Nālāyira Divya Prabhandam
Paśurams by Seven Azhvārs, Part 4 (pāsurams 2719-4000)

English Translation by Kausalya Hart,
Emeritus Professor, South and Southeast Asian Studies
University of California, Berkeley, California. USA

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2791. O my heart!
The matchless god of the gods in the sky
who has unlimited goodness
never grows tired of protecting the world.
Removing my ignorance he gave me abundant knowledge.
Worship his shining feet that take away all sorrows.

2792. The ageless lord who is full of goodness
and keeps Nānmuhan on a lotus on his chest
removes the faults in your mind.
There is no limit to what he can think
and he is not attracted by any feelings of the senses.
Whatever happens does not affect him.
He is in my soul and he is ageless.

2793. I approached the unique lord
who is full of goodness, endless, omnipresent and formless.
The earth and sky are his forms
and no one knows what he has and what he does not have.
I approached him and joined with him.

2794. The omnipresent god is this man, that man, the man over there,
this woman, that woman, the woman over there,
this one, that one, this thing, that thing,
these and those over there.
Who is he? What is he?
The god who is good and evil is our own.
2795. People think variously,
“This one is my god, that one is my god.”
They will reach the feet of the god they choose according to their fate
and he will give them all things that they want.

2796. He stands, sits, lies and wanders,
does not stand, does not sit,
does not lie and does not wander.
No one knows what his nature is but he has only one nature
and he is the mighty one.

2797. The shining one is the Vedas, the wide sky,
the mighty wind, water, earth, and all the things in the world.
He hides himself in the bodies and lives of all creatures
and is omnipresent.

2798. The highest lord swallowed all the worlds
and burned the three forts of his enemies.
As Shiva he destroyed the world
and he taught the Vedas to Nānmuhan and the gods.
Even the gods in the sky wonder about his nature.

2799. If one believes he exists, he exists.
If one believes he has a form, he does.
If one believes he has no form, he has none.
He has both natures, “he is and he is not,” and he is omnipresent.

2800. He pervades the water of the cool wide ocean,
all the worlds, the vast sky
and all the places that no one knows.
He is hidden in everything that shines,
the sun, moon and stars
and he swallowed all of them and spat them out.

2801. Saḍagopan of Thirukkuruhur composed a thousand pāsurams worshiping the feet of the lord who is the sky, the strong wind, water, earth, the rainbow and the everlasting mountains. If devotees learn and recite these ten pāsurams they will reach moksha.

2802. Give up all the desires that you have for earthly things and surrender your life to the god, the lord of moksha. That will take you to moksha.

2803. Our earthly bodies will go away like lightning from the earth one day, and they come and go in a second. If you know this, you will only think of him, the everlasting one.

2804. Give up utterly any desire that is for yourself or the things you own, and join and worship him. There is nothing equal or higher than he in life.

2805. The things that are in the world and the things that are not in the world are his forms. Give up your desires, grasp his wonderful, matchless form and worship him.

2806. If you give up desire for worldly things you will reach moksha. The only help that you should have in this world is the desire to join him.
2807. O my soul, give up all your desires, approach him and become one with the lord. He is in all things in the world and does not have any desire. There is nothing without him.

2808. If you understand that all the things in the world are contained in him, you will realize that you yourself are in him and you will join him.

2809. Remove any desire from your mind, any desire to say something, any desire to do something. Join him and become one with him.

2810. Removing your desires for this world, if you only think of him always when you live on this earth, when you leave your body you will join him.

2811. Countless souls of the world unlimited in their knowledge and shining as a part of him will join the strong feet of the famous Nāraṇan.

2812. Saḍagopan of southern Thirukkuruhur surrounded by beautiful ponds filled with water composed a thousand pāsurams and these are ten wonderful pāsurams among those.

2813. The clever lord, the beloved of Lakshmi, stole butter that was churned by Yashoda
and was so simple that he allowed Yashoda to punish him
by tying him to a mortar.
He is easy for his devotees to reach
but hard for others to attain.

2814. The everlasting faultless almighty
who has no births
removes the delusion of his devotees
and gracefully gives them moksha.
He stays in all hearts
and is outside and inside of everything.

2815. He, the highest one
and is easy for his devotees to reach,
is the path of dharma,
the creator and the destroyer of the world,
all the gods in the sky
and all the creatures of the world.
Who knows the māyā of Nāraṇaṇ
whose nature is excellent?

2816. He, the light of knowledge,
has a thousand names
and any name that is conceivable, yet he has no name or form.
No one knows who he is or what his nature is. Is he not a mystery!

2817. The six schools of religions agree
that he is faultless and has no beginning or end.
O devotees, if you follow the path of penance
and leave all worldly desires,
having only the belief that he is your god,
the desires of your senses will go away.
2818. O devotees,
even if you reach the state of having no desire,
you cannot know who he is.
Worship the gods Hari, Ayan and Shiva
and learn to recite their names many times
and you will come to know and your mind will understand
that there is only one god.

2819. Even though people say that the powerful gods
Nāraṇan, Nānmuhan and Shiva have one or many forms,
if you worship them in your mind and meditate on them
you will find that they are only Nāraṇan himself
and you will do good deeds.
The day you come to know that he is the only god,
that will be the best of all your days.

2820. If you worship him every day
you will become faultless
and the bad karma that you have collected will leave you
and your mind will become pure.
Keep worshiping his ornamented feet every day.
Even when you die, it is best to die worshiping him.

2821. Shiva, the destroyer of the three forts,
stays on his left side and Nānmuhan,
the creator of the world with heads in all four directions,
stays on a lotus on his navel.
If you search for him,
he is in this world and inside your mind.
If you would describe him, the entire world is in his stomach.
This is how he loves to confuse you.

2822. The dark-colored lord is mightier than the sky,
and he makes even the wise gods confused
with his faultless knowledge and māyas.
He did not grow tired
even when he measured the earth and the sky—
I will praise him without growing weary,
I will embrace and bow to him.

2823. Saḍagopan of Thirukkuruhur
that flourishes with beautiful groves
composed a thousand pāsurams
about him who churned the milky ocean with roaring waves
as the other gods worshiped him.
If devotees learn and recite these ten pāsurams
they will not be born again
and they will go to heaven and stay with the gods.

2824. She says,
“O crane, you have lovely wings, be kind to me.
If you and your mate with beautiful wings
feel sorry for me and say, ‘Oh, oh!’
and go as my messengers to him
who rides a strong-winged eagle,
do you worry that he might put you in a terrible cage
and you could do nothing?”

2825. She says,
“O cuckoo birds, what will happen to you
if you go as my messengers and tell of my love sickness
to the beautiful lotus-eyed lord?
I cannot serve under his divine feet
because I did not do good karma in my previous births.
Is it right that I should not be able to join him in this birth
because I did not try in my last birth?
Is that my fate?"

2826. She says,

"O swans, you walk softly with your mates
because you have good luck.
He went as a dwarf, begged the Asura king Mahābali at his sacrifice
and cheated him by taking the earth from him.
Isn't he a thief?
Go and tell him, 'There is an ignorant girl.
She feels that she must have done much bad karma.
Her mind is confused and she is fascinated with you.'"

2827. She says,

"O beautiful blue andril birds,
the dark-colored one doesn't know how I suffer for his love.
He doesn’t come to me and tell me, 'Don't worry.'
What can I say to tell him how I love him?
Go and tell him whose nature is so wonderful and sweet
that she will not survive
if she has to be apart from him anymore.
O andril birds, will you help me or not?"

2828. She says,

"O lovely small kurugu birds,
you search for food in the fields filled with water where fish swim.
Nāraṇan has created all the seven worlds and protects them.
Won't he give me his grace and protect me also?
Won't you go see him and tell him of my love
and show kindness by returning
and telling me what he said?
I will wait, my eyes filled with tears,
until you return and tell me what he said."
2829. She says,
“O bees with beautiful lined bodies, be kind to me.
He is generous, and he carries a discus.
Go, see him and tell him, ‘She loves you
but you do not give your grace to her.
Come just one day to her street riding on your eagle
before she loses her life.’
What have I done wrong
that he does not want to give me his grace?”

2830. She says,
“O young parrot, go to Neḍumāl as my messenger.
I suffer like someone trembling in a cold wind
that makes your bones hurt.
Thirumāl does not give his grace
and he doesn’t understand that I haven’t done anything wrong.
Go to him and say, ‘What has she done wrong?
Why can she not come and join your divine feet?’
What would be wrong if you told him that?
Aren’t you the bird that I have raised?
You are young and you should help me.”

2831. She says,
“O small puvai bird, I told you to go as a messenger
and tell Neḍumāl of my love sickness,
but you didn’t tell him and my body has grown weak
and lost its shining color and beauty.
Go now and find someone to feed you,
putting sweet food in your mouth as I used to do.”

2832. She says,
“O cool wind that passes over the dew,
the god created people to bring flowers that do not wither
and place them at his flower-like feet.
Why does he make me suffer and be apart from him?
I don’t know what to do. Did I do bad karma?
Is this right? Go and tell him how I suffer.”

2833. She says,
"O ignorant heart, our dear one has a discus in his hands
and rests on a snake bed on the ocean.
He creates births, bodies, people, moksha and water on the ocean.
If you see him, tell him, ‘Though we have bad karma
we will not leave him until we join with him.”

2834. Saḍagopan of Thirukkuruhur
surrounded with flourishing fields swarming with bees
composed a thousand andadi poems
praising our Kaṇṇan, the lord of the seven worlds.
If devotees learn and recite these ten pāsurams
they will have the good fortune of going to heaven
and joining the gods.

2835. I have done much bad karma.
I call to you, the god of the gods in the sky
and the most ancient one in all the seven rich worlds, saying,
“O thief! You stole butter and ate it all!”
and I praise you, saying,
“You are my father, the heroic chief of the cowherds.
You conquered the seven young bulls
to marry Nappinnai whose smile is like blooming jasmine.”
I think of you and suffer and suffer.

2836. Melting in their hearts the gods in the sky think of you,
the Māyon, the seed of all things in the world,
and worship you with garlands, water,
sandal paste and fragrant incense.
Won’t your excellence be spoiled
if the gods use only earthly things to worship you?

2837. He created the divine Nānmuhan and told him,
“You should create all the gods in the sky,
all with their own duties,
the sages and all creatures in the world.”
He measured the world and the sky with his divine feet
and he is so far away that all knowledge
and all the directions cannot reach him.
He is the mother of all lives but no one knows his form.

2838. The lord with a unique form,
the seed of the three gods, of all the gods in the sky,
of the sages and all other creatures,
esting on the snake bed Adisesha
on the water-filled ocean that he created,
is the Māyon, the god of Vaikuṇṭam,
and he is dear to me.

2839. O sapphire-colored Madhava,
you are a bright light for the gods in the sky
and on your chest you embrace the innocent doe-eyed Lakshmi.
O Govinda, who shot a stone from your bow
and hit the hunched back of Kuni,
I have done bad karma.
Give me your grace, Madhusudana,
so that I will be able to join your divine feet
that are like flowers that drip with honey.

2840. O Kesava, you are the lord of the gods in the sky,
the chief of the cowherd clan of the village,
and you destroyed the seven mara trees flourishing with branches. 
You, the Māyavan, are the remedy for the fruits of my bad karma. 
O Sridhara, heroic Madhava, I am your slave 
and I melt with devotion and long to reach you, saying, 
“Your nature is wonderful. You have thousands of names!”

2841. The lord Kaṇṇan, Thirumāl adorned with a thulasi garland, 
removes the troubles of his devotees if they reach him. 
I, his ignorant slave, cry out and cry out that I want to see 
the lord who is hard for even the wise to know. 
Is there anything I could do more than worshiping him?

2842. In ancient times you swallowed the seven worlds 
and spat them out and when you were a small child 
you ate butter in a house where cowherds lived. 
O Māyon, do you think that butter can cure your stomach 
when it is upset because you ate mud?

2843. When the cheating devil Putana came as a mother 
and fed him her poisonous milk, 
he, the Māyan, changed it into nectar and drank it. 
He, the matchless chief of the gods in the sky, 
the beloved of Laksmi, the goddess of wealth, 
the mother of all lives of the world, is the lord of all. 
I have joined him and I will not be separated from him.

2844. He is the light of high knowledge, 
the inner soul of all life 
and he has a form yet is formless. 
He dwells in the sky and in the underworld 
and destroyed my good and bad karma and my desire for this illusory world. 
Our Neḍumāl, the life of all creatures, 
makes my mind think only of him.
2845. Saḍagopan of everlasting Thirukkuruhur praised him saying, “You are the dark-colored one! You are the wonderful Māyavan!” He composed a thousand poems that Tamil scholars and singers learn to praise him. If devotees learn and recite these ten pāsurams well they will not have any trouble in their lives.

2846. O devotees, you bathe him with pure water, show him fragrance, sprinkle flowers on his feet and sing his praises, wanting to join him in moksha, but the path to join him is to think of him always and not be separated from him.

2847. He is adorned with a beautiful cool thulasi garland that drips with honey. Do not wonder what service you can do for the ancient god of the Vedas, just do what you can do—that is the best service you can give him.

2848. My mind does not leave him ever, the highest lord. He does not consider one person high and another low and accepts everyone and my mouth praises him with songs, and my body dances for him as if it were possessed.

2849. My body dances as if possessed and I bow and worship the lord whom the gods in the sky worship and praise, extolling his superior nature.

2850. He is nectar for those who keep him in their minds
and does not think anyone is good or bad
but gives his grace to all.
He does not hate anyone or like anyone
but helps all whether they expect something from him or not.

2851. Our Neḍumal, sweeter than nectar,
resting on the large ocean with roaring waves
carrying a shining discus gave nectar to the gods.

2852. Cross over the ocean of your remaining days,
bowing your head at the feet of him
who cut off the heads and the arms of Ravana,
the king of Lanka surrounded by the wide ocean.

2853. O devotees,
if you leave the desires of the world and worship him,
he will destroy your bad karma
and give you inexhaustible wealth on this earth.

2854. The famous one, the beloved of beautiful Lakshmi
is the result of all the dharma of the world
and he will remove your bad and good karma.

2855 The beautiful Madhavan carries high
his banner of a cruel eagle that destroys its enemies
and he will remove your bad karma in a moment.

2856. Saḍagopan composed
a thousand faultless pāsurams to Madhavan.
If devotees learn and recite these ten pāsurams
they will not be born again on this earth.

2857. Sages who do not want to be born again
follow the bright path of wisdom,
keep in their minds and do not forget the dharmic one,
their pure lord with the discus.

2858. The dear one of the cowherds,
higher in goodness than anyone or anything, is a treasure
and the remedy for all sicknesses.
He removes the bad karma of his devotees,
and saves them from the desires of the five senses,

2859. I drank and drank the grace of Māyan,
the bright diamond and pure nectar
who was born as a tender child of the cowherds
and was punished by Yashoda because he stole butter
and all my delusion in this birth went away.

2860. The ancient god of gods, my love,
a shining light, a beautiful tender shoot who never grows tired
entered my mind and took away all my delusion.
He gives me only goodness in life—
how could I allow him to leave me?

2861. The lord, my soul, my king,
the bright light that guides me,
was born as a young cowherd
who fascinated girls with his look.
He came into my life making me his and saved me
and I will not leave him.

2862. The Māyavan, adorned with flower garlands
mixed with thulasi, became a boar and split open the earth,
and he destroyed the seven mara trees.
If he refuses to stay in my heart,
how can I accept that?

2863. I was worried
I might not be able to make him stay in my mind,
but he entered it, attracted me
and remained in my body,
mingling with my soul.
If he says he will leave me,
how can I accept that?

2864. Even if the highest of the gods in the sky,
the beloved of Nappinnai
whose arms are as lovely as bamboo,
thinks of leaving me,
he cannot leave my faultless heart.

2865. The ancient lord,
the highest of all the gods,
the tender child of the cowherds,
gave nectar to the gods.
He entered my heart and embraced my soul—
surely he will not have the heart to leave me.

2866. If you do not think of the indescribable lord
and approach him whom no one can oppose and conquer,
he will leave you.
Untiring, we will praise and sing his fame
and plunge ourselves into his thoughts night and day

2867. Saḍagopan of southern Thirukkuruhur
composed a thousand pāsurams on the god
adorned with a thulasi garland
where bees swarm and drink honey.
If devotees learn and recite these pāsurams
any sickness they have will go away.

2868. The lord, adorned with a beautiful thulasi garland
where bees drink honey,
the ruler of the whole world
rides on an eagle
and dances on the heads of Kālingan.

2869. The lovely-eyed Kaṇṇan,
our father who is everything on earth,
split open the mouth of the Asuran Kesi
when he came in the form of a cruel horse.

2870. As precious as their eyes
to the people of the world and the gods in the sky,
he stays in cool Thiruvenkaṭam
where the hills touch the sky.

2871. Every day I will praise
the greatness of my father
who carried Govardhana mountain
and did not grow tired.

2872. He who as a child stole butter every day
and ate it with his hands
has entered my heart as he promised—
he did not lie.

2873. He went to the Asura king Mahābali
as a handsome dwarf
and took over the earth and the sky
and he entered my heart and saved me.
2874. He defeated the seven bulls and killed them and swallowed the seven worlds.  
He heard my request and granted my wish, and all my thoughts are only for him.

2875. He was born as a cowherd and holds a conch in his hands and he took the form of a fish and a boar, all because he loves devotees like me.

2876. Our lord, the omnipresent, carries a conch and a discus in his beautiful hands.

2877. The Vedas that contain the ocean of all the divine sastras describe the wonderful nature of the lord of all, my father who measured the world with his feet.

2878. The famous Saḍagopan composed a thousand pāsurams praising the ocean-colored lord. If devotees learn and recite these ten poems they will become his matchless devotees.

2879. My dear father creates and protects these things, those things and all things in between, protects these people, those people, all in between and they all are in him. He, Kaṇṇan, sweet as nectar, the beloved of the goddess of wealth, the unique cause of all things, the matchless dear one,
is with me wherever I am.

2880. Kesavan, the strong god who had many forms, took the form of a boar and split open the earth in ancient times. Even the gods do not know who he is. Though he broke the tusks of the elephant and rests on the vast ocean, he is near me.

2881. The dark beautiful lord with lovely lotus eyes, the eagle rider, is the beloved of goddess Lakshmi, the ancient one among all the gods and the reason for all their good deeds. He gives me himself and stays with me without leaving me.

2882. He stays with his three beloved wives Lakshmi, the Earth goddess, and the beautiful cowherd girl Nappinnai. He swallowed all the three worlds that he rules and rested on a banyan leaf. The wonderful qualities of Māyapperumān are larger than the ocean and he is always near me.

2883. When the devil Putana came as a mother he drank her poisonous milk and killed her. That Māyan who created the dancing lord Shiva, Nānmuhan, Indra the king of the gods and all the other gods is near me and he is in my heart.

2884. The pure, simple Māyan, wind, fire, body and life for all,
is far and near and cannot be known by anyone.
I have the signs of his conch and discus on my two arms,
and he, fascinating to all, is not only in my heart,
he is in the hearts of all.

2885. The matchless, shining god,
who is adorned with a cool thulasi garland
on his arms, chest, his shining head and his feet
stays on my tongue and embraces me without leaving me.

2886. He, the creator and destroyer of all stays on my tongue
who is the soul and body of all wisdom and the arts,
has four beautiful powerful arms,
and carries a discus and a conch that he blows on the battlefield.
The lotus-eyed god with a beautiful dark body colored like a kāvi flower,
is always before my eyes.

2887. He created Shiva with an eye on his forehead,
Nānmuhan who stays on a lotus
and all the other faultless gods and the world.
He controls my five troubling senses,
abiding on my forehead and in my eyes
through which I see everything.

2888. Shiva, adorned with a crescent moon in his matted hair
Nānmuhan, Indra and all the other gods
come and worship the lotus feet of Kaṇṇan, adorned with a thulasi garland.
He stays on my forehead and rules me.

2889. Saḍagopan of flourishing Thirukkuruhur
composed a thousand pāsurams
on the god of gods Kaṇṇan who abides in his mind
to show how much he loves the god.
If devotees learn and recite these ten pāsurams, 
he will keep them beneath his divine ankleted feet.

2890. He took the form of a dwarf, went to Mahābali and grew up to the sky 
carrying a conch and a discus in his hands 
as all the seven worlds worshiped his divine feet. 
The dark jewel-like god remains before my eyes.

2891. Our father is the earth, water, fire, the good wind and the sky 
and he remains before my eyes. 
He will come to me if I think of him and call him with love— 
what do I need more than seeing him?

2892. O ignorant mind, worship the lotus-eyed Kaṇṇan, 
the god of me, my father, my grandfather and his father, 
the beloved of Lakshmi with a waist as thin as a vine who stays on his chest.

2893. O heart, you are good, you are good. 
What can we not achieve if we receive in our heart 
our lord, the beloved of Lakshmi. 
See, even in sleep you think unceasingly of that young one.

2894. O heart, you will get whatever you want 
without even having to think of it if you find the lord 
who swallowed all the worlds, 
measured the earth and the sky in two steps 
and took the form of a boar and split open the earth.

2895. O heart, the sapphire-colored one 
is the father and mother of this world—that I tell you. 
If you and I agree and worship him 
he will save us from all sickness.
2896. The gods in the sky keep you, the precious one, in their minds and praise you saying, “You are our father, you are our dear lord.” I am a worthless person but I praise you, saying, “O my father, you are my dear lord. I will keep you in my heart.”

2897. As soon as I hear the words, “dear Nāraṇan,” my eyes fill with tears. I search for him—is he an illusion? Our Nambi trusts and loves me and will not leave me night or day. He is always with me.

2898. Nambi of southern Thirukurungudi, our ancient lord and a bright light for the gods in the sky shines like pure gold. How can I describe my dear one or forget him?

2899. I know nothing of forgetting or remembering. The lovely lotus-eyed one who shines like a diamond does not want me to forget him. He has entered my heart and he stays there—how could I ever forget him?

2900. Saḍagopan of southern Thirukuruḥur composed a thousand pāsurams on him, precious as a jewel, the dear Kaṇṇan, the god of the gods in the sky. If devotees learn and recite these ten pāsurams they will become good scholars.

2901. She says, “O beautiful nārai bird living on the sea-shore where abundant waves dash on the banks of the ocean, even if my mother and all the gods in the sky sleep you do not sleep.
Does your heart suffer like me with love sickness
and your body become pale?
Does Thirumāl give this suffering to you as he does to me?"

2902. She says, “O sharp-beaked andril bird,
do you plunge into deep thought like me?
Do you not sleep many nights just like me?
Did you fall in love with the one who rests on the snake bed?
Do you also love the long cool thulasi garland
that he wears on his chest and that touches his feet?”

2903. She says, “O roaring ocean,
you do not sleep all night and day,
melting in your heart and pining with love for him.
Do you have the pain that I have
because I long to worship the feet of him
who burned Lanka in the south?”

2904. She says, “O cool wind, you blow,
touching the ocean, mountain and the sky
and like me you never sleep during the bright day or night.
Are you sick because you want to see him
with a discus that conquers his enemies? Are you doing this eon after eon?”

2905. She says, “O clouds, may you prosper!
You take the water from the ocean, rise up,
become cold and pour rain.
Will you do this until the end of the world?
Do you suffer like me who fell in love with Madhusudana?”

2906. She says, “O beautiful moon!
Today, you do not remove the deep darkness.
You aren’t bright and don’t give light.
Do you suffer, your brightness lost, like me
because you trusted the false words of the lord
who carries a discus and rests on five-headed Adisesha?"

2907. She says, “We have lost our hearts in love for our Nāraṇan.
We worry because we are weak and cry.
O deep darkness! May you prosper.
You make us suffer by making the world dark.
Are you going to do this until the end of the world?
Won't you change and be good to us?”

2908. She says, “O salt backwater
as dark as the deepest darkness,
even when everyone rests at night, you do not.
Do you suffer like me
because you hope the heroic one
who kicked Sakaṭāṣuran when he came as a cart
will give his grace to you?”

2909. She says, “O light that does not diminish,
do you suffer because love sickness afflicts you
and hurts your soft soul? You are pitiful!
Are you burning because of the desire
that you have for your beloved one
who wears cool thulasi garlands?
His red mouth is as sweet as a fruit
and his large lotus eyes are beautiful.”

2910. She says, “You, the everlasting ancient lord,
split open the mouth of the Asuran Kesi when he came as a horse,
destroyed the Asurans who came as marudam trees
and measured the world and the sky at the sacrifice of Mahābali.
You made me fall in love with you
and now I suffer night and day unceasingly
and my body and my life are withering away.
Do not make me suffer any more from my love.”

2911. Saḍagopan of Thirukkuruhur
with unlimited love for the ancient god
composed a thousand pāsurams on him,
the bright light and origin of all things.
If devotees learn these ten pāsurams and do not forget them
they will surely reach Vaikuṇṭam.

2912. The ancient god, moksha,
the highest of all the gods, the protector of the world
who has unlimited good qualities
swallowed the earth and the sky.
We have no other eyes but his to see.

2913. If he does not help us, who will give us grace
and save the people of the seven worlds
and the gods in the sky from their sins?
Gopalan, the highest lord, gave his blood to Shiva
to remove the curse that Nānmuhan had put on him.

2914. Our divine lord who grew to the sky at Mahābali’s sacrifice
and measured the world
keeps on his body Shiva, the bull-rider,
Nānmuhan on a lotus and Lakshmi, treating all equally
as all the other gods in the sky worship him.
Is there any god higher than he?

2915. Should anyone adorn other gods with flowers
or worship any god other than our lord
who created Nānmuhan to create all the gods
and all the creatures in the world?

2916. The majestic lord with beautiful lotus eyes unique, famous and ancient, shines like a bright light. Does anyone know any other god, higher than our dear lord?

2917. He carries a discus and rests beautifully on the ocean, and he swallowed all people and all things and kept them in his stomach He is the shining flood of knowledge and his rule spreads over all the world.

2918. He, generous and mighty, swallowed all the seven worlds and rested on a banyan leaf. Who knows what is within him? Who knows the thoughts of that thief Māyan?

2919. The Māyan created all the gods, all the three worlds and everything in the world and he keeps them inside himself and protects them. Is there anyone like him who can do that?

2920. At the end of the eon when a flood came to destroy the world he swallowed all the creatures on the earth, kept them in his stomach, spat them out, and created Nānmuhan with faces in the four directions, Indra and the other gods and all the gods’ worlds in the sky.

2921. Shiva the bull rider, Nānmuhan, Indra and the other gods in the sky bow to him, the eagle rider worship his ankleted feet and praise him saying, “You are a thief. O lord, you created us and all the seven worlds are from you.”
2922. Saḍagopan of Thirukkuruhur
composed a thousand pāsurams on the beautiful dancer Kaṇṇan,
the creator of the seven worlds.
If devotees learn these ten pāsurams and recite them
they will have no trouble in their life.

2923. O good soul that stays in my body,
you and I joined Madhusudanan,
the god of the gods in the sky
and it was as if honey, milk, butter
and sugarcane juice were all mixed together.

2924. No one is equal or higher than you, the Māyan,
who give your grace to all lives good and bad.
You are the mother who bore me and the father who taught me everything.
O my lord, you made me understand all things that I do not understand.
I, your slave, cannot describe all that you did for me.

2925. Just as you went to the king of the Asurans Mahābali
as an innocent dwarf, cheated him
and measured the world with three footsteps,
you made me your slave and gave me your love
even when I was an innocent child
and entered my heart and made me love you.

2926. You entered my heart
and in return I gave my life to you.
It is not possible for me to leave you,
my father, who swallowed the seven worlds.
What is my life? What am I?
You gave me life and you took it as your own.
2927. O father, you are the nectar
that does not come from the ocean.
You, the seed of all lives, who give moksha to all,
took the form of a boar
and lifted up all the seven worlds
holding them on your tusk.
Even the wise cannot know who you are.
I came and joined your feet.

2928. You, the bright moon,
remove the bad karma of your devotees
when they approach you.
You cut off the nose of the Rakshasi Surpanaha
and you stay in the hearts of your devotees
who keep you in their minds and do not leave you
as a light that is their protection.
I received you into my life as soon as I was born.

2929. You, the dark cloud-colored lord,
the highest, praised by the gods in heaven,
the sweet sound of a fine, well-used yazh,
faultless, sweet as sugarcane, my nectar
are my Kaṇṇan—I have no refuge but you. Take care of me.

2930. I was born in this world because of my devotion
and the tapas that I practiced for many ages.
In my heart I have worshiped my father
who as a child stole butter from the uri, hid and ate it
so that I will not be born again and suffer.

2931. Since I, the slave of Kaṇṇan, the matchless, pure god of gods
adorned with a fragrant cool thulasi garland-
worshiped and danced praising him,
my terrible sicknesses and troubles have all gone away
and I am plunged into my love for him.

2932. When will the day come
when I can leave the pleasures of this world
and, without any sickness, old age or birth,
become a bright light and join the devotees
of Māyapiran with a shining discus and a conch
who gives his grace to the world and makes it flourish?
When will the day come when I join his devotees?

2933. Saḍagopan of southern Thirukkuruhur, filled with devotees,
composed a thousand pāsurams on the magical one
who grew angry with king of Lanka the mighty Ravana
and destroyed his Rakshasa clan.
O devotees, learn these ten pāsurams,
sing and dance with the group of devotees and you will be happy.

2934. Her mother says,
“My daughter who has a bright forehead
dances and dances singing his praise.
Her eyes are filled with tears.
She searches and searches for the highest one, saying, ‘Narasingal’
She withers away with love for him.”

2935. Her mother says,
“My daughter has a bright forehead and lovely nature
and suffers wanting to see you.
You cut off the thousand arms of the strong Asuran Vānan
and saved the world,
but you are not compassionate and do not show yourself to her. ”

2936. Her mother says,
“Her love for you makes her suffer
and she melts like arakku and wax in a fire.
You have no compassion—what should I do,
O you who burned Lanka, the country of the king of Rakshasas?”

2937. Her mother says,
“She says ‘You destroyed Lanka
and raised your eagle banner in victory.’
She sheds many tears, her mind is confused
and her sighs are like burning fire.
She folds her hands and worships you.”

2938. Her mother says,
“She thinks of you, colored like pearls, day and night
and her eyes, lovely as water lilies, are filled with tears.
She says, ‘Won’t you give me
your cool beautiful thulasi garland that swarms with bees?’
How can I believe your devotees when they say you are kind?”

2939. Her mother says,
“She says, ‘You are kind.
I love you more and more.
You are the nectar of my life.
You are in my heart!’
and she melts and melts for you.”

2940. Her mother says,
“My daughter is hurt because you cheated her
and she says, ‘You are generous, you are my Kaṇṇan
resting on the milky ocean.’
She hides her love from me
and doesn’t tell me how you cheated her.”
2941. Her mother says,
“She says, ‘You cheated me.’
She worships him
and her heart suffers and she sighs.
She says, ‘You cheated Kamsan and killed him.’
She has come to you for refuge. It is wrong to cheat her.”

2942. Her mother says,
“She doesn’t know when the sun rises or when it sets.
She says, ‘I long for his cool fragrant thulasi garland
with its flowers that drip honey.’
O you who have a sharp round bright discus,
what can you do for my poor daughter?”

2943. Her mother says,
“She is a poor innocent girl
and doesn’t know whether it is night or day.
Her lovely faultless eyes are filled with tears.
O you who burned Lanka and destroyed all the creatures there
do not make this girl whose glance is as innocent as a doe’s suffer.”

2944. She says,
“The generous Saḍagopan composed a thousand pāsurams
praising the faultless famous Vāmanan
who made a girl fall in love with him,
describing how her mother worries for her.
If devotees learn these ten pāsurams with music
they will join the feet of him decorated with garlands.

2945. The lord with large eyes as beautiful as lotuses,
a mouth as sweet as a fruit and red as a lotus, feet as lovely as lotuses,
a divine body as pure as gold, with a conch and a discus in his hands
and wearing garlands, ornaments and a sacred thread on his chest,
came, entered my heart and gave his love to me.

2946. He has divine body shining like the sun in the sky, lovely eyes and hands like beautiful lotuses, and he keeps Thirumagaḷ on his chest, Nānmuhan on his navel and Shiva as a part of his body. I have no place on his body but he has entered my heart.

2947. He has a lotus mouth as sweet as a fruit and eyes, feet and hands like beautiful lotuses. He shines like a bright hill and all the everlasting seven worlds are in his stomach. There is nothing in the world that is not inside him, and he has entered in my heart.

2948. He, precious like an emerald hilll, is in all things. His eyes, hands and feet are like fresh lotuses and he is as sweet as a nectar that will never become bitter on any day, any month, any year or any time until the end of the world.

2949. He is the nectar that will always be sweet, a dark cloud that has entered my heart. Even red coral cannot compete with my dear Kaṇṇan’s lovely red mouth. His eyes, feet and hands are like lotuses and he wears a long garland, a tall crown, an oṭṭiyāṇam around his waist and many other ornaments.

2950. He of many names and bright forms is adorned with many ornaments and his qualities are too many to conceive. He has wonderful knowledge and rests on a snake bed. He is the joy of seeing, tasting, hearing, touching and smelling.
2951. He rests on a snake bed on the milky ocean
killed seven bulls to marry Nappinnai
whose lovely arms are like bamboo
and he destroyed the seven mara trees
in groves where honey drips.
His golden crown is adorned
with a cool thulasi garland tied with flowers.

2952. The omnipresent four-armed one,
as strong as a bull, wears a golden crown and a cool thulasi garland.
He has entered my heart and forgiven my faults.
I do not have the words to praise him—
tell me how I can describe him.

2953. Shining like a dark diamond,
he is the soul within my soul.
With his endless fame he, neither male nor female,
is sweet nectar, moksha that is so hard to attain,
and the fragrance of alli flowers.

2954. He is not male, not female,
and he is not an ali, who is neither.
No one can see him.
He neither is, nor is he not.
When a devotee wishes to see him
he will appear in whatever form the devotee wishes
or he may not be there.
To describe the dear lord is very hard.

2955 Saḍagopan of Thirukkuruhur
composed a thousand andādi pāsurams on him,
our father who danced the wonderful kuḍakuthu dance,
whom no one can describe.
If devotees learn these ten pāsurams and recite them well they will reach Vaikuṇṭham.

2956. O lord of Vaikuṇṭham colored like a blue sapphire, you are a naughty divine dwarf, nectar that has entered my heart and remains there always, and a strong bull worshiped by the gods. You remove the troubles of your devotees, and destroy the Asurans, and though you stay in Vaikuṇṭham, you are with me.

2957. He swallowed all the worlds leaving nothing behind and he kept them in his stomach. Changeless, he is a flood of knowledge, a faultless bright light and nectar for all. There is no place on this earth that is not seen by the lotus eyes of Kaṇṇan. He has entered my heart.

2958. His eyes are as beautiful as lotuses and the gods worship him as their lord. He, the dear one, adorned with fragrant flower garlands shining like a golden mountain, gave me the good fortune of approaching him and worshiping him. I dance happily thinking of him always. He, the generous one, gave me his grace to sing beautiful pāsurams that praise him.

2959. You, the generous Madhusudanan, my emerald hill and my father, gave me the good fortune of thinking only of you. How could I leave you? I praised your fame that is like a flood,
danced and sang with joy
and all my sickness and troubles went away.

2960. O my father, you rest on the five-headed snake Adisesha
on the milky ocean in yogic contemplation.
I escaped my troubles
and you destroyed all my cruel karma.
Now I have become your slave forever—
how could I ever want anything else?

2961. I thought and thought of you
and praised you in songs and danced
and all the bad karma of my former births went away.
You took the form of a man-lion
and split open the chest of Hiranyan when he disgraced you.
I am your slave. There is nothing that I cannot do.

2962. What is there that I cannot do?
He who swallowed all the seven worlds
came and joyfully entered the heart of me, his slave, and will not leave me.
The terrible troubles that I have will go away.
He protects me and saves me
and I will not go to cruel hell in all my seven births.

2963. Born in many births again and again,
I have reached your feet and my heart is happy
as if it had plunged into a divine flood of bliss.
O father who ride on a flying eagle
you fought many Asurans, and you defeated and destroyed them.
O dear one, do not go away from me.

2964. O my father, you are the god of Thiruvenkaṭam.
You destroyed Lanka shooting one arrow and made all the seven maramara trees fall.
You are nectar, adorned with bunches of beautiful cool thulasi garlands.
O young one, strong bull among the gods,
you have entered my heart—where will I go now?

2965. You are the past, present and future,
and you are my father and mother and my life.
I have reached you and will not leave you
who are the lord of the three worlds
that praise your ancient fame,
O highest one, adorned with fragrant thulasi garlands,
 lord of the cool Venkaṭam hills.

2966. Saḍagopan of famous southern Thirukkuruhur composed a thousand andādi pāsurams praising the wonderful lotus-eyed Kaṇṇan whose hair is adorned with beautiful thulasi garlands. If devotees learn these ten pāsurams and sing them they will be the devotees of Kesavan.

2967. The lord Kaṇṇan with a beautiful form is a dark diamond and the lord of the gods in the sky. Whether they are rich or poor, Kesavan gives his devotees faultless lives for all their seven births. Everything happens on his earth because of our lord, our father Nārāyanan.

2968. Nāraṇan is the lord of the seven worlds, the creator of the Vedas, the cause, action and karma of the world, and he is my father. Our lord Madhavan is beautiful, worshiped by all the gods,
and he broke the tusks of the elephant Kuvalayābeedam.

2969. As soon as I said the word Madhavan
he came, entered my heart
and gave me his grace
so that no trouble will come to me.
He is the nectar that destroys all evil,
the lotus-eyed lord strong as a mountain
and sweet as faultless sugar,
and he, Govindan, is my father.

2970. My dear Govindan dances on a pot saying, “I am Gopalan!”
and makes the gods sing and dance with him.
My father, the strong lord who accepted me
and removed all my faults and karma,
gave his grace to me and to my friends and relatives
and made us join him for all our seven births.

2971. Our father Madhusudanan
who has beautiful lotus eyes, feet and hands
and a divine body like a dark shining mountain,
carries in his hands a conch bright as the moon
and a discus that shines like the sun.

2972. I sing and dance eon after eon saying,
“I have no refuge but you, Madhusudanan,
and I do no work except to praise the lord.”
He comes before me in all my births
and gives me his grace because of my good fate.
I have joined my father Thirivikraman.

2973. You, the mighty lord who took the form of a dwarf,
granted me a mind to praise and worship your lotus feet eon after eon
saying, “You, with beautiful lotus eyes, a red mouth sweet as a fruit and teeth white as marble are Thirivikraman, my father.”

2974. I praise your feet and worship you saying,
“You, a dwarf with the color of an emerald and eyes as beautiful as lotuses are the father of Kama.”
You gave me a pure mind, removed the troubles of birth and destroyed the evil thoughts in my mind.
O Sridhara, what can I give you in return?

2975. I praised you saying,
“You, Sridharan, have beautiful lotus eyes.”
I was anxious and frightened day and night, my eyes were filled with tears, and I sighed and sighed, but you entered my heart and took away my bad karma.
O my Rishikesa, every day I will keep you in my mind and my joy will always increase.

2976. My dear Rishikesan, the lord of the gods in the sky, destroyed the Rakshasa clan in Lanka.
O heart, even if you are confused and do not know who the lord is, keep Padmanabhan firmly in your heart, bow to him and know surely that he is the almighty.

2977. The highest lord Padmanabhan, the Damodaran, god of the gods in the sky, dark as a cloud, sweet as nectar, generous as the Karpaga tree, stronger and wonderful than other gods and the creatures of the world who stays in Thiruvenkaṭam hills took me and gave himself to me.
2978. His devotees worship him saying,
"He is the ancient lord and he swallowed all the seven earth.
Is it possible for someone to know Damodharan, our lord?
Even Nānmuhan with heads facing in all four directions and Shiva
were not able to reach the feet or head of the ocean-colored lord."

2979. Sadagopan of southern Thirukkuruhur
composed a garland of a thousand Tamil pāsurams
on Kaṇṇan, a precious jewel and bright light,
Neḍumāl, the lord of the gods in the sky.
If devotees learn and sing these twelve pāsurams
they will reach the feet of the highest one.

2980. He rests on the snake bed Adisesha
and embraces Lakshmi on his chest.
He is moksha and the lord of all,
and he is the beloved of the earth goddess and the goddess of wealth.
He is the boatman for those who wants to cross the ocean of birth.

2981. If devotees join the matchless lord adorned with a thulasi garland
who saved the elephant Gajendra
when it was caught by a crocodile in a cool blooming pond,
the troubles in their lives will go away
and he will remove the ocean of sorrowful births for them
and grant them moksha, a dwelling that has no sorrow.

2982. He keeps Nānmuhan, the creator of the world, on his navel,
Shiva, the destroyer of the world, on the left part of his body
and he embraces lovely Lakshmi, the goddess of wealth, on his chest.
The lord exists everywhere and in everything you see in the world,

2983. O devotees, if you control your five senses and the pleasures they give
and praise the divine qualities of the strong lord who killed the Asuras,
and remain with him always, you will enter
the endless moksha that is faultless goodness.

2984. The matchless everlasting god of the gods,
the faultless one who protects his devotees in all the three worlds
from their sorrowful births that come ceaselessly
and from all trouble in their lives,
took the forms of a horse, turtle, fish
and human to protect this world from evil
is my teerthan.

2985. When Arjuna saw the same garland
on the head of Shiva that was on the feet of the faultless lord
who measured the world,
he realized that Kaṇṇan is the real god.
Who can praise the excellence of the lord,
adorned with beautiful thulasi garlands?

2986. As a dwarf the lord who rests on a snake bed on the ocean
measured the world and the sky with his two feet.
He split open the earth, went to the underworld as a boar
and brought up the earth goddess
and he swallowed the earth and spat it out.
Who can understand the things
that he does out of love for the earth goddess?

2987. Is there any way someone can see our dear Kaṇṇan, our Esan?
Even though he swallows the whole world
it is not be enough for him.
He is omnipresent in all places,
in the souls of all the creatures of the world
and in all the heavens in the sky.
There is no place where he is not.
2988. Prahladan the son of Hiraṇyan said,  
“Kaṇṇan is everywhere,”  
and his father opposed him saying,  
“See, he will not be here in this pillar,”  
but the moment he broke open the pillar  
Thirumāl came out as a man-lion and killed him.  
Who can understand the power of him  
who took the form of a lion?

2989. I saw the dark cloud-colored Kaṇṇan,  
the god of the divine world of the gods,  
of moksha, hell, the middle world,  
the root and seed of all things  
who pervades everything but also stands alone.

2990. Saḍagopan from the flourishing Pandya country  
filled with groves where bees swarm  
composed a thousand Tamil pāsurams with music  
to the dear lord with a dark body and bright eyes.  
If devotees learn these ten pāsurams and recite them well  
they will reach moksha in the sky.

2991. O dear lord , you saved the suffering elephant Gajendra from the crocodile.  
I do not wish to ask about wonderful moksha,  
I only want you to put your divine lotus feet on my head.  
This is the only thing I, your devotee, want.

2992. You, my father, colored like a dark diamond are a bright light.  
Give me the wisdom so I may reach your feet  
that no one can approach.  
Do not wait long.  
This is the only thing I always want from you.
2993. O highest lord Kaṇṇan,
you carry a discus in your hand
and give me your grace so I will not do evil deeds.
Even when I die and phlegm fills my throat
give me your grace so that
I will praise you without forgetting you.

2994. I want him to give me grace saying,
“Be my devotee always.”
I want him to enter my mind making me himself
and staying there without ever leaving.
If I receive the grace of Kaṇṇan and make him mine
and that is the most wonderful thing I could ever have.

2995. I do not mind
whether I reach moksha, the heaven of the gods, or hell
when my life leaves my body,
but I will worship the dear unborn lord
who takes many births in this world
only to give his devotees his grace.
I will not forget him ever and I will be happy.

2996. O lord who created the gods and give them happiness,
you are the knowledge and ignorance of the world,
the light that gives joy to all, a blooming flower.
I want to worship you joyfully with my mind,
my words and my deeds always.
Come happily to me so I may worship you.

2997. Come, I want to stay beneath your divine lotus feet
never moving from there.
You have not given me your grace so I may reach your feet
and you have not entered my heart.
Come and stay in my heart always and in all situations.

2998. You, worshiped by faultless sages who are the learned in the Vedas
are as sweet as a fruit made of jaggery
If you will always be my father and stay in my heart,
I will not ask you for anything else.

2999. I did not understand myself
and thought only of myself and my possessions,
but now I know that I am you and all that I own is yours.
O lord, you are a bull among the gods
and all the gods in the sky praise you.

3000. You conquered the seven bulls
and are the bright light
that burned and destroyed famous Lanka.
Do not rely on my efforts
but make me join your golden feet soon
and do not make me go anywhere else.

3001. Saḍagopan of Thirukkuruhur
composed a thousand faultless pāsurams
on the highest one who carries a heroic discus.
If devotees learn and recite these ten faultless pāsurams
they will reach moksha where there is no suffering.

3002. Before you grow old and your youth goes away
it is good to go to the temple
where Māyon shines in Thirumalirunjolai
surrounded by fresh flourishing groves.
Going there, worshiping him without holding back X
and dancing is the best thing you can do.
3003. The purpose of your life
is to go to that temple and worship him
in Thirumalirunjolai hills
where the moon shines on the tops of the peaks
and the roaring sound of the conches
in the beautiful lord’s temple
is louder than the music of the dances
of lovely young women.

3004. O heart! Doing useless things is not fruitful.
The purpose of your life is to go to the divine hill
of Thirumalirunjolai surrounded by beautiful groves
and to worship the cloud-colored lord there.

3005. The right thing is to go to the divine Thirumalirunjolai
where clouds that drop rain move around the famous hills
and worship the lord
who carried Govardhana mountain
to save the cowherds and the cows from the storm
and remove the bad karma of all people.

3006. Do not increase your karma doing bad things in your life.
Go to the temple in Thirumalirunjolai
surrounded by pure beautiful springs
and worship him who carries the discus.
That is the dharmic path that you should take.

3007. Do not do bad deeds
but think of doing good deeds.
He who stole butter from the pot kept in the uri
stays in the temple in Thirumalirunjolai
where deer play with their fawns.
It is good to think of him and worship him with devotion.

3008. Think only of doing good deeds and you will not go to hell.
The lord who took the form of a boar and split open the earth
stays in the temple of Thirumalirunjolai
where the faultless bright moon shines.
If you circle that hill,
goodness will abound in your life.

3009. Do not do bad things and spend your life in vain.
Go around the temple of Māyavan every day
where the gods come and circle the hills of Thirumalirunjolai.
Get into the habit of circling that hill
and it will bring you good fortune.

3010. Do not think it is just a custom to circle the temple.
If you circle the temple in Thirumalirunjolai
where strong male elephants live together in groups
and worship the lord who killed the devil Putana
when she came to feed him poisonous milk,
bad karma will not come to you
and you will be successful in whatever you do.

3011. Do not steal and gamble thinking
that you will gain something.
The lord who taught the Vedas to the sages
stays in the temple in Thirumalirunjolai where beautiful peacocks dance.
To go to that mountain where beautiful flowers bloom
should be the object of your life.

3012. The generous Saḍagopan of Thirukkuruhur
composed a thousand good pāsurams
about the famous lord whose purpose was to create this world
and who gives his grace to all.
If devotees learn and recite these ten poems
they will reach his feet.

3013. Is it your bright face that makes your crown shine?
Is it the bright light of your feet that makes them bloom like lotuses?
Is it the brightness of your golden waist that gives light
to your clothes and your precious ornaments?
Tell me, O Thirumāl.

3014. You are highest shining lord!
A lotus cannot be compared
to the beauty of your eyes and feet,
and pure gold cannot be compared to the brightness
of your divine body.
All the praises of you that this world utters are merely meaningless.

3015. O Govinda, I do not have the ability to praise you
who are the highest unique light
and who created the world,
swallowed it and kept it inside you.
There is no other brightness that can be compared with you,

3016. The people of this world do not know
how to worship your beautiful lotus form.
You created many religions
for the people of the world to follow,
but you are interested only in the thulasi garland that you wear.
Don't you think this large world will suffer without you
if you do not save its people and take care of them?

3017. You have a bright body that is like a beautiful flower
that you acquired without any austerities.
You who are the past, present and future are profound wisdom
and no boundary can include all the places where you are.
You give your grace in all ages to the world.
How can I describe your power?

3018. Your hair is adorned with flowers and a fresh thulasi garland
and Lakshmi stays on a lotus on your chest.
All the Vedas and the sastras that are recited by the sages
and everything in all the worlds
have been created only by your grace.
What can I say to praise you?

3019. In the beginning you created Nānmuhan from your navel
and said to him, “Create the world surrounded with oceans.”
Even if famous Shiva and the other shining gods praise you
they cannot do justice to your venerable and marvelous fame.
Many devotees praise you.

3020. You are wise,
your knowledge does not diminish or grow,
you have a faultless body
and you are whole and not whole.
If Indra the king of the gods worships your feet
won’t the brightness of your lotus feet grow dull
because he lacks the words to praise you?

3021. Riding on Garuḍa, you appeared
carrying a sharp-edged discus in your right hand
to save the elephant Gajendra from the crocodile
when he called you for help.
When your devotees worship you with their faultless knowledge,
do you think if you give your grace to them
your brightness in this wide world will diminish?
3022. The lord Shiva with matted hair adorned with the crescent moon, Nānruhan and Indra know you are the lord and praise you who are a bright light and a blooming flower. You are the inner meaning of the four Vedas, and you created this world, swallowed it and spat it out and measured it at Mahābali's sacrifice. Is this not a wonder?

3023. Saḍagopan of flourishing Thirukkuruhur where many famous and victorious Vediyers live composed a thousand faultless pāsurams and worshiped and praised the lord, the true wisdom, the giver of Vedas to the sages. If devotees learn and recite these ten poems they will not be born again in this world surrounded by roaring oceans.

3024. When will I leave this body that you gave me and be rid of the troubles that are the result of my karma? When will I join you who have the color of a cloud and created the world surrounded by oceans?

3025. When will the time come when I join you who took the form of a dwarf and measured the world and worship your wonderful divine feet, free from the fruits of my old karma? I suffer in many births because of your many māyas.

3026. O father, tell me the way to remove the bad karma that I have collected in many births and show me the path to reach you
who drove the chariot for Arjuna
and destroyed all the armies on the battlefield.

3027. You are the bright light of wisdom
that spreads everywhere in both good and bad places.
O my father, give me your grace so I may
be freed from the desires of this world
and join your feet, living the good life of serving you.

3028. You, with the lovely color of a kāyām blossom, are my father.
Even though it seems you entered my heart,
you have not helped the confusion of my mind.
If this is what you do how can I come and join you?

3029. I have not thought of what is good or bad to do—
I have done things that are wrong and enjoyed them
without thinking of you ever. O highest one,
creator of thousands and thousands of lives,
when will the time come when I can attain your golden shining feet?

3030. O heart, we lived on this earth
and never knew what true wisdom is,
collecting bad karma that plunged us into births.
When can we reach Kaṇṇan, the true wisdom,
the bright light that spreads everywhere and always?

3031. I have not stopped doing bad things,
and I have not constantly worshiped your ankleted feet,
You, Kaṇṇan, praised from ancient times, are my bright divine light.
I am calling you to see you. Where are you?
I will come there and call you.

3032. You grazed the cows and protected them
and measured the world at Mahābali’s sacrifice.
For many ages I have not known the good paths of life—
confused, I, have continued to do bad things.
I have been calling and calling you.
When will I see you, my father?

3033. When the messengers of Yama come and throw out their snares,
I will find and worship him
who is known to all through the wise sastras
and he will come and remove all the suffering they bring.
I will see Kaṇṇan, the knowledge of all arts,
and be saved as my life joins its true soul.

3034. Saḍagopan of southern Thirukkuruhur
where cuckoo birds sing in the groves
composed a thousand faultless musical pāsurams
on him who contains all the souls of the world inside himself.
If devotees learn and recite these ten pāsurams
they will not suffer from the desires of their senses
because that will remove the suffering that the senses give.

3035. We should join the father of the father of my father
who is a bright beautiful light
staying in the Thiruvenkaṭam hills
where resounding waterfalls descend
and do faultless service for him as slaves as long as we live.

3036. The gods in the sky and Indra the king of gods
come and worship the dark cloud-colored lord of everlasting fame
who, protecting my family for seven generations,
stays in Thiruvenkaṭam where beautiful flowers bloom.

3037. Māyan, the highest ancient one of limitless fame,
the god of the gods in the sky with lovely lotus eyes,
a mouth red as a sweet fruit, shining like a dark jewel
stays in the Thiruvenkaṭam hills
where springs are filled with clear water.

3038. If I say he is the god of the gods in the sky
that is hardly great praise for him, the lord of Thiruvenkaṭam.
I am a mean person, without goodness,
yet he gave me his love even though
I have given nothing back to him, the divine shining light.

3039. Is it enough praise for him
who is nectar for skilled Vediyars and the creator of the Vedas
who stays in the Thiruvenkaṭam hills of faultless fame
if I say that he is a bright light
and the ancient lord worshiped by all the worlds?

3040. Because the devotees who live in the Thiruvenkaṭam hills
perform service to the devotees of our lord,
doing only good for others, it is our duty to worship them
even if they suffer in their lives because of their bad karma.

3041. The gods in the sky and the king of gods Indra
go to the Thiruvenkaṭam hills carrying beautiful flowers,
water, lamps and incense to worship the lord.
If we go there, that majestic hill will give us moksha.

3042. If we go to the divine Thiruvenkaṭam hills
where the mighty lord stays,
the highest one who measured the world
and carried Govardhana mountain
to protect the cows from the cold storm,
and if we worship him, just that will remove our karma.
3043. If devotees worship his lotus feet 
keeping him in their minds 
and praising him with their tongues, 
the lord of divine Thiruvenkatam, 
the cowherd, will take away their old age 
when they grow weary and sick 
and remove their future births.

3044. Before you become old and weak 
and the end of your days comes, 
go to Thiruvenkatam, precious as gold, 
surrounded with groves 
brooming with flowers that swarm with bees. 
See the lord who rests on a snake bed, 
and worship his divine feet.

3045. Sadagopan of Thirukuruhur surrounded by flourishing groves composed a thousand faultless pāsurams 
praising the lord who measured the earth with his feet. 
If devotees learn and recite these ten poems 
they will live with fame on this earth 
and the world will praise them.

3046. Should I say that you have matchless fame, 
or that you are the beautiful one unequalled on the earth? 
Should I say you shine in the cool ocean, 
or that you are hot fire? 
Should I say you are wind 
or that you are the sky that covers the earth? 
Should I say you are the sun and the moon 
or that you are the everlasting one? What can I call you?
3047. I do not know what to call you.
Should I say you are a mountain
or that you are the rain that nourishes the world?
Should I say you are the shining stars or the arts?
Should I say you are wisdom?
You are the lotus-eyed Kaṇṇan praised by the whole world.

3048. Should I say you are the lotus-eyed lord
or that you have a mouth red as coral?
Should I say you are the shining sun
or that you have the dark color of kohl?
Should I say you embrace Lakshmi on your chest
or that you carry a conch and a discus in your hands?
You are a precious diamond.

3049. Should I say you are a precious ruby
or that you are pure gold?
Should I say you are the best pearl from the ocean
or that you are a faultless diamond?
Should I say you are a faultless beautiful lamp
or that you are ancient brightness?
Should I say you are the ancient one of the world?
You are my everlasting father, Achudan, the pure one.

3050. Should I say you are Achudan, the pure one
or that you are the remedy for the karma of your devotees?
Should I say you are the nectar that came from the milky ocean
or that you are sweet jaggery?
Should I say you are food with its six tastes
or that you are the taste of ghee?
Are you the taste of honey? Are you the taste of fruit or milk?

3051. Should I say you are milk or the fruit of the Vedas?
Should I say you are the moral and religious books
or that you are the music that I love to hear?
Should I say you are a precious thing above all these
or that you are the result of karma?
Should I say you are Kaṇṇan or that you are Maal?
Should I say you are Māyan? You are the ancient one..

3052. Should I say you are the chief of the gods
or that you are the lord of the gods in the sky?
Should I say you are the joy of the gods in the sky
or that you yourself are all the gods?
Should I say you are faultless wealth or that you are faultless heaven?
Should I say you, colored like a bright sapphire, are faultless moksha?

3053. Should I say you have the color of bright sapphire
or that you are Shiva with the moon in his matted hair
who is praised by his devotees as the unique one?
Should I say you are Nānmuhan?
You are my father adorned with flowers and thulasi garlands.
You are Kaṇṇan and Māyan
and you created all the worlds through your grace
and the world praises you.

3054. I do not know how to worship him,
the Kaṇṇan, the Māyan, the god with no end,
the Achudan who churned the milky ocean
and took the nectar from it,
the lord who rests on Adishesha in deep yoga
the Maal who swallowed the world and spit it out.
He is all things and he is everyone in the world.

3055. He is all things and all creatures and in their feelings,
abiding in all people whenever they are in need.
All the five senses do not know him who never grows weary.
The soul has no desires and if someone understands his own soul, he will join him because the lord himself is the soul.

3056. Saḍagopan the generous poet of Thirukkuruhur composed a thousand pāsurams on the cloud-colored lord adorned with cool garlands that swarm with bees. If devotees learn and recite these ten pāsurams, surrounded by the gods, they will enjoy the pleasures of moksha.

3057. The dark cloud-colored Kaṇṇan gave his grace to the elephant Gajendra when it was caught by a crocodile in a pond in a grove blooming with flowers that swarmed with bees. What is the use of those who do not get up, dance, jump, praise and sing the greatness of our lord? Tell me, O devotees living in this world surrounded by the cool ocean.

3058. Thirumāl destroyed the strong Asurans, who, wearing heroic anklets, killed the people of the world surrounded by oceans and ate them. If you do not bathe, sing, dance, and praise Thirumāl, you will be born on the earth again and suffer because you have collected bad karma.

3059. He carried Govardhana mountain and protected the cows from their affliction. Those who do not jump and dance, roll on the ground, and praise always the dear lord will go to hell and suffer.

3060. The lord Sridharan who has a beautiful pearl-like mouth, killed seven strong bulls to marry Nappinnai
whose hair was adorned with fragrant flowers.
What is the use of those who are born as sages
if they, not singing, dancing, kneeling and bowing their heads,
wander about without praising the lord?

3061. The ancient lord shining in the sky
left his divine form in heaven and was born on the earth
to defeat Kamsan when he afflicted the sages.
What can people do if they do not sing, praise, dance and worship him
before the sages, the learned of all the sastras?

3062. The lord who rests on the ocean, sweet as a fruit, sugarcane juice,
jaggery, honey and nectar, matchless and without birth,
was born on this earth to save his devotees.
If all creatures born in various forms as humans, animals and others
worship him with songs and dance without ever growing tired
they will receive the wisdom of understanding all things.

3063. If people merely eat well and get fat, never thinking of him,
what can they do to the good devotees
who worship the lord with tears,
melting in their hearts with devotion for him
who gave his grace to the five Pandavas
and destroyed the hundred evil Kauravas.

3064. Our father stays in the northern Thiruvenkaṭam hills
where flourishing cool waterfalls descend with abundant water.
Devotees who repeat his many names
and wander everywhere and dance
while the people of the world mock them
and laugh at them saying they are crazy
will be worshiped by the gods in the sky.
3065. Even if devotees do yoga and think in their minds,
that their soul and he are the same
they will not be able to join him,
but those who, without expecting any benefit,
think only of the highest lord of the whole world
worshiped by the gods in the sky
and who sing, dance and prattle his names will join him.

3066. O devotees, think of the lovely-eyed sapphire-colored Maal,
the cause of everything who is our actions and the result of our actions
and the lord of the gods.
Banishing ignorance, keeping him in your mind
and melting in your hearts, dance, prattle on and praise him
without holding back and without being proud.

3067. Saḍagopan from cool flourishing Thirukkuruhur
surrounded with good fields
composed a thousand pāsurams praising the famous lord Achutan,
the father of the gods in the sky,
the lord who takes away the evil nature of his devotees,
removes their desires and makes them serve him.
If devotees learn these ten pāsurams and recite them,
their bad karma will go away.

3068. Beautiful lotus-eyed Kaṇṇan surrounded with bright light
is shining wisdom and the three gods, Nānmuhan, Shiva and Indra.
He swallowed all the seven worlds
and spat out the earth, sky, people, gods
and all other things and created this world again.

3069. Worship the lotus-eyed Kaṇṇan,
the destroyer of all the sins of his devotees
who is the most ancient of all the three gods
and who, as Rama, carried a victorious bow, 
burned Lanka in the south and destroyed the Rakshasas. 
He, the god of the gods, rests on the wide ocean 
and removes the curse of all.

3070. The highest one, the divine light, 
the handsome young lord colored sapphire blue 
and praised by the gods in the sky, 
danced the kuravai dance on a pot 
and rests on Adishesha on the ocean. 
Praise him in your mind night and day without ceasing.

3071. I and others like me tell you, 
“Keep Māyavan and his grace in your mind and worship him.” 
How can we describe his greatness? 
Even Indra the king of the gods, 
Nānmuhan and Shiva the great one his matted hair 
think of his lotus feet as they wander about, 
praising and worshiping him always.

3072. Dark-colored Kaṇṇan, the god of the gods with lotus eyes 
and curly hair that wears a shining crown, 
is the wind that blows, the wide sky, 
the mighty earth, the oceans surrounding the earth, 
fire that burns, the sun and moon and all creatures of the world.

3073. Though he has no beginning or end 
he owns everything that has a beginning and end. 
He came as an angry man-lion, killed Hiraṇyan 
and gave his grace to his son Prahaladan who worshiped his feet. 
The lovely-eyed Maal 
is the smell, form, taste, touch and sound of the world 
and a bull among the gods in the sky.
I will not have any other as my refuge
for all my seven births except him.

3074. If you worship with a pure heart the sapphire-colored lord
who dances the Kuḍakuthu
and is sweet nectar, the shining light that embraces my dear life
and the sweet fruit tasted by the gods and sages,
your troubles will not be with you even for a moment.

3075. I have no refuge except the son of Dasaratha,
who is the karma that gives pleasures and sorrows to all,
yet is neither pleasure nor sorrow,
the imperishable, the light that shines on high.
He swallowed all the seven worlds and spit them out
and he is poison for the messengers of Yama
who come to take people’s lives.

3076. He, more ancient than the three gods
Indra, Nānmuhan and Shiva,
is my father, my mother and my refuge.
He is everything, yet he is not everything.
O people of the world, do not be afraid and worry, saying,
“He is this one or he is that one.”
The ocean-colored god will take whatever form you think of
when you contemplate him in your heart.

3077. When will my eyes see the feet
adorned with sounding anklets
of the ocean-colored Kaṇṇan,
my dear life, a diamond for the gods in the sky,
the highest light that rests on a snake bed
who rode the chariot for Arjuna in the terrible war
when the Pandavas could not fight and gave them the victory.
3078. Saḍagopan, the chief of Thirukuruhur, a part of the fertile country of the Pandiyan king, surrounded with groves that swarm with bees, composed a thousand pāsurams with music on the god of gods in the sky who is hard for the eyes to see and easy for the mind to understand.

If devotees learn these ten pāsurams and recite them they will become the devotees of Kaṇṇan who gives grace to all creatures of the world.

3079. Those who have the fortune of being the devotees of the highest, beautiful lotus-eyed lord, the shining bright light who rests on the sweet milky ocean will be my lords in all my births and they will rule me.

3080. He, Kaṇṇan, the highest, the lord of the world, our father with four arms and the color of a pure sapphire rules us all. The devotees who worship folding their hands before my dear lord's feet are my masters and I will serve them in all my births.

3081. He, my dear father who is wise and carries a golden discus, is adorned with fragrant thulasi garlands and is praised by the world and the sky. See, the devotees who worship the feet of the lord are my masters and I will serve them in all my births.

3082. He wears precious garments, a lovely necklace on his neck, a golden thread around his waist, and a golden crown on his head and many ornaments on his body. See, the devotees of the devotees of divine Nāraṇan are lords for me in all my births.
3083. Our father, the lord of good devotees
gave nectar to the gods so their troubles would go away.
The devotees who prattle on praising other devotees
who prattle on praising our god will protect us in this birth
and in all future births.

3084. Kaṇṇan, our father, the highest of all the gods,
colored like a pure sapphire, gives us his grace,
shines like a bright light, carries a discus,
and is adorned with a fragrant thulasi garland.
Those devotees who worship him in their hearts
will take care of us without ever tiring
and protect us in this birth and in all our future births.

3085. Our father gives his grace to his devotees
so they will not be born again, bringing them to moksha
and keeping them beneath his feet so they can worship him.
I worship the devotees who praise his devotees—
they are my friends who will protect me and forgive all my faults.

3086. The lord who created the world
and embraces on his chest the goddess of wealth is our friend.
Even the gods in the sky do not understand him.
In all our births, we will worship even those
who stay in the most sinful hell if they praise him.

3087. Even those who were born in castes lower than the four varnas,
those who are Chandalas without the respect of others,
are gods for me if they are the devotees of his devotees
and if they keep in their hearts the highest sapphire-colored one
with a discus in his right hand.
3088. We are the devotees of the devotees of the devotees of the devotees of the devotees of our father, the faultless one, who swallowed the world as a dear child and slept on a banyan leaf and measured the world as a dwarf.

3089. Saḍagopan of southern Thirukuruhur composed a thousand pāsurams on him, the highest, who destroyed the hundred Kauravas and gave his grace to the five Pandavas. If you learn these ten poems that praise his devotees, you will not be born again.

3090. My heart always praises you saying, “All the three worlds worship you who wear a crown. and praise the fame of your feet that measured the world. You churned the deep milky ocean and ride an eagle carrying an eagle banner. You, colored like a cloud, are the tallest among all the gods in heaven.”

3091. My mouth always praises you, saying, “You, the poison that burned cool Lanka, the dwarf who cheated Mahābali and took the earth from him, are my refuge and you stay in my heart.”

3092. My arms want to embrace you, who removed the curse of the crescent moon, the lord of the gods in the sky praised by the sastras, the sweet child of a cowherd who stole butter from the huts of the cowherds.
3093. My eyes want to see you truly,  
the highest one resting on the snake bed Adisesha  
as I worship and embrace you every day  
and every minute with my arms without leaving you.

3094. My eyes want to see him as he was  
when he went as a dwarf to Mahābali to take over the earth  
riding on the eagle Garuda.  
My ears want to hear the noise of the wings  
of Garuḍa that sound like the singing of the Sama Veda.

3095. O lord, with a golden discus who stay in this world,  
I want to recite the poems that are sweet as fruit and honey  
which I composed to praise your fame as my heart praises you. Give me your grace.

3096. You, sweet nectar, are my soul,  
my ruler riding on the eagle Garuda  
carrying a shining discus. I am a sinner.  
Even though I have called for you a long time,  
saying that I want see you, suffering in my heart,  
I cannot see your form.

3097. O lovely lord who are the past, present and future,  
when will the day come that I see you,  
the lotus-eyed lord with a beautiful body dark as kohl  
whose beautiful nature attracts my soul?

3098. When will the time come that I join you,  
the mighty god riding on an eagle?  
You are a thief who cheated Mahābali  
when you went to him as a dwarf and asked him,  
“O Mahābali, give me three feet of your land and I will take it,”  
and you deceived Kamsan and destroyed the valor of Vāṇasuran
and cut off his thousand arms.

3099. O generous one,
when two Asurans came as large marudam trees,
you went between them and destroyed them.

How long can I sing and praise you,
prattling on with my garlands of words
and staying forever in this world,
longing to see your ankleted feet?

3100. Saḍagopan of flourishing Thirukuruhur
composed a thousand poems on the lord
who measured the world
and whom all creatures prattle on in their desire to see.
If devotees learn and recite these ten poems
they will reach the highest heaven.

3101. If I say this it may be a mistake,
but I will still say it, listen.
I won’t give anyone any of the sweet poems
that I composed myself for the lord.
In my poems I will only praise my dear father
of Srirangam where the bees sing, “tenna, tenna.”
This I promise.

3102. What is the benefit of composing poems on people
who only respect wealth
and think it is the only important thing in life?
They don’t understand that the only true thing in the world
is our dear lord, our father who stays in Thirukkurunguḍi
with abundant ponds and with flourishing fields.

3103. O poets, why do you compose
wonderful poems on common people
and make yourself cheap
without praising the lord of the sky
who shows you the way to reach moksha
age after age unceasingly?

3104. O poets, think!
People do not live forever.
How long will the wealth last that you receive
composing poems praising them?
If you praise and sing the greatness of the father of the gods in the sky
who is adorned with a shining diamond crown,
he will accept you as his devotee
and give you his grace so you will not be born again.

3105. O poets, you praise wicked people to get their corrupt wealth
and lose your integrity. This is a useless thing to do.
The faultless, generous lord who has the color of sapphire
will give you whatever you want.
However much wealth he gives, it will never become less.
Come, compose pāsurams praising the generous lord..

3106. O poets, come. You work hard and live
and you know the rich will not be rich always.
If you compose wonderful poems on the gods you like,
still your words will go to Thirumāl,
adorned with a shining beautiful crown.

3107. There is no limit to the generosity and fame
of the god praised with a thousand names—
I will not praise anyone but him.
If anyone in this world praises a miser saying,
“You are as generous as the rain
and your arms are strong as mountains,” that is just a lie.

3108. I will sing his praise and worship
the feet of the lord of boundless fame,
the beloved of Nappinnai with beautiful bamboo-like arms.
What can I say to the people who believe in this illusory world
and do not put their minds on god?

3109. I praise only the generous lord with a discus
who grazes the cows and belongs to me.
Saying, “I will give you a happy life in this world
and you will attain moksha,” he grants me moksha.
I do not want to praise any people in my poems.

3110. He made this body that stays for many days
and after it leaves it returns to the world, taking many births.
I want only to praise him and compose poems about him—
will he accept poems composed by anyone but me?

3111. Saḍagopan of Thirukuruhur, praised by all,
composed a thousand pāsurams on the lord
who is worshiped by all the gods in the sky.
If devotees learn these ten famous pāsurams
and know them well they will not be born again in this world.

3112. Carrying a conch, discus, bow, shining sword and a strong club
and riding on an eagle, he came to the earth in many forms,
fought with the strong Asurans, killed them in battle
and saved the earth from its trials.
I am his devotee and, praising him,
I will not have any difficulty in my life.
3113. The bright, sapphire-colored Kaṇṇan who conquered the Asurans riding on dark-beaked Garuda rests closing his beautiful lotus eyes as if he were performing yoga on the snake bed Adisesha on the faultless wide ocean. Praising his divine fame and singing and dancing, I will have no trouble in my life.

3114. The lord is endless joy, as sweet as jaggery, honey, nectar, good milk, fruit and sugarcane—no one is better than he or equal to him who wears a cool beautiful thulasi garland in his hair that drips with honey. Since I became his slave my mind has never been apart from him.

3115. Along with Shiva, the destroyer of three forts, his son Karthikeya and Agni, Vaṇasuran came to fight with the lord who carries a golden discus and rides on Garuḍa that fights with his wings, and when the Asuran and his helpers lost and fled, the Māyavan gave protection to Vāṇāsuran. I have embraced the cowherd, the lion, Achudan who carries a golden discus and I will have no trouble in my life.

3116. The lord who shines like a bright light drove his chariot and went to heaven without any difficulties, crossing over all the worlds with famous Arjuna and a Brahmin who had lost his children, and he brought the Brahmin’s children back to earth in one day. No trouble will come to me, his slave, in this world.

3117. The Māyan, the highest lord, has no sorrow, only excellence that shines like an undimming bright light.
He came to the earth as a man and experienced sorrowful births.  
Worshiping him who gives divine grace to the earth,  
I will never know trouble.

3118. The lord who is sorrow and happiness,  
all the actions of the world,  
all the things on the earth,  
cruel hell that has no joy,  
good, sweet moksha in the sky,  
and all the creatures that survive on this earth  
plays with this whole illusory world and enjoys himself.  
I am his devotee and I will never know trouble.

3119. Our lord, Māyan, Kaṇṇan  
who is joy without any sorrow,  
unlimited beauty and bright light,  
limitless wisdom, our mother,  
does all the illusionary actions of the world.  
I worship his feet and I will never know any trouble.

3120. Our strong lord adorned with thulasi garlands  
the bright shining form of wisdom,  
our almighty who took many forms and did many magical deeds  
is without sorrow.  
He swallowed all the seven worlds,  
Shiva who laughs, Nānmuhan,  
and all the other gods and people and all creatures  
and he keeps them inside himself.  
I am his slave and I will have no difficulty in my life.

3121. Our shining Māyan, Kaṇṇan,  
unique and omnipresent, wise, tireless, formless,  
the moon and the sun,
light that spreads everywhere
and the five elements of earth, water, fire, sky and wind
cannot be known by the five senses.
I worship his feet and I will never have troubles.

3122. Saḍagopan of Thirukuruhur
composed a thousand poems on the famous Kesavan,
the faultless lord.
O devotees, learn and recite these ten poems
and he will give you cities, countries, chariots and moksha
and make you the kings of all the three worlds.

3123. If the matchless kings who rule this world
lose a war with their enemies, they will become beggars,
and when they beg for food wicked dogs will come and grab their begging pots.
The only way to escape from the troubles of this world
is to worship the feet of divine Narayaṇan.

3124. The rich kings who ruled this earth
and ordered other chieftains,
“Give tribute and survive!”
will leave the women they enjoyed,
go to a cruel forest and hide and suffer
if their enemies conquer them in war and take their lands.
You should at once worship the feet of Thirumāl
adorned with beautiful shining crowns—
that is the only way to escape the troubles of this world.

3125. The kings whom chieftains bow to, touching their feet,
and the kings who have drums that sound like thunder
resting in their courtyards,
may lose everything and their lands may become dust.
At once you should think of the feet of Kaṇṇan
adorned with a fragrant thulasi garland and worship him. That is the only way to escape the troubles of this world.

3126. We know that even the kings who ruled this world for many years and yugas and are more than the grains of sand on the seashore have perished, leaving them no house to live in. We have never seen anything else happen to them. Worship his feet who killed the rutting elephant with legs as strong as palm trees and you will be saved.

3127. Even kings who enjoy women with soft beautiful hair lying on lovely, cool beds, begging them, “Give us your grace!” may lose all their wealth and their clothes and wander as women shame them because they become poor. Praise the names of Māyavan the shining sapphire-colored lord and survive. That is the only way to escape the troubles of this world.

3128. We all know that we do not live forever in this world and die like the bubbles that arise when rain falls on the earth. No one can say that for all their life they were strong, without problems or sickness. If you want to survive, become the devotee of the highest lord who rests on the ocean.

3129. The rich may eat food with all the six tastes and then eat more when their beautiful beloved women serve them with lovely soft words, yet even they may become poor and beg those women saying, “Give me some food!” If you want to be saved praise the wonderful nature of the lord
whose head is adorned with a thulasi garland.

3130. If the generous kings who rule the world happily as people praise them abundantly do not think of the lord, they will lose all their wealth and kingdoms. The only way to escape the troubles of this world is to praise the divine names of the lord who rests on the snake bed on the ocean.

3131. Even though people may go to heaven if they have renounced the desires of this world and the wealth of the earth, controlling the desires of their five senses, ignoring their bodies and doing tapas, they will be born again on the earth if they do not think of the highest one with an eagle banner. If you do not want to be born again, worship his feet and you will reach his heaven, Vaikuṇṭam.

3132. Sages may control all their desires for the world and think only of moksha, but they will not attain Vaikuṇṭam unless they worship the faultless lord and hold to him. They may think of him with love but that will not give them his grace or let them not be born again. Moksha is to approach him, the faultless one, and to grasp him without leaving him.

3133. Saḍagopan of Thirukkuruhur surrounded by blooming clusters of flowers composed a thousand beautiful poems worshiping the feet of Kaṇṇan. If devotees learn and recite these ten songs they will survive on this earth without troubles and reach Vaikuṇṭam.
3134. Her mother says,
“He swallowed all the seven worlds
and slept on a banyan leaf without any worries
when he was a baby.
My innocent vine-like daughter
is fascinated with the thulasi garland
that adorns his two feet and wants it—
how can she get it? Surely, I must have bad karma.
What can I do to make my daughter happy?”

3135. Her mother says,
“The lord dances the kuravai dance
with cowherd girls with thin vine-like waists
and plays mischievously with them.
My beautiful doll-like daughter
says that she wants the fragrant pretty thulasi garland
that adorns his divine feet.
I have done bad karma
and do not realize that he is the almighty
and his garland is not easy to get.
What can I do?”

3136. Her mother says,
“He measured the world with his feet
as the gods and the wise sages worshiped him,
chanting the Vedas and adorning him with many fresh garlands.
My daughter, wearing a garland in her hair,
worries and says, ‘Get me the pure thulasi garland
precious as gold that adorns the divine feet of the highest lord.’
I have done bad karma to see my daughter worry like this.
What can I do?”
3137. Her mother says,
“My daughter who has beautiful round arms says always,
‘Bring me the fresh thulasi garland
precious as gold on the feet of the highest lord
whose devotees praise his faultless fame,
prattling on about the many differences that other religions have.’
I have done bad karma. What can I do?”

3138. Her mother says,
“My lovely daughter worries every day and says,
‘He fought and conquered seven bulls
for the sake of embracing the arms of Nappinnai.
He grazes the cows and he dances the Kudakuthu dance.
Bring me the beautiful fresh thulasi garland on the feet of the lord.’”

3139. Her mother says,
“My lovely daughter has fallen in love with him and says always,
‘When an Asuran took the beautiful earth goddess and hid her,
the lord in ancient times took the form of a boar,
split open the wide earth and brought her back.
Bring me the fresh thulasi garland as precious as gold on the feet of the lord.’”

3140. Her mother says,
“The lord keeps beautiful Lakshmi on a lotus
on his wide chest that is adorned with thulasi garlands.
My daughter lovely as a vine is fascinated with him
and longs for the fresh thulasi garland on his feet.
O girls with shining foreheads, see my beautiful daughter!”

3141. Her mother says,
“My daughter longs for the fresh beautiful thulasi garland
that spreads fragrance and adorns the feet
of him who shot his arrows and burnt Lanka for his wife Sita, beautiful as a vine.
O lovely girls, I am worried. What can I do?”

3142. Her mother says,
“O friends, you have also have given birth to daughters.
What can I say about the innocent one that I gave birth to?
Night and day, she says, ‘Conch, discus, thulasi garland.’
This is all she says—what can I do?”

3143. Her mother says, “What can I do?
She is my innocent daughter, my precious jewel.
Whatever I say, she doesn’t listen.
She doesn’t come near me either.
O friends, she says, ‘He is adorned with shining ornaments.
I want the thulasi garland on the feet of Kaṇṇan
to wear on my soft breasts ornamented with golden jewels.’”

3144. Saḍagopan of famous and rich Thirukkuruhur
composed a thousand musical pāsurams praising Kaṇṇan’s feet
that remove the sicknesses that afflict people.
If devotees learn and recite these ten pāsurams
they will join the group of gods in the sky.

3145. Even though I do not sprinkle flowers and water
on your feet and worship you, my heart is the sandal paste
that I smear on your soft flower-like body.
You fought with seven bulls
to marry Nappinnai whose mouth is red as a kovai fruit,
your bow destroyed the king Ravana of Lanka surrounded with strong forts
and you broke the tusks of the strong elephant Kuvalayabeeḍam.

3146. O my father,
you are the matchless lord who swallowed the earth and spit it out
My heart is the sandal paste that I smear on you,
my words are the garland with which I decorate you,
my poems are the silk clothes for you
and the way I fold my hands and worship you
are the shining ornaments for you.
You are the matchless lord
who swallowed the earth and spit it out

3147. O Narayana! You are only god,
the two gods—the sun and the moon.
the three gods—Shiva, Vishnu and Nānmuhan and all the gods,
and you are the five elements—water, fire, wind, earth and sky.
Though you are formless you rest on the middle of the ocean
and you climbed on the heads of Kalingan and danced.
I keep you in my heart and all my troubles have gone away.

3148. You are the Māyan
who drank the devil Putana’s milk and killed her,
you are Vamanan and you are Madhavan.
Even if I do not worship you with cool flower garlands,
my life is the cool beautiful garland
that I give you to adorn your tall crown.

3149. My life is the garland that adorns you
and my love is a golden light for you.
Your crown, countless ornaments and beautiful clothes
are all only my love
and the praises that all the people of the three worlds utter
are my devotion for you.
You are our dear god Kaṇṭhān with a discus in your hands.
Give your grace to the world.

3150. Even though you do not come when I shout out,
calling you and saying,
"O Narayana! You have a discus and a white conch in your hands, and you swallowed the world and spit it out!"
I keep the beautiful sounding anklets that you wear on your lotus feet as an ornament on my head.

3151. As a beautiful dwarf you went to Mahābali's sacrifice, grew tall and measured the worlds with your long strides. When devotees fold their hands and worship your feet ornamented with sounding anklets, you the Māyavan are with them. Even though I do not worship you with water and fragrant flowers, your divine shining form that is praised by the Vedas is in my heart.

3152. Your form is the light of knowledge that shines over all the seven wonderful worlds. My soul is yours and your soul is mine. How can I describe you and tell what your nature is?

3153. You are the highest one, the divine light without any falsehood. When will I reach the shores of the flood of your unlimited fame? I am filled with love for you but I cannot describe you. All good devotees praise you loudly and I praise you with them.

3154. I praise him and all the seven worlds praise him, yet even if all praise him they do not utter enough words to praise his limitless fame. I praise him because he is as sweet as honey, milk, jaggery, and nectar for me, and I will be saved.

3155. Saḍagopan of Thirukkuruhur of the southern kingdom surrounded by fields blooming with beautiful lotuses, realizing that the only way to be saved is to worship his feet,
composed a thousand faultless pāsurams
praising his feet adorned with shining anklets.
If devotees learn and recite these ten poems
they will stay in this world happily and rule heaven.

3156. Her mother says,
“My daughter fell in love with the lord.
She touches the earth and says,
‘This earth was measured by Vamanan.’
She points her finger at the sky and says,
‘That is Vaikuṇṭham.’
As she thinks of Kaṇṇan her eyes fill with tears
and she says, ‘He has the color of the ocean.’
O lord, you have fascinated my daughter.
O girls ornamented with bangles! What can I do?”

3157. Her mother says,
“My daughter folds her bangled hands and says,
‘He is our beloved and he rests on this ocean.’
She points to the red sun and says,
‘This is a form of Sridharan.’
She stands sorrowfully, her eyes filled with tears,
and says, ‘Nāraṇan!’
O lord, she, soft like a small doe, looks divine.
I don’t know what to do.”

3158. Her mother says,
“My daughter who has the fragrance of a thulasi garland
looks at the red fire and says, ‘He is indestructible.’
She embraces the strong wind and says, ‘This is my Govindan.’
I have done bad karma.
My little doe-like bangled girl does so many things,
but I can’t understand even one of them.”
3159. Her mother says,
“My daughter points to the shining moon and says,
‘That is the bright sapphire-colored one.’
She looks at the tall hills and calls out loudly,
‘O Neḍumāl, come!’
If the rain pours down, she says,
‘O Naraṇan come!’ and dances.
In so many ways he has fascinated
my beautiful daughter, as precious as a jewel.”

3160. Her mother says,
“My daughter embraces calves
and says that Govindan grazes them.
She runs behind a slithering snake and says,
‘This is his bed.’
I don’t know when this trouble will end.
I have done bad karma.
The mischievous Māyon has fascinated my beautiful daughter—what can I do?”

3161. Her mother says,
“If a dancer carries a pot,
my daughter runs and says, ‘Govindan is there.’
If she hears the melodious sound of a flute,
she is fascinated and says, ‘Māyavan is playing the flute.’
If she sees butter that the cowherd women have churned,
she says, ‘This is the butter that he has eaten.’
He drank the poisonous milk from the devil Putana—
how could my lovely vine-like daughter be so crazy about him?”

3162. Her mother says,
“Like a crazy person, my daughter says,
‘All the worlds were created by Kaṇṇan.’
If she sees people wearing a nāmam,  
she runs near them and says,  
‘Here are the devotees of Neḍumāl.’
If she sees a fragrant thulasi garland with flowers,  
she says, ‘These are the garlands of Nāraṇan.’
Whether she is in a state of knowing everything,  
or in a state of knowing nothing,  
my precious girl loves the ornamented feet of Māyon.”

3163. Her mother says,  
“If she sees famous kings,  
my daughter says, ‘I have seen Thirumāl.’
If she sees something blue, she jumps and says,  
‘He is Thirumāl and he measured the world.’
If she sees divine temples, she says,  
‘These are the temples of the ocean-colored one.’
Whether she is afraid of something or just stricken with love,  
she wants the ankleted feet of Kaṇṇan.”

3164. Her mother says,  
“If my daughter sees sages  
she says that they are forms of him  
who swallowed all the worlds.
If she sees large dark clouds she jumps and says,  
‘They are Kaṇṇan!’ and feels very happy.
If she sees a herd of cows grazing on the land,  
she goes behind them and says,  
‘The dear Kaṇṇan is here!’
Māyon has made my precious daughter crazy  
and weary with fascination and love for him.”

3165. Her mother says,  
“My daughter is fascinated with him.
She looks for him in every direction.
She looks into long distances to see whether he is coming.
Thinking of him she sweats and she sighs
and her eyes are filled with tears.
Tired, she says, ‘O Kaṇṇan!’ and she calls him, ‘O dear lord, come!’
I have done bad karma.
What can I do for my innocent daughter?
She is stricken with such ardent love!”

3166. Saḍagopan of rich Thirukkuruhur
composed a thousand songs on Kaṇṇan
who removes bad karma.
If devotees learn and recite these ten songs,
they will get good karma and go to Vaikuṇṭham
and all in the sky will worship them.

3167. I decorate him with garlands of songs,
the strong lord who loves me like my mother,
the ruler of all the seven worlds with his unique scepter
who split open the mouth of Asuran Kesi
when he came as a horse.
I worship him saying, “I praise you! I praise you!”—
there will be no trouble for me in all my seven births.

3168. I keep him in my mind,
the god of the gods in the sky
who holds beautiful dark-eyed Lakshmi on his chest
and I decorate him with garlands of songs
and worship him with music.
All the terrible sicknesses of this world
will not come to me.

3169. Achudan, the god of the gods,
with beautiful lotus eyes and faultless qualities
gives endless happiness to all.
I have praised him for endless ages
with garlands of songs
and received endless joy worshiping him.

3170. My father, our dear god
who rests on the wide ocean
and rides a beautiful soft-feathered eagle
removes the karma of his devotees
if they approach and worship him.
I praised him with garlands of songs
with my tongue and reached him.
I do not know how my soul, the supreme soul,
guides me in my life.

3171. The lord is my mother who showed me many good paths
and our father, a bull among the gods in the sky,
who taught the Vedas to the sages.
I find joy praising my dear god with garlands of pāsurams
and all my karma vanishes faster than a swift wind.

3172. I worship the dark-colored god of the gods in the sky
who has big lovely eyes and a white nāmam on his forehead
with garlands of songs of divine words.
Is there anything I could ever have that is better
than receiving him in my heart?

3173. I have the fortune of praising with garlands of pāsurams
the only one god on the earth, the ruler of all the worlds,
the matchless unequaled lord
who protected the cows and the cowherds
from the storm by carrying Govardhana mountain as an umbrella.
There is nothing I do not have.

3174. I have the fortune of composing garlands of pāsurams on the lord whose feet are adorned with cool lotuses. He is the god of me, of the people of the world, of the gods in the sky and the joy of Lakshmi. Who, even in the wide sky, could be my equal?

3175. He who carries a curved conch in his handsome left hand and danced on a pot is the king of the sky. He stays in the sky with the gods, on the earth, in the underworld, and in all the eight directions, never leaving any of those places. I compose poems to praise the lord and I will never have troubles.

3176. He rests on the ocean, swallowed the earth and spat it out, measured the world, and split open the ground and brought the earth goddess from the underworld. He shows his form to the gods in the sky, and, married to Nappinnai, he has the might to rule all the worlds. I am fortunate that I can compose beautiful Tamil poems that are a flood of pleasure for his devotees.

3177. Sadagopan, the son of Kāri Māran, composed a thousand pāsurams on the divine lord of the beautiful cool Thiruvenkaṭam hills where the rain never fails to pour. If devotees worship the goddess Lakshmi who stays on a fragrant lotus flower their karma will go away.

3178. Her friends say, “O mothers, where can we find someone to cure the sickness of our beautiful friend with a shining forehead?”
We have just found out what is troubling her—
she is fascinated with him who drove Arjuna’s chariot
and gained victory for the five Pandavas,
conquering the Kauravas in battle.”

3179. Her friends say,
“O mother, you are confused without knowing
the reason for her sickness.
Her suffering is not caused by the Anangu or another small goddess.
When she was playing in the water
she fell in love with the great one without knowing it.
If you say, ‘conch, discus!’
so she can hear it clearly, her sickness will go away
and she will get better just today itself.
This is the best remedy for her.”

3180. Her friends say,
“O mother, Listen to what I say:
‘The female priest said that if we worship the Anangu
her sickness will go away. Don’t listen to her.
Don’t do this or that ritual, don’t offer meat and toddy.
If you praise the ankleted feet of Māya Pirān
whose head is garlanded with thulasi,
that will be the best remedy for her sickness.’”

3181. Her friends say,
“O Mother, the female priest says,
‘The cure for your daughter’s sickness is to offer different kinds
of rice to the gods,’ You listen to her
and offer black rice and red rice to the Anangu.
What is the use of that?
If you say the name of the highest lord
who swallowed all the seven worlds and spat them out,
you will cure her sickness.”

3182. Her friends say,
“To cure the sickness of the girl with large eyes like kuvalai flowers, a red mouth like a kovvai fruit and a pale body, don’t dance with the Anangu. Say the divine name of him who killed the angry rutting elephant Kuvalayābeedam and put on her forehead the divine red powder of the highest lord and her sickness will go away.”

3183. Her friends say,
“O mothers! Don’t worship the Anangu and dance all day. That won’t cure her sickness, it will only make it worse. Bring the dust of the feet of the devotees of the sapphire-colored god and put it on her. Try this. It is the only cure for your daughter, nothing else will help her.”

3184. Her friends say,
“O mothers, you offer goats and liquor to the Anangu and worship her thinking that will cure your beautiful daughter. You dance the Thuṇangai dance until your arms hurt. What is the use of seeing a donkey eating his food and looking at his lips when you are hungry? Bow to the devotees of the Māyappirān who recite the Vedas well.”

3185. Her friends say,
“O mothers, go to those who know the sastras well and ask for their advice. You should worship the divine feet of the god of gods as they tell you but you are not doing what they say to cure her sickness.”
It is wrong to say and do bad things.  
Drinking liquor, dancing the Anangu dance with loud music  
and beating drums is wrong and shows you are not decent."

3186. Her friends say,  
"O mothers, you say many mean things  
and dance the Anangu dance  
as a man from a low family beats the drum,  
but I know all this is a false way of trying to cure her sickness.  
Think of the lord Kannan and bow to his ankleted feet  
and that will cure her sickness,  
and it will protect you in all your future births."

3187. Her friends say,  
"O mothers, your daughter doesn’t think of any god except Kaṇṇan,  
but you say whatever you want and dance until your arms hurt.  
Praise the everlasting king of flourishing Dwarapati  
who is praised by all the Vedas.  
Praise him, bow to him and dance."

3188. Saḍagopan from rich Thirukkuruhur of ancient faultless fame  
composed a thousand poems on the pure sapphire-colored god.  
If devotees learn and recite these ten poems  
sing, dance and worship the lord  
they will have no trouble in their lives.

3189. Even though I have no goodness,  
whatever I do is important.  
If all the time I live, I raise my hands above my head  
and call you loudly, saying,  
"O lord of wisdom, Nārāyaṇa, you swallowed the earth,”  
won’t you come to me so I can see your beautiful body?  
Call me and give me your grace.
3190. You are a Māyan and a thief.  
If I shout night and day and call to you, saying,  
“You, the generous one, give a faultless, endless flood of joy to all.  
You took the form of a dwarf and measured the world,”  
won't you come, show yourself to me  
and give me your grace?

3191. I have done so many bad deeds  
that their results will never be exhausted.  
Even though I melt in my heart  
and call and call you loudly, saying,  
“O my father who measured the whole world,  
you are Damodharan,”  
you don't come to me so I can see you.  
You don't say even one word to me,  
even, “You are a sinner!”

3192. I call you and prattle on, saying,  
“O my father, you have a pure, beautiful golden body.  
Come and stand before me with your twinkling lotus eyes.”  
I am shameless and have no pride.  
What is the use of my prattling on  
and calling you, most famous one?  
Even the god of gods in the sky cannot see you.

3193. I say “O my father, you carry a strong discus.  
You, the mighty one, churned the deep milky ocean.  
Could I ever see all your four arms?”  
and my eyes fill with tears and my soul is sad.  
Pitiful, I long for you and call you saying,  
“Come at once!”
3194. You are inside my body and soul, and in everything outside me. 
There is nothing without you and you abide pervading everything. I know well that I have no wisdom, but I look and look for your presence and long to see you, praise you and ask you to come to me. Is this because I am foolish and my tongue does not know what to say?

3195. I understand you who wear fragrant thulasi garlands and you understand me. I become stronger and stronger knowing you the faultless one, full of wisdom. I keep you in my mind and have stopped my ignorant thinking that made me be born again and again. I found you.

3196. O king adorned with beautiful thulasi garlands. we your devotees carry flowers that bloom in all the eight directions sing, dance and praise you happily. Come so that we may fold our hands and worship your divine feet. Come so that I may see you.

3197. I have not fed the hungry or given water to the thirsty. I have not controlled my five senses or plucked flowers at the right times to worship you as devotees are supposed to. My ignorant heart loves you but I have bad karma and I am tired of it. I am searching for you— where can I find you with a discus in your hand?
3198. O highest god with a discus in your hand,
I bow to you and my eyes are filled with tears.
I have done bad karma, and I search for you and suffer, unable to find you.
You are the form of wisdom and the bright light of the Vedas.
I want to see you with my eye of knowledge and embrace you.

3199. Mārān Saḍagopan of southern Thirukkururhur
lovingly composed a thousand faultless Tamil poems praising the lotus-eyed god.
If devotees learn and recite these poems,
dance and sing and worship the lord, they will go to Vaikuṇṭham.

3200. She says,
“On his incomparable body he bears Shiva who rides on a bull
and Nānmuhan whose four heads face the four directions
while the goddess Lakshmi stays on his chest.
He used many weapons and destroyed many clans of his Raksasa enemies.
The beautiful pallor of my body is useless if it does not attract him.”

3201. She says,
“The lovely gold-colored Lakshmi shining like a diamond
stays on a lotus on his chest
and he carries a discus in his strong hands
that destroys the powerful weapons of his enemies, the Asurans.
He accepts me as his devotee and makes me do his service.
The beautiful Māyan has taken my innocent heart and it will be free of trouble.”

3202. She says,
“Coming as a mother, the ignorant devil Putana
gave her poisonous milk to Kaṇṇan the small wise child
and he drank it and killed her.
The tall Māyan, the highest, has strong mountain-like arms
and rests on a snake bed."
If he does not love me what is the use
of my being a chaste woman?"

3203. She says,
"Wanting to embrace the bamboo-like arms
of beautiful, chaste Nappinnai,
Kaṇṇan fought with seven bulls and killed them to marry her.
When he was born as a cowherd
he carried a flute and a grazing stick
and wore an orange dress with bells tied on his waist.
What is the use of my tender pale shoot-like body
if Kaṇṇan does not love me?"

3204. She says,
"When his wife Sita with a voice as sweet as a parrot’s
and a body the color of a tender shoot
was imprisoned in Lanka by Ravaṇa
the god went to the Rakshasas’ Lanka as Rama,
burned it down and brought her back.
What is the use of my being intelligent
when the lord adorned with a fragrant blooming thulasi garland
gives his abundant grace to the people of the world
surrounded by the ocean but does not love me?"

3205. She says,
"The wise god Māl taught all the Vedas to the faultless sages,
went to Mahābali as a small dwarf and like a thief took over all his lands.
What is the use of my lovely shining body if it does not attract the naughty Kaṇṇan?"

3206. She says,
"He took the faultless form of a bright lion,
angrily split open the broad chest of Hiraṇyan and felt joy.
He carries a conch and a discus that shines like fire
and he has a bright sapphire-colored body.
The god who shines forever does not love me.
What is the use of my curved bangles?”

3207. She says,
“He blew his loud, curved conch,
and if his enemies did not obey him, he fought with them,
burned their lands, conquered them
and relieved the distress of the people of the world.
He is praised by Shiva who is beyond the understanding of people,
Nānmuhan and Indra the king of gods.
If he is not attracted by my mekalai belt
what is the use of my wearing it?”

3208. She says,
“He who rests on Adisesha and makes the world flourish
cut off the arms of heroic Vanasuran, the famed father of Usha
adorned with a heavy mekalai ornament that pained her waist.
My body is useless if he has no desire to embrace it.”

3209. She says,
“On his body he has Shiva in whose matted hair the Ganges flows
and he destroyed the strong Asurans cutting their bodies into pieces
as if they were debris fallen from a mountain and then felt joy.
What is the use of my body if he does not desire it?

3210. Saḍagopan of broad Thirukuruhur
composed a garland of a thousand faultless pāsurams with music
about the god who ate yogurt and butter
and swallowed all the seven worlds where many creatures live.
If devotees learn and recite these ten poems
they will be saved from their terrible births
and attain Vaikuṇṭam.
3211. What a pity.
It is the nature of the world that our enemies should be happy
and our relatives should suffer and be distressed.
O god, you are compassionate.
You churned the milky ocean for the gods.
I worship your ankleted feet. Give me your grace
and take me to your place so I may serve you.

3212. What a pity! It is the nature of the world
that people lose their wealth and when they die
their relatives fall on their bodies and cry.
I do not know how to escape the suffering of this world.
O father resting on a snake bed, I cry out to you.
Think of me and come to me, your devotee, quickly
and take me to your world and let me join your feet.

3213. I see the terrible nature of the world and cannot bear it.
People die leaving their fame, families, friends,
relatives, their wealth and their lovely wives
whose hair is garlanded with flowers swarming with bees.
O god with the color of the ocean,
do not think of me as you did before.
Call me and make me join your feet so I may serve you.

3214. The world's nature is a terrible thing.
Even if someone does not want it,
wealth may come to him, urging him to take it,
and then destroy him like fire.
O generous sapphire-colored god,
give me your grace so I may come to you
and worship your ankleted feet.
3215. All creatures that are born, live and wander
in this world surrounded by the water-filled oceans
get sick, grow old and die only to be born again and suffer.
Is there any hell worse than this?
What is this terrible nature of the earth?
O sapphire-colored god, give me your grace
and take me to you. Do not refuse me.

3216. The world’s nature is a terrible thing.
People fight with each other, imprison others, hurt them
and even kill them, not thinking it is not right
or dharmic to do such deeds.
O lord, adorned with fragrant thulasi,
I am your slave and have done bad karma.
You are sweet nectar to me.
Call me to you and give me your grace.

3217. In the world, all the things that do not move
and those that move are you who are my mother,
yet you are not any of those things and you stand alone.
Do not make me stay in this cruel world
that gives sickness, old age, birth, death and many sorrows.
Call me, your slave, to your place and keep me with you.

3218. You created this large world, swallowed it
and spat out the earth, water, fire, sky and wind,
and in the same way you created the world again.
Now you make me stay in this world where the gods live.
When will you take me from here?
Take me to your shining world and make me join you
so I may worship your divine feet.

3219. You bring the devotees who worship you
from the earth and let them live beneath your feet adorned with sounding anklets.
If the gods do not do what is right,
you make them not to worship you in the sky
and make them live on the earth.
I, your slave, know that. O god resting on a snake bed,
you made me give up my desires and worship your divine feet
that others cannot find. I see you now.

3220. I have realized that the five pleasures of the senses—
seeing, hearing, touching, smelling, and eating—are not good
and I have seen how you and the goddess Lakshmi
lovely with her shining bracelets
have joined together and given me your grace,
and so I have become your slave and reached your divine feet.

3221. Saḍagopan of flourishing Thirukkuruhur
composed a thousand Tamil pāsurams on him
describing how devotees could join the feet
of Nāraṇan, Kesavan, the highest light.
O devotees, learn these ten pāsurams
and you will join his divine feet.

3222. When there was nothing,
he created Nānmuhan, the gods, the world of the gods,
the world and all the creatures in the world.
Our ancient god stays in rich Thirukkuruhur
filled with palaces as large as mountains
and patios studded with diamonds.
Why do you search for other gods?

3223. Our lord of matchless fame
who abides with love in the temple
of beautiful Thirukkuruhur filled with patios and palaces
created you and he created all the gods you worship.
O devotees from all parts of the world,
go to Thirukkuruhur, sing and dance and praise the god.

3224. There is no other god equal to the highest god
who created all the gods, many worlds,
swallowed it all and spat it out,
and who measured the world at the sacrifice of Mahābali
and brought the earth from the underworld as a boar.
O people of the world, even though you know this
you do not understand his power. He stays in Thirukuruhur
and all the other gods bow down their heads to him.
Come and praise our lord.

3225. He is the lord of famous Shiva praised by all,
Nānmuhan and all other gods.
You know this is because he made the head of Nānmuhan
fall from Shiva’s hand and released Shiva from his curse.
The Lingayats say wrong things about our highest god
of Thirukuruhur surrounded with large beautiful walls.
What do they gain by doing that?

3226. O Lingayats, Jains, Buddhists, Sakyas,
and others praised in the Purāṇas!
You argue strongly about your religions and worship your gods,
but he is in your souls and in all your gods.
He stays and shines in Thirukuruhur
where abundant good paddy blows in the wind as if fanned.
He is the shining god of all religions. This is no lie. Praise him.

3227. Even though you praise other gods
he protects you without caring that you are praising them,
but he takes only his devotees because if all reach moksha,
there will be no one left in the world.
This is the māya of the powerful lord who stays in Thirukkuruhur
where good paddy and lotuses grow from the earth.
Understand this and find out the right way to live.

3228. O devotees born in many births,
you have searched for other gods, sung their praise,
danced and worshiped them in all the ways described in the sastras
but you have found no success.
Our ancient lord carries an eagle flag and stays in Thirukkuruhur
where the gods in the sky gather and praise him.
Go and be his slave.

3229. The grace of Nārāyaṇan
is what made the dancing god Shiva save Markandeya
when he came and asked him to rescue him from Yama.
That ancient lord stays in Thirukkuruhur
surrounded with fences where the tālai flowers bloom
like white herons in large ponds.
Why do you go to other places and search for other gods?

3230. None of the six religions
or any other religious texts know who god is.
Our ancient god of beautiful Thirukkurukur
surrounded with flourishing fields
has entered your heart and stays there.
Keep him in your heart—that is the path that will save you.

3231. The faultless lord contains in himself
all that is and all that will be,
all the worlds, all the gods and everything else.
The lord who took the form of a dwarf
and who dances the divine kudakkuthu dance
stays in Thirukkuruhur surrounded by flourishing paddy and sugarcane fields. Let us serve him.

3232. Māran Sadagopan of rich Thirukkuruhur, the devotee of the lord with a fresh garland of fragrant makizham flowers on his chest, lovingly composed a thousand pāsurams for the god with a discus in his hand.
If devotees learn and recite these poems and know them well they will surely reach Vaikuṇṭam.

3233. I lied, praising you and saying, “You are a precious blue sapphire. You carry a discus.” I wandered and wandered and you thought I was truly praising you and gave me your grace. If it is my fate to receive your grace, no one can prevent it, O my lord Kaṇṇan! Tell me. Tell me please.

3234. I praised him, the faultless jewel who went between the two marudam trees, saying, “You are honey and sweet nectar.” I said only a few things praising him yet my dear lord entered my heart and became one with me and now the sky and this wonderful earth are all mine.

3235. I wanted to be involved in the pleasures of the world but I praised you with false words and said, “You are the generous lord. You have the color of sapphire.” Now I no longer want to cheat you. My devious mind has come to know you who rest on the flood of water and I am saved. I will not leave you. What is there for me but you?
3236. What should I do?
Even though I said, “I will not leave you,”
I was a thief and could not stop my mind
from enjoying the pleasures of the world
and I didn’t think of you.
I can’t approach you making my hard heart soft and shedding tears
and I can’t leave this life on the earth.
O Kaṇṇan, take away my sins, call me and give me your grace.

3237. I can’t approach my dear lord Kaṇṇan,
sweet as nectar, the precious jewel of the gods in the sky
who put life in my body and tied it tightly
with the ropes of ignorance and karma.
I am covered with a body that is a skin-covered wound.
Who can release me from it?
O lord, you are the only one. Save me.

3238. My lord with beautiful lotus eyes,
a red mouth, four strong arms,
and a shining body like a dark jewel
carries a discus in his beautiful hand
that establishes dharma.
When I saw him the evil and good karma
that troubled me went away.

3239. The lord carrying a discus is dear to me.
Where is he? Who am I?
If any sinner has a good fate, the lord gives his grace to him.
I folded my hands above my head and worshiped him crying out,
“O lord, you took away the suffering of the elephant Gajendra!”
and I became a true devotee of him, the highest god.
He joined me with him.
3240. Māl worshiped by the gods in the sky
and the sages on earth has come
and entered this slave’s mind and now stays there firmly.
From now on for me he is father, mother, good children,
abundant wealth and lovely fish-eyed women.
No one else is dear to me anymore.

3241. When I shivered on the ocean of birth
like a boat that was sinking
and worried how could I get help,
the wonderful lord came in a beautiful form
with a divine discus and a conch in his hands,
gave his grace to me, said, “I will protect my devotee!”
and became one with me.

3242. When I said, “O lord, you rule me,” to the cloud-colored lord
who took the forms of a fish, turtle, man-lion, dwarf,
of a boar in the forest and of Kalki,
he was happy and gave me his sweet grace and became one with me, his slave.

3243. Sadagopan of Thirukkuruhur
surrounded by beautiful flourishing fields
composed a thousand lovely Tamil poems
on our dark lotus-eyed Kannan.
If devotees learn and recite these ten lovely poems
they will shine and reach the feet of the lord.

3244. Let the world flourish! Let the world flourish!
Let the world flourish!
The evil curses of all creatures are destroyed
and there is nothing for Yama who gives suffering and hell to people.
See, the poverty of everyone will disappear.
We the devotees of the ocean-colored one
gather together, sing and dance.

3245. The devotees sing songs and dance praising the Madhavan
adorned with lovely cool garlands swarming with bees.
They jump around and shout, saying,
“We saw, we saw, we saw things that are sweet to the eyes.
O devotees, come, all of you. Worship, worship!”

3246. The evil Kaliyuga has passed and Krthāyugam has begun
and all the gods and devotees come to the earth.
Their hearts are filled with floods of abundant joy
and the devotees of our dear ocean-colored, cloud-colored lord
sing and praise him and wander all over the earth.

3247. The lord rests on the wide ocean
and his devotees wander about
as if everyone had ignored all other religions
except Vaishnavism everywhere on the earth.
They roll on the floor, sit, stand, walk, bend,
fly, sing many songs, dance and act as if they were in a play.

3248. O creatures of the world!
If you have been born as Asurans or Raksasas,
there is no way you can survive even if eons and eons pass.
There is only one thing I know that you must do in this world,
and that is you must become devotees
of the lord Vaikundan and remain in his māya.

3249. The lord who carries a discus came to the earth
to remove the diseases that kill people,
and enmity, hunger and all other evil things.
His devotees wander all over the world,
sing good songs, dance and jump.
Keeping your mind in devotion,
if you go and worship those devotees you will be saved.

3250. The other gods that you worship in your heart
will not be able to protect you, and even if they do,
it is because of the grace of lord Kaṇṇan.
See, Mankadeya, the witness, was saved by Shiva
and that is because of the grace of our god.
You should not doubt this.
There is no other god but Kaṇṇan.
Whomever you worship, realize that he is a form
of the god Kaṇṇan and worship him.

3251. The divine lord, the chief of the gods
who embraces Lakshmi on his chest
gives many duties to other gods,
and people living on the earth praise those gods.
O devotees, do not hate anyone in this world,
but worship good people, sing songs
and praise the devotees of the lord, and you will be saved.

3252. Many sages and devotees in this world
worship the god Achudan
with flowers, fragrances, lamps, sandal paste and abundant water,
reciting the Vedas according to the sastras.
Go and worship those devotees and you will be saved.

3253. The three gods, Shiva who laughs, Nānmuhan and Indra,
and all other gods come to the world, join together
and worship the divine god Kaṇṇan.
O devotees who are everywhere in the world,
go together and worship him
and there will be no suffering in this Kaliyuga.

3254. Sadagopan, Kāri Māran of southern Thirukuruhur
of the Pandiyan country that flourishes with fields,
composed a thousand famous pāsurams on Māyapiran Kaṇṇan,
the shining lord who gives his grace to his devotees
and protects them from the troubles of Kaliyuga.
If devotees learn and recite these ten poems,
the faults in their minds will go away.

3255. She says,
“O my friend, he is a faultless light, his mouth is red
and he shines like a beautiful sapphire.
I love the ancient god with a faultless nature—
I have lost my mind to him. How long I can suffer like this?
The village will gossip about my love soon.
O friend, what can I do?”

3256. She says,
“O friend, what can the gossip of the village do to me?
I have lost myself to the love of my dear lotus-eyed Kaṇṇan
and my body has lost its beautiful color, I am weak,
and my red mouth and dark eyes have become pale.”

3257. She says, “O friend, he kicked Sakatāsuran
when he came as a cart,
and he drank the milk of the devil Putana.
I have lost my chastity to my love for him.
Wherever I go or wander I talk only of him
and no other words come from my mouth.
You are my only dear friend.
What can the gossip of the village do to me?”
3258. She says, “O friend,
the village gossip is like food for the plant of my love,
and mother’s words are like water poured on it to make it thrive.
The abundant love that our cruel cloud-colored Kaṇṇan
placed in my heart has grown as large as the sea.”

3259. She says, “O friend, he is the tall Nedumāl, Māyan,
who measured the world with his feet.
Even though he is unkind and cruel and hard to know
my useless heart thinks only of him. Alas!
O beautiful friend with a waist as thin as a tuṭi drum,
what do you think our mother will do
if she knows about my love?”

3260. She says,
“O friends, what if mother does what she wants?
And what if the village gossips as it wants?
Why should it bother me?
I am caught in the love net of the sapphire-colored Vasudevan,
the king of rich Dwarapuri, the ancient god of gods.”

3261. She says, “O beautiful friend with wide hips,
my good heart is caught in the love net of the lord
who carries a discus in his hands
and rests on the ocean with rolling waves.
I want to see him and bow bending my head at his feet.
If I could worship him like that I would not worry
even if I did so in front of my lovely friends.”

3262. She says, “O friend,
our dear lord drank milk from the breasts of the devil Putana
and he killed the elephant Kuvalayabeedam.
When Sakatasuran came as a cart our god kicked it and destroyed him,
and when an Asuran came as a bird our god split open his beak,
He smiles beautifully with his red mouth that is like a thondai fruit.
O friend, when will we join him and make our mother ashamed?”

3263. She says, “O friend,
the god of the gods took my shyness and chastity
and my heart went to him in the distant sky.
Friend, this is my promise.
I will tell all the world the mischievous deeds that he did
and let everyone gossip about us. I won’t worry like other girls
but I will ride on a madal, the palm-leaf horse.”

3264. She says, “When I ride on a madal
and wear the cool thulasi garland with its pure petals
of the dear god with a discus in his lovely hands,
the women on our streets will say
that I have no shame and gossip loudly about me.”

3265. Saḍagopan of Thirukuruhur,
surrounded with fragrant groves,
composed a thousand andādi poems
praising the dark god Kaṇṭan colored like the roaring ocean.
If devotees learn and recite these ten poems
they will truly reach divine Vaikuṇṭham.

3266. She says, “The whole village is sleeping.
The entire world is covered with deep darkness.
All the creatures in the ponds are calm and the night grows long.
The powerful one swallowed all the worlds and rests on a snake bed
but he has not come to see me. I have done bad karma.
Who will come and save me from the sorrow of love?”

3267. She says, “Who is there to come and save me?”
Darkness covers the deep ocean, the earth, and sky, unremitting and terrible. My Kaṇṇan, colored like a kāvi flower, has not come and I am pitiful. O my heart, you don’t help me either."

3268. She says, “O heart, see, you are no help. The long night grows longer, like an eon, and the dawn does not come. My god Kahusthan who carries a strong bow, fights with his enemies and destroys them has not come. I have done bad karma and have been born a woman. I do not even know how to die.”

3269. She says, “The shining sun does not want to rise, thinking, ‘I don’t want to see the suffering of women, born on this earth.’ Our god has a red mouth and large eyes. He is strong as a dark bull and measured the world. That beautiful one has not come. Who can take the sorrow and love sickness from my mind?”

3270. She says, “Who is there to help me? My mothers and friends do not think of my suffering and sleep through the long night. The cloud-colored Kaṇṇan has not come. I have done bad karma. People may remember my name to gossip about me.”

3271. She says, “The love I have for the god gives terrible pain to my heart. This night that seems like an eon doesn’t let me close my eyes. The eternal god Māyan who carries a discus in his hands has not come.”
Who can save my life here where the night is so long?"

3272. She says, “Who will save me now? The dark night passes slowly like an eon, drop by drop. The god Kaṇṇan with a pure white conch and a discus has not appeared. I have done bad karma. O gods, what can I do?”

3273. She says, “O gods, what can I do? As the dark night comes it is truly like seven eons and I feel weak. My dear god Kaṇṇan with a discus in his hand has not come. The cool breeze blows burning like the hot sun.”

3274. She says, “O gods, what can I do? The long night moves slowly and burns me like hot fire. The sun on his beautiful tall chariot with his hot rays has not yet appeared. Our precious lotus-eyed god has not come. Who will remove the sorrow of my heart? I am melting away with the sickness of love.”

3275. She says, “I am melting away with the pain of my love. Like me, the darkness in the wide sky melts away, drop by drop. The dear god who once measured the world has not come, yet the world rests, saying nothing at all about him.”

3276. Sadagopan of Thirukkuruhur surrounded with lovely groves composed a thousand andādi poems praising the divine lord who meditates, pretending to sleep on the milky ocean. If devotees learn and recite these ten pāsurams, how could they not be able to reach Vaikuṇṭam?

3277. She says, “O my mother, why are you upset with me?”
Ever since I saw Nambi, the god of Thirukurungudi,  
my heart thinks only of his conch,  
discus, lotus eyes and his sweet red fruit-like mouth.”

3278. She says, “O mothers, don’t be upset with me.  
Try to understand how I feel.  
Ever since I saw Nambi, the god of Thirikurungudi  
in the southern land surrounded with beautiful groves,  
my heart thinks only of the shining thread on his chest,  
his earrings, Lakshmi on his chest, his lovely ornaments  
and his four arms, and I see only them everywhere.”

3279. She says, “O mothers, you are upset with me and say,  
‘You stand around not knowing what to do.  
You get confused sometimes. You worry a lot about something.’  
Ever since I saw Nambi of Thirukurungudi  
surrounded with mountain-like palaces,  
his victorious bow, club, sword, discus and conch  
appear before my eyes and don’t disappear,  
and they stay in my heart and don’t go away.”

3280. She says, “O mothers, you all get upset  
because my eyes don’t stop shedding tears.  
Ever since I saw Nambi of Thirukurungudi  
surrounded with groves that drip with honey,  
his cool thulasi garland, his golden crown, his lovely form,  
his matchless silk clothes and the sacred thread on his chest  
are always before me. I am pitiful.”

3281. She says, “O mothers, you say to me  
‘You look everywhere for him and are worried and upset.’  
Ever since I saw the marvelous and famous Nambi of Thirukurungudi,  
his bright form, his mouth sweet as a thondai fruit,
his long eyebrows and his perfect lotus eyes have taken over my life. 
I am a pitiful indeed.”

3282. She says, “My mother thinks, 
‘This girl will bring disgrace to our family’ 
and doesn’t let me go see him. 
Ever since I saw Nambi of Thirukurungudi surrounded with groves, 
his lovely long nose, lotus eyes, sweet fruit-like mouth, 
his blue body and four arms have filled my heart with love.”

3283. She says, “Mother thinks, 
‘My daughter will bring disgrace to our family’ 
and doesn’t allow me to go and see him. 
Ever since I saw Nambi of famous Thirukurungudi 
he, with a discus in his hands, 
has entered my heart with his tall golden body 
shining like a flood of light.”

3284. She says, “O mothers, you are upset 
thinking that I am suffering 
as I cover my lovely face with my hands. 
Ever since I saw Nambi of Thirukurungudi 
filled with palaces over which clouds float, 
his beautiful lotus eyes, his small waist, his lovely form, 
his thick long hair and his long arms appear in front of me. I am pitiful.”

3285. She says, “O friends and mothers, you are upset with me 
and say that I don’t listen to you but do as I want. 
Ever since I saw Nambi of Thirukurungudi filled with everlasting palaces, 
that ancient lord adorned with a tall crown on his head 
and with ornaments with precious jewels 
has entered my heart as if he were sugarcane juice, 
milk and nectar and doesn’t leave.”
3286. She says, “Mother thinks,
‘My daughter is utterly in love with him’
and doesn’t allow me to go and see my beloved.
The Nambi of Thirukurungudi who shines like a bright light
has faultless fame. As soon as I saw him, he entered my heart,
surrounded by a flood-like crowd of gods worshiping him.
I don’t know how it happened—my heart rejoices.”

3287. Sadagopan of rich Thirukurungur,
composed a thousand pāsurams on the lord
with a discus in his divine hand whom no one has seen
and worshiped him with fresh fragrant flowers,
prattling and telling his praises.
If devotees learn and recite these ten poems
they will be true Vaishnavas
in this world surrounded by deep oceans.

3288. My daughter says,
“I am the creator of the world surrounded with oceans.
I am the world surrounded by oceans.
I am the ruler of the world surrounded by oceans.
I split open the world surrounded by oceans.
I swallowed all the worlds.”
Has the lord of the world surrounded by oceans entered her body?
What can I tell to the people of this world surrounded by oceans?
I do not understand all that she learned in this world.

3289. My daughter says,
“There is no limit to what I have learned.
Whatever people learn is from me.
I have created learning for people.
I am the results of learning.”
I am the meaning of learning.”
I am worried that the lord of learning has entered her heart
and that is why she is saying all these things.
What can I tell the learned ones
about all these things my daughter says of learning?

3290. My daughter says,
“I am all the lands that can be seen.
I am the wide sky that people see.
I am the fire that people feel.
I am the wind that all feel.
I am the oceans that people see.”
Has the ocean-colored god entered my daughter’s heart?
What can I tell the people of the world
if they ask me why she is saying these things?
What my daughter says is strange.”

3291. My daughter says,
“I am all the acts that happen now.
I am the acts that will happen in the future.
I am the acts that have been done and are in the past.
I myself experience the results of my acts.
I create the people who act.”
I am worried that the lotus-eyed Kaṇnan
has entered her heart and that is why she says these things.
Her mouth is sweet as a fruit and she is as gentle as a young doe.
What can I tell the good people of this world about my daughter?

3292. My daughter says,
“I am protecting everyone and keep them on the right path.
I carried Govardhana mountain without effort.
I killed all the Asurans without exception.
I saved the Pandavas using all my cleverness.
I didn’t grow tired churning the ocean of milk.”
Has the ocean-colored lord entered her heart?
What can I tell the people of this world about my daughter?
How can I tell all these things that my daughter tells me?

3293. My daughter says,
“I carried bamboo-covered Govardhana mountain.
I conquered the seven bulls.
I graze the calves and milk-giving cows.
I protect the herd of cows.
I am the chief of the cowherds.”
I am worried that the god of gods has entered her heart.
What can I tell her friends whose eyes are as sharp as spears
about my young daughter?

3294. My daughter says,
“I have no relatives.
All in this world are my relatives.
I create relationships.
I destroy relationships.
I am the relative of relatives.”
I am worried that Māyan who has no relative
has entered my daughter’s heart.
What can I tell our relatives
about what my innocent daughter says?

3295. My daughter says,
“I am the three-eyed lord and all the sastras praise me.
I am the four-headed Nānmuhan and I am praised by all.
I am the king of the gods and all praise me.
I am the sages and they all praise me.”
I am worried that the cloud-colored god
praised by all has entered my daughter’s heart.
What can I tell this world that says bad things, gossiping about my beautiful vine-like daughter?

3296. My daughter says,
“I have no bad karma.
I myself am bad karma.
I give bad karma to all.
I remove bad karma also.
I destroyed the cruel Rāksasa Ravana in Lanka.”
I am worried that the god who carries the heroic Garuda flag has entered my daughter’s heart.
I am a pitiful mother.
What can I tell the gossiping people of this world about my beautiful vine-like daughter?

3297. My daughter says,
“I am beautiful paradise.
I am evil hell.
I am the highest shining heaven.
I am the flourishing lives on this earth.
I am the only ancient beautiful one.”
I am worried that the dark cloud-colored god has entered my the heart of my daughter whose beautiful hair is decorated with flowers.
What can I tell the people who adorn themselves with jewels and come and gossip?

3298. Saḍagopan of Thirukuruhur of the flourishing famous Pandian country composed a thousand pāsurams on the beloved of Lakshmi, the earth goddess on a lotus, and Nappinnai, the dear gentle girl of the cowherd clan.
If devotees learn and recite these ten pāsurams
they will obtain much wealth in this world
and they will be the devotees of Thirumāl
and have the fortune of worshiping his feet.

3299. However much tapas I may have done,
I am not wise and will never be able
to do anything without your grace.
My father, our god, rests on a snake bed
and stays in auspicious Srivaramangalam
where lotuses grow in the mud among the good paddy.
O lord, you are the highest god—
there is no god higher than you.

3300. I can do nothing there,
I can do nothing here.
My only desire is to see you, but there is nowhere I can have that.
My father with a conch and discus in your hand,
destroyer of Lanka, who stay in Srivaramangalam
where tall palaces studded with jewels touch the moon,
I am lonely. Give me your grace.

3301. You with an eagle flag and a discus,
the dark cloud-colored god of the sky,
abide giving your grace in Srivaramangalam
where many Vediyars live who know well
all the four Vedas that are sources of wisdom.
I was useless and you gave me worth and made me your slave.
I do not know what I can give to repay you.

3302. You, my father, who fought a magical war with the hundred Kauravas
when they opposed the Pandavas and you destroyed them
and who split open the earth and brought forth the earth goddess.
abide in Srivaramangalam
where wise men know the Vedas well
and recite them always and perform sacrifices.
I want to reach you. How can I call you to come?

3303. You with a dark-colored body
enter among all your enemies as one of them
and perform many tricks to defeat them.
Your devotees fold their hands and worship you
in Srivaramangalam where Vediyars always perform sacrifices—
that is something I myself have seen.
How can I call and reach you?

3304. O my father, my lord of the sky and my ruler always,
who became a boar and split open the earth,
you are Vanamamalai, god of cool Srivaramanagalam
surrounded by mango groves dripping with honey
where your devotees fold their hands and worship you.
O Kaṇṇan, jewel that shines like a diamond,
come and give your grace to me, your slave,
so I may worship you.

3305. You, the tender shoot of the gods in the sky,
came, entered my heart and gave me your grace.
You, the first father and mother of this world,
who swallowed all the seven worlds,
are god of Srivaramanagam where Vediyars whose work is pure
recite the Vedas and perform unceasing sacrifices.
You have endless fame. Do not leave me.

3306. I know well that you have created the five illusionary senses
that keep people away from you,
and I am worried that you will keep me away from you
and make me fall into a happiness
that is only the unclean mud that the five senses give,
O lord who split open the beak of the Asuran that came as a bird,
you stay in Srivaramangalam where the sun shines
on the palaces studded with shining jewels.
O father, no one can tell who you are, ever.

3307. You split open the beak of the Asuran,
you entered between the two marudam trees and destroyed the Asurans
and you are a thief who defeated the seven bulls
and shine like a dark diamond.
My father, who abide in Srivaramangalam
where wise Vediyers live,
knowing well and reciting the divine four Vedas,
give me your grace so I may survive.

3308. Whom do I have except you?
You, the divine lord of the gods,
gave me your feet as refuge
but I have nothing to give back to you.
My life is yours.
Adorned with a fresh fragrant thulasi garland,
you stay in flourishing Srivaramangai
where abundant good paddy and sugarcane grow in the earth.

3309. Sadagopan of Thirukkuruhur
surrounded by groves blossoming with bunches of flowers
composed a thousand poems
worshiping the feet of the divine god of the gods,
Thirivikraman, Nāraṇan.
If devotees recite these ten pāsurams every day
they will become sweet nectar for the gods in the sky.

3310. You are my sweet nectar.
O Nedumāl, this slave’s body dissolves, melts and becomes water with love for you who shine and rest beautifully on the water in Thirukuḍandai surrounded by the ocean with rolling waves where rich paddy plants blow in the wind like fans. O my father, I saw you there.

3311. You, my ruler strong as a bull, take whatever form you please with your pure form. You close your beautiful lotus eyes and rest in divine Kuḍandai where lovely red lotuses bloom on fertile water. What should I do?

3312. What can I do in this life? Who is my refuge? What do you want to do with me? I will not go to anyone to tell my troubles except you who rest in Thirukuḍandai surrounded by strong walls. Give me your grace so that I, your slave, may spend all the days of my life worshiping your feet.

3313. No one can describe you or your measureless fame. You have no end. O god, lord and owner of all the world, you rest on the water in Kuḍandai where many good people live. Yearning to see you, I look at the sky, cry and worship you.

3314. I cry for you, I worship you, I dance for you, prattle and sing. Looking for you and yearning to embrace you, I feel shy and lower my head. O lord with lovely lotus eyes, you rest on the water in Kuḍandai surrounded by beautiful flourishing fields. Show me how I, your slave, can join your feet.
3315. Even though I know how to remove the fruits of my bad karma
I am still involved in the pleasures of my five senses.
How long can I live like this away from you?
O king of the gods in the sky,
resting on the water in ancient, famed Kuḍandai
you are the sweet music of the yazh,
you are nectar, you are the fruit of knowledge, you are a lion.

3316. You are the lion king, a shining golden light,
a dark cloud with lovely eyes,
a coral mountain as bright as fire,
my father with have four arms.
You, the Thirumāl of divine Kuḍandai,
accepted me as your slave
and I do not want to be apart from you ever.
I cannot stay in this world any more.
Give me your grace so I will not be born again on this earth.

3317. I do not know whether you wish
to take away my sorrow or not,
but I have no refuge except you with your round discus
the wonderful Māyan resting on the water in Kuḍandai.
When my body grows weak and life leaves my body,
give me your grace to hold to your feet tightly,
not leaving them and joining you.

3318. O my father, you, the lord of the everlasting gods,
make me accept you and keep me beneath your feet.
As the everlasting world sings praises,
you, the great ancient god, rest on the water in divine Kuḍandai
where the waves bring precious diamonds
and leave them on the banks of the river.
Come to me, I yearn to see you.

3319. You, formless, are my Maayan and divine nectar,
living sweetly in the heart of me, your slave.
Ruling me, you have removed the karma
that seemed impossible to remove
and you have made me your devotee, O god of divine Kudandai.
How can I suffer any more in this world?

3320. Sadagopan of Kuruhur took refuge in the feet of the lord
and composed a thousand pāsurams sweeter than the music of the flute
to the god who drank milk from the devil Putana and killed her.
If devotees learn and recite these ten pāsurams
they will be like Kama, the god of love,
for women with lovely doe-like eyes.

3321. She says, “O friends with beautiful doe-like eyes,
the god, our king, stays in Thiruvallam
surrounded by groves where the fragrance of jasmine spreads
and kamugu trees grow tall and touch the sky,
flourishing and dripping with honey.
Every day I suffer with my bad karma.
When will the day come when this slave of the god can join him?"

3322. She says, “O friends, what do you get by making me suffer?
He is our dear lord of Thiruvallam
where the breeze blows through fresh madhavi plants,
mahizham flowers and punnai trees
that bloom with golden blossoms and spread their fragrance.
When will the day come when I, a slave of the dear lord,
can worship his feet?”

3323. She says, “O friends with flowers in your hair,
he is our dear lord of flourishing Thiruvallam
where the divine sound of the Vedas
spreads like the roaring of the waves of the ocean
and the smoke of sacrifices rises above the palaces.
When will I be able to see every day
the ankleted feet of the dear god?
I grow weak longing to see him."

3324. She says, “O friends, why do you make me worry every day?
What do you get from that?
My god rests on the river on a snake bed
in Thiruvallam where tall kamugu trees with long green leaves,
jack trees, coconut trees and banana trees
grow tall and touch the tops of the palaces with porches.
My life is with that dear god.”

3325. She says, “You are my dear friends and you worry about me.
He is the god of Thiruvallam where the dark smoke of the sacrifices
performed by the good Vediyars rises up and hides the sky.
He is sweet as jaggery, fruit and nectar and shines like a bright light.
He has made me sick with love.
When will my eyes see him?”

3326. She says, “O lovely friends with mouths as sweet as fruits,
I have done bad karma.
When will I see the lotus feet of the god
who took the divine form of a beautiful dwarf,
went to Mahābali’s sacrifice and measured the world and the sky,
the god of Thiruvallam where flourishing trees
with branches that touch the sky grow on the rich seashore
and bees swarm singing with lovely voices
and cool breezes blow everywhere?”
3327. She says, “O friends as lovely as dolls,
our lord who swallowed the world is the god of Thiruvallam
where lovely lotuses and sengazhuneer flowers
blooming on the wide rippling pond
look like the shining faces and eyes of women.
When will I join the beautiful ornamented lotus feet
of the dear god?”

3328. She says, “O friends with beautiful foreheads,
when will I worship every day without ever leaving them
the ornamented feet that measured the world?
He stays always in rich Thiruvallam
surrounded by fields, rich flowering ponds,
sweet sugarcane and good paddy plants
that grow everywhere and wave in the breeze.”

3329. She says, “O friends, when will the day come
when I see and worship the god of Thiruvallam
where lined bees drink honey and sing like babies,
sounding like the music of the yaazh and flute in the cool groves?
When will I receive the divine grace of the god with a discus in his hands
and join him and be happy so that my bangles stay on my arms?”

3330. She says, “O friends,
when will I have good karma and join the god?
He is the lord of beautiful Thiruvallam
where the earth and the sky worship him to receive his divine grace.
A thousand good Vediyars live there
and praise the names of our dear god Narayaṇan.
He gives his good grace to all.”

3331. Sadagopan of southern Thirukkuruhur
that gives good life to all composed a thousand poems
praising the feet of our divine god
who is worshiped with a thousand names.
If the devotees of Thiruvallam
learn and recite these ten pāsurams,
if they are born in this world they will have happy lives.

3332. O best of gods, born magically and raised as a man,
you did many tricks in the Bharatha war for the Pandavas
and helped them conquer the Kauravas.
All that magic and all those tricks enter my heart and make me melt.
You are the bright light that did all those tricks. When will I join you?

3333. You conquered the seven bulls to marry Nappinnai,
when the Asuran Kesi came as an illusionary horse
you split open his mouth,
and you danced the kuravai kuthu with girls whose long hair
was decorated with lovely flowers dripping with honey.
No one can say whether your actions are this,
that or something in between,
but whatever they are, they hurt me.
You are the ancient lord!
When will I come and join you?

3334. O god, when you were a child
you drank the poisonous milk from the breasts of the devil Puthana
when she came wearing flowers in her lovely hair.
You kicked and killed Sakatasuran when he came as a cart,
and when you stole the butter and ate it,
your mother Yashoda hit you with a stick
and you stood in front of her as your lotus eyes filled with tears.
When I think how you stood and cried, it hurts my heart.

3335. You disguised yourself in many different ways,
entered the places of your enemies and conquered them.
You made the Asurans fight each other with your tricks and killed them.
Shiva with the Ganges flowing in his matted locks is not different from you.
When I think of all your deeds
they enter my heart and make my life melt.

3336. You ate the food that the cowherds served
for Indra the king of the gods.
You carried large, beautiful Govardhana mountain
as an umbrella and protected the cows from a storm.
You swallowed the earth and spit it out.
When I think of all your magical deeds my heart melts like wax in fire.

3337. Your standing, sitting and lying forms
are hard for me even to imagine—
you have a form yet you have none.
I think of all your magical deeds again and again.
In which form can I think of you,
the shining light that swallowed the earth?
Tell this sinner how to think of you.

3338. You came to me as a shining light,
as darkness, as truth and as the false.
You, a dark diamond, hide
and do not show me who you are and I suffer yearning to see you.
Come and show me your divine form one day
so my eyes may see you and find joy.

3339. You rest on the ocean in a divine reclining form
and Nanmuhan staying on a beautiful lotus on your navel
creates the world and its creatures through your grace.
When I hear of all your supreme matchless deeds,
my heart melts and my eyes shed tears like a waterfall.
What can this slave do?

3340. You went to Mahābali’s sacrifice, begged for two feet of land and took the sky and the earth with two steps. When I hear these great deeds of yours my heart melts. I have done bad karma—when can I reach you?

3341. Joining the gods you churned the milky ocean and then, disguised as Mohini, you cheated the Asurans so they would not get the nectar, and you distributed it to the gods. O lord resting on a snake bed, you entered my heart and melted my soul. Tell me how can I come and join you?

3342. Sadagopan Maaran of Thirukkuruhur, worshiping the god every day and thinking that his only refuge is the lord resting on a snake bed, composed a thousand poems praising the god. If devotees learn and recite these ten pāsurams well they will reach Vaikuṇṭham and be happy always.

3343. She says, “O kurugu birds, you come in the morning every day and wander in the flourishing backwaters. Go and see the lord whose mouth is as sweet as a fruit. He carries a discus and stays in Thiruvaṇvaṇḍur where the good paddy grows tall. Fold your hands and worship him and tell him that I have done bad karma and I suffer from love for him.”

3344. She says, “O large cranes, you wander here with your beloved mates. Go and see our dear lord who swallowed all the worlds,
the god of cool Thiruvaṇvaṇḍur
where the Vedas are recited loudly
when the Vediyars perform sacrifices.
Bow to his feet and tell him how I suffer from his love.”

3345. She says, “O flock of birds, you all come together
and fly around everywhere on these fields.
Go and see the dear god with a whirling discus in his hand.
His mouth is as sweet as a fruit
and he is the lord of beautiful Thiruvaṇvaṇḍur flourishing with wealth.
Fly down to the ground, bow to him
and tell him how I, his slave, suffer with love for him.”

3346. She says, “O lovely swans, you join your mates
and plunge into happiness without any worries.
Go and see Neḍumaal, the ocean-colored Kaṇṇan,
the god of flourishing Thiruvaṇvaṇḍur
where the sound of the Vedas spreads everywhere.
Make him understand that there is a girl
who suffers and melts with love for him.”

3347. She says, “O lovely swans,
you know how it is to fight and make up with your mates
and you wander together happily without being apart from them.
Go and see our dear lord
whose head is adorned with a cool beautiful thulasi garland
and who stays in Thiruvaṇvaṇḍur
where the waves bring conches and pile them on the shore.
Go and bow to him, fold your hands and praise him for me also.”

3348. She says, “O beautiful cuckoo birds on your punnai trees,
I praise you and implore you.
He is the highest god of the gods in the sky,
he carries a powerful discus in his beautiful hands
and he is the lord of divine Thiruvaṇṇaṉḍur
where valai fish frolic in the muddy water.
Go see him and tell him how I suffer from his love.
Bring me his reply so my pain will go away.”

3349. She says, “O lovely parrot, go directly, without wandering,
and enter Thiruvaṇṇaṉḍur where my god stays
surrounded by shores with red sand
and groves blooming with lovely flowers.
He has a dark color, a red mouth, lovely eyes,
reddish hands and beautiful feet
and he carries in his hand a shining discus for fighting and a conch.
That is how you can recognize him.
Tell him that I love him.”

3350. She says, “O lovely little puvai bird,
my god has large beautiful lotus eyes, long hair, four strong arms,
and a dark divine body the color of thick clouds.
He stays in rich Thiruvaṇṇaṉḍur
surrounded by mahizh, punnai, nyazhal and cherunti trees.
See him, tell him of my love and then return and tell me what he has told you.”

3351. She says, “O swans living among lotus flowers,
the god, the tricky Māyan, Nedumaal, Kaṇṇan, stays in Thiruvaṇṇaṉḍur
where conches are blown in the morning.
I have done bad karma. Go, see the lord and worship him.
Talk to him secretly and tell him how I am suffering.”

3352. She says, “O swarm of bees flying around fragrant flowers,
I would ask a favor of you.
The god who destroyed the forts of Lanka
of the Rakshasa king Ravana whom no enemies could subdue
stays in Thiruvaṅṭhūr on the bank
of the northern Pampa river that flows with abundant water.
Go and tell that victorious hero that I am still alive.”

3353. Sadagopan of Thirukuruhur composed
a thousand poems with music on the god,
the cunning thief who went to Mahābali as a dwarf
adorned with a sacred shining thread
and took over the wide world in two footsteps.
If devotees learn and recite these ten musical pāsurams
on the god of Thiruvaṅṭhūr
they will be like Kama for women with waists thin as lightning.

3354. She says, “You are Māyavan
and you burned the forts in Lanka of the king Ravaṇa.
I am afraid when I see the girls
whose waists are thin as lightning
that you have cheated, loving them and leaving them.
I know how you deceive.
What are you going to do now to cheat me?
O Nambi, give me back my ball and dice and then go.”

3355. She says, “O Nambi, go away.
Your lotus eyes, red mouth and smile annoy us.
We did so much tapas to love you
but you just give us trouble.
There are other girls, as lovely as peacocks,
waiting to love you.
They want to hear the sound of your flute.
Go, graze your cows and play your flute
and go to them. Please go away.”

3356. She says, “O Nambi, go and tell your lies
to those who do not know how you cheat girls.
Your big sweet fruit-like mouth and large eyes are dangerous!
Who among the girls with round bamboo-like arms
has enough tapas to receive your divine grace?
You are the highest god who churned the large milky ocean.”

3357. She says, “You swallowed all the seven worlds
and recline on a banyan leaf.
Even the gods in the sky do not know your magic.
O my highest lord, you are skilled at grazing cows
while cowherd girls with large lovely spear-like eyes
stay around you and play.
Don’t try to play with me.”

3358. She says, “O Nambi, with a powerful, ancient discus,
don’t lie and cheat us.
All the world and the sky know your tricks.
I want to tell you something.
The girls who speak like babies
with their honey-sweet soft words
are upset and wait for your grace.
Don’t play with our prattling puvai birds and our parrots.”

3359. She says, “There is no use making faces
and doing tricks to make us think you love us.
We have been with you for a long time,
O highest god—is this is way you show your grace?
There are many lovely women
as beautiful as goddesses of the three worlds
and worthy of your love.
Don’t play with us.
You play like this because you are young.”
3360. She says, “It is not right to grab the dolls
that we hold in our hands to play with.
O lord, Neḍumaal, faultless one
who swallowed the world surrounded by oceans,
even if you do something wrong, mistakes are mistakes.
You play with us and cheat us with your sweet words.
If my brothers hear what you say
they won’t consider whether it is right or not to act.
They will take sticks and come to fight with you.”

3361. She says, “Your form is like a flood of wisdom
and, shining with endless fame,
you create without fail both creatures that are intelligent
and creatures that are ignorant.
My friends are calling me to go play with them
but you come and attract me with your love so I can’t join them.
If people see me with you, what will they think?”

3362. She says, “You attract us with your large lotus eyes
and you want us to fall in love with you, melting in our hearts.
You kicked and broke our small play houses with your divine feet.
That wasn’t fair.
You didn’t just look at our play houses and the food we made for them,
and you didn’t just stand there with your shining face and smile at us,
but you kicked over our small play houses.
That wasn’t right.”

3363. She says, “You have a shining crown and carry an axe
that conquered and destroyed the kings of thirty-one generations.
A bright, dark diamond, you created this wide world in ancient times
and now you have been born among the cowherd families
to give them moksha, but see, you are naughty
and you always give us cowherd girls trouble.”
3364. Sadagopan of Thirukuruhur composed a thousand pāsurams with music on the god, our father, the dancer who cried when his mother Yashoda, the cowherdess, was angry with him because he stole butter and tied him up. If devotees learn and recite with their tongues these ten pāsurams they will have no troubles in their lives.

3365. I saw the omnipresent god who is poverty and wealth, heaven and hell, friend and enemy, nectar and poison. He rules me who stays in Thiruviṇṇagar where families live with abundant wealth.

3366. I saw the lord whom no one can see, who is joy and sorrow, confusion and clarity, anger and affection, heat and coolness. He rules me who stays in beautiful Thiruviṇṇagar, surrounded by water with clear waves.

3367. I saw the lord who is countries and cities, wisdom and ignorance, unmatched enveloping light and darkness, and the earth and sky. There is no good karma for anyone without praising the fame of the lord of Thiruviṇṇagar surrounded by palaces.

3368. I saw the lord who is virtue and sin joining and separation, remembrance and forgetfulness, all that is in the world, all that is not in the world, existence, non-existence and nothing. Find the sweet grace of Kaṇṇan, our dear god of Thiruviṇṇagar, the ruler of all the three worlds surrounded by strong palaces.

3369. I saw the god who is bad and good, black and white,
truth and falsehood. youth and age, new and old.
Our god in Thiruviṇṇagar surrounded by strong walls,
is the lord of the three worlds, and see, he will protect them all.

3370. The highest shining lord who is happiness and hatred,
fame and infamy and Lakshmi and the inauspicious goddess
is the god of Thiruvinnagar, the highest light
who is in the three worlds but not of them,
whom the gods in the sky come to worship
and who abides in this sinner’s mind.

3371. The mischievous lord who is light and divinity,
and purity and impurity stays in the world
hiding himself but presenting himself to all.
The gods from the sky come and worship,
our god of Thiruviṇṇagar, bowing their heads.
There is no refuge for anyone other than the feet of the lord
who give boons to all.

3372. Kaṇṭan, my father, who is the ruler and refuge for the gods and all,
cruel Yama for the Asurans and the protector of the good people
abiding in the shadow of his feet and the enemy of the wicked
stays in Thiruviṇṇagar and protects the southern direction.

3373. The matchless god of Thiruviṇṇagar
surrounded with shining golden walls,
my father and friend and the mother who gave birth to me,
as precious as gold, diamonds and pearls,
granted me refuge beneath his feet.

3374. Our lord
who is shadow and sunlight, small and great,
short and tall, things that move and do not move,
and everything else
stays always in Thiruviṇṇagar
where the bees sing as sweetly as babies.
I have no other refuge than his ankleted feet.

3375. Sadagopan of Thirukuruhr
composed a thousand pāsurams on the lord
who measured the world and the sky with his two feet
and said, “O people of the world, see my feet!”
If devotees learn and recite these ten pāsurams on Thiruviṇṇagar
they will become the gurus of the gods in the sky.

3376. Our lord who danced the kuravai dance with the cowherd girls,
carried Govardhana mountain to protect the cows
and danced on the head of the snake Kalingan
in the pond with churning water rests on a snake bed.
I prattle night and day,
telling all his magic deeds without stopping.
What bad things can happen to me from now on?

3377. My heart melts and my time passes sweetly
when I think how he plays sweet music and grazes the cows
and how he married Nappinnai with lovely eyes like keṇṭai fish
and curly hair adorned with fragrant flowers
and when I think of the other magical deeds of the lovely lord.
When I can live loving the god like this,
what world could be my equal?

3378. The lord who gives his grace to all every day
killed the matchless heroic wrestlers,
grazed the herd of cows,
and killed the angry long-trunked elephant Kuvalayabeeḍam.
I think always and prattle on about these deeds
and others like them of the radiant lord praised by all.
He gives his grace to me every day—
what suffering can there be for me now?

3379. The lord drank the milk of the cheating devil Puthana,
kicked the cart and killed Sakaṭasuran when he came as a cart
and cried when Yashoda tied him to a mortar.
When I think of all the heroic deeds of the beautiful god of gods
my heart melts and feels it is always with him.
What more could I want?

3380. The lord was born as Kannan
when the gods asked him to come and destroy the Rakshasas.
While his mother Devaki suffered and cried,
his father Vasudeva took him in the darkness
to a cowherd village where he was raised
to grow up and kill Kamsan with his cheating tricks.
I prattle on thinking of all his heroic deeds of the lord.
How could there be any enemy for me?

3381. The Māyan killed the Asuran
when he came as a bird and split open his beak,
killed seven bulls to marry Nappinnai,
broke the kurundam trees that grew tall in the groves
and measured the wide world at the sacrifice of Mahābali.
Night and day I praise the magical deeds of my father.
I will have no trouble in my heart.

3382. My father, my lord who showed his compassion
by being born to help the wicked people of the earth,
took any form he wished.
Adorned with a forest thulasi garland on his chest,
he came to the earth because he was angry at the evil Rakshasas.
I think always of the magical deeds of my father, the lord.  
Who is there as fortunate as I?

3383. My god who amazed the world fighting many terrific battles  
cut off the thousand arms of Vaṇasuran  
and measured the earth and sky at the sacrifice of Mahābali.  
I know all the magical deeds of my father, the Māyan,  
and there is no distress in my mind anymore.

3384. Our dark-colored lord who swallowed all the seven seas,  
the seven mountains and the seven worlds  
drove the chariot for Arjuna with his māyam,  
carrying a discus in his right hand and a conch in his left.  
I prattle on, praising the dark-colored god with my tongue  
and that is all I want to do.

3385. My chief who made Arjuna fight in the terrible Bharatha war  
to remove the suffering of the earth, performed many magic deeds  
and, wearing the garland of victory, destroyed the Kaurava army  
is a bright light in the sky.  
I approached and worshiped him—  
who could be my lord in this world but he?

3386. Sagagopan of Thirukuruhur worshiped the feet  
of the lord Kesavan and composed a thousand pāsurams.  
The lord swallowed all the seven worlds,  
kept them in his stomach and at end of the world  
spat them out from his mouth.  
If devotees learn and recite these ten pāsurams  
they will become his faultless devotees.

3387. Her friends say,  
“O mothers! She worships Tholaivillimangalam
filled with palaces studded with bright faultless diamonds.
O mothers, you took her to Tholaivillimangalam
and brought her back
and now she has fallen in love with the god and says,
'In his hands he carries a shining conch that produces pearls and a discus.
His big eyes are beautiful as lotuses.'
Her eyes, as beautiful as kuvalai flowers, fill with tears
and she stands and cries.”

3388. Her friends say,
“O mothers, you took your daughter whose soft words are sweet as nectar
to Tholaivillimangalam where the noise of festivals is loud
and you brought her back.
Now she has fallen in love with the god and stands, unable to do anything.
She says, ‘You are the god of gods!’
and her eyes are filled with tears and she melts with love for him.”

3389. Her friends say,
“O mothers, your daughter’s words are sweet as nectar.
You took her to Thirutholaivillimangalam
on the banks of the Thamiraparani river
with flourishing groves and cool paddy fields, and you brought her back
even though she didn’t want to return.
She says, ‘He rests on the milky ocean roaring with waves.
He measured the earth and the sky. He grazes the cows.’
She prattles on and her long eyes are filled with tears.”

3390. Her friends say,
“O mothers, look. You took her to Thirutholaivillimangalam
where Vediyars who know all four Vedas live.
After she returned she has forgotten how to be shy.
She doesn’t want to listen to you but says,
‘All that I have learned and know is about the dark-colored Kaṇṭan.’
She repeats this again and again, never growing tired.
In her heart she is happy and melts for him.”

3391. Her friends say,
“O mothers, you took your innocent daughter with a gentle shining face
to Tholaivillimangalam and showed her the beautiful lotus-eyed lord adorned with shining ornaments.
Her eyes shed tears like rain, her mind is fascinated with his qualities and she thinks only of him.
She constantly looks in the direction where god stays and worships him.”

3392. Her friends say,
“O mothers, Tholaivillimangalam is on the northern bank of the Thamiraparāṇi river where the fields flourish with good paddy and sugarcane wherever one looks and lovely red lotuses bloom everywhere.
Every day your daughter looks in his direction.
She doesn’t look anywhere else and her mouth says only the names of the diamond-colored god.”

3393. Her friends say,
“O mothers, your daughter is as beautiful as a peacock and innocent as a small doe.
She refuses to listen to anything we say but only repeats the word ‘Tholaivillimangalam.’
Is this the fruit of the tapas that she did in her last birth or is it the magic of the cloud-colored god?
She constantly speaks his divine name and talks of his discus, sword, club and conch.
Her mouth can say only the god’s names clearly.”

3394. Her friends say,
“O mothers, Thirutholaivillimangalam
on the northern bank of the Thamirabarāṇi river
is filled with the sound of the sacred Vedas,
with sacrifices and lovely girls as beautiful as Lakshmi.
Ever since your large dark-eyed daughter began to worship the god,
she has been saying ‘O lord, you have lotus eyes!’
and her heart has melted and she suffers.”

3395. Her friends say,
“O mothers, she worries every day and is afraid to say anything.
Her eyes are filled with tears
and when she calls out saying, ‘O dark diamond-colored god!’
even the trees feel sorry for her.
Ever since she learned the divine name of the city
she has worshiped the god folding her hands
and said, ‘That is Tholaivillimangalam of the god
who split open the mouth of the Asuran that came as a horse.’”

3396. Her friends say,
“O mothers, is she Nappinnai?
Is she the lovely earth goddess?
Is she beautiful Lakshmi?
She was born on this earth—what magic is this?
She calls to him loudly, ‘O Neḍumāl!’
Her heart wants to hear the divine names of the lord of Tholaivillimangalam
and she worships him bowing her head.”

3397. Sadagopan of rich Thirukuruhur
worships the god with his thoughts, words and deeds,
praising the god, his father and mother.
He composed a thousand pāsurams
and among them ten praise the god in Tholaivillimangalam.
If devotees learn and recite these ten pure Tamil pāsurams
they will become the devotees of Thirumāl.
3398. Her mother says,
“The god measured the world at Mahābali’s sacrifice.
My daughter with hair adorned with lovely flowers
that drip honey has grown thin and her conch bangles
are loose and fall from her arms
because she loves the beautiful god, the lotus-eyed Kaṇṇan,
the dark cloud-colored Maal.”

3399. Her mother says,
“The god who carries in his hands
a conch, bow, sword, club and a discus
has a mouth that is as sweet as a fruit,
eyes that are as beautiful as lotuses,
and a cool thulasi garland blooming with flowers that drip honey.
My daughter has lost her dark color and become pale
because she is in love with him.”

3400. Her mother says,
“He, the dark lord, the little thief who stole butter,
swallowed the wide world with his beautiful red mouth.
My girl with long beautiful hair
has lost her pride because she loves the dark-colored god
with a whirling discus in his hand.”

3401. Her mother says,
“My daughter has lost the beauty of her wide hips
because she loves Nambi
who created the famous Nānmuhan,
measured the flourishing world
and went as a messenger to the Kauravas for the Pandavas
to ask for their lands.
3402. “He gave the marvelous Vedas to the world,
he came as a boar and split open the world that is filled with sand
and he, the lord of the gods, rests on a bed on the clear ocean.
My daughter, as precious to me as my eyes, has lost her chastity
because she loves the highest god of gods

3403. “His many arms are like the branches of the Karpaga garden,
his hands are lovely as lotuses
and he wears a beautiful crown that is like a shining hill.
It is true that my lovely daughter
who has bow-shaped eyebrows has lost her beauty.

3404. “The lord Kannan’s hands and legs are beautiful
and he is adorned with fine ornaments.
My daughter has lost her beauty
because she loves the god Kaṇṇan who rests on a snake bed.

3405. “The matchless god broke the kurundam tree,
kicked Sakataśuran and killed him
and drank the milk from the breast of the devil Putana and killed her.
My daughter with fragrant hair has lost her pride
because she loves him.

3406. “He who shines like a lustrous hill
and is the handsome Nambi of the Kahusta dynasty
took the form of a lovely magic dwarf and cheated king Mahābali.
My daughter’s soft breasts
adorned with lovely ornaments have lost their beauty
because she loves him.

3407. “Māyan, the magical lord whose hair is adorned
with a cool thulasi garland and who has heroic arms has taken many forms.
My daughter has lost her chastity to him
because she loves him."

3408. Saḍagopan of southern Thirukuruhur composed a thousand beautiful pāsurams on the god of Venkaṭam hill surrounded by thick beautiful groves. If devotees learn and recite these ten pāsurams well they will go to heaven and enjoy being with gods.

3409. Her mother says, "My daughter, gentle as a young deer, says, 'The food we eat, the water we drink and the betelnut we chew all belong to Kaṇṇan,' and her eyes fill with tears. She asks where the famous god stays and will surely go to Thirukkoḷur."

3410. Her mother says, "O puvai birds! My daughter made the people of the village, the country and the world prattle on like her, repeating the names of the lord adorned with garlands. She has lost her chastity to him. Will my daughter as beautiful as a creeper go to Thirukoḷur surrounded by flourishing fields? Tell me—I have done bad karma."

3411. Her mother says, "My daughter's puvai birds, green parrots, balls, wood dolls and flower baskets all join her in calling out the divine names of Thirumāl. Will my doll-like daughter reach Thirukoḷur surrounded by cool fields? What can she do if her lips that are like kovai fruits throb and her eyes shed tears like rain?"
3412. Her mother says,
“My daughter, as beautiful as a young deer,
decided to go, bending her soft waist,
to flourishing Thirukoḷur where the god rests on the ocean.
Will the women of the village gossip and say
that she is a shameless girl and her character is bad
or will they say she is good because she goes to see the god?”

3413. Her mother says,
“My little daughter, as beautiful as a goddess,
does not want to play with her toys and only worries and worries.
Today when she reaches Thirukoḷur of Thirumāl
will her heart be happy to see
the blooming groves, ponds and the temple of the lord?”

3414. Her mother says,
“My daughter, soft as a young deer
does not want to help me in the house
and has gone to southern Thirukoḷur,
a place as important as a thilakam is for a face.
Will she stand and stand looking at the divine eyes
and the red mouth of the god
as her long eyes fill with tears and she worries?”

3415. Her mother says,
“My daughter says night and day ‘Neḍumāl!’
as her eyes fill with tears
and her heart fills with love for him.
She has walked to rich Thirukoḷur
where the lord rests on the ocean.
How could she go there walking slowly
and be able to enter his temple?”
3416. Her mother says,
“Will my daughter, holding her thin waist with her hands,
worry and fret, her eyes filling with tears and her heart melting,
as she walks to Thirukoḷur where Lakshmi on a lovely lotus
stays happily with her husband?
Her heart sad, my young daughter has left me.”

3417. Her mother says,
“When my daughter sees good things,
she says, ‘This is for my Kaṇṇan!’
and she thinks of her love for him.
Lovely with her beautiful ornaments,
she walks to Thirukoḷur and doesn’t think of me.
The village is filled with gossip about her.”

3418. Her mother says,
“O gods, I cannot think of all the things she is doing.
My young doe-like daughter with long eyes doesn’t stop even for a moment
thinking of the lotus-eyed god, the ruler of the whole world.
She has gone to Thirukoḷur where he stays
and she doesn’t worry at all about the disgrace
that will come to our family.”

3419. Saḍagopan of Thirukuruhur
surrounded by groves blooming with bunches of flowers
composed a thousand pāsurams on Madhusudhanan,
the wonderful treasure saved and kept by all.
If devotees learn, keep in their minds
and recite these ten pāsurams on Thirukoḷur
where the god stays
they will reach the golden world of moksha and rule there.

3420. Her daughter says,
“O birds who do good for others, would you do me a favor? 
I have done bad karma and I ask one thing of you. 
The dark cloud-colored Kaṇṇan who created all the worlds 
has taken my happiness away. Go and tell him how I suffer. 
If you help me you will reach moksha 
and rule the golden world there, 
and you will rule this whole world also.”

3421. Her daughter says, 
“O parrots, fly quickly and go to see the highest lord 
with a mouth as sweet as a fruit and a discus in his hand. 
Go and tell him that my love is true. 
If you do that I will keep you among my young friends 
whose long sharp eyes are decorated with kohl 
and feed you sweet rice mixed with ghee.”

3422. Her daughter says, 
“O bees who fly together in a swarm, 
won’t you taste the lovely shining flowers in my hair 
after tasting and drinking honey from the cool thulasi garland 
that the god wears who stood on a tall chariot on the battlefield 
and destroyed his enemies for the five Pāndavas, the rulers of Kuruksetra?”

3423. Her daughter says, 
“O thumbi flies that swarm around my mullai flowers 
and drink honey from them, 
if you go to drink the honey of flowers, 
be sure to see the king of the gods 
adorned with a cool thulasi garland 
that drips with sweet honey. 
Surely, I have done bad karma 
for he lied to me and left me. 
Ask him, ‘Is what you do fair? She loves you.”
What do you want from her to love her back?"

3424. Her daughter says,
“O parrots that I raised,
I want to tell you something—come.
I have done bad karma.
The god that rides on cruel-eyed Garuḍa
saw me and attracted my heart.
If you see that lord who is generous as the Karpaga tree,
with beautiful eyes, a color dark as a cloud and a red mouth,
ask him, ‘Is what you do fair?’"

3425. Her daughter says,
“O small puvai birds that I raised,
I have done bad karma.
The highest dark-colored Kaṇṇan
with a shining sacred thread on his chest
will not give the cool thulasi garland
that adorns his long body to anyone but me.
Wherever you fly say the words I have taught you.
When you see him ask him, ‘Is what you do fair?’"

3426. Her daughter says,
“The lotus-eyed god
who split open the beak of the Asuran that came as a bird
carries a discus and has the dark color of kaayam flowers.
He is everything and everyone.
O my friends lovely as dolls, I have done bad karma.
Go and tell the god Madhusudanan of my love
and ask him to take away my pain.”

3427. Her daughter says,
“O white kurugu bird with faultless white feathers,
have pity on me.
I no longer have any love for my relatives.
How many eons can I suffer?
Go and see the king of gods adorned with a shining crown
and a faultless dark color and tell him,
‘She doesn’t want to think of anyone but you, the faultless one.
She is waiting for you to give her your grace.’"

3428. Her daughter says,
“O flock of cranes searching for food
and wandering near the rippling water,
I have done bad karma. I have no refuge but him.
Go and see the beautiful thick cloud-colored Kaṇṇan,
the king of the gods in the sky, and tell him of my love sickness,
and then come back at dawn and tell me what he said to you.”

3429. Her daughter says,
“O swans sitting happily on flowers with your beloved mates,
so close to them there is no space between you,
go to my lord who has lovely Lakshmi on his chest
and tell him, ‘Look at her condition. She suffers with love for you.’
Repeat that as if it were a mantra so he will understand it
and then come back in the morning and tell me his answer.”

3430. Sadagopan of Thirukkuruhur
surrounded by fragrant blooming groves
composed a thousand pāsurams describing how the girls
who fall in love with Madhusudanan
send their birds to him as messengers.
If devotees learn these ten pāsurams and recite them
their hearts will melt for the god
like soft sand in a spring.
3431. O lord, you are the ocean, earth, fire, wind and the wide sky, the bright sun and the moon, Shiva and Nānumuhan. I have done bad karma. One day please come to me carrying your sharp discus and your white conch as the earth and sky exult in joy.

3432. You, the magical one, my mother, took the form of a dwarf and measured the earth and sky at Mahābali’s sacrifice. Come to this earth one day and I will approach you, see you and dance happily.

3433. You come to this earth. walk, stand and sleep and protect the creatures of the world, staying here happily. I, your devotee, want to see you with the divine Lakshmi— I have grown tired waiting so long to see you.

3434. When Sakatasuran came as a cart with your feet you, the highest god, kicked and killed him, breaking the cart into pieces so the whole world would know your power. Show yourself in the sky one day, surrounded by Nānumuhan, Shiva, Indra and all the gods, so the whole world can see you.

3435. You, the god of the sky, who stand in the Thiruvenkaṭam hills and recline on the milky ocean have come to the earth in many forms. You abide, hiding yourself, and are above our thoughts and above the earth. You are in my soul and you stay there.
but you do not reveal your form to my eyes.

3436. Putting one foot on this earth
and taking over all the land,
you are the Māyon who took the whole earth at Mahābali’s sacrifice.
I melt like wax in fire,
suffering to see you and wandering in the world.

3437. You are all the actions of the world,
the refuge for all creatures of the world,
and the world and the soul on this earth.
You have no form but you shine in all the ten directions.
Give me, an ignorant one, your grace, O shining lord.

3438. I am ignorant—give your grace to me, your slave.
O shining Neḍumāl, my wise soul,
are you playing with me, cheating me and spoiling me?
You shock my heart with your games
but I know nothing but loving you.

3439. All my five senses hurt and shock my soul.
Why do you play with me, a sinner, so much and make me suffer?
You have measured the world
with your beautiful lotus feet that grew into the sky.
Won’t the time come soon when I can call you and join you?

3440. Pleasures in the world may shrink or grow,
they may go away, the world may end and again arise,
but O Māyon, even if I join you for a little time
that is much better than all the happiness I can get in this world.
I do not know when that time will come.

3441. Saḍagopan, the devotee of the devotees
of the devotees of dear Thirumāl
who know and think only of him
composed a thousand good poems.
If devotees learn and recite these ten poems
they will become his devotees.

3442. You, our father and tall god
who swallowed all the worlds with your huge mouth.
are dear life for me, your slave, a thilakam for the world
and the majestic god of limitless fame of Thiruvenkaṭām hill
shining and surrounded by the sun and moon.
Tell me how I, a devotee born in an ancient family, can reach your feet.

3443. You with your divine discus
are the form of the five elements
fire, land, water, fire and wind.
You who killed all the strong cruel Rakshasa tribes
and burned their lands
are the lord of Thiruvenkaṭām
where lotuses red as fire bloom from the mud in springs,
and my love for you is limitless.
Give me your grace and bring me to your feet.

3444. O my father, highest one,
beautiful cloud-colored Māyan who enchant everyone,
you, sweet nectar and lord of the gods with unblinking eyes,
have entered my thoughts,
O god of Thiruvenkaṭām
where a clear waterfalls descends beautifully
scattering diamonds, gold and pearls.
O highest one, give me your grace and bring me to your feet.

3445. O divine god, beloved of Lakshmi lord of Thiruvenkaṭām
where sages and the gods in the sky love to worship you
you shot fiery arrows like rain
and killed the Asurans who troubled people in the forest.
I have done bad karma.
Give me your grace and bring me to your ankleted lotus feet.

3446. You are the mighty one who, shooting one arrow,
destroyed the seven trees that were joined together,
the ancient one who went between the Asurans
when they came as two trees.
You stay in Thiruvenkaṭam where a herd of strong elephants
looks like a group of clouds,
and you carry the mighty bow Charngam.
When will I, your devotee, truly join your feet?

3447. You are the god of Thiruvenkaṭam
where the gods in the sky come, praise and worship
with their bodies, tongues and minds, saying,
“When will the day come when we see
the lotus feet that measured the world?”
When will the day truly come
when I, your devotee, come and join your feet?

3448. You are my nectar.
and I, your devotee, enjoy worshipping you,
the lord of the gods with an eagle flag.
O highest one, with a beautiful mouth as sweet as a fruit,
you, the god of Thiruvenkaṭam, are the remedy for cruel karma.
I suffer wanting to see your feet every moment
and I cannot bear it.

3449. Dark-necked Shiva, faultless Nānmuhan, Indra
and beautiful fish-eyed women
join together in Thiruvenkaṭam
and worship you, saying “We cannot wait to see your feet!”
You came to the earth as Maal and fascinated everyone.
Won’t you come to us
just as you have always come to the world?

3450. It seems as if you are coming,
but you do not come to me.
It seems you are not coming, but you do come to me.
You who have lovely lotus eyes
and a red mouth like sweet fruit or nectar are my life,
the god of Thiruvenkaṭam
where chintamaṇi jewels turn night into day.
Alas, I am your slave
and cannot be away from your feet even for a moment.

3451. You who rule all three worlds,
my king, the lord of Thiruvenkaṭam
loved by the matchless gods and sages,
embrace Lakshmi who says,
“I will not go away from you even for a moment.”
Nothing compares to your fame.
I, your slave with no other refuge,
have come to you to sit beneath your feet.

3452. Sadagopan of Thirukuruhur flourishing with paddy fields
composed a thousand pāsurams on the matchless lord
of Thiruvenkaṭam who gives his grace, saying,
“Come and sit beneath my feet and you will be saved.”
If devotees learn and recite these ten pāsurams
they will become the devotees of his devotees
and reach and abide in moksha in the wide sky.
3453. You are the Māyan—no one knows who you are. You, the ruler of the three worlds praised by the gods, the nectar, my father, and my ruler are still intent on giving my body the feelings of the five senses even though they hurt me and do not let me reach your lotus feet.

3454. O dark cloud-colored lord, as sweet as sugarcane juice, divine nectar, lord of the Vedas with a shining discus that protects the world surrounded by oceans, you make my five senses rule me, hurting me night and day and attacking my goodness so I am unable to come to you.

3455. You, the ancient god adorned with a shining crown who created this wide world, swallowed it and spit it out, are the shining lord took the form of a boar and split open the ground and brought up the earth goddess when an Asuran took and hid her. Alas! What do you get by making the five senses hurt me and increasing my bad karma, preventing me from reaching your divine feet? O Madhusudana, I am your devotee.

3456. You contain all things and creatures of the world in your stomach and sleep on a banyan leaf as a child. See, you made my five senses hurt me and I could not reach your flower-like feet. I have done bad karma. and you are the remedy that can relieve me of my karma.

3457. O god of the gods in the sky
who destroyed the terrible tribe of the Asurans with your heroic discus,
you make the five senses hurt me
and I do not know any remedy to counter the pain they give.
Who can relieve me of that pain?

3458. You are the highest lord,
and are in music, in poetry, and the devotion of devotees.
I just live in this world—how could five senses
that hurt even the devotees of the lord of the sky
not hurt me if you do not worry about me?
You are in my heart and in my eyes.
Speak to me and tell me something
to be rid of the feelings that the five senses give me.

3459. O father, when the gods could not churn
the milky ocean with its roaring waves
you helped them and churned it with them
using the snake Vasuki and Mandara mountain.
I am wicked and you are the nectar that I can drink.
Unless you give me your grace,
how can I conquer the five senses,
the thieves that make me unstable?

3460. Give me your grace to worship your form
and your discus, conch and club.
You are the three gods, Shiva, Nānmuhan and Indra,
my mother, my dear one,
and the source of the gods in the sky.
Before, you gave me the pleasures of the five senses
and fascinated me with your magic
but now you come as sweet nectar and utterly remove
all the joy of my senses.
3461. You who are a highest light, the god Kaṇṇan, created all the worlds and the creatures that stand and move and all other things. You gave me a boon to destroy the pleasures of the five senses and bad karma they give that can destroy everyone in a family.

3462. You gave me the task of melting in love for you and worshiping your lotus feet, crying and saying, “You are the highest light!” The five senses stand everywhere and threaten me, O lord who churned the milky ocean and took nectar from it.

3463. Saḍagopan, a devotee of the devotees of the devotees of the lord who creates the world, protects it and destroys it composed a thousand pāsurams on the god, our father who has three forms, Shiva, Nānmuhan and Indra, and on whose navel Nānmuhan stays on a lotus. If devotees learn and recite these ten pāsurams they will have no results of their karma, day or night.

3464. Her mother worries and says, “My daughter doesn’t sleep night or day. With her fingers, she wipes away the tears that drip from her eyes. She folds her hands, worships and says, ‘Conch and discus!’ Tired, she says, ‘He has lotus eyes!’ She says, ‘How can I survive without you?’ and with her hands, she searches all over for you, O god of Thiruvarangam with abundant water where lovely kayal fish frolic, what did you do to make her like this?”
3465. Her mother worries and says,

“My daughter says,
‘You are my lotus-eyed Kaṇṇan. Why do you do this to me?’
Her eyes fill with tears and she says,
‘You are the lord of Thiruvarangam
surrounded by the ocean roaring with waves.
What will I do?’ and she sighs and melts.
She says, ‘I have done much bad karma
and that is why you don’t come before me.
Is that right?’
O lord who swallowed the world and spat it out,
what will happen to her?”

3466. Her mother worries and says,

“My daughter doesn’t feel ashamed at all.
She says, ‘You have the color of blue sapphire.’
She looks at the sky and, fascinated, and she says,
‘You are unique and you destroyed
the Asurans who gave fear to all people.’
Her heart melts and she says, ‘No one can see you.
Give me your grace so I may see you
who are Rama of the Kahusta dynasty and Kaṇṇan.’
O you who stay in Thiruvarangam
surrounded by walls where flags fly,
what did you do to fascinate her?”

3467. Her mother worries and says,

“My daughter stays in one place
without moving her hands and legs.
Sometime she gets up and walks around.
Fascinated with someone,
she folds her hands in worship,
says, ‘Love is trouble’ and sighs.
In her delusion, she says, ‘You have the color of the ocean. See, you how difficult you are, you with the round discus in your left hand. Come to me.’
You, a sage, stay in Thiruvarangam surrounded by flourishing water. What do you think you are doing to her?’

3468. Her mother worries and says, “My daughter, lost in thought, folds her hands, worships all the directions and says, ‘You stay in Thiruvarangam.’ Her eyes fill with tears. Fascinated by you, she worships you and says, ‘Come to me.’ She says, ‘Once, in the evening, you split open the body of Hiraṇyan. You are the sweet nectar that was churned from the milky ocean rolling with waves.’ She thinks only you are her refuge and lives for you who have made her fall in love with you.”

3469. Her mother worries and says, “My daughter says, ‘He fascinated me and attracted my mind.’ She says, ‘You are a real Māyan, a diamond and your red mouth is beautiful.’ She says, ‘You stay in Thiruvarangam surrounded by cool water.’ She says, ‘You are the ancient god of gods in the sky and you carry a strong sword, club, conch, discus and a bow.’ O god who rest on Ādisesha, give her your grace. This is the only thing I ask you.”

3470. Her mother worries and says, “My daughter says, ‘You created sorrow and happiness,
you are desire for those who have no desire,
you carry the discus that destroys those who are evil,
and you, Kaņṇan, have the color of the ocean
and rest on the ocean,'
and she says, ‘You, my sacred temple, stay in Thiruvarangam
surrounded by water where fish frolic.’
She is my lovely daughter, soft as a tender shoot
and her beautiful eyes are filled with tears.”

3471. Her mother worries and says,
“My daughter says,
‘He who carried Govardhana mountain and protected the cows
is a tender shoot for the gods in the sky.’
She cries for him and worships him
and her sighs are hot as fire.
She says, ‘You have the color of kohl.’
She just looks up without even blinking her eyes
and says, ‘Where should I look to find you?’
O lord of Thiruvarangam
surrounded by flourishing ponds filled with water,
what should I do for my lovely daughter?”

3472. Her mother worries and says,
“My daughter says,
‘You embrace lovely Lakshmi on your chest.
You are my life, the beloved of the earth goddess
whom you brought up from the underworld
taking the form of a boar and splitting open the earth.’
She says, ‘You conquered seven bulls
to marry the cowherd girl Nappinnai
and you are her beloved husband.’
O lord of the temple of south Thiruvarangam,
I don’t understand what will happen to my daughter.”
3473. Her mother worries and says,
“My daughter says,
‘I don’t see any end to my suffering.
You are the ruler of all the three worlds,
you are Shiva, whose matted hair is adorned with fragrant kondrai flowers,
Nanmuhan and the lord of the beautiful the gods in the sky.’
She says, ‘You stay in flourishing Thiruvarangam.’
She was not able to approach his feet
but now she has reached the feet of the cloud-colored god.”

3474. Sadagopan of Thirukuruhur on the bank of a river
with abundant blue water surrounded by flourishing groves
composed a garland of a thousand pāsurams
on the feet of the cloud-colored god.
If devotees learn these ten poems and recite them
they will reach the blue sky with clouds
and stay with the god in a flood of bliss.

3475. Her daughter says,
“O mothers, the lotus-eyed god Kaṇṇan
carrying a curved white conch and a discus
entered my heart riding on Garuḍa.
How can I describe how it was?
The sound of the parrots, the divine sound of the Vedas,
the loud noise of festivals
and the sound of children’s play
never stop in Thiruppareyil.
When will I go and reach that place
where the god stays giving his grace like a flood.”

3476. Her daughter says,
“O my friends with dark, fragrant hair,
O mothers, O people of the village,
I cannot keep my heart with me.
It has gone from me to Kaṇṇan
and stays with him night and day,
and I cannot bear being alone without my heart.
He stays in southern Thirupperiyil
filled with cool fields and blooming groves swarming with bees.
My heart has fallen for the beauty of the sweet fruit-like mouth
of the sapphire-colored lord of the gods in the sky."

3477. Her daughter says,
“O my friends, my heart rejoices!
It has fallen for the beauty of the sweet fruit-like mouth,
the long shining hair, the conch and discus and the lotus eyes
of the one who stays in southern Thirupperur
where festivals go on every day of every month.
My heart has lost its modesty and chastity for our lord.”

3478. Her daughter says,
“O mothers,
my heart went to him to bring back the dark color that I lost,
but it stays there with him.
Who can I send to find out what has happened to it?
The lord carrying the sounding conch in his hands
stays in southern Thirupperiyil
where the recitation the good Vedas spreads everywhere
like the roaring sound of the ocean.
I fell into his māyam. O mothers, what is the use of getting mad at me?”

3479. She says,
“O mothers, our lord Kaṇṇan grew angry at Sakatasuran
when he came as a cart and kicked and destroyed him,
he drank milk from the breasts of the devil Putana,
went between the two Raksasas when they came as marudu trees and killed them, and he threw the Raksasa who came in the form of a calf onto the other Raksasa who had taken the form of a vilam tree and killed both.

O mothers, I have lost my chastity to him.
You are angry at me—what will you do?
He stays in Thiruppereyil where sweet fruits ripen in the groves.
Take me there and leave me. Don't wait.”

3480. Her daughter says,

“O mothers! My love is larger than the ocean.
The dark cloud-colored god came to me but I couldn’t catch him who was so dear with my hands.
Don’t wait too long.
Take me to Thiruppereyil surrounded by water where the ruler of the world stays and the sound of the Vediyars reciting the four Vedas and performing sacrifices spreads without ceasing everywhere while paddy plants flourish waving in the wind.”

3481. Her daughter says,

“O friend, the lord of Thirupereyil who destroyed Lanka in the south surrounded by large forts and the ocean entered my heart but I haven’t seen him for a long time now.
O my friend, who is there to help me?
No one is strong enough to call the god to my heart.
How can I find anyone to do what I want?
My heart thinks whatever it knows is the right thing.”

3482. Her daughter says,

“O friend, when people see me, they get together and gossip about the love I have
for the dark ocean-colored lord.
Why should I worry about their gossip?
My love for him is larger than this world filled with sand
and the seven oceans and the wide sky.
I will go to southern Thirupereyil
surrounded by the ocean with its clear waves.”

3483. Her daughter says,
“O friends, mothers, I will go there and stay—
don’t try to convince me to stay here.
Why do you want to stop me?
My heart and my chastity don’t want to stay here.
He, the dark ocean-colored lord Kaṇṇan
who swallowed the world surrounded by the dark ocean
stays in wonderful southern Thiruppereyil
filled with flourishing paddy fields plowed by farmers.”

3484. Her daughter says,
“O friends, I will go to all towns and lands to find him,
I am not ashamed at all.
The god Makaraneḍumguzhāikkādar,
the god on the earth for many eons,
the Māyan who destroyed the Kauravas,
the enemies of the Pāndavas,
who has the color of a cloud and carries a matchless discus
has taken my heart.”

3485. Sadagopan of beautiful Thirukkuruhur
composed a thousand anthadi pāsurams on Achudan,
the ocean-colored god
who protects the earth and has many names,
forms and deeds in every eon.
If devotees learn these ten poems
that praise the god of Thiruppereyil
who holds a discus in his hand
they will become his slaves.

3486. When he took the form of Thirivikraman
and measured the world,
his discus, his conch, his bow, his club and sword
all appeared and everyone praised him everywhere.
Our father's head touched the sky
and his feet touched the earth.
This is the way the world and the eons appeared. CHECK

3487. At the time when our father
churned the milky ocean to take the nectar,
the sound of many rivers that are born in the mountains
and fall down to the earth
and the sound of the churning of the ocean with Mandara mountain
and the loud sound of the snake Vasuki all spread everywhere.

3488. At the time our father
took the form of a boar and split open the earth,
the seven worlds stayed where they were without moving,
the seven mountains stayed without shaking
and the seven oceans did not rise and were still.

3489. When the world was ending
our father swallowed the seven worlds,
the oceans, the lands, the sky, the stars,
fire, mountains, wind, moon and sun,
protected them in his stomach,
and when he spit them out
everything in the world appeared again.
3490. At the time when our father fought in the Bharatha war, the sound of the strong warriors being killed, the sound of the trembling of the army, and the sound of all the gods as they came to see what was happening spread all over the world.

3491. When our father took the form of a man-lion, and fought with Hiranya and killed him the red blood that came from the Asuran’s body looked like the red sky when the sun sets and the lord looked like a lion that came out of a mountain that had split apart.

3492. When our father fought in Lanka and killed the Rakshasas, the arrows were piled up everywhere and a flood of blood flowed like a river or an ocean. The bodies of the hundreds of elephants that were killed piled up like a mountain.

3493. When Vânasuran who came to fight with the god lost the war and our father cut off his thousand strong arms, Murugan carrying a rooster flag, Agni, the god of fire and Shiva with an eye on his forehead who had come to help the Asuran and were all defeated in the battle.

3494. Our father created the earth, oceans, fire, wind, sky, mountains, sun, moon, rain, all creatures and things in the world
and the gods in the sky.
Everything in the world is only his creation.

3495. When there was a storm
and the rain pounded down and the wind blew
and the water in the springs increased and overflowed
and the cattle that were grazing were terrified,
our father carried Govardana mountain as an umbrella
and protected the cows
and they all hid under the mountain and were saved.

3496. Sadagopan, the devotee of our god,
composed a thousand good pāsurams on our father,
describing how the lord carried Govardhana mountain
to protect the cows and cowherds.
If devotees learn and recite these ten pāsurams
they will be successful in all their endeavors.

3497. In this world that was created by Nānmuhan
Rama gave his grace to everything,
from the ants to the grass,
and all the creatures and things in Ayodhya,
that move and do not move.
If the devotees want to learn the stories of the gods,
will they learn any other story about them except Rama’s?

3498. At the time when the Rakshasas
afflicted the people of many lands,
our lord was born on the earth, suffered for humankind,
searched for the Rakshasas, destroyed them
and saved the people and gave them back their lands.
Could anyone become the devotee of any other god
after hearing of his heroic deeds?
3499. Kaṇṇan destroyed Sisupalan
but gave his grace to that Asuran
even though he had said many evil things about the lord
that hurt the ears of listeners.
When his devotees hear the compassion of the lord
they will praise only him.
If the people hear the story of Sisupalan
and how he reached the feet of the lord through the god’s compassion,
they will not want to hear the fame of any gods other than our Kesavan.

3500. In ancient times before the eon when there was nothing,
the god created the good waters and Nānmuhan,
the creator of the creatures of the world.
Wise men do not become the devotees of any gods but Kaṇṇan
if they have learned how he created
the ancient world when the eon began.

3501. At the time of pralaya
when the earth was submerged under the deep ocean,
our god did not hesitate to take the form of a boar
and bring the earth up from the underworld on one tusk.
If anyone knows and understands this story of the boar,
will he worship any god but the feet of the ankleted Māyan?

3502. Mahābali received abundant power
because he was so generous to all,
and he grew arrogant and afflicted the gods.
When the gods went to the lord and asked for help
the lord took the form of a dwarf and went to Mahābali,
begged him for three feet of land,
and measured the earth and the sky with his two feet,
freeing the gods from the suffering Mahābali had given them.
If devotees hear and understand his play, 
how he extended his hands 
and begged for land from king Mahābali, 
they will not become the devotees of any god but Kesavan.

3503. When Shiva with matted hair promised Markandeyan 
who wore flower garlands swarming with bees 
that he would save him from Yama, 
he saved him as he had promised and took him to our god, 
and Kaṇṇan gave Markandeyan everlasting moksha. 
If devotees know and learn this story of Markandeya 
they will not become the devotees of any god except Kaṇṇan.

3504. When Hiraṇyan performed limitless tapas and received many boons 
and caused much distress to the gods with his power, 
our lord came as a strong man-lion to the earth 
and tore open the chest of the Raksasa Hiraṇyan. 
If devotees know the magical power of our lord, 
they will not wish to learn anything except the excellence 
of our precious Kaṇṇan.

3505. The whole country knows that when the hundred Kauravas 
took everything the Paṇḍavas had by gambling and cheating them, 
Kaṇṇan went as a charioteer for Arjuna 
and destroyed the Karuravas’ army on the battlefield. 
If devotees know what happened in the Bharatha war, 
will they become the devotee of any god 
other than Māyavan, the god with magical power?

3506. He removes the troubles 
of birth, sickness, old age and death for his devotees 
and makes them join his feet and protects them. 
If devotees understand his compassion
will they become the slave of any other god than Māyavan?

3507. Sadagopan of southern Thirukkuruhur composed a thousand pure pāsurams on Kaṇṇan. If devotees believe that Kaṇṇan will surely give them moksha, he will give them the land of everlasting happiness, and if they learn and recite these ten pāsurams they will become devotees with faultless minds in all the three worlds.

3508. Are you Padmanābhan? Did you create the three worlds? Did you measure the world and the sky with your lotus feet as a dwarf? Are you the lotus-eyed Kaṇṇan? Are your hands as beautiful as lotuses? I am alone. When will I come and join you?

3509. You are our father who contain in your body the earth, water, fire, wind and sky that you have created — you are all of them. You are a dancer and you grazed the cows and protected them from the storm by carrying Govardhana mountain as an umbrella. Alas! When will I reach your divine feet that are praised by Shiva and Nānmuhan?

3510. You, the dancer with a cool thulasi garland and flowers in your hair who carried Govardhana mountain to protect the cows from the storm and who are Shiva wearing kondrai flowers in his matted hair and Nānmuhan the creator of the world
came to me and became my dear life.
When can I join you
whose unlimited fame is praised by all.

3511. Where will I get to see you,
the cowherd adorned with a cool blooming thulasi garland
dripping with honey?
You are the beautiful three worlds,
the three-eyed highest Shiva and Nānmuhan,
Indra with the heroic shining vajrayudam in his hand
and the other gods in the sky.

3512. You are my mischievous cowherd, my dark diamond,
the three worlds that were created by Nānmugan
who stays on the lotus on your navel,
a flood of light and my dear life.
How can I find you in my heart and join you?

3513. I do not know how to reach the bright sapphire-colored lord
who, with his shining feet, navel, hands, chest, eyes and mouth
is as beautiful as a ruby
as he stays with Lakshmi (with a dark diamond?) CHECK
who sits on a blooming lotus on his divine chest
wearing a red silk garment.

3514. On his navel is Nānmuhan, the beloved of the goddess of education
and he is the lord of Indra who is the beloved of Indrani.
Won’t I see him, the ruler of the sky
who split open the earth to bring back the earth goddess
and burned the three forts
and who keeps beautiful Lakshmi on his divine chest
while his body contains Shiva who shares half of it
with Girija the daughter of the Himalayas?
3515. When he came to attack Lanka
the Raksasas ran and hid in caves,
looking like horses terrified at seeing a Yāli
or like foxes that, seeing a lion, run screaming and hide.
He flew on Garuda, fought and killed Māli
and the other Raksasas so their bodies were piled up like hills.
When will I see my lord?

3516. O heart, when can I see Rāma, the lion among the gods
who destroyed the heroic lion-like Raksasa clan
whose deeds were cruel
and gave the kingdom of Lanka surrounded by the oceans
to Rāvana’s brother Vibhishana before going back to Ayodhya,
ruling the kingdom many years
and finally going to the illustrious heaven in the sky?

3517. The mighty Kaṇṇan who is the highest divine light
will give us moksha in Vaikuṇḍam, hard to reach.
Raised as young child in a family of cowherds
where he did many magical deeds,
he killed Kamsan, as cruel as Yama,
and fought with the terrible Kaurava army to help the five Pāndavas

3518. Saḍagopan composed a thousand pāsurams
on the god with a discus who took the form of a lion
and split open the body of the Asuran Hiranyan.
If devotees learn these ten pāsurams and recite them
they will be in heaven where beautiful women fan them
and sing “Pallāṇḍu!”

3519. Her daughter says,
“Are his two eyes Yamas
that have come to take away the life of me, a poor women? I don’t know.
Or are they the divine eyes of the lord Kaṇṇan who carries a shining discus? I don’t know.
See, two things come and appear like fresh blooming lotuses before me.
O my friends, mothers, what will I do? I suffer.”

3520. Her daughter says, “O mothers, what is the use of blaming me and scolding me? You just make me worry more. The divine nose of Kaṇṇan who ate so much butter entered my soul and shines like a bright light, but I’m not sure whether it is really his nose or a tall Karpaga creeper or a tender shoot.”

3521. Her daughter says, “Are his lips as red as a kovvai fruit? Are they lovely round coral stones? Have I done too much bad karma? I don’t know. The mouth sweet as a thondai fruit of the blue cloud-colored god appears everywhere in front of me and threatens my dear life.”

3522. Her daughter says, “Are the eyebrows of the lord two blue bent bows that take away the precious lives of lovely girls? Or are they the sugarcane bows of famous, everlasting Kama, the god of love? The eyebrows of the lord, the dear father of Kama, come to me and burn my precious heart and body.”
3523. Her daughter says,

"Is the smile of the lord shining white lightning in the red sky?
Are his teeth beautiful pearls that take away my life?
I do not know.
The smile of the lord who carried the Govardhana hills kills me.
O mothers! I don't know where I can go to survive."

3524. Her daughter says,

"See, the divine ears of the lord rests on a snake bed,
adorned with beautiful earrings, ask,
'What place is safe for the innocent girls who love the god,
and what place is safe for the Asurans and the Raksasas
from the god who is their enemy?'
Those tender shoot-like ears burn me without stopping."

3525. Her daughter says,

"O mother, see,
I don't know any way to show you how I suffer from love.
Is the white moon that rises every day
poison for those who love someone?
The divine forehead of the lord
who has four beautiful strong arms
takes away my life.
Surely I have done bad karma."

3526. Her daughter says,

"Is the round circle of his faultless shining face
a fresh-petaled lotus with a vine inside it,
along with a coral, a bow, cool beautiful pearls,
tender shoots and the cool crescent moon in the sky?
It comes before me and kills me.
I have done bad karma."
3527. Her daughter says,  
"O mothers, is his hair a bundle of black threads,  
with luxurious curls parting the darkness with its stars?  
The beautiful sound of the flute of Maayan  
adorned with a fresh cool thulasi garland  
comes spreading fragrance and steals my dear life.  
You don’t understand my trouble,  
you just stand there and scold me.”

3528. Her daughter says,  
“He enters my yard holding his hands together,  
and circles around me.  
My heart has fallen in love with the bright crown  
of the dark shining diamond-colored lord  
that spreads its light in all the three worlds.  
O mothers, what do you want me to do?”

3529. Saḍagopan of Thirukkuruhur  
composed a thousand poems  
on the dark-colored Kaṇṇan  
whom even Nānmuhan, Shiva and Indra cannot see.  
If devotees learn and recite these ten pāsurams  
they will go to the sky and stay with the everlasting gods  
and will never die.

3530. You are Māyan, Vāmanan and Madhusudhanan,  
and even though you are fire, water, land, sky and the wind,  
our mother, father, our children and all other things in the world,  
you are yourself different than all of them.  
Look—is this fair? What kind of justice is this?  
Give us your grace.
3531. O lord Achuda adorned with a cool blooming thulasi garland, 
is it not a wonder that you are the moon, sun, bright day, night, 
pouring rain, fame and disgrace and the cruel strong Yama? 
Give us your grace.

3532. You are all the yugas 
and, carrying a divine discus, 
you drove the beautiful chariot in the Bharatha war. 
Even though you are everything that is in the world, 
and you make all things function 
and make all things have the same nature, 
you are clever and also make them different. 
What kind of similarities and differences are these? 
Give us your grace.

3533. O lord Kaṇṇan with eyes as beautiful as lotuses that drip honey 
who rest on a snake bed on the large watery ocean in a yogic trance, 
you are what is and what is not 
and things that move and things and that do not. 
What kind of tricks are these? 
Give me your grace.

3534. O Mayava, give me your grace 
so I may leave all desires and be only your devotee. 
You who wear fragrant flowers 
and a fresh thulasi garland in your hair 
cause me to be born in this world with a body and life 
and keep me here with your māyam. 
What are these tricks?

3535. You who took the form of a dwarf, 
confuse us by being weariness and wakefulness, 
fire and cold, wonders and victories, karma and its results.
Why do you give us all this confusion?
Give me the knowledge of knowing you.

3536. O Kaṇṇan with long shining hair,
you are the source of the desires that make us sad,
the body that we suffer with
the passions that we have,
and past, present, and future.
Is this all your play?
Give us your grace.

3537. O Kaṇnan, our ruler, you play many games
but what do you gain from them?
No one knows who you are.
You created all the three worlds and everything in them
and you are both in them and outside them.
What is this nature of yours?

3538. O my Kaṇṇan, what is your nature? Where are you?
You are all parts of us, our hands and legs,
taste, sight, feeling, sound and smell.
If we want to know all the things that you are
they are so tiny there is no limit to them.

3539. The ancient, excellent sastras describe your good nature—
there is nothing better than they to describe
who are form and formlessness,
and wear a thulasi garland with alli flowers on your chest.
O Achuda, if any sastras describe the nature of any other god
the nature they describe is only yours.

3540. Saḍagopan of Thirukuruḥur
composed a thousand beautiful Tamil pāsurams
on the lord whose nature no one knows.
If devotees learn and recite beautifully
these ten Tamil pāsurams on the nature of the lord
they will be always his dear devotees.

3541. He took me as his devotee forever,
and after he had made me his,
he made me compose sweet Tamil pāsurams
praising him, the ancient lord, the shining light.
What can I say to worship him?

3542. What should I say?
The Māyan, the first among the three gods and my sweet life
made me compose poems with words that were really his words.
He made me famous
because all people think that I composed these poems,
but all the words I say are his.

3543. Thinking I am a good poet, he entered my tongue
and made me compose these sweet pāsurams for his faultless devotees.
He himself composed them,
praising himself through my poems.
He is my father. How could I forget him?

3544. He himself composed faultless poems
about himself through me.
Though I have done many things too wicked to describe,
he himself is me and I know he saved me
giving me his grace and making me a good poet.
How could I forget my father?

3545. The highest lord understood that I,
a low one, have no ability to compose sweet poems.
He joined me with himself,
and composed wonderful poems
that are praised by the whole world.

3546. The divine lord of Vaikuṇṭham does not compose
sweet poems himself on himself.
He came to me lovingly
and made me compose poems about him,
singing beautiful poems on himself through me.

3547. The lord of Vaikuṇṭham destroyed my bad karma
and made me a good person.
He made me compose sweet poems
that describe him as the lord of Vaikuṇṭham and praise him.
My mind will not be satisfied
even if I praise him forever in sweet poems.

3548. I am not fit to compose poems on him
who carries a discus in his beautiful hands,
but he joined me with himself
and gave me the ability to compose sweet poems about him.
Even if someone puts together the world, sky and water
and praises the lord, it is not sufficient for the fame of the lord.

3549. He accepted me as his devotee
and gave me his grace to compose many sweet pāsurams on him
and did not forget me.
Even if I praise his past, present and future virtue
and enjoy it, it is not enough to praise him truly.
How can I repay him for his help?

3550. Even if I wanted to give him my life
for the things he has done for me it would not be enough
because he who composed sweet pāsurams on himself through me
created me and my life is his.
I do not have anything to give to my father in return
in this world or in the sky
for the things that he has done for me.

3551. Sadagopan of flourishing Thirukkuruhur
who knows that there is no place
where the lord does not exist
and that he is omnipresent
composed a thousand pāsurams on the lord.
Wherever devotees stay,
however they recite these ten poems,
they will obtain the joy of reaching the god.

3552. When will the day come when I can go to Thiruvāṇvilai
surrounded with beautiful groves
and circle around the hill and worship him,
where the lord stays happily with Lakshmi, seated on a beautiful lotus,
ruling this world while both give happiness to all?

3553. The lord who, taking the form of a divine dwarf,
measured the wide world and the sky with his two feet
stays in Thiruvāṇvilai surrounded by tall walls
and filled with palaces where shining flags fly and touch the sky.
When will the time come that I can go there
with fragrant water and sprinkle it
and circle the hill and worship him folding my hands?

3554. Will I be able to worship him every day, going to Thiruvāṇvilai
where Govindan, Madhusudhanan, the man-lion stays
riding on Garudan, surrounded with tall groves
where Vediyars recite the four famous Vedas
and six Upanishads and perform sacrifices.

3555. Will I be able to go and worship his lotus feet every day just as I worship in my heart here the famous Kanṇapirān, the sapphire-colored god of all the three worlds, who was born in northern Madura and stays in Thiruvāṛanvilai surrounded by sugarcane and good paddy lands?

3556. My father who rests on a snake bed and gives his grace to many devotees, stays in Thiruvāṛanvilai surrounded by tall walls and high palaces studded with jewels and flowers. If I keep his lotus-like feet in my heart always, worship him and sing his fame that spreads in all the worlds, all my karma will be destroyed and go away.

3557. I worship the lord who fought with Sisupalan, and brought Rukmani, embracing her lovely round arms, the god of beautiful Thiruvāṛanvilai who is in my heart all days and all times. O devotees, if you praise his fame, so abundantly praised by the world, all your bad karma will go away.

3558. When Neḍumāl, Kaṇṇan, the king of the gods in the sky, went to the kingdom of Vāṇan, fought a cruel war with the Asuran and cut off his thousand arms, three-eyed Shiva and his son Kārthikeya came to help Vāṇan but they retreated and ran from the battlefield. There is no other refuge than the feet of the god of flourishing Thiruvāṛanvilai surrounded by groves blooming with flowers.

3559. When the elephant Gajendra stood on the bank of the pond,
worshiped his divine ankleted feet and called him saying,
“There is no refuge for me but you,”
the Lord went there, saved him from the crocodile
and removed his affliction.
He stays majestically in Thiruvāṛanvilai
surrounded by flourishing groves.
If you go there and circle the hill
the bad karma that troubles your mind will go away.

3560. Even if my bad karma is removed
and I am able to go to heaven
I will only want to go to Thiruvāṛanvilai
surrounded with groves
where all the devotees come and worship him
with their tongues, hearts and all their actions.
My heart suffers not knowing when I will be able to go,
circle the hill there and worship him.

3561. The god of the gods knows that a person’s heart
does not leave the thoughts it has,
and there is nothing magical that one cannot achieve
if he always thinks of that one thing.
There is nothing that I cannot achieve
after I give myself to the god of Thiruvāṛanvilai
where the gods come to the earth and praise him
with their minds and deeds.

3562. Saḍagopan from the flourishing southern Thirukkuruhur,
giving his mind to the Theerthan
and thinking that there is no other refuge except his feet,
composed a thousand pāsurams with a pure mind on him.
Even the gods worship the devotees
who learn and recite these ten poems
and tell their dear wives about them.

3563. O lord, shining jewel, with lotus eyes that kill me
and a coral mouth that shines, you are my life,
and you are the sweet nectar that you, my father, churned
and took from the milky ocean roaring with waves.
The divine Lakshmi and other goddesses obey you and serve you
and your form rules all the three worlds which depend on you.
I am your slave and I have done bad karma.
Give me your grace—I long to see you.

3564. I have done bad karma.
My eyes fill with tears, I worry and say,
“Come and give me your grace so that I can see you!”
and I prattle on saying only your names.
O Kaṇṇan, I am the slave of you
who are the fruit of the Karpaga tree,
nectar for those who worship you,
the generous lord who took the form of a boar,
split open the ground and brought up the earth goddess
surrounded by oceans from the underworld.
O Kakutstha, give me your grace—I long to see you.

3565. O, you bright little elephant cub for Yasodha
and great joy for cowherd families,
raised as the small child of generous Nandagopan
and as dear to him as his life,
you are a beloved mother for me your slave,
an ocean of strength,
and the strong man-lion who split with your claws
the body of the Asuran Hiranayan when he came to fight with you.
Come in another form for us
and we, your devotees, and the gods will be happy.
3566. O you who are my dear life, 
nectar for the gods in the sky and poison for the Asurans, 
my father who fought with the Kauravas 
and conquered their murderous army, 
the gods love you and became your friends, 
and you took various forms to make them happy. 
They do their deeds only through your māya.

3567. You are my dear life, 
the great lord who created the world, broke it, 
swallowed it, spat it out and measured it. 
You, the magnificent lord, created the milky ocean 
and churned it, and you rest on it on a snake bed. 
You are the god of the gods 
and the excellent life of the whole world. 
Where can I come to see you?

3568. Where will I find you, my ruler? 
You are formless, you are truth and sincerity, 
all the seven worlds, all the things 
that the gods or anyone want you to be, 
and all the actions that people do. 
If there is anything beyond all these things, that is also you. 
You are everything in the sky and above the sky.

3569. You are ghee made of fresh milk and its taste, 
the nectar that comes from the ocean and its sweet taste, 
the generous god who married Nappinnai and embraced her arms. 
You are past, present and future. 
I do not know whether your excellent nature 
is this, that, or in between. I have done bad karma.
3570. O cowherd who married Nappinnai,
I have done bad karma
but you attracted me with your excellent nature.
You, the god of the milky ocean and a Yama for your enemies,
fought with the strong-handed Asurans,
raising your heroic eagle flag,
and you rest on the thousand-headed snake Adishesha.
I do not know how to worship you.
My mind, words, deeds and I myself—all are you.

3571. I am indeed you. It is true
that whatever there is in the world is yours,
and if you yourself are evil hell
then whether I reach the pleasures of heaven
or go to hell, what difference does it make?
Even though I know I am you,
I am still afraid of going to hell.
You stay forever in the heaven that gives joy.
Give me the grace of reaching your feet.

3572. You have a thousand arms, a thousand heads,
a thousand beautiful lotus eyes,
a thousand feet and a thousand names.
You gave me your feet—
that is a wonderful thing you did for me.
O shining light!
I embrace your arms and give my you life in return.
I am alone and you are my dear father.

3573. Saḍagopan of rich Thirukuruhur
composed a thousand beautiful pāsurams
on our father, the god of Nānmuhan, of Shiva,
of the sages and of the gods in the sky.
He is the only god for this world.
O devotees, learn and recite the ten pāsurams
on the god and you will be saved.

3574. She says, "O my friends with round bangles,
I am afraid of talking about my love for him to strangers.
I am searching for him but haven't found him.
I want to tell you something.
My conch bangles are loose, my body is pale
and my round breasts have lost their golden color.
The lord of Thiruvenkaṭam rides on a sharp-eyed eagle
and I am searching for him."

3575. She says, "O my friends,
I can't describe my sorrow even to my dear friends.
I haven't seen him and I am suffering.
The handsome lotus-eyed Kaṇṇan,
the lord of the gods in the sky is a thief.
If I see him he will make my bangles loose
and take away the lovely color of my body.
How long can I suffer like this?"

3576. She says,
"O my friends with lovely foreheads!
Though time is passing,
I haven't grown tired of my love for him.
See, the whole world blames me.
What is the use of my being shy now?
He has the color of a dark cloud,
is beautiful like a blue flower
and is surrounded by shining light.
He took away my lovely bangles
and the dark color of my body."
How long I will suffer like this to see him?"

3577. She says,
“I lost my round bangles and my heart to him
and I am ashamed before my friends every day.
The god Maayan who danced on a pot
is the god of flourishing southern Kuḍandai
surrounded by walls and porches where flags fly.
Mighty, he conquers in war, carrying a discus and the Garuḍa flag.
I love him and want to go to his place.”

3578. She says,
“O friends if we wish, we can love the god with a discus
and ask him to come here—
it is easy to say this but hard to make it happen.
He is the only god of all the eons.
Even those who understand everything
cannot understand him, the ancient shining god
who plays sweet music on his flute.”

3579. She says,
“There are no words to describe
the beauty and luster of the ancient god.
Even the gods cannot understand his might—
they grow confused when they think of his greatness.
He has taken away my dark color
and does not give me his fresh garland of thulasi and waterlilies.
Tell me, who can I tell about his naughty play?
He, the Maal, has lovely lotus eyes
and rests on the ocean in Kuḍandai
surrounded by flourishing fields and valli creepers.”
3580. She says,
"He makes me prattle on and say,
‘You are Maal, Hari, Kesavan, Naaraṇan, Shri,
Madhavan, Govindan, Vaikundan.’
He makes me crazy and doesn't show me his form or even his footprints.
O mothers, friends with hair decorated with fragrant flowers,
I promise I will see him even if it takes many ages.
I am not going to be friendly with you all
because you don't want me to wait to see him."

3581. She says, “O parrots, I raised you!
Puvai birds! Cuckoo bird! Peacocks!
He took away my dark color, my conch bangles,
and my heart, without leaving me anything.
Vaikuṇṭam, the milky ocean, and dark Venkaṭa hill are all near,
but we won’t be able to go to those places
where he stays and see him until all our desires have left us.”

3582. She says,
“O friends with beautiful foreheads,
he doesn’t show his form even to his wise devotees.
Using his magic, he became a dwarf,
went to Mahābali, received a boon from him
and measured the flourishing earth and the sky with his feet.
He, the god of the gods, shines with his many arms.
I have lost my modesty to him.
What else have I to lose?”

3583. Her daughter says,
“O friends, mothers, I will go there and stay—
don’t try to convince me to stay here.
Why do you want to stop me?
My heart and my chastity don’t want to stay here.
He, the dark ocean-colored lord Kaṇṇan
who swallowed the world surrounded by the dark ocean
stays in wonderful southern Thiruppereyil
filled with flourishing paddy fields plowed by farmers.”

3584. Her daughter says,
“ O friends, I will go to all towns and lands to find him,
I am not ashamed at all.
The god Makaraneḍumguzhaikkādar,
the god on the earth for many eons,
the Māyan who destroyed the Kauravas,
the enemies of the Pāndavas,
who has the color of a cloud and carries a matchless discus
has taken my heart.”

3485. Sadagopan of beautiful Thirukkuruhur
composed a thousand anthadi pāsurams on Achudan,
the ocean-colored god
who protects the earth and has many names,
forms and deeds in every eon.
If devotees learn these ten poems
that praise the god of Thiruppereyil
who holds a discus in his hand
they will become his slaves.

3486. When he took the form of Thirivikraman
and measured the world,
his discus, his conch, his bow, his club and sword
all appeared and everyone praised him everywhere.
Our father’s head touched the sky
and his feet touched the earth.
This is the way the world and the eons appeared. CHECK
3487. At the time when our father
churned the milky ocean to take the nectar,
the sound of many rivers that are born in the mountains
and fall down to the earth
and the sound of the churning of the ocean with Mandara mountain
and the loud sound of the snake Vasuki all spread everywhere.

3488. At the time our father
took the form of a boar and split open the earth,
the seven worlds stayed where they were without moving,
the seven mountains stayed without shaking
and the seven oceans did not rise and were still.

3489. When the world was ending
our father swallowed the seven worlds,
the oceans, the lands, the sky, the stars,
fire, mountains, wind, moon and sun,
protected them in his stomach,
and when he spit them out
everything in the world appeared again.

3490. When our father fought in the Bharatha war,
the sound of the strong warriors being killed,
the sound of the trembling of the army,
and the sound of all the gods
as they came to see what was happening
spread all over the world.

3491. When our father took the form of a man-lion,
and fought with Hiraṇyan and killed him
the red blood that came from the Asuran’s body
looked like the red sky when the sun sets
and the lord looked like a lion that came out of a mountain
that had split apart.

3492. When our father fought in Lanka and killed the Raksasas, the arrows were piled up everywhere and a flood of blood flowed like a river or an ocean. The bodies of the hundreds of elephants that were killed piled up like a mountain.

3493. When Vānasuran who came to fight with the god lost the war and our father cut off his thousand strong arms, Murugan carrying a rooster flag, Agni, the god of fire and Shiva with an eye on his forehead who had come to help the Asuran and were all defeated in the battle.

3494. Our father created the earth, oceans, fire, wind, sky, mountains, sun, moon, rain, all creatures and things in the world and the gods in the sky. Everything in the world is only his creation.

3495. When there was a storm and the rain pounded down and the wind blew and the water in the springs increased and overflowed and the cattle that were grazing were terrified, our father carried Govardana mountain as an umbrella and protected the cows and they all hid under the mountain and were saved.

3496. Sadagopan, the devotee of our god, composed a thousand good pāsurams on our father, describing how the lord carried Govardhana mountain
to protect the cows and cowherds.
If devotees learn and recite these ten pāsurams
they will be successful in all their endeavors.

3497. In this world that was created by Nānmuhan
Rama gave his grace to everything,
from the ants to the grass,
and all the creatures and things in Ayodhya,
that move and do not move.
If the devotees want to learn the stories of the gods,
will they learn any other story about them except Rama’s?

3498. At the time when the Rakshasas
afflicted the people of many lands,
our lord was born on the earth, suffered for humankind,
searched for the Rakshasas, destroyed them
and saved the people and gave them back their lands.
Could anyone become the devotee of any other god
after hearing of his heroic deeds?

3499. Kaṇṇan destroyed Sisupalan
but gave his grace to that Asuran
even though he had said many evil things about the lord
that hurt the ears of listeners.
When his devotees hear the compassion of the lord
they will praise only him.
If the people hear the story of Sisupalan
and how he reached the feet of the lord through the god’s compassion,
they will not want to hear the fame of any gods other than our Kesavan.

3500. In ancient times before the eon when there was nothing,
the god created the good waters and Nānmuhan,
the creator of the creatures of the world.
Wise men do not become the devotees of any gods but Kaṇṇan
if they have learned how he created
the ancient world when the eon began.

3501. At the time of pralaya
when the earth was submerged under the deep ocean,
our god did not hesitate to take the form of a boar
and bring the earth up from the underworld on one tusk.
If anyone knows and understands this story of the boar,
will he worship any god but the feet of the ankleted Māyan?

3502. Mahābali received abundant power
because he was so generous to all,
and he grew arrogant and afflicted the gods.
When the gods went to the lord and asked for help
the lord took the form of a dwarf and went to Mahābali,
begged him for three feet of land,
and measured the earth and the sky with his two feet,
freeing the gods from the suffering Mahābali had given them.
If devotees hear and understand his play,
how he extended his hands
and begged for land from king Mahābali,
they will not become the devotees of any god but Kesavan.

3503. When Shiva with matted hair promised Markandeyan
who wore flower garlands swarming with bees
that he would save him from Yama,
he saved him as he had promised and took him to our god,
and Kaṇṇan gave Markandeyan everlasting moksha.
If devotees know and learn this story of Markandeyan
they will not become the devotees of any god except Kaṇṇan.

3504. When Hiraṇyan performed limitless tapas and received many boons
and caused much distress to the gods with his power,
our lord came as a strong man-lion to the earth
and tore open the chest of the Raksasa Hiraṇyan.
If devotees know the magical power of our lord,
they will not wish to learn anything except the excellence
of our precious Kaṇṇan.

3505. The whole country knows that when the hundred Kauravas
took everything the Paṇḍavas had by gambling and cheating them,
Kaṇṇan went as a charioteer for Arjuna
and destroyed the Karuravas’ army on the battlefield.
If devotees know what happened in the Bharatha war,
will they become the devotee of any god
other than Māyavan, the god with magical power?

3506. He removes the troubles
of birth, sickness, old age and death for his devotees
and makes them join his feet and protects them.
If devotees understand his compassion
will they become the slave of any other god than Māyavan?

3507. Sadagopaṇ of southern Thirukkuruhur
composed a thousand pure pāsurams on Kaṇṇan.
If devotees believe that Kaṇṇan will surely give them moksha,
he will give them the land of everlasting happiness,
and if they learn and recite these ten pāsurams
they will become devotees with faultless minds
in all the three worlds.

3508. Are you Padmanābhan?
Did you create the three worlds?
Did you measure the world and the sky
with your lotus feet as a dwarf?
Are you the lotus-eyed Kaṇṇan?
Are your hands as beautiful as lotuses?
I am alone. When will I come and join you?

3509. You, our father, contain in your body
the earth, water, fire, wind and sky
that you have created and you are all of them.
You are a dancer and you grazed the cows
and protected them from the storm
by carrying Govardhana mountain as an umbrella.
Alas! When will I reach your divine feet
that are praised by Shiva and Nānmuhan?

3510. You, the dancer with a cool thulasi garland and flowers in your hair
who carried Govardhana mountain to protect the cows from the storm
and who are Shiva wearing kondrai flowers in his matted hair
and Nānmuhan the creator of the world came to me and became my dear life.
When can I join you whose unlimited fame is praised by all.

3511. Where will I get to see you,
the cowherd adorned with a cool blooming thulasi garland
dripping with honey?
You are the beautiful three worlds,
the three-eyed highest Shiva and Nānmuhan,
Indra with the heroic shining vajrayudam in his hand
and the other gods in the sky.

3512. You are my mischievous cowherd, my dark diamond,
the three worlds that were created by Nānmugan
who stays on the lotus on your navel,
a flood of light and my dear life.
How can I find you in my heart and join you?
3513. I do not know how to reach the bright sapphire-colored lord
who, with his shining feet, navel, hands, chest, eyes and mouth
is as beautiful as a ruby
as he stays looking like a dark diamond with Lakshmi
who sits on a blooming lotus on his divine chest
wearing a red silk garment.

3514. On his navel is Nānmuhan, the beloved of the goddess of education
and he is the lord of Indra who is the beloved of Indrani.
Won’t I see him, the ruler of the sky
who split open the earth to bring back the earth goddess
and burned the three forts
and who keeps beautiful Lakshmi on his divine chest
while his body contains Shiva who shares half of it
with Girija the daughter of the Himalayas?

3515. When he came to attack Lanka
the Raksasas ran and hid in caves,
looking like horses terrified at seeing a Yāli
or like foxes that, seeing a lion, run screaming and hide.
He flew on Garuda, fought and killed Māli
and the other Raksasas so their bodies were piled up like hills.
When will I see my lord?

3516. O heart, when can I see Rāma, the lion among the gods
who destroyed the heroic lion-like Raksasa clan whose deeds were cruel
and gave the kingdom of Lanka surrounded by the oceans
to Rāvana’s brother Vibhishana before going back to Ayodhya,
ruling the kingdom many years
and finally going to the illustrious heaven in the sky?

3517. The mighty Kaṇṇan who is the highest divine light
will give us moksha in Vaikuṇḍam, hard to reach.
Raised as a young child in a family of cowherds
where he did many magical deeds,
he killed Kamsan, as cruel as Yama,
and fought with the terrible Kaurava army to help the five Pāndavas

3518. Saḍagopan composed a thousand pāsurams
on the god with a discus who took the form of a lion
and split open the body of the Asuran Hiranyan.
If devotees learn these ten pāsurams and recite them
they will be in heaven where beautiful women fan them
and sing “Pallāṇḍu!”

3519. Her daughter says,
“Are his two eyes Yamas
that have come to take away the life of me,
a poor women? I don’t know.
Or are they the divine eyes of the lord Kaṇṇan
who carries a shining discus? I don’t know.
See, two things come and appear
like fresh blooming lotuses before me.
O my friends, mothers,
what will I do? I suffer.”

3520. Her daughter says,
“O mothers, what is the use of blaming me and scolding me?
You just make me worry more.
The divine nose of Kaṇṇan who ate so much butter
entered my soul and shines like a bright light,
but I’m not sure whether it is really his nose
or a tall Karpaga creeper or a tender shoot.”

3521. Her daughter says,
“Are his lips as red as a kovvai fruit?
Are they lovely round coral stones?
Have I done too much bad karma? I don’t know.
The mouth sweet as a thondai fruit
of the blue cloud-colored god
appears everywhere in front of me
and threatens my dear life."

3522. Her daughter says,
“Are the eyebrows of the lord two blue bent bows
that take away the precious lives of lovely girls?
Or are they the sugarcane bows
of famous, everlasting Kama, the god of love?
The eyebrows of the lord, the dear father of Kama,
come to me and burn my precious heart and body."

3523. Her daughter says,
“Is the smile of the lord shining white lightning in the red sky?
Are his teeth beautiful pearls that take away my life?
I do not know.
The smile of the lord who carried the Govardhana hills kills me.
O mothers! I don’t know where I can go to survive.”

3524. Her daughter says,
“See, the divine ears of the lord rests on a snake bed,
adorned with beautiful earrings, ask,
‘What place is safe for the innocent girls who love the god,
and what place is safe for the Asurans and the Raksasas
from the god who is their enemy?’
Those tender shoot-like ears burn me without stopping.”

3525. Her daughter says,
“O mother, see,
I don’t know any way to show you how I suffer from love.
Is the white moon that rises every day
poison for those who love someone?
The divine forehead of the lord
who has four beautiful strong arms
takes away my life.
Surely I have done bad karma.”

3526. Her daughter says,
“Is the round circle of his faultless shining face
a fresh-petaled lotus with a vine inside it,
along with a coral, a bow, cool beautiful pearls,
tender shoots and the cool crescent moon in the sky?
It comes before me and kills me.
I have done bad karma.”

3527. Her daughter says,
“O mothers, is his hair a bundle of black threads,
with luxurious curls parting the darkness with its stars?
The beautiful sound of the flute of Maayan
adorned with a fresh cool thulasi garland
comes spreading fragrance and steals my dear life.
You don’t understand my trouble,
you just stand there and scold me.”

3528. Her daughter says,
“He enters my yard holding his hands together,
and circles around me.
My heart has fallen in love with the bright crown
of the dark shining diamond-colored lord
that spreads its light in all the three worlds.
O mothers, what do you want me to do?”

3529. Saḍagopan of Thirukkuruhur
composed a thousand poems
on the dark-colored Kaṇṇan
whom even Nānmuhan, Shiva and Indra cannot see.
If devotees learn and recite these ten pāsurams
they will go to the sky and stay with the everlasting gods
and will never die.

3530. You are Māyan, Vāmanan and Madhusudhanan,
and even though you are fire, water, land, sky and the wind,
our mother, father, our children and all other things in the world,
you are yourself different than all of them.
Look—is this fair? What kind of justice is this?
Give us your grace.

3531. O lord Achuda adorned with a cool blooming thulasi garland,
is it not a wonder that you are the moon,
the sun, the bright day, the night, pouring rain,
fame and disgrace and the cruel strong Yama?
Give us your grace.

3532. You are all the yugas
and, carrying a divine discus,
you drove the beautiful chariot in the Bharatha war.
Even though you are everything that is in the world,
and you make all things function and make all things have the same nature,
you are clever and also make them different.
What kind of similarities and differences are these?
Give us your grace.

3533. O lord Kaṇṇan with eyes as beautiful as lotuses that drip honey
who rest on a snake bed on the large watery ocean in a yogic trance,
you are what is and what is not
and things that move and things and that do not.
What kind of tricks are these?
Give me your grace.

3534. O Mayava, give me your grace
so I may leave all desires and be only your devotee.
You who wear fragrant flowers
and a fresh thulasi garland in your hair
cause me to be born in this world with a body and life
and keep me here with your māyam.
What are these tricks?

3435. You who took the form of a dwarf,
confuse us by being weariness and wakefulness,
fire and cold, wonders and victories, karma and its results.
Why do you give us all this confusion?
Give me the knowledge of knowing you.

3536. O Kaṇṇan with long shining hair,
you are the source of the desires that make us sad,
the body that we suffer with the passions that we have,
and past, present, and future.
Is this all your play? Give us your grace.

3537. O Kaṇṇan, our ruler, you play many games
but what do you gain from them?
No one knows who you are.
You created all the three worlds and everything in them
and you are both in them and outside them.
What is this nature of yours?

3538. O my Kaṇṇan, what is your nature? Where are you?
You are all parts of us, our hands and legs,
taste, sight, feeling, sound and smell.
If we want to know all the things that you are
they are so tiny there is no limit to them.

3539. The ancient, excellent sastras describe your good nature—
there is nothing better than they to describe
who are form and formlessness,
and wear a thulasi garland with alli flowers on your chest.
O Achuda, if any sastras describe the nature of any other god
the nature they describe is only yours.

3540. Saḍagopan of Thirukuruhur
composed a thousand beautiful Tamil pāsurams
on the lord whose nature no one knows.
If devotees learn and recite beautifully
these ten Tamil pāsurams on the nature of the lord
they will be always his dear devotees.

3541. He took me as his devotee forever,
and after he had made me his,
he made me compose sweet Tamil pāsurams
praising him, the ancient lord, the shining light.
What can I say to worship him?

3542. What should I say?
The Māyan, the first among the three gods and my sweet life
made me compose poems with words that were really his words.
He made me famous
because all people think that I composed these poems,
but all the words I say are his.

3543. Thinking I am a good poet, he entered my tongue
and made me compose these sweet pāsurams for his faultless devotees.
He himself composed them, praising himself through my poems.
He is my father. How could I forget him?

3544. He himself composed faultless poems about himself through me. Though I have done many things too wicked to describe, he himself is me and I know he saved me giving me his grace and making me a good poet. How could I forget my father?

3545. The highest lord understood that I, a low one, have no ability to compose sweet poems. He joined me with himself, and composed wonderful poems that are praised by the whole world.

3546. The divine lord of Vaikuṇṭam does not compose sweet poems himself on himself. He came to me lovingly and made me compose poems about him, singing beautiful poems on himself through me.

3547. The lord of Vaikuṇṭam destroyed my bad karma and made me a good person. He made me compose sweet poems that describe him as the lord of Vaikuṇṭam and praise him. My mind will not be satisfied even if I praise him forever in sweet poems.

3548. I am not fit to compose poems on him who carries a discus in his beautiful hands, but he joined me with himself and gave me the ability to compose sweet poems about him. Even if someone puts together the world, sky and water and praises the lord, it is not sufficient for the fame of the lord.

3549. He accepted me as his devotee and gave me his grace to compose many sweet pāsurams on him.
and did not forget me.
Even if I praise his past, present and future virtue
and enjoy it, it is not enough to praise him truly.
How can I repay him for his help?

3550. Even if I wanted to give him my life
for the things he has done for me it would not be enough
because he who composed sweet pāsurams on himself through me
created me and my life is his.
I do not have anything to give to my father in return
in this world or in the sky
for the things that he has done for me.

3551. Sadagopan of flourishing Thirukkuruhur
who knows that there is no place
where the lord does not exist
and that he is omnipresent
composed a thousand pāsurams on the lord.
Wherever devotees stay, however they recite these ten poems,
they will obtain the joy of reaching the god.

3552. When will the day come when I can go to Thiruvāṟanvilai
surrounded with beautiful groves and circle around the hill and worship him,
where the lord stays happily with Lakshmi, seated on a beautiful lotus,
ruling this world while both give happiness to all?

3553. The lord who, taking the form of a divine dwarf,
measured the wide world and the sky with his two feet
stays in Thiruvāṟanvilai surrounded by tall walls
and filled with palaces where shining flags fly and touch the sky.
When will the time come that I can go there
with fragrant water and sprinkle it
and circle the hill and worship him folding my hands?
3554. Will I be able to worship him every day, going to Thiruvārānvilai where Govindan, Madhusudhanan, the man-lion stays riding on Garudan, surrounded with tall groves where Vediyars recite the four famous Vedas and six Upanishads and perform sacrifices.

3555. Will I be able to go and worship his lotus feet every day just as I worship in my heart here the famous Kanṇapirān, the sapphire-colored god of all the three worlds, who was born in northern Madura and stays in Thiruvārānvilai surrounded by sugarcane and good paddy lands?

3556. My father who rests on a snake bed and gives his grace to many devotees, stays in Thiruvārānvilai surrounded by tall walls and high palaces studded with jewels and flowers. If I keep his lotus-like feet in my heart always, worship him and sing his fame that spreads in all the worlds, all my karma will be destroyed and go away.

3557. I worship the lord who fought with Sisupalan, and brought Rukmani, embracing her lovely round arms, the god of beautiful Thiruvārānvilai who is in my heart all days and all times. O devotees, if you praise his fame, so abundantly praised by the world, all your bad karma will go away.

3558. When Neḍumāl, Kaṇṇan, the king of the gods in the sky, went to the kingdom of Vāṇan, fought a cruel war with the Asuran and cut off his thousand arms, three-eyed Shiva and his son Kārthikeya came to help Vānan but they retreated and ran from the battlefield. There is no other refuge than the feet of the god
of flourishing Thiruvāṛanvilai
surrounded by groves blooming with flowers.

3559. When the elephant Gajendra stood on the bank of the pond, worshiped his divine ankleted feet and called him saying, “There is no refuge for me but you,” the lord went there, saved him from the crocodile and removed his affliction. He stays majestically in Thiruvāṛanvilai surrounded by flourishing groves. If you go there and circle the hill, the bad karma that troubles your mind will go away.

3560. Even if my bad karma is removed and I am able to go to heaven I will only want to go to Thiruvāṛanvilai surrounded with groves where all the devotees come and worship him with their tongues, hearts and all their actions. My heart suffers not knowing when I will be able to go, circle the hill there and worship him.

3561. The god of the gods knows that a person’s heart does not leave the thoughts it has, and there is nothing magical that one cannot achieve if he always thinks of that one thing. There is nothing that I cannot achieve after I give myself to the god of Thiruvāṛanvilai where the gods come to the earth and praise him with their minds and deeds.

3562. Saḍagopan from the flourishing southern Thirukkuruhur, giving his mind to the Theerthan and thinking that there is no other refuge except his feet,
composed a thousand pāsurams with a pure mind on him.
Even the gods worship the devotees
who learn and recite these ten poems
and tell their dear wives about them.

3563. O lord, shining jewel, with lotus eyes that kill me
and a coral mouth that shines, you are my life,
and you are the sweet nectar that you, my father, churned
and took from the milky ocean roaring with waves.
The divine Lakshmi and other goddesses obey you and serve you
and your form rules all the three worlds which depend on you.
I am your slave and I have done bad karma.
Give me your grace—I long to see you.

3564. I have done bad karma.
My eyes fill with tears, I worry and say,
“Come and give me your grace so that I can see you!”
and I prattle on saying only your names.
O Kaṇṇan, I am the slave of you
who are the fruit of the Karpaga tree,
nectar for those who worship you,
the generous lord who took the form of a boar,
split open the ground and brought up the earth goddess
surrounded by oceans from the underworld.
O Kakutstha, give me your grace—I long to see you.

3565. O, you bright little elephant cub for Yasodha
and great joy for cowherd families,
raised as the small child of generous Nandagopan
and as dear to him as his life,
you are a beloved mother for me your slave,
an ocean of strength,
and the strong man-lion who split with your claws
the body of the Asuran Hiranyan when he came to fight with you.
Come in another form for us
and we, your devotees, and the gods will be happy.

3566. O you who are my dear life,
nectar for the gods in the sky and poison for the Asurans,
my father who fought with the Kauravas
and conquered their murderous army,
the gods love you and became your friends,
and you took various forms to make them happy..
They do their deeds only through your māya.

3567. You are my dear life,
the great lord who created the world, broke it,
swallowed it, spat it out and measured it.
You, the magnificent lord, created the milky ocean
and churned it, and you rest on it on a snake bed.
You are the god of the gods
and the excellent life of the whole world.
Where can I come to see you?

3568. Where will I find you, my ruler?
You are formless, you are truth and sincerity,
all the seven worlds, all the things
that the gods or anyone want you to be,
and all the actions that people do.
If there is anything beyond all these things, that is also you.
You are everything in the sky and above the sky.

3569. You are ghee made of fresh milk and its taste,
the nectar that comes from the ocean and its sweet taste,
the generous god who married Nappinnai and embraced her arms.
You are past, present and future.
I do not know whether your excellent nature
is this, that, or in between. I have done bad karma.

3570. O cowherd who married Nappinnai,
I have done bad karma
but you attracted me with your excellent nature.
You, the god of the milky ocean and a Yama for your enemies,
fought with the strong-handed Asurans,
raising your heroic eagle flag,
and you rest on the thousand-headed snake Adishesha.
I do not know how to worship you.
My mind, words, deeds and I myself—all are you.

3571. I am indeed you. It is true
that whatever there is in the world is yours,
and if you yourself are evil hell
then whether I reach the pleasures of heaven
or go to hell, what difference does it make?
Even though I know I am you,
I am still afraid of going to hell.
You stay forever in the heaven that gives joy.
Give me the grace of reaching your feet.

3572. You have a thousand arms, a thousand heads,
a thousand beautiful lotus eyes,
a thousand feet and a thousand names.
You gave me your feet—
that is a wonderful thing you did for me.
O shining light!
I embrace your arms and give my you life in return.
I am alone and you are my dear father.

3573. Saḍagopan of rich Thirukkuruhur
composed a thousand beautiful pāsurams
on our father, the god of Nānmuhān, of Shiva,
of the sages and of the gods in the sky.
He is the only god for this world.
O devotees, learn and recite the ten pāsurams
on the god and you will be saved.

3574. She says, “O my friends with round bangles,
I am afraid of talking about my love for him to strangers.
I am searching for him but haven’t found him.
I want to tell you something.
My conch bangles are loose, my body is pale
and my round breasts have lost their golden color.
The lord of Thiruvenkaṭam rides on a sharp-eyed eagle
and I am searching for him.”

3575. She says, “O my friends,
I can’t describe my sorrow even to my dear friends.
I haven’t seen him and I am suffering.
The handsome lotus-eyed Kaṇṇan,
the lord of the gods in the sky is a thief.
If I see him he will make my bangles loose
and take away the lovely color of my body.
How long can I suffer like this?”

3576. She says,
“O my friends with lovely foreheads!
Though time is passing,
I haven’t grown tired of my love for him.
See, the whole world blames me.
What is the use of my being shy now?
He has the color of a dark cloud,
is beautiful like a blue flower
and is surrounded by shining light.
He took away my lovely bangles
and the dark color of my body.
How long I will suffer like this to see him?”

3577. She says,
“I lost my round bangles and my heart to him
and I am ashamed before my friends every day.
The god Maayan who danced on a pot
is the god of flourishing southern Kuḍandai
surrounded by walls and porches where flags fly.
Mighty, he conquers in war, carrying a discus and the Garuḍa flag.
I love him and want to go to his place.”

3578. She says,
“O friends if we wish, we can love the god with a discus
and ask him to come here—
it is easy to say this but hard to make it happen.
He is the only god of all the eons.
Even those who understand everything
cannot understand him, the ancient shining god
who plays sweet music on his flute.”

3579. She says,
“There are no words to describe
the beauty and luster of the ancient god.
Even the gods cannot understand his might—
they grow confused when they think of his greatness.
He has taken away my dark color
and does not give me his fresh garland of thulasi and waterlilies.
Tell me, who can I tell about his naughty play?
He, the Maal, has lovely lotus eyes
and rests on the ocean in Kuḍandai
surrounded by flourishing fields and valli creepers.”

3580. She says,
“He makes me prattle on and say,
‘You are Maal, Hari, Kesavan, Naaraṇan, Shri,
Madhavan, Govindan, Vaikundan.’
He makes me crazy and doesn’t show me his form or even his footprints.
O mothers, friends with hair decorated with fragrant flowers,
I promise I will see him even if it takes many ages.
I am not going to be friendly with you all
because you don’t want me to wait to see him.”

3581. She says, “O parrots, I raised you!
Puvai birds! Cuckoo bird! Peacocks!
He took away my dark color, my conch bangles,
and my heart, without leaving me anything.
Vaikuṇṭam, the milky ocean, and dark Venkaṭa hill are all near,
but we won’t be able to go to those places
where he stays and see him until all our desires have left us.”

3582. She says,
“O friends with beautiful foreheads,
he doesn’t show his form even to his wise devotees.
Using his magic, he became a dwarf,
went to Mahābali, received a boon from him
and measured the flourishing earth and the sky with his feet.
He, the god of the gods, shines with his many arms.
I have lost my modesty to him.
What else have I to lose?”

3583. She says,
“O my friends with lovely foreheads,
what can I do? He carries a discus and a conch in his hands
and comes like a tall beautiful dark hill
over which a bright sun shines as a white milky moon rises.
My heart said, ‘I don’t belong to you,’
left me and went to the lotus feet of the god.”

3584. Saḍagopan of flourishing Thirukkuruhur
who removed all other desires and gave his devotion
only to the feet of famous Kaṇṇan
composed a thousand pāsurams in faultless andādi metre
praising the divine feet of Kaṇṇan.
If devotees learn these ten pāsurams
and recite them with music
they will have no trouble in this world
and reach the highest heaven.

3585. The gods in the sky and the Asurans
have all joined together here, there and everywhere
without knowing who you are,
wandering and longing to see you
but they cannot find you.
They say, “He embraces the earth goddess, Lakshmi on a lotus,
and Nappinnai the daughter of a cowherd.
He carries a conch and a discus and is our refuge.”

3586. We will not depend
on what we have learned in the Vedas and sastras
that everyone believes and follows as if they were a refuge.
We are rid of birth, terrible sicknesses,
and old age because we have become the devotees of the lord
who carries a fiery discus that destroys all his enemies and protects dharma.

3587. The king of the world who rules all
carries a conch and a discus,
and no one needs to follow him carrying a sword and a bow because he himself carries them.
I want to worship his feet and arms but I have not seen him.
I, his slave and day after day, search for him all over the earth, but I have not seen him.

3588. You, my father who rule the whole blissful world, slept on a banyan leaf at the end of the eon.
For women who have vine-like waists and love your beautiful dark form, time seems like a darkness that spreads for an eon.

3589. You stay and rest happily always in Puliyanguḍi and Kolur filled with palaces where beautiful vines grow.
Are you resting because you have grown weary taking away the troubles of your devotees? Are you tired because you grew tall and measured the earth and the sky? Tell us.

3590. See, if the gods in the sky do not do what he says, the divine dark sapphire-colored lord who entered my heart and stays with me carrying a beautiful discus and a conch makes them be good and obey him.
He cures the sicknesses of his devotees that can't be cured.

3591. I see many of my friends come and go, but they do not go and tell my love to him who keeps the beautiful Lakshmi on his chest. What can I do? Tell him who carries a beautiful discus and a conch, “There is a devotee of yours who suffers with love for you and wants to join you.”
3592. O Thirumal who carry a discus
and who stood and measured all the seven worlds
surrounded by seven oceans and seven mountains
with your ankleted feet,
give me your grace and make me join your beautiful feet.

3593. If even Vishnu, Nānmuhan and Shiva with his red matted hair
do not know the nature of our lord, who else could know his nature?
What is the use of my talking about this?
My love makes me suffer so I can only say,
"He is the ancient god who rules me,
the lord of the eon with a dark body."

3594. The sages who do good tapas
are never confused, scholars who learn the sastras well
and the gods in the sky never tremble.
They all worship our god
who churned the vast ocean to get nectar from it.
How can we, so fascinated with him, praise him?
What can we do? Tell me.

3595. Saḍagopan of famous Thirukkuruhur
surrounded with palaces as high as hills
composed a thousand pāsurams with meter and good meanings
praising the god adorned with a tall crown
who removes the terrible sicknesses of people.
If devotees learn well and recite these pāsurams
they will not be born in this wide world.

3596. The elephant Kuvalayabeedam, large as a mountain,
shed ichor like a waterfalls. He fought it, making it roll over,
broke its tusks and killed its strong mahout.
He, the lovely small child of cowherds,
 killed the wrestlers on a stage
 and Kamsan on the porch of a palace,
 and he fought with many kings and defeated them.
 He is our beloved god, our refuge
 and stays in Thiruchengundrur where the Thiruchitrāru flows

3597. He who is our father and the father of the gods,
our sweet nectar, our refuge,
created all the three worlds, protects them and destroys them.
He has all these three forms and he is formless.
I have no other companion except the ancient god
of Thiruchengundrur that is on the banks of the Thiruchitrāru
where lovely kayal fish frolic in the flourishing fields.

3598. The divine god of the gods in the sky
who took the form of a boar and split open the large world,
is my ruler who destroyed all my bad karma.
I cannot think of any refuge
except the two feet of my dear god of Thiruchengundrur
on the banks of the Thiruchitrāru that ornaments the southern land.

3599. My father, the beautiful jewel
who churned the roaring milky ocean,
took the form of a dwarf, grew tall,
and measured the world and the sky with his feet
at Mahābali’s sacrifice.
I have no protection except the two feet of the dear god
of Thiruchengundrur surrounded by trees
with many ripening bananas, kamugu trees and sweet coconut trees
where the Thiruchitraru flows.
I don’t want even to think of anything except refuge
at the feet of the dear lord in these three big worlds.
3600. There is no protection for me except him
and there is nothing that I need if I have his protection.
My refuge is the banks of the Thiruchitraru river
in Thiruchenkunur filled with tall palaces
where Vediyars make sacrifices and recite the four Vedas
and the smoke from them darkens the sky.

3601 He is my protection, my dear life,
the father and mother of the gods.
It is hard for anyone to know
and understand the wonderful nature
of our father who rests on the wide milky ocean.
I saw him in Thiruchitraru in Thiruchenkundur
filled with lovely palaces
where three thousand famous Vediyars, generous Shiva,
Nanmugan and devotees live.

3602. He has divine lotus eyes,
a beautiful mouth, lovely hands,
a navel where Nanmuhan stays on a lotus,
beautiful garments, a precious crown,
ornaments and heroic weapons.
The famous god of Thiruchenkunur
on the bank of Thiruchitraru
stays in my heart and shines.

3603. He who shines in my heart
is the god of Thiruchengundur on the bank of Thiruchirraru
where the farmers who own flourishing paddy lands
and the Vediyars who recite the four Vedas
worship the god in all directions, folding their hands.
He fought with the heroic Asurans like a Yama,
and he, the refuge of all the gods in the sky who worship him, 
created all the three worlds and protects them from destruction. 
I do not know how to praise him.

3604. He creates all the gods 
and the creatures of the world, keeping them from suffering. 
He himself, without beginning or end, 
is the highest god, and he is Nānmuhan and Shiva. 
No one else is fit to be praised—he receives all fame. 
He, with his beautiful nature, is the generous and famous god 
of Thiruchitrāṇu of Thiruchengundur 
where the people are principled and clever and perform sacrifices.

3605. The lord our father is in all of creatures 
and he gives them his grace, the god of Thiruchengundur 
on the banks of the Thiruchitraru flourishing with cool fields. 
Our god Māyon is the lord of Nānmuhan, the three-eyed Shiva, 
the three thousand Brahmins and the god of the gods. 
The whole world venerates him and I worship him with love.

3606. Saḍagopan of rich Thirukuruhur 
composed a thousand poems on the god of gods 
who is honey, sweet milk, sugarcane juice, 
and our father who swallowed the whole world. 
Our god the Māyon created the divine god Nānmuhan 
on a beautiful lotus on his navel. 
If devotees learn and recite these ten pāsurams 
they will attain moksha and receive the grace of the lord 
and their illusory births will go away.

3607. O Kaṇṭan, magical dancer and dwarf, 
your eyes, hands and legs are like pure red lotus flowers, 
your red shining mouth is like an opening lotus bud,
your divine body is like a cool green leaf
and you come as if you were a fragrant lotus pond.
I have done much karma.
Come to me one day—I long to see you.

3608. I call you saying, “Come, I want to see you!”
and my eyes grow tired and my mouth dry.
I am ashamed calling and calling you—
I suffer to see you.
Won’t you feel sorry for me and come?
Come to me shining like a large dark diamond mountain
behind which a dark sun rises at dawn,
O father with a shining crown on your dark hair.

3609. O father with divine crown, if I long for you, cry and say,
“You are adorned with a cool thulasi garland
mixed with fragrant flowers that swarm with bees,”
you will appear before me like a cloud filled with pure water,
with four arms, a coral mouth, emerald earrings and a waist thin as a tuḍi drum.

3610. Your shining form that looks like a cloud filled with pure water,
your mouth sweet as a fruit, your lotus eyes sweet as honey,
all came and entered my thoughts.
As you rest on the ocean abundant with pure water
you are like a dark cloud in the flourishing rainy season
floating above a silver mountain.
O my father, I cannot describe your beauty.

3611. Your divine shining feet entered my mind
like two morning suns of matchless beauty.
I, your slave, cannot describe the loveliness
of you who have the color of a cloud filled with good water
and who swallowed all the flourishing world surrounded by oceans.
Why do we suffer with troubles that come as darkness in our lives? Tell us why, or tell us how to remove the sufferings of life.

3612. I want you to rule me and I call and praise you saying, “You have the color of a cloud. You dance on a pot. I have done bad karma. O Kaṇṇan, my Kaṇṇan, you are the god of the sky.”
Won’t you come to me from heaven or from the earth or from the ocean with its abundant water or from any other place? Appear in front of me one day so that I, your devotee, can see your ankleted feet.

3613. Come to me. If you don’t, I will come to your door and stay beneath your lotus feet that measured the world, and if I do that you will call me and make me serve you. You, my father, are like a dark sun with beautiful cool lotus eyes, a red mouth, hands and legs shining as it rises and spreads its endless rays.

3614. Every day whenever I see a mass of clouds my heart melts and I think, “This looks like the form of my father,” and I lose myself. You drove the good chariot for the five Pandavas and destroyed the hundred Kauravas, but you have not come to me. Is this right?

3615. If I say, “Is this right? You carry a shining discus and a Garuda flag and you ride on an eagle with huge wings,” and if I long for you and cry out what will you do? You are the Māyan and were born in northern Madhura surrounded by groves dripping with honey. You came to this earth to take away the suffering of its people.
3616. O Māyan, you were born on this earth to destroy the Asurans and you fought in the Bharatha war to help the Pandavas. You, the lord, are the wonderful wind, fire, water, sky, earth and all other things in the world. You are the Māyan who stays in everything but no one can see you because you hide like the ghee that is in fresh milk. Where can I see you?

3617. Saḍagopan of cool flourishing Thirukuruhur composed a thousand pāsurams with beautiful music and divine words in which a devotee asks the god, “Where can I see my father who wears a fresh thulasi garland?” If devotees learn and recite these ten pāsurams they will be happy night and day in this birth itself because they know the nature of god.

3618. He will give us his good grace so that we will think only of him when we get up every day in the morning and at night. My father whose hair is adorned with a beautiful thulasi garland strung with alli blossoms is the god of Thirukaḍithanam where good devotees live.

3619. See, the lord thinks that Thirukaḍithanam and my heart are the same and he enters my heart and stays there. He, the matchless one, fought, shooting arrows like rain at the astonished Rakshasa Ravanān and destroyed him so that even his shape could no longer be seen.

3620. The lord Māyan with beautiful Lakshmi on his chest
has the forms of the three gods Shiva, Nānmuhan and Indra, yet formless, he has entered my heart who wishes to stay in Thirukadithanam. Whenever I think of him he is sweet.

3621. The lord Māyan who destroyed all my bad karma and abides in my heart with love as if that were his native place stays in the temple of Thirukadithanam surrounded by fragrant groves where all the gods in the sky come and worship him.

3622. He, the god in the temple of Thirukadithanam, has made my heart his temple and stays there. All the gods from many temples come to Thirukadithanam to worship him, our father who dances on a pot.

3623. I have done bad karma, but he, Madhusudhanan who dances on a pot, the god of flourishing Thirukadithanam surrounded by blooming groves, is my father and has destroyed all the troubles that afflict me. If you go there and praise him all your worries will go away. Keep this in your mind.

3624. The god Govindan who stays in my heart measured the whole earth and sky. All the people of the earth worship his beautiful lotus feet. Go to Thirukadithanam where the gods in the sky worship him and all your troubles will go away.

3625. Our Māyan stays in the sky, the earth, the ocean and many other good places and they all belong to him, but he chose my heart and Thirukadithanam for his temples.

3626. There are many marvelous places
that belong to Māyan where he stays happily forever,
but that wonderful god, the lord of cowherds,
chose Thirukadithanam as his temple
and stays there where the shining gods come and worship him.

3627. The wonderful god Narayaṇan, Hari, Vamaṇan
stays in my heart and in Thirukaḍithanam
surrounded by karpaga groves
where good and renowned Vediyars loudly recite the Vedas.

3628. Saḍagopan of Thirukuruḥur surrounded by walls
composed a thousand pāsurams
that are as sweet as nectar and milk mixed together
praising Thirumāl of Thirukaḍithanam encircled by groves.
If devotees learn these ten pāsurams and recite them
they will go to Vaikuṇṭam and be happy.

3629. I worshiped the lord every day and said with amazement,
“Come and keep me under your golden feet!”
and the generous god Vamanan saw me
entered my heart and stayed there.
He is happy to be with me.

3630. He has entered my poor heart
and destroyed the feelings of the five senses that rule it,
not allowing me to fall into the desires they cause.
The grace that my dear lord has given me
is higher than the grace that he gave to Gajendra—
I do not know how that happened.

3631. I cannot understand how he has such love for me
that he gives me his wonderful grace,
staying in my heart and removing all my ignorance.
He does not think ruling all the three worlds
is more important than staying in my heart.
What kind of confusion is this?
Or is it just that I am confused to be in an illusory world?

3632. He is my father, the lord of cowherds and the gods in the sky,
and the man-lion. He, a faultless shining light,
confused me with his power of illusion.
He gave his divine grace that is praised in all lands,
came to me and stayed within me.

3633. He who abides like a shining diamond hill
 gave his divine grace to me,
 endowing me with fame that makes the world praise me,
yet all the fame I have is not important for me, only his grace.

3634. There are so many things that the lord can give me,
but he gave me himself.
How could he give himself to anyone else
after he has given me himself?
His body that is like a dark diamond hill
has a divine chest, legs, eyes, hands and beautiful mouth and belly
that are all as lovely as blooming lotuses

3635. His lovely mouth, ears ornamented with shining earrings,
and his white teeth all shine, each competing with the other.
He stays in my heart smiling with his red mouth.
I know no grace except the grace of the smile of his mouth.

3636. The lord rules me and if he wants to give his grace to someone,
he gives it without expecting anything in return.
I am a small devotee. He who swallowed all the three worlds
and keeps them in his stomach has entered my heart and stays there.
3637. The three worlds protected by kings
were all destroyed at the end of the eon, swallowed by lord Maal
who kept them in his stomach and protected them.
With my cleverness, I made him come to me and keep him in my heart.

3638. He is the highest lord resting on the shining thousand-headed Adishesha
on the cool milky ocean always filled with rolling waves.
With my cleverness I made him enter my heart.
I will never grow tired of him or let him leave me.

3639. Saḍagopan of flourishing Thirukuruhur
composed a thousand pāsurams praising Thirumal,
our highest god who rests on shining Adishesha.
If devotees learn and recite these ten pāsurams,
the god’s eyes will become red
as he grows angry at their karma
and he will remove their births.

3640. He has beautiful large eyes,
a soft red mouth and white shining teeth
and his ears are adorned with shining makara earrings.
The dark cloud-colored sole lord wearing a shining crown
stays in the mind of me his slave with his four arms
that hold a bent bow, conch, club, sword and discus.

3641. I am his devotee and he is in my soul and body,
in all fragrances, in the sky, and inside and outside of everyone—
nothing can be compared with the highest lord.
He, the lord of the sky and joy for his devotees,
takes away sorrow and gives happiness to all.
He has undiminished fame and he is in the feelings of all.
3642. No one can understand the highest god—
I understand him and keep him in my heart
only through his sweet grace.
I know that my feelings, life, body
and all other things are not true,
for he gives me all my knowledge
and has entered my heart and become one with me.

3643. He, the ancient lord of all things and all people,
Shiva and Nānmuhan, the unique one,
the cause that branched out to become everything,
makes me and himself one.
He is sweetness—honey, milk, sugar juice and nectar.
I know him who is in my body, my life and my awareness.

3644. I understand that he is the one thing that abides in all
yet no one can understand his excellence, whether it is this or that,
and even if someone understands it, he cannot really see it.
It becomes smaller and smaller and, as the highest of the high,
it is without being anything.
No one has the knowledge to know whether it is good or bad,
yet it is a good thing and abides even beyond knowing.

3645. It is a good thing and abides even beyond knowing.
One should understand that it is unique, beyond all the senses
and know that it is rare, a wonderful thing not of the world.
If someone destroys happiness and sorrow and removes all desires
that very day and that very time he reaches moksha.
Being in that state is truly moksha, liberation.

3646. If someone has no desire and owns nothing,
that is moksha and having attained it there is joy.
If someone does not know this and worries,
“What is moksha? What is happiness?”
he will be confused and worried always.
One should understand that true moksha
is to remove all desires of the world
and that is true happiness.

3647. When you die, your family and relatives
will worry and worry and crowd around you.
Before you lose your awareness,
if, as if you had become crazy, you think of god
and a feeling of joy comes to your mind
and your heart joins the dear lord
that is the good way to obtain moksha.

3648. Is it possible that the soul and the highest god
who carries an eagle flag can become one? They are not the same.
If they could become one then there is no god or soul.
Māyan will be himself, and the soul will be itself.
There are always yogis who run and wander around
in the past, future and present saying that they will reach moksha,
but their moksha is imaginary.
Reaching god by devotion is the only moksha.

3649. God is always there for his devotees.
He is even there for those who say there is no god.

He comes to me, enters my heart and stays there.
Wisdom and ignorance come and go
like the waxing and waning moon.
We should get rid of clarity and confusion
that come and go like the shining day and the night.

3650. Saḍagopan composed a thousand pāsurams
on Thirumal, the father of Shiva and Nānmuhan.
He removes the confusion and the ignorance of all
and keeps his devotees beneath his feet
that are ornamented with pure golden anklets.
If devotees learn and recite these ten pāsurams
they will go and stay beneath the feet
of our dark diamond-colored lord and receive his grace.

3651. Her friend says,
“O mothers, how can I help my friend?
Your daughter doesn’t say anything
except the name of the great Māyan
whose divine chest, mouth, eyes, hands, legs and belly
all look like lotuses blooming in a forest on a dark diamond hill.
Our beautiful lord Thirumal, adorned with ornaments and garments,
stays in Thirupuliyur in Kuṭṭanaḍu
that flourishes with fields and good water.”

3652. Her friend says,
“O mothers, how can I help my friend?
Our lord wears a tall shining crown, a necklace and many ornaments
and he looks like the sun shining with many bright rays
as it circles Meru mountain.
All she does is praise our dear god of Thirupuliyur
surrounded with beautiful punnai groves.”

3653. Her friend says,
“She praises the dark ocean-colored god night and day.
Carrying a shining discus and other weapons
he entered into war like the shining fire
that burns in the roaring ocean,
fought with the Asurans and destroyed them.
He stays in flourishing Thiruppuliyur
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filled with tall shining palaces studded with precious jewels.”

3654. Her friend says,
“O mother, your daughter adorned with lovely ornaments
doesn’t praise anything except the fame
of our dear god who swallowed all the famous three worlds,
the lord of Thirupppuliyur in Kuṭṭanadu
filled with cool fields that farmers plow
where abundant paddy and sugarcane grow
flourishing with good groves that increase its prosperity.”

3655. Her friend says,
“O mother, if you consider the precious ornaments she wears now,
her clothes and the smart way she thinks
you will understand that she is plunged into the divine grace
of the father, the lord, the ruler of all three worlds,
the god of prosperous Thirupuliyur
where large lotuses bloom in mountain springs.”

3656. Her friend says,
“O mother, the red lips of the gentle girl
are like ripe kamuku fruits that flourish
through the divine grace of the god of prosperous Thirupuliyur.
They are a sign that every day she plunges
into the love of the dark ocean-colored god Kaṇṇan
and that she has the grace of the lord.”

3657. Her friend says,
“O mother, this lovely girl reaches the feet
of our precious Kaṇṇan, the warrior, the god of Thirupuliyur
where the leaves of vines embrace the soft branches of the Kamugu trees
and a lovely breeze spreads the fragrance of jasmine
as it blows through the banana and coconut trees.”
3658. Her friend says,
“What can I say to the mothers of this beautiful girl?
He rests on Adishesa on the water in rich Thiruppuliyyur
where the Vediyars of flourishing Mallai
perform sacrifices, reciting the Vedas of the northern language,
and the smoke from the fire as they pour ghee
rises and hides the country of the gods in the wide sky.
She doesn’t say anything except to praise his names.”

3659. Her friend says,
“Your daughter’s eyes are filled with tears
and night and day she doesn’t say anything
except to praise the fame of Thiruppuliyyur
surrounded with fields plowed by farmers
where the lord Kaṇṭan stays
and the sound of the Vedas that the Vediyars recite
resounds like the sound of the ocean
and the lotuses in the large ponds bloom like bright lamps.”

3660. Here friend says,
“She has the grace of Māyappiran,
the god of Thippuliyyur that is like a thilagam for southern Kuṭṭanaḍu
surrounded by beautiful mountain-like palaces
with porches studded with precious jewels.
The only way for her to be happy is for her to inhale
the fragrance of the fresh thulasi garland of the lord.”

3661. Saḍagopan, the devotee of the devotees
of the devotees of the devotees,
became the slave of the lord of the marvelous three worlds
and composed a garland of a thousand Tamil pāsurams.
If devotees learn and recite these ten pāsurams
they will have the fortune of becoming the slaves of Neḍumal.

3662. If someone dances and wants
to become a slave of Neḍumāl without cheating him, 
and if he wants to remove his karma
and join the feet of his devotees
what achievement could be better than that?
It is better to serve the devotees of the lord
than to get the three wide worlds.

3663. Even if I were to get all the three wide worlds
and became the unrivaled king of those worlds
would it be equal to the joy
of serving in this birth the devotees of god as his slave
and worshiping their feet?
They abide beneath his ankleted feet
whose divine body is dark as a cloud.
How could I get their good fortune in this birth?

3664. The lord with beautiful lotus eyes
took the form of a small divine dwarf
and measured all the three worlds.
I don’t want even to stay
beneath the fresh fragrant lotus feet of the lord
if I, a sinner, could have the fortune
of being the devotee of his devotees,
ruled by them as they wander on this earth as ordinary people.

3665. What is wrong if I run behind the devotees
of the lotus-eyed lord to get their grace
as they carry flowers in their beautiful hands,
sing his abundant praise with their mouths
and keep his form in their minds as all their senses
enjoy my father who has beautiful lotus eyes and a red coral mouth, the god who swallowed the large world and spat it out.

3666. Even if someone worships, receives the grace of Māyan, and, staying beneath his beautiful lotus feet, experiences bliss in a flood of glowing light as it flows like swirling, running water, can he get the nectar-like feeling of learning the beautiful pāsurams and singing them with the devotees of god so he feels as if he were flying even though his body is not pure enough to sing those pāsurams?

3667. The lord, carrying a discus and riding on Garuḍa, killed many red-haired Asurans with burning eyes and he also destroyed the elephant with a dotted face. Even the joy of hearing the fame of our dear lord and reaching moksha is not equal to the happiness someone can receive singing the pāsurams that praise the lord.

3668. I would like to stay beneath the feet, gentle as shoots, of the unique divine lord whose fame is excellent and everlasting and who created the sage Nānmuhan and the three worlds, but it is better to receive the joy of joining always the devotees who sing and praise the ancient god.

3669. Our lord created the cool ocean of abundant water and lies on it like a mountain of jewels with the stars for his matchless arms and legs that are like the branches of the divine Karpaga tree as he wears a crown that shines like many suns. I long for the bliss of joining his devotees.

3670. The lord dances on a pot
and destroys the bad karma of his worshipers.

He carries many weapons—
a discus, conch, sword, bow and club
and is the father of the ever-young Kama
who carries five beautiful flower arrows.
I long to be a faultless devotee of the devotees
of the devotees of the devotees of the lord.

3671. My father with four arms and a dark body like a flower
carries a golden discus in his hand and abides eon after eon.
My only wish is to be the slave
of the devotees of the devotees of the devotees of him.
They are my lords, for they never leave our god.

3672. Saḍagopan of cool, lovely Thirukuruḥur
composed a thousand pāsurams on lotus-eyed Kaṇṭan,
the god of all the three worlds that follow good beliefs.
If devotees learn and recite these ten pāsurams
they will live happily with their wives and children on the earth.

3673. The love that wives, children, relatives,
neighbors and others show is not real,
it only appears to be true love.
The only thing that can help us
is to become the devotee of the all-powerful god
who swallowed the eight directions
and everything above and below it.

3674. Friends, relatives, neighbors
and others will cling to you like leeches if you have wealth.
They will enjoy it and leave you if you become poor.
There is no help for you unless you take refuge
in the dark cloud-colored god
who shot one arrow and destroyed the seven marā trees.
He is like a boat in the storm of life.

3675. If you have wealth in your hands
everyone will stay with you and say, “We praise you!”
and enjoy your wealth,
but if, as if you were entering darkness, you become poor,
no one will come and even say, “What is this, you are poor!”
There is no refuge for you unless you become the devotee
of the lord born in northern Mathura
who destroyed the terrible Asurans and their cruel deeds.

3676. People think their friends will help them
when they are in need and keep them with them,
but those they trust will be useless, like a boat with a hole in it.
No matter what you have given them,
when you need them they will not help you.
What is the use of my saying this?
There are no good times and no protection in life
unless you find refuge praising the generous fame
of the lord born in northern Mathura.

3677. Those who think that a happy life
is to live with women whose words are sweet
and to experience honey-like pleasure with them
will be chased away by those women when they become poor.
There is no way to survive unless you becomes a devotee of him
who was born in northern Mathura,
and fought and destroyed the cruel Asurans.

3678. There is no joy in this world.
So many people have been born and died
never learning the truth of life.
The only refuge for you is to praise the generous fame
of him who was born in ancient flourishing northern Mathura.
This is my humble advice to you.

3679. I would like to say one thing briefly.
Don’t worry. Think deeply about what you should do.
There is no other way for any life on the earth.
It is not wrong to live every day
praising the faultless greatness of the lord
born in northern Mathura, our father and creator.

3680. The best way is to live praising him.
What a wonder!
For those who are not wicked and pass their time
praising the feet of Māyavan
there is nothing better than praising the generous fame
of the lord, born in northern Mathura
and lovingly thinking of him as their refuge.

3681. If someone pursues useless things
thinking nothing is better, he will lose his life—
it is as if someone kept enlarging the holes in his ears
until they are so big he cannot wear earrings.
There is no refuge except Kaṇṇan
whose feet are adorned with garlands dripping with pollen
and who was born in northern Mathura
filled with palaces where silk-like flags fly.

3682. There is no refuge except Kaṇṇan,
born in northern Mathura,
to take away the sufferings of the earth.
If you have any wealth, lay it at his feet
and, thinking he is your only refuge,
join his feet and survive.
Don't think otherwise.
Anything that belongs to you is his
and there is nothing that does not belong to him.

3683. Saḍagopan of Thirukuruhur,
thinking devotedly that there is nothing other than the god himself,
composed a thousand beautiful faultless Tamil pāsurams
on Kaṇṭan adorned with garlands that drip pollen.
If devotees learn and recite these ten wonderful Tamil pāsurams
they will be like our esteemed ancestors.

3684. You are the lord of Thiruppulinguḍi
surrounded by flourishing fields
near the ocean that rolls with clear waves.
Devotees come to the temple generation after generation
where you and Lakshmi on a lotus
have given divine grace to all from ancient times.
Open your divine mouth and give your grace,
looking at your devotees with your lotus eyes.

3685. You have given your grace to the devotees
who worship your golden feet and serve you as slaves
for generation after generation with their families.
Adorn my head by placing your lotus feet
that measured the world upon it,
O god of Thiruppulinguḍi
surrounded by cool fields and golden walls where flags fly.

3686. How long can you rest on the ocean? Doesn’t it pain your body?
Give your grace to us your slaves
who serve you ceaselessly generation after generation.
Open your large lotus eyes and get up
with your wife Lakshmi on a lotus
and, worshiped by all the three large worlds,
give us your grace, O lord of Thiruppulingudi.

3687. In Thiruppulingudi you recline, resting on the ocean,
in Varagunamangai you sit and in Vaikuṇṭam you stand.
Rule me, never leave my flawless heart,
O you with a shining cloud-colored body
and a coral-red mouth as sweet as a fruit.
Come and see us while we loudly sing your praise and dance
as all the three worlds look on in awe and wonder.

3688. In flourishing Thiruppulingudi
you rest on the ocean that yields conches and corals.
As you give your grace to us
with your divine compassionate lotus eyes
your coral-like mouth that is as sweet as a fruit becomes red
and you smile making your moon-like teeth shine,
O god who rode on an eagle and saved Gajendran,
the elephant that ate large balls of rice,
when a crocodile in a pond caught him.

3689. Riding your angry eagle,
you fought with the fearful Asurans Mali and Malimān,
looking like a dark cloud on a golden hill.
Adorned with a shining crown,
you are the god of Thiruppulingudi surrounded by flourishing fields
and you carry a discus, conch, sword, bow and club
and angrily fight the Asurans in war, taking away the troubles of everyone.

3690. You, the god of gods, our ruler
who take away our troubles and relieve the suffering of the gods,
stay in flourishing Thiruppulingudi
filled with fields where lotuses with red petals bloom.
Come before us one day
so that the people of the beautiful world can see you
and feel joy in their hearts as they see your devotees praise you.

3691. You stay in Thiruppūḷinguḍī
where the moon shines on the tops of the palaces.
All in the world worship your feet,
bow to you and praise you with loving words,
worshiping you again and again.
O god, who stay in divine Vaikuṇṭam,
one day you should come to this wide world
and stay here so that we can all see you.

3692. You who, cruel as Yama with his strong weapons,
destroy the clan of Asurans, stay in Thiruppūḷinguḍī
flourishing with fields where vālai fish frolic
among the good paddy plants growing in the wet mud.
You should come and stay majestically in this wide world
so your devotees may see your divine body
as their eyes rejoice and they praise you without ceasing.

3693. You, the god of Thiruppūḷinguḍī surrounded with flourishing fields,
carrying strong weapons for fighting dreadful battles,
took away the troubles of the gods in the sky and gave pain to the Asurans.
You are poison for the Asurans but nectar for me.
Matchless Lakshmi and the earth goddess massage your soft feet—
call me one day or come here so I may massage your feet also.

3694. Saḍagopan of the Pandiyan land
where pure water is abundant
composed a thousand musical pāsurams
praising the lord who churned the roaring milky ocean.
If devotees learn and recite well these ten pāsurams in which the poet asks the god, "Call me to come to you or you come to me!" they will think in their hearts unceasingly of his two feet that measured the three worlds.

3695. He has a thousand names and he protects the seven worlds with them. With his divine body that is as dark as a cloud he is truly Narayanan, our dear lord.

3696. He created the wide world and split it open, swallowed the world and spat it out, and he measured the world. He is indeed Shiva, Nānmuhan and Indra, and he himself is each of them and all creatures and things in this world. We know this.

3697. The Vedas, the sastras, the purāṇas and epics all say they know that he is the true unattainable object. Wise men and sages worship the lord Hari and know him as the remedy for any sickness. He gave me the fortune of knowing him truly.

3698. The group of eminent gods prattle and praise him saying, "You take away the joy that our desires give and cure us of the troubles they cause." He, the dark lord Kaṇṇan, is our father, and he rules the sky. O heart, do not let him go away from my mind.

3699. O heart, I who have done much bad karma beg you and tell you firmly, "Do not leave him!"
Your aim should be to reach the god
who wears a beautiful cool thulasi garland from the forest.
who does not belong to anything.

3700. He embraces the beautiful arms of Lakshmi
and he fights only with the Asurans in his cruel wars.
My heart melts only for him
who churned the milky ocean and took its nectar.

3701. Night and day my heart longs to see him
who took the form of a man-lion
and split open the chest of Hiranyan with his sharp claws,
the god of the sky in Vaikuṇṭam.

3702. He destroys good and bad karma
and saves us from future births
so our bodies will not be born again.
I will not leave this place—
there is no difference between heaven and the Venkaṭam hills
where the gods of the sky come to worship the lord.

3703. It seems it is not enough
to worship you with beautiful flowers,
water and shining lamps and fragrance
because I have not seen you
who are famous from ancient times
and rest on a faultless snake bed.
I do not know how to embrace your feet.

3704. Brahma stays on a lotus
and its stalk grows from your navel,

Shiva carrying a shining mazhu weapon stays on your body,
and the gods in the sky come and worship you on this earth.
I cannot truly praise your divine nature
even if I praise you all my life.

3705. Saḍagopan of beautiful Thirukuruhur
composed a garland of a thousand pāsurams on the lord
whose goodness has no bounds.
If devotees learn and recite these ten pāsurams
they will surely reach Vaikuṇṭam.

3706. O Thirumāl, the beautiful goddess Lakshmi
with eyes dark as kohl
stays with you on a lotus on your divine chest
and you carry in your hands
a curved conch and a discus with shining rays.
My eyes long to see you.

3707. You are my beloved.
My heart has one desire and that is to see you
and call you with love.
Even the gods in the sky and the sages cannot see you,
but I call you and think that I will not go away unless I join you.

3708. O you who carried Govardhana mountain
and protected the cows from the storm,
I am like a dog wagging his tail lovingly
as I call you with my heart that melts for your love,
worried that I may not receive your grace.

3709. O matchless father who took the form of a man-lion,
the gods in the sky and the Asurans do not know who you are.
My heart’s only thought is to be your slave,
but my poor heart does not know
how it will come to be in your presence.

3710. Our father, the god of the gods, created Shiva and Brahma in ancient times, took the form of a man-lion, and rests on the shining bed of a striped snake. My only desire is to see the ornamented feet of the dark lord.

3711. You are my thought. I want to see you and keep you in my heart firmly who are the highest god of the gods in the sky and a matchless bright light. My heart thinks happily only of you.

3712. O faultless one, my heart thinks happily of you who took the form of a man-lion and split the chest of the arrogant Asuran Hiraṇyan in two. You desired me, came to me and have stayed in my heart.

3713. He, ancient and formless, is the source of all the six religions, the inner soul of all things and creatures and the origin of all the gods in the sky. I have found Kaṇṇan.

3714. He is as precious to me as my eyes and I am filled with joy to have found him. All my old karma has been rooted out and I, a devotee of the highest god of the gods in the sky, have composed pasurams on the god that are like nectar for his devotees.

3715. Neḍumal who carries the banner of the famous lovely-winged Garuda
and measured the whole earth covering it completely with his one foot
gives his grace to me thinking, “He is my devotee.”
I have received him and am saved.

3716. Saḍagopan of southern Thirukuruhr
surrounded by flourishing fields of earth
composed a thousand pāsurams on the god
who conquered the rutting elephant Kuvalayabeedam.
If devotees learn and recite these ten pāsurams
they will reach the god, the dear life of the gods in the sky.

3717. She says, “O cuckoo birds!
You and your sweet mates, as precious to you as life,
cause me pain as you call each other.
Do not prattle like this.
Lord Kaṇṇan is as precious as my life
and you are not calling him.
If you are cooing to take my life and give it to him,
do you need to coo like this?”

3718. She says, “O andril birds!
Do you need to do these things?
How long will you and your mate call, longing for each other?
The clever Govindan is not truthful to anyone.
Why do I say these things? My life is in his hands.”

3719. She says, “O dear andril birds!
My dear life is in his hands.
How can you join together, speak with each other,
and plunge into the water with your beloved mates?
How is it I am still alive
after hearing you chatter to each other?”
3720. She says, “O male and female birds!
Our Māyan Kaṇṇan will not come here
even if he hears you calling him.
Don’t keep doing this.
My words, mind and deeds are all with him
and my body and life are up in the sky, where they swirl.”

3721. She says, “O puvai birds
moving all over the sky,
you should not feel sorry for me.
It isn’t your fault. Don’t prattle on.
The lord with Lakshmi on his chest
swallowed all the seven worlds
and does many magical tricks.
He is thinking of taking my life away.
Does he think this is something good?”

3722. She says, “O little parrot,
I raised you with love and affection and kept you happy.
Don’t prattle on with your sweet voice.
Kakusthan, my dear beloved god
has a mouth as red as yours
beautiful eyes, hands and legs
and a green color like yours.
He embraced me and left me.”

3723. She says,
“O clouds shining with lightning and rainbows,
with the color of Māyan,
the god Kannan, the faultless dark diamond
with lovely lotus eyes and a red mouth,
do not come in front of me.
You are like Yama to my life."

3724. She says,
"O soft baby cuckoo bird!
I begged you to go and tell him that he is like Yama for me because I love him and may not live.
You are always prattling the names of Kaṇṇan.
I gave you yogurt mixed with old rice, fruits and sweet rice and taught you to speak.
Is this how you repay me? Is this good?"

3725. She says,
"O female bees with your fine mates, don’t buzz and fly around.
Even though you sing sweetly your sweet voices hurt me as if someone were pricking a wound with a sharp spear.
The god Kaṇṇan with large eyes like lotus flowers that bloom in a cool wide pool approached us only to take our life away."

3726. She says,
"O good nārai birds in the fields, because we love the lord of the sky, what is the use of thinking of anything else? I am not interested in wearing ornaments and talking about things I enjoy.
Let this world flourish and people have their pleasure."

3727. Saḍagopan of southern Kuruhur composed a thousand pāsurams on the god Māyan, the lord who gave his grace to make this world flourish and to make the people of the world
live happily for many eons and praise him.
If people in the three worlds learn and recite these ten pāsurams
ey they will melt in devotion for the lord.

3728. When I think of the māya of you,
the god Māyan of Thirukkāṭkarai
where the fragrance of kāvi blossoms spreads
over all the streets, my heart melts
and cannot control its always increasing love.
I am your servant, what should I do?

3729. You are my father
who stay in southern Thirukāṭkarai
surrounded by blooming groves and springs.
Whenever I think or speak of you
my heart suffers and goes to pieces,
and whenever I sing of your heroic deeds
my dear life burns. I do not know how to serve you.

3730. My father, the cloud-colored lord
of southern Thirukāṭkarai
surrounded by beautiful flourishing groves
attracted me and entered my heart.
He bewitched me, became my life and took me over.
I do not understand his tricks.

3731. My father, the god of southern Thirukāṭkarai
where groves spread their fragrance everywhere
contains all the worlds in himself
and abides in all of them with virtue.
I cannot understand his divine grace
that has taken over my tiny life.
3732. My father of southern Thirukāṭkarai
where lovely groves grow
entered my heart as if to give me his divine grace,
at once taking over my body and my dear life.
How can I describe the tricks of my dark-colored Kaṇṇan?

3733. I think the tricks of my beautiful Kaṇṇan are wonderful.
He takes over my dear life
and night and day I worry, prattling on
and praising Thirukāṭkarai, saying, “He is my Kaṇṇan.”

3734. When I say, “O Kaṇṇan, you stay in Thirukāṭkarai,”
my desire for him increases.
I think of him always and melt
for that Māyan who took me as his slave.
There is only a little of my life left—
I want to spend that time praising Thirukāṭkarai.

3735. Taking me as his slave,
he took my life as his and comes to me every day.
My dear life and my heart belong to my father,
the lord of southern Thirukāṭkarai
where beautiful dark clouds float in the sky.

3736. The divine ocean-like god has four large arms,
a mouth sweet as a fruit, eyes like lotuses with large petals
and a beautiful dark cloud-colored body.
He is the god of the temple in southern Tirukāṭkarai
and my dear life has joined him.

3737. When he embraced me and said,
“See, I will embrace you and you will join with me completely,”
I fell into my love for him and lost myself
and the dark cloud-colored god came before me
and swallowed me entirely.
The god of Thirukāṭkarai is not easy to see.

3738. Saḍagopan of southern Thirukuruhur
surrounded by strong walls
composed a thousand good pāsurams
on the lord who killed the cruel Asuran Kamsan.
If people learn and recite these ten pāsurams
they will have no future births.

3739. She says,
“O lovely red-legged nārai birds!
You come to these backwaters on the seashore
and sit sweetly looking for your food.
He danced on a pot and wears blooming thulasi garlands
dripping with honey in his hair.
Won’t you go as my messengers to him
flying above my head through the sky with your friends
and tell him of my love?”

3740. She says, “O kurugu birds
who stay lovingly with your beloved mates
and are never apart from them,
he is blamed by my relatives
and I am disgraced because of my love for him.
Go to lovely Thirumuzhikkalam where he stays with his beloved wives
and ask him ‘Am I not fit for your love?’”

3741. She says,
“Am I not fit for his love?
O kokku birds, kuruku birds
searching for food in the abundant water by the shore,
go and ask the lord of Thirumuzhikkaḷam
why I am not fit for his love.
His eyes are as lovely as blooming lotuses,
his hands, legs, and mouth are as sweet as fruits
and his handsome body is like the petals of a red lotus.”

3742. She says,
“O lovely clouds in flourishing Thirumuzhikkalam,
I have done so much bad karma!
If you go as my messengers to the divine lord
and tell him, ‘Give yourself to her,’
are you worried that he will remove the brightness of your body
and chase you away from the clear sky?”

3743. She says, “O bright clouds,
who make fire-like lightning
and move swiftly across the clear sky,
I have done bad karma.
Go as my messengers to the god of Thirumuzhikkalam
who shines like a bright light and has curly hair
decorated with flowers dripping with honey
and tell him that I keep him always in my heart
and think of it as the divine heaven of my lord.”

3744. She says,
“O bees, go and tell my message faithfully
to the lord with the goddess Lakshmi on his chest,
the god of Thirumuzhikkalam surrounded by groves
where you blow pollen from the flowers
and sing and drink honey from the blossoms.
Go and tell him that my shining bangles
and the band around my waist are becoming loose.”
3745. She says, “O kurugu birds in your large groves,
I have done bad karma.
The famous lord of Thirumuzhikkal with lotus eyes
and a mouth shining like coral embraced my arms,
took my bangles and the band around my waist and left me.
Go to him as my messengers and tell him of my love
and then come back and tell me
the faultless answer he gave to you.”

3746. She says,
“O male and female bees! O thumbi bees!
You search for your food in the large groves
and wander with happy hearts, joined together as couples.
His body is as dark as the kaayaam flowers blooming in the forest
and he wears a beautiful thulasi garland in his hair.
Go and tell the god of Thirumuzhikkal
surrounded by strong walls how I suffer from my love for him.”

3747. She says, “O young kurugu bird
in a pond filled with water,
the god of Thirumuzhikkalam carries a golden discus
and wears a beautiful thulasi garland in his hair.
Go and say to him,
‘Her round ornamented breasts have grown pale
and her flower eyes are filled with tears.
It isn’t fair that you loved her and left her.’”

3748. She says, “O swans
who search for your food on the wide shores of the water
and walk gently with your beloved flock and are happy,
go and tell the lord of Thirumuzhikkalam
that she is weak, the band around her waist has grown loose,
and she is barely alive.
It isn't fair that you loved her and left her."

3749. Saḍagopan from faultless flourishing Thirukuruhur composed a thousand eternal pāsurams describing a girl who loves the god and prattles on like a parrot, continually uttering sweet words and praising the lord of everlasting Thirumuzhikkaḷam.
If devotees learn and recite these ten pāsurams, their sicknesses will go away.

3750. If devotees keep the lord in their minds and think only of him their karma will go away.
When will the day come when I, so unworthy, can approach Thirunavay, surrounded by fragrant cool blooming groves.

3751. He is the beloved of Lakshmi staying on a lotus, her waist as thin as a vine, and the beloved of lovely Nappinnai with large sharp spear-like eyes.
When will I, his slave, approach Thirunāvāy where the lord Nediyān stays, surrounded by groves?

3752. I think always in my faultless mind, "When will the day come that I go to the god?"
and I shed tears and suffer.
I don’t know when I will go to the faultless divine Naraṇan of Thirunāvāy.

3753. O god, you are the beloved of lovely Nappinnai with large sword-like eyes and you stay in Thirunāvāy surrounded by tall blooming groves.
I have begun to serve you and do not want to leave you.
I don’t know how long my life will last.

3754. He is the beloved of Lakshmi,
he is as precious as her eyes to the earth goddess,
and he is the soul of all the creatures of the world
and the god of the gods in the sky.
When will the day come that I can go to him
who loves to stay in Thirunāvāy
and my eyes can have the joy of seeing him?

3755. I have became a faultless devotee to serve you
and my eyes see you here and are happy.
You, the lord of the cowherds, stay in Thirunāvāy
surrounded with blooming groves where the bees sing.

3756. As a dwarf you took the land from king Mahābali,
and you destroyed the Asurans when the gods fought them.
O Thirumāl, Nambi Narayanan of Thirunāvāy,
come to me, give me your grace and say, “This is my devotee!”

3757. Whether you give me your grace or not,
make me your devotee and let me stay beneath your golden feet.
Give me a clear mind
so I may keep you in my heart and not be confused,
O my god of Thirunāvāy.

3758 The gods and the sages could not see
the ancient one of the three gods
and ruler of all the three worlds.
Thirunāvāy is where he loves to stay—
how can we go and see the god? It is a pity!

3759. I suffer in my mind and call you, saying, “O Thirumāl!”
and I ask you when the day will come that I can come to you
who have the color of a beautiful dark jewel
and stay in Thirunāvāy where the groves bloom with bunches of flowers.

3760. Saḍagopan of flourishing southern Thirukuruhur
filled with palaces studded with precious jewels
and surrounded by strong walls
composed a thousand musical Tamil pāsurams.
If devotees learn and recite these ten poems
they will rule the earth for many years
and their fame will spread like the fragrance of jasmine.

3761. She says,
“The breeze with its jasmine fragrance adds to the pain of my love,
the beautiful kurinji music hurts my ears,
the evening when the sun sets with its red rays makes me dizzy
and the beautiful red clouds kill me.
My dear lotus-eyed Kaṇṇan, the bull among the cowherds,
the Māyon, the heroic lion, embraced my breasts and arms.
Now I am lonely and don’t know where I will find refuge.”

3762. She says,
“I am lonely and I don’t know where I will find refuge.
The lovely breeze makes me prattle and suffer,
the evening when the sun sets
and cooling sandal paste make me hot,
and the music of the panchama raga
and the fragrance of jasmine give me pain.
Māyon, the cowherd, created this wide world,
split it open when he took the form of a boar,
swallowed it, spit it out and measured it.
He gives his grace to all.
When the Asurans come to fight with him he is Yama for them.
He doesn’t come to see me. Why do I keep on living?”

3763. She says,
“Why do I keep on living?
The thief Kaṇṇan embraced my chest,
pressing my breasts and making my small waist tremble.
He loved me dearly and left me.
A young lion, he, Māyan, does not return,
but his lotus eyes, red mouth, dark handsome hair
and his four arms stay in my mind and make me suffer.
I am pitiful.”

3764. She says,
“All the forms he takes stay in my mind and give me pain.
The cool wind blows and makes me hot,
the cool moon rises and is hot for me,
and my bed, spread with soft flowers, is burning.
He came and took my chastity
like a divine bee with pure wings that loves flowers.
My life isn’t in my hands
and my heart doesn’t help me but makes me suffer.”

3765. She says,
“My heart doesn’t help me, it only troubles me
and the evening when the cows return home is painful for me.
Is the heart of the cowherd I love a stone?
The sweet music of his flute hurts me.
My friends are my only help and they worry for me.
How can I protect my dear life?
It is hard to receive his grace
but that is be the only thing that will save me.”

3766. She says,
"It is hard to get his grace,
but any grace but his is not really grace.
Unless I receive his grace my soul won’t join him.
My heart cannot bear the hot sun and the evening.
His divine body where Shiva, Nāmūgan
and the beautiful Lakshmi stay attracts my life.
O mothers, where will I go to find a refuge?
What should I do?
To whom should I tell my pain?"

3767. She says,
“O mothers, who can I tell how I suffer from love?
What should I say? My life is almost over.
The dark cloud-colored Kaṇṇan
has captured my dear heart and it has gone to him.
The breeze that carries fresh fragrance
with the smoke of incense sticks,
the panchamam music from the yaaz,
the fragrance of cool fresh sandal paste,
the smell of beautiful jasmine—
all come and seem to fight me.”

3768. She says,
“The breeze carries fresh fragrance and overwhels me
and the cool young wind is like red fire for me.
Our Kaṇṇan came, loved me and left like a thief.
His naughty deeds are terrible.
The fragrance of new jasmine dripping with honey,
the gentle breeze, sandal paste,
music in the panchamam raga all make me suffer.
That thief gives his grace
and plays sweet music on his flute for the cowherd girls.
I cannot hear it and survive.”
3769. She says,  
“I cannot hear that sweet music and survive.  
When he plays on his flute, he speaks to us as he plays,  
sending his eyes as messengers to say something to us  
and playing his music as if he is talking to the cowherd girls, making faces.  
I can’t imagine how much the cowherd girls’ innocent hearts have suffered.  
The evening has come but Māyan has not yet come.”

3770. She says,  
“The evening has come but Māyan has not.  
The bulls with their large bells have reached home,  
the lovely cows that saw their bulls jump in joy have come,  
and the music of the flutes makes me prattle on.  
Bees sing and fly around thriving jasmine and mullai buds  
while the ocean looks at the sky and roars.  
What can I say to survive now that he has left me?”

3771. Saḍagopan Māran of beautiful Thirukuruhur  
composed a thousand pāsurams on the god  
who swallowed all the seven worlds and spit them out,  
descrribing how the cowherd girls felt sad when he left them.  
Ornamented with beautiful jewels,  
they could not bear separation from Kaṇṇan  
and felt they could not live.  
O devotees, learn these ten pāsurams, recite them  
and worship him and you will be saved.

3772. Worship in the evening to remove the results of your karma.  
In the morning and evening place lotus flowers  
at his feet and worship him who slept on a banyan leaf  
and is the god of Thirukkaññapuram surrounded with walls  
where the ocean waves come and break.
3773. Worship the god with flowers dripping with honey.
O devotees, every morning when you get up
worship the feet of the god of Thirukaṇṇapuram
surrounded by tall walls that touch the stars
where crabs swim in the water in the fields.

3774. O devotees, pour water, place fresh blooming flowers at his feet,
and worship him and he will remove your sorrows,
the god of the gods of Thirukkaṇṇapuram
surrounded by groves where bees sing.

3775. He, the beloved of the beautiful doe-eyed Nappinai,
is as sweet as honey—worship him
whose feet are the refuge for his devotees,
pouring water and placing fresh flowers at the feet
of the god of Thirukkaṇṇapuram
surrounded by walls that reach the sky.

3776. He loves all devotees who approach his feet
and grants them moksha in Vaikuṇṭham when they leave this world.
He, the friend of those who love him,
is the god of Thirukkannapuram surrounded with strong fort-like walls.

3777. If devotees approach his feet, he becomes their friend
and if they believe in him, he is real for them.
He is a dear friend, the god of Thirukkaṇṇapuram
surrounded by shining walls covered with gold
who split open the chest of the Asuran Hiraṇyan
that was as strong as pure gold.

3778. If devotees believe in him and worship him,
he is real for them
but if anyone worships him without true devotion, he is not real for them. The god of Thirukaṇṇapuram where vālai fish frolic in the fields is near to those who embrace him in their hearts.

3779. If devotees approach his feet every day he will remove their sickness and give his grace so they will not be born again. Bow to the feet of the highest lord of heaven of Thirukkaṇṇapuram surrounded by walls studded with precious stones and covered with gold.

3780. People will have no trouble if they have taken refuge in the ancient lord of Thirukaṇṇapuram where Vediyars recite the Vedas and live happily and their sicknesses will go away if they worship the feet of the lord every day. I will not have trouble in my life. There is nothing for me to worry about.

3781. I will have no trouble in my life and there is nothing for me to worry about. If devotees every day praise Thirukkaṇṇapuram where the god stays with Lakshmi on his chest surrounded by stone walls they will have no trouble in their lives.

3782. Saḍagopan from Thirukuruhur filled with tall palaces composed a thousand Tamil pāsurams. If you want to be without trouble and remove your karma
sing these ten pāsurams and dance and worship his feet.

Divyaprabandham -Thiruvaymozhi
Pattām Pathu

3783. He who destroys the Asurans
and has the color of a dark cloud,
a mouth sweet as a fruit, lotus eyes, curly hair and four arms
stays happily always in Thirumogur
surrounded by flourishing fields and ponds
blooming with lotuses on stalks.
I have no refuge but the dark cloud-colored god.

3784. My father, the god with a thousand names
adorned with a cool thulasi garland and precious ornaments,
is my only refuge for all my births.
There is no help for me except the shadow of the feet
ornamented with sounding anklets
of the god of Thirumogur where Vediyars live
who know all the four good Vedas.

3785. When Brahma, Shiva and the other gods
came to you and stood before you crying,
“We have no refuge!”
he, the god of divine Thirumogur, fought
and conquered all the enemies of the gods,
protecting the three worlds and saving them.
We will go to Thirumogur
and our troubles will be removed.

3786. The gods and sages went to the lord
shining as a bright light and praised him, saying,
“Give us your grace and remove our troubles!”
and he removed their troubles.
O devotees, come, let us go there and worship our god
who rests on the snake bed in Thirumogur.
and our troubles will go away.

3787. O devotees, come.
He, the first ancient lord, shining like a bright light,
who measured all the three worlds and the sky,
is the god of the temple in beautiful Thirumogur
where abundant sugarcane and good paddy grow.
Let us go there, circle the temple,
worship the lord and dance the kuthu dance.

3788. He who dances the kuthu dance and grazes the cows
is Yama for the Asurans, destroying them all,
and he is joy for sages, gods and those who praise him,
the god of Thirumogur
surrounded with flourishing cool fields and water ponds.
There is no protection except the lotus feet of the god, the friend of all.

3789. We have no protection but him.
He created the sky, the wide worlds and the oceans around them
and the ancient sages and other gods.
He, the creator of all the world,
stays in beautiful divine Thirumogur.
If we go there and circle the temple
all our troubles will swiftly disappear.

3790. O devotees, come and worship
the one with a thousand names
who destroys the mighty Asurans
and all your troubles will swiftly disappear.
Worship the son of Dasarathan
shining like a precious emerald
of beautiful Thirumogur
surrounded by rich ponds and tall groves.

3791. The divine god, the king, with beautiful feet,
lotus eyes, a mouth red as coral
and four large ornamented arms
destroyed the mighty Asurans.
Thirumogur surrounded by blooming groves is near.
Let us go there and gain his good protection.

3792. O devotees, when the gods, afflicted by the Asurans,
got to our lord in fear and asked for help,
he took any form he desired and showed them his grace.
Think only of the many names of the god
of Thirumogur, recite them and praise him.

3793. Saḍagopan of Thirukuruhurst
composed a thousand pāsurams
on the lord who danced on a pot, saying,
"O devotees, praise him!"
If devotees recite these ten pāsurams
on the god of flourishing Thirumogur
they will have no trouble in their lives.

3794. If you say, "Kesavan!" all your troubles will disappear
and the cruel messengers of Yama will not be able to approach you.
Today itself let us go to Anandapuram surrounded by fields
and ponds where surumbu bees sing
and let us praise Māyan, our god who likes to rest on the snake bed.

3795. You will have no trouble for all your seven births
if you go to Anandapuram, a place filled with mountain-like palaces and groves
where kurundu, cherundi and punnai flowers bloom in the courtyards.
If devotees think of even one of the thousand names
of the Māyan, the lord of that place, they will reach the world of the gods.

3796. He rides on a eagle and carries an eagle flag
and he swallowed all the worlds and spat them out.
If you go to rich Anandapuram at once and worship him
all the troubles from your bad karma will disappear.
I want you to realize that this is certain.
Praise one of the thousand names of the lord.

3797. Devotees with much good karma
sprinkle flowers and, without holding back,
worship the god of beautiful Anandapuram
surrounded with fields and fragrant groves
and the ocean with its abundant water.

3798. If you do good karma, sprinkle flowers with good water
and think of the names of our father,
your births will be removed—this is certain.
I am telling you so that you will know.
If devotees approach and worship the lotus feet
of the highest god of Anandapuram surrounded by thick groves,
they will join the gods in the sky.

3799. The king of the gods gives his grace
in everlasting Anandapuram to the gods of the sky
who have come there, wander and perform worship for the lord.
O devotees, listen to what I say.
We should go and approach Govindan
who took away the affliction of Shiva, the father of Kumaran.

3800. The highest god rests on a snake bed
and created all the creatures of the world and the gods, and he, Govindan, removes the troubles of his devotees. If we go and sweep the front of the temple in beautiful Anandapuram surrounded by fields where vālai fish frolic in the streams all our bad karma will go away.

3801. O devotees, I want you to know this. Go to see the feet of the strong bull-like god in beautiful Anandapuram, the place of the god who is the father of Kama where he rests on a snake bed and your bad karma will go away.

3802. Gather fresh fragrant flowers to sprinkle on the feet of our god Vamanan and put out incense and worship his feet. If you go to Anandapuram surrounded by thick blooming groves and worship the lord, all your karma will go away. I have been saying this for a long time—there is only a little time left.

3803. If you worship every day saying, “Madhava!” your karma will be destroyed. Gather faultless lotus flowers, incense, sandal paste and lamps and take them to worship our father, the god of Anandapuram surrounded by golden walls. If devotees go there and worship the lord they will have endless fame.

3804. Saḍagopan of Thirukurugur
surrounded by groves with bunches of blooming flowers composed a thousand pāsurams on the ancient god of Anandapuram that has endless fame.
If devotees learn and recite these ten pāsurams they will go to the world of the gods and enjoy women who have bamboo-like arms and beautiful bangles.

3805. She says,
“My bamboo-like arms have become thin.
The lovely cuckoo birds keep on cooing.
They do not understand how I have grown thin and how lonely I am.
The beautiful peacocks hear the cuckoos and dance, yet you go to graze the cattle.
For me one day passes like a thousand eons.
You attract us with your lotus eyes.
O Kaṇṇan, this isn’t fair, it isn’t fair.”

3806. She says,
“O Kaṇṇan, this isn’t fair, it isn’t fair.
Whenever you embraced me my joy increased like a flood and I couldn’t think of anything.
Afterwards, I felt it was only a dream.
As joy entered my heart more and more,
O god, it was more than the joy of entering moksha.
When you go to graze the cows I cannot bear to be apart from you.”

3807. She says,
“When you go to graze the cows you take my life with you, my heart burns and I have no one to help me.
I am here and cannot see your body that is dark as kohl.
Even though you go away for only one day,
I feel like it is an eon
and the tears do not stop from my eyes, shaped like fighting fish.
We who were born as cowherd women
and are like his slaves are alone.”

3808. She says,
“O Govindan, we are lonely without you
and you don’t think of us.
You love to graze the cows, taking them with you
and leaving us here alone.
Your words that are as sweet as ripe fruits
enter my heart like a flood of juice flowing from those fruits.
My heart burns when I think of the tender cheating words
that come from your red mouth that is as sweet as nectar.
I am pitiful.”

3809. She says,
“When ever I think of your sweet words my heart burns.
O Kaṇṇan, you went out at daytime to graze the cows,
and now the jasmine buds bloom spreading fragrance in the wind
as the terrible evening fights with me.
Come and embrace our beautiful breasts with your ornamented chest
that spreads the jasmine smell of your garlands
and give us the nectar of your mouth.
Put your lovely lotus hands on our heads to adorn them.”

3810. She says,
“Put your lovely lotus hands on our heads to adorn them,
O Kaṇṇan with a beautiful discus.
There are many girls who want to rub your feet gently.
I cannot bear the love I have for you.
The tears from my wide pretty eyes do not stop
and my mind cannot stop loving you.
We suffer all day when you go to graze the cows
and my life melts like wax in fire.”

3811. She says,
“My life melts like wax in fire,
my precious bangles and mekalai ornament become loose,
my pretty eyes shed pearl-like tears,
the color of my breasts grows pale
and my arms become weak.
You, colored like sapphire, happily go and graze the cows
even though your soft flower-like feet hurt.
What will you do if the strong Asurans come to fight with you there?”

3812. She says,
“I suffer when I think,
‘What will you do if the strong Asurans come to fight with you there?’
Don’t go behind the cows to graze them.
The love and weakness I have for you make me suffer.
Don’t leave me.
With your lotus eyes, your mouth, hands
and the silk clothes you wear
you attract us young cowherd girls.
Our thin waists may break if we give in to your wiles.
Give us a place with those you love.”

3813. She says,
“We see that you wander
with the cowherd girls and are happy with them.
How can they steal your heart when we cannot?
O dear god, do not go to graze the cows.
Asurans sent by Kamsan may come in different forms and hurt you.
If they catch you, you will be in danger.
Dear one, listen to what I say.”
3814. She says,
“Dear one, hear what I say! You will be in danger.
The Asurans with their powerful arms have been sent by Kamsan
and will come to give you trouble.
Even sages are terrified when they see them.
You wander by yourself without your brother Balarama
and you will be alone.
My heart suffers thinking how you will be in danger.
You like to graze the cows more than you enjoy staying in the highest heaven,
O god of the cowherds with a mouth that is sweet as a fruit.”

3815. Saḍagopan, the famous poet
of flourishing southern Thirukurugur
where the seashore is filled with conches
composed a thousand pāsurams worshiping the divine feet
of the cowherd whose red mouth is sweet as a fruit.
These ten pāsurams describe how the cowherd girls are distressed
when he goes to graze the cows and they are separated from him.

3816. Worshiping the feet of Damodharan
is the only way to perform tapas to him,
the discus-carrying one
who has the color of dark clouds and lotus eyes
and is water, sky, earth, fire and wind.
He has such fame that all the gods in the sky
repeat his names and praise him.

3817. He is praised by all the gods in the sky
yet it is impossible for them to see him.
If devotees do not embrace him in their hearts
they will not be able to see the beautiful lotus-eyed Maal
and lovely Lakshmi who stays on his chest as he embraces her.
He destroyed my good and bad karma and rules me here.

3818. I will worship the feet
of the ruler of all who carries a discus
and place them on my head.
We will not suffer trouble from anyone
and we will not be born on this earth
because the sorrows that births give are gone.
Beautiful Nappinnai, the beloved of the lord,
has lovely eyes like shining kendai fish.

3819. I place the feet on my head
of him who rests on a banyan leaf
and stands in the Venkaṭam hills
as the gods in the sky worship him.
He stays in my heart
and I am sure that no trouble will come to me.

3820. I am sure that the highest lord who carries a discus
will not leave my heart.
The lovable one resting on a snake bed
is truly a thief—he tells lies as if they were true
and no one knows what he is doing.

3821. I worship the feet of our father
who rests on a snake bed
and keeps in his body Shiva,
adorned with the crescent moon
that brightens the sky in his matted hair.
If devotees embrace him in their hearts,
he gives his grace to them

3822. O heart, if you worship the highest of the highest lords,
the shining light that destroys the births of his devotees,
no sickness will come to you.
He, my father, Madhusudanan who carries a heroic discus
is pure precious gold.

3823. O heart, praise his feet and live
without forgetting the lord
who carries a discus in his hand
and is beyond even all the gods of the sky.
When the world ended, only he lived,
and then he created the whole world again,
he who grazed the cows
and lifted Govardhana mountain with his strong arms.

3824. As soon as I found the lotus feet of the lord
and saw him all my karma was destroyed.
I worship him and live serving others always
as the highest lord has commanded us to do
from ancient times.

3825. Thinking only of him in their hearts,
the gods in the sky in all the directions
worship Madhavan every day
with fragrant smoke, lamps, fresh flowers and water.
He is the only refuge for all his devotees,
the only thing they can hold on to.

3826. Saḍagopan of the flourishing Pandyan country
composed a thousand pāsurams with beautiful words
in the andadi metre on the highest of the high
whom he took as his refuge.
If devotees learn and recite these ten pāsurams
they will reach Kaṇṇan’s ankleted feet
and he will be their refuge.

3827. O devotees, your minds should think only of joining the feet of Kaṇṇan and the only divine name you should think of is Nāraṇan. Trust in this and you will be taken to the feet to the god.

3828. He, our father Nāraṇan, is the origin of all the worlds who killed the elephant Kuvalayabeedām and rules the earth goddess.

3829. He is himself all the world and he rules all the worlds. He created the world, split it open, swallowed it and spat it out.

3830. The god rests on the ocean on a snake bed and rules the world. Place fresh flowers at his feet and worship him every day.

3831. Place fresh blooming flowers every day at his feet, worship him and recite his names and you will reach moksha.

3832. He is Madhavan, who, colored dark like a kaayaam flower, drank milk from the breasts of the devil Putana, the god who stays in the Thiruvenkaṭam hills.

3833. If you recite always the name of the lord saying,
“Madhavan, Madhavan!”
all your karma will disappear
and no trouble will come to you.

3834. All who recite the names
of the dark cloud-colored lord
become gods in the sky.
No troubles will come to them.

3835. The gods in the sky cannot know him
yet he is easy for his devotees to know.
If devotees worship the lord in the sky,
the fruits of their karma will go away.

3836. Worship the lord Nediyān
with beautiful flowers that have bloomed in springs
and any good or bad karma that is like past or future darkness
will give you no trouble and disappear.

3837. Saḍagopan, the devotee blessed by the god Neḍiyān,
composed a thousand pāsurams on the highest god.
If devotees learn and recite these,
they will have the grace of the lord.

3838. I am a devotee of the devotees
who have the grace of the lord
who carries a discus and gives his grace to me.
We will have his grace according to our fate.
I do not want births on this earth that give sorrow in life.
O ignorant heart! Don’t be confused.
Worship the feet of the lord of Thiruvāṭṭaru.

3839. Worship the feet of the lord of Thiruvāṭṭaru
and he will remove your births on this wide earth.
O heart! Do you hear what I say?
We sing many songs and praise our lord Kesavan
and the results of all our karma have gone away.
We have no desire and no relationship with the world
and we have joined him.

3840. We praised his many names and approached Narayaṇan
who has come to rich Thiruvāṭṭāṛu flourishing on this earth
and remained there.
Quickly, he will give his grace to his devotees
so they can reach moksha.
O heart, we will achieve what we want if we worship him.

3841. The lord who split open Hiraṇyan’s strong chest
and fought in the Bharatha war for the Pandavas
stays in my heart and inspires me to compose Tamil pāsurams.
O good heart, our dear lord of Thiruvāṭṭāṛu
truly gives his grace to us.

3842. He rides on beautiful Garuḍa
and his shining feet are decorated
with fragrant thulasi garlands dripping with honey.
The lord of Thiruvāṭṭāṛu has placed his lotus feet on my head
and will show me the way to moksha.
O heart, I will not go to hell—let us laugh at it.

3843. My lotus-eyed father
who broke the tusks of the murderous elephant
and has placed both of his lotus feet on my head
will not leave my heart but will remain there always.
I have approached the feet adorned with sounding anklets
of the lord of Thiruvāṭṭāṛu surrounded by hills and palaces
who rests on a snake bed.

3844. I have approached the feet of Govindan adorned with sounding anklets and he has entered my heart and stays there, the god of Thiruvaṭṭāṛu surrounded by hills and oceans with roaring waves and filled with palaces studded with jewels, a place that is like a thilakam of the southern land. The fragrance of the thulasi on his lotus feet spreads everywhere.

3845. He is like a dark hill and carries a discus in his hand and his divine hair is beautifully decorated with fragrant thulasi garlands. He wishes to stay in Thiruvaṭṭāṛu surrounded by the ocean with roaring waves. What good karma I must have done! He shines and remains in my heart.

3846. The beautiful Thirumāl stays in Thiruvaṭṭāṛu and the goddess of wealth Malarmagaḷ resides on his divine shining chest. Riding on Garuḍa, he destroyed the clan of his enemies, the Asurans. He will never fail to love me and he will never leave my heart.

3847. He who became a man-lion and split open the chest of Hiraṇyan destroyed my births and, ruling me with love, will never leave me. He rests in Thiruvaṭṭāṛu on the snake Adisesha with a shining mouth and a lined body. If someone receives the grace of our dear god,
he will have a reward that no one can obtain.

3848. Saḍagopan of rich Thirukuruhur
composed a garland of a thousand Tamil pāsurams
on our dear god of Thiruvaṭṭāṛu
who showed his sounding anklets to his devotees
and saved them from cruel hell.
Even the gods in the sky are happy to hear
these ten pāsurams that are sweet to the ears.

3849. O poets, you compose pāsurams with lovely words—
be sure to take care of yourselves.
He, the famous Māyan, the lord of Thirumālirunjolai,
is a cheating thief and will enter your heart and life as a magic poet,
staying there unknown to anyone,
and he will devour your heart and life
and fill them until there is nothing left there but him.

3850. He himself is all the world and the creatures in it.
He is himself and he worships himself.
He, the lord of Thirumalirunjolai,
is my honey, milk, sugar juice and nectar.
He swallowed all my life and went away.

3851. Entering my illusory body, he swallowed all my life
He himself is me and he is Māyan, my father.
I reached Thirumalirunjolai of the Pandyan country
and worshiped the lord there folding my hands.
Do I need to search for him anywhere else?
Do I need to go somewhere to receive his divine grace?

3852. How can I describe the grace
of him who wanders everywhere in the world
and destroys the Asurans who do not approach him.
He himself is the world and the creatures in it
and he will not leave my body.
He will not leave the hills of Thirumalirunjolai
that shines as the thilagam of the southern land.

3853. Destroying the Asurans who did not come to him,
he made the good gods in the sky happy.
Sages think of his nature however they wish
even though they do not know what it really is,
and yet he still makes them happy.
He, my father, the lord of Thirumalirunjolai
sings pleasant songs to himself with music about himself
with the sound “thennā, thennā.”

3854. He, the lord of Thirumalirunjolai,
swallowed all the rich worlds
and kept them in his huge stomach.
He, the lord, the god Thirumal
gives his grace to the world eon after eon
and rules the world.
Shiva and Brahma, unable to find his head or feet,
worshiped him and he gave his grace to them.

3855. Thirumalirunjolai, the divine jewel-filled hill
that takes away the ignorance of all,
is where the three-eyed Shiva, the wise Brahma,
Indra the king of gods, all the gods,
and the sages who remove ignorance
praise the lord saying, “O father, give us your grace!”

3856. The hill of Thirumalirunjolai
and the divine milky ocean are my head
and the lands of Thirumāl, Vaikuṇṭam and Thiruvenkaṭam are my body.
Even for a moment he will not leave my illusory life,
my mind, my words and my deeds,
the unique one, the ancient one of the eon.

3857. He alone was left at the end of the eon
who created, protected and destroyed all creatures
at the end of the world.
O mind, think only of beautiful cool Thirumalirunjolai
where our father, the ocean-colored god, stays.
Do not forget him. He is in your body and soul.

3858. There is no limit to your Māyai.
You, our king of Thirumalirunjolai,
are I and you have given me your grace.
The five feelings—seeing, hearing, breathing, taste and touch—
and the body parts—eyes, ears, nose, mouth and the part that acts—
and five elements—sky, wind, sound, light and ether—
and this life on earth, nature, the self, sense of ego and mind
are all only you.

3859. Saḍagopan of Thirukkurugur
surrounded by beautiful groves dripping with honey
composed a thousand pāsurams praising the lord
who, the creator of the mind and of all the five senses,
destroys the feelings of the five senses and the ego-centered mind.
If devotees learn and recite these ten pāsurams
on Thirumalirunjolai surrounded by groves dripping with honey,
the feelings of their senses and mind will be removed.

3860. When I said, “Thirumalirunjolai!”
Thirumal came and entered my heart making it full,
the god of southern Thirupperur where the water of the Ponni river
brings large precious stones and leaves them on its banks.

3861. The lord of Thirupperur came, entered my heart and said, “I will not leave you!”
Even though he swallowed all the seven clouds in the sky, the seven oceans, the seven mountains and the seven worlds it was not enough for him.
I have caught him tightly in my heart and he stays there.

3862. I have caught him tightly and make him stay in my heart. My future births are destroyed and I will not get any sickness.
No longer desiring illusory family life, it is easy for me to join his feet, the god of Thiruperur filled with palaces that have towers where flags fly.

3863. My heart and my eyes are delighted knowing that it is easy to reach the god, the lord of Thiruperur surrounded by groves where parrots fly who will give me heavenly moksha that is pure and divine.

3864. The god of southern Thirupperur surrounded by groves dripping with honey wished to give me moksha and came to me, entering my body and removing the karma that causes confusion.

3865. The god of Thirupperur who stays in the hills of Thirumalirunjolai came to me today, said, “I will stay with you!” and entered my heart, filling it.
I received his love and am blissful, as if I had drunk nectar.
3866. Joyful because I drank his nectar,  
I am like the gods and need nothing.  
I serve him and in the evening I worship the god of Thirupperur  
surrounded by groves where joyful bees drink honey.  
He is happy to be before my eyes,  
ever leaving my sight.

3867. He who is the seven musical notes  
stays before my eyes and does not leave.  
He is in all my thoughts.  
When you think of him, he may seem very subtle,  
yet he truly entered my heart today  
the god of Thiruperur surrounded by beautiful palaces  
studded with jewels and tall as a mountain.

3868. Entering my heart where I keep him,  
he has made me remarkable today.  
Why did he make me wander about  
involved in the pleasures of five senses?  
What did he gain by that?  
The lord of Thiruperur surrounded by shining hills  
that are like palaces gave me his grace  
and I understood why I was hurt by my senses.

3869. I served you, my father,  
and received the only thing I would ever want,  
the grace to worship your feet.  
If devotees give up their desire for the world  
and become the slaves of the lord of Thiruperur  
where Vediyars live who know the Vedas well,  
they will have no trouble in their lives.
3870. Saḍagopan of Thiruperur
surrounded by flourishing fields and filled with good people
composed a thousand Tamil pāsurams with beautiful words.
If devotees learn and recite these ten Tamil pāsurams
and serve the lord,
they will go to the golden sky and rule there.

3871. When they see the devotees of my father Nāraṇan, praised by all,
the beautiful clouds in the sky sound like drums,
the deep oceans dance moving their waves like hands
and all the seven worlds flourishing with groves feel joy.

3872. Seeing the devotees of Nāraṇan,
the clouds filled with good water look like golden pots,
the oceans filled with abundant water roar reaching up to the sky
and the whole world puts up festoons of leaves and flowers
and worships him.

3873. Sprinkling a rain of flowers and fragrances
everyone in the world worships his devotees
while sages stand at both sides of the devotees
of him who measured the world and say,
“Come, this is the way to Vaikuṇṭham!”

3874. The gods in the sky make places
for the devotees to stay in front of them
while the twelve suns show each one of them
with their hand-like rays the way to moksha
and the loud sound of the drums roars out
like the roaring of the waves in the ocean.
This is all for the devotees of Madhavan,
adorned with thulasi garlands dripping with honey in his hair.
3875. The gods in the sky, knowing they are devotees of Madhavan, welcome them at the thresholds and say, “Come, enter our homes!” while the Kinnarars and Garuḍas sing songs and the good sages who know the Vedas perform sacrifices and worship them.

3876. The sages perform sacrifices and the fragrant smoke spreads everywhere. Some play music with kāḷams and valampuri conches while women with eyes like glistening swords praise them joyfully and say, “You, devotees of the discus-bearing lord, have come to rule the world of the sky.”

3877. The Apsarasas, the Maruts and Vasus sing the praises everywhere of the devotees of Kesavan, the lord of the cowherds who wears a shining crown studded with jewels and rests on the ocean in Kuḍandai.

3878. The gods in the sky wearing golden crowns welcome his devotees, praising them and saying, “These who come from the families of devotees are Govindan himself for us,” and the devotees of the divine Madhavan enter Vaikuṇṭam with towers and tall beautiful walls where flags fly.

3879. When his devotees enter Vaikuṇṭam, the gods in the sky come to the gate and say, “O devotees of the lord, you are our friends. May you come to our home.”
Welcomed with wonder by the gods and sages, 
it is the good fortune of his devotees to enter Vaikuṇṭam.

3880. Good Vediyars wash the feet of his devotees, thinking, 
"These enter here because of their good fortune."
Women with beautiful moon-like faces 
come carrying precious things, fragrant powders 
and shining pots with water to welcome them.

3881. Saḍagopan of Thirukuruhur 
surrounded with groves blooming with clusters of flowers 
composed a thousand pāsurams with music 
describing how the devotees of the god 
come to the heaven of highest pleasure 
and how the gods welcome them 
in their beautiful jewel-studded maṇḍapams.

3882. O god, you are the sages, 
you are Brahma with faces in all directions 
and our father the three-eyed Shiva. 
A dark-colored shining jewel, 
you are a thief with a sweet fruit-like mouth 
and eyes as lovely as lotuses. 
I am alone, you are my life, 
and your divine feet are on my head. 
I will not let you go away. 
Don't play your tricks on me.

3883. Don't cheat me. 
I promise on Lakshmi who sits 
on your divine chest on a fragrant beautiful lotus. 
See, this is my promise, 
to be your friend, joining my life with you
so we cannot be separated. Do not ignore me.
Call me and join me with your feet.

3884. Call me and join me with you.
You are a faultless dark jewel
and I know no support for my life except you,
the source of Brahma, Shiva, Indra
and all the other gods who worship you
as the root of all, O god of the gods in the sky.

3885. You, the precious source of the gods in the sky,
the shining light in the sky, are inside all souls.
You who are Brahma and Shiva
created the sages, the gods in the sky,
the cowherds and all others.
I thought you would take care of me
but you left me alone and went away.

3886. You left me and made me wander alone.
How could I depend on you, my lord?
There is nothing that belongs to me.
What is there that I call “I”?
What is the thing I call “mine”?
You have become sweet nectar for me
and you drink up my life
as if it were water vaporized by hot iron.

3887. You, sweet nectar to me, are my soul,
abiding as my sweet life and filling my heart.
You must not go away from me,
O god with the color of a kāyām flower,
with lotus eyes and a red fruit-like mouth,
lover of beautiful Lakshmi
and loved by her, you are my dear one.

3888. You, my dear one, the beloved of beautiful Lakshmi, carried the earth with two tusks that were like two crescent moons when you took the form of a lovely boar that looked like a blue mountain, and you, my father, churned the blue milky ocean. I have you—how could I leave you.

3889. I have you—how could I leave you? You, my dear life, give both kinds of karma to the creatures of the world and are the life of the world, creating the lives in all the three worlds. You are inside the world yet no one knows where you are, the unique seed, the source of everything.

3890. You are the ancient seed of the world, the first one of all the three worlds. O matchless god, when will I come and join you? Souls wander here and there and waste their lives, but you, the unique one, are everywhere among the deep, wide, high places—you are endless.

3891. You are omnipresent and endless, the pleasure of bright knowledge, a divine beautiful flower and a light, spreading fragrance and brightness everywhere. You came to me, removed my desires and joined me.

3892. Saḍagopan composed a thousand andādi pāsurams and received moksha because he was without desire.
He said, “You are omnipresent and have taken away my desires. You are Brahma, you are Shiva and you are Hari.”
If devotees learn and recite these ten pāsurams, they will reach the gods in the sky even though they were born in this world.

SUBHAM - Nammāzhvare saranam.

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Rāmānujantrandadi.3893 -4000
13 Thiruvarangathamudanar.

(Important Note. All the pasurams of Divayaprabandham from 1 to 3892 by twelve (eleven?) azhvars only praise the god of Vaishnavism?
But the last 108 pasurams are confusing that are composed by Thiruvarangathamudanar who was probably lived in later century than 9CE.
Most of the pasurams in this text seem to praise the god and probably Ramanujar. One wonders when they say whether they say ‘Ramanuja?’ they really mean Rāmānujar? or the god. As much as I could understand all the commentators translate the word Rāmānuja as ‘emperumanar’ including Annagarāchariyar.
The text does not say anything about Rāmānujar who lived later (1017 - 1137), the author(?) of Vishishtadvaidam.

Thiruvarangathamudanār. (3893 - 4000)

3893. O heart!
He embraces Lakshmi on the lotus on his chest.
Let us worship the feet of Māṛan, and ask for his grace.
Let us approach the lotus feet of the lord and ask him for refuge.
Let us recite the names of Rāmānuja.
3894. O good heart!
I will not worship the feet of those
who will not keep in their hearts the lotus feet of the god
of southern Srirangam surrounded with groves that drip with honey.
My heart will not think of anything
except the good nature of Rāmānuja
who loves and worships the feet of the lord.

3895. O good heart! I bow to your feet.
You took me away from selfish people
and made me join the devotees who have the fortune
of worshiping the sage Rāmānuja of excellent fame.

3896. The lord made me a worthy person in this world
and he removed the results of my bad karma.
Now no one can cause me trouble
because I am a devotee of the highest, the Rāmānuja.

3897. If people do not agree
that Rāmānuja's devotees are their wealth
and blame god's nature, that is his praise nonetheless.
His dear devotees recite only the lord's divine names.
They love the devotees of the lord
no matter what family they were born in.

3898. Rāmānuja composed poems with music, prose
and good meaning.
My poor heart longs to praise Rāmānuja with the poems
that I have learned and composed
but it does not know how to describe his wonderful fame with love.
I am making an effort with my poor heart, but I am not smart.

3899. No one can measure the fame of Kurathāzvān
who has no pride and is above everything.
I have approached his feet and am without worry.
I sing the fame of the lord and have escaped the bad paths
of life through the grace of our Rāmānuja.

3900. Poyhaiyāzhvār composed pāsurams in wonderful Tamil
with the meanings of vedantha that shine like a bright lamp
to remove the suffering in people’s lives.
Rāmānuja, my lord, the highest, learned them all
and kept them in his divine heart.

3901. Bhudathāzvār composed pāsurams
that remove the darkness in the hearts of devotees
and light up their wisdom, showing them the paths to find god.
Good people worship the divine feet of Bhudathāzhvar
in their hearts and praise the fame of Rāmānuja,
keeping in their hearts his pāsurams
that are as precious as the Vedas.

3902. Peyāzhvār, the composer of the finest Tamil pāsurams,
saw in Thirukkovalur the lord who has abided with Lakshmi
after the darkness that was created by the end of the eon disappeared.
The devotees who praise those who worship
the golden feet of Rāmānuja are fortunate.

3903. Thiruppāṇāzhvār composed pāsurams in good Tamil
with the meaning of the four Vedas.
I can’t describe the power of the devotees
in this world that is as vast as the ocean
who worship the lotus feet of Rāmānuja

3904. The famous Thirumazhisai Āzhvar
praised the beautiful golden feet of the lord in his heart.
I have only love and praise for the wise devotees who worship the divine sage Rāmānuja.

3905. Thondaraḍippoḍi Āzhvar praised our lord adorned with flourishing thulasi garlands and composed divine Vedas and Tamil pasurams on the highest one. I worship the ankleted feet of the true sage Rāmānuja, my refuge.

3906. I do not do tapas on the oceans, in mountains or hot forests thinking that I have done bad karma. Rāmānuja, the highest, who, never tired of praising the devotees, bowed to the feet of Kulasekharar and sang his pasurams gives me courage.

3907. Periyāzhvar with his abundant love thought that Perumāl needs “Pallaanḍu” and composed pasurams on the lord that describe how the lord will live for ever. I will not join those who do not think of the shining fame of Rāmānuja who always praised Periyāzhvār. How could I have any trouble in my life?

3908. The lord of Srirangam saved the world at the end of the eon when it was destroyed by the flood and the Vedas disappeared. Rāmānuja, the sage praised by the world, is famous through the grace of Āṇḍāl who wore a garland that her father had prepared for the lord Rangan.

3909. The devotees of Thirumangai who praised the god of Thirukkaṇṇamangai
with his beautiful Tamil pasurams will not suffer
whether troubles come or joys come to them.
They will approach Rāmānuja and praise him..

3910. Nammāzhvār composed a thousand pasurams
that are like the Vedas, hard to compose,
in sweet Tamil and spread them around the world.
Rāmānuja helps all the good people of the world
keep in their hearts the poet Sadagopan
who spread the fame of the highest lord.

3911. My lord, the beloved of Lakshmi seated on a lotus,
who is my precious wealth and my father, mother and teacher,
gave his grace to Nammāzhvār
so that he could compose the Thiruvāymozhi, a classical Tamil jewel.
Rāmānuja who spread the Thiruvāymozhi to the world is my sweet nectar.

3912. The lord gave his grace to Nādamuni
who understood the sweetness of Tamil musical pasurams
and spread among the people the Thiruvāymozhi
of Nammāzhvār, born in southern Thirukkurugai.
Rāmānuja who loves Nādamuni in his heart, is my treasure.

3913. I will not suffer by going to the doorsteps of mean people,
praising them and saying that they are clouds that pour wealth.
Rāmānuja who has the fortune
of worshiping the feet of Yamunaithuraivan protects me.

3914. Karthikeya, Ganesa the elephant god,
three-eyed Shiva who carries fire in his hand,
Shakti and the village goddess all ran away
from the battlefield after they came to help Vānāsuran
when he fought with Thirumāl, the ruler of the three worlds,
but the faultless god forgave the Asuran and gave him moksha.
Rāmānuja who worshipped the lord is my wealth.

3915. I keep in my wicked heart Rāmānuja
whom devotees keep always in their hearts like wealth,
and I praise him all three times of the day.
I am happy to praise the true fame of Rāmānuja.

3916. I have done much bad karma
and have been born many times on the earth.
I am tired of my life.
I do not want to join the low religions whose people do false tapas.
I worship Rāmānuja, the true wise devotee
who is as generous as rain and I am saved.

3917. O Rāmānuja, as compassionate as a cloud,
who knows the grace of the lord in this world surrounded by the ocean?
I suffer in this world. Come and save me,
O my dear sweet life.

3918. The generous cloud-colored lord
removed all the troubles of my karma.
Whatever family good people are born in,
no matter what their nature or faults,
the lord will give them his grace and accept them.
The fame of Rāmānuja spreads everywhere.

3919. Generously, you give your grace unceasingly to your devotees.
Even though I have done much karma, you entered the heart of me, your slave.
My heart suffers thinking I am not worthy for you, the shining light, to enter it.
O Rāmānuja, my poor heart is yours.

3920. My mouth will not praise the evil people
who do not worship the feet of the faultless lord
who grew angry at Kamsan, the enemy of the gods,
fought with him and killed him.
Our lord Kaṇṇan is the beloved of Nappinnai with beautiful soft cotton-like feet.
My life is blessed.

3921. Rāmānuja, the devotee of the lord,
who recited wonderful Tamil Pasurams like the Vedas,
is famous and the god will give him moksha.
Does my fate give me the fortune of worshiping the devotees
who understand the fame of Rāmānuja?

3922. I will not worry even if I get the joy of attaining moksha
or if I go to hell and fall into affliction.
Rāmānuja, my friend and ruler, praised the lord saying,
“In our ancient world, the Māyan is the king of all creatures.”

3923. O mind, we were born limitless times in this world
and have suffered for many years, days,
and months, and in the present.
We approach the ornamented feet of the god of Thennathi, praised and loved by.

3924. If devotees approach Rāmānuja,
they will obtain beauty, patience, strength, fame and perfect wisdom.
He protects this earth where people suffer with poverty
and he gives them his grace.

3925. In his hands, the beloved of Lakshmi
carries a discus, a sword, a large club, a lovely shārngam bow
and a curved conch that sounds in the battle.
They all are really the forms of the sage Rāmānuja
and they protect the world.
3926. Even though the lord destroyed of all his enemies,  
the poverty of the world did not go away,  
but Rāmānuja destroys the terrible poverty  
that afflicts the people of the world.  
If I praise Rāmānuja my poverty will be removed,  
and I will have a good life.

3927. On this earth I will not worship any other god except my lord.  
I will not compose poems praising some people  
saying that they are like generous clouds.  
I will never grow tired of worshiping the beautiful flower-like feet of the lord of golden  
Srirangam.  
Rāmānuja makes his devotees love him and I am his devotee.  
How could the results of my karma come to me?

3928. When the divine Vedas were hidden by an Asuran in the ocean,  
the lord with a heroic discus,  
the life of all the creatures in the world,  
saved and brought them up and taught them to the sages.  
The lord Rāmānuja taught the Vedas to people  
and spread them  
so that their ignorance will be removed.

3929. The Ramayana, famous all over the world,  
praises Rāmānuja who abides in a flood of devotion  
in the temple and in the hearts of the devotees.  
The good people whose hearts melt  
as they worship the lovely fragrant lotus-feet of the lord  
guided me and made me his devotee and I am happy.

3930. I thought that I am like god and can do anything  
but he made me understand that I am his slave.  
O lord, I was like that because you made me to stay away from you.
I know you are compassionate
and I do not understand why I had this trouble.
O lord, you should tell me why you have not given your grace to me.
You are Rāmānuja and you will not go against your promise.

3931. O heart, we always think of wealth, children, lands,
and women with beautiful hair and want them,
worrying about how to get them.
Our lord removed our desires
and the troubles that they give us and gave us knowledge
to know what is good and what will bring us fame.

3932. The wise say that the four aims of life in this world,
moksha, wealth, dharma and good kāma,
are are given to us by our lord Kaṇṇan.
Ramanuja, the good-natured one, Vāmanan, said,
“Kāma is the desire of people to obtain things in this world,
dharma removes the sins of the devotees,
wealth is for giving to poor
and the love for god gives devotees moksa.”

3933. Even though our lord Mādhavan was born in this world with various forms
people do not understand that he is our god.
After Rāmānuja appeared in the world,
people gained wisdom and became the devotees of Nārāyaṇan.

3934. The faultless lord Rangan, the beloved of Lakshmi
and the lord of all the creatures of the world
released me from the desires
that I had for women ornamented with beautiful jewels.
Rāmānuja gave me his faultless grace.

3935. O people of the world,
if you praise the divine form of the god and understand him,
the results of your good and bad karma will go away.
Worship Rāmānuja and your difficulties will be removed.

3936. The lord who is praised by countless good devotees
is the scholar of all the three kinds of Tamil,
the four Vedas and all good dharmic knowledge.
The good people of the world will demonstrate to the bad
that fortune is to recite the divine names of Rāmānuja.

3937. Devotees understand that there is
no better fortune than your feet, our only refuge,
and that you are the only path for them.
There is no way I can describe in words how we feel about you.
We understand the truth only through your good words, Rāmānuja.

3938. The poet Māran, composed pāsurams
on our lord who created the Vedas
and made all other religions disappear.
The lord entered my heart and I worship him.
I was ignorant but now I understand him.
We praise Ramanuja whose excellent qualities
make him famous in all directions.

3939. The highest lord Rāmānuja,
praised by the people as the lord, Rangan,
has entered my heart and stays there
night and day without leaving.
All my bad karma is destroyed
and there is no one equal to me.

3940. I, a mean person, can be saved only by your grace—
I have no other refuge.
We both need each other.
What is the use if you do not come and stay with me,
O Rāmānuja, praised by faultless devotees?

3941. When Rāmānuja worshiped the ornamented feet
of the god of Srirangam surrounded by fields
where honey from lotus flowers flows like a river,
the six false religions were destroyed
and cruel poverty went away

3942. The feet of Rāmānuja flourish in the thoughts of good people
and they disappear in the bad.
Praised by sages from ancient times,
they accepted my poor poems.

3943. Our lord, the king
who fought for the Pandavas in the Bharatha war
and drove the chariot for Arjuna,
nectar for his devotees, was born as Rāmānuja.
If I try to find the reason for his birth,
I discover it was only to rule me.

3944. These are the wonders that Rāmānuja did for me.
He destroyed the fame of the six religions
and became known in all the world.
He entered my heart,
removed the results of my good and bad karma
and made me joyfully join his feet.

3945. Rāmānuja, wonderful good-natured lord,
is the highest one who created all the creatures of the world
and is loved by learned people.
He, as generous as a karpaga tree, came to rule me.
3946. Because of the good nature of Rāmānuja, the bad religions all disappeared, the Vedas that praise the lord Nāraṇan rejoiced and the divine Tamil Veda of the generous poet of southern Thirukkurugai flourished.

3947. He, generous as a cloud, showed his grace, saved all the Vedas at the end of the eon and gave them to the world. The devotees of the lord join together happily in southern Srirangam surrounded with fragrant groves that attract the eyes of all. The clan of the people who worship Rāmānuja is the family that rules us.

3948. He is the king of a cowherd village, the conquerer of Parasurāma praised by the whole world who defeated twenty-one generations of kings with his sharp mazu. I have approached that famous Rāmānuja—my tongue will not praise anyone else, and my mind will not think of anything else.

3949. Rāmānuja, praised by good people, believes that the devotees who worship only the lotus feet of the lord of Srirangam and no other gods are his relatives. I have approached him and he is my lord—I will not be ignorant any more.

3950. There are Vedanta scholars who say, “This is the meaning of the Vedas. The highest is Brahman and all the souls will leave the body and join the ancient Paraman.”
Rāmānuja, the ocean of truth argued with them and defeated them in disputation about Vedanta.

3951. At the time the Advaita philosophy was spreading in all the eight directions surrounded with oceans and the darkness of poverty covered the world, if Rāmānuja had not removed the darkness with the light of his knowledge, no one would understand that the god who contains all life is Nāraṇan.

3952. The lord, who embraces Lakshmi on his golden chest abides in all the yoga of enlightened ones of true knowledge and in the sweet music of the Thiruvaymozhi. The fame of Rāmānuja, the tender shoot of our family, spreads everywhere.

3953. The lord came and gave his grace to save me from the results of my bad karma that burned like a hot fire. The fame of Rāmānuja whose tapas is praised by sages spreads like a light over this earth and the divine world has seen the wonder of it.

3954. I have removed the desire caused by my karma and have no worries. I worship only the feet of the devotees who praise the beautiful lotus feet of Rāmānuja— I will not worship the gods who do nothing good for the devotees of my lord.

3955. Give me your grace so I may follow your shining feet like a male elephant that follows his mate. Rāmānuja made the followers of the six dark religions
run away and made others follow our lord's religion.

3956. Our sage Rāmānuja, strong like an elephant dripping ichor, spreads in the world the joy of Tamil pasurams, the true Veda composed by Nammāzhvar. O you who want to argue, he will stand against you and defeat you with his philosophy.

3957. He argued with the scholars of other religions and defeated them. The Vediyars have been defeated and the earth is fortunate because of his tapas. Rāmānuja, whose philosophy has become famous, gave wisdom to good people and they spread it with their tongues and learned the sastras.

3958. Mādhavan gives moksha to his devotees as they become ever wiser. I have done bad karma. I pray that Rāmānuja will remove the faults of my heart and give me his grace.

3959. When the Pandava Dharma, worshiped the feet of the lord and asked for his help, Māyavan destroyed Duriyodhana and his hundred brothers in the Bharatha war. If Rāmānuja does not protect the people of the world who will protect them?

3960. The lord Māyan taught the Gita to Arjuna as they rode on a chariot in the Bharatha war. Rāmānuja spread the divine teaching of the lord in the world and I worship his feet. My life and thoughts bow to his devotees who worshiped him.
3961. When my senses hurt
and I could not survive,
the lord Rangan did not come to me and give me his grace
but now my father Rāmānuja has come and helps me.

3962. You have countless wonderful qualities
and you saw me and my nature and came to help me.
Even considering my confused nature you gave me your compassion,
O Rāmānuja, your devotees look at my faults with compassion and forgive me.

3963. My heart bows to your lotus feet.
I love you and all my activities are for you.
My love for your feet is strong
and the results of my karma are removed through your compassion.

3964. If people follow other religions than our god’s,
Rāmānuja dislikes them and he saves the people of the world from them.
He thought only of the pure Vedic path.
I praise the devotees of generous Rāmānuja whom he made me join.

3965. Rāmānuja with his ability, compassion and wisdom
taught the people of the world truth and wisdom through his grace.
Ramanuja gave true knowledge to all the devotees
and I do not know any other way to be than to think of Rāmānuja.

3966. The lord Māyavan uses his discus and destroys
bad people who do not know the path of the divine Vedas.
Rāmānuja uses his wisdom and destroys
those who do not know the divine Vedas.

3967. The lord of Srirangam on the banks of the Kaviri
filled with pearls, fish and conches
carries a discus and a conch in his hands and promises his devotees,
“I will not leave you and I will remove your troubles.”
O Rāmānuja, your beauty and fame come and surround me.

3968. The wide ocean and the golden hills of Thiruvenkaṭam,
Vaikuṇḍam, the ocean of milk and the lotus feet of the lord
all give pleasure to you, Rāmānuja,
and you give me those pleasures also.

3969. Rāmānuja argued with the philosophers of other religions
and became famous all through the world.
He removed the results of my karma.
How could he have done anything more for me?
He gives me sweet grace that he gives to no one else.

3970. O Rāmānuja, concerned about my worries
you removed the evil thoughts from my heart and helped me,
making me a slave of the beloved of divine Lakshmi.
No other thoughts enter my mind, only your true teachings.

3971. There are many religions that spread false teachings
and people believe in them and do not think of the lord who will save us.
Rāmānuja will show them the true way to reach god—
they should give up their worrying and not doubt him.

3972. If the devotees worship the divine name of Rāmānuja
and think of his power only
I will be a slave for those good people.
At all times, in all places, and in all conditions
I will serve him tirelessly with my mind and body.

3973. You made me worship your feet
and serve your devotees tirelessly,
O Rāmānuja, who help people to approach
the feet of the lord of Srirangam.
I will not look for anything except your compassion
and you will enable me to reach the lord.

3974. I wandered without good wisdom
and suffered with the results of bad karma.
I worshiped the divine name of Ramanuja,
the virtuous one, generous as a cloud,
and he made me a slave for those good people
and made me to understand their matchless teachings.

3975. I do not want to join the people who think
that if they do dharma, they will become famous
and reach divine moksha.
You know that, O Rāmānuja. You are generous as a cloud!
Through your grace only I will reach your Vaikuṇṭam
and worship your feet.

3976. I have known Rāmānuja and he knows me.
When I received his grace and became his slave,
the results of my bad karma went away,
and even today I drink his flood of grace.
I cannot describe all the beautiful things
that I have received through knowing him.

3977. Devotees wander and suffer without knowledge
if they do not understand that the lord, the highest light,
is the inner meaning of the Vedas that are recited.
Rāmānuja removed their ignorance
and made them worship the feet of our lord.
I have no refuge for my dear life
except the feet of the devotees who worship the feet of the lord.
3978. From now on I will not wander, suffering 
and embracing those who do not love me, 
thinking they are my kin. 
I will consider only that my rulers are the learned ones 
who worship Rāmānuja in their hearts.

3979. Whether people are intelligent or ignorant 
they know Rāmānuja has a good nature and is famous. 
If people are unwise and do not learn the words of Rāmānuja, 
poverty will come to them.

3980. Rāmānuja, strong like a lion, 
learned the musical pasurams 
that are like paddy growing and flourishing in a field. 
I praise him as a tiger in disputing with others 
who know their religious sastras well.

3981. O Rāmānuja, no one can adequately praise your good nature—
my praise cannot be commensurate with your fame. 
Whatever I do, my mind will not be happy without praising you, 
yet I am afraid that I am unable to praise you enough. 
What more can I do?

3982. The highest lord takes away the future births of his devotees. 
The lord Rāmānuja came to rule me in this world. 
If people do not worship the feet of the garlanded one 
they will be born again and suffer in this world.

3983. The virtuous Rāmānuja spread the fame 
of Rangan of Srirangam who gives grace to all his devotees, 
taking away the darkness of the world. 
He took away the teaching of the Vediyars,
the scholars of the Agamas, that cause only confusion
and made the world bright.

3984. I have not done proper nombus,
or praised you well or worshiped your feet.
O Rāmānuja of matchless fame,
praised by good poets who know all the sastras,
you have entered my heart and my eyes.
Tell me the reason for this.

3985. Rāmānuja who did true tapas
never says the errant sastras of other religions are true.
He removes the results of bad karma for his devotees
with his grace that is like a shining sword.

3986. Devotion to Rāmānuja will give tapas,
wealth, good birth, good karma
and devotion to the highest lord.
The lives of those who approach him will be sweet like honey.
My heart is happy, knowing nothing but his fame.

3987. Rāmānuja abides in the hearts of the people of the world
and gives them whatever they need.
He, the highest one, loves them and is the music of the world.
He stays in the sky and gives moksha to all his devotees.
He was born on the earth, taught the four Vedas
and spread them.

3988. Rāmānuja, friend of devotees, takes care of those
who grow old and suffer, lonely and wandering,
because of the results of their bad karma,
not knowing how they might obtain good karma.
3989. If they worship his lotus feet, 
Rāmānuja gives his grace to those living 
without any friends and relatives. 
His good nature knows those helpless people 
and he shows compassion to them all.

3990. Those who are born can only reach moksha, 
or go to hell to be born on the earth again and again. 
O mind, if you worship the lord 
he will give you Ramanuja, 
and you will not have any suffering.

3991. The Jains who argue for their beliefs, 
the devil-like Sakkiyars, 
the lazy devotees of Shiva with long matted hair, 
the Sunyavadins who believe in emptiness of the world, 
the learned one of the Vedas 
and low people who make mischief 
could not survive after Ramanuja, 
like a golden Karpaga tree, came into this world. 
They all disappeared.

3992. O Rāmānuja, my heart is a golden bee 
that worships your pure honey-like feet. 
I will not follow any other religion— 
no one can make me to learn their teachings, 
for I want only to drink in the sweet milk of your devotion.

3993. I was caught in my karma 
and born many times on this earth, 
but you have saved me, O Rāmānuja, from the results of my karma. 
Good devotees do not want to follow the doctrines of other religions 
that say following your teachings is wrong.
3994. Suffering with the results of my karma
I worshiped you, calling out, “O lord, Rāmānuja!”
and you helped me with your compassion
in this world surrounded with oceans.
My hands worship you and my eyes long to see you.

3995. The lord who took the form of an angry lion
and split open the chest of Hiraṇyan,
gave Rāmānja to the world whose fame that flourished like a crop in a field.
As if he were putting a fruit in my hand and giving it to me,
Rāmānuja gave me good wisdom
and helped me remove the affliction of my karma.

3996. O Rāmānuja as generous as a rain-giving cloud,
as if you placed a fruit in my hand and gave it to me,
you showed me Kaṇṇan.
I do not want anything except your grace.
Whether I stay in the deep hole of hell,
in heaven or in shining moksha,
I will survive only if you give me your grace.

3997. The lord Māyan who rests on the milky ocean rolling with waves
stays in the hearts of wise sages and those learned in the Vedas
who worship the divine feet of Rāmānuja and dance praising him.
Their place is the same as mine, for I am a slave of the god.

3998. Good devotees say the lord stays in Vaikuṇṭam,
Venkaṭam and mountainous Thirumalirunjolai.
Rāmānuja keeps that Māyan in his heart.
He will enter my heart and give me pleasure.

3999. O lord, divine-natured Rāmānuja,
even though I may be born in many places,
suffer with sickness and die,
I have one thing to ask.
Make me the slave of your devotees
and give me your grace so I will love them.

4000. O heart flourishing with devotion,
let us praise Lakshmi, seated on the chest of the lord of southern Srirangam
surrounded with fields where beautiful fish frolic.
Let me worship the lord
so I may approach the feet of illustrious Ramanuja.

SUBHAM
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