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Nāḷāyira Divya Prabhandam
Paśurams by Seven Azhvārs, Part 4 (pāsurams 2719 -4000)
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Nālāyira Divya Prabhandam
Paśurams by Seven Azhvārs, Part 4 (pāsurams 2791 - 4000)
English Translation by Kausalya Hart

Thiruvāymozi - Nammāzhvār (2791 – 3892)

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 pāsūrams worshipping 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 pāsūrams
 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 Thirukkuruḥur
 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 Nāraṇan
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 worshipping his ornamented feet every day.
 Even when you die, it is best to die worshipping 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 Thirukkuruḥur
 that flourishes with beautiful groves
 composed a thousand pāsūrams
 about him who churned the milky ocean with roaring waves
 as the other gods worshiped him.
 If devotees learn and recite these ten pāsūrams
 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 Thirukkuruḥur

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 pāsūrams

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,
resting on the snake bed Adishesha
on the water-filled ocean that he created,
is the Māyon, the god of Vaikuṅṭam,
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 Thirukkuruḥur 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 pāsūrams 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 himwhom 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 Thirukkuruḥur
composed a thousand pāsūrams 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 pāsūrams
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 Thirukurunguḍi,
 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 Thirukuruhur
 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 Adishesha?"

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 Sakaṭāsura 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 Asura Kesi when he came as a horse,
destroyed the Asuras 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 Thirukkuruḥur
with unlimited love for the ancient god
composed a thousand pāsūrams on him,
the bright light and origin of all things.
If devotees learn these ten pāsūrams and do not forget them
they will surely reach Vaikuṅṭam.

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 Thirukkuruḥur
 composed a thousand pāsūrams on the beautiful dancer Kaṇṇan,
 the creator of the seven worlds.
 If devotees learn these ten pāsūrams 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 yajh,
 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 Thirukkuruḥur, filled with devotees,
composed a thousand pāsūrams on the magical one
who grew angry with king of Lanka the mighty Ravana
and destroyed his Rakshasa clan.
O devotees, learn these ten pāsūrams,
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, ‘Narasīnga!’
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 a emerald hill, 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 Thirukkuruḥur
 composed a thousand andādi pāsūrams 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 Vaikuṅṭam.

2956. O lord of Vaikuṅṭam 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 Vaikuṅṭam, 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 Kaṅṅan.
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 Adishesha
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 Hiraṇyan 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 Thirukkuruḥur
composed a thousand andādi pāsūrams
praising the wonderful lotus-eyed Kaṇṇan
whose hair is adorned with beautiful thulasi garlands.
If devotees learn these ten pāsūrams 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 Thiruvēnkaṭam 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 pāsūrams
 on Kaṇṇan, a precious jewel and bright light,
 Neḍumāl, the lord of the gods in the sky.
 If devotees learn and sing these twelve pāsūrams
 they will reach the feet of the highest one.

2980. He rests on the snake bed Adishesha
 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 want 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 Hiranyan 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 pāsūrams with music
 to the dear lord with a dark body and bright eyes.
 If devotees learn these ten pāsūrams 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 Thirukkuruḥur

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 Thirukkuruhr

composed a thousand good pāsūrams

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,
 Nānmuhan 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 VEDIYARS live
 composed a thousand faultless pāsuras
 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 pāsūrams
 on him who contains all the souls of the world inside himself.
 If devotees learn and recite these ten pāsūrams
 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 Thiruvēṅkaṭam 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 Thiruvēṅkaṭam.
 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 Vēdiyars and the creator of the Vedas
 who stays in the Thiruvēṅkaṭam 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 Thiruvēṅkaṭam 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 Thiruvēṅkaṭam 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 Thiruvēṅkaṭam 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 Thiruvēkatam,
 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 Thiruvēkaṭam, precious as gold,
 surrounded with groves
 blooming with flowers that swarm with bees.
 See the lord who rests on a snake bed,
 and worship his divine feet.

3045. Saḍagopan of Thirukuruḥur surrounded by flourishing groves
 composed a thousand faultless pāsūrams
 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 Kaṇṇanor 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 Thirukkuruḥur
composed a thousand pāsūrams on the cloud-colored lord
adorned with cool garlands that swarm with bees.
If devotees learn and recite these ten pāsūrams,
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. Thirumāḷ 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 Thirumāḷ,
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 Thiruvēṅkaṭam 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 pāsūrams praising the famous lord Achudan,
 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 pāsūrams 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 pāsūrams 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 pāsūrams 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 pāsuras 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 Adishesha
 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 Garuda 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 Thirumāḷ,
 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 pāsūrams on the lord
who is worshiped by all the gods in the sky.
If devotees learn these ten famous pāsūrams
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 Adishesha 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 Garuda 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.
 Worshipping 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, Vaikuṅṭam.

3132. Sages may control all their desires for the world
and think only of moksha, but they will not attain Vaikuṅṭam
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 Thirukkuruḥur
surrounded by blooming clusters of flowers
composed a thousand beautiful poems
worshiping the feet of Kaṅṅan.

If devotees learn and recite these ten songs
they will survive on this earth without troubles
and reach Vaikuṅṭam.

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 Thirukkuruḥur
composed a thousand musical pāsūrams praising Kaṇṇan’s feet
that remove the sicknesses that afflict people.
If devotees learn and recite these ten pāsūrams
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 Narayaṇa! 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 Kaṇṇan 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 Thirukkuruḥur 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 Vaikuṅṭam.’
 As she thinks of Kaṅṅan 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, ‘Nāraṅan!’
 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 Vaikuṇṭam
 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 unequalled 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 pāsūrams
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 pāsūrams on the divine lord

of the beautiful cool Thiruveṅkaṭam 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 kувалai 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 Kuvalayābeeḍam
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 Thuṅṅai 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 Thirukkuruḥur 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. Māraṇ Saḍagopan of southern Thirukkuruḥur
 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 Vaikuṇṭam.

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 Adishesha 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 pāsūrams 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 Vaikuṅṭam.

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 Thirukkuruḥur
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 Thirukkuruḥur
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 Thirukkuruḥur 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 Thirukuruhur
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 Thirukkukurur
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 Thirukkuruḥur surrounded by flourishing paddy and sugarcane fields. Let us serve him.

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

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 Kaṅṅan! 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 pāsuras 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 Sakatāsura 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 Kaṇṇan colored like the roaring ocean.
If devotees learn and recite these ten poems
they will truly reach divine Vaikuṇṭam.

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 Thirukkuruḥur 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 pāsūrams,

how could they not be able to reach Vaiḥuṅṭam?

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 Thirukurungudi
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 pāsūrams 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 Kaṇṇan

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 pāsūrams 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 pāsūrams

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 Vedyars 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 VEDIYARS 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 pāsūrams every day
 they will become sweet nectar for the gods in the sky.

3310. You are my sweet nectar.

O Neḍumāl, 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 Kuṇḍandai
 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 Kuṇḍandai ,
 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 Kuṇḍandai.
 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 Kuṇḍandai
 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 Kuṇḍandai.
 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 pāsūrams 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 pāsūrams
 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 Vedyars 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 Narayanān.
He gives his good grace to all."

3331. Sadagopan of southern Thirukkuruḥur
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 pāsūrams,
 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 Thirukkuruḥur,
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 pāsūrams well
they will reach Vaiḥuṅṭam 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 Thiruvaṇṇaṇḍur
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 Vedyars 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 Thiruvaṇvaṇḍur
 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 Thiruvaṇvaṇḍur 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 Thiruvaṇvaṇḍur
 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 Thiruvaṇvaṇḍur
 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 Thiruvaṅvaṅḍur 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 pāsūrams
on the god of Thiruvaṅvaṅḍur
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 Thiruvīṇṇagar 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 Thiruvīṇṇagar, 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 Thiruvīṇṇagar 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 Thiruvīṇṇagar, 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 Thiruvinnagar 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 Thiruvinnagar, bowing their heads.
 There is no refuge for anyone other than the feet of the lord
 who give boons to all.

3372. Kaṇṇan, 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 Thiruvinnagar and protects the southern direction.

3373. The matchless god of Thiruvinnagar
 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 Thiruvīṇṇagar
 where the bees sing as sweetly as babies.
 I have no other refuge than his ankleted feet.

3375. Sadagopan of Thirukuruhur
 composed a thousand pāsūrams 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 pāsūrams on Thiruvīṇṇagar
 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 Kaṇṇan
 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 Thamiraparaṇi 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 Vedyars 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 Kaṇṇan.'

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 Thamiraparaṇi 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 Thamirabaraṇi 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 Sakaṭasuran 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 pāsūrams on Madhusudhanan,
the wonderful treasure saved and kept by all.
If devotees learn, keep in their minds
and recite these ten pāsūrams 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 Thirukuruhur

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 Nānmuhan.

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 Nānmuhan, Shiva, Indra and all the gods,
so the whole world can see you.

3435. You, the god of the sky,
who stand in the Thiruveṅkaṭam 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 Thiruvēnkaṭam 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 Thiruvēnkaṭam
 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 Thiruvēnkaṭam
 where a clear waterfall 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 Thiruvēnkaṭam

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 Thiruvēṅkaṭam where a herd of strong elephants
 looks like a group of clouds,
 and you carry the mighty bow Charṅgam.
 When will I, your devotee, truly join your feet?

3447. You are the god of Thiruvēṅkaṭam
 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 Thiruvēṅkaṭam, 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 Thiruveṅkaṭam
 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 Thiruveṅkaṭam
 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 Thiruveṅkaṭam
 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 pāsūrams on the matchless lord
 of Thiruveṅkaṭam who gives his grace, saying,
 “Come and sit beneath my feet and you will be saved.”
 If devotees learn and recite these ten pāsūrams
 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 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 Hiranya.
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, Kaṇṇan, 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 pāsūrams
 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 Thiruppereyil.
 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 Thiruppereyil
 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 Vedyars 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 Thirupereyil
 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 Makaraṇḍumguḥaikkādar,
 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 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 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 pāsūrams 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 pāsūrams
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 Hiraṇyan.
 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 Thirukkuruḥur

composed a thousand poems

on the dark-colored Kaṇṇan

whom even Nānmuhan, Shiva and Indra cannot see.

If devotees learn and recite these ten pāsuras

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?

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 Vaikuṅṭam 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 Vaikuṅṭam destroyed my bad karma
and made me a good person.

He made me compose sweet poems
that describe him as the lord of Vaikuṅṭam 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 pāsuras 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 pāsuras 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 Thiruvāṅṅai
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 Thiruvāṅṅai 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 Thiruvāṅṅai
where Govindan, Madhusudhanan, the man-lion stays
riding on Garuda, surrounded with tall groves
where Vedyars 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 Kaṇṇapīrān, the sapphire-colored god of all the three worlds, who was born in northern Madura and stays in Thiruvāraṇvīlai 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 Thiruvāraṇvīlai 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 Thiruvāraṇvīlai 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 Vānan, 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 Thiruvāraṇvīlai 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 Thiruvāṛanviḷai
 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 Thiruvāṛanviḷai
 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 Thiruvāṛanviḷai
 where the gods come to the earth and praise him
 with their minds and deeds.

3562. Saḍagopan from the flourishing southern Thirukkuruḥur,
 giving his mind to the Theerthan
 and thinking that there is no other refuge except his feet,
 composed a thousand pāsūrams 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 Thirukuruhur
 composed a thousand beautiful pāsūrams
 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 Thiruveṅkaṭam 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 Kuṇḍandai
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 Kuṇḍandai
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.

Vaikuṅṭam, 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 Makaraṇḍumguḥaikkādar,
 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 Thirukkuruḥur
 composed a thousand anthadi pāsūrams 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 pāsūrams 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 Hiranyan.
 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 pāsūrams 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 pāsūrams
 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 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 Hiraṇyan.
 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 woman? 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 Thirukkuruḥur

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 Vaikuṅṭam 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 Vaikuṅṭam destroyed my bad karma and made me a good person.
He made me compose sweet poems
that describe him as the lord of Vaikuṅṭam 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 pāsūrams 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 Thirukkuruḥur
who knows that there is no place
where the lord does not exist
and that he is omnipresent
composed a thousand pāsūrams 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 Thiruvāṅṇai
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 Thiruvāṅṇai 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 Thiruvāṇṇai where Govindan, Madhusudhanan, the man-lion stays riding on Garuda, surrounded with tall groves where Vedyars 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 Kaṇṇapirān, the sapphire-colored god of all the three worlds, who was born in northern Madura and stays in Thiruvāṇṇai 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 Thiruvāṇṇai 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 Thiruvāṇṇai 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 Thiruvāṇṇiḷai
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 Thiruvāṇṇiḷai
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 Thiruvāṇṇiḷai 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 Thiruvāṇṇiḷai
where the gods come to the earth and praise him
with their minds and deeds.

3562. Saḍagopan from the flourishing southern Thirukkuruḥur,
giving his mind to the Theerthan
and thinking that there is no other refuge except his feet,

composed a thousand pāsuras 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 Thirukkuruḥur

composed a thousand beautiful pāsūrams
 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 pāsūrams
 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 Thiruvēṅkaṭam 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 Kuṇḍandai
 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 Kuṇḍandai

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.

Vaikunṭam, 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 pāsūrams in faultless andādi metre
 praising the divine feet of Kaṇṇan.
 If devotees learn these ten pāsūrams
 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 Puliyaṅguḍi and Koḷur
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 Thirukkuruḥur
surrounded with palaces as high as hills
composed a thousand pāsūrams 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 pāsūrams
they will not be born in this wide world.

3596. The elephant Kuvalayabēdam, 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 Thiruchitrāru river
in Thiruchenkunṟur 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 Thiruchitrāru in Thiruchenkundrur
filled with lovely palaces
where three thousand famous VEDIYARS, generous Shiva,
Nānmugan and devotees live.

3602. He has divine lotus eyes,
a beautiful mouth, lovely hands,
a navel where Nānmuhan stays on a lotus,
beautiful garments, a precious crown,
ornaments and heroic weapons.
The famous god of Thiruchenkunṟur
on the bank of Thiruchitrāru
stays in my heart and shines.

3603. He who shines in my heart
is the god of Thiruchengunḍur on the bank of Thiruchirṟāru
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 Thiruchitrāṟu of Thiruchengundrur
 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 Thiruchengundrur
 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 pāsūrams
 they will attain moksha and receive the grace of the lord
 and their illusory births will go away.

3607. O Kaṇṇan, 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 pāsūrams
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 pāsūrams
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 Ravaṇan 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 Thirukaḍiṭhanam.
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 Thirukaḍiṭhanam surrounded by fragrant groves
where all the gods in the sky come and worship him.

3622. He, the god in the temple of Thirukaḍiṭhanam,
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 Thirukaḍiṭhanam 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 Thirukaḍiṭhanam 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 Thirukaḍiṭhanam 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 Thirukaḍiṭhanam
 surrounded by karpaga groves
 where good and renowned VEDIYARS loudly recite the Vedas.

3628. Saḍagopan of Thirukuruhur surrounded by walls
 composed a thousand pāsūrams
 that are as sweet as nectar and milk mixed together
 praising Thirumāl of Thirukaḍiṭhanam encircled by groves.
 If devotees learn these ten pāsūrams and recite them
 they will go to Vaikuṇṭham 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 Vamaṇan 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 pāsūrams praising Thirumal,
 our highest god who rests on shining Adishesha.
 If devotees learn and recite these ten pāsūrams,
 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 pāsūrams

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 pāsūrams
 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 Thirupuliyur

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 Thiruppuliyur
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 Thiruppuliyur
surrounded with fields plowed by farmers
where the lord Kaṇṇan 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 Thippuliyur 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 pāsūrams.
If devotees learn and recite these ten pāsūrams

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 Thirukuruhur
composed a thousand pāsūrams on lotus-eyed Kaṇṇan,
the god of all the three worlds that follow good beliefs.
If devotees learn and recite these ten pāsūrams
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 Kaṇṇan 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 Thiruppuḷinguḍi
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 Thiruppuḷinguḍi
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 Thiruppulinguḍi.

3687. In Thiruppulinguḍi you recline, resting on the ocean,
in Varagunamangai you sit and in Vaikuṅṭam 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 Thiruppulinguḍi
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 Thiruppulinguḍi 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 Thiruppulinguḍi

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 Thiruppuḷinguḍi
 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,
 worshipping you again and again.
 O god, who stay in divine Vaikuṅṭam,
 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 Thiruppuḷinguḍi
 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 Thiruppuḷinguḍi 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 pāsuras
 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 Hiraṇyan 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 Vaikuṅṭam.

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 Hiranyan 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 Thirukuruhur
 surrounded by flourishing fields of earth
 composed a thousand pāsūrams on the god
 who conquered the rutting elephant Kuvalayabeedam.
 If devotees learn and recite these ten pāsūrams
 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 Kaṇṇan, 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 pāsūrams 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
 they will melt in devotion for the lord.

3728. When I think of the māya of you,
 the god Māyan of Thirukkāṭṭkarai
 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 Thirukāṭṭkarai
 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 Thirukāṭṭkarai
 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 Thirukāṭṭkarai
 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 Thirukāṭṭkarai 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 Thirumuzhikkaḷam,
 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 Thirumuzhikkaḷam 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 Thirumuzhikkaḷam 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 Thirumuzhikkaḷam
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 Thirumuzhikkaḷam 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 Thirumuzhikkaḷam
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 pāsūrams 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 pāsūrams, 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 Nediyaṅ 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 Naraṅan 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 become 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 Thirumāḷ, Nambi Narayaṇan 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 Thirumāḷ!"

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 Thirukuruḥur
 filled with palaces studded with precious jewels
 and surrounded by strong walls
 composed a thousand musical Tamil pāsūrams.
 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, Nānmugan
 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 overwhelms 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 Māṛan of beautiful Thirukuruhur

composed a thousand pāsūrams on the god

who swallowed all the seven worlds and spit them out,

describing 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 pāsūrams, 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 Thirukkaṇṇapuram 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 Thirukañṇapuram
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 Thirukkañṇapuram
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 Thirukkañṇapuram
surrounded by walls that reach the sky.

3776. He loves all devotees who approach his feet
and grants them moksha in Vaikuṇḍam when they leave this world.
He, the friend of those who love him,
is the god of Thirukannapuram 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 Thirukkañṇapuram
surrounded by shining walls covered with gold
who split open the chest of the Asuran Hiranyan
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 pāsuras.
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,
went 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 Thirukuruhur
composed a thousand pāsuras
on the lord who danced on a pot, saying,
“O devotees, praise him!”
If devotees recite these ten pāsuras
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,

“Whenever 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 pāsuras worshiping the divine feet

of the cowherd whose red mouth is sweet as a fruit.

These ten pāsuras 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 Thiruveṅkaṭam 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 Nediyaṅ
 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 Neḍiyāṅ,
 composed a thousand pāsūrams 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 Thiruvāṭṭāru.

3839. Worship the feet of the lord of Thiruvāṭṭāru

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 Thiruvāṭṭāru 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 pāsūrams.
O good heart, our dear lord of Thiruvāṭṭāru
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 Thiruvāṭṭāru 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 Thiruvāṭṭāru 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 Thiruvattāru 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 Thiruvattāru
 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 Thiruvattāru
 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 Thiruvattāru on the snake Adishesha
 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 Thiruvaṭṭāru
 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, Vaikuṅṭam and Thiruveṅkaṭam 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 pāsūrams 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 pāsūrams
 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,
 never 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 Vaikuṇṭam!”

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 Vaikuṅṭam
 with towers and tall beautiful walls where flags fly.

3879. When his devotees enter Vaikuṅṭam,
 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 Vaikuṅṭam.

3880. Good Vedyars 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 pāsūrams 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 maṅḍapams.

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 saraṇam.

Rāmānujanutrandadi.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 Vishishṭadvaidam.

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. Bhudathāzhvār 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 Saḍagopan
 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 Yamunaithuṛaivan protects me.

3914. Karthikeya, Ganesa the elephant god,
 three-eyed Shiva who carries fire in his hand,
 Shakthi 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 Kaṅṅan 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 shārṅgam 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 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 pāsūrams
 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 Vedyars 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 Thiruvēṅkaṭam,
 Vaikuṇṭham, 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 Vaikuṅṭam
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 Vedyars,

the scholars of the Agamas, that cause only confusion
and made the world bright.

3984. I have not done proper nambus,
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 Rāmānuja 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
