



## *Project Madurai*

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**tiruvAcagam or Sacred Utterances  
of the Tamil Poet, Saint and Sage  
MANikka-vACagar  
by Rev.G.U.Pope  
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(part II - Hymns 11 -51)**

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**tiruvAcagam or Sacred Utterances  
of the Tamil Poet, Saint and Sage  
MANikka-vACagar  
by Rev.G.U.Pope**

Hymn XI- tiru Tellenam  
THE TAMBOUR SONG or REFUGE  
WITH CIVAN

Metre : Naladittaravu koccuk kalippA

*Arunachalam.*- The name of Rudra is scarcely ever applied to Civan in the south, yet it would seem as if the idea of Civan had been mainly developed from the Vedic Rudra, the god of Storms, the father of the Maruts, of whom so many stories are told which now are the accepted legends of Civan. It may safely be said indeed that all the Vedic Rudra's acts and attributes are given in the modern Caiva system to Civan. One of these is connected with the legend of Arunachalam, so often referred to in Tamil Caiva poetry. According to the legend contained in the Linga Puranam, it is related that Brahma and Vishnu

disputed regarding their respective claims to superiority, and thence a terrific fight arose. At this time to quiet their contention, Civan, or Mahadeva, appeared as luminous *lingam*, a pillar of fire, 'equal to a hundred final mundane configurations, without beginning, middle or end, incomparable, indescribe, undefinable.' Hari determined to examine the source of this fiery appearance, and took the shape of a boar whose description is very wonderful. Speeding downwards for a thousand years he beheld no base at all of the *lingam*. Meanwhile Brahma took the form of a swan purely white and fiery eyed, with wings on every side, rapid as thought, and went upwards to see the *lingam*'stop; but both failed, and at length united in a hymn of praise to Civan as supreme; which so pleased the god that he offered them a boon. They

asked that they might both obtain an eternal devotion for him, which was granted. 'Thenceforward the worship of the *lingam* has been inaugurated in the worlds. The pedestal is Mahadevi, and the *lingam* itself is the visible Mahecvara.'

## **I. Civan as a Guru.**

Mal's self went forth a boar; but failed  
His sacred Foot  
To find, that we His form might know, a  
Sage He came,  
And made me His! To Him, Who hath  
nor name, nor form,  
A thousand sacred names SING WE,  
AND BEAT TELLENAM! (4)

**II. I saw Him; thenceforward my soul worships Him unseen.**

The Lord in Perun-turrai's ever-hallowed  
shrine

Who dwelt, my birth with all its germs  
destroyed; since when

I've none else; formless is He,- a form  
He wears,

The Lord of blest Arur SING WE, AND  
BEAT TELLENAM! (8)

III.

To Hari and to Brahma and to other gods  
Not manifested, Civan came in presence  
there,

Melted our hearts, received our service  
due; that all

The world may hear, and smile, SING  
WE, AND BEAT TELLENAM! (12)

IV.

From sinking in the vain abyss of  
worthless gods,-  
From birth's illusions all,- the LIGHT  
SUPERNAL saved  
And made me His. Soon as the new,  
pure Light, was given  
How I in Bliss was lost: SING WE,  
AND BEAT TELLENAM! (16)

V.

To wildered gods, to Ayan, and to Mal  
unknown,  
Civan assumed a form, that men on earth  
should joy.  
That germs of birth consumed might die,  
with gracious glance,  
How to my soul He came, SING WE,  
AND BEAT TELLENAM! (20)

VI.

The Lord, Who shakes the serpent  
dancing round His waist,  
With His Hill-partner, came to earth,  
made us His own;-  
Say thus, soul-lighted, eyes like full  
bright lotus flowers,  
Pouring forth floods of tears, and  
SINGING, BEAT TELLENAM! (24)

## VII.

Civan unknown to Hari, Ayan, heavenly  
ones,  
On earth drew even me; 'come, come,'  
said He, and made me His!  
When imprint of His flow'ry Feet was on  
my head impressed,  
How grace divine was mine, SING WE,  
AND BEAT TELLENAM! (28)

## VIII.

Like rustling palm-leaves is this frame!  
Its births and deaths,  
With dread of good and ill, He swept  
away, and made me His;  
He gave me grace, though I, all else  
forget, ne'er to forget  
His Foot; Whose mighty dance SING  
WE, AND BEAT TELLENAM! (32)

IX.

As though some stone were made sweet  
fruit, the Lord in grace  
Gave ev'n to me His golden Foot, and  
made me His.  
O ye with slender waist, red lips, and  
winsome smiles!  
'Lord of the Southern-Land,' call Him;  
AND BEAT TELLENAM! (36)

X.

Even in a dream His jewelled Feet 'tis

hard for gods to see,-  
With Her like laurel tree with jewelled  
arms,-entering in grace,  
In waking hour He took, and made me  
His! With loving souls  
Your art-like eyes be filled with tears,  
AND BEAT TELLENAM! (40)

XI.

When He, Her spouse whose eyes shine  
bright, mixt with my soul,  
And made me His, deeds and  
environments died out;  
Upon this earth confusion died; all other  
mem'ries ceas'd;  
How all my 'doings' died, SING WE,  
AND BEAT TELLENAM! (44)

XII.

Ascetic bands sore languish'd, longing

for release.

Grace to the elephant he gave, made me

His own;

The light supreme deep plunged me in  
devotion's sea!

How sweet His mercy is, SING WE,  
AND BEAT TELLENAM! (48)

XIII.

Not those on earth, nor in th' abyss, nor  
heavenly ones,-

To none beside, so near He drew; He  
made me His!

To sing His advent, or Him, th' only  
Great, conceive

Is hard, His glory-song SING WE, AND  
BEAT TELLENAM! (52)

XIV.

Mal, Ayan, all the gods, and Sciences

divine,  
His essence cannot pierce. This Being  
rare drew near to me;  
In love He thrilled my soul! With this  
remembrance moved,  
Let your bright eyes with tears o'erflow,  
AND BEAT TELLENAM! (56)

XV.

The spreading sea of grace superne that  
melts and swells,  
From which 'tis sweet to draw and drink,  
we gather round.  
The Feet of the bright southern Lord call  
we to mind,  
His slaves, praise we His sacred grace,  
AND BEAT TELLENAM! (60)

XVI.

Buddhan, Purandaran, the primal Ayan,

Mal, praise Him,  
The One-distraught, Who dwells in  
Perun-turrai's shrine, -the Sire  
Who made births cease,-Lord of fair  
Tillai's porch, His gracious Feet  
How in my soul they entered, SING,  
AND BEAT TELLENAM! (64)

## XVII.

I lay bewildere'd in the barren troublous  
sea  
Of sects and systems wide discordant  
all;-  
My care He banished, gave in grce His  
jewelled Feet;  
Praise we His gracious acts, AND  
BEAT TELLENAM! (68)

## XVIII.

Though Ether, Wind, Water, Earth

should fail,  
His constant Being fails not, knows no  
weariness!  
In Him my body, soul, and thought, and  
mind were merged.  
How all myself was lost, SING WE,  
AND BEAT TELLENAM! (72)

## XIX.

Prime Source of heavenly ones, the  
Germ of those beneath,  
Earth's Balm; Mal's, Ayan's Treasure,  
open eyed  
We saw, SING YE, His gracious feet,  
Who dwelt with us!  
Call Him 'Lord of the Southern-Land,'  
AND BEAT TELLENAM! (76)

## XX.

Sing His race; sing the heron's wing; Her

beauty sing

Who wears bright gems; sing how He  
poison ate; each day

In Tillai's temple court He dances, where  
the waters play;

His tinkling anklets' music SING, AND  
BEAT TELLENAM! (80)

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**Hymn XII- tiru Caral**

**THE SACRED CARAL**

**THE SPORT OF CIVAN'S**

**GRACIOUS 'ENERGY.'**

**I. Objections to 'ashes,' the snake, and  
the mystery of His teaching.**

*Obj.* What He smears is 'white ash'; what  
He wears is an angry snake;

What He speaks with His lips divine is  
the mystic word, it seems; MY DEAR!

*Ans.* What He smears, what He says,

what He wears are the means by which  
He,  
As my Lord, rules me; and of all that  
hath life the Essence is He! CARALO!  
(4)

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These are the words used by Dakshan to  
his daughter Umai in the Kaci  
Khandam, :-

His body he smears with ashes; a serpent  
he wears as adornment;  
Poison from the sea he eats; a skull he  
carries  
He rides a white bull that rages with  
anger. Such an one,  
O damsel, is he fit to come to our  
sacrifice?'

The ashes, the serpent, the poison, the  
skull, and the bull are matters of praise

in all Caiva poems.

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## II. **Objections to His mendicant guise.**

*Obj.* 'My Father, Embiran, to all indeed is Ruler Supreme;

Yet He wears a clouted kovanam;' and why should this be so, MY DEAR?

*Ans.* The Vedas four, the meaning with which all lore is fraught, as the great thread

Himself alone as kovanam He spreads; behold, CARALO! (8)

----

An ascetic mendicant wears a very scanty cloth, suspended by a string round the waist; but why should He, who often appears in such stately majesty, wear this unseemly pretence of decent clothing! The answer is

ambiguous in the original, but seems to say: 'All mysteries are *contained and hidden* in Him, and the Vedic revelation is the link between Him and the souls of men.' Strange symbolism!

*Kaman, the 'Bodiless.'*"- The story of the destruction of Kaman (or the god of Love) by Civan is very curious, and should be read by the Tamil scholar in the Kamba-Ramayana. It seems that Civan resolved to enter on a course of very strict devotion (Yogam) with the intention of increasing his powers! The lesser divinities fearing this, instigated Kaman to endeavour to distract the mind of the devotee. Accordingly the archer sallied forth with his arrows composed of the nine most fragrant flowers, and having fitted one on to the string, took aim at Civan's sacred breast. But the god suddenly opened his third eye in the

centre of his brow, from which he darted a wrathful flame that instantly reduced Kaman to ashes. At the intercession of all orders of creation Kaman was restored to life, but not to a visible substantial form, and he still pervades the world riding on the chariot of the soft south-wind, working his mischief unseen. Ancient European mythology made him blind: he is here 'bodiless.' The legend may remind us of the story of Echo. The allusions to this myth in these lyrics are endless - and wearisome.

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### **III. The objection that Civan is a homeless ascetic.**

*Obj.* His shrine's the burning ground;  
fierce tiger skin His goodly garb;  
All motherless and fatherless is He; all  
lonely dwelleth; see, MY DEAR!

*Ans.* Motherless is He and fatherless;  
dwelleth all aone; but though'tis thus,  
If He be wroth, the worlds to powder  
crumble all; behold, CARALO! (12)

#### **IV. The punitive indications of Bhairavan.**

*Obj.* Ayan, the 'Bodiless,' with Anthagan,  
and Canthiran,  
In divers ways He wounded sore, yet  
slew not; see, MY DEAR!

*Ans.* He Whose eyes are three, the Ruler  
great, if He shall punish,  
Is't not a triumph to the heav'nly ones, O  
thou with flowing locks? CARALO!  
(16)

#### **V. Dakshan's sacrifice.**

*Obj.* Of Dakshan He smote off the head,  
off Eccan too; the hosts of gods

That flocking came He sent to  
nothingness; why this, MY DEAR?

*Ans.*Them who thronging came to  
nothingness He sent; 'twas grace!  
In grace to Eccan too He gave one head  
the more; see CARALO! (20)

## **VI. Arunachalam.**

*Obj.*Him the flow'ry god and Mal knew  
not; in fiery form He came  
From earth that stretch'd to lower  
worlds; wherefore was this, MY DEAR?

*Ans.*From earth to realms beneath had  
He not reach'd, they twain  
The insolence of self-esteem had not  
cast off; behold, CARALO! (24)

## **VII. Parvathi lives in His side, Ganga on His crest.**

*Obj.*Soon as the mountain maid as part

of Him He placed, another dame  
In watery form upon His braided locks  
poured down! Why this, MY DEAR?  
*Ans.* Upon His braided locks in watery  
form had she not leaped, the world  
To cavernous destruction rushing ruined  
must have lain! CARALO! (28)

### VIII. **The poison.**

*Obj.* He ate halalam from the sounding  
sea, that day arisen  
With mighty din; what means this  
wondrous act, MY DEAR?

*Ans.* Had He not eaten on that day the  
posion fierce, Ayan and Mal  
And all the other gods of upper heaven  
had died; behold, CARALO! (32)

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*The Hala-hala Poison, the churning of  
the sea, the blackness of Civan's Throat,*

*and the epithet 'Ambrosia.'*-

Among other things in these lyrics that require explanation to the English reader, the subjects referred to in the above title are of the most frequent recurrence, and are apt to weary and even disgust.

It is most necessary however to understand once for all how essential they are to the South-Indian concept of Civan, as the great and beneficent Being Who is to be approached in prayer and gratefully adored. It will hardly be possible for the reader to do anything like justice to the Poet and religious Teacher, unless he deem it worth while to make the attempt to view these things candidly and dispassionately in the light in which they are viewed by the more devout and intelligent of the Caiva community.

The legend is simply this: the lesser deities were in sore affliction and came to Civan for help. He accordingly came forth from Kailaca, and using Mount Mandara as His churning-stick, with Vasu-deva as the rope which caused it to revolve, proceeded to churn the sea of milk. The result was the appearance of the Ambrosia or food of immortal gladness. But before this a stream of fiery poison black and deadly, the *Halahalapoison*, rushed forth. This the deity himself drank up, and hence his throat is for ever black, a glorious memorial of his voluntary sufferings. The cup of ambrosia He gave to the grateful gods. Another version of this story may be read in Wilson's Vishnu Puranam. It is also to be found in various form in Tamil verse, but is essentially a Sanskrit and northern myth. The question occurs, was this regarded as literal fact, or was it put

forth as a parable? It may be said that three classes of Hindus are to be met with in the South: those to whom this and similar histories are wonderful stories and nothing more. They take no more interest in them than we should in the Arabian Nights' Entertainments.

A second class believe the legends devoutly, and regard them as capable of a mystic interpretation to which however they do not attach any surpassing importance, nor are they at all agreed as to its details. The third class think that under the veil of such legends ancient sages concealed mysterious teachings which they were unwilling to expose to the vulgar gaze. And they say that they alone possess the secret of the esoteric meaning of the myths, which they themselves regard as more or less antiquated and uncouth.

Whether the Upanishads and Sanskrit literature in general lend any countenance to this last idea is exceedingly doubtful. I incline to think that these mystic interpretations are only to be found in later, and chiefly in South-Indian, authors. It is very certain that the *Caiva Siddhanta* philosophers have made it their especial business to give to all such legends a more elevating, and at the same time distinctly Caivite, interpretation. The south of India has from the earliest time been more open than the rest of the east to western influences and teaching, and I feel convinced that this is one of the results. Whether in any way the chasm between western and eastern ideas can be bridged over by any such explanations is of course a most interesting question.

It is quite permitted us to say that, the

truth supposed to be concealed (rather too carefully!) under these symbols is that, the Supreme Being has condescended to come to earth to taste the bitter cup of suffering, retaining ever the glorious signs of that agony, while to men He presents the draught of immortal blessedness. However this may be, the epithets of 'Black-throated' and 'Ambrosia' as applied to Civan need not be, must not be, simply grotesque, but associated with the pathos of suffering and the tenderness of unselfish love.

The idea of this is expressed in the first poem of the Purra-Nannurru, which is by Perundevanar, the translator of the Bharatam:-

'He wears th'adornment of a throat with  
poison black; that stain

The chaunters of the mystic scrolls are  
wont to praise.'

Of course there are many things which are said and sung by the devout of all systems in all lands that require to be explained, and it will generally be found that a mystic meaning is at the root of the uncouth phrase. This has been more or less lost sight of: the symbol is apt to supersede the real thought.

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IX.

*Obj.* The Lord of Tillai's court, Who in the southern land delights, and dances there,

A mighty maniac, delighted in the female form, behold, MY DEAR!

*Ans.* had He not delighted in the female

form, all in the wide world  
Would have obtained heaven's bliss and  
earth had failed; behold, CARALO! (36)

X.

*Obj.* He is the endless One; and me, a  
dog, who came to Him,  
He plunged in tide of rapturous bliss  
unending; behold, MY DEAR!

*Ans.* The sacred Feet that plunged me in  
rapture's flowing tide  
are treasure rich to gods in upper heaven  
that dwell; behold, CARALO! (40)

XI.

*Obj.* Lady! what's this ascetic rite?  
Sinews and bone He wears,  
A bony circlet on His arm He loves to  
bear; behold, MY DEAR!

*Ans.* The way of the bony circlet hear! In

the end of the age

When the *two* had reached their fated  
hour, He put it on; behold, CARALO!  
(44)

XII.

*Obj.* His garb is the skin of the forest  
tiger; He eats from a skull;  
The wild is His city; to Him here who  
will service pay? MY DEAR!

*Ans.* Yet, hear thou! Ayan and sacred  
Mal, and the King  
Of them of the heavenly land, are His  
humble and faithful ones; CARALO!  
(48)

XIII. **His marriage.**

*Obj.* The mountain monarch's golden  
Daughter bright of brow, the Lady blest,  
He wedded with the fire as all the world

doth know; what's that? say, MY  
DEAR!

*Ans.* Had He not wedded Her for all the  
world to know, the world entire  
Had in confusion lost the import true of  
every lore; behold, CARALO! (52)

#### **XIV. The dance.**

*Obj.* The Lord of Tillai's court, by cool  
palms girt, whence honey drips,  
There entering does a mystic dance  
perform; what's that, MY DEAR?

*Ans.* Had He not enter'd there, all the  
wide earth had quick become  
Abode of demons armed with flesh-  
transfixing appears; CARALO! (56)

#### **XV. The bull.**

*Obj.* On stately elephant, swift stead, or  
car it pleased Him not to ride;

A bull He pleased to mount! Explain me  
this that I may know, MY DEAR!

*Ans.* The day He burnt with fire the triple  
mighty walls,  
Mal divine a bull became to bear Him  
up; behold, CARALO! (60)

### **XVI. Civan a guru and an avenger too.**

*Obj.* Well to the four, the fourfold mystic  
scrolls' deep sense,  
That day, beneath the banyan tree, and  
virtue He reveal'd; behold, MY DEAR!

*Ans.* That day, beneath the banyan tree,  
though virtue He revealed,  
He utterly destroyed the cities three;  
begold, CARALO! (64)

### **XVII. A mendicant.**

*Obj.* In the sacred hall He dances, and  
wanders abroad to beg for alms;

This homeless mendicant shall we approach as god? How so, MY DEAR?  
*Ans.* Hear thou the nature of this sacred mendicant! Him Vedas four know not; But they've invok'd Him Lord and Ican, praising loud; behold, CARALO! (68)

### XVIII. The disc.

*Obj.* When He smote down Jalandharan, the monster of the sea, that disc To Naranan, the good, in grace He gave; how's that, MY DEAR?

*Ans.* Since Naranan, the good, dug out an eye, and laid at Aran's foot, As flower, to him in grace the disc He gave; behold, CARALO! (72)

### IX.

*Obj.* His garment is the spotted hide; His food the fiery poison dark.

Is this our Peruman's great skill?  
Expound that I may know, MY DEAR!  
*Ans.* Our Peruman,- whatever He wore  
there,- whate'er He ate,-  
The greatness of His Nature none can  
know; behold, CARALO! (76)

### **X. Virtue and true philosophy must be divinely taught.**

*Obj.* To saints of goodness rare, beneath  
the AI, virtue and all the Four He taught;  
Explain to me the grace He showed,  
seated with them, MY DEAR!

*Ans.* Had He not taught that day in grace,  
the worthy saints virtue and all the Four,  
To noble souls this world's nature had  
ne'er been known! Behold, CARALO!  
(80)

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**Hymn XIII- tiru puvalli**

# **THE SACRED LILY-FLOWERS** **or** **TAKING THE VICTORY FROM** **MAYA**

## **I. Renunciation of other help.**

His sacred Feet,- the twain,-soon as  
upon my head He placed,  
Help of encircling friends,- the whole,- I  
utterly renounced;  
In Tillai's court begirt with guarded  
streams, in mystic dance  
He moves. That Raftsman's glory SING,  
AND PLUCK THE LILY-FLOWERS!  
(4)

## **II. Further experiences in** **Madyarjunam.**

From father, mother, kindered, and all  
else that were to me

As bonds, He set me free; made me His  
own,- the Pandi-Lord!

In Idai-maruthu, His dwelling, rapture's  
honey flowed.

That sweet recess with song PRAISE  
WE, AND PLUCK THE LILY-  
FLOWERS! (8)

### **III. Converting grace.**

Us too, than dogs more vile, of worth  
and note He made to be;  
With greater than a mother's tenderness,  
our Peruman  
Cut off 'illusive birth,' made us His own;  
our 'deeds' so strong  
Laid prostrate humbled in the dust;  
PLUCK WE THE LILY-FLOWERS!  
(12)

### **IV. The Rebel-rout.**

They praised not the king of Tillai's  
town, 'mid well-tilled fields,  
Dakshan renown'd, and Arukkan, and  
Eccan, Moon, and Fire!  
By Vira-bhadra with his demon host that  
fill'd the sky,  
Sing how that day they suffer'd wounds;  
AND PLUCK THE LILY-FLOWERS!  
(16)

### **V. Perun-turrai and Tillai.**

Civan, the Lord, who on His 'lock' the  
honed cassia wears,  
Took fleshy rom, sought me, and  
entering came; before the world  
That I may dance, and utter triumph  
songs, in dance  
He moves! For Him, King of heaven's  
sons, PLUCK WE THE LILY-  
FLOWERS! (20)

## VI. The Triads.

THREE fires He gave in gracious pity to  
the gods;

THREE heads to sever fire He sent from  
sacred brow, in grace;

THREE forms He wears, the Only-One,  
Incomprehensible;

THREE rebel towns He burnt; so

PLUCK THE LILY-FLOWERS! (24)

## VII. His gracious work.

He made my head to bow; my mouth to  
laud His cinctured Foot

He taught; gave me to join th'assemblage  
of His glorious saints;

And with the Queen, in Tillai's court  
adorned, dances our Peruman.

Sing we aloud His excellence, AND

PLUCK THE LILY-FLOWERS! (28)

## VIII.

He taught the pathway to the golden Feet  
of His great saints,  
Praise ye the Master's grace that made  
me His and gave the sign!  
'Old deeds' that made us wholly bond-  
slaves, sorely troubled us,  
Sing how He brought to naught; AND  
SO PLUCK WE THE LILY-  
FLOWERS! (32)

## IX.

That I might praise Him many a day, and  
service due perform,  
The Mighty-One His fragrant foot-  
flower on my frame impress'd;  
A beauteous Light He shone, softened  
my heart, and made me His!  
Sing how those jewell'd Feet are gold,  
AND PLUCK THE LILY-FLOWERS!

(36)

X.

That this my frame, mere mass of fierce  
desires, might pass away,  
Great Perun-turrai's Lord placed on my  
head His glorious Foot.

KABALI,- Who, well pleased, black  
poison ate from out the sea, -  
Sing we, amidst His warring foes, AND  
PLUCK THE LILY-FLOWERS! (40)

XI.

The BEING INFINITE, with every  
varied sweetness filled;  
The LORD, Who took my soul in joyous  
pomp; His sounding Feet  
All dwellers in the world shall praise!  
That is the way of good!  
That way sing we His glory now, AND

## PLUCK THE LILY-FLOWERS! (44)

### XII.

Heaven's Lord, and Mal, and Ayan, and  
the other gods He rules

As King, with attributes and signs that  
none may e'er attain;

The fiery poison from the vasty sea, He  
made His food

Ambrosia; and thus sing we, AND  
PLUCK THE LILY-FLOWERS! (48)

### XIII.

That day, beneath the banyan's shade, in  
grace the Vedas rare

He gave; the heavenly ones and mighty  
saints, each day, stood round,

And praised Him of the perfect Foot  
with cassia-flower adorn'd;

Its golden petal's dust sing we, AND

## PLUCK THE LILY-FLOWERS! (52)

### XIV.

Fair pictured in my soul His Feet's twin  
flowers in grace He gave;  
The Lord, Who in Ekambam dwells,  
made here His chosen seat;  
In Tillai's sacred court, girt by wide  
walls, is now His home;  
Sing how in mystic dance He moves,  
**AND PLUCK THE LILY-FLOWERS!**  
(56)

### XV. **Dakshan's sacrifice.**

Fire and the Sun, and Ravanan, and  
Andhagan, and Death,  
With red-ey'd Hari, Ayan, Indra, and the  
Moon-god too,  
And shameless Dakshan and the Eccan:  
these their honour lost!

Singing His swelling glory now, **PLUCK  
WE THE LILY-FLOWERS!** (60)

**XVI.**

The strong bull's Rider; Champion brave  
of those of Civa-town;

In Madura, earth-carrier; in grace He ate  
the cakes;

Was smitten by the Pandiyan's staff,  
who claimed His service there.

Sing the song of the wound He bore,  
**AND PLUCK THE LILY-FLOWERS!**

(64)

**XVII.**

The ancient Mal, Ayan, the heavenly  
ones, the Danavar,

Knew not His sacred golden Foot, but  
joined in praise!

Entering within my breast, He made me

His! His ornament  
The gleaming serpent SING WE THUS,  
AND PLUCK THE LILY-FLOWERS!  
(68)

### XVIII.

That with desire insatiate my soul might  
ever joy  
At sound of tinkling anklets on His  
glorious sacred Foot,  
In dance He moves,- the Lord of Perun-  
turrai's car-thronged streets.  
This mighty rapture chaunting loud,  
PLUCK WE THE LILY-FLOWERS!  
(72)

### XIX.

The Perun-turrai-Lord, Who wears the  
hide of elephant;  
Who took a madman's form;- Who in

this world became a child;  
Source of all heavenly bliss; great  
Uttara-koca-mangai's Prince;  
As in our minds He entering cam,  
PLUCK WE THE LILY-FLOWERS!  
(76)

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**Hymn XIV- tiru unthiyar**

**THE UNTHIYAR**

**or**

**SACRED VICTORY**

**CIVAN'S TRIUMPHS**

Tamil scholars give different interpretations of the word *Unthiyar*. It seems to mean 'the players at a game resembling battledore and shuttlecock.' The word *Unthiis*, I imagine, used for

the shuttlecock or ball which the players cause to 'fly aloft.'

In this lyric FIVE GREAT TRIUMPHS OF CIVAN are celebrated.

I. The first of these (I-4) is the destruction of the three towns, in Tami and Sanskrit *Tripura*, which is curiously enough made to be the name of a giant overthrown by Civan. I give an abstract of this story from Muir:-

'There were in the sky three cities of the Asuras, one of iron, another of silver, and a third of gold, which Indra could not demolish, with all his weapons. Then all the great gods, distressed, went to Rudra as their refuge, and said to him, after they were assembled: "Rudra, there shall be victims devoted to thee in all sacrifices. Bestower of honour, destroy the Daityas with their cities, and deliver

the worlds." He, being thus addressed, said, "So be it;" and making Vishnu his arrow, Agni its barb, Yama, the son of Vivasvat, its feather, all the Vedas his bow, and the excellent Savitri (the Gayatri) his bowstring, and having appointed Brahma his charioteer, he in due time pierced through these cities with a three-jointed three-barbed arrow, of the colour of the sun, and in fierceness like the fire which burns up the world. These Asuras with their cities were there burnt up by Rudra.'

II. The second of these triumphs is the destruction of Dakshan's sacrifice. The story of this is told with many variations, and is evidently, as Professor Wilson pointed out long ago, of some great struggle between the followers of Vishnu and Civan: but it is neither possible to give any full interpretation of

it, nor to reconcile the discrepancies in the various accounts of it. The account given below is that of the Kaci Khandam, which every student of Tamil should read.

In the Kaci Khandam, the account of Dakshan-his sacrifice, punishment, forgiveness, and penance in Benares - occupies chapters xxxviii-xc inclusive, and fills 148 stanzas. It sums up, with some inconsistencies, the whole story as given in the Sanskrit books. Dakshan (- the Intelligent) is represented sometimes as the father, and sometimes as the son of Aditi; and at other times the two are curiously said to have been reciprocally producers and produced. He is identified with Prajapati, the Creator. This almost seems like a statement that the whole universe is developed from intelligence, and might appear like a very symbolical

acting forth of Hegel's system. Dakshan had many daughters married to the great saints, and especially Kacyapa(Kaciban) is said to have been the husband of twelve of them. One of his daughters was Durga, or Uma, who was subsequently born from the mountain after her voluntary death, and so received the name of Parvathi. So Civan, the Supreme, was a son-in-law of Dakshan, the Intelligence from which the Universe was developed. It is rather entangled.

On one occasion all the gods and saints made a visit to the silver mountain Kailaca. They were there received with great kindness, by the mighty one upon whose head is the Kondral wreath, whose throat is black with the poison he swallowed to save the world, and from the centre of whose forehead a third eye

shines resplendent. But the deity did not recognize his father-in-law, nor rise to receive him. This fills Dakshan with disgust, and he proceeds to indulge in the most extravagant abuse of Civan. It will be seen that everything with which he reproaches Civan is used by Manikka-Vacagar as praise. Of course a mystical meaning is given to each circumstance! The following is a summary of his language:-

'He has no mother, no father, and no relatives!

He is a maniac who dances with demons on the burning-ground.

He has an eye in his brow from which devouring fire blazes forth.

He wears the skin of a fierce tiger, foul and fetid.

Race, family, caste, quality hath he none.

He wears as an ornament the skin of a  
serpent that causes deadly ill.  
He has discarded the anointing of  
himself with flowery essences,  
And besmears himself with foul ashes of  
corpses in the burning-ground.  
His food is poison from the billowy sea;  
As conveyance he has an ancient  
bullock;  
He wears the skin of a black elephant;  
His ruddy hand grasps a skull bereft of  
flesh.  
If you say he is a *Brahman*, he has  
changed all rules of ordered life;  
If you say he is a merchant full of  
wealth, he goes about begging;  
He has no skill in any mystic lore.  
Nor is he a Brahmachari, for a large-eyed  
damsel is part of his body;  
He bears an implement of war, and so is  
not a worthy ascetic;  
He wanders amid the hot desert sands,

and so is no seemly householder;  
He cut off the head of the flower god,  
So knows not the laws of excellent  
justice;  
The lady with gleaming brows is half of  
his frame,  
So he is not male, or female, or sexless  
one.  
In the day when he destroys all worlds,  
Having worn as a garland the skull of  
flowery Ayan,  
And whirling the three-headed gleaming  
lance  
Everywhere he kills, Is it possible to call  
him a saint?'

After thus relieving his mind by abuse to  
punish Civan's discourtesy, he resolves  
to perform a mighty sacrifice (magam),  
and so gain additional powers. Civan  
must be dethroned or slain. All the gods  
are invited, and there is a very

magnificent assembly on Dakshan's mountain. Then comes forth a sage Dadici, who protests that no sacrifice can be of efficacy to which Civan has not been invited; such a place of worship must become 'a burning-ground, where goblins, demons, and dogs prowl around.' His protest is answered by additional abuse, and so the devotees depart, leaving the gods and goddesses to joint with Dakshan in the unhallowed offering. And now the great mischief maker in all such legends, whose name was Naradar, the sweet lutist of the holy mount, hurries to Kailaca to tell the goddess Umai of her father-in law's projected offering. She longs to be present, and implores her spouse to permit it, but he rejects her request. Somehow or other she does however go, and with every token of filial piety meets her father and mother; and after the first

greeting enquires why the great god, the lord of all, is not invited:

'It seems as though you had forgotten the greatest of guests.'

To this, abuse of Civan is the only answer.

She at once dies, puts off the body which owns Dakshan as father, and is reborn as the daughter of Himavat, whence, Civan afterwards takes her as Parvathi, 'the mountain maid.'

III. The third triumph is his bestowal of the milky sea on the son of Vasishta. For this it is sufficient to refer to the Koyil Puranam. It is a rather confused and somewhat meaningless story as it has come down to us.

IV. The fourth triumph is given at great

length in the Kaci Khandam, and is connected with the god's manifestation as Vira-bhadra. For this it is only necessary to refer to chapter xc of the above work.

In regard to the Kaci Khandam, indeed, which is mainly a translation from the Sanskrit Skanda Purana, it must be noted that there is in it much didactic poetry of a more elevated character, which characterized as a collection of legends which are utterly unprofitable, and have been worked into the devotional poetry of the Caivites to its very great detriment. The legends of Dakshan's sacrifice, of the appearance and ferocity of Vira-bhadra as a kind of incarnation of Civan, and of the unseemly disputes between Vishnu and Brahma as to the pre-eminence, occupy large portions of the book and are utterly useless in these

days. We may give a summary of chapter xxxi, entitled "The Appearance of Bhairava."

Civan, the Supreme, envelopes the world in elusive mystery, so that none know him while He is all in all. Hence, even among the gods, disputes arose as to who was the greatest. 'I am the supreme Essence,' cried Vishnu. 'I am the Self-existent,' declared Brahma from his lotus-seat. The sacred Veda, the unwritten record of mysterious truth, was called upon to decide. The divine essences whose incarnation, or manifestation rather, is the fourfold Veda spoke out: The first Vedic genius declared that since Civan alone performed the three operations of creation, preservation, and destruction, he was the Supreme and unoriginated God. The second declared that since

Civan had performed arduous sacrifices and penances, so as to merit praise from the whole universe, he was the supreme. The third announced the same conclusion, but based it upon the fact that Civan fills all things with light, and is adored by all the mystic sages as the giver of wisdom. The fourth Vedic mystery declared that since Civan revealed himself in various forms exciting emotions of joy and ecstatic devotion in the hearts of his worshippers, who beheld him crowned with cassia-wreaths, he was the greatest of the gods. [It is easy to see the arguments by which the supremacy of Civan is here upheld, and there are gleams of truth which Christianity emphasises and illustrates, but the legends connected with the statements are very wonderful, and certainly obscure and confuse, rather than

illustrate, the truth concerning the supreme and absolute.] Vishnu and Brahma listen only to deride. 'Civan,' they cry, 'rides on a bull; he has a matted coil of hair; he dances in the burning-ground; he smears ashes; his throat is black with the swallowed poison; he wears as a girdle a hissing snake; he is the leader of a wild demon-host, and Umai is a part of his form. This being so, how can he be the life of the soul of all?' [These are the arguments that were urged by Jains and Buddhists, and the wonder is that they did not everywhere and finally prevail.]

Roused by these insults, Civan suddenly appears. His aspect is described in the usual terms, and he sends forth a manifestaion or incarnation of himself, or of his destroying energy, to which the name of Vairavan (Vira-bhadra) is

given. This anomalous being is of terrific appearance, and endowed with all the Destroyer's terrible energy. He is followed by a host of malignant demons. Civan calls him his son, and bids him destroy all his enemies. Vairavan accordingly seizes the fifth head of Brahma between his thumb and forefinger, twists it off and throws it on the ground, performing a terrific dance which throws the whole universe and every order of sentient existence into a paroxysm of terror. This subdues the opposing deities, and Vishnu worships at Civan's feet, praising him in the most extravagant terms. The whole ends in a wild orgy, in which Civan and Brahma join. This is so often referred to in Caivite poetry, and seems so incapable of any edifying interpretation, that we have thought it necessary to give the authentic summary from the Kaci

Khandam once for all.

V. The last is the victory over the Ceylon king, Ravana. This legend is perpetually referred to in the south, and seems to have a popularity among the poets somewhat in excess of its apparent importance.

After his victory over Kuvera, Ravana went to Saravana, the birthplace of Karthikeya. Ascending the mountain, he sees another delightful wood, where his car Pushpaka stops, and will proceed no further. He then beholds a formidable dark tawny-coloured dwarf, called Nandivara, a follower of Mahadeva, who desires him to halt, as that deity is sporting on the mountain, and has made it inaccessible to all creatures, the gods included. Ravana angrily demands who Cankara (Mahadeva) is, and laughs

contemptuously at Nandivara, who has the face of a monkey. Nandivara, who was another body of Civan, being incensed at this contempt of his monkey form, declares that beings, possessing the same shape as himself, and of similar energy,-monkeys,- shall be produced to destroy Ravana's race (*Tasmad mad-virya-sanyuktah madrupa-sama-tejasah utpatsyanti badhartham hi kulasya tava vanarah*). Nandivara adds that he could easily kill Ravana now, but that he has been already slain by his own deeds. Ravana threatens that as his car has been stopped, he will pluck up the mountain by the roots, asking in virtue of what power Civan continually sports on that spot, and boasting that he must now be made to know his danger. Ravana then throws his arms under the mountain, which being lifted by him, shakes, and makes the hosts of Rudra tremble, and

even Parvathi herself quake, and cling to her husband (*Chachala Parvathi, chapitada clishta Mahecvaram*). Civan, however, presses down the mountain with his great toe, and along wit it crushes the arms of Ravana, who utters a loud cry, which shakes all creation. Ravana's counsellors then exhort him to propitiate Mahadeva, the blue-throated lord of Uma, who, on being lauded, will become gracious. Ravana accordingly praises Mahadeva with hymns, and weeps for a thousand years. Mahadeva is then propitiated, lets go Ravana's arms, says his name shall be Ravana from the cry (rava) he had uttered, and sends him away, with the gift of a sword bestowed on him at his request.

[Metre: kavithal isai]

## **I. The three cities**

Bent was the bow;- upsprang the tumult;  
Perished three cities! Fly aloft, Unthi!  
As they burnt straightway together,- Fly,  
&c. (3)

Two arrows we saw not- in Egambar's  
hand:

One arrow; three cities! Fly aloft, Until!  
And one was too many !- Fly, &c. (6)

There was shaking of framework;- and  
as He moved His foot,  
The axle was broken- say, Fly aloft,  
unthi!  
Perished three cities! - Fly, &c. (9)

Those who won their escape- a triad of  
persons-He guarded.  
To Him whose arrows fail not,- Fly aloft,  
Unthi!  
Saying, He's the Tender-One's Spouse!-

Fly, &c. (12)

## II. Dakshan's sacrifice.

The frustrate offering thrown to the  
ground-the gods-  
Sing how they fled!-Fly aloft, Unthi!  
To Rudra the Lord,-Fly, &c. (15)

Aha! Mal divine got a portion that day of  
the offering;  
And He died not!- Fly aloft, Unthi!  
The Four-faced's father!- Fly, &c. (18)

The fierce one- Agni-to consume it  
collected  
His hands of flame. He cut them away! -  
Fly aloft, Unthi!  
Spoiled was the sacrifice! - Fly, &c. (21)

Dakshan, who raised the anger of  
Parvathi,

He saw and spared, what good? my  
dear!- Fly aloft, Unthi!  
To the SPOuse of the Beautiful, - Fly &c.  
(24)

Purandharan became a tender 'kuyil,'  
And flew up a tree!- Fly away, Unthi!  
King of the heavenly ones!- Fly, &c.  
(27)

The angry sacrificer's head-  
Sing how it fell! - Fly aloft, Unthi!  
That birth's chain may be snapt! - Fly,  
&c. (30)

The head of a sheep- to Vidhi- as his-  
Sing how He joined!-Fly aloft, Unthi!  
While you're with laughter convulsed!-  
Fly, &c. (33)

Sing how Bhagan, who cam to eat,  
'scaped not,

He plucked out his eye!- Fly aloft,  
Unthi!

That germs of our birth may die!-Fly,  
&c. (36)

The Lady of the tongue lost a nose;  
Brahma a head;-

The Moon-god's face He smashed!-Fly  
aloft, Unthi!

That ancient troublous deed might die!-  
Fly, &c. (39)

The god of the Vedas four, the Lord of  
the sacrifice,

Fell; sing how he sought the way they  
went!- Fly aloft, Unthi!

And Purandharan, too, in the offering!-  
Fly, &c. (42)

The teeth in the mouth of the Sun-god  
How He swept them broken away!-Fly  
aloft, Unthi!

The sacrifice came to confusion!-Fly,  
&c. (45)

Dakshan that day lost his head;  
Tho' Dakshan's children stood round!-  
Fly aloft, Unthi!  
Perished the sacrifice!- Fly, &c. (48)

### III. **Ubamanya.**

Who that day to the son gave the sea of  
milk;  
To the glorious Lord of the braided  
lock,-Fly aloft, Unthi!  
To Kumaran's father,- Fly, &c. (51)

### IV. **Brahma.**

The Four-faced's head, who sits on the  
beauteous flower,  
Was quickly nipt off!-Fly aloft, Unthi!  
By His nail was nipt off!- Fly, &c. (54)

## **V. Ravana.**

His heads who stayed the car, and raised  
the hill,-

Sing how twice five of them perished!-

Fly aloft, Unthi!

And twenty perished!-Fly, &c. (57)

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## **Hymn XV- tiru tonokkam**

Metre : Naladittaravu koccuk kalippA

There is an amusing illustration drawn by a native artist, of this game as played in South India. Its name literally means 'aiming at the shoulder,' for it ends up with placing the hands of each opposing pair on the shoulders of the other. In some lines this is used as a symbol of the approach of the soul to Civan's feet.

## I. The cleansing from delusion.

The demon-car allures: 'a stream flowing  
from flowery lake,'

Men think, and rush to draw, in  
ignorance and folly lost!

Thou hast such fond delusions far  
removed, O Dancer blest

In shining Tillai's court! As we Thy  
roseate Foot would reach,

PLAY WE TONOKKAM! (4)

## II.

The Lord of Tillai's court, whose glory  
never wanes;

Whom 'he who hurled the calf at fruit,'  
and Brahma could not see;

Lest I in endless births and deaths  
should sink, made me His own;

Praising His excellence, ye maids with

thickly clusterig locks,  
PLAY WE TONOKKAM! (8)

### III. **Kannappar.**

As in the worship paid true ministrations  
HE discerned:-

The glorious slippered-foot, the chalice-  
mouth, the flesh for food;-

Such gifts acceptance gained! He knew  
the woodman's pure desire;

And as the saint stood there, with joyous  
mind, fulfilled of grace,

PLAY WE TONOKKAM! (12)

### IV.

So that my stony heart was melted, He  
all tenderly

Compassionate stood by, and came  
within my soul in grace,

Led me in way of good; and then, as all

the country knows,  
He here drew nigh, spake with me face  
to face; and thus  
**PLAY WE TONOKKAM! (16)**

## **V. God manifold, yet One.**

Earth, water, fire, air, ether vast, the  
wandering moon, the sun,  
And man, - to sense revealed: EIGHT  
WAYS He joined Himself to me;  
Throughout seven worlds, in regions ten,  
He moves: yet One alone  
Is He! As manifold He comes and 'bides  
with us; and so  
**PLAY WE TONOKKAM! (20)**

## **VI. Various sectaries.**

Buddhists, and others,- in their wisdom  
fools,- the men of many sects,  
All with their systems worthless and

outworn, bewildered stand;-  
My every power He fills with bliss  
superne, makes all life's works  
Devotion true,-through His compassion,  
FATHER seen! And thus  
PLAY WE TONOKKAM! (24)

## VII. Candecuvara Nayanar.

The Neophyte from evil free, cut off the  
feet of him  
Who rashly overturned the work in  
Civan's honour done:  
A Brahman he in caste, His father too!  
Through Ican's grace,  
While gods adored, his crime was utterly  
consumed; and thus  
PLAY WE TONOKKAM! (28)

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*The Legend of Candecuvara Nayanar:  
The Young Brahman Cowherd.- In a*

town in the Cora country, called Ceynalur, a Brahman boy was born, whose name was Vicara-carumar, who from his earliest days instinctively understood the whole Caiva creed; so that when the sages came to instruct him he met them with the recitation of the essential doctrines of the system, which he had grasped by a divine intuition. It may be permitted to repeat the articles of his creed, as these are summed up in the legend: 'All souls are from everlasting fast bound in the chains of impurity. To destroy that impurity, and to give to these souls infinite felicity and eternal release, He who is eternal is revealed. He performs the five Acts of creation, preservation, destruction, "envelopment," and gracious deliverance. He is the one Lord (Pathi), Who possesses the eight attributes of absolute independence, purity of form,

spontaneous understanding, absolute knowledge, natural freedom from all bonds, infinite grace, endless might, and boundless blessedness. His name is Civan, the Great Lord. He performs his gracious acts by putting forth the energy (Catti), Who, as a person, is one with Him, and is therefore the divine Mother of all, as He is the divine Father, and must with Him be loved and worshipped. Nor can we say "we will do this in some future birth," for we are born here as human beings for this and no other purpose; and the human form in the infinite series of transmigration is hard to attain unto. Nor should we defer till to-morrow our dedication of ourselves, since we know not the day of our death. Therefore must we avail ourselves of Civan's gift of grace, studying the sacred Agamas and other works, without doubting, or

commingling of perverse interpretation.  
This is the WAY of life!

One day, together with his school companions, he went down to the bank of the river where the village cows were grazing in charge of a man of the herdsman caste. This rustic, having no sense of right and wrong, beat one of the cows with a stick; but Vicara-carumar was vehemently stirred by this outrage, and rushing up to him in great wrath, restrained him from striking the sacred animal: 'Know you not,' said he, 'that cows have come down from the world of Civan to this earth? In their members the gods, the sages, and the sacred purifying stream dwell. The five products of these sacred creatures are the sacred unguents of Civan. And the ashes which are the adornment of the God and his devotees are made from their refuse!' Dwelling

upon this idea he conceived a desire to devote himself entirely to the task of herding and caring for the troop of sacred cows; and accordingly sent away the rustic, who reverentially departed. And thus our hero became a self-dedicated Brahman. As such he easily obtains permission of all the Brahmans of the town to take charge of their cows, and daily along the bank of the beautiful river Manni, he leads forth his troop in the green pastures, allowing them peacefully to graze their fill, and supplying them with drinking water. When the fierce heat of the sun oppresses, he leads them into the shady groves, and guards them well, meanwhile gathering the firewood necessary for his household worship; and then at evening, leaving each cow at its owner's door, he goes to his home.

While things went on in this manner, the cows increased daily in beauty, waxed fat, were joyous, and by day and night poured forth abundant streams of milk for their owners. The Brahmans found that they had more milk than formerly for their offerings and were glad. The cows, tended with such solicitude, were brisk and cheerful, and though separated for awhile from their calves that remained tied up in the houses, grieved not a whit, but with joy awaited the coming of their young herdsman, following him gladly, crowding around him like tender mothers, and lowing joyfully at the sound of his voice. The youthful Brahman, seeing the exuberance of their milk, reflected that this was a fitting unction for the head of the God; and conceiving a great desire so to employ it, constructed a *lingam* of earth on a little mound beneath the

sacred Atti tree on the bank of the river, and built around it a miniature temple with tower and walls. He then plucked suitable flowers, and with them adorning the image, procured some new vessels of clay, and took from each of the cows a little milk, with which he performed the unction prescribed for the divine emblem (the Lingam); and Civan, the Supreme, looked down and received with pleasure the boy-shepherd's guideless worship. All essentials of the sacred service he supplied by the force of his imagination. Though this was done daily, the supply of milk in the Brahman's dairy was no whit diminished.

For a long time this continued, until some malicious person saw what was going on, and told it to the Brahmans in the village, who convened an assembly

before which they summoned the boy's father, and told him that his son Vicaracamar was wasting the milk of the Brahmans' sacred cows by pouring it idly on the earth in sport. The father feared greatly when he heard the accusation, but protested his entire ignorance of the waste and demeritation, and asking pardon, engaged to put a stop to his son's eccentric practices.

Accordingly the next day he went forth to watch the boy's proceedings, and hid himself in a thicket on the bank of the river. He soon saw his little son ceremonially bathe in the river, and then proceed to his minutine of Civa-worship, and then pouring a stream of anointing milk over the earthen *lingam*. Thus convinced of the truth of the accusation, he was greatly incensed, and rushing forth from his concealment inflicted severe blows upon the boy, and

used many reproachful words. But the young devotee's mind was so absorbed in the worship,- so full of the rapture of mystic devotion,- that he neither perceived his father's presence, nor heard his words, nor felt his blows. Still more incensed by the boy's insensibility, the infatuated father raised his foot, broke the vessels of consecrated milk, and destroyed the whole apparatus of worship! This was too much for the young enthusiast to bear; the god of his adoration was insulted, and the sacred worship defiled. He regarded not the fact that it was his father, a Brahman and a guru, who was the offender; but only saw the heinous sin and insult to Civan. So with the staff in his hands he aimed a blow at the offender's feet, as if to cut them off; and, behold, the shepherd's staff became in his hands the *Sacred Axe* of Civan, and the father fell maimed and

dying to the ground. The enthusiastic boy then went on with his worship as if nothing had occurred, but the Lord Civan, with Umai, the goddess, riding on the sacred White Bull, immediately appeared hovering in the air. The young devotee prostrated himself before the holy vision in an ecstasy of joy; when the Supreme One took him up in his divine arms, saying, 'For my sake thou hast smitten down the father that begat thee. Henceforth *I alone am thy father*,' and embracing him stroked his body with His sacred hand, and kissed him on the brow. The form of the child thus touched by the divine hand shone forth with ineffable lustre, and the God further addressed him thus: "Thou shalt become the chief among my servants, and to thee shall be given all the offerings of food and flowers that my worshippers on Kailaca's mountain present.' His name

there upon became Candecuvarar ('the impetuous Lord'). The manifested God finally took the mystic cassia-wreath from His Own head, and with it crowned the youthful saint. And so he ascended to heaven with Civan, and was exalted to that divine rank. The father too, who had been guilty in his ignorance of such impiety to the God, and had been punished by the hand of his own son, was forgiven, restored, and with the whole family passed into Civan's abode of bliss.

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## VIII.

Our pride is gone, forgotten reason's  
laws; ye maidens fair!  
We think but of the cinctured foot of  
Him, Lord of the south,  
Whom heaven adores! The rapturous  
Dancer's grace if we obtain,

His slaves,- even so in rapture lost, we  
then shall dance; and thus

PLAY WE TONOKKAM! (32)

IX.

The Three in story famed, of giant race,  
escaped the fire,

And guardians stand before my 'Brow-  
eyed' Father's door; since when,

Indras beyond compute, and Brahmas  
(who can count the sum?)

Behold! And many Mals, too, on this  
earth have died; and thus

PLAY WE TONOKKAM! (36)

**X. Vishnu's devotion and reward**

From out a thousand lotus flowers one  
flower was wanting still;-

His eye Mal straight dug out, and placed

on Aran's foot, our Lord!  
To Him then Cankaran forthwith the  
mighty discus gave,-  
A gracious recompense. Thus  
everywhere extolling Him,  
PLAY WE TONOKKAM! (40)

### **XI. The Bhairava.**

Kaman his body lost, Kalan his life, the  
fiery Sun his teeth,  
The Goddess of the tongue her nose,  
Brahma a head, Agni his hand,  
The Moon his crescent, Dakshan, Eccan  
too, a head they lost.  
These holy deeds in righteous wrath He  
wrought; and thus  
PLAY WE TONOKKAM! (44)

### **XII. Arunacalam.**

Brahma and Hari through their

foolishness said each:

'The Deity! the Deity supreme am I;  
To quell their swelling pride, Aran in  
form of lustrous fire,  
In grandeur measureless stood forth, the  
Infinite; and thus  
PLAY WE TONOKKAM! (48)

### **XIII. A wasted life.**

Poor servile worshipper,- how many,  
many a time  
I've watered barren soil,- not  
worshipping the Lord Supreme!  
The Eternal-First, th' imperishable  
flawless Gem, to me  
Came down; and bar of my  
'embodiment' destroyed; and thus  
PLAY WE TONOKKAM! (52)

### **XIV. Deliverance.**

The inner Light, past speech, the  
Worthiest entered within  
My soul, and brought me through lust's  
mighty sea that knows no shore,  
And then the craving senses' sateless  
vultures routed fled!  
Sing how a royal path in glory was made  
plain; and thus  
PLAY WE TONOKKAM! (56)

---

## **Hymn XVI- tirup ponnusal**

### **THE SACRED GOLDEN SWING or PURIFICATION BY GRACE**

I.

Let precious coral be the posts, strung  
pearls the ropes,  
Pure gold the beauteous seats,- Mount

we, and sweetly sing  
The flow'ry Foot Narayanan knew not,  
to me  
His currish slave in Uttara-koca-mangai  
given  
As home, Ambrosial grace, that never  
palls, His feet impart.  
Ye guileless, bright-eyed ones, MOVE  
WE THE GOLDEN SWING! (6)

## II.

Three gleaming eyes His face displays;  
His flow'ry feet  
The gods that dwell in heaven and grow  
not old, see not;  
In Uttara-koca-mangai seen, in flesh  
abides  
The King, while honied sweetness of  
ambrosia flows.  
Sing Idai-maruthu, His home! O ye like  
peafowl rare,

Whose walk hath swanlike grace,  
MOVE WE THE GOLDEN SWING!  
(12)

### III.

He Who no end and no beginning  
knows,- while saints  
A multitude, and countless heavenly  
ones, stood round,-  
His sacred ashes gave in grace; and  
mercy's tide  
Flow'd there: sing Uttara-koca-mangai's  
gemlike home  
Of palaces, with terrace high, where  
lightnings play!  
Maids, bright with gems and gold,  
MOVE WE THE GOLDEN SWING!  
(18)

### IV.

His throat the poison holds; Lord of the  
heavenly ones;  
To Uttara-koca-mangai's gemlike cloud-  
capped heights  
He came, with Her whose words are  
music; fill'd the mind  
Of us His slaves, ambrosial sweetness  
gave and grace  
That cuts off 'death and birth'! His holy  
praises sing!  
Ye who wear store of bracelets bright,  
MOVE WE THE GOLDEN SWING!  
(24)

V.

The god, Whose form the Two might not  
discriminate;  
In tender mercy, that the god's  
assembled band  
Might not know shame, but 'scape, made  
them His own, and poison ate

As food: He, Uttara-koca-mangai's  
Dancer, crowned  
With crescent of the moon. Praise we  
His worth! O ye  
With jewell'd bosoms fair, AND MOVE  
THE GOLDEN SWING! (30)

## VI.

The Lady's Half is He; His braided lock  
with flow'ry cassia dight  
In Utt'ra-koca-mangai 'midst his saints  
He dwells.  
He freed my soul from sin; made me, a  
cur, His own;  
From 'birth's old ill' His glorious coming  
saves.  
His pendant ear-rings' swing sing we  
with melting love, O ye  
With flower-crown'd bosoms fair, AND  
MOVE THE GOLDEN SWING! (36)

## VII.

He dwells in beauty, Lord of the great  
mystic word,  
Of Utt'ra-koca-mangai shrine, past  
thought; His praise  
Who sing, and worship, and bow down,  
He frees from bonds of sin.  
As gem-bright peafowl moving  
beauteous, on a swan,  
My Father came, and made me His! His  
beauty sing,  
Ye with gold adorned, AND MOVE  
THE GOLDEN SWING! (42)

## VIII.

From glorious mountain height to earth  
He came,  
Ate plenteous food, arose upon the lower  
seas,  
In magic form upon a charger rode, and

made us His;  
In sacred Uttara-koca-mangai where His  
virtue shines,  
With loud acclaim Him whom Mal  
could not reach we praise,  
And while our full hearts melt, MOVE  
WE THE GOLDEN SWING! (48)

## IX.

In sacred Uttara-koca-mangai's groves of  
cocoa-palm  
He came, in form unique a gracious light  
shone forth;  
Our 'birth' He caused to cease, made  
such as us His own;  
The Queen His Partner, and Himself,  
received our homage due;  
We sing His worth Whose crest breathes  
cassia's sweet perfume;  
Ye maids, whose jewell'd bosoms heave,  
MOVE WE THE GOLDEN SWING!

## Hymn XVII- Annai pathu

### THE MOTHER-DECAD or 'SOUL'S PLENITUDE.'

Metre: kavi viruttam

I.

'His word is the Vedam; ashes white He wears;

Rose-red is His form; His drum is the Natham;

MOTHER!' SAITH SHE.

'His drum is the Natham; to the Four-faced,

And to Mal too, this Lord is the Lord;  
MOTHER!' SAITH SHE. (4)

## II.

'His eye gleams black; He is  
compassion's sea;

Within He dwells, He melts the soul,  
MOTHER!' SAITH SHE.

'Within He dwells, and to the melting  
soul

Tears of undying bliss gives He,  
MOTHER!' SAITH SHE. (8)

## III.

'Th' eternal Bridegroom, He in minds  
devout

Abides with perfect beauty crown'd;  
MOTHER!' SAITH SHE.

'In minds devout abides, the southern  
Lord,

Perun-turrai's Sire; the Blissful;  
MOTHER!' SAITH SHE. (12)

#### IV.

'A dancing snake His jewel, tiger-skin  
His robe.

A form with ashes smeared He wears;  
MOTHER!' SAITH SHE.

'The form He wears whence'er I see and  
gaze,

My soul within me faints, why this?  
MOTHER!' SAITH SHE. (16)

#### V.

'Long are His outstretch'd arms; loose  
flow His locks;

Lord of the goodly Pandiyan land;  
MOTHER!' SAITH SHE.

'Lord of the goodly Pandi land, He rules  
My wandering thoughts, and shows His  
love;

MOTHER!' SAITH SHE. (20)

## VI.

'Whose glory none may know in Uttara-  
mangai 'bides;

He in my heart and soul abides;

MOTHER!' SAITH SHE.

'He in my heart abides, Whom Mal and  
Ayan

Could not see! How wondrous strange!

MOTHER!' SAITH SHE. (24)

## VII.

'White is His steed, and white His  
shaven head;

He wears the sleeper's mystic dress.

MOTHER!' SAITH SHE.

'Wearing the sleeper's dress, a prancing  
steed

He rides, and steals away my soul,

MOTHER!' SAITH SHE. (28)

## VIII.

'He wears the twining-wreath; the sandal  
paste

He smears; He rules and makes us His,  
MOTHER!' SAITH SHE.

'He makes us His; in lowly servants'  
hands,

Hark, how the lordly servants' hands,  
MOTHER!' SAITH SHE. (32)

## IX.

'The fair One's Half, ascetic's garb He  
wears,

Enters our homes an alms to ask,  
MOTHER!' SAITH SHE.

'He ent'ring alms to ask, my inmost soul  
In sorrow sinks; wherefore is this?

MOTHER!' SAITH SHE. (36)

X.

'Cassia, the moon, the *vilva*flower, and  
wild

Phrenzies crowd thick His head,  
MOTHER!' SAITH SHE.

'The *vilva*flower that crowns His sacred  
brow

Wild phrenzy bringeth me to-day,  
MOTHER!' SAITH SHE. (40)

---

## Hymn XVIII- Kuyil pathu

### THE KUYIL-DECAD

The *Kuyilis* often referred to in these poems. Our Sage, like St. Francis of Assisi, was exceedingly fond of birds, and indeed was filled with love for the whole creation. In this poem he calls upon the Kuyil to join him in the praises

of his Master, recounting the chief themes on which he was wont to dilate. The epithets applied to the Kuyil are skilfully varied; it is pictured to us as a diminutive bird haunting the leafy groves; of a dark azure hue with a golden tint; as uttering a sweet call of a peculiarly tender kind; as possessed of a beauty gladdening the eye; and as imparting pleasure to all that hear its inviting notes. Mystically the Kuyil is the human soul.

----

The Kuyil (or Kokila: *Eudynamys indicus*) is found in all parts of the peninsula of India, and is a great favourite with the people. Its somewhat monotonous cry is more appreciated by the natives of the East than by those of the West, yet it is not unpleasing, - in moderation. Its note is sweet and plaintive. It must not be confounded

with the English cuckoo, though it is of the same species, and not unlike it in some particulars.

-----

## **I. Civan's infinity.**

O KUYIL, sweet of song, if thou dost seek our Peruman to know;  
If thou would'st ask of His twain feet;  
they're planted'neath the sevenfold gulf.  
Would'st hear of His bright jewell'd crown? 'Tis glory old that passes speech.  
Nor origin, nor qualities hath He, nor end; CALL HIM TO COME! (4)

## **II. His grace to Mandodari.**

Him the fair sevenfold world extols,-  
since every being's form is His;-  
In southern sea-girt Lanka He, the Lord  
Who Perun-turrai owns,

Vandothari the beautiful, made glad with  
His abounding grace!

KUYIL, the southern Pandi Chief,  
CALL HITHER with thy voice divine!  
(8)

### **III. In His capital.**

KUYIL with form of azure hue! In  
Uttara-koca-mangai's shrine,  
Where bright the sacred temple stands,  
whose storied tenements rise decked  
with gems,  
One with the graceful Lady's flower-like  
form in virtue sweetly rich He dwells,-  
The loving Lord by whom the world  
grows bright,- go thou, and HITHER  
CALL! (12)

### **IV. His voluntary humiliation.**

Thou KUYIL small, that dost frequent

the grove with sweet fruit rich, hear this!  
The Gracious-One Who left the heavens,  
enter'd this earth, made men His own;  
The Only-One, despised the flesh,  
entered my soul, and fills my thought;-  
The Bridegroom of the Fawn-eyed-one  
that gently rules,- GO HITHER CALL!  
(16)

### **V. His gracious appearing.**

KUYIL, whose beauty is delight! Like  
sun with circling radiant beams,  
Through upper heaven come down, He  
frees His saints from thrall of low desire;  
The First, the Midst, the End is He;- the  
Three knew not His sacred form;-  
His feet are bright with crimson glow;-  
the mighty Warrior CALL TO COME!  
(20)

### **VI. The manifestation in Madura.**

KUYIL, glad pleasure give I Thee! the  
sevenfold worlds He rules;-  
The Loving-One ambrosia gives;- the  
Blissful-God came down from heaven,  
And on the goodly charger rode like  
jewel set in ruddy gold.  
KUYIL, 'mid branches twittering,  
Gokari's Lord GO, CALL TO COME!  
(24)

## VII. The monarch of the Tamil lands.

KUYIL, I'll joy in thee, and be thy  
comrade, ever by the side;-  
Him of the beauteous form Who shines,  
more choice than gold, in glory bright;  
The King, Who on the horse in  
splendour rode, in Perun-turrai dwells!-  
The Southern-One, the Ceran, Coran,  
great Buyangan, CALL TO COME! (28)

## VIII. Arunacalam.

O tender KUYIL, come thou here! Mal  
sought Him, and the 'Four-faced'-one,  
Nor found, then ceased, and pondering  
stood. Cleaving the heaven, in shining  
fire,

Beyond all worlds He rose that day, His  
body like the light rayed out.

On prancing steed a groom He rode;  
CALL Him with streaming lock TO  
COME! (32)

## IX. The gracious initiation.

KUYIL, thy dark form gleams with gold;  
thou in the fragrant grove dost joy!

The Blest, Whose glorious form is bright  
as splendour of the lotus red,

On earth, showed us His feet; set free  
from every bond, and made me His.

The beauteous cinctured golden Form,th'

Ambrosial-One, GO CALL TO COME!  
(36)

## **X. His manifestation as a guru.**

Hear this, thou KUYIL, calling 'midst  
the grove whose shady boughs enlace!  
A Brahman here He came, revealed His  
beauteous rosy feet to me.

'This man is one of us,' He said, and here  
in grace made me His own!

The LORD OF GODS, Whose sacred  
form is as red fire, GO BID TO COME!

---

## **Hymn XIX- tiruththa saangam**

### **THE SACRED TEN SIGNS: THE ROYAL INSIGNIA**

#### **I. The Name of the King.**

'Parrot fair and tender! soothly tell the  
glorious Name  
Of Perun-turrai's King!'- 'Lord of Arur,-  
the ruddy Prince,-  
The White-flower-god,-and he of the  
milky sea praised Him thus:  
Name we our Peruman, the PRINCE OF  
GODS!' (4)

## **II. King Civan's Land.**

'O Emerald, whose blameless speech is  
sweet! The LAND declare  
Owned by the Lord of all the sevenfold  
world, Whose own we are.'  
'He rules His loving ones in love, and  
gives unfailing grace,  
His LAND is aye the southern PANDI  
realm! (8)

## **III. The city of the King.**

'O babbling bird, dweller in flowery  
grove with fragrance filled!

What is the TOWN where dwells our  
Lord, the partner of the Queen?'

'The CITY Uttara-koca-mangai named  
by men devout

And true, as Civa-town on earth is  
prais'd! (12)

#### **IV. The King's River**

'Red-mouth'd, green-wing'd bright bird!  
Tell us the RIVER of the Sire

Who makes His home within our heart,  
great Perun-turrai's King!'

'O maid, the Master's RIVER is the  
rapture sent from heaven,  
Come down, the foulness of our mind to  
cleanse.' (16)

#### **V. The Mountain of the King.**

'O parrot purple-mouth'd! Tell me the  
ever-during MOUNT'  
Of Perun-turrai's King, that hides its  
head in clouds.' -'O maid,  
Behold and study well,-His MOUNT is  
bliss of sweet "RELEASE";  
Where the soul's darkness flees, and  
light shines forth.' (20)

## **VI. The King's Courser.**

'Come hither, parrot mine! and tell,  
before thou sek'st thy cage,  
The Lord of matchless glory, what rides  
He?'-'He joyous rides  
Upon the COURSES of the sky;- with  
honied thought the maids  
Divine attending chaunt melodious  
praise!' (24)

## **VII. The King's Weapon.**

'Parrot whose words are honey from the bough! What WEAPON pray O'ercomes the foes of Perun-turrai's blameless King?'

'The triple WEAPON that He wields, transfixes threefold sin, Causing the souls from malice free to melt.' (28)

### **VIII. The King's Drum.**

'Parrot, whose words as milk are sweet, tell me the martial DRUM That awful sounds before our Perun-turrai's King!'- 'In love It bids the foe of "birth" confounded flee,- and makes arise All bliss of heaven: the joyous NATHA-DRUM.' (32)

### **IX. The King's Garland.**

'Parrot, whose word is music, say what  
is the GARLAND worn  
By Perun-turrai's LORD, Who dwells in  
hearts where love wells up?'-  
'Who owns me, worthless cur, and daily  
wards off "evil deeds,"-  
He wears as WREATH the Tali-arrugu.'  
(36)

### **X. The King's Banner.**

'Green parrot of the grove declare, what  
BANNER glorious waves  
Above the King of Perun-turrai's waters  
pure?'- 'Aloft  
The stainless BANNER of the bull  
resplendent gleams  
In beauty manifest, while foes flee far.'  
(40)

---

**Hymn XX- tirupalli yezuchi**

# **MORNING HYMN IN THE TEMPLE**

**or**

# **THE ROUSING FROM THE SACRED COUCH**

**'THE FREEDOM OF THE  
UPLIFTED SOUL.'**

**I.**

Hail! Being, Source to me of all life's  
joys! 'Tis dawn;  
upon Thy flower-like feet twin wreaths  
of blooms we lay,  
And worship, 'neath the beauteous smile  
of grace benign  
that from Thy sacred face beams on us.  
Civa-Lord,  
Who dwell'st in Perun-turrai girt with  
cool rice-fields,  
where 'mid the fertile soil th' expanding

lotus blooms!

Thou on Whose lifted banner is the Bull!  
Master!

Our mighty Lord! FROM OFF THY  
COUCH IN GRACE ARISE! (4)

----

The image of the god is laid upon a couch each evening, and taken up in the morning. This *reveille* is the first business of the day. This was composed in Perun-turrai, 'the great harbour,' where the poet went to buy horses for his King, and was made a disciple. The bull is Civan's emblem. He rides on a white bull. It is also on his banner. The bull-headed *Nandi*, whose image is everywhere in South India, is his Lord High Chamberlain.

----

II.

The sun has neared the eastern bound;  
darkness departs;  
dawn broadens out; and, like that sun,  
the tenderness  
Of Thy blest face's flower uprising  
shines; and so,  
while bourgeons forth the fragrant  
flower of Thine eyes' beam,  
Round the King's dwelling fair hum  
myriad swarms of bees.  
See, Civa-Lord, in Perun-turrai's  
hallowed shrine Who dwell'st!  
Mountain of bliss, treasures of grace  
Who com'st to yield!  
O surging Sea! FROM OFF THY  
COUCH IN GRACE ARISE! (8)

### III.

The tender Kuyil's note is heard; the  
cocks have crowed;

the little birds sing out; sound loud the  
tuneful shells;  
Starlights have paled; day's lights upon  
the eastern hill  
are mustering. In favouring love O show  
to us  
Thy twin feet, anklet-decked, divinely  
bright;-  
Civa-Lord, in Perun-turrai's hallowed  
shrine Who dwell'st!  
Thee all find hard to know; easy to us  
Thine own!  
Our mighty Lord! FROM OFF THY  
COUCH IN GRACE ARISE! (12)

#### IV.

There stand the players on the sweet-  
voiced lute and lyre;  
there those that utter praises with the  
Vedic chant;  
There those whose hands bear wreaths

of flowers entwined;  
there those that bend, that weep, in  
ecstasy that faint;  
There those that clasp above their heads  
adoring hands;-  
Civa-Lord, in Perun-turrai's hallowed  
shrine Who dwell'st!  
Me too make Thou Thine own, on me  
sweet grace bestow!  
Our mighty Lord! FROM OFF THY  
COUCH IN GRACE ARISE! (16)

V.

'Thou dwell'st in all the elements,' 'tis  
said; and yet  
'Thou goest not, nor com'st;' the sages  
thus have sung  
Their rhythmic songs. Though neither  
have we heard nor learnt  
of those that Thee by seeing of the eye  
have known.

Thou King of Perun-turrai, girt with cool  
rice-fields,  
to ponder Thee is hard to human  
thought. To us  
In presence come! Cut off our ills! In  
mercy make us Thine!  
Our mighty Lord! FROM OFF THY  
COUCH IN GRACE ARISE! (20)

## VI.

Thy saints, who sinless in Thy home  
abide and know,  
have come, their bonds cast off; and  
now, a mighty host,  
With beauteous garlands decked, and  
clothed in human shape,  
they all adore Thee, Bridegroom of the  
Goddess dread!  
Civa-Lord, Who dwell'st in Perun-  
turrai's hallow'd shrine,  
girt with cool rice-fields, where th'

empurpled lotus blooms!

Cut off this 'birth', make us Thine own,  
bestow Thy grace!

Our mighty Lord! FROM OFF THY  
COUCH IN GRACE ARISE! (24)

VII.

'The flavour of the fruit is that;

'ambrosia that;

'that's hard;' 'this easy:' thus Immortals  
too know not!

'This is His sacred form; this is Himself:'  
that we

may say and know, make us Thine own;  
in grace arise!

In Uttara-koca-mangai's' sweet perfumed  
groves

Thou dwell'st! O King of Perun-turrai's  
hallowed shrine!

What service Thou demandest, Lo! we  
willing pay.

Our mighty Lord! FROM OFF THY  
COUCH IN GRACE ARISE! (28)

### VIII.

Before all being First, the Midst, the  
Last art Thou.

The Three know not Thy nature: how  
should others know?

Thou, with Thy tender Spouse, Thy  
servants' lowly huts

in grace didst visit, entering each,  
Supernal One!

Like ruddy fire Thou once didst show  
Thy sacred form;

didst show me Perun-turrai's temple,  
where Thou dwell'st;

As Anthanan didst Thyself, and make  
me Thine.

Ambrosia rare! FROM OFF THY  
COUCH IN GRACE ARISE! (32)

## IX.

The gods in heaven who dwell may not  
approach Thy seat!

O Being worthiest! Yet us who at Thy  
foot.

Pay homage, Thou to earth descending,  
madest blest.

Dweller in fertile Perun-turrai's shrine!  
our eyes

Beheld Thee; honied sweetness made  
our being glad.

Ambrosia of the sea! Sweetest of  
sweets! Thou art

Within Thy longing servants' thought! -  
Soul of this world!-

Our mighty Lord! FROM OFF THY  
COUCH IN GRACE ARISE! (36)

## X.

Said sacred Mal and flower-born Ayan

as they gazed  
on Civan's form, 'This day in vain we  
spend and cry.  
'Tis time we went to earth and there  
were born. 'Tis earth,  
'tis earth alone where Civan's grace is  
wont to save.'  
Thou King, Who dwell'st in Perun-  
turrai's hallow'd shrine,  
mighty Thou wert to enter earth, and  
make us Thine!  
Thou and the Grace, that flower-like  
blooms from forth Thy form,  
Ambrosia rare! FROM OFF THY  
COUCH IN GRACE ARISE! (40)

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**Hymn XXI- koyin muutha  
tirupathikam**

**THE ANCIENT SACRED TEMPLE-  
SONG**

**or**

**'ETERNAL REALITY.'**

**I.**

The Mistress dwells in midmost of  
Thyself;  
within the Mistress centred dwellest  
Thou;  
Midst of Thy servant if Ye Both do  
dwell,  
to me Thy servant ever give the grace  
Amidst Thy lowliest servants to abide;  
our Primal Lord, Whose Being knows no  
end,  
Who dwellest in the sacred golden  
porch,  
still present to fulfil my heart's intent!  
(4)

**II. I have not swerved**

E'erwhile in presence here Thou mad'st  
me Thine;

and I even so to be with effort strain:  
I follow Thee, and Thy behests fulfil;  
but still I here behind am left, great  
Lord!

If Thou appear not now in grace, and bid  
me come, will not Thy servants doubting  
say,

'And who was he that stood erewhile  
with Thee,'

Who joyest in the golden hall to dance?  
(8)

### III.

'He joy'd erewhile in loving service  
done,'-

if I, with heart of feeling reft made hard  
By grief, complain, for all the world to  
know,-

will they not say, 'This is no fitting

thing?'

Thy faithful ones, the sacrifice  
performed,  
now dwell in bliss with Thee, and Thou  
with them.

If Thou Thy face to me turn not, I die,-  
life's SOurce, Who dwellest in the  
golden court! (12)

IV.

Thou Source of All! Guide to the senses  
five;

and to the Three; to me, too, in life's  
way!

Thine ancient servants' thronging  
multitude

is gathered now within the heavenly  
courts.

Fount of all brightness! Thou hast given  
them grace;

shall I not cry, 'To me show pity too?'

And so I weep,- what other can I do?-  
Thou King of Tillai's sacred court of  
gold! (16)

V.

'King, Dancer in the golden court,  
Ambrosia,' - looking for Thy grace,- I  
cry.

Like patient heron watching for its prey,  
by night and day, I drooping 'bide and  
mourn

Thy saints have reached the shore,- in  
joy they shine;

to me if Thou deny that vision bright,-

Like butter hidden in the curdled milk,;

(br>

still silent, will not they reproach? (20)

VI.

Even they will heap reproach upon my

name,  
revile, and scoffing point me out as  
Thine;  
While others all will utter various  
speech;  
but I will cherish yearnings for Thy  
grace.

Teacher!- that I amid Thy loving ones  
may render service in the sacred hall,-  
Faher!- Who dances in the golden court,-  
henceforth, O ruler, pity show to me!  
(24)

## VII.

'Show pity, Dancer in the golden court,'  
with ever-yearning soul I pray. Of old,  
Rare teaching didst Thou give, and  
mad'st me Thine!

Shall I become mere beast, with none to  
own?

Thy saints around Thee throng, where

Thou and they,  
in happy sport commingled, ever dwell.  
That I may thither rise to join the band,  
our only Bliss, in grace O bid me come!  
(28)

### VIII. Whom have I save Thee?

Grace if Thou show not to Thy servant,  
who  
is here to bid me cast away my fears?  
All gold, Thou entering here, mad'st me  
Thine own,  
as thing of worth; Dancer in court of  
gold!  
Me, from Thee severed, with bewildered  
mind,  
and troubled sore, ah! bid to come to  
Thee.  
If Thou show not Thy glorious  
fellowhip,  
I die; and then will not men scoff? (32)

## **IX. The joys of Civan's paradise.**

They smile, they joy, honied delights  
they quaff,  
in thronging crowds Thy words expound  
and hear,  
And loud extol. Then each apart repeats  
the saving mystery of Thy sacred Name.  
'Our Head, Who dancest in the golden  
court,'  
they cry. before these blessed ones, shall  
I  
Like dog, that jackals chase and scare,  
remain?  
My Teacher, even now bestow Thy  
grace!

## **X. Let not my trust be vain!**

'He will not cease to pour on us His  
gifts,'-

thus have I raving named Thy Name,  
My eyes with tears were fill'd,- my  
praising mouth  
faltered,- I bow'd, - in thought with  
melting soul  
Many a time Thine image I recalled,-  
and uttering praises named the golden  
court.  
My Master, grant Thy grace to me, and  
oh!  
have pity on the soul that pines for Thee!  
(36)

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**Hymn XXII- koyitr trirupathikam**

**THE SACRED TEMPLE-LYRIC.**

[AN ANAPHORETIC DECAD.]

**'THE CHARACTERISTICS OF  
SACRED ENJOYMENT.'**

## **I. Show me Thy Face.**

With changing wiles the senses five  
bewilder me:

their course Thou dost close up,  
Ambrosial Fount!

Come, Light Supreme, that ever  
springing fill'st my soul!

and give me grace to see Thee as Thou  
art.

Essential Sweetness pure! O mighty  
Civa-Peruman,

Who dwell'st in Perun-turrai's sacred  
shrine!

O Thou, the bliss all endless happy  
stations yield,

transcending far, my Pleasure and my  
LOVE! (4)

## **II. Praise for grace imparted**

In LOVE, Thy servant's soul and body

thrilling through,  
and melting all my heart with rapturous  
bliss,  
Thou hast bestowed sweet grace beyond  
my being's powers;-  
and I for this have no return to give!  
Thou art before! Thou art behind! Thou  
art the Free,  
through all diffus'd! Thou First, without  
and end!  
South--Perun-turrai's Lord! O Civa-  
Peruman!  
Civa-Puram's ever-glorious KING! (8)

**III. Inspire me to feel and utter the  
very truth regarding Thee.**

O KING, the slave of Thine own loving  
ones am I.  
Father! not soul alone but body too,  
Thou enterest melting, and with  
sweetness fill'st each pore.

Thou dost disperse false darkness, O  
true Light!

Ambrosial Sea, whose clearness knows  
no ruffling wave!

Civan, Who dwell'st in Perun-turrai's  
shrine! Thou Thought unique, thinking  
what passes word and thought!  
teach me to KNOW the way to speak of  
Thee! (12)

#### IV.

Sages that KNOW all else; the heav'nly  
ones and all  
the others, scarce can KNOW Thee,  
Being rare!

Life of all lives, with none confused! My  
healing Balm,  
that from 'Embodiments' my spirit frees!  
Pure Light, clear shining 'mid the  
darkness dense!

Civan, Who dwell'st in Perun-turrai's

shrine!

O Bliss, of qualities devoid! Henceforth  
to me,  
who have to Thee drawn nigh, what can  
there LACK? (16)

V.

Fulness, that knows no LACK;  
ambrosial Essence pure!

O unscaled mount of ever-blazing light!  
Thou art the Veda,- Thou the mystic  
Veda's sense.

Within my mind Thou coming, 'bid'st its  
Lord!

As torrents burst their bounds, Thou  
rusest through my soul!

Civan, Who dwell'st in Perun-turrai's  
shrine!

O King, my body hast Thou made Thine  
home; henceforth  
what blessings shall Thy suppliant ASK

of Thee? (20)

VI.

That I may ever ASK and melt, within  
my mind,

O Light, Thou dost arise! In beauty  
shines

On heavenly heads the lotus of Thy  
roseate feet!

Civan, who dwell'st in Perun-turrai's  
shrine!

The boundless ether, water, earth, fire,  
air;- all these

Thou art; and none of these Thou art; but  
dwell'st

In these conceal'd, O formless One! My  
heart is glad

that with these eyes THIS DAY I've  
seen Thee clear! (24)

VII.

THIS DAY on me in grace Thou risest  
bright, a Sun,  
bidding from out my mind the darkness  
flee!  
That thought may cease upon Thy nature  
manifest,  
I think. Beside Thee all that is is  
nought,-  
Moving ever,- as atoms ever wasting,-  
Thou art One!  
Civan, Who dwell'st in Perun-turrai's  
shrine!  
Thou art not anything; without Thee  
nothing is;  
who are they that can know Thee as  
Thou art? (28)

## VIII.

Expanse of light, that everywhere  
through every world,

o'er earth and heaven springs forth and  
spread alone !  
Thou Fire in water hid! O Pure One, if of  
Thee  
we think, Thou'rt hard to reach. Fountain  
of grace,  
Upspringing in the thought devout, as  
honey sweet!  
Civan, in Perun-turrai's sacred shrine  
Who dwell'st,- who are my kindered  
here, and strangers who?  
my LIGHT. Thou changest all to  
rapturous joy! (32)

## IX.

O Form, beheld in radiant LIGHT made  
manifest;  
Thou only Mystic Ones Who wear'st no  
form;  
Thou First! Thou Midst! Thou Last!  
Great Sea of rapturous joy!

Thou that dost loose our being's bonds!  
Thou sacred Hill of grace and good,  
from evil free!  
Civan in sacred Perun-turrai's shrine  
Who dwell'st! There is no way for Thee  
to part from me!  
Come, GIVE to me worship at Thy feet!  
(36)

X.

What Thou hast GIVEN is THEE; and  
what hast gained is ME:  
O Cankara, who is the knowing one?  
I have obtained the rapturous bliss that  
knows no end;  
yet now, what one thing hast Thou  
gained from me?  
Our Peruman, Who for Thy shrine hast  
ta'en my thought!  
Civan, Who dwell'st in Perun-turrai's  
courts!

My Father, and my Master! Thou hast  
made this frame  
Thine home; for this I know no meet  
return! (40)

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## **Hymn XXIII- sethila pathu**

### **WEARINESS OF LIFE**

**(THE INFINITY OF BLISS IN  
CIVAN.)**

#### **I. Sever'd from Thee I cannot live.**

I, false, am sever'd from the flow'r'y feet  
that, entering here,  
made my soul melt, distilling nectar  
sweet.

Yet I, poor wretch, die not as yet; but, in  
a waking dream,  
the inner purpose of my soul I've lost.

O Teacher,- King, - Great Sea of grace, -  
Father,- Whose roseate form  
Ayan and Mal could never come to  
know,-  
I know not what to do, O CIVAN, Thou  
Who didst draw near  
IN SACRED PERUN-TURRAI'S  
SHRINE TO DWELL! (4)

## II. Still I wander here.

Ant-hills were they, and trees were they;  
water and air  
their food; thus heavenly ones, and  
others too,  
Were sore distress, but none Thy flow'ry  
feet beheld,  
O King! Me, mastered with a single  
word,  
Thou held'st erewhile. I pant not now,  
nor melt in mind subdued;  
I feel no love devout; this loveless frame

I've not subdued; I wander yet, CIVAN,  
Who didst draw near  
IN SACRED PERUN-TURRAI'S  
SHRINE TO DWELL! (8)

### III. Where are my old joys?

Ev'n me, the meanest one, Thou didst as  
thing of worth regard,  
and gav'st Thy grace; and giving mad'st  
me glad.

I trod on air, O Rider of the Steed!

\_Author of good!

To all heaven's countless hosts the  
Dwelling-place!

Eternal One! Who atest poison from the  
billowy sea!

The cities of Thy foes Thou didst  
consume!

Bowman! -Command that I should die,-  
CIVAN, Who didst draw near  
AND DWELL'ST IN SACRED

## PERUN-TURRAI'S SHRINE! (12)

### **IV. Why didst Thou make me Thine?**

Thy loving ones, and those who wrought  
hard deeds of penitence,

Ayan and Mal too, joyous, melted then  
Like wax before the fire, thinking on me;  
while many a one

here stood around! Why didst Thou  
make me Thine?

My mind was like the gnarl'd and  
knotted tree; like senseless wood  
my eye; harder than iron my dull ear.

Thou rul'st the south-shore! Lord of  
Civa-world, Who didst draw near  
IN SACRED PERUN-TURRAI'S  
SHRINE TO DWELL! (16)

### **V. I know no other gods but Thee.**

I've left the law of 'sportive gods.' In

love I neared Thee, named  
Thee 'Teacher';- in Thy gracious way I'll  
'bide.

O Being rare,- Whom ev'n the 'earth-  
born gods' find out,- that Thee  
I may not quit, O Ruler, show me grace!  
Show me Thy jewell'd feet, O God;  
body's illusions all  
be by Thy grace for ever swept away.  
Lord of the gods that rule the 'evolving  
gods'! CIVAN, our God  
WHO DWELL'ST IN SACRED  
PERUN-TURRAI'S SHRINE! (20)

## **VI. I cannot endure this severance**

I loose not body's bonds, nor enter fire to  
end the strife;  
nor know the method of Thy sacred  
grace.  
I cannot bear this 'frame'; yet way to  
'scape I none discern.

Praise, praise, Thou Rider on the warlike  
bull!

I die not yet! sever'd from Thee what  
pleasure can I take?

In grace vouchsafe to bid me, 'This do  
thou!'

CIVAN, Who didst draw near where  
waters flood the fertile fields,  
AND DWELL'ST IN SACRED  
PERUN-TURRAI'S SHRINE! (24)

**VII. I am not worthy, yet hear my  
voice!**

Illusionst; Who at'st the poison from the  
refluent sea;-

heaven's Lord; our azure-throated Balm  
of life!

A cur, I cannot ponder Thee, nor bow  
me at Thy foot,

'Nama-Civaya' humbly breathing out!  
Vile as a demon I, - show me Thy

mighty way, Thou o'er  
Whose braided lock wanders the  
crescent moon,-  
Beseems it far from Thee I roaming  
weep? CIVAN, Who cam'st  
IN SACRED PERUN-TURRAI'S  
SHRINE TO DWELL! (28)

### **VIII. Can my sufferings be pleasing to Thee?**

Ayan who in the lotus dwells, the  
Sleeper on the warring sea,  
Purandaran, and all the rest, stood round.  
From dregs of ill Thou mad'st me clean,  
showing Thy jewell'd feet;  
didst give the sign, and with Thy  
servants join!  
Then sore amazed I knew not what to  
do. Balm of my soul,  
and is it sweet Thy servant suffer pain?  
CIVAN, Who didst draw nigh where

cooling waers flow around the fields,  
AND DWELL'ST IN SACRED  
PERUN-TURRAI'S SHRINE! (32)

**IX. Is there no place for me among  
Thy saints?**

Indra, the Four-faced, and the heavenly  
Ones stood round,- on earth  
with tender sweetness then Thou mad'st  
me Thine,-  
Thou of the flow'ry Foot, that took the  
life from Death;  
Ganga is Thine; the fire burns in Thy  
hand;  
And Mal, in triumph-songs, to that same  
flower-foot sings;  
command me too, whose eye sees not, to  
come!  
Bright flow the flow'ry streams around  
the fields where CIVAN came.  
IN SACRED PERUN-TURRAI'S

## SHRINE TO DWELL! (36)

### **X. I languish thinking on heavenly joys**

In tender grace Thou cam'st and bad'st  
me come, didst banish fear;  
then in Thy grace's mighty sea I  
plunged.

I drank, was sated; now I melt no more, -

CIVAN, Who cam'st

**IN SACRED PERUN-TURRAI'S  
SHRINE TO DWELL!**

He who the armlet wears, and flowery  
Ayan know Thee not,

heaven's Lord, sole Partner of the  
Mountain-Maid!

I wilder'd stand, while rising swells the  
mighty joy, - O SEA

**WHOSE WATERS REST ON  
KAILAI'S LOFTY HILL! (40)**

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## Hymn XXIV- adaikalap pathu

### THE REFUGE - DECAD

or

### 'THE ASSURANCE OF MATURITY.'

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It seems probable that this song was founded upon the Buddhist formula which required the devotee to utter nine times the word *saranam*, three times to Buddha, three times to the law or doctrine, and three times to the congregation (=church, or order). This entire abandonment of self on the part of the disciple was his initiation into the Buddhist system. Here our author takes 'refuge' at the foot of the loving Master Who has called him, and will at last receive him to Himself. This element of personal devotion to One Whom he

believes to have been the Supreme manifested in the flesh is very striking, and gives a power that was wanting in the Buddhist system. We must remember that all his life our sage was brought into hostile contact with the Buddhists, and that he fashions his poems so as to afford the strongest possible contrast to that which he hated.

-----

I.

Thy saints like clustering lotus-flowers  
have joined Thy roseate foot;  
Mature of mind, with Thee they're gone;  
while I, a sinful man,  
In body foul and vile remain, devoid of  
wisdom's lore,  
Of mind impure. MASTER! THY  
SLAVE, I THEE MY REFUGE MAKE!

(4)

## II.

My meanness only hateful things can do;  
Thy greatness still

Forgives!- The serpent-gem Thou  
wear'st; swells Ganga's stream Thy crest;  
Thou, by Thy sacred grace, the root of  
these my 'births'

Dost cut away, MASTER! THY  
SLAVE, I THEE MY REFUGE MAKE!

(8)

## III.

Great Peruman, Thou who dost free from  
'birth'! Thou frenzy giv'st

O Peruman! - Within my mind, O  
Peruman the wise,

Thou com'st. The flow'ry One, and giant  
Mal too, knew Thee not;

Rare Peruman! MASTER! THY

SLAVE, I THEE MY REFUGE MAKE!  
(12)

IV.

In floods from sorrow's pouring clouds  
that rise, Thy loving ones  
Sinking have seized the raft of Thy blest  
foot, and risen to heaven.  
Whirl'd amid trouble's sea, where  
women-billows' dash, and lusts's  
Sea-monster wounds, I sink. MASTER!  
I THEE MY REFUGE MAKE! (16)

V.

Fall'n 'mid the circling troops of them of  
curling locks; Thy power  
Forgetting; in this body dark I wearied  
lay. Thou Half  
Of Her with wide balck eyes and glance  
like startled fawn! Heaven's Lord!

Give me Thy grace! MASTER! THY  
SLAVE, I THEE MY REFUGE MAKE!  
(20)

VI.

Broken by mighty churning-staff of  
those of jet black eyes,  
Like cream in churn I bounded, suffered  
pain. O flow'r-foot, Hail!  
When com'st Thou? When shall I whose  
deeds are 'mighty' worship Thee?  
Lord of the Earth! MASTER! THY  
SLAVE, I THEE MY REFUGE MAKE!  
(24)

VII.

Caught in the net of hot desire for those  
of glancing eyes  
And slender form, I writh'd and roll'd in  
sorrow sore; that I

Wallow no more, pit my fault, appear,  
pour sweetest balm!

Lord of the temple-court! MASTER! I  
THEE MY REFUGE MAKE! (28)

### VIII.

Thou Half of Her with beauteous eyes!  
unto Thy flowr'y feet

Thou call'st me,- then dismisses me to  
deepest depths; Thy thought

I know not. Like pipe's changing tones  
now sinks, now swells my soul.

Alas! I perish quite! MASTER! I THEE  
MY REFUGE MAKE! (32)

### IX.

Thy loving ones beneath Thy jewell'd  
feet that grace confer

Abiding, gain the bliss that knows no  
refluent tide. No way

To worship Thee I find; in sooth I know  
not Thee, noe lore  
That tells of Thee! MASTER! THY  
SLAVE, I THEE MY REFUGE MAKE!  
(36)

X.

Eager I took ambrosia of Thy grace so  
freely pour'd;  
I strove to drink; my sinful soul by evil  
fate was bound!  
Give me to taste the rare stream gushing  
honey-sweet, and save!  
I sink in woe! MASTER! THY SLAVE,  
I THEE MY REFUGE MAKE! (40)

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**Hymn XXV- aasai pathu**

**THE DECAD OF DESIRE**  
**or**

# KNOWLEDGE OF 'SELF'

## I. I long for Thy summons,

O flawless Gem, who gav'st the wealth  
of Thine own roseate feet,-  
By the kite-banner'd King unseen,- and  
here mad'st me Thine own!  
My darkness drive far off; say 'hither  
come'! The grace to gain  
That calls me there to dwell, BEHOLD,  
O SIRE, MY SOUL HATH YEARN'D!  
(4)

## II. Weary of the flesh

I not endure to wear this garment of the  
flesh,- of joints  
And bones compact,- with fatness  
filled,-covered with skin! O King,  
Call me! To men of every sort, as fits  
their case Thou com'st

Ambrosia rare, ah, Thee to see,  
BEHOLD, O SIRE, I YEARN! (8)

### **III. Let me hear Thy call.**

Call me, my King, that this poor frame,  
with vileness fill'd, may die!  
Thou 'Dancer,' Guru-gem, Who guarding  
makest me Thine;  
O God by gods unreach'd! Civan! Look  
on my face awhile.  
For Thee, to hear Thee call, BEHOLD,  
O SIRE, MY SOUL HATH YEARN'D!  
(12)

### **IV. I wait in humble hope.**

This walking cell, with loathy filth filled  
full, contemptible,  
Clings to me, and afflicts my soul! Hail  
to Thee, mighty Lord!  
Broken, subdued, and melted, looking

ever for Thy light,  
Thy blest feet's flower to gain,  
BEHOLD, O SIRE, MY SOUL HATH  
YEARN'D! (16)

## **V. Where are the old joys?**

Within this frame is loathsome; and  
without skin-covered sores,  
Sore grief! Thou Rider on the Bull!  
Bedeckt with ashes white,  
Stooping to me, Thou cam'st, and mad'st  
me Thine; Ambrosia rare!  
For word of tenderness, BEHOLD, O  
SIRE, MY SOUL HATH YEARN'D!  
(20)

## **VI. I long for the life of heaven,**

Weary, mere dog, I cannot here abide.  
Take back earth's joys  
Thou gav'st, O Thou whose roseate teet-

flowers heaven's sons know not!  
Thou know'st no bond! Thy face's light,  
the gleaming of Thy smile,-  
To see, BEHOLD, O SIRE, HOW  
EAGERLY MY SOUL HATH  
YEARN'D! (24)

### **VII. I long to praise Thee there**

Thou Infinite, Whom earth and heaven  
extol, Thou Light superne,-  
Thou can'st to make me Thine! Give me  
the world of final bliss;  
Thy thousand names I'd circling sing.  
Thee mighty Lord to praise,  
Th' Ambrosia ever new, BEHOLD, O  
SIRE, MY SOUL HATH YEARN'D!  
(28)

### **VIII. My whole being worships Thee.**

With hands Thee worshipping,

embracing close Thy jewell'd feet,  
And placing still unwearied on my head,  
'Our Lord, our Lord,' I cry;-  
'My Teacher,' with my mouth I cry. Like  
wax before the fire,  
King of Aiyarr'! BEHOLD, O SIRE, MY  
MELTING SOUL HATH YEARN'D!  
(32)

### **IX. When shall I join Thy saints?**

To cast quite off this sinful frame; to  
enter Civan's home;  
To see the Wondrous Light, that so these  
eyes may gladness gain;  
O Infinite, without compare! Th'  
assembly of Thy saints  
Of old, to see, BEHOLD, O SIRE, THY  
SERVANT'S SOUL HATH YEARN'D!  
(36)

### **X. Thy voice stills passion**

Caught in the net of passion fierce by  
those whose eyes shine bright,  
I languish'd,- I a cur,- O light of truth!  
and saw no help.  
Thou Half of Her with gentle foot!-  
Thou only One! To hear  
Thee say with coral lips, 'Fear not,  
'BEHOLD, O SIRE, MY SOUL HATH  
YEARN'D! (40)

---

## **Hymn XXVI- athisiya pathu**

### **THE DECAD OF WONDER (RELEASE)**

I.

With melting mind I said not, 'He is  
gold,' 'His is a ruby's light;'  
I languish'd pondering charms of

damsels young. Boon indescribable,  
Mercies beyond compare, to me were  
given; He of the flowery foot,  
THE FATHER, MADE ME HIS, AND  
JOINED ME TO HIS SAINTS:  
SUCH WONDER HAVE WE SEEN!

(4)

II.

Of righteous deeds I had no thought, nor  
joined those who think on these;  
To sorrows born and deaths, I wandered  
here. He said, 'This is my slave.'  
He, the Supernal, stood in nearness  
manifest,- His half, the Queen.  
THE FIRST ONE MADE ME HIS,  
AND JOINED ME TO HIS SAINTS:  
SUCH WONDER HAVE WE SEEN!

(8)

III.

Aforetime, that my 'mighty deeds' might  
pass, the Father tiple-eyed,-  
Whom all find hard to know, to servant-  
bands abundantly revealed,-  
Who plac'd the crescent moon on  
'braided lock' of more than golden sheen,  
THE SIRE,- HE MADE ME HIS, AND  
JOIN'D ME TO HIS SAINTS:  
SUCH WONDER HAVE WE SEEN!  
(12)

#### IV.

Perpend the one sole cause for which the  
world a madman nameth me:  
I liv'd as others, knew no way to join me  
to His grce divine;  
To deaths, to fallings into direful hells. I  
gave myself a prey.  
THE FATHER, MADE ME HIS, AND  
JOIN'D ME TO HIS SAINTS:

SUCH WONDER HAVE WE SEEN!  
(16)

V.

I hasted not to join the choirs; I pluck'd  
no flowers nor worshipped;  
A slave to charms of those of perfum'd  
locks I squander'd gifts of life.  
By night our King dances midmost the  
fires,- the snake amidst His braided hair!  
HE MADE ME HIS, AND JOIN'D ME  
TO HIS SAINTS:  
SUCH WONDER HAVE WE SEEN!  
(20)

VI.

Through my mere folly I the Letters Five  
forgot, that speak His sacred Name;  
I drew not near those wise in lore divine,  
longing to share their virtuous deeds.

Born on the earth and dying there mere  
thing of earth, to earth I gave myself!  
THE MIGHTY MADE ME HIS, AND  
JOIN'D ME TO HIS SAINTS:  
SUCH WONDER HAVE WE SEEN!  
(24)

## VII.

This but *untrue*, whose walls are flesh,  
worm-stuffed, decay'd, dripping with all  
that's foul,-  
This did I take for *true*, whirled round in  
sorrow's sea. He Who of rarest gem,  
Of pearl, of ruby, adamant, and coral  
red,- the gleaming splendour wears,-  
MY FATHER, MADE ME HIS, AND  
JOIN'D ME TO HIS SAINTS:  
SUCH WONDER HAVE WE SEEN!  
(28)

## VIII.

Erewhile, that I no more might'bide with  
Him, He sent, and plac'd me in this cell.  
He look'd on me, spake gentlest words  
of mystery; brake off the yoke; His hand  
Upraised, made former falesness cease,  
removed all fault, filled me with  
gleaming light:

'T WAS THUS HE MADE ME HIS,  
AND JOIN'D ME TO HIS SAINTS:  
SUCH WONDER HAVE WE SEEN!

(32)

IX.

Like fragrance hid within the blooming  
flower, the meaning of this frame  
No mortal mind can reach: the Being  
infinite. That Being I knew not.  
I trusted words of fools that pluck the  
fruit of deeds. From sensual snare to  
save

THE FATHER, MADE ME HIS, AND  
JOIN'D ME TO HIS SAINTS:  
SUCH WONDER HAVE WE SEEN!  
(36)

X.

This hut, with darkness dense, the fruit  
of 'mighty deeds,' I took for wonderful,  
Rejoiced, and so was falling into deepest  
hell. He gave my soul true light!  
He that with angry foot and ruddy fire  
forthwith the triple walls threw down  
The true way showed to me in grace, the  
false destroyed:  
SUCH WONDER HAVE WE SEEN!  
(40)

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**Hymn XXVII- punarchi pathu**

**THE DECAD OF MYSTIC UNION**

**or**

## **THE NATURE OF RELEASE**

### **I. When shall I reach the Inaccessible?**

The gleaming golden Hill, the flawless  
Pearl, the Shrine of tender love  
Who made me, last of man, His own, in  
speechless service glad! He Whom  
Dark Mal and Brahma baffled yet  
approach not,- gave Himself, rare Balm!  
When shall I dwell in MYSTIC UNION  
JOINED WITH HIM, MY FLAWLESS  
GEM? (4)

### **II. My soul cries out for Thy rest.**

Thy servant I endure not, O my king,  
upon this earth in mire  
Of fivefold sense! In thought adoring  
Civan as my Lord,  
With mind that melts, like sands where

waters spring, with cries of jubilee,  
When shall I praise, in MYSTIC  
UNION JOINED WITH HIM, MY  
FLAWLESS GEM? (8)

### **III. When shall I join the happy saints?**

While lofty Mal and Ayan fear'd, a hill  
of fire Who rose, He loveless me  
Made His! Ambrosia rare! Amid His  
saints, whose souls gush out with love,  
To hearts' content, my praise outpouring,  
wreath'd with fragrant flowers,  
When shall I lie, in MYSTIC UNION  
JOINED WITH HIM, MY FLAWLESS  
GEM? (12)

### **IV. His blissful presence.**

With Ayan of the Lotus, Mal, and all the  
rest,- with the Immortals's King,  
Speak praises to Him name! The Light

surpassing speech and words' intent!  
The *Nelli's* Fruit; Milk, Honey, Balm  
with sweetness fill'd;- Ambrosia pure.  
When shall I clasp, in MYSTIC UNION  
JOINED WITH HIM, MY FLAWLESS  
GEM? (16)

### **V. Hidden from gods, to me revealed.**

To see the foot and crown, that gleam  
with light, Ayan and Mal, down deep,  
Up high, they dug, they flew; but could  
not see His form! While all this earth  
Stood round, my service claimed, made  
me His own, and bade me come! His  
love

When shall I praise, in MYSTIC  
UNION JOINED WITH HIM, MY  
FLAWLESS GEM? (20)

### **VI. When shall I recover the old rapture?**

In love He came, and rapture gave in  
olden days, to me His slave!  
And then He left me on this wide vast  
earth to wander 'wilderer!  
With floods of gushing tears, and frame  
with transport thrilled, in joy and love,  
When shall I stand, in MYSTIC UNION  
JOINED WITH HIM, MY FLAWLESS  
GEM? (24)

## VII. **When shall I know Him?**

Hard to others' thought, thou'rt fire,  
water, wind, earth, ether; Him,  
Sole One to whom none can compare; in  
joy beholding, praising loud,  
While tears in torrents flow, adoring  
hand out-stretched, fragrant flower-  
wreaths  
When shall I bring, in MYSTIC UNION  
JOINED WITH HIM, MY FLAWLESS

GEM? (28)

### **VIII. The heavenly re-union.**

In bliss dissol'd, soul melted utterly, with  
every gesture meet:

Laughter and tears, homage of hand and  
lip,- with every mystic dance,-

To see with joyous thrill, that Sacred  
Form, like ruddy evening sky,

When shall I pass, in MYSTIC UNION  
JOINED WITH HIM, MY FLAWLESS

GEM? (32)

### **IX. Parvathi praised as one with Civan.**

Sire and Mother of the seven worlds old;  
Who me, a dog, mad'st Thine;

Thee only Balm for woes of life; Thee  
wisdom's honey-dripping Gem,

For ever praising,- night and day. Thy

beauteous foot with flow'ry wreaths  
When shall I deck, in MYSTIC UNION  
JOINED WITH HIM, MY FLAWLESS  
GEM? (36)

### **X. His eternity.**

Thou guard'st, creat'st, destroy'st; 'midst  
all that fill the spacious heaven  
The ELDER Thou, and First, Who  
knows no eld; Brahman, Who mad'st me  
Thine;  
Thou Infinite! For ever singing, bowing  
low, Thy foot's fair flower  
When shall I clasp, in MYSTIC UNION  
JOINED WITH HIM, MY FLAWLESS  
GEM? (40)

---

**Hymn XXVIII- vaazhap pathu**

**NO JOY IN LIFE**

## I. Longing for release.

Transcendent One, extending through  
both earth and heaven,  
THOU SEE'ST TO NONE BUT THEE I  
CLING!-

O Civa-puram's King! In glorious beauty  
bright,  
Civan, in holy Perun-turrai's shrine,  
Who dwell'st! To whom make I my  
plaint, whom blame, if Thou  
Who mad'st me Thine deny Thy grace?  
THOU SEE'ST NO JOY have I upon  
this sea-girt earth;  
BE GRACIOUS, BID ME COME TO  
THEE! (4)

## II.

Me, worthless one, Thou mad'st in grace  
Thine own, great Gem,-  
THOU SEE'ST TO NONE BUT THEE I

CLING!-

Whose form unique even those in  
yonder world know not,  
past thought of both,- all piercing power  
Thou art, the glorious Lord! O Civa-  
puram's King!

Civan, in Perun-turrai's shrine  
Who dwell'st our mighty Lord, Thou  
Ruler of my soul,  
BE GRACIOUS, BID ME COME TO  
THEE! (8)

III.

That foot alone I seek that Mal in songs  
extolled;  
THOU SEE'ST TO NONE BUT THEE I  
CLING!-

Thou sought'st me, mad'st me Thine, O  
Civa-puram's King!

Civan, in Perun-turrai's shrine  
Who dwell'st. Though I complain, in

Thee my soul delights;  
to gain anew Thy love my thought;  
Thou see'st my heart is faint, I have no  
joy in life;  
BE GRACIOUS, BID ME COME TO  
THEE! (12)

#### IV.

Thou Who the gleaming rebel-town  
didst swift consume,  
THOU SEE'ST TO NONE BUT THEE I  
CLING!-  
Dancer, Who bid'st in Tillai, Civa-  
puram's King!  
Civan, in Perun-turrai's shrine  
Who dwell'st, the three worlds' bounds  
that day the twain pass'd through,  
and saw nor first nor last of Thee,  
In might so didst Thou rise! Thou see'st I  
joy not here;-  
BE GRACIOUS, BID ME COME TO

THEE! (16)

## V. Absolute self-surrender.

Partner of Her whose words are sweetest  
melody!

THOU SEE'ST TO NONE BUT THEE I  
CLING!-

Surely Thou mad'st me Thine, O Civa-  
puram's King!

Civan, in holy Perun-turrai's shrine  
Who dwell'st,- the whole: my body,  
mouth, nose, ears, and eyes:-  
all these in Thy control I place.

THOU SEE'ST THY SERVANT HATH  
NO JOYS UPON THIS EARTH;-  
BE GRACIOUS, BID ME COME TO  
THEE! (20)

## VI. The sense's power.

Partner of Her with footfall downy soft,

THOU SEE'ST TO NONE BUT THEE I  
CLING!-

Thou mad'st me wholly Thine, O Civa-  
puram's King!

Civan, in Perun-turrai's shrine

Who dwell'st,- me trembling cur, Thou  
mad'st Thine own; that grace

through senses' perturbation I forgot;

THOU SEE'ST THAT IN DECEPTION  
LOST, I JOY NOT HERE;-

BE GRACIOUS, BID ME COME TO  
THEE! (24)

VII.

Thou Light, that shin'st a Sun through all  
the spheres,

THOU SEE'ST TO NONE BUT THEE I  
CLING!-

Sacred, supremely glorious Civa-  
Puram's King!

Civan, in Perun-turrai's shrine

Who dwell'st, Thee I see; - my melting  
soul dissolves,  
'wilder'd I know not any way in life to  
joy.

THOU SEE'ST I, FOLLY'S CHILD,  
CAN IN THIS LIFE PARTAKE NO  
JOY,  
BE GRACIOUS, BID ME COME TO  
THEE! (28)

VIII.

Partner of Her whose fingers jewels rare  
adorn,  
THOU SEE'ST TO NONE BUT THEE I  
CLING!-

Thou art like ruddy flame, O Civa-  
puram's King!

Civan, in Perun-turrai's shrine

Who dwell'st,- endless Ambrosia,-

Essence rare and great,-

Ambrosia rare,- Thy servant Thou didst

save,

And mad'st me Thine, IN LIFE I  
CANNOT JOY THOU SEE'ST;  
BE GRACIOUS, BID ME COME TO  
THEE! (32)

IX.

Thou'rt sin's Destroyer, save Thy healing  
foot alone,  
THOU SEE'ST TO NOUGHT BESIDE I  
CLING!-

God of all gods, O Civa-puram's King!  
Civan,

in sacred Perun-turrai's shrine Who  
dwell'st

Through the three worlds passing, above  
below the twain,  
as roaring flame Thou didst uplift Thy  
form.

Lord of the bull! THOU SEE'ST IN  
LIFE I CANNOT JOY;

BE GRACIOUS, BID ME COME TO  
THEE! (36)

X.

Partner of Her, Thy bride, of faultless  
old renown,  
THOU SEE'ST TO NONE BUT THEE I  
CLING!-

Thou wear'st the crescent moon, O Civa-  
puram's King!

Civan, in sacred Perun-turrai's shrine  
Who dwell'st,- shall I bow down to  
others? shall I praise?

or may think them aids for me? speak  
Thou!

Lord of the youthful bull! THOU  
SEE'ST I KNOW NO JOY;  
BE GRACIOUS, BID ME COME TO  
THEE! (40)

---

## Hymn XXIX- arut pathu

### THE DECAD OF GRACE

or

'CLEANSING FROM DELUSION.'

----

The T.V.U.P states that this was one of the earliest of the Sage's poems, and that it was sung at Tiru-perun-turrai. It certainly bears the impress of youth, and in many respects is inferior to some of his later poems. It is said to have for its subject the purification of the soul from the great delusion (Maha-maya). What this is can only be known by a careful study of the Caiva Siddhanta philosophy.

The metre is the same as in XXII, and is very sweet. In each stanza, the two latter lines nearly correspond throughout the

whole poem, an epithet or two being changed. Civan is addressed as the god who appeared in the Triclinia (Kuruntham) grove near Tiru-perun-turrai, and about thirty different epithets are applied to him, some of which are mere repetitions. The epithets applied to Tiru-perun-turrai are also varied. The last line in each stanza contains a Telugu phrase equivalent to 'and what is that?' so that the line literally reads: 'Save Thou in grace, saying "what is that"? or in other words, 'What is there to fear? fear not.' The poet is complaining of the power of earthborn delusions, and prays the god to take away his anxious fears. I cannot trace any sequence in the thought from stanza to stanza.

In the Siddhanta, very great stress is laid upon the idea that all embodiment, while it is painful and to be got rid of as soon

as possible, is yet a gracious appointment of Civan, wrought out through Cakti, for the salvation of the human soul through the destruction of deeds, which are the root of all evil to mankind. Now the Buddhist formula represents suffering as being the whole account of the matter: 'Birth is suffering, old age is suffering, sickness is suffering, death is suffering. The origin of suffering is the thirst for pleasure, being, and power. The extinction of this thirst brings about the extinction of suffering.' The Caiva Siddhanta doctrine, on the contrary, gives to life and suffering a real significance. The present life is a probation,- a purgatory,- a preparation for endless fellowship and communion with the Supreme. Thus Grace is recognised where the Buddhist sees only suffering; and the instrument of man's release is that wisdom which

understands the divine purpose, and adapts itself to that purpose. Our Sage dwells much upon the value of prayer, and of humble worship paid to the divine guru, while in Buddhism all is to be done by unaided human effort. At every point the two systems are in directest opposition!

----

I.

O Light! O Lamp girt with effulgent beams!-

the dame with curling locks and  
beauteous form

Is Thine, Supreme, Who wear'st the  
milk-white ash!

The Just, Whom Ayan of the flower  
knew not,

Nor Mal! In happy Perun-turrai Thou  
'neath the Kuruntham's flow'ry shade

didst rest.

Great First of Beings! when I craving  
call,

BID THOU IN GRACE THY  
SERVANT'S FEARS BEGONE! (4)

II.

O Dancer! Spotless One! O ash-  
besmear'd!

Thy brow hath central eye! Lord of  
heaven's host!

Sole Deity! through all the world

Thyself

I sought lamenting loud, but found Thee  
not.

Thou, Who by Perun-turrai's pleasant  
lake

'neath the Kuruntham's flow'ry shade  
didst rest.

Great Source of Being! when Thy  
servant craving calls,

BID THOU IN GRACE THY  
SERVANT'S FEARS BEGONE! (8)

III.

Our Leader! Ruler of my life and soul!  
Whom ladies twain, with perfum'd  
flowing locks,  
Claim as their Spouse! Lord of the fiery  
eye!

Whose glance caus'd sudden fire from  
Dakshan's frame to spring,  
And goodly Kaman's too! In sacred  
Perun-turrai Thou  
'neath the Kuruntham's flow'ry shade  
didst rest.

Great Anganan! when I Thy servant  
craving call,  
BID THOU IN GRACE THY  
SERVANT'S FEARS BEGONE! (12)

IV.

The Lotus-god, the four-fac'd, Kannan  
too,  
dark as the azure sky, could not  
approach  
Thee, Pure One! when They pray'd Thee  
to shine forth,  
Father! thou wert as mighty flame  
display'd.  
In Veda-echoing Perun-turrai Thou  
'neath the Kuruntham's flow'ry shade  
didst rest.  
Great Being spotless! when Thy servant  
craving calls,  
BID THOU IN GRACE THY  
SERVANT'S FEARS BEGONE! (16)

V.

[These two lines are not translatable!]

.....  
.....

.....  
.....  
Thou, Who in Perun-turrai's sylvan  
groves  
'neath the Kuruntham's flow'ry shade  
didst rest.  
O Teacher glorious! when Thy servant  
craving calls,  
BID THOU IN GRACE THY  
SERVANT'S FEARS BEGONE! (20)

VI.

O Happy One and Pure! Thou like to  
gem  
whose radiant beams 'mid pure white  
ashes shine!  
In mind of those who think of Thee  
Thou giv'st  
sweetness intense. Thou rare Ambrosia,  
Who  
In sacred Perun-turrai's home of Vedic

lore

'neath the Kurunthanm's flow'ry shade  
didst rest.

O Father glorious! when Thy servant  
craving calls,

**BID THOU IN GRACE THY**

**SERVANT'S FEARS BEGONE! (24)**

VII.

Thou True One changing oft Thy form;  
Meru Thy bow,

Thy foemen's cities three Thy **HAND**  
consumed!

Thy **FOOT** burnt up death's king! O  
ruddy One,

Whose **FORM** was as a fiery column  
seen!

Thou, Who in Perun-turrai's happy home  
'neath the Kuruntham's flow'ry shade  
didst rest.

O glorious Teacher! when Thy servant

craving calls,  
BID THOU IN GRACE THY  
SERVANT'S FEARS BEGONE! (28)

## VIII.

The Free, the First, the Triple-eyed, the  
Sage,-  
Thou giv'st the heavenly goal to those,  
Who off'ring flowers with clustering  
buds adore,  
devoutly pondering praise; consummate  
One,  
Thou, Who in Perun-turrai's happy home  
'neath the Kuruntham's flow'ry shade  
didst rest.  
O Sire, all glorious! when Thy servant  
craving calls,  
BID THOU IN GRACE THY  
SERVANT'S FEARS BEGONE! (32)

## IX.

Regarding me distraught, Thou bad'st  
confusion cease,  
destroying thought of this world and the  
next,

Thou very God, Thou Holy One, upon  
Thy crest  
the swelling lustrous snake and Ganga  
bide.

Thou, Who in Perun-turrai's home of  
lucid Vedic lore  
'neath the Kuruntham's flow'ry shade  
didst rest.

Glorious in mercy! when Thy servant  
craving calls,

**BID THOU IN GRACE THY  
SERVANT'S FEARS BEGONE! (36)  
X.**

In Perun-turrai girt with ordered stately  
groves,  
'neath the Kuruntham's flow'ry shade,

I call to mind Thy glories all, and  
pondering yearn,  
and as my mighty Lord Thee oft invoke  
Ascetic rare! when I, Thy servant,  
craving call,  
struggling amid the billowy sea,  
In grace declare the fitting path to reach  
the silver hill, and BID ME COME! (40)

---

**Hymn XXX- tiru kazhukundra  
pathicam**

**THE LYRIC OF THE 'EAGLE-  
MOUNT.'**

**THE SIGHT OF THE 'GURU.'**

-----

This is one of the places which the Sage  
is said to have visited before seeing  
Cithambaram. It would appear that here

he had some peculiar manifestation of the god, who had revealed himself to him in Perun-turrai. It is open to conjecture that the Guru, whom he regarded as Civan manifested in the flesh, resided there, or at least was a constant visitant. The place itself is a renowned Caiva shrine, and has its own legend, a considerable poem of 832 quatrains. This is of recent origin, and, I should suppose, of small authority. It states that the original name of the hill was Veda-giri, or the hill of the Veda. It is said to have four hills clustered together, each being one of the four Vedas, while the central peak, which is of basaltic formation, is Civan Himself in the form of the Lingam. It is curiously stated that 'in Arur the god dwells for the first watch of the night, and in Cithambaram for the midnight watch; but in Veda-giri he is *always to be*

*formed.*' The name of the hill of the Veda was changed to that of the hill of the Eagle, because two eminent persons, having disputed an order of Civan, were sentenced to perform penance there.

-----

I.

O peaceful Perun-turrai's mighty Lord!  
to those whose talk is of Thy thousand  
names

One even stream of matchless pleasure  
flows.

My Lord, Who once didst wipe away  
sore griefs,

When good and evil deeds were  
balanced,-

(for aftermath of ill no living seed),-

In sacred glories countless didst Thou  
come,

AND SHOW THYSELF UPON THE

## EAGLE'S HILL (4)

### II.

Thou Who for hire of cakes didst carry  
earth!

Thou madman great, of the *great*  
*haven's* shrine!

While I, who knew no law of right, to  
Thee,

through ignorant delusion drew not near,

O Best of Beings, Lord of Civa-world,  
me, lower than the meanest cur, a man

Of evils sore, Thou cam'st to make  
Thine own,

AND SHOW'DST THYSELF UPON  
THE EAGLE'S HILL (8)

### III.

In wilderment I strayed from Perun-  
turrai far,

where tears were changed to joy, and  
foulness purged;

By sinful deeds to ruin brought,  
henceforth

I sinner knew not what should after  
grow.

Reft of the home where Thy bright feet  
once stood,

a prey to dire perplexity, I dwelt.

To save me from confusion sore Thou  
cam'st

AND SHOW'DST THYSELF UPON  
THE EAGLE'S HILL (12)

IV.

That I the matchless ornament might  
wear

of love unique,- draw nigh, and daily  
praise,-

Abashed with awe of reverence,- the  
shame

that knows no shame,- sinking amid the  
sea;

Of Perun-turrai, dear beyond compare,  
the glorious ship I seized and climbed  
theren;

Straightway, in splendour no eye sees,  
Thou cam'st

AND SHOW'DST THYSELF UPON  
THE EAGLE'S HILL (16)

V.

In glorious form displayed, Thou  
teeming cloud

of perfect good, in Perun-turrai seen!

O matchless Gem, Who putt'st Thyself  
within

the thought of me, who naught of virtue  
knew!

The world itself shall witness bear that I  
desired Thee eagerly, and then Thou  
cam'st,-

That when I called Thee, then Thou  
cam'st,-  
AND SHOW'DST THYSELF UPON  
THE EAGLE'S HILL (20)

VI.

Great flood of Perun-turrai's shrine,  
Thou didst  
the love that knows no change bestow;  
When foes with many an impious speech  
stood round,  
what didst Thou unto me before them  
all?  
Thy Foot shall be my only refuge still,  
from every death, and every various ill,-  
And, therefore, when in love I called,  
Thou cam'st,  
AND SHOW'DST THYSELF UPON  
THE EAGLE'S HILL (24)

VII.

O Ican, Who the four and sixty demons  
mad'st  
to share the eightfold qualities divine,-  
When I had sunk in evil deeds,- the fruit  
of triple foulness that confusion brings,-  
Thou didst the bands of clinging sorrow  
loose;  
mad'st me Thine own; gav'st me Thy  
feet's pure flower;  
In presence of Thy servant-band didst  
come  
AND SHOW THYSELF UPON THE  
EAGLE'S HILL (28)

---

**Hymn XXXI- ganda pathu**

**'MINE EYES HAVE SEEN.'**

**THE SIGHT OF THE MYSTIC  
DANCE**

**or**

## **THE UNSPEAKABLE VISION.**

-----

*Tillai*.- In the legends of the Sage it appears that he did not visit Tillai till he had seen the other shrines of Caiva worship, and had become renowned both as a devotee and as a poet. It almost appears as if there existed some rivalry between the great temple of the Pandiyan land in Madura, and the famous shrine of the Cora land in Cithambaram. It is quite certain that this latter in great measure superseded the former. It does not appear, indeed, that Manikka-Vacagar ever revisited Madura after his formal renunciation of his position there. It may almost be inferred that he was never heartily forgiven by the king for the misappropriation of the cost of the horses. Of the fifty-one

poems about a half were composed in Tillai, and these may be divided into two classes: the lyrics that express his own feelings and illustrate his life; and those which were composed (as is believed) for the use of others. I wish that it had been possible to re-arrange the poems.

Among the Tillai lyrics are to be found his most impassioned utterances. With this poem (XXXI) must be compared (XL), both of them expressing his enthusiastic joy at being permitted at length to behold the greatest shrine of his Master.

Tillai in the time of the Sage was to the devotees of Civan what Jerusalem was to the Jews of old; and many of the expressions in these two lyrics will remind the reader of Psalm cxxii; and not a few of the expressions are identical

with those in the rhyme often attributed to Bernard of Morlaix. One is frequently reminded of 'Jerusalem the Golden, with milk and honey blest.'

-----

I.

In senses' power, sure cause of death, I  
erewhile 'wildered lay,-  
Oft wrapt through realms of boundless  
space, then plunged in dismal hells!  
He gave perception clear, made me all  
bliss,- made me His own!  
I'VE TILLAI SEEN that holds the Gem,  
which endless rapture yields! (4)

II.

Enmeshed in grievous memories of  
deeds and fated births  
Outworn I lay; nor knew my soul one

faintest thought of Him,  
The Matchless One, Who cuts off 'birth';  
Who made me His with power!  
HIM HAVE I SEEN IN TILLAI'S  
COURT, where worships all the world!  
(8)

III.

His form I knew not,- even then He  
fixed His love on me,  
Planted Himself within my thought and  
flesh,- so made me His!  
The Lord of sacred *Turutti*, I, currish  
slave, with joy  
HAVE SEEN IN TILLAI'S FANE  
ADORNED, the sweet and blissful seat!  
(12)

IV.

To me, untaught, most ignorant, the very

lowest cur,  
In mighty grace He came, with heavenly  
beauty me to clothe,  
And loosed my 'servile bonds of sense'  
in sight of many men;  
His form I'VE SEEN IN TILLAI'S  
TEMPLE COURT, where all bow down!  
(16)

V.

Me whirled about 'mid 'caste' and 'clan'  
and 'birth', and sore perplexed,-  
Vile helpless dog,- He made His own,  
all sorrow rooting out;  
Destroyed all folly,- alien forms,- all  
thought of 'I' and 'mine';  
Ambrosia pure, HIM HAVE I SEEN IN  
TILLAI, where the saints consort! (20)

VI.

From birth itself, from sickness, age to  
'scape; earth's ties to loose;  
I went,- I SAW the 'Only-First-One,'  
Owner of the world,  
Who dwells, while Vedic sages, hosts of  
heavenly ones adore,  
IN TILLAI-CITY'S SACRED COURT,  
girt round with leafy groves. (24)

## VII.

My servile bonds of sense in grace He  
loosed,- me loveless mean,-  
Fast tied He to His sacred Feet by  
willing mind's stout bonds,  
That never part; made me a fool in sight  
of men; and now  
I'VE TILLAI SEEN, where sportings of  
the wondrous Mage are known. (28)

## VIII.

Sunk here midst infinite conceits, all  
ignorance was I;  
I lay, poor empty soul, unwetting aught  
that might spring forth;  
Now Him who made me His, bestowing  
raptures infinite,  
I'VE SEEN IN TILLAI, where the  
guileless heavenly ones bow down! (32)

IX.

To me, a dog, who knew not anything of  
seemly right,  
He gave His heavenly grace, took me  
and cut off actions' guilt;  
He gave unfailing love: light high and  
higher shone; Him I  
IN TILLAI'S COURT HAVE SEEN,  
where the four mystic scrolls are  
conned! (36)

X.

The elements, the senses five, He is; and  
substance too.

All diverse forms He, mighty, wears:  
knows no diversity.

The gleaming Light that rules, and ill  
destroys; the Emerald;

HIM HAVE I SEEN IN TILLAI  
BRIGHT, where Vedas worship and  
extol! (40)

---

## **Hymn XXXII- praththanai pathu**

### **THE SUPPLICATION.**

#### **I. Alternations of feeling.**

Mingling with Thy true saints, that day  
in speechless joy I stood;  
Next day, with dawning daylight trouble  
came, and there abode.

My soul grows old. Master! to seek the  
gleam of fadeless bliss  
Wand'ring I went. In grace to me, Thy  
slave, let love abound! (4)

## **II. Impatience.**

Some of Thy saints have gained through  
plenteous love Thy grace. Grown old,  
All vain my griefs, - of this vile corpse I  
see no end.

Remove from sinful me my deeds of sin;  
let mercy's sea o'erflow!

O Master, to Thy slave give ceaseless  
soul-subduing grace! (8)

## **III. Fortitude-strong in love-needed.**

Deep in the vast Ambrosial sea of grace  
Thy perfect saints

Have sunk. Lo, Lord, I wearied bear this  
frame with darkness filled!

Men see, and cry, 'A madman, one of  
'wildered mind is here.'

Master, that I may fearless live, true live  
I NEEDS must gain! (12)

#### **IV. Craving for consummate bliss**

I NEED!; I NEED! Midst Thy true  
faithful ones, in grace desiring me,  
Thou mad'st me Thine, my grief's  
expell'd, - Ambrosia! precious peerless  
Gem,  
Like gleam of quenchless lamp! And I,  
Thy servant too, shall I  
Reach Thee, and ne'er again know  
NEED? Thou all-abounding Love! (16)

#### **V. Shall I get free from Self?**

Thou Partner of the bright-eyed maid!  
To dwell among Thy saints,  
Desiring Thee in truth, shall it be giv'n to

sinful me

By Thine own grace, gaining the ancient  
sea of bliss superne,

To rest, in soul and body freed from  
thought of 'I' and 'mine'? (20)

## **VI. Longing desire of the Infinite Bliss**

Thy loving ones have gained 'cessation'  
absolute; but here

My spirit ever melts, outside I lie,- base  
dog, and mourn!

O Master mine, I would attain true love's  
vast sea of bliss,

That cahnge, surcease, oblivion,  
sev'rance, thought, bound, death knows  
not! (24)

## **VII. Cut short Thy work!**

They've seen the sea-like bliss, have  
seized it, and enjoy! Is't meet,

That I, low dog, with added pains and  
pining sore should bide?  
Master, do Thou Thyself give grace, I  
pray! I faint! I fail!  
Cut short Thy work! O light! let  
darkness flee before Thy mercy's beam!  
(28)

### VIII. **Come quickly**

Enter'd amongst Thine own, to whom  
true melting grace abounds,  
I stand with soul like tough  
*bambasastem*, and wear away.  
O Civan, grant the love Thy crowned  
servants bear to Thee!  
O swiftly come, and give to me Thy  
tender beauteous Foot! (32)

### IX. **Was I not made Thine own?**

Thine own stood round, and all declar'd:

'No grace withheld, all grace  
Is given,' - and I, Thy servant, shall I  
mourn as aliens wont?  
Thou King of Civa-world, by glorious  
grace didst change my thought,  
An make me Thine,- I pray Thee, Lord,  
place me in changeless bliss! (36)

### **X. Is aught gained by delay?**

Thou Partner sole of the Gazelle! Sweet  
fruit to them that worship Thee!  
Teacher! If I am like an *unbor'd gourd*,  
doth thus Thy glory live?  
O King, when comes the time that Thou  
wilt grant in grace to me  
A soul that melts and swells in knowing  
Thee, Who cam'st in flesh? (40)

### **XI. Must I languish here?**

In concert joining shall Thy saints, there

bending smile and joy?  
O Master, drooping, all forlorn, like  
withered tree, must I  
Stand sullen while they mingle, melt,  
souls swelling, lost in bliss  
In rhythmic dance? Grant bliss of sweet  
communion with Thy grace! (44)

---

## **Hymn XXXIII- kulaitha pathu**

### **THE DECAD OF THE BRUISED HEART**

**or**

**'SELF-DEDICATION.'**

-----

It would be hard to find a more touching  
expression of absolute mystic self-  
renunciation than these verses contain.

-----

#### **I. Useless suffering**

If cruel pain oppress from 'deeds of old,'  
guard Thou

Who ownest me! If I, a man of 'cruel  
deeds'

Suffer, from this my woe doth any gain  
accrue?

O light of Umai's eyes, take Thou me for  
Thine own!

And though I err, ah! should'st not Thou  
forgive,-

Thou on whose crest the crescent rests?  
If I appeal,

Wilt Thou withhold Thy grace, Father,  
from me Thy slave? (4)

## **II. Why is the affliction of embodied existence prolonged?**

Thy slave's afflictions all to drive far off  
I deem'd

Thou mad'st me Thine, erewhile; Thou  
Partner of the Queen,  
Whose form is like the slender creeping  
plant! Our King;  
bidding me come, why didst Thou not in  
grace destroy  
This body vile? Our Lord, Who dwell'st  
in you yon blest world!  
Thou called'st,- if my service not  
accepting now  
Thou dost afflict, Master, will any gain  
accrue? (8)

### **III. Pardon my offences.**

Thy mercy given to save one void of  
worth,  
a dog like me, hath it this day pass'd all  
away?  
Thou Partner of the Tender One, our  
Mighty King,  
ev'n faults that like a mountain rise, to

virtues turn,  
If Thou but say the word! If Thou didst  
take me once  
for Thine, why dost Thou not- though  
ruined- pity take  
On me? our Lord,- Thou of eight arms  
and triple eye! (12)

#### **IV. When wilt Thou call me back to Thee?**

Bridegroom of Her with fawnlike eyes!  
Our King! If Thou  
hast caused me Thine abiding glory to  
forget;  
If Thou hast thrust me out in fleshly  
form to dwell;  
if Thou hast caused Thy slave to wander  
here forlorn;  
Knowing Thy servant's ignorance, O  
gracious King,  
when comes the day that Thou Thyself

wilt show Thy grace?

Ah! When, I cry, when wilt Thou call  
me back to Thee? (16)

## **V. All is Thyself!**

The tongue itself that cries to Thee,- all  
other powers  
of my whole being that cry out,- all are  
THYSELF!

Thou art my way of strength! The  
trembling thrill that runs  
through me is Thee! THYSELF the  
whole of ill and weal!

None other here! Would one unfold and  
truly utter Thee,  
what way to apprehend? Thou Lord of  
Civa-world!

And if trembling fear, should'st Thou not  
comfort me? (20)

## **VI. Desires.**

Thou know'st what to DESIRE is meet,-  
when we DESIRE  
Thou'rt He that wholly grants! To Ayan  
and to Mal  
DESIRING Thee, how hard to reach!  
Yet me Thou didst  
DESIRE, my service claim! DESIRING  
what didst Thou  
Bestow Thy grace? That and naught else  
do I DESIRE!  
And if aught else there be that stirs in me  
DESIRE!  
That too, in sooth, is Thy DESIRE,- is it  
not so? (24)

## VII. I am wholly Thine

That very day my soul, my body, all to  
me  
pertaining, didst Thou not take as Thine  
own,

Thou like a mountain strong! when me  
Thou mad'st Thy slave?  
And this day is there any hindrance  
found in me?  
Our mighty One! Eight-arm'd and  
Triple-eyed!  
Do Thou to me what's good alone, or do  
Thou ill,  
To all resigned, I'm Thine and wholly  
Thine! (28)

### **VIII. My destinies are in Thy hand.**

Me dog, and lower than a dog, all  
lovingly  
Thyself didst take for Thine. This birth-  
illusion's thrall  
Is plac'd within Thy charge alone. And I  
in sooth,  
is there aught I need beyond that, with  
care search out?  
Herein is there authority at all with me?

Thou may'st again consign me to some  
mortal frame;  
Or'neath Thy jewelled foot may'st place  
me, Brow-eyed One! (32)

### **IX. My soul is fixed on Thee.**

Thou in Whose brow a central eye doth  
gleam! Thy feet-  
the twain- I saw; mine eyes rejoic'd;  
now, night and day,  
Without a thought, on them alone I  
ponder still!  
How I may quit this earthly frame, how I  
may come  
To enter 'neath Thy feet in bliss, I  
ponder not!  
Save Thee, O King, should I Thy servant  
ponder aught?  
Thy service here hath fulness of delight  
for me! (36)

## **X. The hope deferred.**

Thy beauty only I, a slavish dog, desire,  
and cry aloud. O Master! Thou didst  
show to me  
Thy sacred Form in lustre shrin'd, and  
didst accept  
my service. Thou my Glory!- Mine  
august abode,  
In ancient days assur'd, Thou now  
withhold'st;- and so,  
O beauteous Lord!- Thou of the glorious  
mystic Word!  
My King,- sorely indeed hast Thou  
bruis'd my poor heart! (40)

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**Hymn XXXIV- uyir unnip pathu**

**'MY SOUL IS CONSUMED.'**

**RAPTURE OF LIFE IN CIVAN**

## **I. His praises.**

Partner of Umai's loveliness! Destroyer  
of the 'deeds'

That to this frame cling fast! Thou  
Guardian of the Bull! Who dwell'st  
In Perun-turrai's sacred shrine by well-  
skilled bards extolled!

When shall I joy, O when exulting sing,  
henceforth, I too? (4)

## **II. His condescending love.**

And who am I would reach His foot? To  
me, mere cur, a throne

He gave; enter'd my flesh; mixed with  
my life; leaves not my soul.

With crown of honey-dripping-locks,  
blest Perun-turrai's Lord

On me a gracious boon bestow'd, that  
heavenly ones know not! (8)

### **III. Sacred enthusiasm.**

I know myself no more; nor day's nor  
night's recurrence; He  
Who mind and speech transcends with  
mystic madness madden'd me;  
He owns the angry mighty Bull;- blest  
Perun-turrai's Lord;  
The Brahman used to me wiles I know  
not,- O Beam divine! (12)

### **IV. None like to Him.**

And are there other sin-destroyers, say!  
in this wide world?  
Ent'ring me too, He made me His,  
melting my very bones!  
He bound me fast, O joy! Lord, Who in  
Perun-turrai dwells,  
He fills my mind, in eye enshrin'd,  
midmost in every word! (16)

## **V. Cling to Him with reverent love.**

Ye who are freed from clinging ties,  
cling ye where man should cling!  
If ye desire the blissful goal to reach,  
swift hasten on!

Learn ye the glory of the King, Who  
crowned with braided lock  
In Perun-turrai dwells; join ye with those  
who cherish there His foot! (20)

## **VI. I am His, body and soul.**

Foulness that heaves like billows of the  
sea He all destroy'd;  
My soul and body ener'd,- tills, and quits  
no more. He Who  
In Perun-turrai dwells, with crown of  
spreading braided locks,  
Wreath'd with the moon's bright beams,  
our Lord Supreme. This is His wile! (24)

## VII. The goal reached.

Glory I ask not; nor desire I wealth; not  
earth or heaven I crave;  
I seek no birth or death; those that desire  
not Civan nevermore  
I touch. I've reach'd the foot of sacred  
Perun-turrai's King,  
And crown'd myself! I go not forth! I  
know no going hence again! (28)

## VIII. Honey or nectar?

Shall I name Thee 'honey from the  
branch'? 'nectar from the sounding sea'?  
Our Aran! precious Balm! my King! No  
powers have I to sing Thy praise,  
Who dwell'st in Perun-turrai's shrine, by  
loamy rice-fields girt,  
Thou Spotless One, Whose sacred Form  
the holy ash adorns! (32)

## IX. Withdrawal of comfort.

Thee I know I need: and all I need I yet  
know not;

Ah me! our Aran, precious Balm,  
Ambrosia, Thou Whose FOrM is like  
The crimson flower, Who dwell'st in  
sacred Perun-turrai's shrine,  
And still remain'st, the very self within  
my soul! (36)

## X. Prayer permitted still.

While dwellers in the heavenly world do  
holy deeds, in vain

Bearing a frame of flesh compact, I  
stand like forest tree:

Thou dwell'st in Perun-turrai's shrine,  
where honey-dripping *cassiab*blooms;  
Though I'm a sinner, yet I may implore,  
'give grace to me!' (40)

---

## Hymn XXXV- achchap pathu

### THE DECAD OF DREAD

or

### 'ABSORPTION IN DIVINE KNOWLEDGE.'

#### I. Heretics.

Not the sleek snake in anthill coil'd I  
dread;

nor feigned truth of men of lies,-

As I, in sooth, feel fear at night of those  
who have not learnt the Lofty-One  
To know; who near the Foot of the  
Brow-Ey'd,-

our Lord, crown'd with the braided-  
lock,-

Yet think there's other God. When these  
unlearn'd we see,-

AH ME! WE FEEL NO DREAD LIKE  
THIS! (4)

## II. False teachers.

I shudder not, though evil yearnings rise;  
nor fear, though sea of *deedso'erwhelm!*  
Beside His sacred Form, our Lord of  
lords,-  
in which the *Twono* change discerned,  
When name of other gods,- what'er they  
be,-  
by lips profane is but pronounc'd:  
If I see those, who loathe not such  
discourse,-  
AH ME! WE FEEL NO DREAD LIKE  
THIS! (8)

## III. The unloving.

I dread not mighty jav'lin, dripping gore;  
nor glance of maids with jewell'd arms!  
But those that will not sweetly taste His  
grace,-

Whose glance can melt the inmost soul,-  
Who dances in the hallow'd court,- my  
Gem  
unstain'd and pure,- nor praise His  
Name:-  
Such men of loveless hearts when we  
behold,-  
AH ME! WE FEEL NO DREAD LIKE  
THIS! (12)

#### IV. **The unfeeling.**

I dread not chatter vain of parrot-  
tongues;  
nor fear their guileful wanton smile!  
If, drawing nigh the Vethian's feet,  
Whose Form  
the sacred ashes white displays,  
Men's souls nor melt, nor weep they  
worshipping,  
their eyes with gushing teardrops fill'd:  
If these, of tender feeling void, we see,-

AH ME! WE FEEL NO DREAD LIKE  
THIS! (16)

### **V. The undevout.**

I fear not, though diseases all should  
come;  
nor dread I birth with death conjoin'd!  
The crescent moon as ornament He  
wears,  
yet men praise not His roseate Feet,  
(Which Mal, though the firm ground He  
clave, saw not,)  
nor join His worshippers devout!  
If those that wear not ashes white we  
see,-  
AH ME! WE FEEL NO DREAD LIKE  
THIS! (20)

### **VI. Not real worshippers.**

I dread not angry flash of gleaming fires;

nor fear, though mountains on me roll !  
His shoulders ashes wear, Lord of the  
Bull,  
Sire, passing utterance of speech,-  
Yet men praise not His lotus Feet, nor  
bow,  
nor crown them with the full-blown  
flower!  
If those hard hearts, that yield not to His  
power we see,-  
AH ME! WE FEEL NO DREAD LIKE  
THIS! (24)

## VII. Devoid of enthusiasm.

Not guilt unseemly that swift vengeance  
brings;  
nor stroke of instant death I dread!  
He dances in the beauteous court, and  
waves  
'mid smoking clouds His fiery axe;  
The cassia-wreath, all bright with

jewell'd buds,  
He wears, of beings First! Yet men  
Praise not His Foot! If these, unmov'd by  
grace we see,-  
AH ME! WE FEEL NO DREAD LIKE  
THIS! (28)

### **VIII. No high aspirations.**

I fear not elephant to pillar chain'd;  
nor tiger fiery-eyed I dread!  
The Sire, whose crest sweet fragrance  
sheds,- His Feet  
that heav'nly ones may not approach,-  
Men praise not, nor with triumph haste  
within His shrine to sweetly live !  
If we behold these men of wisdom reft,-  
AH ME! WE FEEL NO DREAD LIKE  
THIS! (32)

### **IX. False shame.**

I fear not thunderbolt from out the cloud;  
nor changing confidence of kings!  
Our Lord of lords the very poison made  
Ambrosia, by His gracious act;  
He makes us His in way of  
righteousness;  
yet men smear not the sacred ash!  
If those who from His side shrink thus  
we see,-  
AH ME! WE FEEL NO DREAD LIKE  
THIS! (36)

### **X. Men that worship not.**

I dread not arrow that unswerving flies;  
nor wrath of death's dread King, I fear !  
Him Whose adornment is the mighty  
moon  
men praise not, nor with hymns adore;  
They ponder not eith souls subdued,  
while tears  
from brightly beaming eyes pour forth.

These thankless men,- not men !- if we  
behold,-  
AH ME! WE FEEL NO DREAD LIKE  
THIS! (40)

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**Hymn XXXVI- tiru pandi pathikam**

**THE SACRED PANDI**

**[THE GROWTH OF RAPTURE]**

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*The Lyric of the Sacred Pandi.-* Note IV should be studied as introductory to this very dramatic poem, which is in every way a remarkable composition; yet I should hardly venture to affirm that Manikka-Vacagar was its author. In order to understand it, it is necessary to call to mind the strange legend of Civan's appearance at Madura as a

horseman, or as He is here called a warrior. The first stanza is supposed to be uttered by the poet as he contemplates the God entering Madura on that occasion, surrounded by the other gods, all on splendid chargers. Civan Himself is mounted upon leader of a band of foreign merchants, the graces of the accomplished knight, and the majesty of a king. He has come, according to His promise, to save His servant from suffering, and to vindicate His fidelity. The poet in his soul adores his Deliverer and his God.

In the remaining stanzas he addresses the assembled multitude, and expounds the mystery. 'Fear not as though it were the Avatar of some ruthless conqueror! This horseman is Civan,'- the founder, according to legend, of the dynasty of Pandiyan kings. 'He is the abiding King

of Madura, and now He comes in grace to the mortal king of Madura, Arimarttanan.' The whole typifies the sacred war that He wages as the Pathi against the enemies and tormentors of His people's souls. The third stanza skilfully, though by an anachronism, allegorizes the flood that Civan brought upon the city, when at His command the Vaigai overflowed its banks. In the fifth stanza he spiritualizes the idea that Civan appears here as a merchant, a seller of horses. The sixth, referring to His previous appearance at Perun-turrai, hints at His character as a Guru, a giver of spiritual light; and the whole ends with an urgent call to the people to throw aside all foolish delusions, and to march boldly forward under His banner, and accept Him as their King. The way in which the whole legend is allegorized points, it may be thought, to a later

period, when the Caiva Siddhanta system had been more developed; and when, under the influence of the Santana Teachers, the whole system was being harmonized. There is here a disposition to make little of the myth, and to bring into prominence its spiritual teaching. This was the second stage of the Caiva development. This however is mere conjecture, and there seems to be scarcely any means for its absolute verification.

The metre is to my ear the most rhythmical of all the species of Tamil poetry. The student should learn to recite and enjoy the verses, if he would fully understand them!

-----

**I. The God appears, and is recognised by the Sage.**

The Bridegroom of the mountain Maid,-  
the Pandiyan's Ambrosia rare,-  
The One,- Who is from all diverse,- I  
worship at His flow'ry Feet!  
Made manifest in grace, He on a charger  
rides, and thrills my soul  
In Warrior-guise ! no other form beside  
my inmost soul doth know ! (4)

## II. 'Behold His condescension.'

They gather'd round, bewilder'd all, as in  
a waking dream;- I spoke:  
'Like sun that veils its beams He comes,  
His hand divine holds warrior's spear.  
He on a charger rides ! Ye see our race  
with ruin threatened sore !  
'Tis thus for Madura's king he stays the  
flowing tide of future birth !' (8)

## III. The Flood in Madura.

'Ye who a soul possess that swims and  
bathes in rapture's rushing tide !  
A Pandi-king, He mounts His steed, to  
make all earth the gladness share.  
He takes the form of flood of joy unique,  
and holds His servants' hearts.  
Plunging in flood of heavenly bliss, O  
cherish ye His sacred Foot!' (12)

#### **IV. The Holy War.**

'Good friends, persist not in this round of  
BIRTH ! This is the time ! The King  
Of the good southern land shines forth,  
and ever draws from out its sheath  
His gleaming sword of wisdom pure, His  
steed of rapture urges on,  
Makes war with warring BIRTH through  
the wide world, and foes confounded  
flee !' (16)

**V. 'How are His good gifts to be gained:' a merchant.**

'While there is time, give Him your love,  
and save yourselves ! Hate ye to Him  
Who ate the poison, Whom 'tis hard for  
him *who ate the earth*,  
And him of faces four, and all the  
heavenly ones, to draw anigh;  
Who to His servants stores of grace  
dispenses, our good Pandi-lord !' (20)

**VI. 'This is His day of grace:' a teacher.**

'That gathering darkness may disperse,  
illusions cease, and all be clear,  
The Splendour urges on His steed. The  
Minavan himself knows not  
To utter all His praise. Would ye all joy  
obtain, seek His blest Foot !  
This is the gift in rarest grace the

Pandiyan gives, - RELEASE for aye !  
(24)

## VII. **"He gives audience:' a conquering king.**

'When on illusion's charger He in beauty  
rides, and gathers round  
His waiting hosts; the enmities whose  
name is "earthly birth" shall cease  
To those who refuge find He gives  
grace, glorious, vast, inscrutable.  
Draw near the South-king's mighty Foot,  
Whose conquering banner proudly  
waves!' (28)

## VIII. **'Receive His gracious gift.'**

'In deathless rapture's flood our souls He  
plunges, shows His changeless grace;  
Drives far away our DEEDS, dissolves  
the bonds of old impurity;

And makes us His! Come draw ye near  
the Pandi-ruler's mighty Foot.

Press forward, take the gracious boon of  
Him Who made the circling world !" (32)

### **IX. The magic power of His appearing.**

'That men may cross the mingling sea of  
evil DEEDS and future BIRTH,  
The Pandi-king supreme, Who melts the  
soul of those that love and praise,  
Upon His charger came. When this the  
slender flower-like maidens knew,  
Like trees they stood,- their senses rapt,  
themselves forgot, and all beside !" (36)

### **X. 'In faith and love cling to Him.'**

'As once He conquered death, so now  
the five sense-kings He conquered too;  
And then, in beauteous state, Himself,-

and the great Goddess with Him,- sat !  
Strong Warrior, on the Bull he came to  
Minavan, and slew his foes !  
O ye of weak and wavering faith ! Draw  
near, hold fast His roseate Feet !" (40)

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## **Hymn XXXVII- piditha pathu**

### **THE DECAD OF THE 'TENACIOUS GRASP.'**

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This is one of the most characteristic of the Sage's lyrics, and would seem to belong to a later period than that when the 'cry of the forsaken' (VI) was composed. It is in singular contrast to that lyric. He had meanwhile visited many shrines, and had passed through much struggle; but when he reached what is here called *Tiru-toni-puram*(the

sacred Boat-town), of which the modern name is Shialli, he found a magnificent temple there, that seemed to him like a reproduction on earth of the silver mountain *Kailasam*, on which the God dwells in splendour with Parvathi. This shrine has always been remarkable, but is especially honoured now as the reputed birthplace of Tiru-nana-sambandhar; who, in popular estimation, is perhaps the greatest of the Caiva saints. In his legend we have elsewhere given some notices of this his home. It has twelve names connected with wild legends; but is called here 'the sacred Boat-town,' because when at the end of each aeon the deluge of universal destruction overwhelms the universe, this shrine floats securely on the waters, - the everlasting ark ! Here it seems that the Sage renewed his vows to his *guru*, from whom he had somewhat departed

in thought and practice. He seems to regard himself now as a sivanmuthan and declares that he will henceforth hold fast his allegiance under all circumstances, in life and through death.

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## **I. Thou art our own !**

O King of those above ! - O ceaseless  
Plenitude

of mystic bliss ! - To me defiled Thou  
can'st

Fruit newly ripe, and mad'st me Thine  
own dwelling-place.

Balm, yielding bliss all earthly bliss  
beyond !

True meaning's Certitude ! The Foot in  
glory bright !

My Wealth of bliss ! O Civa-Peruman !

**OUR VERY OWN - I'VE SEIZED  
THEE,- HOLD THEE FAST !**

HENCEFORTH,  
AH, WHITHER GRACE IMPARTING  
WOULD'ST THOU RISE? (4)

## **II. My only Help in this life.**

Ever the bull Thou holdest,- King of  
heaven's glad host !

To me a man of sin Possession true !  
Thy slave is foul decay that quits not,  
merest earth;

within a very nest of worms I lie !

Thou mad'st me Thine, and safe hast  
kept, lest I should fail

at last; O God, O mighty Sea of grace!

FOR EVERMORE - I'VE SEIZED

THEE,- HOLD THEE FAST !

HENCEFORTH,

AH, WHITHER GRACE IMPARTING  
WOULD'ST THOU RISE? (8)

## **III. Reality amidst illusions.**

O Mother! O my Sire ! My Gem beyond  
compare !  
Ambrosia, ever-precious yield of love !  
I, vile one, dwell in short-lived house of  
worms,  
where false illusions ever growing press.  
On me Thou hast bestow'd the true and  
perfect rest;  
my Wealth of bliss ! O Civa-Peruman !  
UPON THIS EARTH- I'VE SEIZED  
THEE,- HOLD THEE FAST !  
HENCEFORTH,  
AH, WHITHER GRACE IMPARTING  
WOULD'ST THOU RISE? (12)

#### **IV. Light in the darkness.**

Splendour of grace ! Well ripen'd  
luscious Fruit unique !  
King of ascetics stern of all prevailing  
power !

Science of meanings deep ! Delight  
transcending praise !  
Of mystic sacred musings' Fulness blest  
!  
Thou enterest Thy servant's thought, and  
all is clear !  
My Wealth of bliss ! O Civa-Peruman !  
IN EACH DARK HOUR- I'VE SEIZED  
THEE,- HOLD THEE FAST !  
HENCEFORTH,  
AH, WHITHER GRACE IMPARTING  
WOULD'ST THOU RISE? (16)

## **V. The One Helper in life's struggles.**

Thou only One, to Whom can none  
compare ! Thou Light  
shining within the very soul of me, Thy  
slave !  
On me who knew not the true goal,- of  
merit void,  
O Love unique,- Thou hast choice grace

bestowed !

O radiant Form Whose splendour bright  
no tongue can tell !

My Wealth of bliss ! O Civa-Peruman !

IN WEARINESS - I'VE SEIZED

THEE,- HOLD THEE FAST !

HENCEFORTH,

AH, WHITHER GRACE IMPARTING

WOULD'ST THOU RISE? (20)

## VI. In death, as in life.

O Pinnagan, our great Possession, Thou  
hast held

as sacred shrine my empty worthless  
mind;

Hast given me rapturous joy that knows  
no bound; hast cut

the root of 'birth,' and made me all Thine  
own !

O mystic Form, by me in open vision  
seen !

My Wealth of bliss ! O Civa-Peruman !  
IN HOUR OF DEATH - I'VE SEIZED  
THEE,- HOLD THEE FAST !  
HENCEFORTH,  
AH, WHITHER GRACE IMPARTING  
WOULD'ST THOU RISE? (24)

## **VII. The revelation of the way to worship.**

Thou Who didst teach the way to grasp  
that Ancient One,  
Who cuts the root of every servile 'bond'  
!  
O Being,- Who didst show to me Thy  
flowery feet;  
my worship didst accept; ent'ring my  
soul;-  
Resplendent Lamp ! Thou mystic Form  
of splendour bright !  
My Wealth of bliss ! O Civa-Peruman !  
RULER SUPREME - I'VE SEIZED

THEE,- HOLD THEE FAST !  
HENCEFORTH,  
AH, WHITHER GRACE IMPARTING  
WOULD'ST THOU RISE? (28)

### **VIII. The Deity everywhere present .**

O Father ! worlds on worlds Thy  
presence fills !  
Thou Primal Deity ! O wondrous One  
Who knows no end ! Thy saints devoutly  
cling to Thee !  
My Wealth of bliss ! O Civa-Peruman !  
Wild Vagrant, living Germ in being's  
every form,-  
diverse Thyself from every living thing !  
ILLUSIONIST - I'VE SEIZED THEE,-  
HOLD THEE FAST ! HENCEFORTH,  
AH, WHITHER GRACE IMPARTING  
WOULD'ST THOU RISE? (32)

### **IX. The rapture of devotion.**

The mother's thoughtful care her infant  
feeds: Thou deign'st  
with greater love to visit sinful me, -  
Melting my flesh, flooding my soul with  
inward light,  
unfailing rapture's honied sweetness  
Thou  
Bestowest,- through my every part  
infusing joy !  
My Wealth of bliss ! - O Civa-Peruman !  
CLOSE FOLLOWING THEE - I'VE  
SEIZED THEE,- HOLD THEE FAST !  
HENCEFORTH,  
AH, WHITHER GRACE IMPARTING  
WOULD'ST THOU RISE? (36)

### **X. The delight of His indwelling.**

O Ruler, spotless Gem, Who mad'st me  
Thine, thrilling  
my frame through every pore; in friendly

shape

Didst enter it,- as 'twere a vast and  
golden shrine,-  
making this body vile of sweetness full !  
Affliction, birth and death,  
bewilderment,- all links  
of life,- Thou hast cut off, O beauteous  
Gleam !

MY SOUL'S DELIGHT - I'VE SEIZED  
THEE,- HOLD THEE FAST !  
HENCEFORTH,  
AH, WHITHER GRACE IMPARTING  
WOULD'ST THOU RISE? (40)

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**Hymn XXXVIII- tiruvesaravu**

**SACRED SADNESS.**

**['ABSTRACTION FROM  
OBJECTIVE THOUGHT.']**

## I.

My iron mind full oft'ern didst Thou  
draw, and melt my frame;  
Thy feet to me didst show, as though the  
sweet cane's pleasantness;  
Thou of the braided lock, where waters  
wander wave on wave!  
The jackals all Thou mad'st great horses;  
thus didst show Thy grace. (4)

## II.

Thou Partner of the maid whose words  
are music! To thine own  
Ambrosia precious, sating every soul !  
Master, Thy slave  
Rule Thou ! Cut off these earthly 'births.'  
When Thou didst pity me  
I saw Thy foot in vision clear, and, ah,  
my soul was freed ! (8)

### III.

No hiding place had I; in hell of births  
and deaths I sank;  
No loving hand was stretched to aid;  
Master, Thou bad'st me come,  
Who didst the poison eat from out the  
swelling sea ! To me,  
How Thou didst show Thy flowery foot,  
our Deity supreme ! (12)

### IV.

Dancer with serpent-girded foot ! Thou  
of the braided lock !  
Lord of the saints crowned with Thy  
flowery foot ! me dost Thou save,  
From praising meaner gods that others  
praise. O wondrous grace !  
I ponder how Thou to my soul didst  
show Thy saving power. (16)

V.

No lore of wisdom had I, melted not in  
rapturous tears;-  
Yet other gods knew not ! ANd by Thy  
word, our mighty Lord !  
My soul exulted when I gained Thy foot.  
To me, Thy slave,  
As though one gave to cur a golden seat,  
Thy grace was shown. (20)

VI.

Sore troubled by the glancing eyes of  
damsels, soft of foot,  
A poisonous anguish pierc'd my  
trembling frame; yet by  
Thy grace I 'scaped, my Lord, my Owner  
! Me Thou bad'st Fear not,  
And mad'st Thine own,- Ambrosia of the  
sacred temple court ! (24)

## VII.

For me Thou caused'st 'birth' to cease,  
great Lord of bliss, Who dwell'st  
unknown

By even the heavenly ones in Perun-  
turrai's southern shrine !

Entering in love, melting my heart  
within, Thou madest me Thine !

Great Lord, such was the way that Thou  
didst look on me ! (28)

## VIII.

O Ancient One ! First One, that grows  
not old ! The Endless

Chaunted word ! True Essence !

Burgeoned forth as that WHICH IS,  
AND IS NOT. Entering here, me who in  
error rolled, Thy grace

Restored, and made Thine own. Such  
was Thy way, O mighty One ! (32)

## **IX. Special manifestation in Idai-maruthur.**

Sprang up Thy foot, as sweetly fragrant  
flower within my mind, melting my soul  
!

In every street I wept, and praised Thee,  
mighty Lord of bliss !

Mercy supreme that as wide ocean rolls,  
I tasted, plunged therein !

Father, in Idai-maruthur Thou show'dst  
Thy grace to me ! (36)

## **X. No desert in me; all in His grace !**

Have I indeed performed ascetic deeds,  
Ci-va-ya-na-ma gained to chaunt !

Civan, the mighty Lord, as honey and as  
rare ambrosia sweet,

Himself He came, entered my soul,- to  
me His slave gave grace;

So that I hated, loathed this life of soul  
in flesh enmeshed, that day. (40)

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## **Hymn XXXIX- tirup pulambal**

### **THE SACRED LAMENT.**

**['THE MATURIY OF RAPTURE.']**

#### **I. I praise none but Thee.**

O Thou Whose way Ayan, from flow'ry  
lotus sprung, knows not, nor Mal !  
Partner of her whose swelling bosom  
wears the Gongu flower ! Whose form  
White ash displays ! Owner of blest  
Arur, begrit with lofty wall !  
Saving Thy flower-like feet, nought else  
will I Thy servant ever praise ! (4)

#### **II. To Thee alone I look for help.**

Thou of the braided tuft ! Fire-wielder !  
Thou Whose weapon is the dart  
Three-leav'd and gleaming ! Light  
superne ! Lord of the flock ! The soft,  
white bull  
Is thine ! O Lord of Perun-turrai girt by  
spreading groves ! Thy slave  
Am I. Owner, I know in truth no other  
present help than Thee. (8)

### III.

Nor friends, nor kin I seek; no city I  
desire; no name I crave;  
No learned ones I seek; and henceforth  
lessons to be conned suffice.  
Thou dancer, in Kuttalam dwelling  
blissful, Thy resounding feet  
I'll sek, that as the cow yearns for its  
calf, my longing soul may melt. (12)

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## **Hymn XL.- kulaap pathu**

### **THE DECAD OF 'GLORIOUS TILLAI.'**

#### **['UNINTERMITTED ENJOYMENT']**

#### **I. He enters on a life of absolute renunciation.**

The potsherd and the skull I deemed my  
kin; my soul dissolved;  
Wealth to be sought was Civan's foot  
alone, I clearly saw;  
With soul and body to the earth in  
worship bent, a slave,  
I'VE REACH'D HIM WHERE HE  
DANCES, LORD OF TILLAI'S HOME  
OF JOY! (4)

#### **II. Here shall I be set free.**

Through fond desire of those of slender  
form and gentle words,  
How many deeds soever guilt  
increasing, I have done,  
Nor 'death' nor 'birth' I dread ! He caus'd  
me to embrace His feet;  
A slave, I'VE REACHED HIM WHO  
BEARS RULE IN TILLAI'S HOME OF  
JOY ! (8)

### **III. He brought back my wandering mind.**

Melting my inmost frame, He killed the  
germ of twofold deeds;-  
Pluckt out my rooted griefs;- made  
purely one the manifold;-  
So that all former things might perish  
quite, He entered in !  
I'VE REACHED HIM WHO IN LOVE  
BEARS RULE IN TILLAI'S HOME OF

JOY ! (12)

#### **IV. Civan made known only to disciplined minds.**

Who severs not Himself from those  
whose minds are severed still  
From vain assemblies void of *sign*, and  
*way*, and *tempermeet*,-  
The 'goal of bliss,'- Ambrosia's mighty  
flow,- to chastened thought  
Revealed,- I'VE REACHED HIM WHO  
BEARS RULE IN TILLAI'S HOME OF  
JOY ! (16)

#### **V. The consummation gained in Tillai**

This same embodiment bound up with  
name and quality  
To consummate, He cuts off sin that  
clings ! His servants all  
As they draw near, the honey taste of

Civan's mercy, and  
Are filled, where I've REACHED HIM  
WHO RULES IN TILLAI'S HOME OF  
JOY ! (20)

## VI. My being in His hand.

Bud on the bough, then rounded flower,  
next fruit unripe, then fruit  
Matured,- my frame thus formed He  
made His own, nor hence departs;-  
That trusting thought may ever cling to  
Him, as it clings now,  
I'VE REACHED HIM WHO BEARS  
RULE IN TILLAI'S GOLDEN HOME  
OF JOY ! (24)

## VII. The mighty foot.

The *demon's* arm for strength renowned,  
by the same sacred foot  
That pressed upon my head, was

crushed, and glorious rested there;  
Thus by His grace I'm freed galling  
bonds of life, and here  
I'VE REACHED HIM WHO BEARS  
RULE IN TILLAI'S HOME OF  
THRILLING JOY ! (28)

### VIII.

The sacred foot that walked within the  
wilds after the wild  
Black boar that digs deep down, He  
planted on my head;  
And so surpassing power of the five  
fierce ones' mighty play  
Doth cease, when I'VE REACHED HIM  
WHO RULES IN TILLAI'S HOME OF  
JOY ! (32)

### IX.

I lay as one who tills a barren field and

reaps no crop;-

'Twas then the gain of penance done of  
old accrued; and thus

Before the Caivan's roseate lotus foot I  
bent my worthless head

His own,- I'VE REACHED HIM WHO  
BEARS RULE IN TILLAI'S HOME OF  
JOY ! (36)

X.

Her form He shares who by His side  
grows as a tender bough;-

To Him I with right mind my sacred  
ministries perform;-

This here, abolishes whate'er results this  
state can yield;

I'VE REACHED HIM WHO BEARS  
RULE IN TILLAI'S HOME OF  
HEAVENLY JOY ! (40)

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## Hymn XLI.- arputha pathu

### THE MIRACLE-DECAD

#### [THE UNUTTERABLE EXPERIENCE]

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The following decad was composed at Tiru-perun-turrai, and is probably one of the first sung by our bard. It is in some respects quite unique among his compositions, and certainly has not the flowing ease and rapture of some of his subsequent verses; but perhaps it reveals more of himself than any other. It was put forth, as would seem, immediately after his conversion; and is a thankful acknowledgment of the grace that has delivered him (as he now thinks) completely, and for ever, from the bonds of sensual passion.

The three things which a Caiva saint has to get free from are sensual passion, wrath, and the infatuation that regards the phenomenal as the real. Our Sage seems never to have been troubled with wrathful tendencies; and, in fact, must have been a very gentle and sweet-tempered man; but it must be remembered that at the time of his conversion he was yet in his early youth, the Prime Minister and favourite of the great Pandiyan king, the virtual ruler of that ancient realm, boasting a pure and lofty lineage, of prepossessing appearance and manner, instinct with the glow of a poet's enthusiasm; and, in fact, possessing all that the phenomenal world has to give. Remembering, too, the tone and manners of his time and people, it is not to be wondered at that this poem makes acknowledgement of a previous utter absorption in worldly

enjoyments, and a habit of mental infatuation,- apparently absolute. From the first and third of the trio of evils, he had very little chance, humanly speaking, of ever becoming free. Yet the history tells us that he had previously sought for light, had consulted teachers of many systems, and had waited in darkness and in bonds for the coming of the Master Whose service should be 'perfect freedom' from sensual thralldom. This poem is his thanks giving for (what he believes to be) his final deliverance. It will be noted that he dwells with persistent monotony on one theme: he is 'free'; the time has not yet come for the analysis of his fellings; or for considering his future career. There is here an almost entire absence of mythology,- the one idea of God that he has before him is the loving Guru Whose feet have crowned the suppliant's head;

even Uma, the mother, is not mentioned or alluded to; he utters no invitation to others to join him in praise; his is a gladness with which no stranger can intermediate.

The other poems, sung in the same place soon after, show him recovering from the overwhelming effect of his first glad surprise, and in them he finds it possible to dwell upon other topics.

The *Tiruvacagamis* a veritable Pilgrim's Progress, and surely reveals the experience of a devout and godly soul. It is possible that in this and in other of the poems, lines may have been altered and even verses added; for there is a noticeable discrepancy here and there; but internal evidence justifies us in concluding that mainly we have here the unrestrained utterances of a Caiva

mystic of the eighth century.

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## **I. The Truth.**

By lust bewilder'd;- in this earthly  
sphere  
caught in the circling sea of joyous life;-  
By whirling tide of woman's charms  
engulf'd;-  
lest I should sink with mind perturb'd,  
He gave His sacred grace, that falseness  
all  
my soul might flee, and showed His  
golden feet !  
The TRUTH Himself,- He stood in  
presence there:  
THIS MATCHLESS MIRACLE I TELL  
NOT, I ! (4)

## **II. The King.**

I gave no fitting gift with lavish hand  
of full-blown flowers; nor bowed with  
rev'rence meet.

He grace conferr'd, lest I should tread  
the paths  
of grief, with mind bewildered by soft  
dames

With fragrant bosoms fair. He came to  
save,  
and showed to me His golden jewell'd  
feet;

As KING in presence manifest He stood:  
THIS MATCHLESS MIRACLE I TELL  
NOT, I ! (8)

### **III. The Ineffable Essence.**

Busied in earth I acted many a lie;  
I spake of 'I' and 'mine,'- illusions old;  
Nor shunned what caused me pain;  
while sins increased  
I wandered raving. Me, that BEING

RARE,-

By the great mystic Vedas sought in  
vain,-

held fast in presence there; to lowly me  
Essential sweetness was the food He  
gave:

THIS MIRACLE OF GRACE I KNOW  
NOT, I ! (12)

#### **IV. The Helper.**

To 'birth' and 'death' that cling to man, I  
gave no thought;  
and uttering merest lies went on my  
way.

By eyes of maids with flowing jet-black  
locks  
disturbed, with passion filled, I helpless  
lay.

He came ! the anklets on His roseate  
feet,-

I heard their tinkling sound; nor parts the

bliss!

In grace my precious HELPER made me

His:

THIS MIRACLE OF LOVE I KNOW

NOT, I ! (16)

## V. Freedom.

I wealth and kindered and all other bliss  
enjoy'd; by tender maidens' charms was  
stirr'd;

I wandered free in joyous intercourse;  
such goodly qualities it seemed were  
there.

He set me free; to stay the coure of  
'deeds'

my foes, He showed His foot-flowers'  
tender grace,

My spirit stirred, entered within, and  
made me His:

THIS MATCHLESS MIRACLE I

KNOW NOT, I ! (20)

## **VI. The 'Sea of excellence.'**

I gave no thought to 'birth' and 'death,'  
that yield  
their place successive; but with maidens  
joined  
I sank engulfed as by a mighty flood:  
their rosy lips my death ! I madly  
roamed.

The SEA OF EXCELLENCE, Whom  
neither quality  
nor name of excellence defines,-  
He came, and tenderly embracing made  
me His:  
THIS MIRACLE OF GRACE I KNOW  
NOT, I ! (24)

## **VII. The Father.**

Though born a man, unfailing gifts  
I laid not at the golden feet; nor did I cull

The cluster'd flowers, by rule and wont  
prescrib'd;  
nor chaunted the 'Five Letters' due.  
O'ercome  
By the full-bosom'd damsels' jet-black  
eyes  
I prostrate lay. SHowing His flow'ry  
feet,  
To me the FATHER came, and made me  
His :  
THIS MIRACLE OF GRACE I KNOW  
NOT, I ! (28)

### **VIII. He Whom words express not.**

He caused the 'twofold deeds' to cease,  
that cause  
this swing of soul with body joined. He,  
Whom  
'Tis hard to learn by uttered sound to  
know,  
gave me to know Himself: thus made me

light !

He cut asunder bonds that clung;

fulfilled

with His own mercy's gift sublime my

soul's

Desire; and joined me to His servants'

feet:

THIS MIRACLE OF GRACE I KNOW

NOT, I ! (32)

### **IX. The Imperishable.**

In tangled wilderness of 'birth' supine

I lay ; like wretched cur diseased I

roamed;

Did as I lusted; dwelt with creatures vile,

with them complying, satisfied in soul !

He showed me there His flowery

fragrant feet,

by Hari and by Ayan unattained;

Th' IMPERISHABLE made ev'n me His

own:

THIS MIRACLE OF GRACE I KNOW  
NOT, I ! (36)

## X. The Lord Supreme.

I gave no thought to thronging 'births'  
and 'deaths,'  
but dwelt on tricks, and wiles, and  
glancing eyes  
Of maids with wealth of braided tresses  
fair;  
and thus I lay. The King, our LORD  
SUPREME,  
His jewell'd feet, that traverse all the  
worlds,  
to me made manifest like clustering  
blooms;  
He wisdom gave, and made me all His  
own:  
THIS MIRACLE OF GRACE I KNOW  
NOT, I ! (40)

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## **Hymn XLII.- chennip pathu**

### **THE HEAD-DECAD**

#### **[THE CERTAINTY OF BLISS]**

##### **I. Civan a light.**

The God of gods; the Warrior true; south  
Perun-turrai's Chieftain dear;

The First; the Blissful One, Whose form  
the Three could not attain to know;

The Flower full-blown of LIGHT is He,  
to all save to His loving ones, unknown !

UPON HIS MIGHTY ROSEATE  
FOOT'S PURE FLOWER OUR HEADS  
SHALL GLEAMING REST ! (4)

##### **II. Civan the beautiful Sundaran**

The eightfold FORM, the Beautiful, the  
sweet ambrosial Tide of bliss;

Most Worthy, Prince, of Civa-world;  
south Perun-turrai's Warrior-king;  
The Beautiful, Who made the Queen  
with flowing locks part of Himself;  
UPON HI ROSEATE FOOT'S FULL-  
ORBED FLOWER OUR HEADS  
SHALL BLOOMING REST ! (8)

### **III. Loving and gracious.**

Ye maids, the Lord whose eye looked on  
me sweetly, claiming service due;  
The Warrior-lord, in Perun-turrai girt  
with cocoa-groves Who dwells;  
Who takes the maidens' armlets bright,  
and claims our soul and service true.  
UPON HIS ROSEATE FOT'S  
EXPANDING FLOWER OUR HEADS  
SHALL GLEAMING REST ! (12)

### **IV. Gracious manifestations.**

With pious men around, Parabaran' on  
earth appeared, a Seer.

Mid saints made perfect, Civa-Lord  
dances in Tillai's city old.

Mystic ! He comes, enters our homes,  
makes us His own, our service claims.

UPON THE MIGHTY ROSEATE  
FOOT'S FLOWER GIVEN OUR  
HEADS SHALL BLOOMING REST !  
(16)

## **V. His disciple.**

He gave the boon that I should not vain  
joys of life as true regard.

Partner of Umai's grace, He came to  
sacred Perun-turrai's shrine.

And, while ambrosia flowing filled our  
frames, showed us His foot, and said  
'Behold' !

UPON THAT MIGHTY ROSEATE  
FOOT'S AUSPICIOUS FLOWER OUR

HEADS SHALL REST ! (20)

**VI. He gives an assured hope.**

Our mind He entered, made us His,  
destroyed 'ill deeds,' and piety  
That saves bestowed, Unto His jewelled  
foot when wreath of flowers we bring,  
He'll give our souls release; grant to  
dwell safe beyond this threefold world.  
UPON THAT FATHER'S ROSEATE  
FEET, THOSE FULL-BLOWN  
FLOWERS, OUR HEADS SHALL  
REST ! (24)

**VII. Fellowship with His saints.**

That I might swim this sea called 'birth,'  
great grace in love He gave;  
Caused me released to join the gracious  
band of saints, and made me of their  
goodly kin.

To save me thus the Lord His truth  
displayed, in greatness of His grace !  
UPON HIS ROSEATE FEET, WHO  
SHOWED SUCH MIGHT, OUR  
HEADS SHALL BEAMING REST !  
(28)

### **VIII. Unfailing Refuge.**

The falsehood of these bodies vile,  
worm-filled, Thou dost abolish quite,  
'Bright Splendour, Ruler, Lord, our  
Father,' evermore they cry, and lift  
Adoring hands; their eyes' pure flower  
with tears o'erflows; to these Thy saints  
THY ROSEATE FEET FAIL NOT;  
UPON THOSE FLOWERS OUR  
HEADS SHALL FLOWER CROWN'D  
REST ! (32)

### **IX. Lord of Earth and Heaven.**

Me vainly wandering here Thou bad'st to  
come, didst slay the 'hate of deeds,'  
Celestial Lord ! This world Thou dost  
transcend, Lord of the realms beyond,  
Pleasures of grace shall spring perennial  
to Thy loving servants true.

UPON THY ROSEATE FEET'S PURE  
GOLDEN FLOWER OUR HEADS  
SHALL BEAMING REST ! (36)

### **X. All join in His praise.**

The Free,- the Primal Splendour,- Father  
Triple-eyed-all being's Germ !  
The Perfect,- Lord of Civa-world,- sing,  
chaunt His name, O men devout !  
Hither draw nigh your bonds to loose ! O  
bow ye down and worship here !  
UPON THE ROSEATE FOOT, THAT  
FILLS THE SOUL, OUR HEADS  
SHALL GLEAMING REST ! (40)

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## Hymn XLIII.- tiru varthai

### THE SACRED WORD

#### [GRATEFUL LOVE]

#### I. The gracious incarnation.

The Lady's Spouse; of mystic word  
Proclaimer skill'd;  
Light seen mid blooming flowers; the  
faultless Grace supreme;  
Who to His servants grants the boon of  
justic bright;  
the King of virtuous excellence Who  
reigns benign,  
In Perun-turrai girt with fragrant flowery  
groves;-  
Himself hath come, and on this earth, a  
gracious Form,  
Descending hath revealed the Primal  
Deity.

THAT GRACE WHO KNOW WITH  
OUR SUPERNAL LORD ARE ONE !  
(4)

## II. His condescension.

Mal, Ayan, and the King of heavenly  
hosts approached  
and lowly bowed before Him,- I can gave  
them grace !-

Descending to this world, He showed  
the perfect way  
unto the simple dame that dwelt in  
Idavai,-

Where mansions fair arise with goodly  
splendour bright,  
of sparkling gems, and saints hold  
converse sweet,-

Grace of abounding excellence He gave.

HIS POWER WHO KNOW WITH  
OUR SUPERNAL LORD ARE ONE !  
(8)

### III.

The crown'd Eternal-One,- King of th'  
immortal host,-  
the rapturous Dancer, as the six sects  
homage pay,  
Ascends the boat, accepts and crowns  
their service due;  
while heaven and earth adore and praise  
their King.

He grants infirmity should die !- In  
Perun-turrai's shrine

He dwells in mighty grace ! - In love to  
her, His bride,

He brought a jewelled net, to catch the  
mystic fish !

HIS WAYS WHO KNOW WITH OUR  
SUPERNAL LORD ARE ONE ! (12)

### IV.

A woodman's form He bore, on mount  
Mahendiram  
when sore distressed the suppliants came  
And sought Him, Civan, mighty Lord,  
was nigh to save !  
That we His servants pondering Him,  
should safety win,  
The Teacher on a prancing charer  
mounted came,-  
of Perun-turrai's shrine th'Eternal Deity,-  
That day His friends from every side He  
made His own !  
THEY WHO HIS NATURE KNOW  
OUR SUPERNAL LORD ARE ONE !  
(16)

V.

He came. The gods in reverence bowed  
their heads, and praised.  
A sea of mighty mercy,- He in grace  
brake off

His servants' bonds, and set us free. Our  
Deity,-

th' Eternal-One of Perun-turrai's shrine,-  
that day

Himself passed o'er the sea, whose  
surging billows rose;

His grace He gave within the lofty walls  
Of Lanka's home to the soft-fingered  
captive maid !

HIS WORTH WHO KNOW WITH  
OUR SUPERNAL LORD ARE ONE !

(20)

VI.

Lord of the bow that wrapt the cities  
three in flames;-

a huntsman's guise he took with guard of  
dogs around;-

Before Him gathered gods obeying His  
behests;-

our mighty Lord, in forest wilds where

He abode  
Took pity on the hunted boar ! Ican, that  
day,-  
our Father, Perun-turrai's King, the  
Eternal Deity,-  
A pig became, wonder unique, and milk  
bestowed !  
HIS DEEDS WHO KNOW WITH OUR  
SUPERNAL LORD ARE ONE ! (24)

## VII.

In their fair garden home 'mid lotus  
flowers and hum  
of bees, the maids with beauteous brows  
assemble round,  
Chaunting bow down, strew full-blown  
flowers, and praise  
our Ican,- radiant Beam of rosy growing  
light,-  
Who ever bides in Perun-turrai's flowery  
grove,-

our Holy-One. To earth He came,-  
appeared,- destroyed Earth-born  
diversities,- gave grace. His MIGHT OF  
LOVE

WHO'VE POWER TO KNOW WITH  
OUR SUPERNAL LORD ARE ONE !

(28)

VIII.

His breast wears garlands of the opening  
cassia flower;-

Here, He slew the tiger strong of claw;-

The partner He of Umai, lovely queen;-

of Perun-turrai girt with rich groves

King;-

Ican, in great and spotless glory bright;-

He folds the beauteous ones in soft

embrace;-

He to the vast sea's king in fiery form

appear'd;-

HIS FORM WHO KNOW SHALL

## UNION GAIN WITH OUR SUPERNAL LORD ! (32)

### IX.

Our mighty Lord with pure white ashes  
decked;-

Who came Bright Ruler of  
Mahendiram;-

Ican, Whose planted foot the gods  
adore;-

the southern Ruler, Perun-turrai's King;-

Who loving pity showed to me that day,  
showed me His jewelled foot to melt my  
soul,

My sorrows soothed, in grace made me  
His own !

HIS DEEDS WHO KNOW WITH OUR  
SUPERNAL LORED ARE ONE ! (36)

### X.

The Beauteous-eyed;- the Immortals'  
Lord and ours;-  
Ambrosia to His servants;- Prince Who  
came  
To earth to loose our mighty bonds, that  
we  
a bliss unique in earth and heaven might  
gain;-  
With strong control he sways th'  
ASSEMBLY wise;-  
skilled Leader;- Perun-turrai's King;-  
that day  
To Madura with damsels thronged He  
came:  
HIS WAYS WHO KNOW SHALL  
UNION GAIN WITH OUR  
SUPERNAL LORD ! (40)

---

**Hymn XLIV.- ennap pathikam**

**DEVOUT MUSINGS.**

## [JOYOUS EMOTION.]

-----

This poem expresses his intense longing to rejoin at once the Master and His disciples.

-----

### **I. Longings for endless joy.**

Would birth in earthly forms might  
cease, devoted love so might I gain !  
O Civa-Peruman, Whose form is  
beauteous like red lotus-flower;  
Thou art my rare Ambrosia; midst the  
assembly of Thy saints  
Thy sacred grace unique show Thou; be  
gracious, take me too and save !

(4)

### **II. He pleads the promise.**

I'm not my own, Thy slave am I; sever'd  
from Thee no moment can  
I live; a cur, I nothing know,- O  
*Cankaran!*In pitying grace  
Thou Mighty said'st to me, 'Behold,' and  
showed'st Thy jewell'd feet. Our Lord,  
And was the promise false that said, 'I  
sever nevermore from Thee?' (8)

### **III. Love that 'maketh not ashamed.'**

Melting my frame, granting Thy grace,  
showing to me Thy flow'ry feet,  
Erewhile Thou madest me Thine own, O  
Sage, O First of sages all !  
My Bliss, Thou didst dissolve my soul,  
and dost my life consume.  
Grant me Thy love, King of my soul;  
that so Thy grace from shame may  
shield ! (12)

#### **IV. He laments his deadness of soul.**

Of piety I'm void, nor bow at vision of  
Thy golden feet;  
My heart is dead, my lips are seal'd;- yet  
cause this 'birth' to cease, our Lord !  
Pearl-like Thou art, gem-like Thou art !  
First One, I utter my complaint:  
So oft I've follow'd Thee, henceforth  
apart from Thee I bear not life ! (16)

#### **V. Spiritual declension.**

I see Thy gracious feet no more, which  
seeing erst mine eyes were glad;  
I've ceased to cherish Thee; I've ceased  
to utter childlike praise; and thus  
Tanu, my mighty Lord, I'm lost; the  
state, that melting thinks on Thee,  
By meannesses I've ceas'd to know;  
'twere shame to me to see Thee come !  
(20)

## VI. Supplication.

Thee, Lord supreme, with milk-white  
ash adorn'd, meeting with grace superne  
Thy servants true,  
Who dost appear, and show the hav'n of  
grace,- Thee, glorious Light, I, void  
of righteousness,  
Extol as my Ambrosia, praising Thee,-  
praise, glorify, invoke with weepings  
loud !  
Master, thus working in me mightily, in  
grace O speak, in pity speak ! (24)

---

**Hymn XLV.- yathirai pathu**

**THE PILGRIM-SONG.**

**[RAPTURE.]**

-----  
This is our Sage's wonderful 'psalm of  
the up-going,' He commemorates his  
first visit to Tillai, and thence mystically  
sets forth the soul's pilgrimage through  
the world of sense to union with Civan  
on the silver mountain.  
-----

## **I. The setting-forth on the journey.**

Our King with head flow'r-wreath'd,  
BHUYANGAN-LORD,  
by mercy's swelling flood that all  
dissolves,  
Commingled ever, like perception's self,  
within our souls,- 'O come,' hath said in  
love,  
And made us lowly ones His own !  
Come ye  
with one accord; behold, the time hath  
come;

Pass we,- falsehood for ever left behind,-  
to enter 'neath the Master's jewelled feet  
! (4)

## **II. The pilgrims's preparation of soul.**

Enter no more the juggling senses' net !  
BHUYANGAN'S flow'ry feet, the  
mighty Lord,  
Ponder intensely,- other things desire ye  
not :  
dismiss them, let them go, and pass ye  
on !  
With joyous smile He, entering this  
world,  
made us-who were like curs impure- His  
own,  
As it befits to draw anigh the Lord,  
let each with no weak faltering step  
move on ! (8)

## **III. Earthly ties must be loosed.**

Each to himself be his own kith and kin !  
each to himself be his own law and way

!

For who are 'WE'? what 'OURS'? and  
what are 'BONDS'?

illusions all,- let these departing flee !

And, with the ancient servants of the  
King,

taking His sign alone for guiding sign,

Shake falshood off; go on your happy  
way,

unto BHUYANGAN'S golden foot, - our  
King ! (12)

#### **IV. Sober, hopeful assurance.**

All ye His servants who've become,  
put far away each idle sportive thought;

Seek refuge at the Foot where safety  
dwells;

hold fast unto the end the sacred sign;

Put off from you this body stained with  
sin;  
in Civan's world He'll surely give us  
place !  
BHUYANGAN'S self, Whose Form the  
ashes wears,  
will grant you entrance 'neath His  
flow'ry feet ! (16)

### **V. Faint not, press on !**

Free ye your souls from pains of wrath  
and lust;  
henceforth the time shall not be long  
drawn out !  
Beneath our Master's feet with glad  
acclaim  
that we in one may go, in one combine !  
Even we in Civan's town shall refuge  
find,  
whose flo'r-wreath'd gates to us shall not  
be clos'd !

There enter'd we in ecstasy shall sing  
the glories only of BHUYANGAN-  
KING ! (20)

**VI. Persevere ! The glorious  
consummation awaits you.**

Praise ye ! Adore ! Bring beauteous  
flowers !

BHUYANGAN'S foot plant ye within  
your souls !

Despise adversities of every form !

Henceforth no hindrance bars your  
happy way

To Civan's town, that fill'd with glory  
shines

To Civan's foot go we to worship there !

Before the saints that there abide we'll  
move,

and stand in soul-dissolving rapture  
there ! (24)

## VII. Loiter not, scatter not !

Let those that bide abide,- abide not we  
in world that not abides. Straight pass  
we on

Unto the foot of our BHUYANGAN-  
KING,

Whose sacred form is milk with golden  
hue !

All ye that loitering stand delay not now  
!

Gather in one to march, where'er ye  
stand !

Unto the Mighty One access henceforth  
is hard to gain, if ye should loiter now !

(28)

## VIII. The gate opens !

Ye, with the Lord, in rapture infinite  
conjoin'd for ever, who have gained to  
dwell !

In strong illusion henceforth sink not ye,  
in sooth; nor utter senseless words  
profane !

The sacred door where dwells the  
priceless Gem,  
is opening even now. To Civan's town  
Come, move we on, to reach the sacred  
foot  
of BHUYANGAN, to Mal divine  
unknown ! (32)

### **IX. Anticipate the joys of fruition.**

Ah, think how ye may reach the goal !  
Your thoughts  
correct, and duly chasten'd, ponder this !  
Ye, who are sinking now in love's  
excess,-  
enjoying, never sated, the ambrosial  
grace  
Of BHUYANGAN, the Spouse of Her,  
whose eyes.

are like the gleaming spear that warrior  
wields,-

Joy ye to go to Civan's jewell'd foot,  
nor wallowing lie ye here in falsehood's  
mire ! (36)

## **X. They enter in !**

Will ye not come this day, and be His  
own,  
and prostrate fall, and worship, and  
adore?

Those lost in wilderment, who would  
esteem?

Ye who bewilder'd and confounded  
stand,

If ye would perfect clearness gain, this  
do !

Ye who would gain in this wide realm  
the grace

Of sacred BHUYANGAN, of Civa-  
world

the King ! Ah, haste ye, hate ye, haste ye  
on ! (40)

---

## **Hymn XLVI.- tirupadai ezhuchi**

### **THE SACRED MARCH**

#### **[THE HOLY WAR.]**

I.

Strike the sounding drum of the Guru,  
Wielder of wisdom's sword;  
Spread the white canopy over the Guru,  
Who mounts the charger of heaven;  
Enter and take to you armour of ashes,  
fragrant, divine;  
Possess we the heavenly fortress, where  
hosts of illusion come not ! (4)

II,

Servants of His,- march on in the van; ye  
Devout ones,- move on the flanks;  
Ye Sages of power illustrious,- come fill  
up the swelling ranks;  
Ye Mystics of strength unfailing,-  
advance and close up the rear:  
We shall rule the heavenly land, no hosts  
of evil for ever to fear ! (8)

---

**Hymn XLVII.- tiruvenba**

**THE SACRED VENBA**

**[THE STATE OF 'THOSE WHO  
HAVE ATTAINED.']**

-----

This purports to have been composed immediately after his return to Perunturrai, when he was hoping for speedy

consummation, but felt impatient.

-----

## **I. How shall I endure this state of imperfection?**

What shall I do while twofold deeds'  
fierce flame burns still out,-

Nor doth the body melt,- nor falsehood  
fall to dust ?

In mind no union gained with the 'Red  
Firs's honey'

The Lord of Perun-turrai fair ! (4)

## **II. How employ the weary time of waiting?**

Shall I cry out, or wail, or dance, or sing,  
or watch?

O Infinite, what shall I do? The Sire  
Who fills

With rapturous amaze,- great Perun-  
turrai's Lord

Let all with me bending adore ! (8)

### **III. The wonder of his conversion.**

No sense of fault had I ! Nor of  
refreshment knew.

In safety's path, by worship at His  
roseate feet.

He stood on earth, His dart shot forth,  
and to my thought

Linked Himself;- Perun-turrai's Lord !  
(12)

### **IV. He came in grace.**

He stood before me, rooting out my  
'twofold deeds,'-

The mighty Ruler Who at last shall cut  
off 'birth';

Lord of the south; in Perun-turrai great  
in grace,

Who dwells; Balm of all human woes !

(16)

### **V. Praise superfluous.**

To them that know what word can praise  
the King? - Him, Who  
All worlds brought forth, Whom Vedic  
god and Mal knew not;  
The mighty Lord, Whose seat is Perun-  
turrai's shrine;-  
In me to-day, and evermore ! (20)

### **VI. The bliss of His advent.**

He filled with frenzy; set me free from  
'births'; my soul  
With speechless fervours thrilled,- blest  
Perun-turrai's Lord,-  
The Sire in grace exceeding made me  
His; the balm  
For all my pain; the deathless BLISS !  
(24)

## **VII. Leading and light.**

He showed the realm where 'births'  
return no more; He came  
In grace that no requital knows,  
Ambrosia sating not !  
This is the light diffus'd within my  
thought by Him,  
The Lord of Perun-turrai's shrine ! (28)

## **VIII. Condescending love.**

Glorious, exalted over all, the Infinite,-  
To me mere slave, lowest of all, Thou  
hast assigned  
A place in bliss supreme, that none  
beside have gained or known !  
Great Lord, what can I do for Thee? (32)

## **IX. Unparalleled gift.**

The three, the thirty-three, all other gods  
beside

See Thee not, Civan, mighty Lord !

Riding the steed

Hither descending didst Thou come.

When at Thy foot

I lowly bow, bliss thrills my frame ! (36)

### **X. Be not afraid to ask of Him.**

Soul, ponder His twain feet Who here  
made me His own !

Beg for His grace ! Behold, He will give  
all,- the King

Who grace bestows,- Whose seat is

Perun-turrai's shrine,-

Dwelling ambrosial in my soul ! (40)

### **XI. Light and love from His indwelling.**

He hath increased delight, hath darkness

banished,  
For aye cut off afflictions' clinging bond,  
and light  
Of love hath given,- the Lord of Perun-  
turrai great,  
Well pleased to make my heart His  
home ! (44)

---

**Hymn XLVIII.- pandaayanan marai**

**THE ANCIENT MYSTIC WORD.**

**[THE REALITY OF DIVINE  
GRACE.]**

**I. No requital of electing grace.**

The ancient fourfold mystic word draws  
not anigh His seat;-  
Nor Mal nor Ayan Him have seen; yet  
me, the most abject,

By grace He made His servant ! To  
Gokari's King, my heart,  
Say, is there any just return ? (4)

## **II. The great manifestation in Perun-turrai.**

Praise Perun-turrai ! There the King,  
who on the charger came,  
Abides, and gives a mighty flood of  
honied sweetness forth,  
By which my soul's threefold impurity is  
swept away;-  
So roots of 'birth's' wild forest die ! (8)

## **III. He assumes many characters to save men.**

In wilds a Hunstsman; in sea He casts a  
net;  
On land He rides the charger: thus our  
'deeds' destroys.

The fair foot-flower of Perun-turrai's  
Lord praise Thou,  
My heart, that error thus may die ! (12)

#### **IV. The centre of Worship.**

Householders devout; saints who mighty  
'deeds' destroy;-  
Those whom 'tis meet the world should  
bow before, and praise;-  
Immortals too in worship circling move,  
and laud ! O friends,  
In Perun-turrai blest adore ! (16)

#### **V. Come, see the King.**

To Perun-turrai drawing near; that woes  
disperse,  
Ponder the King of lofty Gokari; and see  
Him Who with Her whose words are  
music sweet abides  
In Utt'ra-koca-mangai's shrine ! (20)

## **VI. Ever praise the God of Perun-turrai.**

The eyes that see Him there are all a rapture of delight;-

The saints that cherish Him are freed from mortal birth;-

The Mighty One, in Perun-turrai dwells for aye;-

My heart, give Him unstinted praise !  
(24)

## **VII. 'Perun-turrai' is the saving word.**

This is the purport sole of all men say;  
all speech

Surpassing, gem-like word, as flawless  
jewels' sheen !

Utt'ring but 'PERUN-TURRAI,' I'm from  
'births' released;

That healing foot fixt in my mind ! (28)

---

## **Hymn XLIX.- tirupadai yatchi**

### **THE MARSHALLING OF THE SACRED HOST.**

**[THE CESSATION OF LIFE'S  
EXPERIENCES.]**

-----

It was no easy task to work out a version of this lyric, the rhythmic beauty of which is very remarkable. I have striven, at the risk of sundry irregularities in metre, to imitate the flow of the original; but the numberless allusions in a poem, which sums up the whole Caivite idea of the blessedness of Civan's final manifestation to the emancipated soul, will give the reader trouble, if he is at all to enter into its spirit. The metre itself is

very unusual, resembling somewhat that of the Attys of Catullus, and is much admired by those who use the poem in their temple service. My rendering is, I believe, strictly and almost literally exact; but it differs in some respects from the Tamil paraphrases. The intense mystic fervour of the song must take *itself* felt !

-----

## I. His appearing.

Eyes the twain His jewell'd Feet  
beholding shall be glad;- SHALL IT  
NOT BE?

Joy amid joys of damsels beautiful shall  
cease to lure;- SHALL IT NOT BE?

The round of birth in earthly worlds shall  
in oblivion pass; -SHALL IT NOT BE?

Twin flow'ry Feet that Mal knew not  
adoring shall we bow; -SHALL IT NOT

BE?

To sing with gladsome melody, and  
dance our endless task; -SHALL IT  
NOT BE?

The warriors of the fair Pandi-land's  
Lord we shall sing; -SHALL IT NOT  
BE?

The mystic change for which the heav'ns  
are glad will come; -SHALL IT NOT  
BE?

If He who cast the net-the Woodman,-  
come, in grace made manifest to me? (8)

II.

One with one, and five with five,- the  
life shall last; -SHALL IT NOT BE?

Thy servants' servants' servants made,  
we shall be free; -SHALL IT NOT BE?

The Mother thinks on her young, and  
rising hastes; so shall He come; -SHALL  
IT NOT BE?

The casual qualities that no beginning  
own shall fill the thought; -SHALL IT  
NOT BE?

At 'this is good,' and 'this is ill,' no more  
shall trembling shake; -SHALL IT NOT  
BE?

We too to join Thy saints above shall  
onward pass; -SHALL IT NOT BE?

Th' Ambrosia supreme that fills my  
loving thought we then shall gain; -  
SHALL IT NOT BE?

If the bull's Lord, my Master, Whose I  
am, within my soul shall entering come?  
(16)

### III.

Bonds, changes, qualities, all loos'd and  
cast aside shall fall away; -SHALL IT  
NOT BE?

Within my mind, erewhile with fancies  
fill'd Ambrosia supreme shall flow; -

SHALL IT NOT BE?

The Endless, Indivisible shall in us  
dwell; -SHALL IT NOT BE?

The heav'nly Light, from endless days  
supreme shall then appear; -SHALL IT  
NOT BE?

The pains from silly ones with crimson  
lips shall be dispell'd; -SHALL IT NOT  
BE?

The sparkling eyes His sacred form shall  
then embrace; -SHALL IT NOT BE?

Sorrow of grief-ful birth, that from  
illusions springs, shall all depart; -  
SHALL IT NOT BE?

If I can, my own loving Lord, in  
presence meet me here? (24)

IV.

The bliss to rest within His lov'd  
embrace shall we enjoy; -SHALL IT  
NOT BE?

In mercy's vast and boundless sea  
sweetly this day shall we disport; -  
SHALL IT NOT BE?

The mystic music of the beauteous  
gems, within my soul shall thrilling  
sound; -SHALL IT NOT BE?

The sacred ashes that the Lord for aye  
adorn shall we approach; -SHALL IT  
NOT BE?

'Mid steadfast loving ones foremost in  
service there shall I abide; -SHALL IT  
NOT BE?

The flow'ry Feet, to even the mystic  
scrolls unknown, shall we adore; -  
SHALL IT NOT BE?

The sweet red water-lily Flower my head  
shall crown; -SHALL IT NOT BE?

If Peruman, the gracious, -Ican, He Who  
owns, arise to visit me ? (32)

V.

Fond fancies all, that valued earth's  
illusions vain, shall cease; -SHALL IT  
NOT BE?

Before the flow'ry Foot to heavenly ones  
unknown we'll bow; -SHALL IT NOT  
BE?

The perturbations all from blindness  
sprung shall cease; -SHALL IT NOT  
BE?

The mind of loving saints this day shall  
greatly joy; -SHALL IT NOT BE?

Entanglement of 'sex diverse,' and self  
shall now be loos'd; -SHALL IT NOT  
BE?

States manifold, their very names  
unknown, we'll'scape; -SHALL IT NOT  
BE?

Innumerable mystic powers my soul shall  
then possess; -SHALL IT NOT BE?

If Peruman, the gracious Ican, He who  
owns, arise to visit me? (40)

## VI.

The ashes white upon His sacred golden  
form all beauteous shine; -SHALL IT  
NOT BE?

A rain of flowers adoring hands of  
mighty saints shall shower; -SHALL IT  
NOT BE?

The heart's intent of damsels bright with  
slender form shall then appear; -SHALL  
IT NOT BE?

The sounds from smitten lyre that rise  
shall multiply delights; -SHALL IT NOT  
BE?

His servants' feet upon my head shall  
flourish then; -SHALL IT NOT BE?

Himself to set His servants free shall  
forthwith come; -SHALL IT NOT BE?

Sweet instruments of music duleet  
strains shall everywhere rehearse; -  
SHALL IT NOT BE?

If I can, Whose of old I am, my Sire, in

grace arise to visit me (48)

## VII.

The pure gems' wordless music then  
shall rapture yield; -SHALL IT NOT  
BE?

The light that hides within my soul  
sudden shall rise and burn; -SHALL IT  
NOT BE?

That manifold phenomena may cease the  
Deity shall come; -SHALL IT NOT BE?  
Experiences divine unknown before  
shall unfolding rise; -SHALL IT NOT  
BE?

Distraction caused by those whose  
lovely brows are bows shall cease this  
day; -SHALL IT NOT BE?

The Essence excellent that even  
heavenly ones know not shall be with  
us; -SHALL IT NOT BE?

The eightfold qualities that know no

bound shall we attain; -SHALL IT NOT  
BE?

If He, Whose crest the crescent moon  
adorns, to make us His in grace arise?  
(56)

## VIII.

From shell that music breathes the  
sounds shall then burst forth; -SHALL  
IT NOT BE?

The qualities that quit not earthborn race  
shall fret no more; -SHALL IT NOT  
BE?

Delusion that declares this good, or that,  
shall all die down; -SHALL IT NOT  
BE?

Our whole desire shall ask to serve His  
servants 'neath His feet; -SHALL IT  
NOT BE?

The thought of damsels bright of eye  
shall then rejoice; -SHALL IT NOT BE?

The bliss of Civan shared by glorious  
saints we then shall know; -SHALL IT  
NOT BE?

The heavenly all-pervasive Light  
Ambrosial shall we gain; -SHALL IT  
NOT BE?

If He, the endless Vedic Lord, to make  
me His in grace arise (64)

---

**Hymn L.- Aananda malai**

**THE GARLAND OF RAPTURE.**

**[DESIRE OF THE EXPERIENCE  
OF CIVAN.]**

**I. How may I join my friends beyond?**

Th' Immortals all have gained Thy  
flower-like feet,  
bright as the lightning's glance;- have

crossed

The world's wide sea, and bearing  
golden flowers

they praise ! Reveal in love, I pray,-  
Thou Refuge of the stony worthless  
heart,

how one like me,- distressed,- cast off,-  
Sunk in the sea of fond desire,- at length,  
how many I come to Thee? (4)

## **II. Have pity on my lonely grief!**

Thou gav'st the station blest I knew not  
of;

but I knew not Thy grace,- was lost !

Master, no failure is in Thee at ail;

Who comes to aid Thy slave? I cry !

Not joined with Thine own ancient  
saints,-

who serve and praise Thee many a day,

My Leader loved, here left behind I  
stay;-

Thou see'st my lonely pain ! (8)

### **III. I am His - when shall I join Him?**

Of virtue void, of penitential grace  
devoid, undisciplined, untaught,-  
As leathern puppet danced about, giddy,  
I whirling fell, lay prostrate there !  
He showed me wondrous things; He  
showed the way  
to pass to worlds not reached before;  
The raft He show'd : when shall I come,  
a wretch.  
to Him Who made me His ? (12)

### **IV. Am I rightfully abandoned?**

I perish, as to perish is my doom;  
the blame, Imperishable One,  
Thou tak'st; and, if to suffering doomed,  
I bear  
my destined woes, what is the gain?

O Guru-Gem, Who dost defend and  
rule,-  
that I sink not in cruel hell;  
Is't good, our Leader lov'd, that Thou  
withdraw,  
and stand not in the midst? (16)

### **V. Is there no pity?**

Thou Who dost cherish men like mother  
dear,-  
uncherish'd, left, a weakling here,-  
And must I perish, I a cur ! In love  
henceforth Thy goodness show to me !  
I've called Thee hast no grace for me,  
but now Thou hast no grace for me,-  
Vile me, whom Thou 'mid saints didst  
make Thine own !  
I'm he ! Should'st Thou not save ? (20)

### **VI. I claim Thy consolation.**

O King, should'st Thou not show Thy  
grace?

I, wretched, lie at ruin's door.

And, if Thou bid me not to come to  
Thee,

who is there here to calm my fears?

Are they who're doomed to die, my  
fellows all?

'This is unmeet,' will not men say?

O God, Dancer in Tillai's hall, I tremble,  
henceforth comfort me ! (24)

## **VII. I sink powerless before Thee.**

Thou mad'st the jackal be a charger fleet  
!

Didst work enchantments manifold !

The mighty South King's Madura Thou  
fill'dst

with madness, Perun-turrai's Lord !

O Being hard to reach ! O Avanaci's Sire  
!

The Pandi kingdom's rushing flood !  
O Splendour, infinite, unknown, in sooth  
I know not aught to do ! (28)

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## Hymn LI.- achchop pathikam

### THE WONDER OF SALVATION.

#### [ENJOYMENT INEFFABLE.]

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This hymn was composed after he had settled down in Tillai, his active life finished, and was waiting for the great release. He surveys, as he was so fond of doing, the whole course along which his Master had guided him; acknowledges how often he had fallen through an undisciplined and unpurified mind; and records with thankfulness that grace him the victory at last. *No rapture is like his!*

Each verse addresses his Master variously as (1) Father, (2) the Mystic Dancer, (3) the Guru, (4) the High and Lofty One, (5) the Master, (6) the Blissful, (7) again as the Guru, (8) the Author of all things, and (9) the Mother (being one with Umai).

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### **I. The Father's converting grace.**

To me, who toiled and moiled 'mid  
fools, that knew not WAY of final  
peace,  
He taught the WAY of pious love;- and  
that 'old deeds' might cease and flee,  
Purging the foulness of my will, made  
me pure bliss, took for His own;-  
'Twas thus the FATHER gave me grace:  
O RAPTURE ! WHO SO BLEST AS I ?  
(4)

## **II. The mystic Dancer converts the heretic.**

A WAY that was no rightful WAY I  
followed, deeming it the WAY,-  
That I might seek no meaner WAY, but  
only seek HIS sacred grace  
To gain, - He, Whom no signs describe,  
His mystic DANCE has given to know !  
'Twas thus the DANCER gave me grace:  
O RAPTURE ! WHO SO BLEST AS I ?  
(8)

## **III. The Teacher leads and guards in the way of truth.**

Me trusting every lie as truth, - plunged  
in desire of women's charms,-  
He guarded that I perished not with soul  
perturb'd,- the Lord Superne,  
On whose left side the Lady dwells ! He  
brought me nigh His jewell'd feet,-

'Twas thus my GURU gave me grace: O  
RAPTURE ! WHO SO BLEST AS I ?  
(12)

#### **IV. The Lofty One purifies by discipleship.**

To me, - born in this clay, and doom'd,  
o'erworn, to perish, and to fall, -  
Love inconceivable He gave;- made me  
His own;- caused me to wear  
His own perfumed ashes white;- that I  
the way of purity  
Should reach, the LOFTY gave me grce:  
O RAPTURE ! WHO SO BLEST AS I ?  
(16)

#### **V. The Master relieved my soul of its fear.**

Afflicted sore by glancing eyes of silly  
damsels, soft of foot,-

I stood, my mind by sorrow pierced; and  
then Thy grace I gain'd,- was sav'd,-  
Ev'n I, O MASTER mine ! Thou bad'st  
Thy servant come; 'Fear not, 'Thou  
said'st !

'Twas thus that grace to me was given: O  
RAPTURE ! WHO SO BLEST AS I ?  
(20)

## **VI. The Last-One saved me from sensual servitude.**

Birth of this frame that burns and falls I  
took for true,- did many deeds;  
In converse joy'd with maidens wreathed  
in flowers, with lustrous armlets deck'd.  
My bonds He cut, made me His own,  
cleansed foulness so no trace was left !  
'Twas thus the LAST-ONE gave me  
grace: O RAPTURE ! WHO SO BLEST  
AS I ? (24)

## VII. The Guru's esoteric teaching.

Prostrate it was my fate to fall in  
'wilderment of fair ones' charms.  
In gentle love He led me forth, loosing  
the prison bars of 'bond';  
Showed me the way to 'scape; and  
taught the meaning of the mystic OM  
'Twas thus the GURU gave me grace: O  
RAPTURE ! WHO SO BLEST AS I ?  
(28)

## VIII. The First saved me by gift of personal devotion.

My troubled soul was whirled around in  
circling tide of death and birth;  
I fell, enamoured with the charms of  
those with jewels rare adorned;  
The Lord, whose Form the Lady shares,  
in mercy drew me to His feet.  
'Twas thus the FIRST-ONE gave me

grace: O RAPTURE ! WHO SO BLEST  
AS I ? (32)

### **IX. Saves me with a Mother's love.**

With those that knew not right or good,-  
men ignorant,- I wandered too.  
The First, the Primal Lord Himself  
threefold pollution caus'd to cease;  
Even me He took as something worth,-  
like dog in sumptuous litter borne !  
'Twas thus the MOTHER gave me  
grace: O RAPTURE ! WHO SO BLEST  
AS I ? (36)

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END OF TIRUVACAGAM.

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