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

Introduction

The Seven Azhvars in this volume are Periyazhvar, Aṇḍal/Thalaivi, Kulasekharaṇzhvar, Thirumazhisaiyazhvar, Thoṇḍaradippodiyazhvar, Thiruppanaṇṇazhvar, Madhurakavi Azhvar.

There is much information about Vaishnavism and the Azhvars' lives found on the internet. My concern in this book is to provide a good translation of the pasurams. I hope this work will be helpful for academic scholars, students who do research on the Azhvars and anyone who is interested in the Divyaprabandham. This is my own work and if there are any mistakes, they are my responsibility. I hope you will enjoy reading this great work of Azhvars.
According to Tamil scholars the Vaishnava Bhakti movement dates from the 5th century CE to the 10th century. 4000 poems (pasurams) were composed by twelve Azhvars who called their god Maal, Neḍumaal, Thirumaal, Kanṇnan and Nambi. The name Vishnu is not found in the text. (The word Viṭṭu is found in one Pasuram. Does it mean the god is arguable? As much as I know there is no grammar rule for Vishṇu changing to Viṭṭu.).

“The god” in this translation means Thirumaal. “Gods” in the plural refers to other gods. The word Shiva is not used by the Azhvars. Shiva is mentioned as, “the one who has a crescent moon on his jaṭa,” “the one who has Ganges in his jaṭa,” “the one who has three eyes,” “the one who has a dark neck.” etc. This translation uses the word “Shiva” so that the readers will understand who the god is. In a very few places the word Brahma is used, but more often the word “Nanmuhan” is used for Brahma. For Indra the Azhvars use the phrases like, “the king of the gods” and “the thousand-eyed one.” The translation may use “Indra” for clarity. The word Lakshmi is not used in the pasurams, rather, “goddess on the lotus,” “beloved of the god,” “the one who stays on the chest of the god” and similar epithets are used for her. I used the word for this goddess ‘Lakshmi’ for the sake of the readers. Nappinnai, who is considered as Lakshmi, appears in the Pasurams often.

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

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

Phonetics. For the names of gods, kings, Rakshasas, cities, plants, flowers and animals I have often transliterated Tamil terms, using the following scheme:
The vowels a, i, u, e, ee, o, ai, au are used in the translation. ‘aa is used sometimes for clear pronunciation.

Consonants. Tamil writing system has eighteen consonants.
k, ch, ṭ, th, p, ng, nj, ṇ, n, m, (n), y, r, ṛ, l, v, ḷ and zh.
Soft consonants hg, j, ḍ, d, and b are used for pronunciation.

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

Some proper names often used are as follows.

Names of the gods: Kaṇṇan, Naraṇan, Narayaṇan, Kesavan, Govindan, Gopalan, Shridharan, Vasudevan, Baladeven, Madhavan, Nanmuhan (Brahma), Hanuman.
Names of kings: Janakan, Dasharathan, Nandagopan, Ravaṇan, Vibhishaṇan, Mahabali.
Names of Raksasas: Kamsan, Hiraṇyan, Sakaṭasuran, Thenuhan, Narahan, Muran, Ashtasuran, Kabithasuran.
Names of Rakshasis: Thaḍahai, Puthana.
Names of goddesses: Thiru, Thirumagal, Nappinnai.
Names of women: Devaki, Yashoda. Vaidehi.

The 10 avatharams are fish, turtle, boar, Vamanan, man-lion, Rama, Parasuraman, Balaraman, Krishna, and Kalki.
Divyadesams: The Vaishnavaites believe that the Azhvars praised 108 temples, which are called the Divyadesams. Many of these are also names of cities. In other cases, one city might have two, three or more Divyadesams (temples) in it. The Azhvars also call these Thirupadis. The tradition says Thirumangai Azhvar praises the god Maal in 108 Thirupadis. The internet has a list of all the Divyadesams. 105 of the Divyadesams are in India, one is in Nepal and the last two are Thirupaṛkadal (the ocean of milk) and Sri Vaikuṇṭam (Vishnu's paradise).

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

1. His fight in Lanka with Ravaṇan
2. Killing Sakaṭasuran who came in the form of a cart,
4. Stopping the storm with Govardana mountain.
5. Killing Hiranyan.
7. Taking the female form of Mohini to help to gods to receive nectar.
8. Killing the Asuran Kesi who come in the form of a horse.
9. Splitting open the mouth of the Asuran who came in the form of a heron.
10. Killing the two Asurans who came in the form of marudam trees.
13. Saving the elephant Gajendra and killing the crocodile that came to kill the elephant.
14. Killing seven bulls for Nappinnai so he could marry her.
15. Hurting Sukrachariyaar and Namusi in the sacrifice of Mahabali.
17. Bringing the earth goddess from the underground.
18. Straightening the hunch back of the kuni, the servant of a king.
19. Removing Shiva’s curse and helping to make the head of Brahma fall.
20. Saving Draupathi in Duriyodana’s assembly.
I would like to thank Mr. Venkataraghavan for putting the Divyaprabandham in Tamil on the internet (http://srivaishnavam.com, rmvenkat@yahoo.com). His careful and exacting work has been of enormous help to me in preparing this volume.

SUBHAM

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The Worldly Azhvars

Periyazhvar Thirumozhi Thiruppallandu

ெபாியாழ்வார் திᾞப்பல்லாண்ᾌ

ெபாியாழ்வார் திᾞப்பல்லாண்ᾌ பல்லாண்ᾌ பல்லாயிரத்தாண்ᾌ

பலேகாᾊᾓறாயிரம் மல்லாண்டதிண்ேதாள்மணிவண்ணா. உன்

ெசவ்வᾊெசவ்விதிϰக்காப்tokenId.         (1)

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

அᾊேயாேமாᾌம் நின்ெனாᾌம் பிாிᾫ இன்றி
ஆயிரம் பல்லாண்ᾌ

வ淝ாய் நின் வல மார்வினில் வாழ்கின்ற

மங்ைகᾜம் பல்லாண்ᾌ

வᾊவார் கக்கு வழைம் அப் பாஞ்ச
சன்னியᾙம் பல்லாண்ேட          (2)

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

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

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

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

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

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

8. Let us praise the god and say, “Pallaṇḍu Pallaṇḍu!”. O divine god, you gave me prasadam with good ghee, betal leaves and nuts, ornaments for my neck, earrings to decorate my ears, and sandal paste to smear on my body.
You gave me your grace so that I would become pure and wise and serve you.
Let me praise the god who holds the Garuḍa banner and say, “Pallaṇḍu! Pallaṇḍu!”
9. Let us praise the god and say, “Pallaṇḍu Pallaṇḍu!”
We are your devotees.
We wear the silk clothes that you have worn.
We put on the Thulasi garland that adorned you.
We eat the food that is left over after you have eaten.
We do the services that you want us to do everywhere.
On the day of Sravaṇa festival,
we praise the god who sleeps on the snake bed
and say, “Pallaṇḍu! Pallaṇḍu!”

10. Let us praise the god and say, “Pallaṇḍu Pallaṇḍu!”
From the morning of each day we serve you as your slaves
and we will do the same in all our lives and in future generations.
Release us from birth and give us moksha.
You were born on auspicious Sravaṇa day.
You broke the bow of Kamsan in northern Madhura,
and danced on Kalingan the five-headed snake.
Let us praise and say, “Pallaṇḍu, Pallaṇḍu!”
11. Let us praise the god and say, “Pallaṇḍu! Pallaṇḍu!”
Dearest god, I am an old devotee of yours,
like Abhimanadungan, the king of beautiful Koṭṭiyur
where there is no injustice.
You are pure in all ways.
Devotees praise you with many names and say,
“Namo Narayaṇa” with love.
I will praise you and say, “Pallaṇḍu Pallaṇḍu”

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

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

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

15. When the glorious child was born the cowherds entered with love into Yashoda’s house, saw him and praised him, saying, “See! Among all men there is no equal to this child. He was born under the Thiruvoṇam star and will rule the world.”
16. The women of the cowherd village
took the pots from the uri,
rolled them in front of their houses and danced.
The fragrant ghee, milk and yogurt spilled all over
and they became crazy with joy
and their thick soft hair became loose.

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

18. The cowherdess Yashoda massaged
the baby’s hands and legs
and gently poured fresh turmeric water on his body
from the pot and bathed him.
When she cleaned his lovely tongue,
he opened his mouth
and she saw all the seven worlds inside.
19. The beautiful cowherd women who saw the worlds in his mouth wondered and praised him,
“This is no cowherd child. He is the supreme god. This wonderful child is really a Maayan!”

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

21. Yashoda said, “If I put him in the cradle, he will kick and tear the cloth of the cradle. If I take him in my hands, he will hurt my waist. If I embrace him tightly, he will kick my stomach. I don’t have strength anymore to deal with him. I am tired, my friends!”
22. Vishnuchithan who wore a shining sacred thread composed the poems that describe the birth of omnipresent Narayanan, Purushothaman in Thirukkoṭṭiyur, surrounded with flourishing paddy fields. All the sins of the devotees who recite these poems will go away.

Padaadi kesa paruvam. பாடாதி கேச பருவம்

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

29. Come and see the waist decorated
with strings of coral and beautiful pearls of the highest god
who killed the mighty-trunked rutting elephant Kuvalayabeedam
and took its ivory tusks and ran away.
O girls, you have shining foreheads,
see his waist, come and see!
30. Come and see the lovely navel of the cowherd chief Nandan’s son who is as strong as a white-tusked elephant. He plays mischievously with a group of children and gives them trouble.
O girls, you are decorated with shining ornaments, come and see his navel!

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

32. Come and see the chest decorated with the shining Kaustubham ornament and studded with large diamonds of the child who pulled the big mortar between two marudam trees and made them fall when I, Yashoda tied him to the mortar.
O girls, you are decorated with precious ornaments, come and see his chest!
33. Come and see the arms of the small child who kicked and took the dear life of Sakaṭasuran who came in the form of a cart.
He killed Puthana who has sharp sword-like teeth when he was only four or five months old.
O girls, you have curly hair, come and see his shoulders.

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

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

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

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

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

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

40. Come and see the beautiful emerald earrings of the child who happily swallowed the earth, hills, oceans and all the seven worlds. O girls who are decorated with beautiful ornaments, see his lovely emerald earrings.
41. When small girls carrying a winnowing fan and a small pot wander holding a puvai bird on their wrists and make play houses, the dear child of Yashoda grabs the birds from their hands and runs away.
Come see his forehead.
O girls, you are decorated with precious jewels. Come and see his forehead.

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

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

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

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

46. O dear god, the goddess Lakshmi stays on your beautiful chest. The king of the gods Indra brought musical anklets for your lovely fragrant lotus feet, gave it to you and stood nearby, thalelo. Your eyes are as beautiful as lotuses, thalelo.
47. Your body is dark as a cloud.
Your eyes are beautiful.
The gods in the sky came and gave you
a valampuri conch, musical kolusu for your divine feet,
round bangles for your beautiful hands,
a sacred thread for your chest and a waistband.
O you lion-like son of Devaki,
thalelo, thalelo.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Ambulipparuvam - Yashoda calls the moon to come and play with Kaṇṇan

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

He is my dear child and he is sweet nectar for me.
He calls you with his small hands
pointing to you again and again.
If you really want to play with the dark-colored one
do not hid in the clouds.
O lovely moon, come running happily to play with him.

56. Even though you are surrounded by a shining wheel of light
and you spread light everywhere,
whatever you do, you cannot match the beauty of my son's face.
He is clever.
The god of Venkaṭam hills calls you.
O lovely moon, come quickly. Don't make him keep pointing at you and hurt his hands.
O lovely moon, come running happily to play with him.

57. As I hold him on my waist,
my son opens his flower-like eyes wide
and calls you as he points to you with his sweet fingers.
O bright moon,
if you know what is good for you, don't try to fool us.
You aren't someone who doesn't know
how precious a child is. Come and see him.
58. He calls you loudly with his prattling words that come from his beautiful nectar-filled mouth. You move without stopping, even when the beautiful one, Sridharan, the god who is in all, calls you again and again. Does that mean that your ears are stopped up and you cannot hear if someone calls you? Tell me, O wonderful shining moon.

59. He is the god who carries a club, a discus and a conch in his strong hands. He wants to sleep and yawns. If he does not sleep he cannot digest the milk that he drank. O lovely moon, you are merely wandering in the sky. Run and come quickly to him.

60. Don’t ignore him thinking that he is just a little boy. He is the same crazy one who slept on a banyan leaf in an ancient time. If he gets mad at you, he will jump on you and catch you. Don’t disrespect him. He is the god Maal. O lovely moon, run and quickly come happily.
61. Don't ignore him thinking that he is a small child. 
See, he is like a young lion. 
Go and ask the king Mahabali 
about the few words that the god has spoken to him. 
If you make a mistake and think 
that he is not strong, 
you will soon be needing his help. 
O full moon, Neḍumaal calls you to come to him soon.

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

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

Sengeeraipparuvam

Yashoda describes how Kaṇṇan crawls.

64. You have created the world and swallowed it into your beautiful stomach.
You are the highest god and you sleep gently on a banyan leave that floats on the ocean whenever the world ends and begins again.
Your eyes are long and beautiful like lotus flowers.
You have a dark body like kohl.
Your ears are decorated with precious shining emeralds.
O dear one, crawl gently.
Do not shake the goddess of wealth, Lakshmi, who stays on your chest.
You should think of her safety.
Shake your head and crawl for me once.
You are the bull who fights for the cowherds.
Crawl, crawl.
65. You wanted to prove what Hiranyan’s son Prahaladan said was true and took the form of a man-lion and split Hiranyan’s body with your sharp nails as the Rakshasa’s blood flowed out and spread everywhere. When Indra the king of gods was angry with you because you ate the food that the cowherds had kept for him and he made the dark clouds pour stones as rain and the winds blow wildly, you carried Govardhana mountain as an umbrella and protected the cows. Shake your head and crawl for me once. You are the bull who fights for the cowherds. Crawl, crawl.

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

You fought with Sakatasuran and killed him
and the gods in the sky rejoiced.
You drank the poison from the breasts
of the cunning devil Puthana and killed her.
You threw Vathsasuran who came in the form of a calf
on Kabithasuran who stood disguised as a wood-apple tree
and killed both of them.
You are the elephant who fought
with the strong Rakshasas Thenahan, Muran
and cruel Vennarahan in a terrible battle and killed them.
O dear one, shake your head and crawl for me once.
You are the bull who fights for the cowherds.
Crawl, crawl.
68. You stole and swallowed yogurt and ghee kept by the beautiful cowherd women who have beautiful long curly hair. You, the strong god, kicked with your legs and fought with your hands the two Asuras who came in the form of marudam trees. You do not know how to smile with your pearl-like small teeth yet. You crawl and dance as your beautiful thick hair sways.
O dear one, shake your head and crawl for me once. You are the bull who fights for the cowherds. Crawl, crawl.

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

You listened to the words of the strong cowherds,
fought and controlled seven strong bulls
and married Nappinnai, lovely as a peacock,
who has beautiful dark hair.
You went on a bright shining chariot,
searched for the children who were lost,
found them and brought them back to their mother.
O dear one, shake your head and crawl for me once.
You are the bull who fights for the cowherds.
Crawl, crawl.

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

72. When you crawl,
the fragrance of milk, ghee, yogurt,
pure sandalwood, shenbaga flowers, lotuses
and good camphor spreads everywhere.
The tiny teeth in your lovely mouth that is red as coral
shine like beautiful small silver stars.
The nectar that is as sweet as a fruit
drips slowly from your mouth and runs through
the lovely aimbaḍaithali on your blue chest.
You are the perfect meaning of the four Vedas.
Shake your head and crawl.
You are the god of all the seven worlds.
Crawl, crawl.
73. Small silver rings decorate the tiny soft petal-like toes on your red lotus feet. Your feet are decorated with kinginīs. Your waist is decorated with a golden chain mingled with beautiful pomegranite flowers. Your arms are decorated with rings and bracelets. An auspicious aimpadaithali beautifies your chest. Your ears are decorated with emerald ear rings, and vali ornaments. A chuṭṭi ornament shines on your forehead. O king of our tribe, shake your head and crawl. You are the god of all the seven worlds. Crawl, crawl.

74. Yashoda, the beautiful one who walks like a swan praised her divine child, saying, “O chief of cowherds! You took the form of a swan, a fish, a man lion, a dwarf and a turtle. Remove my sorrows. Shake your head and crawl. You are the lord of all the seven worlds. Crawl, crawl.” The famous Paṭṭan of Puduvai composed ten Tamil poems that describe how Yashoda told of her son crawling. Those who recite these ten Tamil poems
will become famous in all the eight directions
and be happy.

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Chappaanippaaruvam. Clapping hands.

Yashoda asks Kaṇṇan to clap his hands.

75. The ruby kinginis on your feet jingle.
Your waist is decorated with a precious golden chain.
In your coral mouth, your pearl-like teeth shine.
Clap your hands
that took the land from the king Mahabali.
O little one with dark curly hair,
clap your hands.

76. The bells tied on the golden chain on your waist,
and the kingini bells decorated with rubies
that are tied on your waist jingle.
The chuṭṭi ornament on your forehead swings.
O magical one! Come down from my lap
and go sit on the lap of the chief of cowherds Nandagopan,
your father, and clap your hands.
Clap your hands.
77. O my child colored like a blue sapphire!
Your shining golden earrings are studded
with many diamonds, pearls and precious corals.
You smile with your jewel-like mouth
that makes your face lovely.
Come to your mother’s lap and clap your hands.
You carry the discus in your beautiful hand,
clap your hands.

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

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

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

81. When Varuṇan hid and sent arrows to stop you
from building a bridge to Lanka,
as Rama, you shot arrows to calm the waves of the ocean
and the ocean allowed you to go to Lanka.
Clap with the hands that carry the bow Sarnga
that shot those arrows. Clap your hands.
82. When you came as Rama to the earth, the monkeys, your helpers, built a strong bridge on the roaring ocean. You shot your arrows on the battlefield and destroyed the Rakshasas who ruled Lanka surrounded with wide oceans. Clap your hands that shot those arrows. You who carry the discus in your hands, clap your hands.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

90. As the little Kaṇṇan runs fast behind his elder brother, Baladeva who is praised by the whole world, he looks like a dark baby mountain running quickly behind a large silver mountain. Won't the little child who runs behind his good brother toddle?
91. He has on his right foot the sign of a conch and on his left foot the sign of a wheel. When he walks with his two feet he makes the marks of the wheel and conch on the ground. He toddles and gives me a flood of the joy again and again. Won’t the one who has the color of the dark ocean, the father of Kama, toddler?

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

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

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

95. When Kesavan who has beautiful eyes on his moon-like face toddles, his chuṭṭi ornament shines and swings like the shadow of the moon in rippling water. The small drops of saliva dripping from his mouth give boons to his devotees even more than the water
of the Ganges that sprinkles drops from its rolling waves.
Won't he toddle?

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

97. O dear one, you run fast and come in front of me like a cloud with lightning as the golden kinginis that adorn your feet make the sound “chalan, chalan.” Come and stay on my waist. acho! acho! O dear one, come and embrace me, acho, acho.
98. As your dark hair falls on your coral mouth it looks as if bees were coming to drink nectar on a red lotus.

Come and embrace me with your beautiful hands that carry a conch, bow, sword, club and discus.

Come and stay on my waist. acho! acho!

Come and embrace me tightly. acho, acho.

99. O dear one, You went as a messenger for the Paṇḍavas and fought for them in the Bharatha war. You entered the pond where the snake Kalingan lived and killed him and gave your grace to the cowherds.

O you have the dark color of kohl, acho, acho.

O dear child of the cowherds,
come and embrace me, acho, acho.

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

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

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

102. You became the charioteer for Arjuna
who was decorated with beautiful garlands,
fought in the battle with the Paṇḍavas
and removed the troubles of the earth.
Your eyes are big and dark.
Your body is as dark as a cloud.
Come and embrace me tightly, acho, acho.
You are the bull that fights for the cowherds, acho, acho.
103. When the rishi Sukrachariyar said it was not good to give the boons that the dwarf asked

and wished to stop the sacrifice of the famous king Mahabali, you became angry at the rishi and hurt his eyes with a stick. You carry the wheel in your right hand, acho, acho. You carry the conch in your left hand, acho, acho.

104. When Namusi the son of Mahabali said, “What is this magic? When you asked for land from my father, you were in the form of a dwarf and now you have become so tall that you measure the earth and the sky. My father didn’t know your trick. You should have taken your real form when you asked for land and measured the earth,” You grew angry, carried Namusi and threw him down to the earth from the sky. You are decorated with a shining crown, embrace me, acho, acho. You are the god of Thiruvenkaṭam, acho, acho.

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

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

107. Yashoda called her son, Narayanan, who presents himself in front of his devotees who love him, and said, “Come, acho, acho!”. Vishṇuchithan, the chief of Puduvai city that is filled with beautiful palaces and porches composed poems with Yasoda’s words. Those who recite these poems every day will go to heaven and rule the sky.
Puṟam pulhal -- Yashoda describes how Kaṇṇan stands behind her and embraces her.

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

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

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

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

112. The god took the form of Vamanan, carried a brass pot and an umbrella, sang songs under flourishing groves, played and went to king Mahabali, and took over the earth and the sky as his devotees praised him, saying, “Pallanđu!” He comes and embraces me from behind.
That short Vamanan embraces me from behind.
113. The beautiful god who took the form of a short bachelor, carried an umbrella and went to king Mahabali’s sacrifice, asked for a boon, and took the earth, the sky and all lands as all the kings looked on.

He comes and embraces me from behind.

The god who measured the world embraces me from behind.

114. The sweet child turned over the wide-mouthed mortar, climbed on it and stole the sweet milk and butter in the pot, swallowed all of it and filled his divine stomach.

He comes and embraces me from behind.

The god who carries the discus embraces me from behind.

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

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

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

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Appuchi Kaattal - Kaṇṇan threatens the cowherdesses as if he were a goblin
and they complain about his mischievous deeds to Yashoda.
118. He carries a conch in his left hand that sounds in victory and he plays delightful music on his flute. He went as a messenger to the Kauravas for the Pandavas when they had lost everything to the dishonest gambling of Sakuni and, unable to keep even ten cities, had to fight the Bharatha war to get their land back. He comes as a goblin and frightens us. That dear one comes as a goblin and frightens us.

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

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

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

122. The god killed Sakaṭasuran
who came in the form of a cart yoked with bulls.
The dear child was pulled with a rope used to churn yogurt
and tied on mortar by Nandan's wife Yashoda.
He comes as a goblin and frightens us.
That dear one comes as a goblin and frightens us.
123. The dear child who was born to Devaki whose young soft breasts are like cheppu stole and swallowed ghee, milk and yogurt that we, the cowherd women kept. He comes as a goblin and frightens us. That dear one comes as a goblin and frightens us.

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

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

The majestic god came riding his eagle to save the elephant Gajendra and saved him when Gajendra, caught by a terrible crocodile, cried out, "O my Kaṇṇa, my Kaṇṇa!"

He comes as a goblin and frightens us.
The god who saves his devotees comes as a goblin and frightens us.
That dear one comes as a goblin and frightens us.

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

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

129. Since you were born, I have not seen
the ghee, the boiled milk,
thick yogurt and fragrant butter that I kept.
You have done whatever you like with them.
Don’t get upset, I won’t punish you.
Smiling with your pearl-like teeth,
come and drink milk from my breast.
130. If their children cry and go to their mothers because you hit them while you played with them, their mothers get upset, and they come and complain about you. You aren’t worried and ignore them. Your father doesn’t care about their complaints and I don’t have the heart to shout at you. You are the lovely son of Nandagopan. Come and drink the milk that comes from my breast.

131. I was afraid that your feet, soft as cotton might have been hurt when you kicked Sakaṭasuran who came in the form of an illusory cart sent by Kamsan. O king of the gods, you are the protector of the cowherds. You destroyed Kamsan with your cunning deeds. Come and drink Kamsan with your cunning deeds. Come and drink the milk from my breast.
132. If Kamsan who intends only evil gets angry at you, finds the right time, and comes and attacks you with his magic when you are tired and hurts you, I will not live without you.

O Vasudeva, you know it is good to listen to mother's advice.

I tell you strongly, don't go.

You are the bright light of cowherds' village.

Come, sit and drink milk from my breast.

133. You stay in Villiputhur happily where the bees that buzz sweetly swarm around the long hair of women whose waists are thin as lightning.

You made the people who see you say, "What tapas did his mother do to give birth to this son?"

O Rishikesha, come and drink the milk from my breasts.

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

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

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

Don’t make your body dirty
with the mud you are playing in.

You are the king of gods
who made them rejoice by giving them nectar.

Come and drink the milk from my breasts.

137. I thought that you are Padmanabhan
as you come running, your kingini ornaments sounding like music.

You dance and dance swaying and come.

Don’t run away dancing and dancing for the music,
that your kingini makes.

O, best among men, come and drink milk from my breasts.

138. Yashoda, who wears a band around her breasts
called her child saying,

“Madhava, come and drink milk!”

The famous Vishnu cithan of Villiputhur
where the kuvalai flowers spread their fragrance
as they bloom in the ponds composed poems
about how the cowherdess Yashoda called her son.
The hearts of the devotees who recite these poems
will think only of the god Maal
who has beautiful eyes.

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

139. Your body is in the color of the beautiful blue ocean.
You wander around everywhere alone.
Your proud father has not returned home from his work.
Kamsan, the strong, brave fighter is cruel
and there is no one to save you from him.
You, the crazy one, drank milk
from the breast of the devil Puthana.
You are the best among men, O Kesava!
All the cowherd women came here to see
the ceremony of having your ears pierced.
I have prepared the betal leaves
and nuts to give to them.
140. O Narayana!
You are never separated from the minds of the devotees who approach you and worship you. Come to me wearing the beautiful coral chain on your waist as the kingiṇi ornaments on your lotus feet sing. I will put threads through the holes in your ears without hurting you and then I will decorate your ears with earrings. See, these beautiful golden earrings lovely to look at.

141. I bought and kept for you emerald earrings, shaped like fish that live in the ocean and so expensive that even the whole earth would be not enough to buy them. I will put threads through your ears without hurting you. I will give you all the things that you want. O radiant god, you were born in the cowherd clan to save the cowherds. You attract the minds of the young cowherd women by your magic. O Madhava, come.
142. O Govinda, the cowherd children wear earrings studded with beautiful diamonds that hang down from their ears and see, they are good cowherd children. O Govinda, why don't you listen to me? If you wear these lovely earrings I will give you sweet jackfruit to eat, and the milk from my beautiful breasts. Listen to me, you are my dear god. Come here.

143. O dear child! Even when I beg you and say I worship you, you don't listen to me. How can I think you are a good child when you join the girls who have curly hair, dance the kuravai dance with them and come back late? O dear child, if you will let me put the thread in your ears I will give you large appams even though you are naughty. You are the god in the sky. Your hair is as dark as clouds and the girls with round arms like bamboo love you. Come here.
144. You cried so loud
that even the sky-dwellers could hear you. When I looked into your mouth,
I saw the whole earth inside and I was frightened
as I thought that you are the "Madhusudanan."
See, even your ears know
that there will not be any wound.
Just bear with me.
You are my dear child!
You are lovely like a dark cloud!
You have the color of the ocean.
You are our protector.
Come and drink the milk from my breasts.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

153. Look, you want to catch small ants
and put them in the ears of calves.
If they get scared and run away how can you get butter from cow’s milk and eat it as you do now?

You made the mara trees fall.

You are our beloved god.

Today is Thiruvoṇam, your birthday.

Don’t run away. Come to bathe.

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

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

You are our dear god.

I brought kohl for your eyes, turmeric, a senkazhuneer flower garland and fragrant sandal paste for your bath.

O beautiful child, come to bathe.

156. I have made excellent appams and other snacks made of brown sugar and milk for you.

O dear child, come here if you want to eat them.

If you don't bathe, the young girls who have ceppu-like breasts will talk about you behind your back and laugh.

You should have a good bath.

O beloved god, come here.

157. You roll the pots and spill the ghee from them.

You pinch sleeping babies and wake them up.

You open your eyes wide and scare them making faces.
O beloved god, I will give you fruits to eat.
You are beautiful and you have the lovely color of the sounding ocean that has roaring waves.
Come to bathe in the fragrant turmeric water.

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

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

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

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

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Calling a Crow
Yashoda calls a crow to come to help her to comb Kaṇṇan’s hair.

162. He is the beloved of Nappinnai.

and he sleeps on the ocean in Thirupperur.

He is the ancient, unique seed of all the gods.

O crow, come and help me comb the hair

of the king who protects me and my whole clan.

O crow, come and help me comb Madhavan’s hair.

163. O crow, come and help me comb

and groom the hair of the god

who has a pure blue-sapphire-colored body.

He drank milk from the breasts of the evil Puthana.

He destroyed the magical Sakaṭasuran

who came in the form of a cart

and the two Asurans who were disguised as marudam trees.

His body is blue like the kaya flower.

O crow, come and help me comb his hair.

164. O crow, come and help me

comb the hair of the god of gods,
the chief of the cowherds,
who swallowed the butter that I had kept
in a large pot on the uri
and then ran away fast and pretended to sleep.
O crow, he has the color of the dark cloud.
Come and help me comb the hair of Kaṇṇan.
Come and help me comb his hair.

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

166. O crow, when he grazed the cattle
he threw Vathsasuran who came in the form of a calf
onto the vilam tree, shaking down the vilam fruits, and killed that Asuran.
Don’t fly around everywhere and wander,
crowing sweetly and praising the name of the highest god.
O crow, come every day and help me comb his hair.
O crow, come and help me comb the hair
of the god who holds a discus in his hand.
167. O crow, come and help me comb and groom the hair of him who, in the time it takes to blink, destroyed with his discus the Asurans when they afflicted the innocent people of the eastern land. O crow, come and help me comb his hair and make it beautiful. O crow, come and help me comb Govindan’s hair.

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

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

O crow, come and help me comb Damodaran’s hair.

170. O crow, come, stand behind me and help me comb the hair of him who measured the whole world and delighted the queens of king Mahabali when they saw it.

I am putting him on a soft bed to comb his golden hair.

O crow, come and help me comb the hair of the god who has thousand names.

171. Paṭṭan, the chief of Villiputhur surrounded by walls that touch the sky composed these poems that describe how the cowherdess Yashoda called the crow and said, “Come, O crow, help me comb the dark cloud-colored hair of the god that swarms with bees.

We don’t want anyone who sees his hair uncombed to blame me.”

Those who praise the god and sing these poems will not have any bad karma.

Calling a crow to bring a stick

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

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

174. O crow, bring a suitable grazing stick for my son who runs and grazes small calves as his curly hair blows around. The god killed Kamsan when he came angrily to fight with him. He split open the mouth of the Asuran when he came in the form of an heron to fight with him. Bring a grazing stick for the god of gods.
175. O crow, bring a grazing stick to graze the calves for the god who went as a messenger to Duryodhana and was victorious in the Bharatha war over the Paṇḍava’s enemy Duryodhana who declared he would never be friends with the Paṇḍavas or give them any land.

Bring a grazing stick for him to graze the calves.

Bring a grazing stick for the child who has the blue color of the ocean.

176. O crow, Kaṇṇan went as a messenger to Duryodhana, asked him to give the Paṇḍavas’ land back to them, but Duryodhana refused to give even one city to them.

Kaṇṇan angrily started the Bharatha war, drove Arjuna’s chariot in the battle and got victory for the Paṇḍavas.

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

178. O crow, when he, as Rama, stayed on golden Chithrakuḍam mountain, he put out one eye of Jayanthan who came in the form of a crow and wounded Sita. Bring a grazing stick quickly for him who has thick hair before he gets angry and destroys the other eye of the crows. Bring a grazing stick to this dear child, who has the color of a shining sapphire.

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

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

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

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

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

184. You climb up to the patios of the palaces,  
enter into the homes where the girls stay  
and tear their bras and silk blouses. Is that all?  
You grab the border of their saris and tear them.  
You give them trouble every day.  
You are the god of the tall Thiruvenkaṭam hills.  
Come to me and I will decorate your hair  
with padiri flowers and green Thulasi leaves.
185. Don’t stand on the street and bother the young cowherd girls. 
O dear child! You have the color of the dark cloud and you are like a small calf. You have beautiful eyebrows, glistening dark hair and a shining forehead.
The fragrance of your Thulasi garland spreads everywhere. Come happily and I will I decorate your hair with this Thulasi garland.

186. You split open the beak of Baṇasuran when he came in the form of a heron. 
You broke the tusk of the elephant, Kuvalayabeesam.
You cut off the nose of the cunning Surpanakha. You cut down the heads of the king Ravaṇan, yet I, your devotee, wasn’t afraid of you when I hit you because you took gobs of butter and swallowed them. Come and I will decorate your hair with a garland of sengazhuneer flowers that bloomed in clear water.
187. O, best among men!
What do you gain fighting with bulls to marry Nappinnai?
You knew the evil deeds of Kamsan
and killed him with your ploys.
You fought with the wrestlers and defeated them.
You harassed the cowherd girls on the streets.
You who are precious as gold,
come and I will decorate your hair with punnai flowers.

188. You are our king!
You throw pots into the sky
and dance the kudakkuthu with them.
O my son, you bewitch beautiful girls,
whose faces are lovely as the moon.
You split the chest of Hiraṇyan
into two pieces with your nails.
O beloved god, you are the god of Kuḍandai,
come and I will decorate your hair with kurukathi flowers.
You made friends with the Asura Thirumalihan and then cut off his head with your discus.

You know the future of all.

You sleep on the Kaveri river in beautiful Srirangam.

Don't cheat me.

Come and I will decorate your hair with iruvaṭchi flowers.

In heaven you stay in the assembly of gods, and you live in the hearts of your devotees.

You are the beloved of Lakshmi who stays on a lovely lotus.

You swallowed all the seven worlds and sleep on the banyan leaf.

Come and I will decorate your hair with iruvaṭchi flowers blooming with big buds.

I will see you and be happy.

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

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Kaappiḍal
Yashoda wants to put a "kaappu" on Kaṇṭan to protect him from the evil eye.

192. Indra, Brahma, Shiva and all other gods
brought beautiful divine flowers,
stood away from you and looked at you happily.
You abide in Vellărai where the moon shines above the palaces
and the dancers sing your praise while they dance.
This is the evening time.
O beautiful child, come and I will put a kaappu on you
so that evil eyes will not harm you.
193. The calves you grazed haven't come home and their mothers cry out and summon them. I am tired of calling you, heartless one! Don't stay on the streets, it is getting dark. O god, you who stay in Thiruvelḷarai surrounded by walls, listen! I'm saying this for your good. Come and I will put kaappu on you so that evil eyes will not harm you.

194. When you knocked over the play houses and messed up the play food of the girls whose soft breasts are formed like ceppus, I scolded you. You ran away and haven't come back to eat. You are the ruler of the world. You stay in Thiruvelḷarai where rishis live and the gods praise you three times a day. I won't do anything to hurt you. O beloved god, come and I will put kaappu for you so that evil eyes will not harm you.
195. Countless children come again and again and they complain that you threw sand into their eyes and kicked them. You bother everyone you see.

O Kaṇṇa, you are the god of Thiruvelḷaṟai. You have the color of the ocean! You are generous! Come and I will put kaappu on you so that evil eyes will not harm you.

196. Even if thousands of children from this village do naughty things, people will say you are the one who did them. O beloved god, come. You stay in Thiruvelḷaṟai where good people live and you are the light of wisdom. I will praise your beautiful body. Come and I will put kaappu on you so that evil eyes will not harm you.
197. I heard that Kamsan is angry at you and is sending Puthana, the dark red-haired devil, to cheat and kill you. You stay in the beautiful Thiruvelḷāraī that is surrounded by walls and filled with diamond-studded palaces where the clouds crawl. I am afraid you will be hurt even if you stay there. O beautiful child, come and I will put kaappu on you so that evil eyes will not harm you.

198. O beloved, you are my prince. I know that you have kicked and killed the evil Sakaṭasuran who came disguised as a cart. You destroyed the two Asurans who were disguised as marudu trees. I know you killed the devil Puthana drinking milk from her breasts, but I don’t know what else you might have done after that. You stay in the lustrous Thiruvelḷāraī. It is time for you to go to bed. O highest god, come and I will put kaappu on you so that evil eyes will not harm you.
199. You gave me the highest joy.
Even the gods do not know who you are.
You are the king who killed the elephant Kuvalayabeeḍam.
You are Yama for cruel Kamsan.
You stay in Thiruveḷḷaṛai
surrounded with precious golden walls.
You have been raised as a precious child.
See, there is a beggar, a Kambakkabaali with a garland of skulls.
Run, come quickly and I will put kaappu on you
so that evil eyes will not harm you.

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

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

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

203. Yashoda asks Kaṇṇan to come
and then speaks to her neighbors.
“You are my dear child!
You were the dwarf Vamanan who went to the king Mahabali.
Come, come, come here!
You are the best of the Kahusta dynasty.
You have dark hair, a beautiful face and a lovely mouth.
Come here.
And you, lovely neighbors, you know he is my beloved child.
You know how precious he is to me.
Listen, son, you with a body dark as kohl,
it hurts me when I hear the neighbors complain about you.
I can’t bear it. Don’t you feel sorry for me?
Come to me.”
204. The cowherd women complained to Yashoda and said, “Your wonderful son doesn’t hesitate to do naughty things. He thinks it is just fine to do them. He swallowed all the melted ghee in our pots, and broke them, and now he stands here as if he has done nothing wrong. Is it right to do bad things like this to your neighbors? Yashoda, call him to come to you. He doesn’t allow us to live! No doubt, he is indeed Madhusudanan.

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

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

207. Yashoda called Kaṇṇan to come to her.

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

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

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

210. A cowherd girl complains,
“I kept sweet laḍḍus, seeḍais and sesame sweet balls in a pot
and went outside.
I thought no one would come into my house
and take anything, but your son entered my house
and ate all the sweets without leaving any at all.
He even looked into the pot hanging on the uri
and checked to see if there was any butter hidden there.
O Yashoda, you are beautiful.
Call your son to come to you.
I’ve only told you some of the naughty things he did.”
211. A cowherd girl complains, “If anyone complains about your son, you get upset. O lovely Yasoda, he is tricky. He came to our house and called my girl. He took her bracelets, went away through the backyard, sold them to the berry seller, bought some sweet berries and ate them. When I asked him about the bracelets, he said, “I haven’t seen them” and laughed.

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

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

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

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

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

217. O Yashoda,
your son stole the milk and yogurt
in the cowherd village and ate them.
The cowherds saw him, caught him and tied him up.
Now he can’t steal the butter
made by the cowherd women
who have round bamboo-like arms
because they tied him up and spanked him so he cried.
This isn’t fair.
218. O Yashoda, even when he was a baby
toddling with his tiny feet,
that young child knew in his mind
that the devil Puthana would come, cheat him and try to kill him.
When she came, he drank milk from her breasts and killed her.
We think that was good,
but he stole our clothes, stays in the top of the tree
and refuses to give them back. This isn’t fair.

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

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

221. O Yashoda, your son has the color of the cloud in the sky.
He grazes the cows in the forest and plays happily.
He took the form of a boar, went beneath the earth
brought the earth stolen by an Asuran
and put it back.
We think that was wonderful,
but he stole our clothes, stays in the top of the tree,
and refuses to give them back. This isn’t fair.

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

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பெபாியாழ்வார் திᾞெமாழி - அம்மம் தர மᾠத்தல்
Yashoda gives food to Kaṇṇan

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

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

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

225. You swallowed all the butter and the lentils in the pots,
turned over the yogurt pot and ate all the yogurt.
Now, after killing the Asurans
who were disguised as marudam trees, you come.
O best among men!
You can do all these miraculous things.
People say you are my son,
but dear child, I know who you are
and I'm afraid to give you food.

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

Dear child, I know who you are
and I'm afraid to give you food.

227. You swallow the butter and the yogurt
that the cowherd women churn three times a day and keep.

You make the pots that the cowherds
carry on their shoulders fall and drink the yogurt.
You sob and sob like the children
who want to drink milk from their mothers.

Dear child, I know who you are
and I'm afraid to give you food.

228. When an Asuran came in the form of a calf
and refused to eat the good paddy
that all the other cows were eating happily
on the flourishing fields humming with bees,
you knew that it was not a calf.

You threw him up, made the vilam fruits fall and killed him.

O naughty one, you wander about and plot.
to make a young girl whose soft curly hair is filled with bees
fall in love with you.

Dear child, I know who you are
and I'm afraid to give you food.

229. You are the light!
You go into the grove and play soft music
on your flute, entralling everyone.
The cowherd girls with soft curly hair come
and surround you to listen to you playing music
and worship you.

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

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

231. Cowherd mothers go to sell buttermilk.
Cowherd fathers go behind the cows to graze them.
Fearless, you run behind the lovely cowherd village girls.
You wander around and everyone who sees you
says how naughty you are.
You are the god who does things to please even those
who don't like you.
You are my dear child.
I know who you are
and I’m afraid to give you food.
232. You went into a blooming garden with a young girl whose hair is decorated with a flower bunch, embraced her breasts decorated with pearl chains, and stayed there with her all night. You only returned after the night was gone and came at dawn. Let the people who want to gossip about you say what they want. I won't shout at you. Dear child, I know who you are and I'm afraid to give you food.

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

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

235. I don’t want my son to go wandering around kicking and destroying the play houses of doll-like lovely girls who wear fragrant turmeric powder on their bodies. I don’t want him going around doing naughty things. Why have I sent him behind the calves to the forest where hunters go with their axes? Why did I send my child behind the calves? O god, what a terrible thing I have done!
236. I don't want my son wandering
and playing every day with young girls
decorated with beautiful manimegalai ornaments.
I don't want him making his shining golden body dirty with mud.
That's why I've sent my sapphire-colored son
to go behind calves on the forest paths
where the bells of the cattle ring out.
O god, what a terrible thing I have done!

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

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

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

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

241. I carried him on my lap for twelve months,
and fed him nectar-like milk from my young breasts.
Now I have sent my young lion-like son
behind the calves to the dry forest
where he will hurt his golden feet,
O god, what a terrible thing I have done!
242. I have sent my son Damodaran behind the calves without giving him an umbrella and sandals to go in the terrible forest where broken, hard, rough stones will hurt his feet. Cruelly, I have sent my son to the forest. O god, what a terrible thing I have done!

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

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

245. You are the eternal, famed Madhusudanan
who stays in Srirangam surrounded with good strong walls
where the Kaveri river flows and groves bloom.
O Kesava, I have done wrong.
I fed you a little food and heedlessly sent you
on your tiny feet to graze the young calves
because I thought it would be good for you.
No woman has a harder heart than I.
O small one, give me a kiss.
246. O Damodara, you go through the forest, graze the calves, run behind them and return, wearing kodal flowers that bloom in the rainy season. Now see, your body is covered with dirt. You are the beloved of Nappinnai, lovely as a peacock. I have made water ready for your bath. Take a bath and come to eat. Your father hasn’t eaten yet. He will eat with you.

247. You stay in the beautiful Thiruvenkaṭam hills filled with fragrant groves! You are a strong bull that fights in terrible battles. O dear child, I brought you an umbrella, sandals and a flute but you went without taking them and your small red lotus-like feet that went behind the calves have blistered. Your eyes are red and you are tired, dear child!
248. You are a bull in the battle!
When you blow the Panchajanyam conch on the battlefield, your enemies shiver.
You are the little lion of the cowherd clan.
You are the beloved of Sita.
You are Maal, you are small and short and have lovely eyes.
You left your clothes and a small sword on your bed and went to graze the cows with other cowherds.
It seems you have returned with them.

249. You are beautiful!
You hold a shining discus in your hand.
I felt I might die when you entered the pond and fought with the snake that spat poison.
What can I do?
You made my stomach hurt.
I am not worried.
Everything you did made Kamsan happy,
O you who have the dark color of a kayam flower.
250. You have the dark color of the ocean  
and you sleep on the milky ocean.  
You took the forms of a boar, a turtle and a fish.  
When the cunning Asuran came in the form of a calf  
to the field where cows were grazing,  
you took him in your small hands  
and threw him at the vilam fruit trees.  
Those Asurans always do only evil things to my son.

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

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

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

The cowherd girls fall in love with Kaṇṇan

254. Cowherds come, decorated with fresh leaves and garlands.
The sounds of flutes and songs are heard everywhere.
Drums are beaten.
Govindan, decorated with peacock feathers in his hair, comes with them.
The young women come to their front doors, see the cowherds and Kaṇṇan, stand at the doorsteps and say, “Is a cloud coming in the crowd?” They forget what they should do and stand there, forgetting even to eat.

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

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

He, my beloved god who carried Govardhana mountain
and protected the cows when there was a big storm,
now plays the music on his flute as a cowherd,
grazes the calves and comes with his friends.

O beautiful friend, I see him on the streets.
I have not seen anyone like him before.
O friend, come and see him.
All my bangles are getting loose
and my young breasts beneath their blouse are not under my control.

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

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

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

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

262. He wears on his left ear a lovely thondri flower.
His long hair is decorated with jasmine and forest mauval flowers.
My daughter sees the beauty of the cowherd child
who comes playing his flute.
She falls in love and stands in front of him without moving.
See, her lovely bangles become loose and she grows thin.
263. Vishṇuchittan, the chief of Puduvai surrounded with lovely groves where bees swarm, composed ten poems about the love of cowherd girls who saw Kannan, the god of gods coming on the street of cowherd village surrounded by cows and cowherd children. The devotees who sing these songs happily will reach divine Vaikuṇṭam.

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Govardhana mountain

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

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

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

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

“See, a group of deer are grazing on our millet.”

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

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

“O gods in the sky!
If anyone among you is strong enough, tell me,
and come carry this with me!”-
is Govardhana where a happy forest elephant
that has lost its tusks raises its trunk, worships the god
and asks him to give the crescent moon for his tusk as the musth pours from his temples.

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

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

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

272. The victorious umbrella-like mountain that the god Damodaran, who drank milk from the breasts of the terrible devil Puthana carried like a pillar-is Govardhana that has the same name as the god Govardhanan, where monkeys carrying their babies on their backs climb on the branches of trees and teach them how to jump.
273. When the beautiful blue-colored one
carried Govardhana mountain,
the fingers of his lotus hands did not lose their beauty
and his strong beautiful finger-nails did not hurt.
He carried the mountain as if it were something he did every day.
On victorious umbrella-like Govardhana mountain,
a group of large clouds that rest on the top of the hills
make the mountain look as if it has grey hair
as they pour down rain everywhere.

274. The famous Paṭṭarpiran Vishṇuchithan
where the Brahmins recite the divine Vedas
composed these ten poems on Govardhana mountain
where jasmine flowers bloom
on the branches of kuravam trees.
He describes how the hill is carried as an umbrella
by the god who sleeps on Adishesha
and rides on an eagle, the enemy of snake.
The devotees who recite those poems in their hearts
and worship god will reach divine Vaikuṇṭam.
275. O beautiful girls who live in this wide world,
listen to a wonderful thing!
When Thirumaal who has a white valampuri conch in his hand
plays the flute with his divine lips,
the cowherd girls who have young breasts
hear the sound of the flute, get excited
shiver and run away from their houses
where they are guarded,
untying the ropes that they are tied with.
Putting the ropes on their necks as if they are garlands,
they come, shyly and surround him.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

283. His body is dark like a cluster of clouds,
his face is beautiful like a red lotus,
and his dark curly hair is the color of the bees.
When he plays his flute,
a herd of deer, fascinated with his music, forgets to graze.
The grass that they have eaten
hangs from their mouths
and, unmovning from side to side,
they stand motionless as if they were painted pictures.
284. Our god, the matchless one,
the chief of the cowherds
decorated with dark-eyed peacock feathers
and a silk garment tied tightly and beautifully
on his handsome body plays the flute.
The trees stand without moving,
flowers pour honey-like rain
as if to bow and worship him.
Their straight branches bend to hear the music.
They all turn towards wherever the beautiful god Thirumaal is
because that is their nature.

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

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

287. Her teeth have not grown out yet.
Her hair is not yet thick.
She plays with sparse-haired slow-witted children.
She made friends with naughty girls
but she says that they are good children like her.
She falls in love with Maayan
who has a beautiful sapphire color.
288. Even when she tries to make a play house on the white sand in the front yard of her house, she cannot make it without drawing pictures of a conch, a wheel, a club, a sword and a bow. Her breasts have not grown out yet. My heart worries every day because she is in love with Govindan.

289. Who can I tell about the tricks that this young Kaṇṇan does? He gets together with my young, innocent daughter’s friends and cheats her and makes fun of her. She doesn’t know the old saying that the spoon that scoops the porridge doesn’t know how much salt is in the porridge. Just like that she does not know whether the one who holds the discus loves her as much as she loves him.
290. She wears fragrant Thulasi garlands and goes to all the cities and lands where Narayaṇan stays and searches for him. Many can’t understand her and want to hurt her. Confused, they say, “Put her in a guarded place with Kesavan.”
Why is the world like this?

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

292. I am an innocent mother and she is my innocent daughter.
She stands in front of the girls who are obedient to their mothers. She is like a spoon that gets loose from its stem and spills food everywhere without knowing what it is doing. Shameless, she mutters like a parrot and says, “Kesava, you are faultless!” O girls with long fragrant hair, she is fascinated with him and has fallen in love.

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

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

295. We did all the auspicious ceremonies
that we needed to do for her
and kept her in our home thinking that she will stay here.
But she wants to do something else
and worries how she can leave home.
Before others know that she is in love with him
and is leaving home because her parents
have not arranged marriage for her,
we must take her to him
who went to Mahabali as a dwarf
and measured the world.
296. Vishṇuchithan, the chief of Puduvai surrounded with beautiful flower gardens composed a garland of ten poems about how a mother describes her daughter who fell in love with Narayaṇan, the god who swallowed the whole earth and sleeps on a banyan leaf. Those who recite these poems will not have any trouble in their lives.

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297. "I haven’t seen my daughter anywhere. My house is empty. It is like a pond that has lost its beauty and its fresh lotuses have shed their petals when the dew has fallen on them and the alli blossoms have shed their pollen. Did she go towards Madurai city following him who destroyed the Asurans when they came disguised as wrestlers?"
298. Narayanan made my virgin daughter play with him and took her with him like the ignorant cowherds who steal calves. Won't this terrible thing that Narayanan did be a disgrace for our family?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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பார்பாற்றுதல் விதியியல் - எழுதி பொறுத்து
Playing balls - undi parathal.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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Hanuman sees Sita. Story of Rama.

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

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

319. "Your hair is decorated with lovely alli blossoms.
I bow to your feet. This is my request.
Give me your grace and listen.
You are beautiful like a deer
and your two eyes are like blooming flowers.
One day when you were with your beloved husband,
he brought you a jasmine garland
and you were very happy to see it.
This tells you I am a messenger from Rama.
320. "Kaikeyi, the queen of Dasharatha, confused in her mind, asked for two boons from Dasharatha and the king with a sorrowful mind was unable to refuse and granted the boons. He sent Rama away saying, 'O dear son of our family! Go and stay in the forest!' And Rama went with his brother Lakshmana. This tells you I am a messenger from Rama.

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

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

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

324. “Your waist is as thin as lightning!
This is the request of your true slave. Hear me.
When a golden deer came in the forest and played sweetly,
you asked your beloved husband to bring it to you.
He took his bow and went to catch it.
Laksmana who was guarding you left
and searched for Rama
because he heard Rama calling him
and thought that Rama was in trouble.
This tells you I am a messenger from Rama.
O Vaidehi, your kohl-like dark hair is decorated with beautiful flowers.
This is my request.
I am a chief of the monkeys.
The great king of Ayodhya told all these things to me so that I could search for you.
This is a ring from his hand and this is the best sign that I am his messenger.

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

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

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Devotees search for the God (Rama and Kaṇṇan)

These poems describe devotees who search for Rama and the other devotees who guide them to the places where Rama is.

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

329. If you want to find the famous Rama who carries a sword, conch, club, a bow that twangs loudly as it shoots arrows, and a divine discus, go to the people who saw him at Sita’s suyavaram in the palace of Janaka, the king of kings, where Rama broke the strong bow for Sita whose beautiful fingers are like blooming kandal flowers.
330. If you are searching anxiously for the god who broke the tusks of the murderous elephant, who killed the Kauravas fighting in the Bharatha war, and who destroyed the mara trees with his bow, go to the people who saw him on the seashore with rolling waves, when the monkey clan carried large stones and made a bridge on the ocean with rolling waves.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

340. The golden mountain of the glorious god
who leads the noble, the great and the evil
on the right paths is cool Thirumaalirunjolai
that will change the lives
of the devotees who go there always
and worship the god.
341. The mountain of the god who carried Govardhana mountain to save the cows and the family of the cowherds when Indra, the king of the gods, tried to destroy their festival with a storm is the southern Thirumaalirunjolai where a river of honey flows just like the river that flows in the Karpaga garden blooming with lovely flowers.

342. The mountain of the god who saved Gajendra when a crocodile caught him in a pond and who destroyed Kamsan, strong as an elephant, is fertile Thirumaalirunjolai, where the strong male elephant searched for his mate that was angry and had left him, and when he could not find her, he promised on the dark ocean-colored god that he would behave when she returned.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

350. The mountain of the sapphire-colored god who destroyed Kamsan, Kalingan, the elephant Kuvalayabeeḍam, the marudu trees and the seven bulls when he was growing up, is Thirumaalirunjolai where a poisonous snake comes and hides the cool beautiful moon with his shining tongue thinking he can swallow it.
351. The mountain of the dark ocean-colored god who destroyed Narahasuran with his craftiness and attracted and married his young daughters is Thirumaalirunjolai surrounded with beautiful groves where the flowers of blooming punnai, cherundi, punavengai and kongu trees look like golden garlands.

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

353. The mountain of the handsome god decorated with jewels who relieved Sisupalan of his troubles even though he blamed Kaṇṇan for some small tricks he did is Thirumaalirunjolai. It is a great mountain. It is a beautiful mountain. It is a flourishing, victorious mountain. It is the greatest hill on the earth and the highest mountain.
354. The mountain of our dear god
who made the hundred wives of the Kauravas
suffer like Panchali, the wife of the five Pāṇḍavas,
when she was oppressed by the Kauravas,
is the ancient southern Thirumaalirunjolai,
the hill of the great god where a swarm
of beautiful bees sings lovely songs and drinks honey.

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

356. The mountain of the god
who destroyed Lanka with his fiery arrows,
bending his bow heroically, is Thirumaalirunjolai
where all the gods and Indra the king of gods
go and worship him
and where the bright sun, moon
and the stars surrounding it shine.
357. The mountain of the faultless god
who playfully dug up the earth with his tusk as a boar
and who measured the earth in the form of Vamana
and swallowed it as small Kaṇṇan
is Thirumaalirunjolai
where the cool river Silampaaru
collects and brings many things and places them
at the feet of the god as offerings and worships him.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

365. Thirukoṭṭiyur is where devotees live
who are not disturbed by water, sky, lands, wind or fire
or the five sacrifices or the five senses
and who praise their god Narasimhan.
The world is fortunate
because dust falls on the ground
from the feet of those generous devotees.

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

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

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

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

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

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

371. If, at the time of death,
those who have only thought of their mothers, fathers, children, and wives who
have fragrant hair,
close their eyes and praise the god and say,
“Kesava, Purushothama,
you became a boar and you are faultless,”
they are my dear friends,
and there are no words for me to praise them.
372. If those who were never the devotees of Narayana
are wounded and their wounds become bad
and swarm with flies,
and if, fainting and coming to the end of their lives,
they fold their hands and worship the god,
saying “Namo Narayana,”
they will never again go near people
who are not the devotees of Narayana.

373. If the relatives of someone
who has collected and saved wealth
come to him before his death
and ask greedily,
“Tell us where you keep your wealth!
Tell us where you keep it!”
If he, without saying anything,
makes his heart a temple of Madhavan,
places the god there and sprinkles his love as flowers,
he will be saved even if a snake comes to bite him.
374. When someone is old,
his breathing may become thin.
His neck will be swelling with air.
His legs and hands will be shaking.
If he says the mantra of one sound
before he closes his eyes
and thinks of the god, he will go to heaven.

375. Before someone comes to the time of his death
and the water he has drunk is spit out
and the food that he ate is vomited
and his eyes close,
if he praises god saying, "Rishikesa!"
on his way, the dogs will not come.
No one will hurt him with their spears.
He will not lose his wealth any time.
376. Before someone loses the sense of his eyes, nose, mouth, ears and touch, and before his breath ceases, and before he can no longer swallow the water given to him from a conch, and before his head sags to the side, if he thinks in his heart of Madhusudhanan, the Maayan who sleeps on the ocean, abundant with water, there is nothing that he cannot achieve.

377. Before the heartless messengers of Yama enter into someone’s home like kidnappers, tie him with strong ropes and pull him away, if he worships in his heart faultlessly and says “O Madhusudana, you are my king, I am your slave!” he will reach heaven.
378. Before someone’s relatives gather together, speak only of his good qualities and not his faults, sing and sing, and put him on a bier and take him to the burning ground and leave him there in the forest after putting new clothes on him, if he sings, dances and worships the god Govindan, decorated with the Kausthubham ornament, he will escape from Yama and join the god.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

387. O, ignorant ones!
Your children are human
and they were born from unclean bodies
and will return to the earth.
You gave them the name of people
and do not realize what you have done is not good.
Think of giving the name of the one
who has the color of a dark cloud and is sweet to the eyes.
Approach the god Naraṇan.
He will not send the mothers of your children to hell.
388. If you give your children the names of village people such as “nambi, pimbi” those “manbu, pimbu” will be forgotten in a few days. If you give them the name of the god who has lovely lotus eyes, O friends, Naraṇan will not send the mothers of your children to hell.

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

390. Vishṇuchithan from the ancient village of Veeraṇai, who is praised by all, always, and who worshipped the divine name of Maal composed ten beautiful Tamil poems about how people should name their children with the names of the god. Those who recite these ten beautiful poems will go to the divine splendid Vaikuṇṭam and stay there happily forever.
391. Kaṇḍam is where Dasharatha’s son, our god who cut off the heads of Ravaṇan and the nose of his sister Surpanakha, stayed and ruled as his fame spread everywhere. If a devotee goes there where our god Purushothaman stays and merely says, “Ganges, Ganges!” his bad karma will disappear and he will receive the virtue of joining his hands to worship the god on the banks of the Ganges.

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

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

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

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

396. Divine Kaṇḍam is on the banks
of the Ganges with rolling waves
where paddy fields flourish
and rishis who do powerful tapas bathe.
It is in that Thirupadi that the god Maal Purushothaman,
the king of Mathura, stays,
who stopped the rain with Govardhana mountain
using it as an umbrella when the thick clouds poured rain
with the sound “chala, chala” and thundered.

397. Beautiful Kaṇḍam

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

398. Beautiful Kaṇḍam

is on the banks of the Ganges
where the fragrance of sacrifices spreads on both shores
and their smoke continually rises in long streams.
It is in that Thirupadi that our god Hari Purushothaman lives
who is the king of Dvaraga that is surrounded
by the roaring ocean and strong walls,
who took the land of Duryodhana
and gave it to his brothers-in-law.
399. In divine Kaṇḍam
the flood of the Ganges flows
shaking the mountains with sound,
and undermining the earth.
The roaring river makes the trees on the banks fall
and then joins the ocean stirring up its water.
It is in that Thirupadi that our god Purshothaman stays
who is the god of northern Madhura,
of Saalākkiramam, Vaikuṇṭam, Dwaraga, Ayodhya and Adari.

400. Divine Kaṇḍam on the bank of the Ganges
surrounded by flourishing groves
is where the god stays
who himself is all three gods, Shiva, Nanmuhan and Vishnu.
He measured the world with three footsteps.
He, the god Purushothaman, gives his grace
to the devotees who love him.
401. Vishṇuchithan, the chief of Villiputhur
who has no troubles in his life
composed with devotion ten Tamil songs
on Purushothaman, the god who stays in Kaṇḍam
where the Ganges flows with flourishing, gurgling water.
Those who recite these poems will go to Vaikuṇṭam
and stay beneath Thirumaal's feet decorated with anklets.

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402. Srirangam surrounded with water
where honey drips from blossoms
and water dashes on the banks of the Kaveri river
where pure Brahmins who know the Vedas
bathe, wash and dry their clothes,
is the Thirupadi of the god who gave life
to the great rishi Shantipini's son
who died in the wave-filled ocean
as an offering for the guru who taught him.
403. Srirangam where good Brahmins who know the Vedas live, make sacrifices with fire and receive guests happily is the Thirupadi of the god who at once brought four children back to life when they died as soon as they were born.

404. Srirangam surrounded with water where lotuses as red as the god’s face and kuvalai flowers as dark as the god’s body bloom beautifully everywhere is the Thirupadi of the god who protected the clan of his son-in-law and gave life to all his in-laws so that they would not be defeated in the Bharatha war.
405. Srirangam where groves bloom with flowers and drip with honey is the Thirupadi of the god who gave up his kingdom and left the mother who gave him birth and went to the forest and destroyed the Rakshasas, because his step-mother listened to the cruel words of her servant Manthara.

406. Srirangam surrounded with flourishing groves where cuckoo birds sing and kongu buds open and blossom is the Thirupadi of Thirumaal who protected this world, fighting with his enemy the proud Ravan who had great strength and who received many boons.
407. Srirangam, where bees buzz like lutes
and drink pollen from the petals of screw pine flowers
that shower lovely coral-like pollen
is the Thirupadi of the god
who went to the underworld,
threw his discus and utterly destroyed the Asurans
so that their dynasty would not continue on the earth.

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

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

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

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

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The greatness of Srirangam

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

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

How can the devotees whom the god praises like this become the devotees of other gods?

He is my god of Srirangam

who gave his grace to Vibhishana

and made him the king of Lanka

surrounded by strong walls.

414. Beautiful Srirangam where our god makes the bright sun rise in the sky and removes the darkness of the earth giving his grace to his devotees, is the Thirupadi of our god.

He destroyed the Asurans who came as marudu trees in the dark groves, the rutting elephant Kuvalayabedam, the Asuran Pilamban, the Rakshasa Kesi who came as a wild horse, Sahaṭasuran who came in the form of a cart, and the wrestlers.

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

416. Srirangam, surrounded by rippling water
where all the birds embrace flowers
and praise the name of the god
who rides on the bird Garuḍa
is the Thirupadi where our matchless god stays
who took the form of a turtle
and who is the Ganges, the deep ocean, earth, great mountains,
Nanmuhan, the four Vedas and both sacrifice and offering.
Naradar who gives goodness to all
often goes there and worships him with love.
417. Srirangam that brightens all the directions where devotees, sages, the wise rishis, the people of the world and the siddhas worship the god with love, is the Thirupadi of the god who gives life to all, who made his brothers-in-law kings, made Draupadi tie up her loosened hair and gave life to the son of Uthara.

418. Srirangam where our god sleeps on Adishesha, the snake that spits from its mouth precious diamonds as bright as the morning sun rising from a lovely shining hill, is the Thirupadi of our god who took the form of a dwarf, tricking king Mahabali, took his kingdom and then at once happily granted him a kingdom in the underworld.
419. Srirangam where flourishing lotus plants grow to the sky like the divine feet of the god who measured the sky and good paddy plants bend their heads worshipping his feet is the Thirupadi of our god who grasped the chest of Hiranyan split it open with his sharp nails, pulled his hair, gouged out his eyes and made him scream.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

O god, you sleep on a snake bed on the ocean in Srirangam.

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

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

430. I do not know any of the magic you do.
When Kingarars, the messengers of Yama, come,
make me suffer and take me to Yama’s world,
I may not be able to think of you.
You are the god of the gods in the sky.
O Maaya! You were born in Madhura.
My soul is yours. You should protect me.
O god, you sleep on a snake bed on the ocean in Srirangam.

431. You are the cowherd who carried
Govardhana mountain and protected the cows.
You grazed the cows. You are my lord.
O god, you are the ancient light.
From the day I was born until today I have never forgotten you.
When the Kingarars, the cruel messengers of Yama,
come, make me suffer and take hold of me,
you should come and protect me.
O god, you sleep on a snake bed on the ocean in Srirangam.
432. The chief of the Veyar, Vishnuchittan of Villiputhur, composed ten Tamil poems on the god called Maayavan, Madhusudanan, Madhavan, and Achudan who sleeps on a snake bed. Those who recite these ten poems will become pure-minded and will be the devotees of the sapphire-colored god.

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The poet's request

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

434. I compose worthless poems with my useless tongue.
O god, you carry a conch and a discus in your hands.
Is it not the duty of the great ones
to forgive the mistakes their devotees make when they speak?
My eyes can only see through your eyes.
My mind will not think of any other god except you.
I am like a deer-
one more dot on its coat does not spoil its loveliness.
See, it is not too much for you to accept my mistakes.
O god, you swallowed all the seven worlds
and spit them out.

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

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

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

438. O dear god, you created the four-headed Nanmuhan.
You are the reason for everything.
Your body is dark. I am your devotee.
Even if I do not eat, I do not get hungry
because worshipping you takes my hunger away.
If there is a day when I do not think of you,
and do not always say, “Namo Naraṇa”
and do not recite Rig and Sama Vedas
and do not place fresh flowers on your feet,
that will be the day I starve.

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

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

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

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

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

444. The plan that Chitragupthan wrote by the order of Yama the king of the southern direction is canceled and the messengers of Yama have run and hidden themselves, leaving me alone because I am a slave of the devotees of the ancient god, the all-knowing one who sleeps on the ocean and who is the lord of the wise and nectar for his devotees. My body is not the same as it was. God is in it now and he protects me.
445. My god brought me out of my mother’s womb.  
He helped me control the desires of my five senses.  
He helped me remove the desires  
of this body made of nerves and flesh.  
He kept the messengers of Yama  
from binding me with ropes and taking me away.  
My god who took the form of a boar,  
taught me to become his devotee night and day and serve him.  
My body is not the same as it was.  
God is in it now and he protects me.

446. O diseases, you give pain to people  
because of their bad karma,  
but see, there is also bad karma for you.  
Do not enter my body, do not enter it.  
Do you see how it is not easy to enter my body?  
Look, my body is the divine temple  
where the god who took the form of a man-lion stays.  
Go away or you will be in trouble.  
My body is not the same as it was.  
God is in it now and he protects me.
447. O diseases, I made Maayan who took the form of a dwarf enter my mind and I kept him there with love. I have nothing else in my mind. See, my mind is a precious treasure that keeps a diamond. He is strong and he is mischievous. Do not hesitate. Go away. My body is not the same as it was. God is in it now and he protects me.

448. O diseases, you bring suffering to people. I will tell you something, listen. See, my body is the divine temple of the god who grazed cows. Be careful or you will get bad karma. There is nothing you can have here. You should go away. My body is not the same as it was. God is in it now and he protects me.
449. I was attracted, slipped and fell into the small cave that is called a woman's breast. I plunged into it and could not get out. My dear god who has the shining color of the ocean removed my bad karma and saved me from my troubles. My body is not the same as it was. God is in it now and he protects me.

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

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

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

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

454. I embraced you and kept you in my heart.
I will not allow you to leave me.
If you hide yourself with your magical tricks
I swear by you that what you do is not right.
You are my father, the god of Thirumaalirunjolai
that is surrounded with pure water
that removes the bad karma
of the people of all lands and all cities.
455. I have done much tapas to serve you.  
If I go to another god and serve him,  
it will destroy your pride.  
You are the god of beautiful Thirumaalirunjolai  
where the gypsy tribe plants grain in the earth,  
grows new crops, worships you and says,  
“We worship your golden feet  
and eat the new grain.”

456. O father, you are the god of Thirimaalirunjolai.  
I suffered wandering many miles in this life.  
There is no shade for me here.  
There is no water for me here.  
I see no refuge that would let me survive  
extcept the shade beneath your feet.  
You went as a messenger for the Paṇḍavas,  
told lies to the Kauravas and made them your enemies.  
You are the cause of the deaths of all those  
who died on the battlefield in Kurukshetra.
457. My feet do not have the strength to walk.
The tears from my eyes do not stop.
My body becomes weak and trembles.
I cannot speak. I shiver.
My arms twist up and I can’t make them straight.
My mind is fascinated by you and thinks only of you.
I begin to praise you and live.
O my father, god of Thirumaalirunjolai
surrounded by springs where fish frolic.

458. Shiva who possesses the bull banner,
Nanmuhan, Indra and all others
do not know the cure for the sickness that is this birth.
You are beautiful like shining sapphire.
You are the doctor who can cure the sickness that is birth.
O my father, god of Thirumaalirunjolai,
give me your grace so I may enter your world
and not be born again.
459. I was plunged in the sufferings of this world and now by your wonderful grace I am released from them. I am tired. Please give me your grace and say to me, “Don’t be afraid.”

O god of Thirumaalirunjolai, you carry the shining discus, your hands are strong, your eyes are lovely, you wear silk garments, and your body has the color of the red evening sky.

460. I thought I could see you today or tomorrow. I suffered, longing to see you, for many ages and many eons. Now I will not leave you. You destroyed all the hundred Kauravas, and you gave life to their enemies the Pandavas who were your brothers-in-law. Don’t you know that my heart is with you, O my father, god of Thirumaalirunjolai?
461. Even when I was in my mother’s womb
I wanted to serve you as a slave.
I was born in this world and I found you.
How could I leave you?
You fought with Baṇasuran
and with your discus you cut off his thousand arms
and made them scatter in all the directions,
O my father, god of Thirumaalirunjolai.

462. Vishṇuchittan the chief of Puduvai
that is filled with golden shining palaces,
composed poems about the god of Thirumaalirunjolai
where people of the world go and play in the spring water.
Those who recite these ten poems
will become devotees of the god who measured the world.

The Azhvar describes the benefits he has received because god has entered into
his heart
463. You are god of the rich, lofty Thiruvenkaṭam hills.
You flourish and protect the world.
You are Damodaran. You are a clever god.
I put the mark of your discus on myself
and on all my possessions.
I live because of your grace.
What do you want me to do now?

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

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

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

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

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

469. Like the king of the Pandya country who placed his mark on the mountains, you placed your bright, divine feet on my head. You broke the tusks of the elephant Kuvalayabeedam. You fought and defeated the wrestlers. I have always praised your name with my good tongue. You made me my own.
O my god, you came into my mind
along with Adishesha and Garuḍazhvar,
stayed there and made me live.
My heart melts when I think how you stay there.
Tears fill my eyes and flow down.
O tall god who carry a discus,
I need only to think of you for my sorrows to go away.

You left your bed on the cool ocean,
came running to me,
and now you stay in the ocean of my heart.
You are my magical and beloved god.
You are the best of men and the Maayan.
You are the beloved of Nappinnai.
You are a matchless ocean.
You are a precious light. You are a unique world.
You made my heart your abode and you own me.
472. O, dear god, you are light.
You stay in my heart like a shining lamp
and are like a tall bright coral vine that grows on a large hill.
You did not want to stay in the northern ocean, in Vaikuṇṭam,
in Dwarapuri surrounded by walls, or in other places.
You left them all and came into my heart.

473. Vishṇuchithan who was born in the tribe of Veyar
praises the god, the cowherd,
the beautiful cool cloud-colored god,
the bull of the cowherds,
the king of gods and the nectar of the Brahmins.
Those who sing the poems of Vishṇuchithan
as if they were shadows of the god will reach him.

Shubham
End of periyAzvAr tirumozi