiful eyes,  
you are my Rangan, you are my lord!"  
and I become crazy for you, my dear god.

675. Everyone in the world looks crazy to me.  
and I am also crazy.  
I tell this to all and call you,  
"O cowherd, Ranga!"  
and I become crazy for you, my dear god.

676. The king of Kongu country Kulasekharar  
who thinks only of the feet  
of the god who sleeps on the ocean  
composed poems about the devotees  
who are crazy for the god.  
Those who recite the words of Kulasekaran  
will have no troubles in their lives.

The Azhvar wishes to become a bird, fish, plant, flower, bee, path, river, doorstep  
or anything on the Thiruvēnkaṭam hills.

677. I do not want this body that is a bundle of flesh.  
I want to be born as a kurugu bird that lives  
on the branches of the trees in Thiruvēnkaṭam  
of the god who carries a conch in his left hand  
and who conquered seven strong bulls.  
I want only to be his slave.

678. I do not want endless wealth or status,  
I don't want to be surrounded by heavenly women  
or have the joy of ruling the sky  
and a kingdom on the earth.  
I want to be born as a fish in a spring  
in Thiruvēkaṭam filled with groves  
flourishing with flowers dripping with honey.

679. Shiva who has a jaṭa, Nanmuhan and Indra  
could not enter the divine entrance of Vaikuṇṭam  
even when they approached it,  
but I will enter holding the golden plate  
that the king of Thiruvēkaṭam ate from  
who carries a shining round discus.

680. Maayon sleeps on the cool milky ocean  
where fertile coral-creepers float.  
I would have the good fortune of blooming  
as a shēnbaga flower in Thiruvēkaṭam hills  
where a swarm of bees sings and praises the god.  
I will see the feet of Maayon, decorated with anklets,  
who stays in the Thiruvēkaṭam hills.

681. I do not want to sit  
on the neck of a rutting elephant that frightens everyone  
and know the joy of riding it.  
I want to have the good fortune  
of standing as a pole in the beautiful Venkaṭam hills  
of our dear god.

682. I do not want to enjoy  
the dance and songs of heavenly women  
like Urvasi and Menaka whose waists are thin as lightning.  
I want to have the good fortune of being a golden peak  
in the Thiruvēkaṭam hills  
where bees swarm and sing “tenna, tenna.”

683. I do not want the luxury of sitting  
under a white royal umbrella  
bright as the moon that rules the sky.  
I want to be a forest river that flows

from the Thiruvēkaṭam hills surrounded with groves  
blooming with flowers that drip honey.

684. I want to be a path on the Thiruvēkaṭam hills  
surrounded by cool fragrant groves,  
where the god stays who is the meaning of the Vedas  
and who helped Nanmuhan, Indra  
and Shiva who wears crescent moon in his Jāṭa  
when they performed sacrifices.

685. O, Thirumaal, you take away the bad karma of all.  
You are highest god! You stay in the Thiruvēkaṭam hills.  
Devotees, gods and Apsarases  
stand at the entrance of your temple to see you.  
I will become a step at the threshold of your temple  
and I will see your coral mouth.

686. Even if I were to become the king  
of the world of the gods,  
rule it beneath a sole umbrella  
and enjoy the waist of Urvasi,  
decorated with beautiful golden ornaments,  
I would not want it.  
I want to become anything on the golden hills  
of Thiruvēkaṭam of my god.

687. Kulasekharan who carries a sharp spear  
that kills enemies worshipped the god  
and wished to see the golden shining feet of him  
who stays in the Thiruvēkaṭam hills  
whose slopes are cool and lovely.  
He composed poems praising the god.  
The Tamil scholars who learn well the poems of Kulasekaran  
will become good devotees of the god.

Praising the God of Vitruvakkōṭṭam

688. You are the beloved god of Vitruvakkōṭṭam  
surrounded with fragrant blooming groves.  
Do not give me troubles,  
I have no refuge but you.

I am like a crying child who thinks of the love  
of the mother who gave birth to it  
even if she goes away when she is angry.

689. A girl of a good family does not know anyone  
except the husband who married her  
even if he treats her so badly  
that those who see him hate him.  
I am like her.  
You are my father.  
You are the god of Vitruvakkottam  
surrounded by forts that touch the sky.  
Even if you are like a husband and possess me,  
I will praise only your feet decorated with sounding anklets.

690. You are my father  
You are the god of Vitruvakkottam  
surrounded by fertile fields where fish swim.  
Even if you do not look at me,  
I have no refuge except you.  
I am like those who live depending on the rule  
of a king decorated with garlands  
even if, unconcerned, he causes them much pain.

691. You are my father.  
You are the god of Vitruvakkottam.  
A patient loves and does not leave a doctor  
even when he cuts him with a knife and burns him.  
I am like that patient even if you cause me pain  
that I must bear. I am enthralled by you.  
I am your slave and look only for your grace  
and think you are my only friend.

692. You are my father.  
You are the god of Vitruvakkottam.  
You conquered the strong elephant that had cruel eyes.  
Where can I go and be saved except beneath your feet?  
I am like a huge bird that wanders  
looking for the shore of the ocean with rolling waves  
and, unable to find it, comes back  
to the mast of the ship.

693. You are my father.

You are the god of Vitruvakkottam  
where red lotuses only bloom under the hot sun  
even though the sun comes to the middle of the sky  
and burns them with its heat.  
I am like those lotuses.  
Even if you do not take away my bad karma,  
my heart only melts for your endless grace.

694. You are my father.

You are the god of Vitruvakkottam.  
Even when it has not rained for a long time,  
the green crops look at the huge dark clouds  
floating in the sky hoping it will rain.  
I am like them. I am your slave.  
Even if my troubles will not go away,  
my heart will look only for you.

695. You are my father.

You are the god of Vitruvakkottam!  
Even if all the rivers come together  
spread and flood everywhere,  
they cannot stay where they are but must join the ocean.  
You are the ocean I wish to join like those rivers.  
You are a virtuous god!  
You have the color of a dark shining cloud!  
See, I have no way to find refuge  
except to come to you with your grace.

696. You are my father.

You are the god of Vitruvakkottam.  
You carry a shining discus bright as lightning.  
I am someone who wants only you.  
I think of you only as my wealth  
and want no other other riches.  
I am your slave. I want only you.

697 Kulasekharan who carries a victorious spear  
loved the god and composed ten good Tamil poems  
praising Maal and saying, "You are my father.



You are the god of Vitruvakkottam.  
Even if you do not give me your grace  
I have no other refuge than your feet.”  
Those who learn and recite the ten excellent Tamil poems  
that Kulasekharan composed will not go to hell.

The love of a cowherd girl for Kaṇṇan

698. Many of the cowherd women in this town  
decorated with fresh flowers  
say they don't desire to embrace your chest  
because you lied to them.  
I am standing on a sand dune  
on the bank of the Jamuna river,  
shaking in the cold that comes after a strong rain.  
O Vasudeva, I am waiting for you to come.

699. You saw a lovely girl with beautiful fish-like eyes  
churning yogurt in her home near you  
and you entered her house like a thief and said,  
“I will also churn yogurt.”  
When the girl whose long beautiful hair  
was decorated with flowers that swarmed with bees  
saw you, her bright face sweated and her red mouth quivered.  
O Damodara, I know truly how you churn the yogurt!

700. You looked at one girl  
whose dark hair was decorated with flowers,  
you approached another girl and your heart fell for her,  
you told another girl about her,  
you told lies to another innocent girl,  
and you embraced a young girl who has curly hair,  
but you are not true to any of them.  
You are the god who destroyed the wrestlers  
who came in the form of marudu trees.  
As you grow, your magic grows with you.

701. Even though there is nectar-like milk  
in your mother's breast, you crawled  
and toddled to the devil Puthana,  
put your mouth to her breasts

and drank her poisonous milk.  
Those who saw you called you crazy.  
I am here and I love you,  
but you joined with the girl  
I sent as a messenger and enjoyed her.  
Is that also one of your naughty deeds?

702. I saw you decorated with golden silk clothes  
as you went on the street in the dark night  
with another girl with a thin lightning-like waist.  
I stood there and saw how you looked at her  
as she looked at you,  
but you were also gesturing with your hands  
to call another girl who saw you.  
Why did you return leaving them all?  
Dear one, go back to them now.

703. O Vasudeva, you have strong heroic arms.  
Did I do something to get bad karma?  
When I went to sleep in the middle of the night,  
you left me on the bed alone,  
and not only that night, O my dear one,  
but other nights also.  
And after you embraced young girls,  
you came back to me.  
Why did you come back and leave them?  
O dear one, get up and go to them.

704. You sleep on the snake bed of Adishesha.  
We are not like the ones you knew before,  
not like those you loved  
who have beautiful eyes decorated with kohl.  
Stop coming to our village and staying here.  
It is enough that we fell for you,  
looking at your beautiful garment, divine face,  
fruit-like red lips and listening to the music of your flute.  
If we hear your lies for one day, that is enough.  
Stop saying your cheating words to attract us.  
O young one, please go away.

705. You asked me to come here  
but you went to the pandal blooming  
with clusters of jasmine and loved her.  
When you saw me, you muttered  
as if your heart was melting for me.  
Even though you brought a golden dress for me  
and lied that you love me before you went away,  
when you come to see me again  
I will still care for you,  
and if I see you my anger may go away.

706. Your chest is decorated  
with lovely, auspicious flower garlands  
and you wear peacock feathers in your hair.  
Your bright clothes are beautiful  
and your ears are adorned with a bunch of flowers.  
You played sweet music on the flute for the girls,  
whose hair is decorated with fragrant kongu flowers  
and flirted with them.  
Would you come and play music  
on your flute one day to enthral us?

707. Kulasekharar the chief of Kolli hills  
composed ten sweet Tamil poems  
describing how the young cowherd girls  
fell in love with the beloved of beautiful goddess Lakshmi  
who stays on a lotus flower  
and how they expressed their wish  
to fight with him lovingly in the night.  
Those who recite with music these sweet ten Tamil poems  
of Kulasekaran will have no troubles in life.

Devaki's lullaby and worry

708. You are as sweet as the sugarcane juice  
that comes from a sugarcane press, thaalo.  
Your big eyes are lovely as lotuses in the water, thaalo.  
Your color is like the water of the ocean, thaalo.  
You are the king who killed the elephant Kuvalayabeedam, thaalo.  
You are my son who has handsome fragrant hair, thaalo.  
I am more unlucky than all other mothers

because I don't have the good fortune  
of singing a lullaby and saying "thaalo, thaalo" for you.

709. Your beautiful lotus eyes are decorated with kohl.  
You look up and see the decorations on the cradle.  
You look like a baby cloud.  
As you bend your legs and put your fingers in your mouth,  
you look like an elephant bending its trunk and sleeping.  
O Kesava, I don't have the good fortune  
of seeing these things when you are a baby.

710. Mothers who come from good families  
keep their children on their laps and say,  
"You are my dear one,  
you are the bright light of our family,  
you are like a bull that has the color of a cloud."  
When someone asked you, "Who is your father?"  
you looked at Nandagopan out of the corner of your eyes  
and pointed at him with your beautiful fingers.  
Vasudevan, our chief, does not have the good fortune  
of being your father.

711. O Kaṇṇa! Your face is like a shining full moon.  
Your hands, chest and arms are strong.  
Your dark hair is decorated with fresh flowers.  
Your forehead is like the crescent moon.  
Your eyes are like lotuses blooming in a pond.  
I do not have the fortune of seeing  
you with my eyes when you are a baby  
even though I think of myself as your mother.  
I am unlucky and I don't have the pleasure  
of raising my child, yet still I am alive.

712. You kissed your father Nandagopan  
and your mother Yashoda with your beautiful lips  
as the chuṭṭi ornament on your beautiful forehead swung around.  
You put your sweet fingers into your lovely mouth  
and prattled innocently.  
When your father saw you like that  
his heart was filled with joy,  
but I did not have the good fortune of seeing those things

or listening to your baby talk.  
Only the divine Yashoda has known that joy.

713. O Kaṇṇa! You have cool lotus eyes.  
You crawled and toddled in the cowherd village.  
You played in the red sand.  
I don't have the good fortune of embracing you  
and covering my chest with the red sand you played with.  
When you eat your food you scatter it all over.  
I never had the good fortune of eating  
what was left over on your plate.  
Surely, my karma is bad.  
What is the use of my mother gave birth to me?

714. O sweet one! You are my lovely child.  
O Govinda! Babies hold on to one of their mothers' breasts  
with their young beautiful hands  
that are as tender as shoots and drink milk.  
They look at their mother's face and smile at them.  
I don't have the fortune of feeding you milk like that.

715. You took butter with your small lotus-bud-like hands  
and ate it.  
When Yashoda brought a rope  
you were afraid she was going to hit you.  
Your beautiful mouth smeared with yogurt,  
you looked at Yashoda with fear and cried.  
Your small red mouth trembled.  
You folded your hands and worshipped her  
and when she saw this, she found endless joy.

716. You stopped the rain with Govardhana mountain  
and protected the cows.  
You danced the beautiful kuravai dance and the pot dance.  
You carried the Rakshasas who came in the form of calves,  
threw them at the vilam fruit tree and killed them.  
You danced on the head of Kalingan the snake.  
I never saw how you played like this as a child.  
My heart never felt the joy of seeing these things.  
Give me your grace that I may see you play like that  
if you can do it again.

717. When you drank milk from the breasts of Puthana,  
the evil-hearted one, her body became withered,  
blood flowed out and her nerves were broken.  
You survived even though you drank her poisonous milk  
and gave your grace to all.  
You took the life of Kamsan,  
my father, you are like a dark cloud.  
My breasts are a burden to me and I cannot use them.  
I think I will see you one day  
and that is the only thing I am living for.  
You have a good mother, Yashoda.

718. Kulasekharan the king of Kolli  
who bowed down with his head and worshipped the god  
wrote a garland of ten Tamil poems  
describing how Devaki was sad not to have the fortune  
of seeing her son grow up  
who fought with Kamsan the king of Madura and killed him.  
Those who learn and recite these fine musical Tamil poems  
will be with Naraṇan soon.

The story of Rama in lullaby

719. You were born from the beautiful womb of Kausalai  
who is praised by the whole world.  
You made the crown of the king of Lanka fall.  
You are the dark jewel who stays in Kaṇṇapuram  
surrounded by new walls studded with pure gold.  
You are my sweet nectar!  
O Raghava, thaalelo. thaalelo.

720. You created Nanmuhan on your navel  
and make him create all the worlds.  
You shot the arrow that split the chest  
of strong Thaḍagai and killed her.  
You are the dark jewel of Kaṇṇapuram  
who attracts the minds of all who see you.  
You rule the lands in all the eight directions.  
O Raghava, thaalelo. thaalelo.

721. You are the best son of the dynasty  
of Kosalai whose dark hair is decorated with kongu blossoms.  
You are the beautiful son-in-law of the king Janakan  
whose fame remains forever.  
You are the son of Dasharatha.  
You are the dark jewel of Kaṇṇapuram  
where pure water flows like the Ganges.  
You are the sweet nectar of our family.  
O Raghava, thaalelo, thaalelo.

722. You created Nanmuhan on the lotus.  
You are the wonderful son of Dasharathan.  
You are the husband of Mythili.  
You are the dark jewel of Thirukkannapuram  
where bees sing in the groves.  
You carry the best of bows that shoots heroic arrows.  
O Raghava, thaalelo, thaalelo.

723. You gave your kingdom to your brother Bharathan.  
You went to the thick forest  
with your younger brother Lakshmana who loved you so.  
Your handsome chest is strong as a mountain.  
You are the king of Thirukkannapuram.  
You wear the precious crown that rules the world.  
You are the son of Dasharatha, thaalelo.

724. You went to the terrible forest  
and all your relatives followed you.  
You are the wonderful god of the sages  
who have left the desires of worldly life.  
You are the king of Ayodhya.  
You are the dark jewel of Kaṇṇapuram  
where learned men live.  
You obeyed the words of your step-mother.  
O auspicious Rama, thaalelo, thaalelo.

725. You are the baby that floated on a banyan leaf.  
You swallowed the earth.  
You killed Vali and gave the kingdom  
to his younger brother Sugrivan.  
You are the dark jewel of Kaṇṇapuram

where the wind makes the waves bring jewels  
to the banks of rivers.  
You are the king of Thiruvaali.  
You are the king of Ayodhya, thaalelo.

726. You made the monkeys build a dam on the ocean.  
You destroyed Lanka surrounded by walls.  
You churned the wavy milky ocean  
and gave nectar to the gods.  
You are the dark jewel of Kaṇṇapuram  
where the best poets and artists live.  
You are the best of archers.  
You are the servant of your devotees,  
O Srirama, thaalelo, thaalelo.

727. You are the son of Dasharathan  
whose hair is tied with fragrant flowers.  
You bent your bow and destroyed Lanka  
surrounded by walls.  
You are the dark jewel of Kaṇṇapuram  
where beautiful kazuneer flowers bloom on all sides.  
You are compassionate and give your grace  
to young ones, thaalelo, thaalelo.

728. You have created the gods,  
Asurans and all the directions.  
You sleep in Srirangam  
where all come and worship your feet.  
You are the dark jewel of Kaṇṇapuram  
where the fertile Kaveri river flows.  
You are the best of archers  
and your bow shoots mighty arrows.  
O Raghava, thaalelo.

729. Kulasekharan the strong king  
who sits under a royal umbrella and carries a murderous spear  
composed these ten poems, a garland of Tamil lullabies  
describing the god of the Kakutstha dynasty who stays in Kaṇṇapuram  
surrounded by good strong new walls.  
Those who learn and recite these ten poems  
will become the dear devotees of the god.



The story of Rama—Dasharathan's worry

730. You were going to become king  
as the people of this flourishing country  
bowed to your strong feet and worshipped you.  
When you were about to sit on the throne,  
O Rama, your step-mother said,  
“Go and stay for a long time in the large forest.”  
I listened to the words of Kaikeyi, your mother,  
and I asked you to go to the forest.  
O my dear son, that is what I did to you!

731. You listened to my cruel words and left quickly,  
leaving this great kingdom  
with its victorious elephants, chariots and horses  
and went to the forest.  
Your lovely wife, decorated with ornaments,  
her long eyes like spears smeared with oil,  
and your younger brother Lakshmana followed you.  
How could you walk in that cruel forest?  
O our Rama! You are my dear lord.  
What can I do?

732. You are the son of the family of Kausalai  
who has long red-lined eyes that are like murderous spears.  
Your mountain-like arms can fight anyone.  
You know how to melt my heart.  
You slept on a soft bed in the palace.  
Now how are you going to sleep  
under the shadow of a tree in the large forest?  
When did you learn to sleep on a stone bed?  
You come from the dynasty of Kahustha.  
You are a dark god, O king.

733. Come here and then go back to the forest.  
Come and see me one more time and then you can go.  
To marry your wife Sita  
who has lovely hair decorated with flowers  
and beautiful bamboo-like arms  
you broke the bow of Shiva who rides the bull.  
Now you are going to the wide forest

and you make my heart suffer.  
Surely I must have done bad karma.  
O son! You are leaving,  
yet my heart does not split in two.

734. Your soft feet will hurt  
when you walk on the gravel stones  
as sharp as the points of the spears enemies hold.  
Your feet may bleed.  
Willingly you are going to the forest  
where no one wishes to go.  
The sun will be hot and hunger may give you cruel pain.  
You are the son of me who am a sinner.  
O son! You are going now  
because I listened to the evil daughter of king Kaikeyan.  
Surely I must have done bad karma.  
What can I do to stop you?

735. From now on I will not hear anyone calling me “amma” with love.  
No more will I feel the tight embrace  
of his ornamented chest on my chest.  
I cannot kiss him on his forehead.  
I will not be able to see his majestic walk  
that is like the stride of an elephant.  
I will not be able to see his lotus face anymore.  
I have lost my dear one, my son.  
Surely I have done terrible deeds,  
yet I am still alive.

736. His hair was decorated with fragrant flowers  
but now it is matted into jaṭa.  
He wore soft beautiful garments on his waist  
but now he wears orange clothes like a renunciant.  
He does not wear any ornaments.  
Is it right that my son with such handsome arms  
should go to the forest instead of me?  
O, Sumanthra! O sage Vashiṣṭa!  
You are learned men of the Vedas.  
Tell me!

737. O Kaikeyi, you have sent to the forest  
my divine son who is as precious as gold,  
his brother Lakshmaṇa and my daughter-in-law  
whose nature is gentle, whose waist is thin as lightning  
and whose speech is as sweet as a puvai bird's.  
People will blame your own son Bharatha  
for what you have done,  
and you are going to make me go to heaven in the sky.  
What are you going to get from all this?  
O Kaikeyi, How could you live happily in this huge world!

738. You broke the bow of Parasurama  
who carries the mazhu weapon  
and destroyed his great tapas.  
Without thinking how I will suffer  
and without thinking how your mother will suffer,  
you just listened to my words  
and my promise to your step-mother  
and left for the forest.  
You are my dear one.  
I wish that you could be born as my son  
for the next seven births.  
May I have that fortune,  
O king with long, strong arms.

739. I will leave Kausalai whose hair is decorated  
with beautiful flowers dripping with honey  
and Sumithra to suffer.  
I have listened to the cruel words of the evil Kaikeyi  
who followed the advice of Kuni.  
You are going to the forest, leaving this rich palace happily,  
and I will leave this place  
and go to the gods' world happily,  
O king of the dynasty of Manu.

740. Dasharatha, decorated with garlands,  
his arms strong as mountains, suffered when his son,  
the beautiful dark Neḍumaal, went to the forest.  
Kulasekharan, the king of Kozhiyur  
who carries a sharp spear and rules under a royal umbrella  
composed ten Tamil poems

that describe the suffering of Dasharatha.  
Those who learn these Tamil poems  
will avoid the bad paths of life.

### Praising Rama

741. He is the light that illuminates the whole world  
and he stays in beautiful Ayodhya surrounded by high walls.  
He was born in dynasty of the sun  
and he sheds his light on that royal line.  
Heroically, he conquered the whole sky.  
He is Rama, tall, with beautiful eyes,  
whose color is that of a dark cloud.  
He stays in Thiruchithrakuḍam in Thillai.  
He is our dear king, our god.  
When will the day come  
when I see him joyfully with my eyes?

742. He saved the sacrifice of the rishi Vishwamithra  
who knew all the mantras and the Vedas.  
He shot a strong arrow and split the chest of Thadagai  
who came to fight him, making her blood flow out.  
He killed all the strong Rakshasas.  
See him. He stays in the Thiruchithrakuḍam in Thillai,  
surrounded with cool flourishing groves  
blooming with flowers with green tender leaves.  
He is the dear god  
who is seated on a throne studded with diamonds  
as three thousand Brahmins praise him.

743. To marry Sita whose long dark lovely eyes are lined with red,  
the heroic Rama broke the bow of Shiva  
who rides an angry bull and carries a mazhu weapon.  
He conquered kings who carried sharp spears.  
He stays in divine Chithrakuḍam in Thillai  
surrounded by tall walls.  
I worship the feet of those who worship the feet of Rama  
who carries a cruel bow in his hands  
that conquers his strong enemies.

744. Rama left his kingdom, obeying the words of Kaikeyi  
whose curly hair was decorated with bunches of fresh flowers.  
With the help of Guhan, his dear devotee, he crossed the Ganges.  
When he was in the forest, he gave his sandals  
and his kingdom to Bharathan who came to see him.  
He stays in beautiful Chithrakuḍam in Thillai.  
Those who see him happily with their two eyes,  
will be equal to the gods in the sky.

745. Rama killed the Rakshasa Virāḍan  
who had strong mountain-like arms.  
He received his bow from the great sage Agasthya  
who created rich Tamil.  
He cut off the nose of the beautiful Rakshasi Surpanakha.  
He took the lives of Karan and Dushanan.  
He bent his bow and shot arrows to kill the deer Marisan.  
He stays in Chithrakuḍam in Thillai  
and this earth is fortunate that devotees wander there  
bowing their heads and worshipping him.

746. Rama was separated from Vaidehi, his lovely wife.  
He was sad and sent Jatayu to Vaikuṅṭam when Ravaṇa killed him.  
He became friends with the king of monkeys Sugrivan,  
killed Vali in the Kishkinda forest  
and relieved the suffering of Sugrivan.  
He made Hanuman burn Lanka  
ruled by Ravaṇa, the king of the Rakshasas,  
so that Hanuman's anger would abate.  
I worship the feet of the devotees who praise Rama,  
the dear god who stays happily in Thiruchithrakuḍam in Thillai.

747. Rama shot his arrows to calm the stormy ocean.  
He made a bridge with the help of the monkeys  
and reached Lanka on the other side of the sea.  
He killed the Rakshasas who carried strong long spears,  
took the life of Ravaṇa the king of Lanka  
and gave the kingdom to Ravaṇa's brother Vibhishana.  
Returning to Ayodhya with his wife  
who was lovely as Lakshmi, he was seated on his throne.  
I will not consider anyone my king  
except Rama who stays in Thiruchithrakuḍam in Thillai.

748. Rama reached Ayodhya filled with gold  
and beautiful diamond-studded palaces.  
He heard his own story  
from the mouths, red as coral, of his two sons  
who were born to Sita, the princess of Mithila, to save the world.  
If we hear and drink in the story of Rama  
who stays in Thiruchithrakudam in Thillai  
we have no need of sweet nectar.

749. Rama killed Shampukan  
and saved the son of the good Vedic Brahmin  
and he wears a jewel-studded ornament  
for that heroic deed that Agastya gave him.  
His brother Lakshmana killed the Rakshasa Ilavanan  
and Rama granted him moksha.  
He was separated from his brother Lakshmana  
by the curse of the sage Durvasa.  
If our hearts never forget the god  
who stays in Thiruchithrakudam in Thillai,  
we will not have any trouble in our lives.

750. By his grace all people  
and creatures in the world go to Vaikuṇṭam.  
He fought with the strong Asuras and conquered them.  
When the dear god who is decorated with garlands  
returned from the forest, the gods in the sky welcomed him.  
He stays always in Thiruchithrakudam in Thillai.  
O devotees of Rama, praise him saying, "avan ivan!"  
and worship him always.

751. Kulasekharan, the king of Uṛaiyur,  
who rules under a royal umbrella  
and carries a victorious shining sword  
composed a garland of ten Tamil poems  
describing Rama, the son of Dasharatha,  
who has endless fame and who is with Hanuman always.  
They who know and recite these ten sweet good Tamil poems of Kulasekaran  
will approach the feet of Naraṇan who shines with goodness.

Thirumazhisai Azhvar. Thiruchanda Virutham

Who is God? What is God? What is the nature of God?

752. You are five things—taste, light, touch, sound and smell in earth.  
You are four things—taste, light, feeling of touch, and sound in water.  
You are three things—taste, light and heat in fire.  
You are two things—the touch and the sound of the wind.  
You are the unique ancient one.  
You are many things on the earth.  
You are the dark-colored one.  
Who has the power to know who you are?

753. You are the six actions—  
learning, teaching, performing sacrifices,  
making others perform sacrifices, giving and receiving.  
You are worshipped by the fifteen sacrifices.  
You are the beautiful two—wisdom and renunciation,  
and the three devotions, devotion for god,  
the devotion that gives knowledge to know god,  
and the highest devotion that gives moksha.  
You are the seven and six and eight.  
You are many wisdoms.  
You are the true and the false.  
You are taste, light, touch, sound and smell.  
You, Maayan, are everything on earth.  
You are Maayan, who can see you?

754. You are the chief of the twenty-four philosophies,  
the five elements water, land, fire, wind and the sky,  
the five sense organs, body, mouth, eyes, nose and ears,  
the five organs of action, mouth, legs, hands, the unclean organs,  
the five senses, taste, sight, hearing, smell and touch  
and the four organs of knowledge,  
mind, ego, knowledge, and ignorance.  
You stay in the sky.  
You are all these and more.  
O Maayan, who can see you?

755. You are the thirty-three Sanskrit sounds.  
You are the five consonants.

You are the sixteen vowels.  
You are the lord of the five special sounds in Tamil.  
You are the mantra with twelve sounds,  
“Om namo bhagavate vasudevaaya.”  
You are the three faultless lights—the sun, the moon and the stars.  
You have entered into my heart—why, O my lord?

756. You are everything on the earth.  
You are the life of all creatures.  
No one knows who you are  
but you are in everyone and everything.  
There is no limit to you.  
You are the ancient one.  
You created Nanmuhan on your navel  
who creates all creatures of the world.

757. Adishesha carries the earth and you.  
The mountains burden the earth.  
The sky carries the Ganges and the clouds.  
You contain in yourself water, fire, wind, sky and the earth.  
You protect them all and all are in you.

758. You are the three forms of the gods, Shiva, Vishnu and Nanmuhan.  
You are sleep.  
You are feelings.  
You are the two times, night and day.  
You are the oceans.  
You are the earth.  
You are the three fires.  
You are Maayan, the cowherd.  
The three-eyed Shiva praises you.

759. You are the most ancient of the ancient gods  
and you abide across the worlds.  
You know the birth of the ancient gods.  
Who can tell the time when you became the ancient one?

760. Shiva whose red jaṭa  
is decorated with kondrai garlands that sprinkle pollen  
worships your feet, following the rules of the Vedas.  
You are the pure one.



Those who know the Vedas well  
and those who recite the sacrificial spells  
worship you in the ways that the Vedas instruct.

761. Just as the white waves born in the wide ocean  
rise and go back into the ocean,  
everything that is in the world is born from you,  
stays and lives in the world by your grace  
and goes back into you. Such is your nature.

762. You are the sounds that form the words of the Vedas  
and you are the meaning of all the words in the Vedas.  
You are the light that cannot be described by words.  
You created Nanmuhan and he creates  
all the creatures of the world by your order.  
Can words even begin to describe your nature?

763. You create the world,  
you take it within you,  
and again you create the world.  
You do not remain in one place.  
The world is within you  
and you are separate from it also.  
Who knows how you are in this world?

764. No one can say just what or who you are.  
Some say that you are the beloved of Nappinnai.  
Some say you are only a cowherd  
and you play with cowherd girls.  
Who can know your name, your place,  
your birth and what form you will take in the future?  
No one can know your nature.

765. You, decorated with Thulasi garlands, are pure yoga.,  
You took the form of a turtle.  
You are the ancient god who sleeps on the deep ocean.  
We do not know what your name is,  
but we say you are the creator of the Samaveda  
and are praised by songs of the Vedas.  
You carry in your hands the Sarngam bow.

766. You are the four Vedas and the six Upanishads  
and you are their meaning.  
You sleep on the wide ocean on many-headed Adishesha.  
You are precious wealth.  
Aren't you the god who carries a white conch  
and the Sarngam bow?

767. You are the souls of the gods,  
plants, people who do good and bad karma and animals.  
Even though people do not know who you are,  
they hear of you from the Vedas and the scriptures of the sages  
and they know you in their hearts.  
Your greatness is like that of high mountains.

768. You are the unique god,  
but you are the three gods, Shiva, Vishnu and Brahma,  
and you are the four gods.  
You are the god who gives joy and goodness to all.  
You are the god who is the source of good karma.  
No one can comprehend your form.  
You are the god who sleeps on Adishesha on the wide ocean.  
How can you, the ancient god,  
come to the world in human form?

769. You sleep on the ocean  
on the snake bed of Adishesha who has a thousand mouths,  
and two thousand fiery eyes.  
He makes a roof for you and is never apart from you.  
You have the color of the ocean.  
Why do you sleep on the ocean?

770. You took the form of a swan  
and taught the Vedas to the sages.  
You split open the mouth of the Asuran  
when he came in the form of a bird.  
Why do you ride on the eagle  
even though you carry an eagle flag?  
O god, you carry a shining discus!  
Why do you love to sleep on the ocean on Adishesha,  
the snake that is an enemy of the eagle?

771. Without being shy,  
you sleep on a snake on the ocean  
and the gods come there and sing and praise you.  
O Kesava! You took the form of a turtle  
that lives in moss-covered water.  
Why did you do that and allow others to say bad things about you?  
Tell us so we can understand you.

772. You are the god of Srirangam.  
When you churned the ocean of milk  
the waves were wild, the water was stirred up,  
trees fell and the great earth shook  
as the snake Vasuki suffered.  
What did the Asuras do then?  
When you went to Lanka to fight with Ravana,  
you were happy to get the help of the monkeys.  
You are our father!  
Tell us how all that happened so we can understand you.

773. You are the past, present and future.  
You are the ancient god.  
You took the form of a child Kaṇṇan,  
swallowed all the seven worlds  
and slept on a banyan leaf.  
You are adorned with a Thulasi garland on which bees swarm.  
You embrace on your chest the goddess Lakshmi  
who stays on a lovely lotus.  
You are the highest god of the earth.

774. You took the form of a white lion  
and with your nails you split the chest  
of Hiraṇyan who had shining teeth.  
You are Padmanabhan who sleeps on the ocean of milk.  
The famous yogis recite the four Vedas  
and worship you.

775. You are the great god!  
The water of the Ganges flows from your lotus feet.  
You carry in your beautiful hands  
a discus, a conch, a club, a bow and a sword.  
O god of gods, you took the form of a man-lion.

The goddess Lakshmi, decorated with beautiful blossoms  
dripping with pollen, lives on your chest.  
O Maayan, your body has the blue color of the ocean.

776. You took the form of a man-lion,  
split open Hiranyan's chest with your nails and killed him  
who had received many boons doing hard penance.  
You came in the form of a dwarf  
and begged for land from Mahabali,  
but what kind of lie was that, since the world is yours?  
Did you hide the land in your stomach  
that you received by begging him?  
O Kaṇṇa! Who has the ability to know what you think?

777. You took the form of a man, Rama, and a woman, Mohini.  
You are what is good and what is evil.  
You are food, sound and smell.  
You are illusory and you appear to be nothing.  
You were a cowherd who looked after bulls.  
You are the false and the true.  
You went to Mahabali as a dwarf and took his land.  
You are a thief.

778. You are the light that shines crossing the sky.  
You are the bright form of wisdom.  
You are music.  
You are the god who destroys people's sins.  
You went to king Mahabali as a dwarf-sage  
and begged for his land.  
You measured the earth with one foot, grew tall  
and measured the sky with the other.  
Who will respect you for how you have acted in cheating Mahabali?

779. You created the earth.  
You went as a dwarf and measured the world.  
You swallowed the earth and spit it out.  
You created the oceans and slept on a banyan leaf.  
When the Asuras Mali and Sumali came to fight you,  
you sent them to Yama's world.  
You carry the discus in your strong hand,  
You are Maayan!

780. You are the highest god in heaven among all the other gods.  
You sleep on the ocean.  
You keep Lakshmi on your chest and embrace her.  
You came to this earth in human forms.  
O lord, you are the form of wisdom.  
No one can say what your nature is.

781. You are the sky, earth, hills, and seven oceans.  
You are as beautiful as a lotus.  
You enjoyed the food served for Indra  
and slept on a banyan leaf.  
You are decorated with a lovely fragrant cool Thulasi garland  
that drips with pollen.  
You shot a stone from your sling and hit Manthara's hunched back.  
You carry a victorious bow.

782. You carry the discus that decides the life of all.  
Your fame has no limit.  
You, the good lord, were born as a child  
and swallowed all the seven worlds in ancient times.  
You are the hero who in the form of Rama,  
became angry, bent his bow and calmed the ocean.  
O Murthi, you give moksha to the devotees  
who worship you in their hearts.

783. You are the ancient one.  
You crossed the ocean with the help of a monkey army,  
fought the Raksasas, shot your cruel arrows  
and destroyed them.  
Your feet are beautiful as lotuses.  
You begged Mahabali to give you land  
and took all his land.  
You measured the earth and the sky  
and they all belonged to you,

784. You shot your cruel arrows  
and destroyed Ravana whose teeth were bright as lightning.  
You gave your grace to Vibhishana and the kingdom of Lanka.  
You are the beloved of Nappinnai, the innocent woman  
who speaks sweetly and who has a lovely color.

Aren't you the god who has lotus eyes?  
You have everlasting fame and a golden color.

785. You are the ancient of the ancients.  
You are the ancient of all the worlds.  
You are the highest of all the lights.  
You are the truth.  
You are the Vedas.  
You are the sacrifices.  
You are the sky and the earth.  
What is your magic that you are the ancient one  
and the cowherd?

786. You took the forms of a fish  
that swims on the ocean and of a turtle.  
You carry a discus.  
You are the god who gives love to all.  
You were a child for the cowherd woman Yashoda  
who has a thin vine-like waist.  
O lord, what is your magic  
that you are a cowherd and also our god?

787. You were brought up by the cowherdess Yashoda  
whose breasts were decorated with beautiful ornaments.  
You destroyed Sakaṭasuran when he came in the form of a cart.  
You took the life of the Asuran who came in the form of a bird.  
You drank milk from the breasts of the deceiving devil Puthana.  
How, then, could you drink the nectar from the mouths of women  
who wear golden bracelets on their hands?

788. You made the vilam fruits fall and destroyed the Asuran.  
You made the blooming kurundam tree fall  
and killed the Asuran Kesi.  
You split open the mouth of the Asuran who came as a bird.  
People say that you are the god Kaṇṇan  
and that is why you could do all these things with your strong hands.  
You drank the milk of the cowherdess Yashoda.  
You ate mud, you stole butter and ate it  
and you drank milk from the devil Puthana.  
You took the forms of a dwarf and a boar.

789. You are our chief who broke the tusks  
of a rutting elephant that dripped ichor.  
You danced on the snake Kalingan.  
You have the color of a cloud  
and you danced the kuthu dance on pots.  
Your chest is decorated with cool Thulasi garlands.  
You are the god who carries the discus  
that destroys your enemies.

790. You used Manthara mountain as the churning stick  
and churned the milky ocean.  
You made a bridge using stones on the ocean to go to Lanka.  
You destroyed Lanka that is surrounded by stone walls.  
You are the god Kaṇṇan who has the color of a cloud  
and you protected the cows from the rain with Govardhana mountain.

791. You protected the elephant Gajendra from the crocodile.  
You killed the elephant Kuvalayabeeḍam.  
You were raised as a cowherd child and you grazed the cows  
and protected them from the rain with Govardhana mountain.  
You fought with the seven bulls to marry Nappinnai.  
What is all this magic?

792. When you were a cowherd,  
you loved the cowherd girl Nappinnai  
who had round bamboo-like arms.  
O cowherd, who can conquer you?  
You are the sky and the earth.  
O Maaya, you are the Maayan who destroys illusions  
yet you are the one who creates illusions.  
Is all your magic an illusion?

793. When Shiva was cursed by Nanmuhan  
and Nanmuhan's head stuck to Shiva's hand,  
you filled the head of Nanmuhan  
with your blood and it fell from Shiva's hand.  
You must not be ashamed to tell about Shiva  
who has a red body and a crescent moon on his Jaṭa  
where the Ganges flows.  
O lord, you have fought the seven bulls.  
You should not be ashamed to tell about Shiva to others.

794. You are the best of everything.  
You broke the white tusks of an angry elephant.  
You destroyed Kamsan who was angry with you.  
You are the Maayan who measured the world,  
drank the milk of the deceiving devil Puthana and killed her.  
You are the ancient god who has the dark color of kohl.

795. You are the sweetness in milk.  
You are the brightness of precious gold.  
You are the freshness of green moss.  
You have the dark color of bees  
that drink honey and fly around ponds.  
You are the four seasons.  
Why does the world not understand the grace of the god Maal?

796. Are you on the earth?  
Are you in the sky?  
You are mixed with the earth  
and our minds do not know who you are.  
What is this magic?  
Are you with other gods in heaven?  
Are you near? Are you far?  
O Puṅṅiya, you sleep on the snake Adishesha.  
You are pure and you wear a fresh Thulasi garland.

797. Your hair is adorned with a fresh Thulasi garland  
with beautiful petals.  
You carry a conch and a discus  
and you ride on Garuḍa who has beautiful wings.  
I have not received your goodness like the other devotees.  
I am like a dog. Give me your grace  
so I will reach moksha and not be born again.

798. O Kaṇṇa, you have the color of a dark cloud.  
You are the king of the sky.  
People say that you sleep on a snake bed on the ocean,  
and are everywhere. You are boundless.  
I am like a dog.  
I want to know where you are.  
I beg you, please tell me.



799. You stay on the hill of Thiruveṅkaṭam.  
You stay in the sky with the gods.  
You sleep on the wide ocean on Adishesha.  
You took the land from Mahabali and measured it.  
You swallowed the earth.  
You took the form of a boar, split the ground  
and brought forth the earth goddess who was hidden.  
You created all lives.  
You are the ancient god  
who gave godliness to the gods.

The god of Srirangam

800. The Thirupadi of the god  
who threw a ball happily  
at the hump on the back of Manthara, the servant of Kaikeyi  
who is decorated with garland on her hair where bees swarm,  
is Srirangam surrounded by water  
where keṇḍai fish swim about, valai fish jump  
and cranes swallow crabs.

801. The Thirupadi of the god  
who in ancient times, taking the form of heroic Rama,  
shot arrows from his bow with his strong hands  
and made the dark ocean in Lanka with its white waves grow red,  
is the famous Srirangam  
that is surrounded by groves swarming with bees  
where the divine water of the Kaviri flows  
in all the eight directions.

802. The Thirupadi of our dear god  
who bent his bow, shot his arrows  
and cut down the ten heads of Ravaṇa the king of Lanka  
is Srirangam where the waves of Kaviri river roll everywhere  
bringing gold to the shore  
and where Nanmuhan worshipped the god.

803. The Thirupadi of the god  
who fought the elephant Kuvālayabēḍam  
who came to attack him angrily,

and broke its tusks  
is Srirangam surrounded by clear water  
where the Brahmins who live there are without desire  
and walk holding bamboo sticks that have small pearls.

804. The Thirupadi of the ancient god Maal  
who cut the thousand arms of Banasuran  
and chased him away from the terrible battlefield  
as the three-eyed Shiva and his escorts  
who came to help the Asura also retreated with their army  
is the famous Srirangam surrounded by water.

805. The god who shot sharp arrows and destroyed Lanka,  
stays in Srirangam where the Kaviri river  
that was born in the summits of mountains  
and descends from the hills  
carries in its rolling waves  
fragrant sandal and kungumam paste  
as they break and dash on the banks.

806. You are the husband of the everlasting earth goddess  
who is as beautiful as a flower,  
and you also married the cowherd girl Nappinnai.  
You gave me your grace so that I keep your feet in my mind.  
You are the god Puṇḍarigan and you stay in Srirangam  
surrounded by the Ponni river.

The god of Kuṇḍandai

807. You are the heroic god who went to Lanka  
and conquered and killed the king Ravana,  
making his ten heads decorated with garlands fall to the ground.  
You are the the god Maal who stays in Kuṇḍandai  
where wise, faultless Brahmins who wear sacred threads  
and recite the Vedas worship you.

808. He carries a conch.  
Beautiful Lakshmi stays on his chest.  
He kills his enemies with his discus.  
He is Puṇḍarigan who stays in Kuṇḍandai  
where young women whose beautiful long hair

is decorated with kongu flowers  
play in the cool abundant water.

809. O Uthama!

You killed the Asuras who came in the form of marudam trees.

You fought and killed the elephant Kuvalayabeeḍam,  
destroying its strength.

You split open the mouth of the Asuran Kesi  
who came in the form of a horse.

You measured the earth with your feet.

You are the the god Maal who stays in Kuḍandai,  
giving boons to Brahmins who know the Vedas.

810. You are the cowherd who stays  
in flourishing Kuḍandai with ponds and blooming groves  
and rich fields protected by many fences.  
You are the hero who bent your bow,  
killed the Asuras Vakkaran, Karan and Muran  
and sent their heads to Yama.

811. O god, you stay in Thiruvēnkaṭam  
where cool rain falls abundantly  
and bamboo plants grow tall and touch the sky.  
Aren't you Maal who sleeps on the ocean  
in Kuḍandai surrounded by cool blooming groves  
dripping with honey?

812. Did your feet hurt when you walked with Sita in the forest?  
Did your body shake when you took the form of a boar  
and dug up the earth and brought out the trembling earth goddess?  
You stay in the temple in Kuḍandai on the bank of the Kaviri  
where the river spreads into many channels.  
Get up, come and speak to us.  
We praise you, O Kesava.

The god of Kurunguḍi

813. You are the mighty god who stays in Kurungudi  
where Valai fish leap  
and make large palm fruits fall into the pond  
so a cow bathing there is frightened.

You took the form of a lion  
and split open the chest of the angry Hiranyan  
who had strong round arms.

The god of Paḍaham

814. You are the god of gods  
who removes the bad karma  
of those who do yoga and approach you.  
In Paḍaham, filled with beautiful palaces and hills,  
you are in a seated form  
and in Tiruvuraham, you stand,  
but why are you lying down in Thiruvehka?

815. O father, you are in a standing form in Thiruvuraham,  
and in Paḍaham you are seated,  
and you recline in Thiruvehka.  
When you took those forms, I was not born,  
and since I was born I have not forgotten any of your forms  
because you really stand, sit and sleep in my heart.

816. The god stands in Venkaṭam hills.  
He stays in heaven in the sky.  
He sleeps on the great ocean with rolling waves.  
He is a wonder.  
He sleeps on the snake Adishesha.  
He is the ancient god.  
He, Madhavan, stands, sits and sleeps in my heart.

817. Everyone knows that we will die  
either today or shortly hereafter.  
No one lives forever in this world.  
You see this, O low people,  
but you do not want to worship the feet  
of the god who measured the world.  
Don't you want to go to heaven  
and be with the gods?

818. If you worship the lotus feet of the divine god  
and listen to his praise,  
you will go through the world of the sun

and reach moksha and find undiminished love and joy.  
The virtuous god whose feet are as beautiful as lotuses  
will listen to your prayers  
and remove your bad karma and sorrow.

819. When they leave this world,  
those base people involved in worldly pleasures like wealth  
will not achieve moksha.  
There is no way for them to go to heaven.  
If you want to survive,  
you must praise the good god Maal  
who is adorned with fresh Thulasi garlands.

820. If you see some gods, they have terrible forms.  
Their praise is not sweet to the ears.  
Even if you praise them they do not have the power  
to give the boons you ask for.  
O ignorant ones!  
You live thinking they are your refuge.  
If you want to survive,  
there is only one refuge for you, our Maal.  
If you wish to release yourself from births,  
worship our ancient god Maal.

821. The gods in the sky,  
carrying clubs, tridents, spears, drums, sticks and swords,  
ran everywhere and hid  
when Banasuran came to fight with them.  
On that day our god Maal fought with him  
and cut off his thousand arms,  
and took away all the troubles of the gods.

822. When the god took Ushai  
without Banasuran, her father knowing it,  
Banasuran came to fight with the god  
and the god fought with him and cut off his thousand arms.  
Shiva, Agni and the other gods  
who had come to help Banasuran in the battle retreated.  
Our god decided to be compassionate to the Asuran  
and forgave him.

823. The goddess Lakshmi stays on a lotus  
and the earth goddess also stays with the god Maal.  
Nanmuhan, the god's son, sits on the lotus  
on the navel of the god.  
The sastras say that Shiva who shares his body with his wife  
became the vehicle of the god.  
That is the truth and no one can deny it.

824. Our god shot his arrows  
and made holes in the seven mara trees.  
As Rama, he shot his arrow at Vali's chest and killed him.  
Even those who rule in the sky  
will not receive the endless joy of moksha  
unless our god has given them his grace to receive it.

825. If you really know that your refuge is the feet  
of the god who took the form of Vamanan  
and worship him  
you will have great wealth and wonderful wisdom.  
If you praise the god Maal  
who sleeps on the ocean that has clear rolling waves,  
you will not have the results of your bad karma.

826. Only those who do good tapas thinking only of the god  
and who think constantly of the nature of Maal  
will go to heaven and stay with the other gods forever.  
Except for those devotees no one can see the god Maal  
who has beautiful eyes.

827. They who control the feelings that arise from their senses  
and they who light up their wisdom by following good paths  
and they who melt in their bones and hearts for the god  
and they who love the god who carries a discus,  
only they can see him.

828. God is the twenty-four things:  
mouth, legs, hands, *eruvaay*, *kazhivaay*,  
the senses, the body, mouth, eyes, nose, and ears,  
the feelings, taste, light, touch, noise and smell,  
the sky, earth, wind, fire and water,  
and mind, *man*, *munaippu* and other things beyond understanding.

He is the lord of all the seven islands,  
the seven mountains and seven seas.  
He is the soul of the twelve suns.  
The devotees who worship him with the eight letter mantra,  
“Om namo Narayanaya,”  
will go to heaven and rule there.

829. Those who love the god tirelessly,  
and those who think of him always in their minds  
and those who worship the beautiful feet decorated with anklets  
of the god who sleeps on the snake bed on the ocean,  
and those who recite the eight-letter mantra with love  
will go to heaven and rule there.

830. God is the ten directions.  
He is the soul of the ten guardians of the directions.  
God is the nine notes of music.  
God is the nine rasas of dance.  
He came to this world in ten avatharams.  
He is the ancient lord, the most powerful one.  
Only those devotees who worship him with devotion  
will reach moksha.

831. When the Asuran Thenugam approached the god without love  
pretending to be his friend,  
the god cut off his arms  
but then he gave his grace and the Asuran achieved moksha.  
No one can reach moksha except the devotees  
who worship the anklet-decorated feet of the god with love.

832. He churned the milky ocean.  
He lies on the ocean forever.  
He gave his grace to Vali even though, as Rama, he killed him.  
He destroyed the seven trees with one arrow.  
He stays in Thiruvencatam hills.  
If you worship the god Maal's feet you will be saved.

833. O god, you are the highest of the high.  
You are the incomparable that no one can know.  
You slept on the snake bed on the ocean.  
They who have destroyed their desires

and they who release themselves  
from their attachments to the world  
will receive happiness here, there and everywhere in all ways.

834. O god, you are adorned  
with cool Tulasi garlands that drip with pollen.  
If someone controls his mind and worships the god  
with the eight letter mantra of the god, “Om Namo Narayanaya,”  
the joy he receives is higher than the joy of attaining moksha.

835. Does the god who carries the discus  
want me to be born again?  
Does he know the day he made me love his feet  
decorated with anklets?  
I am ignorant and do not know how to love him.  
I am incapable of doing anything.  
O dear lord, what did you find in me  
to make me your devotee?

836. O lord, you sleep on the snake bed.  
I know your magic.  
You know how to make my mind  
that is interested in other worldly things  
leave them and be devoted to your lotus feet.  
You are truly clever.  
If you make me fascinated with you,  
what kind of fascination is this?  
O Mayan, give me your grace  
so I am not involved in worldly things.

837. Dance, dance with your feet.  
O god, you dance on the heads of the snake Kalingan  
stirring the water in the pond.  
You carry the conch in your hand.  
I worship your beautiful feet every day  
and think of you always.  
Why have you not granted me moksha yet, O Kaṇṇa.

838. All the gods and Shiva who has an eye on his forehead  
and the wise Nanmuhan who stays on the lotus  
and the other gods together worship your feet with love.



O lord, you are the Vedas.  
I will not speak of any other love  
except the love I have for you.

839. My generous god used Meru mountain  
for a churning stick and used the snake Vasuki for the rope  
and churned the milky ocean.  
He took the form of a turtle,  
took the nectar from the ocean,  
and gave it to the gods in the sky,  
taking away their troubles.  
I will not worship any other god except that generous one.

840. You became the charioteer for Arjuna,  
destroyed the Kauravas  
and gave the land to the five Pandavas,  
sending their enemies to the sky.  
The earth was saved from evil people.  
I will not worship any other god  
except you, the victorious one.

841. I was not born in one of the four Varnas.  
I have not learned any of the good arts  
and do not recite the Vedas with my tongue.  
I have not conquered the joy given by the senses.  
O pure one, I have no good knowledge  
and I have no refuge except your shining feet.

842. You burned countless Raksasas in Lanka  
for the sake of Sita who has sharp sword-like eyes  
and whose soft words are like music.  
I have no eyes except yours that make me see.  
I have no relatives to be with except you.  
You have endless magic.  
How can I ever take you from my heart?

843. You are the cowherd who destroyed the seven bulls  
and embraced the arms of Nappinnai and married her  
whose spear-like eyes attracted all.  
You created the oceans, you churned the milky ocean  
and you sleep on it.

I come to you as my refuge.  
Give me refuge, tell me, "Don't be afraid!"

844. You are the god of Srirangam,  
decorated with a cool Thulasi garland that swarms with bees.  
You give your grace to those who love and worship your feet.  
You are like a sweet bundle of sugarcane.  
You are Kaṇṇan who sleeps on the ocean.  
You are Rama who shot his strong arrows with his bow  
and destroyed the iron forts of Lanka.

845. You are the life in our bodies.  
You are our sleep and our feelings.  
You are the five things given by the cow.  
You are the purity in all.  
You are the sky and the earth.  
You are the rich ocean and the things in it.  
There is nothing without you.  
You are our god and you are Rama.

846. I have destroyed the desires that come from the evil senses.  
I have cut off all the relations that I had with others.  
I come to you to serve you.  
Even if you want me to have desire  
and enjoy the pleasures of the five senses,  
my only desire is to be with you.  
I have no eyes except you,  
O my king who sleeps on the ocean.

847. You do endless magic.  
Even if all the true seven worlds were to praise you  
for all the seven yugas, it would not be enough.  
You are the god worthy of limitless praise.  
O Pundariga! Please give me a boon  
so I may escape from all my endless births  
and come to your feet that are adorned with anklets.

848. In your beautiful hands you carry  
the discus, conch, club, bow and sword.  
O lord! Lakshmi who is seated on a red lotus  
stays on your chest.

Give me your grace so that I will be saved  
from the births that give me sickness and sorrow.  
Show me a way to come to you.

849. I have left all the bad acts that I was committing.  
I have no cunning or fault.  
I have none of the desires that the five senses give.  
I am a dog and my only desire is to be with you.  
O Maayan, give me the boon  
of not being born and dying anymore  
and I will not forget you.

850. You are the beloved of Nappinnai.  
You have the color of the kayam flower.  
My soul is tied to you.  
I hear that the messengers of Yama  
encourage people to be involved in cruel sins.  
I locked you up in my heart with Nappinnai  
and you save me from committing those sins.

851. You are Maayan whom no one can reach easily.  
You save even bad people who, forgetting all good deeds,  
think that they are wise  
and do not understand that births  
will give them suffering in this world.  
Give me your grace and make me your devotee  
so I may worship your feet through devotion for you always.

852. I want to ask you one thing.  
You have the color of the ocean.  
If I worship you  
and always want to think of you in my mind,  
won't you also think that you will give me your grace  
to keep your lotus feet in my heart forever?

853. O Maayan, you sleep on the ocean whose water seethes.  
My love for you is limitless  
and I worship your shining lotus feet in my heart  
so that they will take away all my troubles.  
You are the victorious hero who took the form of a boar.  
You are the great one who carried Govardhana mountain

and saved the cows by sheltering them from the storm.  
O lord, tell me how I can not be born and suffer in this world.

854. O god, the beautiful Lakshmi stays on your chest.  
You are the god of gods.  
You are the faultless one  
and the god of justice that the Vedas proclaim.  
You have the dark body of a cloud.  
Give me your grace  
so I may recite your names without ever ceasing.

855. O Maayan, your strong arm carries many weapons.  
You cut off the heads of the Asuras Vakkaran, Karan and Muran  
when they came in anger to fight you.  
Give me your grace so I may always worship your feet  
adorned with golden anklets  
whether I am sleeping, standing or walking.

856. You swallowed the earth.  
You begged for land and took it away from Mahabali,  
measuring it till there was no place you had not taken.  
O lord, you have lotus eyes!  
You embrace the woman whose sweet words surpass music.  
There is no other color like your color.

857. O god, you carry a conch, club, bow and a sword.  
You carry the discus that cut off the head of Yama  
when he came angrily to fight with you.  
You carried Govardhana mountain to save the cows  
when the storm came to destroy the cowherd village.  
My heart loves nothing except your fame  
that is spread everywhere.

858. You destroyed the angry king of Kasi,  
Vakkaran, Pavuṇḍrahan, the furious Maliman,  
Sumali, Kesi and Thenugan.  
I will not give my love and affection to anyone  
except to your anklet-adorned feet.

859. Even if I received faultless boons  
and could go to the world of Nanmuhan

filled with abundant and indestructible wealth  
or the world of Shiva  
who has the great power of destroying the world  
or the world of Indra who has a thousand eyes,  
even if I could have all the pleasures of moksha,  
I would not accept or think of anything  
except to be with you.

860. You became a dwarf  
even though no one shrank you to become short.  
You became tall even though no one made you tall  
so that you could touch the sky.  
All the sages who recite the Vedas  
praise you and say that you are the god of gods  
who destroys the evil of the proud  
and I join them in praising you.

861. You are the pure one decorated  
with a cool Thulasi garland that swarms with bees.  
O Maayan! I, a dog, bow to you and worship you.  
You have the color of the ocean  
and you sleep on the water of the ocean.  
You enter into the thoughts of your devotees.  
Forgive all my faults and give me your grace.

862. You are the lord of the world.  
Sages say that even they who slander you like Sisubalan  
and they who fight with you like Ravana in Lanka  
have reached your world and joined with you by your grace.  
You are Maayan.  
Take the mistakes that I, who am as low as a dog,  
do as good deeds and forgive me.

863. O my heart, time will pass.  
We will all get sick and become old  
and the time of death will approach.  
Bow to the divine feet of the god and worship him.  
You should know that being a devotee of the god  
is the only good thing.  
The only thing that give you the joy of not being born again  
is the feet of Maal.

864. Nanmuhān cursed dark-necked Shiva  
on whose jāta the Ganges flows  
and Nanmuhān's head stuck on Shiva's palm.  
Our god whose chest is decorated with a fragrant garland  
gave his blood and made Nanmuhān's head  
that was stuck to Shiva's palm fall away.  
O heart! Think of the god's Thulasi garland and worship him  
so that you will reach his Vaikuṅṭam.

865. O heart, if you want to remove the eight bad thoughts  
and live without fault and reach moksha and rule the world,  
you must think and worship the feet of the god, our father,  
who is wisdom, the sun, and the world,  
who took the form of a single-tusked boar  
and split the earth.  
(Eight things: avidyai, action, smell, taste, desires of the world  
and worrying about oneself, others and the gods.)

866. He is our father.  
He is our mother.  
He is the lord who rules us.  
He destroys all our births.  
He makes us his devotees and gives us his grace.  
O poor heart! He is the ancient one.  
He is Mukundan.  
If we worship him he will enter into us, stay there  
and remove our ocean of sorrow.

867. When Ravaṇa with a sword opposed Rama in Lanka,  
Rama went to Lanka, burnt it, killed Ravaṇa  
and took over Lanka.  
My god does not think I am like his enemies.  
Yama will not think of the sins  
I have done and afflict me  
because I am a devotee of the god.

868. He will take you to heaven  
removing your fears, sickness, old age  
and all your births.  
He fulfills his promises.

He is Achudan and Anandan.  
He has no beginning or end.  
He sleeps on the snake bed.  
He is praised by the Vedas.

869. O lord, you are the beloved of Lakshmi  
who stays on a fresh lotus.  
I worshipped you with my words and in my deeds  
and loved you unceasingly,  
night and day, evening and morning.  
My heart worshipped your lotus feet  
and it will stay with you  
and never come back to me.

870. You are the god who has the color of a kaya flower.  
You stay in Srirangam surrounded by the Ponni river.  
O Mayan, listen.  
My heart had abandoned my bad karma,  
worships your shining flower-like feet  
and remains there never becoming tired.

871. You took away all my future births  
and saved me today.  
You the cloud-colored one came to me,  
entered my heart and bewitched me.  
You are everlasting bright light.  
My soul is released from all pain  
and has reached moksha, the house of joy.

Subham

Thirumaalai. Thonḍaraḍipṇoḍi Azhvar

Loving the God in Srirangam

872. You, the ancient one,  
swallowed the three worlds and spit them out.  
We do not like the feeling  
that come from the enjoyment of our five senses  
and we do not sin anymore.  
The messengers of Yama cannot hurt us now.  
We are brave because we have learned your names  
and recite them,  
O god of Srirangam.

873. Your body is like a beautiful green hill.  
Your lotus eyes are handsome  
and your mouth is red as coral.  
O father, you are a bull among the gods.  
You are a tender child to the cowherds.  
I only want to praise you with these words.  
I will not want anything  
even if I were given the gift of ruling Indra's world,  
O god of Srirangam.

874. Even if a man lives for hundred years,  
half of those years he spends sleeping.  
Many he spends as an innocent child and as a youth  
and the rest he spends suffering sickness, hunger,  
old age and other ills.  
I do not want to be born any more in this world,  
O god of Srirangam.

875. When Kstrabandu suffered from bad karma,  
he worshipped the god,  
recited the three syllables word "Govinda" and received moksha.  
Even though I continually worship Rangan,  
the crazy god who gave his grace to devotees like Ksatrabandu,  
he has not taken away my births.

876. Those who enjoy the pleasures of women  
will fall into many troubles.



They will get sick and suffer, unable to eat night and day.  
Why do those base ones not become the devotees  
of the god whose chest is decorated with cool Thulasi garlands,  
singing and dancing the praise of the god?  
They enjoy the food they eat and do not know  
that worshipping the god is like drinking nectar.

877. You build tall walls for your palaces  
that have long porches and enjoy living in them  
and you do not think at all of your next birth.  
You do not become a devotee of the god Rangan  
whose walls are dharma.  
You decorate the exterior wall that is your body  
and live inside it as if you were a bird  
concerned with nothing else.

878. Can those who learn from the good religious books  
hear, listen and know about the dharma of the mean religions,  
Buddhism and Jainism?  
If I think of any other god,  
I promise that even if someone cuts off my head  
I will not die because I am a devotee of the god.  
The only god of gods is he who destroyed Lanka with his bow.

879. O god! You stay in Srirangam!  
The bald-headed Jains, Buddhists and the Sakyas  
hate our religion and say terrible things about you.  
It is better if they get sick and die rather than living.  
When I hear their bad speech, it hurts me.  
If I could, I would cut off their heads.

880. O ignorant men! Is there any other god?  
You will not understand that he is the only god  
unless you are in trouble.  
You should know one thing for sure:  
there is no god except him.  
Worship our father's feet decorated with anklets  
who grazed the calves.

881. He created all the gods by his good grace.  
He showed Srirangam as the path

to those who want to be released from their births.

O Nambis, listen.

The god who rides on the eagle is here,  
but you look only for the wealth  
that is achieved by bad deeds.

882. Our god, the protector of the world,  
built a bridge on the large ocean, shooting one arrow.  
He fought with the king of the Rakshasas in Lanka.  
You do not think of the beautiful temple  
in Srirangam surrounded by forts,  
and so you do not have good luck in this birth  
but waste your life.

883. Once some people heard  
Yama and Muthkalan talking together in hell  
and thought that hell is heaven.  
They forgot that the place of the dear god Nambi  
who has many names is Srirangam  
and they did not worship the god there.  
They plunge into sorrow and I am worried  
that they will have trouble in their lives.

884. All the creatures of this wide earth  
surrounded by oceans with rolling waves  
worship the king of the gods in the sky  
who is decorated with a fragrant blooming Thulasi garland.  
If ignorant people praise Srirangam,  
all the hells that have been created for them  
because of their enjoyment of the senses  
will be destroyed and disappear.

885. Beautiful Srirangam is surrounded with groves  
where bunches of bees swarm around flowers, peacocks dance,  
clouds float above in the sky and cuckoos sing.  
Indra the king of the gods comes and stays there.  
Such is lovely Srirangam.  
You should take the food that bad people eat  
who do not praise Srirangam filled with beautiful groves  
and give it to the dogs.

886. The king of the gods who has an eagle flag  
is true for those who think he is true  
and he is false for those who think he is not true.  
If someone thinks he can escape birth  
only by worshipping the god,  
his doubts about the god will go away  
and he will understand  
that Srirangam is the Thirupadi of the beautiful god.

887. I was a gambler and a thief.  
I consorted with bad people  
and was caught in the love-nets of women  
who have fish-like eyes.  
But then the beautiful god said, "Come out!"  
and entered my mind and made me love him.  
Srirangam is the Thirupadi of the beautiful god  
who made me love him.

888. I don't know how to praise you with my tongue  
and I don't have the good luck of knowing how to love you  
or a good mind that knows how to glorify you.  
My strong iron-like heart melted  
to see the sweet sugarcane-like god  
who stays in the wonderful temple in Srirangam  
surrounded with groves swarming with bees.  
How my eyes were delighted when I saw him!

889. My lotus-eyed god  
rules the world, sleeping on the ocean  
where waves break on the banks  
and spray drops of water with foam.  
My eyes that saw Kaṇṇan  
whose red mouth is as soft as a fruit shed tears.  
What can I, a sinner, do?

890. My father, my god who has the color of the blue ocean,  
lies on the snake bed.  
As he sleeps his head is on the west side,  
his feet are extended toward the east,  
his back is turned toward the north

and he looks toward Lanka in the south.  
When I look at him as he sleeps my body melts.  
O people of the world, what can I do?

891. The god Maayanaar sleeps on a snake bed  
in Srirangam where the water of the Kaviri strikes its banks.  
He has a beautiful divine chest.  
His body has the color of emerald.  
He has strong arms and pure lotus-like eyes.  
His coral-red lips are beautiful.  
He has handsome shining hair.  
How could his devotees forget his beautiful sleeping form?

892. O heart, you are humble  
and you want me to make my mind one with Rangan  
who has a coral mouth. You are strong and tell me  
that I should always think of the god, beautiful as a jewel,  
who sleeps in the mountain-like temple made of beautiful, precious gold.  
Tell me how can I approach him?

893. O heart, you may speak of him  
but you cannot really know his greatness.  
No one can know him except those who are faultless.  
We can only worship him  
who stays in the hearts of his faultless devotees.  
O ignorant heart! Can you speak of him? Tell me.

894. Srirangam is in the middle of the Kaveri river  
which is purer than the Ganges.  
Its waters rise and spread through blooming groves.  
Our god Maal, our Esan, lies there on the river.  
How can I live forgetting him  
after seeing him sleeping on the water of the Kaveri?  
I am to be pitied, I am to be pitied.

895. I see the god's beautiful lotus face  
and the way that thief who stole my heart lies on the Kaveri  
in Srirangam surrounded by a rising flood of water  
and flourishing with groves.  
O my heart, you are brave.  
You know he is the one you really love,

but you love him secretly and spend your days  
without telling anyone.

896. I have not lived the life of an orthodox Brahmin  
who bathes and makes sacrifices with three fires.  
I do not understand myself.  
I am not a devotee in your eyes.  
What is there for me to be happy about?  
O Nambi, you have the blue color of the ocean.  
I cry out for you.  
Show pity on me and give me your grace.  
You are the god of Srirangam!

897. I don't worship your golden feet,  
decorating them constantly with flowers.  
Even though I have much time,  
I don't praise your divine qualities with faultless words.  
My heart doesn't know how to love you.  
O Ranga, I don't have the fortune of being your devotee.  
What can I do? I was born in vain.

898. I am like the squirrel  
that turned and plunged into the water  
when the monkeys threw stones  
and could not find help.  
My heart is hard as wood.  
I am a bad person.  
I have not served the god of Srirangam with my mind  
and I am tired and wretched.

899. Even the gods in the sky do not understand the radiant god.  
He came to protect the elephant Gajendra  
and grew angry at the crocodile that ate red meat.  
Am I fit for him to come to me?  
I am like a dog, I am mean.  
I don't serve the god.  
What can I do? I was born in vain.

900. I don't belong to a village.  
I don't own any land.  
I don't have any relatives.

O highest god!  
I worship your feet on this earth  
and I don't know any other refuge.  
You have the bright color of the dark clouds.  
O my Kaṇṇaa! I cry out for you.  
Who do I have without you as my support?  
Come and remove my sorrow.  
You are my mother, you are the god of Srirangam.

901. I don't have a pure mind.  
No good words come from my mouth.  
I get very angry, shout and speak bad words.  
O god, you are decorated with fresh Thulasi garlands  
and you stay in Srirangam, surrounded by the Ponni river.  
Tell me, what will happen to me?  
You are king. You rule me.

902. I have not done any tapas like the sages.  
I am not wealthy.  
I am as useless as salty water for my friends and relatives.  
I fell for women whose mouths are like coral  
and became like dust when I didn't have any money.  
You gave me this birth only to make me suffer.  
You are the god of Srirangam!

903. O Kaṇṇaa! Your body is as dark as a thick cloud.  
You stay in beautiful Srirangam  
where bees sing and swarm in the groves.  
I don't know even one path to take to see you.  
I am a thief, I am violent, stupid and rough.  
I come to you. You are my refuge.

904. I stopped telling the truth  
and fell into the passion of women who have long hair.  
I told only lies and now I have no refuge.  
I come and stand before you.  
O lord, Ranga, I, a liar, come before you  
hoping that you will give me your grace.  
I am a liar, a liar.

905. The god Maal abides in my mind

but I am unable to understand that he is there.  
I am a thief disguised as a devotee doing service.  
When I realized that you are in the minds of those  
who think of you and you know what they think,  
I was ashamed and laughed so hard  
that it seemed the bones in my chest would break.

906. O my father, you measured all the world with your feet.  
I will not worship anyone but you.  
You are the the god Maal who has beautiful eyes.  
You are my soul! You are nectar!  
You are my father and are as dear as my life.  
I am a sinner.  
I will not worship anyone except you.  
I am a sinner, truly I am a sinner.

907. When you were young  
you carried Govardhana mountain to stop the storming rain.  
You are a sweet river.  
I suffer, caught in the net of doe-eyes women.  
Why don't you look at me and give me your grace?  
I have no one but you. I call you.  
You are the ancient god!  
O god! You stay in divine Srirangam.

908. The bright god is my father and mother  
and he stays in Srirangam  
surrounded by the clear water of the Kaviri.  
I am a poor person.  
My dear lord doesn't show me even a bit of compassion.  
He doesn't think, "He is pitiful, I should help him."  
What is this, O god? Isn't this a terrible thing to do?

909. O god of Srirangam surrounded by water,  
you are happy with the devotees  
who abandon their wealth, understand divine truth,  
know what will they be in the future,  
control their five senses,  
shave their heads  
and stay at your doorstep, living a quiet life.

910. O god, your hair is decorated with a Thulasi garland.  
No one has to be born in a good family to become the your slave.  
Even if someone is born like a dog  
and doesn't belong to the families of Vedic Brahmins,  
if he worships your feet decorated with sounding anklets,  
it seems you will be happy with him,  
O god of Srirangam.

911. O god, you stay in Srirangam.  
You have beautiful Lakshmi on your chest.  
Even if hunters kill animals cruelly,  
burn and eat them,  
if they think of you in their minds  
and keep you there with love,  
worshipping you,  
their bad karma will disappear  
and they will not suffer.

912. Even bad people who do evil things  
and make others do evil deeds,  
if they praise you saying, "You are the god of the sky.  
Even the gods in the sky do not understand you.  
O god, you are decorated with a Thulasi garland  
that swarms with bees,"  
and if they become your slaves and offer food to your devotees,  
they will become pure.

913. You are the god of Srirangam surrounded with walls.  
You give your grace to those who worship you and tell them,  
"Even if you belong to a low caste,  
you should recite the Vedas,  
follow a faultless way of life  
and become my devotee,  
mingling with other devotees, worshipping them,  
giving them whatever they need  
and sharing your things with them."  
Isn't that the way you give grace to poor people  
and make them worship you as your good devotees?

914. O god, you stay in beautiful Srirangam.  
If even Brahmins of the highest caste



who recite the six divine Upanishads and the four Vedas  
disgrace your devotees,  
they will become Pulaiyars in a moment.

915. Shiva who has the Ganges in his Jaṭa  
and Nanmuhan who did tapas for countless ages  
could not see you and felt ashamed.  
You came and gave your grace to the elephant Ganjendra,  
amazing the gods in the sky.  
Why do people think of you as their refuge  
and hope you will remove their suffering  
when you do not show your grace to all like me?

916. Thoṇḍaraḍippōḍi, the great devotee  
praised Kaṇṇan, Maal, the god of Srirangam  
who killed the strong well-fed elephant  
in flourishing Madurai  
that has beautiful palaces decorated with coral.  
Those who recite his simple poems  
will become sweet devotees of our dear god.

Thiruppaḷḷi Ezhuchi - Thoṇḍaraḍippōḍi Azhvar

917. O god of Srirangam!  
When the sun rises in the east on the peak of the mountain  
and darkness has gone and it is morning,  
all the beautiful flowers that drip honey bloom.  
All the gods of the sky come before you to worship you.  
Elephants, male and female, come and drums are beaten.  
The sound of a roaring ocean seems to spread everywhere.  
O dear god of Srirangam,  
wake up and give us your grace.

918. The breeze from the east blows  
and spreads the fragrance of mullai flowers blooming on vines.  
The swans that sleep on flowers wake up  
and shake the wet dew from their wings.  
O god, when the elephant Gajendra was suffering  
and called you in his distress,  
you came and saved him,  
killing the crocodile

whose mouth with white teeth  
was as deep as a cave  
when it was about to kill him.  
O dear god of Srirangam,  
wake up and give us your grace.

919. The sun with its rays makes all the directions bright.  
The light of the shining stars grows dim.  
The sun, the king of the day, spreads his light everywhere  
and the bright light of the moon and the dew disappear.  
The buds on the branches of the kamuhu trees in the green groves  
split open and their fragrance spreads.  
The morning breeze blows.  
O dear god of Srirangam  
who carry a shining discus in your strong hand,  
wake up and give us you grace.

920. The cowherds untie the buffaloes for grazing.  
The music of their bamboo flutes  
and the sound of the bells on the necks of their cows  
spread in all directions.  
Swarms of bees fly all over the fields.  
You are the bull among the gods who carries a bow  
and destroyed the clan of Rakshasas in Lanka.  
You are the strong one who made the pure sages do sacrifices  
and protected them.  
You are the strong king of Ayodhya.  
O dear god of Srirangam,  
wake up and give us your grace.

921. Birds chirp in the groves blooming with flowers.  
The darkness goes away and morning arrives.  
In the east, the ocean roars.  
The gods in the sky carry many flower garlands  
swarming with bees and come to garland you  
and worship your feet.  
This is the temple where Vibhishana,  
the king of Lanka, worshipped you.  
O dear god, wake up and give us your grace.

922. Is this the host of suns who ride on tall

chariots decorated with bells?  
Is it the troupe of eleven Rudras who ride on the bulls?  
Is that the six faced-god who rides on a beautiful peacock?  
All these gods and the celestial physicians and the Vasus are here.  
The other divine gods come on horses and chariots singing and dancing.  
The crowd of gods is like a flood.  
They have gathered in front of your temple  
that looks like a huge mountain.  
O dear god of Srirangam,  
wake up and give us your grace

923. Is this the crowd of gods from heaven?  
Is this the throng of sages who do penance  
and the medicine men of the gods?  
Is that Indra who comes on his elephant Airavadam?  
In front of your temple, Gandharvas, Vidyadharas  
and Apsaras are all gathered together to worship you  
and it seems as if there is no space in the sky or on the earth.  
O dear god of Srirangam,  
wake up and give us your grace.

924. Some gods in the sky arrive with fragrances.  
Some gods carry huge pots of treasure  
and shining mirrors and come to give them to you.  
Good sages bring things suitable for you to wear.  
Narada comes with his Thumburu veena to play music.  
The sun god rises, spreading his bright light  
and darkness disappears from the sky.  
O dear god of Srirangam,  
wake up and give us your grace.

925. Faultless small drums, cymbals,  
yaazhs, flutes and big drums play music everywhere.  
Kinnaras, Garuḍas and Gandarvas and others sing.  
The great sages, the gods in the sky, Saraṇars, Yaksas,  
and Siddhas are all fascinated by the music  
and come to worship your divine feet.  
O dear god of Srirangam,  
wake up and give us your grace.

926. Are these fragrant blooming lotuses?  
Is this the sun god who rises on the sounding ocean?  
You are the god of Srirangam surrounded by a river  
where curly-haired women with waists as small as tuḍi drums  
bathe, squeeze their clothes,  
and come out of the water to dress.  
I am Thoṇḍaraḍippōḍi, your poor devotee.  
I brought Thulasi garlands in baskets to decorate your body.  
I am your slave. Give me your grace.  
O dear god of Srirangam,  
wake up and give me your grace.

Amalan Aadipiraan. - Thiruppaanazhvar

927. He is the faultless god.  
He gives us his grace and makes us his devotees.  
He is pure, the king of the gods in the sky.  
He is the god of Thiruvēkaṭam hills  
surrounded with fragrant groves.  
He is the god of justice in the sky.  
He is the dear one who stays in Srirangam  
surrounded by tall walls.  
His lotus feet came and entered my eyes.

928. He is pleasant and joyful.  
He measured the world,  
growing so tall that his crown touched the sky.  
As Rama he killed the Rakshasas with his cruel arrows.  
He belongs to the Kakutsṭha dynasty  
and he is the god of Srirangam surrounded by fragrant groves.  
My thoughts are immersed in the red garment  
that he wears on his waist.

929. The female monkeys jump everywhere  
in the Thiruvēkaṭam hills in the north  
where the gods in the sky come to worship  
the lord who sleeps on the snake bed.  
He is decorated with a red garment  
that is like the color of the evening sky.  
This devotee's heart thinks only of the navel  
decorated with a red garment and the beauty of the god  
who created Nanmuhan from his navel.

930. The god who has the color of the ocean  
shot sharp arrows, conquering and killing  
ten-headed Ravana, the king of Lanka,  
surrounded by great walls on all four sides.  
The beautiful ornament tied on the divine waist  
of the god of Srirangam  
where bees that drink honey sing  
and beautiful peacocks dance  
entered my heart and stayed there.

931. He removed all the bad karma  
that has burdened me all my life.  
The god made me his dear devotee and entered my heart.  
I don't know what hard penance I could have done for this to happen.  
The ornamented divine chest of the god of Srirangam  
made me his slave and protects me.

932. He removed the suffering of Shiva  
who has the white crescent moon in his jata.  
He, our father, stays in Srirangam  
surrounded with groves where bees live.  
See, the throat of the god that swallowed all the earth,  
sky and the seven mountains  
gave its grace to me.

933. He holds a curling conch in one hand  
and a discus like fire in the other.  
His body is like a tall mountain.  
His long hair is decorated with a fragrant Thulasi garland.  
He is the god of beautiful Srirangam  
and he, Maayanaar, sleeps on a snake bed.  
His red mouth captivates my heart.

934. He came as a man-lion  
and split open the body of Hiranya.  
He is the ancient god of the gods in the sky.  
The large, red-lined divine eyes on his dark face,  
shining and touching his ears,  
make me crazy.

935. As a baby he slept on a banyan leaf.  
He swallowed all the seven worlds.  
He sleeps on a snake bed on the ocean.  
His dark body, endlessly beautiful,  
is decorated with pearl garlands  
and precious, lovely diamond chains.  
Oh, his blue body steals my heart!

936. He has the color of a cloud.  
He is a cowherd.  
His mouth is filled with butter.  
He captivates my heart.  
He is the king of the gods in the sky.  
He is Rangan, the beautiful god.  
Once they have seen him who is nectar,  
my eyes do not wish to see anything else.

Kanninūtchirūthaambu. Madhurakavi Azhvar.

937. I praise the god, the divine Maayan  
who was tied by Yashoda with a small rope.  
He is my father.  
If I approach the place where the Nambi of south Kuruhur  
stays and say his name,  
nectar will spring from my tongue.

938. I praise him with my tongue and relish it.  
I will approach the golden feet of Nambi of Thirukuruhur.  
This is my promise:  
I do not know any other god  
except Nambi of Thirukuruhur.  
I wander and sing sweet songs about him.

939. Even if I have to wander all over,  
I will go to Thirukuruhur  
and see the dark, beautiful form of the divine god.  
If I go to the rich Thirukuruhur  
and become a devotee of Nambi  
that will be the finest thing I could ever receive.

940. The excellent, orthodox good Brahmins  
who know the four Vedas  
do not think I am a good person,  
but Sadagopan Nambi accepts me  
and he is my mother, my chief and the one who rules me.

941. Before I believed in the wealth of others  
and beautiful women,  
but today I have become a friend and devotee  
of Nambi of Thirukuruhur,  
filled with pure golden palaces, and I dance there.  
942. My dear god gave his grace  
so that I could praise his fame from today  
for the next seven births.  
Nambi of Thirukuruhur,  
filled with hills that look like large palaces,  
will not disgrace me.



943. My chief Maaran the son of Kaari  
accepted me and made my bad karma go away.  
I will tell the people of all the eight directions  
of the grace I have received  
from Sadagopan, the great Tamil poet.

944. He sang a thousand sweet Tamil poems  
through the grace of god.  
He described the meaning of the divine Vedas  
and his devotees praise the blessings  
that he received from the god.  
His giving his blessing is the best thing in the world.

945. He described the meaning of the Vedas  
that the best Brahmins know and recite.  
He made my heart learn the Vedas.  
My chief Sadagopan has great fame.  
To be his devotee and to serve him  
is the greatest blessing I can receive.

946. Nambi will accept anyone as his devotee  
whether or not he receives benefit from him,  
even if he is not his friend.  
He will change him and accept him, and keep him with him.  
Nambi stays in Thirukkuruher  
surrounded by beautiful groves where cuckoo birds sing.  
I am striving to receive the love of Nambi,  
worshipping his feet decorated with anklets.

947. Nambi of south Thirukuruher, our friend,  
is the friend of all who approach him.  
Those who believe in Madhurakavi,  
the devotee of Nammazhvar,  
will see Vaikuṇṭam and abide there.

SUBHAM