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Aṇḍal. A thalaivi who loves the god Kaṇṇan describes her love, her longing for him and her wedding with him in dreams in these poems. Friends wake up the thalaivi to go to bathe and perform a nombu.

474. The girls coming to wake up their friends say, "Today is the auspicious full moon day of Markazhi month. O you who are decorated with beautiful ornaments, let us go bathe. Come!

We are the beloved young girls of the flourishing cowherd village. Narayaṇan is the son of Nandagopan who carries a sharp spear and looks after the cows. He is the young lion of lovely-eyed Yashoda. His body is dark and he has handsome eyes. His face is as bright as the shining moon. He is Narayanan and he will give us the Paṇai. Come and let us bathe and worship our Paavai as the world praises him."
475. The girls coming to wake up their friends say, "O you people of the world!
Hear how we worship our Paavai.
We worship the feet of the highest god
who sleeps on the milky ocean.
We don't eat ghee, we don't drink milk,
we bathe early in the morning,
we don't put kohl to decorate our eyes,
we don't decorate our hair with flowers,
we don't do evil things,
we don't gossip.
We give alms to all beggars and sages.
Come and let us be happy and worship our Paavai."

476. The girls coming to wake up their friends say, "Let us sing and praise the name of the good god
who measured the world with his tall form
and let us decorate our Paavai and bathe.
If we do that, rain will fall three times a month
without stopping all over our land."
The paddy in the fields will flourish,
fish will frolic in the fields,
bees will sleep on the buds of the kuvalai blossoms
and the cows will not hide their milk
but yield generously to fill up the pots
when the cowherds milk them.
Let riches be abundant!
Come and let us bathe and worship our Paavai."

477. The girls coming to wake up their friends say,
"O Varuna, you give rain from the ocean!
Do not hide your rain.
The cloud enters the ocean, scoops up the water and rises,
looking like the dark form of the lord of the uzhi.
The discus shines like lightning in the hands
of the god Padmananban who has strong arms.
Thunder roars like the sound of his conch
and the rain pours like the arrows from his Sarngam bow.
O Varuna, give us rain
so that the people of the world may live happily.
Come and let us bathe happily in this month of Markazhi
and go to worship our Paavai."
478. The girls coming to wake up their friends say, "He, the young Maayan, the king of Northern Madhura, grew up playing on the banks of the Jamuna river whose water is abundant and pure. He is the bright light of cowherd clan. He is Damodaran who made his mother's womb divine. Pure, we come, sprinkle flowers, worship him, sing his praises and think of him only in our minds. All the bad things we have done and may do will disappear like dust in fire. Let us go and worship our Paavai."

479. The girls coming to wake up their friends say, "See, the birds are singing. Do you hear the loud sound of the white conch in the temple of the god of Garuḍa? O child, get up. He is the lord who drank the poison from Puthana's breasts. He destroyed the cheating Sakatasturan. He, the seed of the world, sleeps on the ocean on the snake Adishesha. Sages and the yogis rise and praise the god saying, "Hari, Hari!" Listen to their praise and get up, happy in your heart."
Let us go and worship our Paavai.

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

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

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

482. The girls coming to wake up their friends say,
"O my uncle’s daughter,
the fragrance of incense spreads everywhere in your room.
The lamps on all sides of the palace
studded with pure jewels shine.
You still sleep on your bed.
Open the beautiful door.
O aunts, won't you wake her up?
Doesn't your daughter speak? Doesn't she hear?
Has some magic put her into deep sleep?
Let us praise the god singing his many names,
saying ‘You are the great Maayan, Madhavan, Vaikuṇṭan!’
Go and worship our Paavai."
483. The girls coming to wake up their friends say, 
"You want to find happiness doing your nombu 
but you don’t open the door and don’t answer us. 
The virtuous Narayanan who wears a Thulasi garland in his hair 
will give us the Paṇai. 
Is it Kumbakarṇa who was defeated by Rama 
who makes you sleep so soundly? 
You are very lazy! You are a precious ornament! 
Wake up and open the door. 
Let us go and worship our Paavai."

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

485. The girls coming to wake up their friends say,
"The buffaloes that just gave birth
drip milk from their udders lovingly, thinking of their calves,
and the front yard of the house is wet with milk.
You are the sister of the brothers of a rich family.
We sing praising the god who is sweet to our mind,
who angrily destroyed the king of southern Lanka.
You haven’t opened your mouth.
Wake up. Why do you sleep like this?
Don’t you know all the people in your house are up?
Let us go and worship our Paavai."
"Other girls, singing and praising the fame of the god who killed the evil Rakshasa Ravana and split open the mouth of the Asuran when he came in the form of a bird have gone to worship the Paavai. The star Guru fades and the star Sukran rises. See, the birds are awake and chatter. Your eyes are like blossoms. Why are you sleeping without coming with us to bathe and play in the cool water? Today is an auspicious day. Don't pretend to sleep. Come and join us. Let us go and worship our Paavai."

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

Let us go and worship our Paavai.

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

She answers, "Don’t shout and call me. I am a poor girl, and you are as bright as lightning. I'm coming."

They say, "We know your tricks. You always say this." She answers, "You are the clever ones. Let me be what I am."

They say, "Come quickly. We can't wait for you." She asks, "Have all our friends arrived?"

They say, "Yes, They're all here. If you want, come and count them. Come and sing the praise of the god, the Maayan who killed his foes and whose strength destroys the might of his enemies. Let us go and worship our Paavai."

The girls wake up the god and ask for the Paṟai.
489. The girls coming to the palace of Nandagopan to wake up the god say to the guard,

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

490. The girls speak who are coming to wake up Nandagopan, Yashoda, Baladeva and the god, say,

"O Nandagopala! You are our dear lord who gives clothes, water and food to all. Get up! O Yashoda, among all the women who are soft as vines you are like a tender shoot. You are the bright light of your family. You are our dear one. Get up."
O king of the gods!
You grew tall, split the sky and measured the world.
Do not sleep. Get up.
You are our dear one
whose feet are decorated with pure golden anklets.
O Baladeva, don't sleep with your little brother.
We are going to worship our Paavai."

491. The girls coming to wake up Nappinnai say,
"O, Nappinnai, your hair is fragrant.
You are the daughter-in-law of strong-armed Nandagopan
who is the lord of rutting elephants.
Open the door.
See, the roosters are coming and calling to wake everyone.
The flock of cuckoo birds sitting on the vines
blooming with madhavi flowers call out.
Your fingers are beautiful and soft.
Come and open the door making the lovely bracelets
on your beautiful lotus-like hands jingle.
Come and join us to sing
and praise the name of your husband.
We are going to worship our Paavai."
492. The girls coming to wake up the god and Nappinnai say, 
"O Maal, you sleep on a soft mattress on an ivory cot 
and your room is bright with lights.
Your chest is decorated with flowers.
You sleep on the breasts of Nappinnai,
decorated with beautiful flowers in her hair.
Open your mouth, O Nappinnai. Your eyes are decorated with kohl.
How could you not get up and want to see your beloved.
You won't be able to be away from him for long.
This is not a hard thing to understand.
This is not good for you.
We are going to worship our Paavai."

493. The girls coming to wake up god and Nappinnai say, 
"O dear god, if any of the thirty-three crore of the gods 
have troubles, you go and remove them.
Get up. You are faultless and strong.
You vex your enemies and take care of your devotees.
O young Nappinnai,
your soft breasts are like small cheppus.
Your mouth is red and you have a tiny waist.
O beautiful one, get up!
Give us fans and mirrors and send your husband with us
so that we can praise him and go to bathe.
We are going to worship our Paavai."

494. The girls coming to wake up the god say, "You are the son of Nandagopan who has fine cows that yield milk generously and make the pots overflow. You are intelligent. You are our refuge. You are a bright light. Get up. We have come to your door as if we were your enemies who cannot fight with you and so we come and worship your feet. We praise you. You have abundant fame. We are going to worship our Paavai."
Won't your beautiful lotus eyes
show even a little grace to us?

Your eyes are bright like the sun and the moon.
If you look at us, our karma will go away.

We are going to worship our Paavai.

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

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

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

"O Maal, you have the beautiful color of a jewel!
We want to bathe in the month of Markazhi.
Hear us!
Give us the things we need for our nombu.
We want to have white milk-colored conches that will roar and shake the earth like your pancajanyam.
We want many good Paṛais.
We want to be with people who sing "Pallaṇḍu!" to you.
Give us beautiful lamps, flags and a roofed place to stay.
You slept on the banyan leaf.
Give us your grace.
We are going to worship our Paavai."

500. The girls, coming to ask for Parais, ornaments and clothes, say,

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

501. The girls, asking for a Parai from the god, say,
"We go behind the cattle to the forest
and eat our food there.
You were raised with simple cowherd people.
We are fortunate to be born in the same place as you.
O Govinda, you are faultless
and we cannot give up our closeness to you.
We are innocent children.
We call you with simple names because we love you.
O god, do not get upset with us.
Give us the Parai and give us your grace.
We are going to worship our Paavai."
502. The girls come to the god and say that they do not want just the Parāi and wish to be with him in all their births.

"We come early in the morning and worship you and praise your golden feet. Hear us.

We were born in the cowherd clan just like you.

We want to serve you and want to receive the Parāi from you.

See, Govinda, we want to be with you always, in all the fourteen births that we will have.

We will serve you in all our births.

Give us your grace and keep us from wanting anything but your service.

We are going to worship our Paavai."

503. Paṭṭarpiran Kodai from Puduvai adorned with a beautiful lotus garland composed thirty Tamil poems about how the girls who have moon-like lovely faces and were decorated with beautiful ornaments went to the god Madhavan, Kesavan who churned the wavy milky ocean, and asked for the Parāi.

Those who recite these poems without mistakes will receive the grace of Thirumaal, the rich lord who has a lovely face, beautiful eyes and twelve strong mountain-like arms
and be happy.

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Naachiyaar Thirumozhi.

Worshipping Kama, the god of love

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

505. We decorate our front yard with soft white sand.
We bathe at dawn when the sun comes out.
We make fire with sticks that have no thorns.
I try to worship you, O Kamadeva.
You carry flower arrows dripping with honey.

I write the name of the god
who has the color of the ocean in my mind.

Give me your grace so I may enter the place of the lord
who split open the mouth of the Asuran
when he came in the form of a bird.

506. I worship your feet all three times of the day
with fragrant umatham flowers and blossoms of murukkam.

O Manmatha, I don’t want to be angry with you
and scold you, saying that you are heartless.

Get ready with your flower arrows made of fresh flowers
and give me your grace
so I may enter into the brightness
of the clever lord of Venkaṭam hills.

507. O Kamadeva!

You are without a body.

I wrote your name on the wall, made your fish flag,
and gave it to you with horses, fans and a sugarcane-bow.
I worshipped you and asked you to give me your grace so that my round breasts would belong at once to the god of Dwarapuri.

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

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

510. I offer paddy, sugarcane, and cooked rice with brown sugar and aval and worship you reciting the mantras from the sastras. O Manmatha, I bow to you.

Give me your grace so that Thirivikraman who measured the world will touch me with his divine hands.

Give me your grace so that the god will approach me and touch my breasts.

511. I don’t bathe when it is time for my nombu. I don’t comb my hair. I eat once a day and my mouth grows pale because I haven’t eaten enough. You can see how I suffer in this nombu. I want to say something to you.

Kesavan Nambi fought with the Asuran Kesi to protect a woman. Give me your grace so that he will show me the same
and I have the fortune of sitting with him and pressing his feet.

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

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

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514. O Narayana, you are praised by a thousand names. You came to the earth in the form of Rama. If Yashoda had given birth to you, it would be easy for us to love you because you would be human just like we are. We do the nombu in the month of Punguni because that is the month when Kama comes. O Sridhara, don’t bother us, don’t come and destroy our little sand houses.

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

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

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

518. We made our sand houses with soft white sand.
Everyone on the streets was amazed
when they saw our lovely sand houses
but you came and destroyed them.
Even so we are not angry at you.
Our hearts melt for your love.
You are a thief, Madhavan, Kesavan!
Don’t you have eyes on your face?
Don’t come and destroy our little sand houses.

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

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

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

You have the color of the ocean.

Do not come and destroy our little sand houses.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

535. He who took the form of Vamanan stays happily in the forest in Thiruvenkaṭam
and in Thirukaṇṇapuram.
O kuḍal, if you want him to come here,
hold my hands and embrace me,
you should come together.
Come and join the place you started.
Kuḍiḍu kuḍalee.
536. He is praised by Brahma who stays on a lotus and by other gods.

He is the dear son of Devaki who has a shining forehead and the wonderful son of famous Vasudeva.

O kuḍal, if you want that king to come to see us, you should come together.

Come and join the place you started.
Kuḍidu kuḍalee.

537. He climbed and danced on the tall blooming kaḍamba tree and jumped into the pond and danced on the heads of strong Kalingan.

O kuḍal, if you want that dancer to come to me, you should come together.

Come and join the place you started.
Kuḍidu kuḍalee.

538. He killed the elephant Kuvalayabeesam whose forehead was decorated with an ornament.

If you want him to come to the middle of our streets in Madurai surrounded by big palaces and embrace us,
O kuḍal, you should come together.
Come and join the place you started.
Kuudiu kuudalee.

539. The god does not have any desire.
When he learned to walk, he killed the Rakshasas who came in the form of marudam trees.
He killed Kamsan by his tricks.
He is the victorious king of shining Madurai.
O kuḍal, if you want him to come here to us, you should come together.
Come and join the place you started.
Kuudiu kuudalee.

540. He conquered Shishupala who did evil deeds, the Rakshasas who came in the form of tall marudu trees, the seven bulls, the bird, and heroic Kamsan who carried a victorious spear.
O kuḍal, if you want that victorious hero to come to us, you should come together.
Come and join the place you started.
Kuudiu kuudalee.
541. He does not enter the minds of people who do not have desire and love for him. He is the protector of flourishing Dvarapuri. He is a cowherd who grazes the cows and plays with them. O kuḍal, if you want him to come to us, you should come together. Come and join the place you started. Kuuḍiḍu kuuḍalee.

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

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

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

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தெய் பத்‌
The thalaivi asks the cuckoo to call the god.

545. He is the eternal Madhavan who is praised by all in the world. He has a beautiful sapphire-colored body. He is a king decorated with a crown studded with jewels. I have a problem with him—my conch bangles became loose because I fell in love with him. O cuckoo bird! You live in the holes
in punnai, kurukkathi, nyazhal and cherundi trees.

Won't you coo and call at all times of the day
for him who has a coral mouth to come quickly to me?

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

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

O cuckoo bird!

You live with your beloved wife
listening to the kamaram music of the bees
that have dots on their bodies,
in the groves where fragrant flowers bloom
and spread their smell.

Coo and call the dark-colored god
who shines like a diamond so he will come to me.

548. My bones melt.

My long spear-like eyes do not close.
I entered an ocean of sorrow
and I could not find the boat called the god Vaikundan
to escape from my suffering.

O cuckoo bird!

You know how hard it is to be apart from your beloved.

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

550. Rishikesan who is worshipped by the gods
in all directions made me unhappy with love
and the beauty of the white pearl like-smile
of my red mouth and of my breasts was all lost.
O young cuckoo bird!
You sleep in a beautiful place
in a grove blooming with flowers.
If you coo and call for the true god to come to me,
I will bow down to you with my head.
I don't know any other way to pay you back.
551. My breasts have grown out and they are happy because they want to embrace the lord who sleeps on the surging milky ocean. They make me sad also since I have not seen him. O beautiful cuckoo bird, why are you hiding? If you coo and call and make the god who carries a discus, conch and strong club come to me, you will have the benefit of doing many generous acts.

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

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

554. I fell in love with the god
who measured the world and became his devotee,
but he only makes me sad
because I love him and I have not seen him.
I cannot describe the sorrow
that the breeze and the moon give me.
O cuckoo bird!
Don’t make me suffer
staying in this grove and cooing always.
If you don’t call today for Narayaṇan to come,
I will chase you away from here.
555. The Paṭṭar Kodai, chief of Puduvai
where Brahmins live who recite with music the four Vedas
composed ten poems about how a woman
who has spear-like eyes asked a cuckoo bird
to call for the god who grew into the sky
and measured the world to come, saying,
"O dark cuckoo bird!
Coo and call my beloved who has the color of the ocean."
Those who learn these poems and recite them and say,
"Namo, Narayanaa!" will reach the god.

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

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

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

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

Dancing women carried shining lights and kalasams and went in front of him and welcomed him. The king of Madura walked touching the earth as the earth shook.

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

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

560. O friend, I had a dream.
Dancing women carried shining lights and kalasams and went in front of him and welcomed him. The king of Madura walked touching the earth as the earth shook.
561. O friend, I had a dream.
The drums were beaten.
The lined conches were blown.
My bridegroom, Nambi Madhusudanan,
came and held my hand
under the pandal that was decorated
with hanging strings of pearl garlands.

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

563. O friend, I had a dream.
He is the refuge for this birth
and the fourteen future births.
He is Narayanan Nambi and he is our king.
He held my feet with his perfect divine fingers
and placed them on the grinding stone.
564. O friend, I had a dream.
My brothers who have shining faces
and who carry bows
came and stood in front of us.
They kindled the fire and made it bright
and joined my hand with the hand of Achuthan
who once took the form of a lion,
and they poured popped rice on it.

565. O friend, I had a dream.
I was decorated with kumkum
and smeared with cool sandal paste.
I went with him on an elephant in procession
circling through all the auspicious streets
as people sprinkled turmeric water on us.

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

567. O white conch, you were born in the ocean.

Tell me, I ask you anxiously.

What is the taste and the fragrance
of the mouth of Madhavan
who broke the tusks of the elephant?

Does it have the fragrance of camphor?

Does it have the fragrance of a lotus flower?

Does his beautiful red coral mouth taste sweet?

568. O beautiful conch!

You were born in the ocean.

You entered the body of the Asuran Panchajanya
and you rest in the hand of the god now.

You make the sound of victory
when the god conquers the evil Asurans.

569. You are a wonderful conch!

Like the full moon that rises in the autumn
from behind the large mountain,
you stay in the hands of Vasudevan
the king of northern Madura.

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

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

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

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

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

575. O great and fortunate conch!
You drink the nectar from the mouth of Madhavan
as if you were drinking honey.
Won’t his sixteen thousand wives be angry
when they see you with him
drinking the nectar that all others want to drink?

576. Paṭṭarpiran Kodai
who is famous in rich Puduvai
composed ten Tamil poems
describing the god Padmanabhan with the Panchajanya conch.
Those who learn and recite these poems
will be near the god.

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577. O clouds!
You look like a blue blanket covering the sky.
Thirumaal, the god of Venkaṭam hill where clear water flows
has not come to see me
and my eyes shed tears that fall on my breasts.
I am tired. I am just a woman.
Is it right that he should destroy my pride like this?
578. O great clouds!
You pour rain like rich pearls.
Do you have any message
from the god of Venkaṭam, the generous one
who has the dark color of night?
My love for him burns me like fire.
If in the middle of the night
the breeze comes and hurts me, I
how will I survive?

579. O clouds, you are generous
and give rain to the earth.
My shining beauty, bangles, mind and sleep
have all gone, taking my pride with them.
I survive singing the great qualities of Govindan,
the god of Thiruvenkaṭam where cool waterfalls flow.
580. O shining clouds with lightning!
He is the lord of Thiruvenkaṭam
and the goddess Lakshmi stays on his handsome chest.
Can you tell him that my breasts desire
every day to embrace his golden chest?

581. O dark clouds!
You rise in the sky and spread everywhere.
You pour rain in Thiruvenkaṭam
and make the flowers bloom and drip honey.
The god who split open the body of Hiraṇyan
with his sharp nails
has taken away my bangles.
If you would go to him to bring back my bangles,
tell him how much I love him and suffer.

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

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

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

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

586. Vishṇuchithan Kodai, the chief of Puduvai
flourishing with richness composed ten Tamil poems
about how a thalaivi who has a beautiful forehead
asks the clouds to go as messengers
and tell the suffering of her love
to the god who sleeps on the snake bed.
Those who learn these poems and keep them in their minds
will become devotees of the god.
587. O velvet mites,
you are colored like red sinduram powder.
You fly everywhere in the groves of Thirumaalirunjolai.

He churned the milky ocean with Manthara mountain
and took the sweet nectar from it.
I am caught in my love for the god who has handsome arms.
It is like a net. Will I survive this sorrow?

588. O friend,
the mullai flowers on the vines in the forest
filled with blossoms laugh at me in Thirumaalirunjolai
where elephants fight with each other and play.
The vines that grow in the rainy season
bloom as if to say, "You will not survive!"
To whom can I tell the pain that his garland gives me?
589. O beautiful karvilai flowers! Kaya flowers!
You have the color of Thirumaal.
Tell me how I can survive.
Is it right that strong-armed Nambi of Thirumaalirunjolai
who is always playing
should come into our house and steal my bangles?

590. O cuckoo birds who live in the flourishing groves!
Peacocks! Beautiful karvilai blossoms!
Fresh kala fruits! Colorful fragrant kaya flowers!
You are my five most powerful enemies.
Why must you have the color of the dear lord
of beautiful Thirumaalirunjolai?
Is it to make me sad with love and hurt me?
591. O swarm of bees,
you have the divine color of the dark cloud-colored god
who has beautiful eyes
and who stays in Thirumaalirunjolai
surrounded with flourishing flowers.
O abundant, beautiful mountain springs!
O lovely lotus flowers!
Tell me, who can be my refuge?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

600. O mullai vine! You are like a young girl!
Don’t hurt me with your smile.
You shine like the discus of the lord.
I go to you for refuge—please show me your love.
The young lord who cut off Surpanakha’s nose promised he would never be apart from me.
If his promise is false, it would be better if I had not been born.

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

602. O flock of peacocks!
You have the beautiful color of the dear lord Kaṇṇan
and move gracefully
as if you had studied long to learn to dance.
I bow to your feet.
Do you see the sorrow of love that the dear god
who sleeps eternally on Adishesha on the ocean
has given me?
603. O lovely peacocks!
You dance beautifully spreading your wings.
I am pitiful and have no interest in seeing you dance.
Govindan, the god who dances kudavai kuthu on a pot,
has taken all my feelings with him.
It is cruel of you to dance happily,
reminding me of him and giving me pain.

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

605. O milky ocean, O milky ocean!
The god Maayavan churned you
and took the nectar from you,
and just like that he entered my heart
and took my life away.
Will you go to the god who sleeps on the snake bed
and tell him how I suffer for his love?
606. O dear friend!
The wonderful one who sleeps on the snake bed, our highest lord, is great but we are small. What can we do for him? Yet if Vishṇuchithan, the chief of Villiputhur, calls his god lovingly by composing beautiful poems we may be able to see him.

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

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

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

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

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

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

613. When he had the form of Rama,
the divine god of Srirangam,
surrounded by strong walls,
suffered as he thought of his wife Sita.
He didn’t eat or sleep when he was without her
and he made a bridge over the ocean
to bring her back from Lanka.
Now he doesn’t worry about us
who are separated from him
and only thinks of making himself happy.
614. He, the bright lord, took the form of an unclean pig in ancient times, split open the ground and rescued the earth goddess who had been hidden by an Asuran. Even if I don’t want to think of the promises that the beautiful shining god of Srirangam made to me, I cannot forget them.

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

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

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

618. There is no use being ashamed because I love the god.
All the neighbors know about it.
Don’t try to do something and make me like I was before.
I fell in love with Kaṇṇan.
If you really want to save me,
take me to the cowherd village.
I will only survive if I see the Maayan
who measured the world in the form of a dwarf.

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

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

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

622. The cool cloud of the rainy season, the karuvilai flowers, the kaya blossoms, and the lotus flowers all attract me and tell me,
"Go to Rishikeshan’s place.
He is sweating, hungry, feels weak in his stomach and wants food,
and he looks for the wives of the rishis to bring him something to eat."
Take me to where he waits for food and leave me there.

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

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

625. My parrot that stays in its cage always says, "Govinda, Govinda!" If I am angry at it and don’t feed it, it calls him loudly and says, "O Lord who have measured the world!" If I leave home and go to his place, people will blame you, my relatives, and you will be ashamed. Take me to Dwarapathi filled with high palaces and leave me there.
626. Vishṇuchithan Kodai, the chief of Puduvai filled with shining golden palaces composed a garland of beautiful poems with music, described how the thalaivi who has long hair tells her relatives her firm decision to go to join Kaṇṇan, and she asks them to take her on a pilgrimage from Madurai to Dwarapathi and leave her with Kaṇṇan. Those who learn and recite these ten poems will reach Vaikuṇṭam.

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627. I love Kaṇṇan, the dark god and think of him. I long to see him and suffer. O mothers! Your gossip is like pouring tamarind juice on a wound. The dear lord does not know how this girl suffers. Bring the colorful silk cloth that decorates his waist and use it to fan me and make me cool.
628. I fell into the love-net of the highest lord
who sleeps on the soft banyan leaf.
Don't gossip uselessly
as if you were piercing someone with a spear.
He is a cowherd and grazes the cows holding a stick.
He is the god who danced on a pot in Kuḍanthai.
Bring the cool Thulasi garland of the dark-colored god
and decorate my soft curly hair.

629. He is the lord who destroyed Kamsan with his strong bow.
The glances from the corners of his eyes go through my heart
like sharp spears and make me weak and hurt.
He doesn't tell me, "Don't worry!"
O mothers! If that matchless god gives the garland
from his chest and doesn't cheat me,
bring it and spread it on my chest.
630. He, the dark bull who stole butter and milk from the cowherd village women, has made me weak with his love and I am heartbroken. Who is there to relieve this sorrow? He is as sweet as nectar. Bring the water that springs from his the nectar-like mouth. If you feed me that, the weakness of my body and my sickness of love will go away.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Seeing Kaṇṇan in Brindavan.

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

637. "Playing like a young calf, he makes the cows crazy as he goes behind his brother Baladevan. Did you see that dark bull-like one?"

"We saw him grazing the cows and giving them water. He loves them and plays with them in Brindavan."

638. "Did you see Govardhanan who steals butter, eats it and smells of ghee? He left me and went to the cowherd village."
He looked like the clouds shining with lightning in Brindavan as he played there.

639. "Did you see Nambi Maal who was born as a child? He bewitched all the young girls, telling unbelievable lies. Did you see him coming here?"
"We saw him flying on Garuḍa protected by it from the heat in Brindavan."

640. "Did you see the god who attracted me with his dark beautiful lotus eyes, tied me with his love, pulled me and played with me?"
"We saw him who is like a baby elephant that is covered with a cloth decorated with pearls. We saw him sweating and playing in Brindavan."
641. "Did you see Madhavan, my god, my jewel, who is like a pig that has been caught in a net and escaped? Has no one seen him? Doesn't he want to show himself to anyone?"
"We saw him who is like a dark baby cloud decorated with golden clothes when he came on the street in Brindavan."

642. "Did you see the naughty one who has beautiful eyebrows that bend like the Sarngam bow? He doesn't have any compassion for the young girls who love him and is always bothering them. He doesn't know how to get along with others."
"We saw him who has a dark body and a fair face. He looked like the bright sun rising from behind a hill. We saw him in Brindavan."
643. "Did you see him who is like a beautiful dark cloud? Is his mind as dark as his body? He makes many promises to girls but doesn’t keep them. Doesn’t he have any compassion?"
"We saw him who is bright as the sky filled with stars when he came with a big crowd in Brindavan."

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

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

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

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

648. When will the day come
that I can praise wholeheartedly our god, Maayon,
decorated with fragrant garlands
and dark as a kayam flower.
He stays in my mind like a pillar
and sleeps on the water in Srirangam
on the fiery snake that has a curving body
and a thousand heads that spit fire
and that looks like a canopy made of fresh flowers.
649. When will the day come
when I can place flowers under his feet
and approach the god with his devotees
where the good Nanmuhan who has four faces
and eight beautiful eyes praises the god
with his four tongues
as our dear lord shining like pure gold
keeps him on a lovely lotus on his navel
while he sleeps on the beautiful snake bed in Srirangam.

650. When will the day come when I fold my hands
and worship the king who has the color of the ocean
and sprinkle pure fresh flowers with my hands
to Maal who split open the mouth of the bird,
the bull among the cowherds
who carried Govardhana mountain to save the cows?
He is the king of the gods in the sky.
He is sweet Tamil poetry, he is Sanskrit.
He sleeps on a snake bed in Srirangam
where the sages who are without attachment
praise him with their tongues.
651. When will the day come
when I worship, bowing my head,
and see the dear sapphire-colored god
decorated with garlands
who sleeps on the snake bed in Srirangam
that is rich and filled with palaces and beautiful porches,
where Narada and the rishi Thumburu praise the god,
playing sweet matchless music on their yaazhs
and Nanmuhan, decorated with beautiful flowers,
worships him constantly with the incomparable ancient Vedas.

652. When will the day come when I worship
melting in my heart and see the divine face
bright as the moon and the lotus eyes of the god
who sleeps on the snake bed in beautiful Srirangam
surrounded by groves blooming with fragrant flowers,
where Nanmuhan who stays on a beautiful lotus,
Shiva, Indira and all other gods, Apsarases
and wise sages join together and sprinkle flowers
in all the directions to worship the god.
653. When will the day come
when my eyes, filled with tears,
see the dark-colored Maayon who sleeps on the snake bed
in beautiful Srirangam on the Kaveri river?
He changes the evil hearts of people to good,
helps them control their five senses
and relieves them from the burden of their troubles and sickness
and makes them his devotees
so they can follow the ways of dharma in their minds.

654. When will the day come
when I, who have done bad karma,
can see and join happily the god
who sleeps on the snake bed in Srirangam
surrounded by groves and flourishing fields
where fish frolic?
When will the day come when I can join him,
protected by his long bent bow, his conch, his discus
that destroys enemies, his cruel shining sword,
his vehicle Garuḍa who flies in the sky?
655. When will the day come
when I worship, jumping and rolling on the ground,
and see the dear god who carries a discus
and sleeps on the snake bed in Srirangam
where devotees, joined together as a group
who love the god in their minds,
sing devotional songs,
shed tears like rain, praise him happily
and where the beating of beautiful drums
is like the sound of the ocean.

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

657. The dear god sleeps on the snake bed in Srirangam on Ponni river.

Kulasekaran, the king with a strong army who carries a victorious shining sword and sits under a royal umbrella, composed ten Tamil poems praising the lord of Srirangam. Those who have learned these poems well and recite them will stay under the feet of Naraṇan who showers goodness to all.

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658. If I am able to see and join the happy group of true devotees who call, sing and dance, enthralled and think only of Rangan of south Srirangam
who is as sweet as honey, hard to find,
decorated with garlands that never wither,
and who has the goddess of wealth seated on his chest,
that will be the purpose of this birth.

659. If I can see and join the devotees
who praise the god saying,
"O Ranga, you embrace Lakshmi
who sits on a lotus with blooming buds.
You cut down the tall mango tree with your shining sword
and you grazed the cows,"
and if I can think only of him and call him,
dance, sing and worship the dust on his devotees' feet,
why should I desire to bathe in the Ganges?

660. The devotees sing and praise the god, saying,
"You conquered the bulls.
Taking the form of a boar you split the earth.
As Rama you conquered your enemy Ravaṇan.
You came in the form of a dwarf and measured the earth."
When I see your devotees as they make the front yard of the god Rangan’s temple wet with their tears that are like the flow of abundant water of the rich Ponni river, I will put on my head the good dust that is beneath their divine feet.

661. My heart praises and worships the divine feet of the devotees who call, worship, melt and praise the god, saying, "Naraṇa, you are our dear god. You were not afraid that Yashoda might punish you when she saw you stealing and eating the butter, good yogurt and milk. You stood there bravely and tapped your arms in front of her."

662. He has the color of a dark cloud and carries a heroic bow. He killed seven evil bulls, breaking their horns, and he danced on the snake Kalingan. My mind trembles
when I think of the devotees
whose bodies shake when they worship the god Rangan
who stays in southern Srirangam
surrounded by strong shining stone walls.

663. In all my births, my heart worships and praises
those devotees who love and serve the god Rangan
and wander everywhere to show
the faultless good path to sinners
who do not have devotion
and do not worship the divine feet of Maal
who has no beginning or end,
the wonderful one, the dear god of the gods.

664. My heart loves and praises
the feet of the devotees
who love the god Maal and shed tears,
melting in their hearts as they worship him
who is a bright wonderful light, Rangan,
the god of Srirangam, who has a red mouth,
teeth that shine like pearls, a body dark as a cloud,
and a chest decorated with garlands.

665. The god has lovely flower-like eyes
and his divine mountain-like chest
wears a fragrant Thulasi garland
swarming with bees and dripping with honey
as he sleeps on the milky ocean.
My heart falls in love with those devotees,
who are fascinated by him
and wander, sing, dance and worship Rangan, our dear god.

666. The devotees of Rangan, my lord and father,
as they shed tears of joy,
tremble, long for him in their hearts
worship, dance and sing.
They seem mad but they are not.
It is they who do not worship, dance, sing
and praise the god who are truly mad.
667. Kulasekharan, the king of Uraiyr, the lord of Kuḍal Nagar and the protector of Kolli hills composed sweet Tamil poems on the god Rangan, the beloved of Lakshmi who stays on a lotus. He abides in the minds of his true devotees who think only of him and serve him as slaves. Those who learn and recite these poems will become the devotees of his devotees.

668. I do not want to join the people of this world who all think that this false life on earth is true. I call you, "O dear father, Ranga!" and suffer falling in love with my god Maal.

669. I do not join the people in the world who love women with beautiful waists as thin as threads.
I called you, saying, "O Ranga, you sleep on the banyan leaf, I am calling you, my god!"
My love increases for the god Maal and I suffer with love for him.

670. I do not join the people who fall in love when cupid sends his mischievous arrows from his beautiful bow. My god Rangan is adorned with garlands on his chest. He is my good god Naraṇan and he sleeps on Adishesha. He saves his devotees from falling into hell. I am crazy for him.

671. I do not join the people of this world who desire food and clothes and search for them. See, I am crazy for the god of the world, Rangan, who drank milk from the breasts of the cruel devil Puthana.

672. I do not join those who do evil things when there are good things to do. I am crazy for the ancient god, the cowherd, Rangan, the beloved husband of innocent Lakshmi who stays on a beautiful lotus.
673. I will not join those who are not the devotees of my highest god. I do not think the life of any other god in the sky is best. For all my seven births I want to be a crazy devotee of my dear god in divine Srirangam, the god of gods.

674. I shun the thought of joining anyone in my mind who is not your devotee. I call you, "O god Maal, you have beautiful eyes, you are my Rangan, you are my lord!" and I become crazy for you, my dear god.

675. Everyone in the world looks crazy to me. and I am also crazy. I tell this to all and call you, "O cowherd, Ranga!" and I become crazy for you, my dear god.

676. The king of Kongu country Kulasekharar
who thinks only of the feet
of the god who sleeps on the ocean
composed poems about the devotees
who are crazy for the god.
Those who recite the words of Kulasekaran
will have no troubles in their lives.

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The Azhvar wishes to become a bird, fish, plant, flower, bee, path, river,
doorstep or anything on the Thiruvenkaṭam hills.

677. I do not want this body that is a bundle of flesh.
I want to be born as a kurugu bird that lives
on the branches of the trees in Thiruvenkaṭam
of the god who carries a conch in his left hand
and who conquered seven strong bulls.
I want only to be his slave.

678. I do not want endless wealth or status,
I don’t want to be surrounded by heavenly women
or have the joy of ruling the sky
and a kingdom on the earth.
I want to be born as a fish in a spring
in Thiruvenkaṭam filled with groves
flourishing with flowers dripping with honey.
679. Shiva who has a jaṭa, Nanmuhan and Indra could not enter the divine entrance of Vaikuṇṭam even when they approached it, but I will enter holding the golden plate that the king of Thiruvenkaṭam ate from who carries a shining round discus.

680. Maayon sleeps on the cool milky ocean where fertile coral-creepers float. I would have the good fortune of blooming as a shenbaga flower in Thiruvenkaṭam hills where a swarm of bees sings and praises the god. I will see the feet of Maayon, decorated with anklets, who stays in the Thiruvenkaṭam hills.

681. I do not want to sit on the neck of a rutting elephant that frightens everyone and know the joy of riding it. I want to have the good fortune of standing as a pole in the beautiful Venkaṭam hills of our dear god.
682. I do not want to enjoy
the dance and songs of heavenly women
like Urvasi and Menaka whose waists are thin as lightning.
I want to have the good fortune of being a golden peak
in the Thiruvenkatam hills
where bees swarm and sing "tenna, tenna."

683. I do not want the luxury of sitting
under a white royal umbrella
bright as the moon that rules the sky.
I want to be a forest river that flows
from the Thiruvenkatam hills surrounded with groves
blooming with flowers that drip honey.

684. I want to be a path on the Thiruvenkatam hills
surrounded by cool fragrant groves,
where the god stays who is the meaning of the Vedas
and who helped Nanmuhan, Indra
and Shiva who wears crescent moon in his Jata
when they performed sacrifices.
685. O, Thirumaal, you take away the bad karma of all. You are highest god! You stay in the Thiruvenkaṭam hills. Devotees, gods and Apsarases stand at the entrance of your temple to see you. I will become a step at the threshold of your temple and I will see your coral mouth.

686. Even if I were to become the king of the world of the gods, rule it beneath a sole umbrella and enjoy the waist of Urvasi, decorated with beautiful golden ornaments, I would not want it. I want to become anything on the golden hills of Thiruvenkaṭam of my god.

687. Kulasekharan who carries a sharp spear that kills enemies worshipped the god and wished to see the golden shining feet of him who stays in the Thiruvenkaṭam hills whose slopes are cool and lovely. He composed poems praising the god. The Tamil scholars who learn well the poems of Kulasekaran will become good devotees of the god.
Praising the God of Vitruvakkoṭṭam

688. You are the beloved god of Vitruvakkoṭṭam surrounded with fragrant blooming groves. Do not give me troubles, I have no refuge but you. I am like a crying child who thinks of the love of the mother who gave birth to it even if she goes away when she is angry.

689. A girl of a good family does not know anyone except the husband who married her even if he treats her so badly that those who see him hate him. I am like her. You are my father. You are the god of Vitruvakkoṭṭam surrounded by forts that touch the sky. Even if you are like a husband and possess me, I will praise only your feet decorated with sounding anklets.
690. You are my father
You are the god of Vitruvakkoṭṭam
surrounded by fertile fields where fish swim.
Even if you do not look at me,
I have no refuge except you.
I am like those who live depending on the rule
of a king decorated with garlands
even if, unconcerned, he causes them much pain.

691. You are my father.
You are the god of Vitruvakkoṭṭam.
A patient loves and does not leave a doctor
even when he cuts him with a knife and burns him.
I am like that patient even if you cause me pain
that I must bear. I am enthralled by you.
I am your slave and look only for your grace
and think you are my only friend.

692. You are my father.
You are the god of Vitruvakkoṭṭam.
You conquered the strong elephant that had cruel eyes.
Where can I go and be saved except beneath your feet?
I am like a huge bird that wanders
looking for the shore of the ocean with rolling waves
and, unable to find it, comes back
to the mast of the ship.
693. You are my father.
You are the god of Vitruvakkoṭṭam
where red lotuses only bloom under the hot sun
even though the sun comes to the middle of the sky
and burns them with its heat.
I am like those lotuses.
Even if you do not take away my bad karma,
my heart only melts for your endless grace.

694. You are my father.
You are the god of Vitruvakkoṭṭam.
Even when it has not rained for a long time,
the green crops look at the huge dark clouds
floating in the sky hoping it will rain.
I am like them. I am your slave.
Even if my troubles will not go away,
my heart will look only for you.

695. You are my father.
You are the god of Vitruvakkottam!
Even if all the rivers come together
spread and flood everywhere,
they cannot stay where they are but must join the ocean.
You are the ocean I wish to join like those rivers.
You are a virtuous god!
You have the color of a dark shining cloud!
See, I have no way to find refuge
except to come to you with your grace.

696. You are my father.
You are the god of Vitruvakkottam.
You carry a shining discus bright as lightning.
I am someone who wants only you.
I think of you only as my wealth
and want no other other riches.
I am your slave. I want only you.

697 Kulasekharan who carries a victorious spear
loved the god and composed ten good Tamil poems
praising Maal and saying, "You are my father.
You are the god of Vitruvakkottam.
Even if you do not give me your grace
I have no other refuge than your feet."
Those who learn and recite the ten excellent Tamil poems
that Kulasekharan composed will not go to hell.

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The love of a cowherd girl for Kaṇṇan
698. Many of the cowherd women in this town decorated with fresh flowers say they don’t desire to embrace your chest because you lied to them.

I am standing on a sand dune on the bank of the Jamuna river, shaking in the cold that comes after a strong rain.

O Vasudeva, I am waiting for you to come.

699. You saw a lovely girl with beautiful fish-like eyes churning yogurt in her home near you and you entered her house like a thief and said, "I will also churn yogurt."

When the girl whose long beautiful hair was decorated with flowers that swarmed with bees saw you, her bright face sweated and her red mouth quivered.

O Damodara, I know truly how you churn the yogurt!
700. You looked at one girl
whose dark hair was decorated with flowers,
you approached another girl and your heart fell for her,
you told another girl about her,
you told lies to another innocent girl,
and you embraced a young girl who has curly hair,
but you are not true to any of them.
You are the god who destroyed the wrestlers
who came in the form of marudu trees.
As you grow, your magic grows with you.

701. Even though there is nectar-like milk
in your mother’s breast, you crawled
and toddled to the devil Puthana,
put your mouth to her breasts
and drank her poisonous milk.
Those who saw you called you crazy.
I am here and I love you,
but you joined with the girl
I sent as a messenger and enjoyed her.
Is that also one of your naughty deeds?
702. I saw you decorated with golden silk clothes as you went on the street in the dark night with another girl with a thin lightning-like waist. I stood there and saw how you looked at her as she looked at you, but you were also gesturing with your hands to call another girl who saw you. Why did you return leaving them all? Dear one, go back to them now.

703. O Vasudeva, you have strong heroic arms. Did I do something to get bad karma? When I went to sleep in the middle of the night, you left me on the bed alone, and not only that night, O my dear one, but other nights also. And after you embraced young girls, you came back to me. Why did you come back and leave them? O dear one, get up and go to them.
704. You sleep on the snake bed of Adishesha.
We are not like the ones you knew before,
not like those you loved
who have beautiful eyes decorated with kohl.
Stop coming to our village and staying here.
It is enough that we fell for you,
looking at your beautiful garment, divine face,
fruit-like red lips and listening to the music of your flute.
If we hear your lies for one day, that is enough.
Stop saying your cheating words to attract us.
O young one, please go away.

705. You asked me to come here
but you went to the pandal blooming
with clusters of jasmine and loved her.
When you saw me, you muttered
as if your heart was melting for me.
Even though you brought a golden dress for me
and lied that you love me before you went away,
when you come to see me again
I will still care for you,
and if I see you my anger may go away.

706. Your chest is decorated
with lovely, auspicious flower garlands
and you wear peacock feathers in your hair.
Your bright clothes are beautiful
and your ears are adorned with a bunch of flowers.
You played sweet music on the flute for the girls,
whose hair is decorated with fragrant kongu flowers
and flirted with them.
Would you come and play music
on your flute one day to enthral us?

707. Kulasekharar the chief of Kolli hills
composed ten sweet Tamil poems
describing how the young cowherd girls
fell in love with the beloved of beautiful goddess Lakshmi
who stays on a lotus flower
and how they expressed their wish
to fight with him lovingly in the night.
Those who recite with music these sweet ten Tamil poems
of Kulasekaran will have no troubles in life.

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Devaki's lullaby and worry

708. You are as sweet as the sugarcane juice
that comes from a sugarcane press, thaalo.
Your big eyes are lovely as lotuses in the water, thaalo.
Your color is like the water of the ocean, thaalo.
You are the king who killed the elephant Kuvalayabeedam, thaalo.
You are my son who has handsome fragrant hair, thaalo.
I am more unlucky than all other mothers
because I don’t have the good fortune
of singing a lullaby and saying "thaalo, thaalo" for you.

709. Your beautiful lotus eyes are decorated with kohl.
You look up and see the decorations on the cradle.  
You look like a baby cloud.  
As you bend your legs and put your fingers in your mouth, 
you look like an elephant bending its trunk and sleeping.  
O Kesava, I don’t have the good fortune  
of seeing these things when you are a baby.  

Mothers who come from good families  
keep their children on their laps and say,  
"You are my dear one,  
you are the bright light of our family,  
you are like a bull that has the color of a cloud."  
When someone asked you, "Who is your father?"  
you looked at Nandagopan out of the corner of your eyes  
and pointed at him with your beautiful fingers.  
Vasudevan, our chief, does not have the good fortune  
of being your father.  

O Kaṇṇa! Your face is like a shining full moon.  
Your hands, chest and arms are strong.
Your dark hair is decorated with fresh flowers.
Your forehead is like the crescent moon.
Your eyes are like lotuses blooming in a pond.
I do not have the fortune of seeing
you with my eyes when you are a baby
even though I think of myself as your mother.
I am unlucky and I don’t have the pleasure
of raising my child, yet still I am alive.

712. You kissed your father Nandagopan
and your mother Yashoda with your beautiful lips
as the chuṭṭi ornament on your beautiful forehead swung around.
You put your sweet fingers into your lovely mouth
and prattled innocently.
When your father saw you like that
his heart was filled with joy,
but I did not have the good fortune of seeing those things
or listening to your baby talk.
Only the divine Yashoda has known that joy.
713. O Kanna! You have cool lotus eyes.
You crawled and toddled in the cowherd village.
You played in the red sand.
I don’t have the good fortune of embracing you
and covering my chest with the red sand you played with.
When you eat your food you scatter it all over.
I never had the good fortune of eating
what was left over on your plate.
Surely, my karma is bad.
What is the use of my mother gave birth to me?

714. O sweet one! You are my lovely child.
O Govinda! Babies hold on to one of their mothers’ breasts
with their young beautiful hands
that are as tender as shoots and drink milk.
They look at their mother’s face and smile at them.
I don’t have the fortune of feeding you milk like that.

715. You took butter with your small lotus-bud-like hands
and ate it.
When Yashoda brought a rope
you were afraid she was going to hit you.
Your beautiful mouth smeared with yogurt,
you looked at Yashoda with fear and cried.
Your small red mouth trembled.
You folded your hands and worshipped her
and when she saw this, she found endless joy.

716. You stopped the rain with Govardhana mountain
and protected the cows.
You danced the beautiful kuravai dance and the pot dance.
You carried the Rakshasas who came in the form of calves,
threw them at the vilam fruit tree and killed them.
You danced on the head of Kalingan the snake.
I never saw how you played like this as a child.
My heart never felt the joy of seeing these things.
Give me your grace that I may see you play like that
if you can do it again.

717. When you drank milk from the breasts of Puthana,
the evil-hearted one, her body became withered, 
blood flowed out and her nerves were broken. 
You survived even though you drank her poisonous milk 
and gave your grace to all. 
You took the life of Kamsan, 
my father, you are like a dark cloud. 
My breasts are a burden to me and I cannot use them. 
I think I will see you one day 
and that is the only thing I am living for. 
You have a good mother, Yashoda.

718. Kulasekharan the king of Kolli 
who bowed down with his head and worshipped the god 
wrote a garland of ten Tamil poems 
describing how Devaki was sad not to have the fortune 
of seeing her son grow up 
who fought with Kamsan the king of Madura and killed him. 
Those who learn and recite these fine musical Tamil poems 
will be with Naraṇan soon.

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The story of Rama in lullaby
719. You were born from the beautiful womb of Kausalai who is praised by the whole world.
You made the crown of the king of Lanka fall.
You are the dark jewel who stays in Kaṇṇapuram surrounded by new walls studded with pure gold.
You are my sweet nectar!
O Raghava, thaalelo. thaalelo.

720. You created Nanmuhan on your navel and make him create all the worlds.
You shot the arrow that split the chest of strong Thaḍagai and killed her.
You are the dark jewel of Kaṇṇapuram who attracts the minds of all who see you.
You rule the lands in all the eight directions.
O Raghava, thaalelo. thaalelo.

721. You are the best son of the dynasty of Kosalai whose dark hair is decorated with kongu blossoms.
You are the beautiful son-in-law of the king Janakan whose fame remains forever.
You are the son of Dasharatha.
You are the dark jewel of Kaṇṇapuram where pure water flows like the Ganges.
You are the sweet nectar of our family.
O Raghava, thaalelo, thaalelo.

722. You created Nanmuhan on the lotus.
You are the wonderful son of Dasharathan.
You are the husband of Mythili.
You are the dark jewel of Thirukkanapuram
where bees sing in the groves.
You carry the best of bows that shoots heroic arrows.
O Raghava, thaalelo, thaalelo.

723. You gave your kingdom to your brother Bharathan.
You went to the thick forest
with your younger brother Lakshmana who loved you so.
Your handsome chest is strong as a mountain.
You are the king of Thirukkanapuram.
You wear the precious crown that rules the world.
You are the son of Dasharatha, thaalelo.

724. You went to the terrible forest
and all your relatives followed you.
You are the wonderful god of the sages
who have left the desires of worldly life.
You are the king of Ayodhya.
You are the dark jewel of Kaṇṇapuram
where learned men live.
You obeyed the words of your step-mother.
O auspicious Rama, thaalelo, thaalelo.

725. You are the baby that floated on a banyan leaf.
You swallowed the earth.
You killed Vali and gave the kingdom
to his younger brother Sugrivan.
You are the dark jewel of Kaṇṇapuram
where the wind makes the waves bring jewels
to the banks of rivers.
You are the king of Thiruvaali.
You are the king of Ayodhya, thaalelo.

726. You made the monkeys build a dam on the ocean.
You destroyed Lanka surrounded by walls.
You churned the wavy milky ocean
and gave nectar to the gods.
You are the dark jewel of Kaṇṇapuram
where the best poets and artists live.
You are the best of archers.
You are the servant of your devotees,
O Srirama, thaalelo, thaalelo.
727. You are the son of Dasharathan whose hair is tied with fragrant flowers. You bent your bow and destroyed Lanka surrounded by walls. You are the dark jewel of Kaṇṇapuram where beautiful kazuneer flowers bloom on all sides. You are compassionate and give your grace to young ones, thaalelo, thaalelo.

728. You have created the gods, Asurans and all the directions. You sleep in Srirangam where all come and worship your feet. You are the dark jewel of Kaṇṇapuram where the fertile Kaveri river flows. You are the best of archers and your bow shoots mighty arrows. O Raghava, thaalelo.

729. Kulasekharan the strong king who sits under a royal umbrella and carries a murderous spear composed these ten poems, a garland of Tamil lullabies describing the god of the Kakutstha dynasty who stays in Kaṇṇapuram surrounded by good strong new walls. Those who learn and recite these ten poems
will become the dear devotees of the god.

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The story of Rama—Dasharathan's worry

730. You were going to become king as the people of this flourishing country bowed to your strong feet and worshipped you. When you were about to sit on the throne, O Rama, your step-mother said, "Go and stay for a long time in the large forest." I listened to the words of Kaikeyi, your mother, and I asked you to go to the forest. O my dear son, that is what I did to you!

731. You listened to my cruel words and left quickly, leaving this great kingdom with its victorious elephants, chariots and horses and went to the forest.
Your lovely wife, decorated with ornaments,
her long eyes like spears smeared with oil,
and your younger brother Lakshmana followed you.
How could you walk in that cruel forest?
O our Rama! You are my dear lord.
What can I do?

You are the son of the family of Kausalai
who has long red-lined eyes that are like murderous spears.
Your mountain-like arms can fight anyone.
You know how to melt my heart.
You slept on a soft bed in the palace.
Now how are you going to sleep
under the shadow of a tree in the large forest?
When did you learn to sleep on a stone bed?
You come from the dynasty of Kahustha.
You are a dark god, O king.

Come here and then go back to the forest.
Come and see me one more time and then you can go.
To marry your wife Sita
who has lovely hair decorated with flowers
and beautiful bamboo-like arms
you broke the bow of Shiva who rides the bull.
Now you are going to the wide forest
and you make my heart suffer.
Surely I must have done bad karma.
O son! You are leaving,
yet my heart does not split in two.

734. Your soft feet will hurt
when you walk on the gravel stones
as sharp as the points of the spears enemies hold.
Your feet may bleed.
Willingly you are going to the forest
where no one wishes to go.
The sun will be hot and hunger may give you cruel pain.
You are the son of me who am a sinner.
O son! You are going now
because I listened to the evil daughter of king Kaikeyan.
Surely I must have done bad karma.
What can I do to stop you?
735. From now on I will not hear anyone calling me "amma" with love.
No more will I feel the tight embrace
of his ornamented chest on my chest.
I cannot kiss him on his forehead.
I will not be able to see his majestic walk
that is like the stride of an elephant.
I will not be able to see his lotus face anymore.
I have lost my dear one, my son.
Surely I have done terrible deeds,
yet I am still alive.

736. His hair was decorated with fragrant flowers
but now it is matted into jaṭa.
He wore soft beautiful garments on his waist
but now he wears orange clothes like a renunciant.
He does not wear any ornaments.
Is it right that my son with such handsome arms
should go to the forest instead of me?
O, Sumanthra! O sage Vashista!
You are learned men of the Vedas.
Tell me!
737. O Kaikeyi, you have sent to the forest
my divine son who is as precious as gold,
his brother Lakshmana and my daughter-in-law
whose nature is gentle, whose waist is thin as lightning
and whose speech is as sweet as a puvai bird’s.
People will blame your own son Bharatha
for what you have done,
and you are going to make me go to heaven in the sky.
What are you going to get from all this?
O Kaikeyi, How could you live happily in this huge world!

738. You broke the bow of Parasurama
who carries the mazhu weapon
and destroyed his great tapas.
Without thinking how I will suffer
and without thinking how your mother will suffer,
you just listened to my words
and my promise to your step-mother
and left for the forest.
You are my dear one.
I wish that you could be born as my son
for the next seven births.
May I have that fortune,
O king with long, strong arms.

739. I will leave Kausalai whose hair is decorated
with beautiful flowers dripping with honey
and Sumithra to suffer.
I have listened to the cruel words of the evil Kaikeyi
who followed the advice of Kuni.
You are going to the forest, leaving this rich palace happily,
and I will leave this place
and go to the gods' world happily,
O king of the dynasty of Manu.

740. Dasharatha, decorated with garlands,
his arms strong as mountains, suffered when his son,
the beautiful dark Neḍumaal, went to the forest.
Kulasekharan, the king of Kozhiyur
who carries a sharp spear and rules under a royal umbrella
composed ten Tamil poems
that describe the suffering of Dasharatha. Those who learn these Tamil poems will avoid the bad paths of life.

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Praising Rama

741. He is the light that illuminates the whole world and he stays in beautiful Ayodhya surrounded by high walls. He was born in dynasty of the sun and he sheds his light on that royal line. Heroically, he conquered the whole sky. He is Rama, tall, with beautiful eyes, whose color is that of a dark cloud. He stays in Thiruchithrakudam in Thillai. He is our dear king, our god. When will the day come when I see him joyfully with my eyes?
742. He saved the sacrifice of the rishi Vishwamithra who knew all the mantras and the Vedas. He shot a strong arrow and split the chest of Thaḍagai who came to fight him, making her blood flow out. He killed all the strong Rakshasas. See him. He stays in the Thiruchithrakuḍam in Thillai, surrounded with cool flourishing groves blooming with flowers with green tender leaves. He is the dear god who is seated on a throne studded with diamonds as three thousand Brahmins praise him.

743. To marry Sita whose long dark lovely eyes are lined with red, the heroic Rama broke the bow of Shiva who rides an angry bull and carries a mazhu weapon. He conquered kings who carried sharp spears. He stays in divine Chithrakuḍam in Thillai surrounded by tall walls. I worship the feet of those who worship the feet of Rama who carries a cruel bow in his hands that conquers his strong enemies.
744. Rama left his kingdom, obeying the words of Kaikeyi whose curly hair was decorated with bunches of fresh flowers. With the help of Guhan, his dear devotee, he crossed the Ganges. When he was in the forest, he gave his sandals and his kingdom to Bharathan who came to see him. He stays in beautiful Chithrakudam in Thillai. Those who see him happily with their two eyes, will be equal to the gods in the sky.

745. Rama killed the Rakshasa Viraḍan who had strong mountain-like arms. He received his bow from the great sage Agasthya who created rich Tamil. He cut off the nose of the beautiful Rakshasi Surpanakha. He took the lives of Karan and Dushanan. He bent his bow and shot arrows to kill the deer Marisan. He stays in Chithrakudam in Thillai and this earth is fortunate that devotees wander there bowing their heads and worshipping him.
746. Rama was separated from Vaidehi, his lovely wife.
He was sad and sent Jatayu to Vaikuṇṭam when Ravaṇa killed him.
He became friends with the king of monkeys Sugrivan,
killed Vali in the Kishkinda forest
and relieved the suffering of Sugrivan.
He made Hanuman burn Lanka
ruled by Ravaṇa, the king of the Rakshasas,
so that Hanuman’s anger would abate.
I worship the feet of the devotees who praise Rama,
the dear god who stays happily in Thiruchithrakuḍam in Thillai.

747. Rama shot his arrows to calm the stormy ocean.
He made a bridge with the help of the monkeys
and reached Lanka on the other side of the sea.
He killed the Rakshasas who carried strong long spears,
took the life of Ravaṇa the king of Lanka
and gave the kingdom to Ravaṇa’s brother Vibhishaṇa.
Returning to Ayodhya with his wife
who was lovely as Lakshmi, he was seated on his throne.
I will not consider anyone my king
except Rama who stays in Thiruchithrakuḍam in Thillai.
748. Rama reached Ayodhya filled with gold and beautiful diamond-studded palaces. He heard his own story from the mouths, red as coral, of his two sons who were born to Sita, the princess of Mithila, to save the world. If we hear and drink in the story of Rama who stays in Thiruchithrakudam in Thillai we have no need of sweet nectar.

749. Rama killed Shampukan and saved the son of the good Vedic Brahmin and he wears a jewel-studded ornament for that heroic deed that Agastya gave him. His brother Laksmança killed the Rakshasa Ilavaṇan and Rama granted him moksha. He was separated from his brother Laksmança by the curse of the sage Durvasa. If our hearts never forget the god who stays in Thiruchithrakuḍam in Thillai, we will not have any trouble in our lives.
750. By his grace all people
and creatures in the world go to Vaikuṇṭam.
He fought with the strong Asuras and conquered them.
When the dear god who is decorated with garlands
returned from the forest, the gods in the sky welcomed him.
He stays always in Thiruchithrakuḍam in Thillai.
O devotees of Rama, praise him saying, "avan ivan!"
and worship him always.

751. Kulasekharan, the king of Uraiyr,
who rules under a royal umbrella
and carries a victorious shining sword
composed a garland of ten Tamil poems
describing Rama, the son of Dasharatha,
who has endless fame and who is with Hanuman always.
They who know and recite these ten sweet good Tamil poems of Kulasekaran
will approach the feet of Naraṇan who shines with goodness.

Thirumazhisai Azhvar. Thiruchanda Virutham
Who is God? What is God? What is the nature of God?
752. You are five things—taste, light, touch, sound and smell in earth.
You are four things—taste, light, feeling of touch, and sound in water.
You are three things—taste, light and heat in fire.
You are two things—the touch and the sound of the wind.
You are the unique ancient one.
You are many things on the earth.
You are the dark-colored one.
Who has the power to know who you are?

753. You are the six actions—
learning, teaching, performing sacrifices,
making others perform sacrifices, giving and receiving.
You are worshipped by the fifteen sacrifices.
You are the beautiful two—wisdom and renunciation,
and the three devotions, devotion for god,
the devotion that gives knowledge to know god,
and the highest devotion that gives moksha.
You are the seven and six and eight.
You are many wisdoms.
You are the true and the false.
You are taste, light, touch, sound and smell.
You, Maayan, are everything on earth.
You are Maayan, who can see you?
754. You are the chief of the twenty-four philosophies, the five elements water, land, fire, wind and the sky, the five sense organs, body, mouth, eyes, nose and ears, the five organs of action, mouth, legs, hands, the unclean organs, the five senses, taste, sight, hearing, smell and touch and the four organs of knowledge, mind, ego, knowledge, and ignorance. You stay in the sky. You are all these and more. O Maayan, who can see you?

755. You are the thirty-three Sanskrit sounds. You are the five consonants. You are the sixteen vowels. You are the lord of the five special sounds in Tamil. You are the mantra with twelve sounds, "Om namo bhagavate vasudevaaya." You are the three faultless lights—the sun, the moon and the stars. You have entered into my heart—why, O my lord?

756. You are everything on the earth. You are the life of all creatures. No one knows who you are but you are in everyone and everything. There is no limit to you.
You are the ancient one.
You created Nanmuhan on your navel
who creates all creatures of the world.

The mountains burden the earth.
The sky carries the Ganges and the clouds.
You contain in yourself water, fire, wind, sky and the earth.
You protect them all and all are in you.

You are the three forms of the gods, Shiva, Vishnu and Nanmuhan.
You are sleep.
You are feelings.
You are the two times, night and day.
You are the oceans.
You are the earth.
You are the three fires.
You are Maayan, the cowherd.
The three-eyed Shiva praises you.

You are the most ancient of the ancient gods
and you abide across the worlds.
You know the birth of the ancient gods.
Who can tell the time when you became the ancient one?

760. Shiva whose red jata
is decorated with kondrai garlands that sprinkle pollen
worships your feet, following the rules of the Vedas.
You are the pure one.
Those who know the Vedas well
and those who recite the sacrificial spells
worship you in the ways that the Vedas instruct.

761. Just as the white waves born in the wide ocean
rise and go back into the ocean,
everything that is in the world is born from you,
stays and lives in the world by your grace
and goes back into you. Such is your nature.

762. You are the sounds that form the words of the Vedas
and you are the meaning of all the words in the Vedas.
You are the light that cannot be described by words.
You created Nannuahan and he creates
all the creatures of the world by your order.
Can words even begin to describe your nature?
763. You create the world,
you take it within you,
and again you create the world.
You do not remain in one place.
The world is within you
and you are separate from it also.
Who knows how you are in this world?

764. No one can say just what or who you are.
Some say that you are the beloved of Nappinnai.
Some say you are only a cowherd
and you play with cowherd girls.
Who can know your name, your place,
your birth and what form you will take in the future?
No one can know your nature.

765. You, decorated with Thulasi garlands, are pure yoga.
You took the form of a turtle.
You are the ancient god who sleeps on the deep ocean.
We do not know what your name is,
but we say you are the creator of the Samaveda
and are praised by songs of the Vedas.
You carry in your hands the Sarngam bow.
You are the four Vedas and the six Upanishads and you are their meaning.
You sleep on the wide ocean on many-headed Adishesha.
You are precious wealth.
Aren't you the god who carries a white conch and the Sarngam bow?

You are the souls of the gods, plants, people who do good and bad karma and animals.
Even though people do not know who you are, they hear of you from the Vedas and the scriptures of the sages and they know you in their hearts.
Your greatness is like that of high mountains.

You are the unique god, but you are the three gods, Shiva, Vishnu and Brahma, and you are the four gods.
You are the god who gives joy and goodness to all.
You are the god who is the source of good karma.
No one can comprehend your form.
You are the god who sleeps on Adishesha on the wide ocean.
come to the world in human form?

769. You sleep on the ocean
on the snake bed of Adishesha who has a thousand mouths, and two thousand fiery eyes.
He makes a roof for you and is never apart from you.
You have the color of the ocean.
Why do you sleep on the ocean?

770. You took the form of a swan
and taught the Vedas to the sages.
You split open the mouth of the Asuran when he came in the form of a bird.
Why do you ride on the eagle even though you carry an eagle flag?
O god, you carry a shining discus!
Why do you love to sleep on the ocean on Adishesha, the snake that is an enemy of the eagle?

771. Without being shy,
you sleep on a snake on the ocean
and the gods come there and sing and praise you.
O Kesava! You took the form of a turtle
that lives in moss-covered water.
Why did you do that and allow others to say bad things about you?
Tell us so we can understand you.

When you churned the ocean of milk
the waves were wild, the water was stirred up,
trees fell and the great earth shook
as the snake Vasuki suffered.
What did the Asuras do then?
When you went to Lanka to fight with Ravaṇa,
you were happy to get the help of the monkeys.
You are our father!
Tell us how all that happened so we can understand you.

You are the god of Srirangam.

When you churned the ocean of milk
the waves were wild, the water was stirred up,
trees fell and the great earth shook
as the snake Vasuki suffered.
What did the Asuras do then?
When you went to Lanka to fight with Ravaṇa,
you were happy to get the help of the monkeys.
You are our father!
Tell us how all that happened so we can understand you.

You are the past, present and future.
You are the ancient god.
You took the form of a child Kaṇṇan,
swallowed all the seven worlds
and slept on a banyan leaf.
You are adorned with a Thulasi garland on which bees swarm.
You embrace on your chest the goddess Lakshmi
who stays on a lovely lotus.
You are the highest god of the earth.
774. You took the form of a white lion
and with your nails you split the chest
of Hiranyak who had shining teeth.
You are Padmanabhan who sleeps on the ocean of milk.
The famous yogis recite the four Vedas
and worship you.

775. You are the great god!
The water of the Ganges flows from your lotus feet.
You carry in your beautiful hands
a discus, a conch, a club, a bow and a sword.
O god of gods, you took the form of a man-lion.
The goddess Lakshmi, decorated with beautiful blossoms
dripping with pollen, lives on your chest.
O Maayan, your body has the blue color of the ocean.

776. You took the form of a man-lion,
split open Hiranyan’s chest with your nails and killed him
who had received many boons doing hard penance.
You came in the form of a dwarf
and begged for land from Mahabali,
but what kind of lie was that, since the world is yours?
Did you hide the land in your stomach
that you received by begging him?
O Kaṇṭha! Who has the ability to know what you think?

777. You took the form of a man, Rama, and a woman, Mohini. You are what is good and what is evil. You are food, sound and smell. You are illusory and you appear to be nothing. You were a cowherd who looked after bulls. You are the false and the true. You went to Mahabali as a dwarf and took his land. You are a thief.

778. You are the light that shines crossing the sky. You are the bright form of wisdom. You are music. You are the god who destroys people’s sins. You went to king Mahabali as a dwarf-sage and begged for his land. You measured the earth with one foot, grew tall and measured the sky with the other. Who will respect you for how you have acted in cheating Mahabali?

779. You created the earth. You went as a dwarf and measured the world.
You swallowed the earth and spit it out.
You created the oceans and slept on a banyan leaf.
When the Asuras Mali and Sumali came to fight you, you sent them to Yama’s world.
You carry the discus in your strong hand,
You are Maayan!

780. You are the highest god in heaven among all the other gods.
You sleep on the ocean.
You keep Lakshmi on your chest and embrace her.
You came to this earth in human forms.
O lord, you are the form of wisdom.
No one can say what your nature is.

781. You are the sky, earth, hills, and seven oceans.
You are as beautiful as a lotus.
You enjoyed the food served for Indra and slept on a banyan leaf.
You are decorated with a lovely fragrant cool Thulasi garland that drips with pollen.
You shot a stone from your sling and hit Manthara’s hunched back.
You carry a victorious bow.
782. You carry the discus that decides the life of all.
Your fame has no limit.
You, the good lord, were born as a child
and swallowed all the seven worlds in ancient times.
You are the hero who in the form of Rama,
became angry, bent his bow and calmed the ocean.
O Murthi, you give moksha to the devotees
who worship you in their hearts.

783. You are the ancient one.
You crossed the ocean with the help of a monkey army,
fought the Raksasas, shot your cruel arrows
and destroyed them.
Your feet are beautiful as lotuses.
You begged Mahabali to give you land
and took all his land.
You measured the earth and the sky
and they all belonged to you,

784. You shot your cruel arrows
and destroyed Ravana whose teeth were bright as lightning.
You gave your grace to Vibhishana and the kingdom of Lanka.
You are the beloved of Nappinnai, the innocent woman
who speaks sweetly and who has a lovely color.
Aren't you the god who has lotus eyes?
You have everlasting fame and a golden color.
785. You are the ancient of the ancients.
You are the ancient of all the worlds.
You are the highest of all the lights.
You are the truth.
You are the Vedas.
You are the sacrifices.
You are the sky and the earth.
What is your magic that you are the ancient one and the cowherd?

786. You took the forms of a fish
that swims on the ocean and of a turtle.
You carry a discus.
You are the god who gives love to all.
You were a child for the cowherd woman Yashoda
who has a thin vine-like waist.
O lord, what is your magic
that you are a cowherd and also our god?

787. You were brought up by the cowherdess Yashoda
whose breasts were decorated with beautiful ornaments.
You destroyed Sakaṭasuran when he came in the form of a cart.
You took the life of the Asuran who came in the form of a bird. 
You drank milk from the breasts of the deceiving devil Puthana. 
How, then, could you drink the nectar from the mouths of women who wear golden bracelets on their hands?

788. You made the vilam fruits fall and destroyed the Asuran. 
You made the blooming kurundam tree fall 
and killed the Asuran Kesi. 
You split open the mouth of the Asuran who came as a bird. 
People say that you are the god Kaṇṇan 
and that is why you could do all these things with your strong hands. 
You drank the milk of the cowherdess Yashoda. 
You ate mud, you stole butter and ate it 
and you drank milk from the devil Puthana. 
You took the forms of a dwarf and a boar.

789. You are our chief who broke the tusks of a rutting elephant that dripped ichor. 
You danced on the snake Kalingan. 
You have the color of a cloud 
and you danced the kuthu dance on pots. 
Your chest is decorated with cool Thulasi garlands. 
You are the god who carries the discus that destroys your enemies.
790. You used Manthara mountain as the churning stick and churned the milky ocean.
You made a bridge using stones on the ocean to go to Lanka.
You destroyed Lanka that is surrounded by stone walls.
You are the god Kaṇṇan who has the color of a cloud and you protected the cows from the rain with Govardhana mountain.

791. You protected the elephant Gajendra from the crocodile.
You killed the elephant Kuvalayabeeḍam.
You were raised as a cowherd child and you grazed the cows and protected them from the rain with Govardhana mountain.
You fought with the seven bulls to marry Nappinnai.
What is all this magic?

792. When you were a cowherd, you loved the cowherd girl Nappinnai who had round bamboo-like arms.
O cowherd, who can conquer you?
You are the sky and the earth.
O Maaya, you are the Maayan who destroys illusions yet you are the one who creates illusions.
Is all your magic an illusion?
793. When Shiva was cursed by Nanmuhan and Nanmuhan’s head stuck to Shiva’s hand, you filled the head of Nanmuhan with your blood and it fell from Shiva’s hand. You must not be ashamed to tell about Shiva who has a red body and a crescent moon on his Jaṭa where the Ganges flows. O lord, you have fought the seven bulls. You should not be ashamed to tell about Shiva to others.

794. You are the best of everything. You broke the white tusks of an angry elephant. You destroyed Kamsan who was angry with you. You are the Maayan who measured the world, drank the milk of the deceiving devil Puthana and killed her. You are the ancient god who has the dark color of kohl.

795. You are the sweetness in milk. You are the brightness of precious gold. You have the freshness of green moss. You are the darkness of bees that drink honey and fly around ponds. You are the four seasons. Why does the world not understand the grace of the god Maal?
796. Are you on the earth?

You are mixed with the earth
and our minds do not know who you are.

What is this magic?

Are you with other gods in heaven?

Are you near? Are you far?

O Puṇṇiya, you sleep on the snake Adishesha.

You are pure and you wear a fresh Thulasi garland.

797. Your hair is adorned with a fresh Thulasi garland
with beautiful petals.

You carry a conch and a discus
and you ride on Garuḍa who has beautiful wings.

I have not received your goodness like the other devotees.

I am like a dog. Give me your grace
so I will reach moksha and not be born again.

798. O Kaṇṇa, you have the color of a dark cloud.

You are the king of the sky.

People say that you sleep on a snake bed on the ocean,
and are everywhere. You are boundless.
I am like a dog.
I want to know where you are.
I beg you, please tell me.

799. You stay on the hill of Thiruvenkatam.
You stay in the sky with the gods.
You sleep on the wide ocean on Adishesha.
You took the land from Mahabali and measured it.
You swallowed the earth.
You took the form of a boar, split the ground
and brought forth the earth goddess who was hidden.
You created all lives.
You are the ancient god
who gave godliness to the gods.

800. The Thirupadi of the god
who threw a ball happily
at the hump on the back of Manthara, the servant of Kaikeyi
who is decorated with garland on her hair where bees swarm,
is Srirangam surrounded by water
where kenḍai fish swim about, valai fish jump
and cranes swallow crabs.
801. The Thirupadi of the god who in ancient times, taking the form of heroic Rama, shot arrows from his bow with his strong hands and made the dark ocean in Lanka with its white waves grow red, is the famous Srirangam that is surrounded by groves swarming with bees where the divine water of the Kaviri flows in all the eight directions.

802. The Thirupadi of our dear god who bent his bow, shot his arrows and cut down the ten heads of Ravaṇa the king of Lanka is Srirangam where the waves of Kaviri river roll everywhere bringing gold to the shore and where Nanmuhan worshipped the god.

803. The Thirupadi of the god who fought the elephant Kuvalayabeedam who came to attack him angrily, and broke its tusks is Srirangam surrounded by clear water where the Brahmins who live there are without desire and walk holding bamboo sticks that have small pearls.
804. The Thirupadi of the ancient god Maal who cut the thousand arms of Banasuran and chased him away from the terrible battlefield as the three-eyed Shiva and his escorts who came to help the Asura also retreated with their army is the famous Srirangam surrounded by water.

805. The god who shot sharp arrows and destroyed Lanka, stays in Srirangam where the Kaviri river that was born in the summits of mountains and descends from the hills carries in its rolling waves fragrant sandal and kungumam paste as they break and dash on the banks.

806. You are the husband of the everlasting earth goddess who is as beautiful as a flower, and you also married the cowherd girl Nappinnai. You gave me your grace so that I keep your feet in my mind. You are the god Puṇḍarigan and you stay in Srirangam surrounded by the Ponni river.
The god of Kuṇḍandai

807. You are the heroic god who went to Lanka and conquered and killed the king Rāvana, making his ten heads decorated with garlands fall to the ground. You are the god Maal who stays in Kuṇḍandai where wise, faultless Brahmins who wear sacred threads and recite the Vedas worship you.

808. He carries a conch. Beautiful Lakshmi stays on his chest. He kills his enemies with his discus. He is Puṇḍarigan who stays in Kuṇḍandai where young women whose beautiful long hair is decorated with kongu flowers play in the cool abundant water.

809. O Uthama! You killed the Asuras who came in the form of marudam trees. You fought and killed the elephant Kuvalayabedam, destroying its strength. You split open the mouth of the Asuran Kesi who came in the form of a horse. You measured the earth with your feet. You are the god Maal who stays in Kuṇḍandai, giving boons to Brahmins who know the Vedas.
810. You are the cowherd who stays
in flourishing Kuḍandai with ponds and blooming groves
and rich fields protected by many fences.
You are the hero who bent your bow,
killed the Asuras Vakkaran, Karan and Muran
and sent their heads to Yama.

811. O god, you stay in Thiruvenkaṭam
where cool rain falls abundantly
and bamboo plants grow tall and touch the sky.
Aren't you Maal who sleeps on the ocean
in Kuḍandai surrounded by cool blooming groves
dripping with honey?

812. Did your feet hurt when you walked with Sita in the forest?
Did your body shake when you took the form of a boar
and dug up the earth and brought out the trembling earth goddess?
You stay in the temple in Kuḍandai on the bank of the Kaviri
where the river spreads into many channels.
Get up, come and speak to us.
We praise you, O Kesava.
The god of Kurungudi

813. You are the mighty god who stays in Kurungudi
where Valai fish leap
and make large palm fruits fall into the pond
so a cow bathing there is frightened.
You took the form of a lion
and split open the chest of the angry Hiranyan
who had strong round arms.

The god of Paḍaham

814. You are the god of gods
who removes the bad karma
of those who do yoga and approach you.
In Paḍaham, filled with beautiful palaces and hills,
you are in a seated form
and in Tiruvuraham, you stand,
but why are you lying down in Thiruvehka?

815. O father, you are in a standing form in Thiruvuraham,
and in Paḍaham you are seated,
and you recline in Thiruvehka.
When you took those forms, I was not born,
and since I was born I have not forgotten any of your forms
because you really stand, sit and sleep in my heart.
816. The god stands in Venkaṭam hills.
He stays in heaven in the sky.
He sleeps on the great ocean with rolling waves.
He is a wonder.
He sleeps on the snake Adishesha.
He is the ancient god.
He, Madhavan, stands, sits and sleeps in my heart.

817. Everyone knows that we will die either today or shortly hereafter.
No one lives forever in this world.
You see this, O low people, but you do not want to worship the feet of the god who measured the world.
Don’t you want to go to heaven and be with the gods?

818. If you worship the lotus feet of the divine god and listen to his praise, you will go through the world of the sun and reach moksha and find undiminished love and joy. The virtuous god whose feet are as beautiful as lotuses will listen to your prayers and remove your bad karma and sorrow.
819. When they leave this world, those base people involved in worldly pleasures like wealth will not achieve moksha. There is no way for them to go to heaven. If you want to survive, you must praise the good god Maal who is adorned with fresh Thulasi garlands.

820. If you see some gods, they have terrible forms. Their praise is not sweet to the ears. Even if you praise them they do not have the power to give the boons you ask for. O ignorant ones! You live thinking they are your refuge. If you want to survive, there is only one refuge for you, our Maal. If you wish to release yourself from births, worship our ancient god Maal.

821. The gods in the sky, carrying clubs, tridents, spears, drums, sticks and swords, ran everywhere and hid
when Banasuran came to fight with them.
On that day our god Maal fought with him
and cut off his thousand arms,
and took away all the troubles of the gods.

822. When the god took Ushai
without Banasuran, her father knowing it,
Banasuran came to fight with the god
and the god fought with him and cut off his thousand arms.
Shiva, Agni and the other gods
who had come to help Banasuran in the battle retreated.
Our god decided to be compassionate to the Asuran
and forgave him.

823. The goddess Lakshmi stays on a lotus
and the earth goddess also stays with the god Maal.
Nanmuhan, the god’s son, sits on the lotus
on the navel of the god.
The sastras say that Shiva who shares his body with his wife
became the vehicle of the god.
That is the truth and no one can deny it.

824. Our god shot his arrows
and made holes in the seven mara trees.
As Rama, he shot his arrow at Vali's chest and killed him.
Even those who rule in the sky
will not receive the endless joy of moksha
unless our god has given them his grace to receive it.

825. If you really know that your refuge is the feet
of the god who took the form of Vamanan
and worship him
you will have great wealth and wonderful wisdom.
If you praise the god Maal
who sleeps on the ocean that has clear rolling waves,
you will not have the results of your bad karma.

826. Only those who do good tapas thinking only of the god
and who think constantly of the nature of Maal
will go to heaven and stay with the other gods forever.
Except for those devotees no one can see the god Maal
who has beautiful eyes.
and they who love the god who carries a discus, only they can see him.

828. God is the twenty-four things: mouth, legs, hands, eruvaay, kazhivaay, the senses, the body, mouth, eyes, nose, and ears, the feelings, taste, light, touch, noise and smell, the sky, earth, wind, fire and water, and mind, man, munaippu and other things beyond understanding. He is the lord of all the seven islands, the seven mountains and seven seas. He is the soul of the twelve suns. The devotees who worship him with the eight letter mantra, "Om namo Narayanaya," will go to heaven and rule there.

829. Those who love the god tirelessly, and those who think of him always in their minds and those who worship the beautiful feet decorated with anklets of the god who sleeps on the snake bed on the ocean, and those who recite the eight-letter mantra with love will go to heaven and rule there.
830. God is the ten directions.
He is the soul of the ten guardians of the directions.
God is the nine notes of music.
God is the nine rasas of dance.
He came to this world in ten avatharams.
He is the ancient lord, the most powerful one.
Only those devotees who worship him with devotion will reach moksha.

831. When the Asuran Thenugam approached the god without love pretending to be his friend, the god cut off his arms but then he gave his grace and the Asuran achieved moksha.
No one can reach moksha except the devotees who worship the anklet-decorated feet of the god with love.

832. He churned the milky ocean.
He lies on the ocean forever.
He gave his grace to Vali even though, as Rama, he killed him.
He destroyed the seven trees with one arrow.
He stays in Thiruvenkatam hills.
If you worship the god Maal’s feet you will be saved.
833. O god, you are the highest of the high.  
You are the incomparable that no one can know.  
You slept on the snake bed on the ocean.  
They who have destroyed their desires  
and they who release themselves  
from their attachments to the world  
will receive happiness here, there and everywhere in all ways.

834. O god, you are adorned  
with cool Tulasi garlands that drip with pollen.  
If someone controls his mind and worships the god  
with the eight letter mantra of the god, "Om Namo Narayanaya,"  
the joy he receives is higher than the joy of attaining moksha.

835. Does the god who carries the discus  
want me to be born again?  
Does he know the day he made me love his feet  
decorated with anklets?  
I am ignorant and do not know how to love him.  
I am incapable of doing anything.  
O dear lord, what did you find in me  
to make me your devotee?
836. O lord, you sleep on the snake bed.
I know your magic.
You know how to make my mind
that is interested in other worldly things
leave them and be devoted to your lotus feet.
You are truly clever.
If you make me fascinated with you,
what kind of fascination is this?
O Mayan, give me your grace
so I am not involved in worldly things.

837. Dance, dance with your feet.
O god, you dance on the heads of the snake Kalingan
stirring the water in the pond.
You carry the conch in your hand.
I worship your beautiful feet every day
and think of you always.
Why have you not granted me moksha yet, O Kaṇṇa.

838. All the gods and Shiva who has an eye on his forehead
and the wise Nanmuhan who stays on the lotus
and the other gods together worship your feet with love.
O lord, you are the Vedas.
I will not speak of any other love
except the love I have for you.
839. My generous god used Meru mountain for a churning stick and used the snake Vasuki for the rope and churned the milky ocean. He took the form of a turtle, took the nectar from the ocean, and gave it to the gods in the sky, taking away their troubles. I will not worship any other god except that generous one.

840. You became the charioteer for Arjuna, destroyed the Kauravas and gave the land to the five Pandavas, sending their enemies to the sky. The earth was saved from evil people. I will not worship any other god except you, the victorious one.

841. I was not born in one of the four Varnas. I have not learned any of the good arts and do not recite the Vedas with my tongue. I have not conquered the joy given by the senses. O pure one, I have no good knowledge and I have no refuge except your shining feet.
842. You burned countless Raksasas in Lanka
for the sake of Sita who has sharp sword-like eyes
and whose soft words are like music.
I have no eyes except yours that make me see.
I have no relatives to be with except you.
You have endless magic.
How can I ever take you from my heart?

843. You are the cowherd who destroyed the seven bulls
and embraced the arms of Nappinnai and married her
whose spear-like eyes attracted all.
You created the oceans, you churned the milky ocean
and you sleep on it.
I come to you as my refuge.
Give me refuge, tell me, "Don’t be afraid!"

844. You are the god of Srirangam,
decorated with a cool Thulasi garland that swarms with bees.
You give your grace to those who love and worship your feet.
You are like a sweet bundle of sugarcane.
You are Kaṇṇan who sleeps on the ocean.
You are Rama who shot his strong arrows with his bow
and destroyed the iron forts of Lanka.
845. You are the life in our bodies.
You are our sleep and our feelings.
You are the five things given by the cow.
You are the purity in all.
You are the sky and the earth.
You are the rich ocean and the things in it.
There is nothing without you.
You are our god and you are Rama.

846. I have destroyed the desires that come from the evil senses.
I have cut off all the relations that I had with others.
I come to you to serve you.
Even if you want me to have desire
and enjoy the pleasures of the five senses,
my only desire is to be with you.
I have no eyes except you,
O my king who sleeps on the ocean.

847. You do endless magic.
Even if all the true seven worlds were to praise you
for all the seven yugas, it would not be enough.
You are the god worthy of limitless praise.
O Pundariga! Please give me a boon
so I may escape from all my endless births
and come to your feet that are adorned with anklets.

848. In your beautiful hands you carry
the discus, conch, club, bow and sword.
O lord! Lakshmi who is seated on a red lotus
stays on your chest.
Give me your grace so that I will be saved
from the births that give me sickness and sorrow.
Show me a way to come to you.

849. I have left all the bad acts that I was committing.
I have no cunning or fault.
I have none of the desires that the five senses give.
I am a dog and my only desire is to be with you.
O Maayan, give me the boon
of not being born and dying anymore
and I will not forget you.

850. You are the beloved of Nappinnai.
You have the color of the kayam flower.
My soul is tied to you.
I hear that the messengers of Yama encourage people to be involved in cruel sins. I locked you up in my heart with Nappinnai and you save me from committing those sins.

851. You are Maayan whom no one can reach easily. You save even bad people who, forgetting all good deeds, think that they are wise and do not understand that births will give them suffering in this world. Give me your grace and make me your devotee so I may worship your feet through devotion for you always.

852. I want to ask you one thing. You have the color of the ocean. If I worship you and always want to think of you in my mind, won't you also think that you will give me your grace to keep your lotus feet in my heart forever?

853. O Maayan, you sleep on the ocean whose water seethes. My love for you is limitless and I worship your shining lotus feet in my heart.
so that they will take away all my troubles.
You are the victorious hero who took the form of a boar.
You are the great one who carried Govardhana mountain
and saved the cows by sheltering them from the storm.
O lord, tell me how I can not be born and suffer in this world.

854. O god, the beautiful Lakshmi stays on your chest.
You are the god of gods.
You are the faultless one
and the god of justice that the Vedas proclaim.
You have the dark body of a cloud.
Give me your grace
so I may recite your names without ever ceasing.

855. O Maayan, your strong arm carries many weapons.
You cut off the heads of the Asuras Vakkaran, Karan and Muran
when they came in anger to fight you.
Give me your grace so I may always worship your feet
adorned with golden anklets
whether I am sleeping, standing or walking.

856. You swallowed the earth.
You begged for land and took it away from Mahabali,
measuring it till there was no place you had not taken.

O lord, you have lotus eyes!

You embrace the woman whose sweet words surpass music.

There is no other color like your color.

857. O god, you carry a conch, club, bow and a sword.

You carry the discus that cut off the head of Yama when he came angrily to fight with you.

You carried Govardhana mountain to save the cows when the storm came to destroy the cowherd village.

My heart loves nothing except your fame that is spread everywhere.

858. You destroyed the angry king of Kasi, Vakkaran, Pavundrahan, the furious Maliman, Sumali, Kesi and Thenugan.

I will not give my love and affection to anyone except to your anklet-adorned feet.

859. Even if I received faultless boons and could go to the world of Nanmuhan filled with abundant and indestructible wealth or the world of Shiva
who has the great power of destroying the world
or the world of Indra who has a thousand eyes,
even if I could have all the pleasures of moksha,
I would not accept or think of anything
except to be with you.

860. You became a dwarf
even though no one shrank you to become short.
You became tall even though no one made you tall
so that you could touch the sky.
All the sages who recite the Vedas
praise you and say that you are the god of gods
who destroys the evil of the proud
and I join them in praising you.

861. You are the pure one decorated
with a cool Thulasi garland that swarms with bees.
O Maayan! I, a dog, bow to you and worship you.
You have the color of the ocean
and you sleep on the water of the ocean.
You enter into the thoughts of your devotees.
Forgive all my faults and give me your grace.
862. You are the lord of the world.
Sages say that even they who slander you like Sisubalan
and they who fight with you like Ravana in Lanka
have reached your world and joined with you by your grace.
You are Maayan.
Take the mistakes that I, who am as low as a dog,
do as good deeds and forgive me.

863. O my heart, time will pass.
We will all get sick and become old
and the time of death will approach.
Bow to the divine feet of the god and worship him.
You should know that being a devotee of the god
is the only good thing.
The only thing that give you the joy of not being born again
is the feet of Maal.

864. Nanmuhan cursed dark-necked Shiva
on whose jaṭa the Ganges flows
and Nanmuhan’s head stuck on Shiva’s palm.
Our god whose chest is decorated with a fragrant garland
gave his blood and made Nanmuhan’s head
that was stuck to Shiva’s palm fall away.
O heart! Think of the god’s Thulasi garland and worship him
so that you will reach his Vaikuṇṭam.
865. O heart, if you want to remove the eight bad thoughts and live without fault and reach moksha and rule the world, you must think and worship the feet of the god, our father, who is wisdom, the sun, and the world, who took the form of a single-tusked boar and split the earth.

(Eight things: avidyai, action, smell, taste, desires of the world and worrying about oneself, others and the gods.)

866. He is our father. He is our mother. He is the lord who rules us. He destroys all our births. He makes us his devotees and gives us his grace. O poor heart! He is the ancient one. He is Mukundan. If we worship him he will enter into us, stay there and remove our ocean of sorrow.

867. When Ravaṇa with a sword opposed Rama in Lanka, Rama went to Lanka, burnt it, killed Ravaṇa and took over Lanka. My god does not think I am like his enemies. Yama will not think of the sins
I have done and afflict me
because I am a devotee of the god.

868. He will take you to heaven
removing your fears, sickness, old age
and all your births.
He fulfills his promises.
He is Achudan and Anandan.
He has no beginning or end.
He sleeps on the snake bed.
He is praised by the Vedas.

869. O lord, you are the beloved of Lakshmi
who stays on a fresh lotus.
I worshipped you with my words and in my deeds
and loved you unceasingly,
night and day, evening and morning.
My heart worshipped your lotus feet
and it will stay with you
and never come back to me.

870. You are the god who has the color of a kaya flower.
You stay in Srirangam surrounded by the Ponni river.
O Mayan, listen.
My heart had abandoned my bad karma,
worships your shining flower-like feet
and remains there never becoming tired.

871. You took away all my future births
and saved me today.
You the cloud-colored one came to me,
entered my heart and bewitched me.
You are everlasting bright light.
My soul is released from all pain
and has reached moksha, the house of joy.

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872. You, the ancient one,
swallowed the three worlds and spit them out.
We do not like the feeling
that come from the enjoyment of our five senses
and we do not sin anymore.
The messengers of Yama cannot hurt us now.
We are brave because we have learned your names
and recite them,
O god of Srirangam.

873. Your body is like a beautiful green hill.
Your lotus eyes are handsome
and your mouth is red as coral.
O father, you are a bull among the gods.
You are a tender child to the cowherds.
I only want to praise you with these words.
I will not want anything
even if I were given the gift of ruling Indra's world,
O god of Srirangam.

874. Even if a man lives for hundred years,
half of those years he spends sleeping.
Many he spends as an innocent child and as a youth
and the rest he spends suffering sickness, hunger,
old age and other ills.
I do not want to be born any more in this world, 
O god of Srirangam.

875. When Kstrabandu suffered from bad karma, 
he worshipped the god, 
recited the three syllables word "Govinda" and received moksha. 
Even though I continually worship Rangan, 
the crazy god who gave his grace to devotees like Ksatrabandu, 
he has not taken away my births.

876. Those who enjoy the pleasures of women 
will fall into many troubles. 
They will get sick and suffer, unable to eat night and day. 
Why do those base ones not become the devotees 
of the god whose chest is decorated with cool Thulasi garlands, 
singing and dancing the praise of the god? 
They enjoy the food they eat and do not know 
that worshipping the god is like drinking nectar.
877. You build tall walls for your palaces that have long porches and enjoy living in them and you do not think at all of your next birth. You do not become a devotee of the god Rangan whose walls are dharma. You decorate the exterior wall that is your body and live inside it as if you were a bird concerned with nothing else.

878. Can those who learn from the good religious books hear, listen and know about the dharma of the mean religions, Buddhism and Jainism? If I think of any other god, I promise that even if someone cuts off my head I will not die because I am a devotee of the god. The only god of gods is he who destroyed Lanka with his bow.
879. O god! You stay in Srirangam!
The bald-headed Jains, Buddhists and the Sakyas hate our religion and say terrible things about you.
It is better if they get sick and die rather than living.
When I hear their bad speech, it hurts me.
If I could, I would cut off their heads.

880. O ignorant men! Is there any other god?
You will not understand that he is the only god unless you are in trouble.
You should know one thing for sure: there is no god except him.
Worship our father's feet decorated with anklets who grazed the calves.

881. He created all the gods by his good grace.
He showed Srirangam as the path to those who want to be released from their births.
O Nambis, listen.
The god who rides on the eagle is here,
but you look only for the wealth
that is achieved by bad deeds.

882. Our god, the protector of the world,
built a bridge on the large ocean, shooting one arrow.
He fought with the king of the Rakshasas in Lanka.
You do not think of the beautiful temple
in Srirangam surrounded by forts,
and so you do not have good luck in this birth
but waste your life.

883. Once some people heard
Yama and Muthkalan talking together in hell
and thought that hell is heaven.
They forgot that the place of the dear god Nambi
who has many names is Srirangam
and they did not worship the god there.
They plunge into sorrow and I am worried
that they will have trouble in their lives.

884. All the creatures of this wide earth surrounded by oceans with rolling waves worship the king of the gods in the sky who is decorated with a fragrant blooming Thulasi garland. If ignorant people praise Srirangam, all the hells that have been created for them because of their enjoyment of the senses will be destroyed and disappear.

885. Beautiful Srirangam is surrounded with groves where bunches of bees swarm around flowers, peacocks dance, clouds float above in the sky and cuckoos sing. Indra the king of the gods comes and stays there. Such is lovely Srirangam. You should take the food that bad people eat who do not praise Srirangam filled with beautiful groves and give it to the dogs.
886. The king of the gods who has an eagle flag is true for those who think he is true and he is false for those who think he is not true.
If someone thinks he can escape birth only by worshipping the god, his doubts about the god will go away and he will understand that Srirangam is the Thirupadi of the beautiful god.

887. I was a gambler and a thief. I consorted with bad people and was caught in the love-nets of women who have fish-like eyes. But then the beautiful god said, "Come out!" and entered my mind and made me love him. Srirangam is the Thirupadi of the beautiful god who made me love him.
888. I don’t know how to praise you with my tongue and I don’t have the good luck of knowing how to love you or a good mind that knows how to glorify you. My strong iron-like heart melted to see the sweet sugarcane-like god who stays in the wonderful temple in Srirangam surrounded with groves swarming with bees. How my eyes were delighted when I saw him!

889. My lotus-eyed god rules the world, sleeping on the ocean where waves break on the banks and spray drops of water with foam. My eyes that saw Kaṇṇan whose red mouth is as soft as a fruit shed tears. What can I, a sinner, do?

890. My father, my god who has the color of the blue ocean,
lies on the snake bed.
As he sleeps his head is on the west side,
his feet are extended toward the east,
his back is turned toward the north
and he looks toward Lanka in the south.
When I look at him as he sleeps my body melts.
O people of the world, what can I do?

891. The god Maayanaar sleeps on a snake bed
in Srirangam where the water of the Kaviri strikes its banks.
He has a beautiful divine chest.
His body has the color of emerald.
He has strong arms and pure lotus-like eyes.
His coral-red lips are beautiful.
He has handsome shining hair.
How could his devotees forget his beautiful sleeping form?

892. O heart, you are humble
and you want me to make my mind one with Rangan
who has a coral mouth. You are strong and tell me
that I should always think of the god, beautiful as a jewel,
who sleeps in the mountain-like temple made of beautiful, precious gold.
Tell me how can I approach him?

893. O heart, you may speak of him
but you cannot really know his greatness.
No one can know him except those who are faultless.
We can only worship him
who stays in the hearts of his faultless devotees.
O ignorant heart! Can you speak of him? Tell me.

894. Srirangam is in the middle of the Kaveri river
which is purer than the Ganges.
Its waters rise and spread through blooming groves.
Our god Maal, our Esan, lies there on the river.
How can I live forgetting him
after seeing him sleeping on the water of the Kaveri?
I am to be pitied, I am to be pitied.
895. I see the god's beautiful lotus face
and the way that thief who stole my heart lies on the Kaveri
in Srirangam surrounded by a rising flood of water
and flourishing with groves.
O my heart, you are brave.
You know he is the one you really love,
but you love him secretly and spend your days
without telling anyone.

896. I have not lived the life of an orthodox Brahmin
who bathes and makes sacrifices with three fires.
I do not understand myself.
I am not a devotee in your eyes.
What is there for me to be happy about?
O Nambi, you have the blue color of the ocean.
I cry out for you.
Show pity on me and give me your grace.
You are the god of Srirangam!
897. I don't worship your golden feet, decorating them constantly with flowers.
Even though I have much time, I don't praise your divine qualities with faultless words.
My heart doesn't know how to love you.
O Ranga, I don't have the fortune of being your devotee.
What can I do? I was born in vain.

898. I am like the squirrel that turned and plunged into the water when the monkeys threw stones and could not find help.
My heart is hard as wood.
I am a bad person.
I have not served the god of Srirangam with my mind and I am tired and wretched.
899. Even the gods in the sky do not understand the radiant god. He came to protect the elephant Gajendra and grew angry at the crocodile that ate red meat. Am I fit for him to come to me? I am like a dog, I am mean. I don’t serve the god. What can I do? I was born in vain.

900. I don’t belong to a village. I don’t own any land. I don’t have any relatives. O highest god! I worship your feet on this earth and I don’t know any other refuge. You have the bright color of the dark clouds. O my Kaṇṇaa! I cry out for you. Who do I have without you as my support? Come and remove my sorrow. You are my mother, you are the god of Srirangam.
901. I don't have a pure mind.
No good words come from my mouth.
I get very angry, shout and speak bad words.
O god, you are decorated with fresh Thulasi garlands
and you stay in Srirangam, surrounded by the Ponni river.
Tell me, what will happen to me?
You are king. You rule me.

902. I have not done any tapas like the sages.
I am not wealthy.
I am as useless as salty water for my friends and relatives.
I fell for women whose mouths are like coral
and became like dust when I didn’t have any money.
You gave me this birth only to make me suffer.
You are the god of Srirangam!

903. O Kaṇṇaa! Your body is as dark as a thick cloud.
You stay in beautiful Srirangam
where bees sing and swarm in the groves.
I don’t know even one path to take to see you.
I am a thief, I am violent, stupid and rough.
I come to you. You are my refuge.

904. I stopped telling the truth
and fell into the passion of women who have long hair.
I told only lies and now I have no refuge.
I come and stand before you.
O lord, Ranga, I, a liar, come before you
hoping that you will give me your grace.
I am a liar, a liar.

905. The god Maal abides in my mind
but I am unable to understand that he is there.
I am a thief disguised as a devotee doing service.
When I realized that you are in the minds of those
who think of you and you know what they think,
I was ashamed and laughed so hard
that it seemed the bones in my chest would break.
906. O my father, you measured all the world with your feet.
I will not worship anyone but you.
You are the the god Maal who has beautiful eyes.
You are my soul! You are nectar!
You are my father and are as dear as my life.
I am a sinner.
I will not worship anyone except you.
I am a sinner, truly I am a sinner.

907. When you were young
you carried Govardhana mountain to stop the storming rain.
You are a sweet river.
I suffer, caught in the net of doe-eyes women.
Why don't you look at me and give me your grace?
I have no one but you. I call you.
You are the ancient god!
O god! You stay in divine Srirangam.
908. The bright god is my father and mother
and he stays in Srirangam
surrounded by the clear water of the Kaviri.
I am a poor person.
My dear lord doesn’t show me even a bit of compassion.
He doesn’t think, “He is pitiful, I should help him.”
What is this, O god? Isn’t this a terrible thing to do?

909. O god of Srirangam surrounded by water,
you are happy with the devotees
who abandon their wealth, understand divine truth,
know what will they be in the future,
control their five senses,
shave their heads
and stay at your doorstep, living a quiet life.
910. O god, your hair is decorated with a Thulasi garland.
No one has to be born in a good family to become your slave.
Even if someone is born like a dog
and doesn’t belong to the families of Vedic Brahmins,
if he worships your feet decorated with sounding anklets,
it seems you will be happy with him,
O god of Srirangam.

911. O god, you stay in Srirangam.
You have beautiful Lakshmi on your chest.
Even if hunters kill animals cruelly,
burn and eat them,
if they think of you in their minds
and keep you there with love,
worshipping you,
their bad karma will disappear
and they will not suffer.

912. Even bad people who do evil things
and make others do evil deeds,
if they praise you saying, "You are the god of the sky.
Even the gods in the sky do not understand you.
O god, you are decorated with a Thulasi garland
that swarms with bees,"
and if they become your slaves and offer food to your devotees,
they will become pure.

913. You are the god of Srirangam surrounded with walls.
You give your grace to those who worship you and tell them,
"Even if you belong to a low caste,
you should recite the Vedas,
follow a faultless way of life
and become my devotee,
mixing with other devotees, worshipping them,
giving them whatever they need
and sharing your things with them."
Isn't that the way you give grace to poor people
and make them worship you as your good devotees?
914. O god, you stay in beautiful Srirangam. If even Brahmins of the highest caste who recite the six divine Upanishads and the four Vedas disgrace your devotees, they will become Pulaiyars in a moment.

915. Shiva who has the Ganges in his Jaṭa and Nanmuhan who did tapas for countless ages could not see you and felt ashamed. You came and gave your grace to the elephant Ganjendra, amazing the gods in the sky. Why do people think of you as their refuge and hope you will remove their suffering when you do not show your grace to all like me?

916. Thonḍaraḍippoḍi, the great devotee praised Kaṇṇan, Maal, the god of Srirangam who killed the strong well-fed elephant in flourishing Madurai that has beautiful palaces decorated with coral. Those who recite his simple poems
will become sweet devotees of our dear god.

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917. O god of Srirangam!
When the sun rises in the east on the peak of the mountain
and darkness has gone and it is morning,
all the beautiful flowers that drip honey bloom.
All the gods of the sky come before you to worship you.
Elephants, male and female, come and drums are beaten.
The sound of a roaring ocean seems to spread everywhere.
O dear god of Srirangam,
wake up and give us your grace.

918. The breeze from the east blows
and spreads the fragrance of mullai flowers blooming on vines.
The swans that sleep on flowers wake up
and shake the wet dew from their wings.
O god, when the elephant Gajendra was suffering
and called you in his distress,
you came and saved him,
killing the crocodile
whose mouth with white teeth
was as deep as a cave
when it was about to kill him.
O dear god of Srirangam,
wake up and give us your grace.

919. The sun with its rays makes all the directions bright.
The light of the shining stars grows dim.
The sun, the king of the day, spreads his light everywhere
and the bright light of the moon and the dew disappear.
The buds on the branches of the kamuhu trees in the green groves
split open and their fragrance spreads.
The morning breeze blows.
O dear god of Srirangam
who carry a shining discus in your strong hand,
wake up and give us you grace.
920. The cowherds untie the buffaloes for grazing.
The music of their bamboo flutes
and the sound of the bells on the necks of their cows
spread in all directions.
Swarms of bees fly all over the fields.
You are the bull among the gods who carries a bow
and destroyed the clan of Rakshasas in Lanka.
You are the strong one who made the pure sages do sacrifices
and protected them.
You are the strong king of Ayodhya.
O dear god of Srirangam,
wake up and give us your grace.

921. Birds chirp in the groves blooming with flowers.
The darkness goes away and morning arrives.
In the east, the ocean roars.
The gods in the sky carry many flower garlands
swarming with bees and come to garland you
and worship your feet.
This is the temple where Vibhishana,
the king of Lanka, worshipped you.
O dear god, wake up and give us your grace.
922. Is this the host of suns who ride on tall chariots decorated with bells?
Is it the troupe of eleven Rudras who ride on the bulls?
Is that the six faced-god who rides on a beautiful peacock?
All these gods and the celestial physicians and the Vasus are here.
The other divine gods come on horses and chariots singing and dancing.
The crowd of gods is like a flood.
They have gathered in front of your temple that looks like a huge mountain.
O dear god of Srirangam, wake up and give us your grace.

923. Is this the crowd of gods from heaven?
Is this the throng of sages who do penance and the medicine men of the gods?
Is that Indra who comes on his elephant Aëraavadam?
In front of your temple, Gandharvas, Vidyadharas and Apsaras are all gathered together to worship you and it seems as if there is no space in the sky or on the earth.
O dear god of Srirangam, wake up and give us your grace.
924. Some gods in the sky arrive with fragrances.
Some gods carry huge pots of treasure
and shining mirrors and come to give them to you.
Good sages bring things suitable for you to wear.
Narada comes with his Thumburu veena to play music.
The sun god rises, spreading his bright light
and darkness disappears from the sky.
O dear god of Srirangam,
wake up and give us your grace.

925. Faultless small drums, cymbals,
yazhs, flutes and big drums play music everywhere.
Kinnaras, Garudas and Gandarvas and others sing.
The great sages, the gods in the sky, Saraṇars, Yaksas,
and Siddhas are all fascinated by the music
and come to worship your divine feet.
O dear god of Srirangam,
wake up and give us your grace.
926. Are these fragrant blooming lotuses?
Is this the sun god who rises on the sounding ocean?
You are the god of Srirangam surrounded by a river
where curly-haired women with waists as small as tuḍi drums
bathe, squeeze their clothes,
and come out of the water to dress.
I am Thonḍaraḍippodi, your poor devotee.
I brought Thulasi garlands in baskets to decorate your body.
I am your slave. Give me your grace.
O dear god of Srirangam,
wake up and give me your grace.

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927. He is the faultless god.
He gives us his grace and makes us his devotees.
He is pure, the king of the gods in the sky.
He is the god of Thiruvenkaṭam hills
surrounded with fragrant groves.
He is the god of justice in the sky.
He is the dear one who stays in Srirangam
surrounded by tall walls.
His lotus feet came and entered my eyes.

... (text continues from the previous page)

928. He is pleasant and joyful.
He measured the world,
growing so tall that his crown touched the sky.
As Rama he killed the Rakshasas with his cruel arrows.
He belongs to the Kakutstha dynasty
and he is the god of Srirangam surrounded by fragrant groves.
My thoughts are immersed in the red garment
that he wears on his waist.

929. The female monkeys jump everywhere
in the Thiruvenkatam hills in the north
where the gods in the sky come to worship
the lord who sleeps on the snake bed.
He is decorated with a red garment
that is like the color of the evening sky.
This devotee’s heart thinks only of the navel
decorated with a red garment and the beauty of the god
who created Nanmuhan from his navel.
930. The god who has the color of the ocean shot sharp arrows, conquering and killing ten-headed Rāvaṇa, the king of Lanka, surrounded by great walls on all four sides. The beautiful ornament tied on the divine waist of the god of Srirangam where bees that drink honey sing and beautiful peacocks dance entered my heart and stayed there.

931. He removed all the bad karma that has burdened me all my life. The god made me his dear devotee and entered my heart. I don’t know what hard penance I could have done for this to happen. The ornamented divine chest of the god of Srirangam made me his slave and protects me.

932. He removed the suffering of Śiva who has the white crescent moon in his jata. He, our father, stays in Srirangam surrounded with groves where bees live. See, the throat of the god that swallowed all the earth, sky and the seven mountains gave its grace to me.
933. He holds a curling conch in one hand
and a discus like fire in the other.
His body is like a tall mountain.
His long hair is decorated with a fragrant Thulasi garland.
He is the god of beautiful Srirangam
and he, Maayanaar, sleeps on a snake bed.
His red mouth captivates my heart.

934. He came as a man-lion
and split open the body of Hiranya.
He is the ancient god of the gods in the sky.
The large, red-lined divine eyes on his dark face,
shining and touching his ears,
make me crazy.

935. As a baby he slept on a banyan leaf.
He swallowed all the seven worlds.
He sleeps on a snake bed on the ocean.
His dark body, endlessly beautiful,
is decorated with pearl garlands
and precious, lovely diamond chains.

Oh, his blue body steals my heart!

936. He has the color of a cloud.

He is a cowherd.

His mouth is filled with butter.

He captivates my heart.

He is the king of the gods in the sky.

He is Rangan, the beautiful god.

Once they have seen him who is nectar,

my eyes do not wish to see anything else.

937. I praise the god, the divine Maayan

who was tied by Yashoda with a small rope.

He is my father.

If I approach the place where the Nambi of south Kuruhur

stays and say his name,

nectar will spring from my tongue.

938.
938. I praise him with my tongue and relish it.
I will approach the golden feet of Nambi of Thirukuruhr.
This is my promise:
I do not know any other god except Nambi of Thirukuruhr.
I wander and sing sweet songs about him.

939. Even if I have to wander all over,
I will go to Thirukuruhr
and see the dark, beautiful form of the divine god.
If I go to the rich Thirukuruhr
and become a devotee of Nambi
that will be the finest thing I could ever receive.

940. The excellent, orthodox good Brahmins
who know the four Vedas
do not think I am a good person,
but Sadagopan Nambi accepts me
and he is my mother, my chief and the one who rules me.

941. Before I believed in the wealth of others
and beautiful women,
but today I have become a friend and devotee
of Nambi of Thirukuruhr,
filled with pure golden palaces, and I dance there.

942. My dear god gave his grace
so that I could praise his fame from today
for the next seven births.
Nambi of Thirukuruhr,
filled with hills that look like large palaces,
will not disgrace me.

943. My chief Maarān the son of Kaari
accepted me and made my bad karma go away.
I will tell the people of all the eight directions
of the grace I have received
from Sadagopan, the great Tamil poet.

944. He sang a thousand sweet Tamil poems
through the grace of god.
He described the meaning of the divine Vedas
and his devotees praise the blessings
that he received from the god.
His giving his blessing is the best thing in the world.
945. He described the meaning of the Vedas that the best Brahmins know and recite.
He made my heart learn the Vedas.
My chief Sadagopan has great fame.
To be his devotee and to serve him is the greatest blessing I can receive.

946. Nambi will accept anyone as his devotee whether or not he receives benefit from him, even if he is not his friend.
He will change him and accept him, and keep him with him.
Nambi stays in Thirukkuruhur surrounded by beautiful groves where cuckoo birds sing.
I am striving to receive the love of Nambi, worshipping his feet decorated with anklets.

947. Nambi of south Thirukkuruhur, our friend, is the friend of all who approach him.
Those who believe in Madhurakavi, the devotee of Nammazhvar, will see Vaikuṇṭam and abide there.

SUBHAM