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Nālāyira Divya Prabhandam
Paśurams by Seven Azhvārs, Part 1 (pāsurams 1-947)
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THE WORLDLY AZHVARS

Divyaprabandham - Seven Azhvars

You are the sweetness in milk.

You are the brightness of precious gold.

You are the freshness of green moss.

You have the dark color of bees

that drink honey and fly around the ponds.

You are the four seasons.

How is it that the world cannot understand the nature of the god Maal? (795)

INTRODUCTION

The Seven Azhvars in this volume are Periyazhvar, Aṇḍal/Thalaivi, Kulasekharazhvar, Thirumazhisaiyazhvar, Thoṇḍaraḍippoḍiyazhvar, Thiruppaṇazhvar, Madhurakavi Azhvar.

There is much information about Vaishnavism and the Azhvars' lives found on the internet. My concern in this book is to provide a good translation of the pasurams. I hope this work will be helpful for academic scholars, students who do research on the Azhvars and anyone who is interested in the Divyaprabandham. This is my own work and if there are any mistakes, they are my responsibility. I hope you will enjoy reading this great work of Azhvars.

According to Tamil scholars the Vaishnava Bhakthi movement dates from the 5th century CE to the 10th century. 4000 poems (pasurams) were composed by twelve Azhvars who called their god Maal, Neḍumaal, Thirumaal, Kanṇṇan and Nambi. The name Vishnu is not found in the text. (The word Viṭṭu is found in one Pasuram. Does

it mean the god is arguable? As much as I know there is no grammar rule for Vishṇu changing to Viṭṭu.).

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

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

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

Phonetics. For the names of gods, kings, Rakshasas, cities, plants, flowers and animals I have often transliterated Tamil terms, using the following scheme:

The vowels a, i, u, e, ee, o, ai, au are used in the translation. ‘aa is used sometimes for clear pronunciation.

Consonants. Tamil writing system has eighteen consonants.

k, ch, ṭ, th, p, ng, nj, ṇ, n, m, (n), y, r, ṛ, l, v, ḷ and zh.

Soft consonants hg, j, ḍ, d, and b are used for pronunciation.

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

Some proper names often used are as follows.

Names of the gods: Kaṇṇan, Naraṇan, Narayaṇan, Kesavan, Govindan, Gopalan, Shridharan, Vasudevan, Baladeven, Madhavan, Nanmuhan (Brahma), Hanuman.

Names of kings: Janakan, Dasharathan, Nandagopan, Ravaṇan, Vibhishaṇan, Mahabali.

Names of Raksasas: Kamsan, Hiranyaṇan, Sakaṭasuran, Thenuhan, Narahan, Muran, Ashṭasuran, Kabithasuran.

Names of Rakshasis: Thaḍahai, Puthana.

Names of goddesses: Thiru, Thirumagaḷ, Nappinnai.

Names of women: Devaki, Yashoda. Vaidehi.

The 10 avatharams are fish, turtle, boar, Vamanan, man-lion, Rama, Parasuraman, Balaraman, Krishna, and Kalki.

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

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

1. His fight in Lanka with Ravaṇan
2. Killing Sakatasuran who came in the form of a cart,
3. Killing Kalingan the snake.
4. Stopping the storm with Govardana mountain.
5. Killing Hiranyan.
6. Killing Kamsan, his uncle.
7. Taking the female form of Mohini to help to gods to receive nectar.
8. Killing the Asuran Kesi who come in the form of a horse.
9. Splitting open the mouth of the Asuran who came in the form of a heron..
10. Killing the two Asurans who came in the form of marudam trees.
11. Killing an Asuran by throwing a calf.
12. Killing the evil elephant Kuvalayabeeḍam.
13. Saving the elephant Gajendra and killing the crocodile that came to kill the elephant.
14. Killing seven bulls for Nappinnai so he could marry her.
15. Hurting Sukrachariyaar and Namusi in the sacrifice of Mahabali.
16. Helping Arjuna in the Bharatha war.
17. Bringing the earth goddess from the underground.
18. Straightening the hunch back of the kuni, the servant of a king.
19. Removing Shiva's curse and helping to make the head of Brahma fall.
20. Saving Draupathi in Duriyodana's assembly.
21. Killing Vali.
22. Killing Thadagai.
23. Killing Baṇasuran.
24. Killing Puthana

I would like to thank Mr. Venkataraghavan for putting the Divyaprabandham in Tamil on the internet (<http://srivaishnavam.com>, rmvenkat@yahoo.com). His careful and exacting work has been of enormous help to me in preparing this volume.

The Worldly Azhvars – volume 1

Periyazhvar Thiruppallaṇḍu & Thirumozhi (pāsurams 1- 473)

Praising the god

1. Let us praise the god and say, “Pallāṇḍu! Pallāṇḍu!”

He, colored like a blue sapphire,
conquered his enemies with his strong arms.

We praise him forever, forever and forever
and for many crores of years.

Protect us as we are beneath your divine feet.

2. Let us praise the god and say, “Pallāṇḍu! Pallāṇḍu!”

Let us live never apart from his devotees and him.

Let us praise the beautiful Lakshmi
seated on the right side of his strong chest.

Let us praise the beautiful shining discus in his right hand.

Let us praise the Panchajanyam conch
that he blows on the battlefield.

3. Let us praise the god and say, “Pallāṇḍu! Pallāṇḍu!”

O devotees, if you wish to serve him,
come and carry sand and fragrance for his festivals.

If you concern yourself only with food,
we will not think of you as one of our devotees.

We are from families
that have not sinned for seven generations.

He fought and destroyed
the Rakshasas and their land Lanka.

Let us praise him.

4. Let us praise him and say, “Pallāṇḍu! Pallāṇḍu!”.

Come and join us to do service to him.

If you realize always that your soul is he,
there is nothing you need to think of to go to him.

Praise, singing, "Namo, Nārāyaṇa!"

in all towns and in all countries.

O devotees, come and praise him with us.

5. O devotees, worship and praise Rishikesa, the king of the whole earth,
who destroyed the Rakshasas and their large clan.

Give up your old ways and join us

and recite the thousand names of him.

Bow to his feet and say, "Pallāṇḍu! Pallāṇḍu!"

6. Let us praise him and say, "Pallāṇḍu! Pallāṇḍu!"

My father, his father and his grandfather,

for seven generations they all worshipped him and served him

who took the form of Narasimha

on the evening of Sravaṇa Nakshatram day and destroyed Hiranyan,

and let us praise him.

7. We brand our shoulders

with the divine discus that shines like fire.

For many generations we have served him at his temple

who fought with Bāṇasuran with a thousand arms

and a magical army,

killing him with his discus making all his arms bleed.

Let us praise that strong god and say, "Pallāṇḍu! Pallāṇḍu!"

8. O divine lord, you gave me prasadam with good ghee,

betel leaves and nuts, ornaments for my neck,

earrings for my ears and sandal paste to smear on my body.

You gave me your grace

so that I would become pure and wise and serve you.

Let me praise you with the Garuḍa banner

and say, “Pallāṇḍu! Pallāṇḍu!”

9. We, his devotees, wear the silk clothes he has worn,
put on the thulasi garland like the ones that adorn him,
eat the food that is left over after he eats,
and do the service everywhere that he desires from us.
On the days of the Sravaṇa festival,
we praise him who rests on the snake bed
and say, “Pallāṇḍu! Pallāṇḍu!”

10. From the morning of each day we serve him as his slaves
and we will do the same in all our lives
and in future generations
praising him who will release us from birth and give us moksha.
He was born on the auspicious Sravana day.
He broke the bow of Kamsan in northern Madhura,
and danced on Kalingan the five-headed snake .
Let us praise and say, “Pallaṇḍu, Pallaṇḍu!”

11. Dearest god, I am an old devotee of yours,
like Abhimānadungan, the king of beautiful Kottiyur
where there is no injustice.
Devotees praise you who are pure in all ways
with many names and say, “Namo Nārāyaṇa” with love.
I will praise you and say, “Pallāṇḍu Pallāṇḍu”

12. Viṣṇuchithan of Villiputhur praised the highest,
the pure one with the bow Sarngam.
If devotees recite these pāsūrams and worship him saying, “Namo Nārāyaṇa”
they will be with the highest lord, praising him always
and saying, “Pallāṇḍu! Pallāṇḍu!”

Periyāzhvar's Pillaithamil on Kaṇṇan : The birth of Kaṇṇan

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

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

15. When the glorious child was born
the cowherds entered with love into Yashoda's house,
saw him and praised him, saying,
“See! Among all men there is no one equal to this child.
He was born under the Thiruvoṇam star
and will rule the world.”

16. The women of the cowherd village
took the pots from the uṛi,
rolled them in front of their houses and danced.
The fragrant ghee, milk and yogurt spilled all over
and they were crazy with joy
and their thick soft hair became loose.

17. When the cowherds with pots,
sharp mazhu weapons, staffs for grazing the cows
and palm-leaf beds to lie on
heard that the divine child was born,

joined happily together
and laughed with their jasmine-like teeth.
They smeared oil on themselves
and jumped into the water to bathe.

18. The cowherdess Yashoda massaged
the baby's hands and legs
and gently poured fresh turmeric water on his body
from the pot and bathed him.
When she cleaned his lovely tongue, he opened his mouth
and she saw all the seven worlds inside.

19. When the baby opened his mouth,
the beautiful cowherd women saw the worlds inside,
wondered and praised him, saying,
"This is not a cowherd child.
He is the supreme lord, This wonderful child is really the Māyan!"

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

21. Yashoda said, "If I put him in the cradle,
he will kick and tear the cloth.
If I take him in my hands, he will hurt my waist.
If I embrace him tightly, he will kick my stomach.
I don't have strength anymore to deal with him.
I am tired, my friends!"

22. Viṣṇuchithan, wearing a shining sacred thread,
composed pāsuras that describe
the birth of omnipresent Nārāyaṇan, Purushothaman

of Thirukkoṭṭiyur, surrounded with flourishing paddy fields.
If devotees recite these pāsurams all their sins will go away.

Padādi kesa paruvam.

Beauty of Kaṇṇan from his feet to his head.

23. Come and see the lotus feet of the innocent child
who was given to Yashoda by Devaki, his mother
whose hair is decorated with beautiful garlands
and is as sweet as the nectar that came out of the milky ocean.
Come and see how he holds and puts his lotus foot
in his coral-red mouth and tastes it.
Come and see.

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

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

26. See the knees of the child
who ate fragrant ghee from all the pots
that Yashoda had filled doing hard work,
and when Yashoda beat him with a rope
he crawled away from her with fear.
O girls with bud-like breasts,

come and see this child's knees.

27. After drinking the milk from the breasts of the cruel
devil Putanā and killing her,
he rested on his snake bed Adishesha.

Come and see the thighs of him
who split open the chest of the heroic Hiraṇyan.
O girls with round breasts,
come and see his thighs.

28. Come, see the mutham of our dear child
who was born ten days after the star Astham
from the womb of Devaki the beloved wife of Vasudevan,
the lord of many elephants that drip ichor.
O girls, you smile like blooming flowers,
come see the mutham of the child Achudan.

29. O girls with shining foreheads,
come and see the waist adorned
with strings of coral and beautiful pearls of the highest god
who killed the mighty-trunked rutting elephant Kuvalayābeeḍam,
took its ivory tusks and ran away.
See his waist, come and see.

30. O girls, adorned with shining ornament,
come and see the lovely navel
of the cowherd chief Nandan's son
strong as a white-tusked elephant.
He plays mischievously with a group of children and gives them trouble.
Come and see his navel.

31. The cowherdess Yashoda fed him sweet milk
from her breasts and tricked him

and tied him up with an old rope without worrying about him.

O girls ornamented with shining bangles,

come, see the stomach of the child

that has the dark color of the roaring ocean. Come and see his stomach.

32. Come and see his chest

ornamented with the shining Kaustubham ornament

studded with large diamonds.

He pulled the huge mortar

between two marudam trees and made them fall

when Yashoda, tied him to it.

O girls adorned with precious ornaments,

come and see his chest.

33. Come and see the arms of the small child

who kicked and took the precious life of Sakaṭāsura

when he came in the form of a cart.

When he was only four or five months old

he killed Putanā who had teeth sharp as swords.

O girls with curly hair, come and see his shoulders.

Come and see.

34. He carries in his hands a conch

and a discus smeared with oil.

Come and see the hands of the dark blue-colored child

raised by Yashoda with eyes darkened with kohl.

O girls decorated with precious ornaments,

come and see his hands.

35. Come and see the neck of the small cowherd child

being raised by Yashoda whose lovely hair

is adorned with flowers swarming with bees.

See his neck that swallowed all the worlds and the sky.

O beautiful girls, see his neck.
Come and see his lovely neck.

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

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

38. Come and see the eyes of the lord,
born as the son of Vasudevan
to destroy the mighty Asurans
and remove the suffering of the gods in the heavens.
O girls ornamented with beautiful bangles,
come and see his eyes. Come and see.

39. He with eyebrows shining like jewels
was born to save the world to Devaki, beautiful as Lakshmi.
She gave birth to him
even though she was too young to have a child.
O girls with breasts decorated with ornaments,
come and see his eyebrows. Come and see.

40. Come and see the beautiful emerald earrings of the lord
 who happily swallowed
 the earth, hills, oceans and all the seven worlds.
 O girls adorned with beautiful ornaments,
 see his lovely emerald earrings.

41. When small girls carrying a winnowing fan and a small pot
 wander holding a puvai bird on their wrists and make play houses,
 the dear child of Yashoda grabs the birds from their hands
 and runs away. Come see his forehead.
 O girls decorated with precious jewels,
 come and see his forehead.

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

43. The poet Puduvaippaṭṭan of southern Pudukkottai
 composed pāsurams using the words of Yashoda
 with dark curly hair
 as she described the beauty of her child from his feet to his head.
 If devotees recite these twenty-one pāsurams
 they will go to Vaikuṅṭam and abide there.

Yashoda's lullaby for Kaṅṅan

44. O lord! Nanmuhan made a beautiful golden cradle
 studded with rubies and diamonds
 and sent it to you with his love.
 Thālelo, you took the form of a dwarf
 and measured the world and the sky, thālelo.

45. O lord, you hold all lives within you.
 Kabali, Shiva the bull-rider sent you a golden ornament
 studded with precious diamonds for your waist
 and a beautiful garland that was tied together
 with pomegranate flowers for a waistband.
 Do not cry, do not cry. thālelo,
 you measured the world for Mahābali, thālelo.

46. O dear lord with the goddess Lakshmi on your handsome chest,
 the king of the gods Indra brought musical anklets
 for your lovely fragrant lotus feet,
 gave them to you and stood nearby, thālelo.
 Your eyes are as beautiful as lotuses, thālelo.

47. The gods in the sky came and gave
 a valampuri conch, musical kolusu for your divine feet,
 round bangles for your beautiful hands,
 a sacred thread for your chest and a waistband.
 You have lovely eyes and a body dark as a cloud.
 O lion-like son of Devaki, thālelo, thālelo.

48. The god Vaishnavan, Kuberan,
 generous to all without discriminating,
 thought that a beautiful aimbaḍaithali
 and a necklace would be suitable
 for your beautiful chest where Lakshmi stays.
 He brings them, stands away from you and worships you.
 Thālelo, your body is as beautiful as a blue sapphire, thālelo.

49. Varuṇan thought that a necklace
 made of shining pearls born in a roaring ocean,
 precious high quality coral,
 and bangles made of singing conches

would be suitable for you and sent them to you.

You are decorated with a shining crown, thālelo,
and you have handsome arms, thālelo.

50. The divine Lakshmi seated on a lotus that drips honey
sent you a garland of forest thulasi
and a garland of karpaga flowers
that bloomed in the fertile grove in the sky
to tie around your forehead.

O king, do not cry, do not cry, thālelo,
you rest on Adishesha in Kuḍandai, thālelo.

51. O Achuda! The earth goddess sent a dress,
a small golden sword with a handle, golden bangles,
a diamond ornament for your forehead
and a shining golden flower on a stalk for you.

You drank the poisonous milk
from the breast of Putanā, thālelo.

O Narayaṇa! Do not cry, thālelo.

52. Durga, the goddess who rides on a heroic deer
sent you fragrant powder to put on your body,
turmeric for your bath, kohl for your beautiful large eyes
and red kumkum to decorate your forehead.

O dear child, do not cry, do not cry.

Thālelo, you rest on a snake bed in Srirangam, thālelo.

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

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

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

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

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

57. As I hold him on my waist,
my son opens his flower-like eyes wide
and calls you as he points to you with his sweet fingers.
O bright moon, if you know what is good for you, don't try to fool us.
You aren't someone who doesn't know
how precious a child is. Come and see him.

58. He calls you loudly with his prattling words
that come from his beautiful nectar-filled mouth.
You move and don't stop even when the beautiful one,
the god Sridharan who is in all, calls you again and again.
Does that mean that your ears are stopped up

and you cannot hear if someone calls you?
Tell me, O wonderful shining moon.

59. Our dear lord with a club, a discus
and a conch in his strong hands
wants to rest and yawns.
If he doesn't rest, he can't digest the milk that he drank.
O lovely moon, you are merely wandering in the sky.
Run and come quickly to him.

60. Don't ignore him thinking he is just a little boy.
He slept on a banyan leaf in the ancient time,
and if he gets mad at you, he will jump on you and catch you.
Don't disrespect him. He is Thirumāl.
O lovely moon, run and quickly come happily.

61. Don't ignore him thinking that he is a small child.
See, he is like a young lion.
Go and ask the king Mahābali
about the few words that Vāmaṇan spoke to him .
If you make a mistake and think he isn't strong,
you will soon be needing his help.
O full moon, Neḍumāl calls you to come to him soon.

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

63. Viṣṇuchithan, the poet from flourishing Villiputhur

composed these Tamil pāsūrams
 that describe how Yashoda
 whose large eyes were decorated with kohl
 called the moon to come to play with her son.
 If devotees recite all these pāsūrams,
 they will have no trouble in their lives.

Sengeeraip paruvam - Crawling Kaṇṇan.

64. You, the highest one, the creator of the world
 swallowed it into your beautiful stomach
 rest gently on a banyan leaf that floats on the ocean
 whenever the world ends and begins again.
 You have a body dark as kohl,
 your eyes are long and beautiful like lotus flowers
 and your ears are decorated with precious shining emeralds.
 O dear one, crawl gently.
 Do not shake Lakshmi, the goddess of wealth who stays on your chest.
 You should think of her safety.
 Shake your head and crawl for me once.
 You are a bull and you fight for the cowherds. Crawl, crawl.

65. You wanted to prove
 what Hiraṇyan's son Prahalādan said was true
 and took the form of a man-lion
 and split Hiraṇyan's body with your sharp claws
 as the Asuran's blood flowed out and spread everywhere.
 When Indra the king of gods was angry with you
 because you ate the food that the cowherds had kept for him
 and he made the dark clouds pour stones as rain
 and the winds blow wildly,
 you carried Govardhana mountain as an umbrella and protected the cows.
 Shake your head and crawl for me once.

You are a bull and you fight for the cowherds. Crawl, crawl.

66. You, our chief, the meaning of all the four Vedas
and the mother of Nānmuhan sitting on a beautiful lotus on your navel,
grew tall, crossing all the earth,
the world of the stars and anything above them for Mahābali,
conquered the elephant Kuvalayābeeḍam
and killed the seven bulls that came to fight with you.
O dear one, shake your head and crawl for me once.
You fought for the cowherds. Crawl, crawl.

67. You fought with Sakaṭāsura and killed him
as the gods in the sky rejoiced,
drank the poison from the breasts
of the cunning devil Putanā and killed her,
threw Vathsāsura when he came as a calf
onto Kabithāsura when he stood disguised as a wood-apple tree
and killed both of them
and, mighty as an elephant, you fought with the strong
Asurans Thenahan, Muran and cruel Vennarahan
in a terrible battle and killed all of them.
O dear one, shake your head and crawl for me once.
You are a bull and you fight for the cowherds. Crawl, crawl.

68. Mighty, you kicked with your legs
and fought with your hands the two Asurans
when they came as marudam trees
and stole and swallowed yogurt and ghee
kept by the beautiful cowherd women with long curly hair.
You do not know how to smile
with your pearl-like small teeth yet.
You crawl and dance
as your beautiful thick hair sways.

O dear one, shake your head and crawl for me once.
You are a bull and you fight for the cowherds. Crawl, crawl.

69. You are colored like a dark kāyām flower or a dark cloud.
O my little child, you danced on the snake Kalingan
in a deep pool in the forest,
took away the tusks of the strong rutting elephant Kuvalayābeeḍam,
and when the wrestlers sent by Kamsan came to fight with you
looking for the right time, you fought with them and killed them
and danced with your two feet.

O dear cowherd! Shake your head and crawl for me once.
You are a bull and you fight for the cowherds. Crawl, crawl.

70. You listened to the words of the strong cowherds,
fought and controlled seven strong bulls
and married the dark-haired Nappinnai, lovely as a peacock.
You went on a bright shining chariot,
searched for the lost children,
found them and brought them back to their mother.

O dear one, shake your head and crawl for me once.
You are a bull and you fight for the cowherds. Crawl, crawl.

71. The cowherd women carry you on their waists,
take you to their homes,
do whatever they like to do with you and lovingly care for you.
When the young girls see you, they become happy,
and if learned people praise you, you give them your grace.
You, the lord who give me your grace and remove my sorrows,
stay in the eternal Thirukkurunguḍi, Thiruveḷḷarai
and Solaimalai surrounded with forts
and you are the nectar that stays in Kaṇṇapuram.

O dear one, shake your head and crawl.
You are the lord of all the seven worlds. Crawl, crawl.

72. When you crawl,
 the fragrance of milk, ghee, yogurt,
 pure sandalwood, shenbaga flowers, lotuses
 and good camphor spreads everywhere.
 The tiny teeth in your lovely coral-red mouth
 shine like beautiful small silver stars.
 The nectar that is as sweet as a fruit
 drips slowly from your mouth and runs through
 the lovely aimbaḍaithāli on your blue chest.
 You are the perfect meaning of the four Vedas.
 Shake your head and crawl.
 You are the lord of all the seven worlds. Crawl, crawl.

73. The tiny soft petal-like toes of your red lotus feet
 are adorned with silver rings,
 your anklets, with kiṅkiṅis,
 your waist, with a golden chain mingled with beautiful pomegranate flowers,
 your arms, with rings and bracelets,
 your ears, with emerald ear rings and vāḷi ornaments,
 and your splendid chest with an auspicious aimpaḍaithali.
 You are the king of our tribe and the lord of all the seven worlds. Crawl, crawl.

74. Beautiful Yashoda, her walk like a swan's,
 praised her divine child, saying,
 "O chief of cowherds,
 you took the forms of a swan, a fish, a man-lion, a dwarf and a turtle.
 You remove my sorrows. Shake your head and crawl.
 You are the lord of all the seven worlds. Crawl, crawl."
 The famous Paṭṭan of Pudukkottai composed
 ten Tamil pāsūrams that describe how Yashoda tells of her son crawling.
 If devotees recite these ten Tamil pāsūrams
 they will become famous in all the eight directions and be happy.

Clapping hands - Yashoda asks Kaṇṇan to clap his hands

75. As the ruby kiṅgiṅis on your feet jingle,
 the precious golden chain on your waist sways
 and the pearl-like teeth in your coral mouth shine,
 you clap the hands
 that took the land from the king Mahābali
 O little one with dark curly hair,
 clap your hands.

76. The bells tied on the golden chain on your waist,
 and the kingini bells decorated with rubies
 that are tied on your waist jingle
 as the chuṭṭi ornament on your forehead swings.
 O magical one, come down from my lap
 and go sit on the lap of the chief of cowherds Nandagopan,
 your father, and clap your hands.
 Clap your hands.

77. O my sapphire-colored child
 adorned with shining golden earrings with many diamonds,
 pearls and precious corals,
 smiling with your jewel-like mouth
 that makes your face lovely,
 come to your mother's lap and clap your hands.
 You carry the discus in your beautiful hand, clap your hands.

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

You rest on the water in Thirukuḍandai, clap your hands.

79. You filled your hands with mud and dirt
from the cowherd village and threw them at me.

You entered our house when I was not there
and stole yogurt and butter from large pots.

You are like a loose calf that is not tied up.

Clap your hands, O Padmanabha, clap your hands.

80. When a hundred Kauravas did not
listen to their father's advice
and came to fight with the Paṇḍavas,
you became the charioteer for Arjuna in the battle
and killed the Kauravas who wanted to rule the land.

Clap your hands that drove the chariot,

O lion-like son of Devaki, clap your hands.

81. When Varuṇan hid and shot his arrows to stop you
from building a bridge to Lanka,
as Rāma, you shot arrows to calm the waves of the ocean
and the ocean allowed you to go to Lanka.

Clap with the hands that carry the bow Sarṅga
that shot those arrows. Clap your hands.

82. When you came as Rāma to the earth, the monkeys,
your helpers, built a strong bridge on the roaring ocean
and you went to Lanka,
shot your arrows on the battlefield
and killed the Rakshasas,
the rulers of Lanka surrounded with wide oceans.

Clap your hands that shot those arrows,

you with a discus in your hands, clap your hands.

83. You came out of a tall pillar
 in the form of a huge man-lion
 when Hiranyaṇ broke it and you split open his strong chest
 with your shining claws.
 You drank the milk from the breasts
 of the female devil Putanā and killed her. Clap your hands.

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

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

Toddling. -- Kaṇṇan as a toddler.

86. Like an elephant with chains on his feet dripping with ichor
 that walks slowly as his chain makes the noise “chalar, pilar,”
 and the golden bells hanging on both side of him ring
 won't my child with the Sārṅga bow
 walk as the bells of the kiṅḡiṅis on his feet ring loudly?
 Won't he toddle with his lovely feet?

87. Won't the sapphire-colored Kaṇṇan, the child of Vasudeva,

ornamented with a chain made of shell on his waist
 and a turtle-shaped pendant
 toddle as the small white teeth in his coral mouth shine
 like the crescent moon in the red sky?
 Won't he toddle?

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

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

90. As the little Kaṇṇan runs swiftly behind his elder brother
 Baladeva who is praised by the whole world,
 he looks like a dark baby mountain
 running swiftly behind a large silver mountain.
 Won't the little child running behind his good brother toddle?

91. He has on his right foot the sign of a conch
 and on his left foot the sign of a wheel
 and when he walks with his two feet,
 he makes the marks of the wheel and conch on the ground.
 He toddles and gives me a flood of the joy again and again.
 Won't the dark ocean-colored one, the father of Kama, toddle?

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

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

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

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

96. The famous poet Vishṇuchithan of the Veyar clan
 described how the dark-colored lord born in the cowherd tribe
 toddled giving joy to his mother and making his enemies tremble.
 If devotees recite these pāsūrams of Vishṇuchithan

they will get children who worship the feet
of the dark jewel-like Māyan .

Yashoda embraces Kaṅṅan. Acho - Acho, what a wonderful thing it is? How sweet it is.

97. O dear one, you run fast and come in front of me
like a cloud filled with lightning
as the golden kiṅṅinis that adorn your feet
make the sound “chalan, chalan.”
Come and stay on my waist, acho! acho!
O dear one, come and embrace me, acho, acho.

98. As your dark hair falls on your coral mouth
it looks as if bees were coming to drink nectar on a red lotus.
Come and embrace me with your beautiful hands
that carry a conch, bow, sword, club and discus.
Come and stay on my waist, acho! acho!
Come and embrace me tightly, acho, acho.

99. O dear one, you went as a messenger
for the Paṅṅavas and fought for them in the Bharatha war,
entered the pond where the snake Kalingan lived,
killing him and giving your grace to the cowherds.
You have the dark color of kohl, acho, acho.
O dear child of the cowherds,
come and embrace me, acho, acho.

100. When you asked a hunch-backed woman,
a servant of king Kamsan,
to give you the fragrant sandal paste
that she was carrying for the king,
she took it and smeared it on your body

without being afraid of the king
 and you straightened her back.
 Come and embrace me, acho! acho!
 O dear one, come and embrace me, acho, acho.

101. You carry a discus in your hands.
 When you went to Duryodhana's assembly,
 he, surrounded with heroic ankleted kings, shining like a sun,
 saw you and stood up but then sat again and looked at you angrily.
 You looked at Duryodhana with fiery eyes
 and destroyed his evil thoughts, acho, acho.
 Come and embrace me, acho, acho.

102. You with big and dark eyes and a body as dark as a cloud
 became the charioteer for Arjuna adorned with beautiful garlands,
 fought in the battle with the Paṇḍavas
 and removed the troubles of the earth.
 Come and embrace me tightly, acho, acho,
 O bull that fights for the cowherds, acho, acho.

103. When the rishi Sukrachariyar said
 it was not good to give the boons that the dwarf asked
 and wished to stop the sacrifice of the famous king Mahābali,
 you were angry at the rishi and injured his eyes with a stick.
 You carry a discus in your right hand, acho, acho,
 and a conch in your left hand, acho, acho.

104. You became angry when Namusi
 the son of Mahābali said, "What is this magic?
 When you asked for land from my father, you were a dwarf
 but now you have become so tall that you measure the earth and the sky.
 My father didn't know your tricks.
 You should have taken your real form

when you asked for land and measured the earth,”
 You lifted up Namusi
 and threw him down to the earth from the sky.
 O you with a shining crown, embrace me, acho, acho
 you are the god of Thiruvēnkaṭam hills, acho, acho.

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

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

.107. Saying, “Come, acho, acho!”
 Yashoda called her son, the lord Nārāyanan.
 If his devotees call him, he comes in front of them.
 Viṣṇuchithan, the chief of Pudukkottai city,
 filled with beautiful palaces and porches,
 composed pāsūrams with Yasoda’s words.
 If devotees recite these pāsūrams every day
 they will go to heaven and rule the sky.

Puṛam pulhal - Kaṇṇan embracing Yashoda.

108. My little child comes and embraces me from behind
as his ornaments make the sound “choṭṭu, choṭṭu,”
sounding like pearl-like drops falling
from the tops of shining diamond-like buds in a garden.
Govindan comes and embraces me.

109. My dear child Kaṇṇan,
his feet adorned with kingiṇi bells,
his hands with coral bracelets and his neck with a chain
dances, walks, comes beautifully
and embraces me from behind.
My lovely child, embraces me from behind.

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

111. When Arjuna worshiped Kaṇṇan, the king of the gods,
and asked for help saying,
“O lord with the sword Nāṇḍagam,
you are the best among men and my refuge,”
you drove Arjuna's strong jeweled chariot,
terrified the enemy kings of the Pandavas and defeated them.
He, the king of gods embraces me from behind.

112. He took the form of Vāmanan,
carried a brass pot and an umbrella,
sang songs under flourishing groves, played,

and went to king Mahābali.

When he received a boon from Mahābali,
 he took over the earth and the sky
 as his devotees praised him, saying, “Pallāṇḍu!”
 He comes and embraces me from behind,
 that short Vāmanan embraces me from behind.

113. He took the form of a handsome dwarf bachelor,
 and, carrying an umbrella,
 went to king Māhabali’s sacrifice, asked for a boon,
 and measured the world, taking the earth, the sky and all lands
 as all the kings looked on.
 He comes and embraces me from behind.

114. Our lord as a sweet child
 turned over the wide-mouthed mortar,
 climbed on it and stole the sweet milk
 and butter from the pot, swallowed all of it
 and filled his divine stomach.
 He comes and embraces me from behind.
 The lord with the discus, embraces me from behind.

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

116. The lord promised his beloved wife
 that he would bring the Kalpaka plant from Indra’s world,
 went there and brought it and planted it in her front yard
 where the moon shines.

He embraces me from behind,
the god of gods embraces me from behind.

117. Yashoda, the cowherdess with round bamboo-like arms,
described how the lord with a discus
embraced her from behind when he was a child.
Vishṇuchithan put Yasoda's words into pāsurams.
If devotees recite these ten Tamil pāsurams
they will get good children and live happily.

**Appuchi Kāṭṭal - When Kaṇṇan threatens the cowherd girls as if he were a goblin,
they complain about his mischievousness to Yashoda..**

118. The lord with a conch in his left hand
that sounds in victory
and plays delightful music on his flute
went as a messenger to the Kauravas
for the Paṇḍavas when they had lost everything
to the dishonest gambling of Sakuni
and, unable to keep even ten cities,
had to fight the Bharatha war to get their land back.
He comes as a goblin and frightens us.
That dear one comes as a goblin and frightens us.

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

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

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

122. He killed Sakaṭāsura
 when the Asura came as a cart yoked to bulls.
 The dear child was pulled with a rope used to churn yogurt
 and tied on mortar by Nandan's wife Yashoda.
 He comes as a goblin and frightens us,
 that dear one comes as a goblin and frightens us.

123. The dear child of Devaki
 with young soft breasts like cheppu
 stole and swallowed ghee, milk and yogurt
 that we, the cowherd women kept.
 He comes as a goblin and frightens us,
 that dear one comes as a goblin and frightens us.

124. Did Yashoda adopt this child
 or did she give birth to him?

She loves him no matter what.
 That dark-haired child,
 decorated with bunches of flowers,
 dear Gopalan, the young lion-like son of Yashoda,
 comes as a goblin and frightens us,
 that dear one comes as a goblin and frightens us.

125. As Rāma our lord obeyed his stepmother
 after she heard the words of cruel Manthara,
 gave away his precious elephants, horses
 and his earthly kingdom to his brother Bharathan and went to the terrible forest.
 That dear one with lovely eyes
 comes as a goblin and frightens us,
 he comes as a goblin and frightens us.

126. The majestic lord came
 riding his eagle and saved the elephant Gajendra
 when. caught by a terrible crocodile,
 he cried out, “O my Kaṇṇā, my Kaṇṇā!”
 He, the protector of his devotees,
 comes as a goblin and frightens us,
 that dear one comes as a goblin and frightens us.

127. Viṣṇuchithan composed ten pāsurams
 describing how as Rāma our god destroyed
 the strong Rakshasas of Lanka with his bow
 and how he came as a goblin and frightened
 the cowherd women in the cowherd village.
 If good devotees recite
 the ten beautiful “appuchi kāṭṭa” pāsurams,
 they will go to Vaikuṇṭham and stay there forever.

Yashoda calling Kaṇṇan to come and drink milk

128. You are a bull among the cowherd and you rest on the snake bed

Get up to drink your milk.

You have not eaten in the night and slept

and even today you have not got up until afternoon.

Your stomach looks empty.

My beautiful breasts are filled with milk.

Come and drink milk happily with your divine mouth

as you kick me with your feet.

129. Since you were born, I have not seen

the ghee, the boiled milk, thick yogurt and fragrant butter that I kept.

You have done whatever you like with them.

Don't get upset, I won't punish you.

Smiling with your pearl-like teeth,

come and drink milk from my breast.

130. If their children cry and go to their mothers

because you hit them while you played with them,

their mothers get upset

and they come and complain about you.

You aren't worried and ignore them.

Your father doesn't care about their complaints

and I don't have the heart to shout at you.

O lovely son of Nandagopan,

come and drink the milk that comes from my breast.

131. I was afraid that your feet, soft as cotton

might have been hurt when you kicked Sakaṭāsura

when he came as an illusory cart sent by Kamsan.

O king of the gods,

you, the protector of the cowherds,

destroyed Kamsan with your cunning deeds.
Come and drink the milk from my breast.

132. If Kamsan, intending only evil, gets angry at you,
finds the right time, and comes and attacks you
with his magic when you are tired and hurts you,
I will not live without you.
O Vasudeva, you know it is good
to listen to mother's advice.
I tell you strongly, don't go.
You are the bright light of cowherd village.
Come, sit and drink milk from my breast.

133. You stay in Villipputhur happily
where the bees that buzz sweetly
swarm around the long hair of women with waists as thin as lightning.
The people see you and praise your mother, saying,
"What tapas did his mother do to give birth to this son?"
O Rishiksha, come and drink the milk from my breasts.

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

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

as you rub my other breast with your fingers.
Come and drink milk eagerly from one breast and then the other.

136. As you play in the front yard
your red lotus-like face sweats
and the drops of that sweat look like precious pearls
that fall on a beautiful lotus blossom.
Don't make your body dirty with the mud you are playing in.
You, the king of the gods,
gave nectar to the gods and pleased them.
Come and drink the milk from my breasts.

137. I thought that you are Padmanabhan as you come running,
your kingiṇi ornaments sounding like music.
You dance and dance swaying as you come.
Don't run away dancing and dancing for the music,
that your kiṇiṇi makes.
O, best among men, come and drink milk from my breasts.

138. Yashoda with a band around her breasts
called her child saying,
"Madhava, come and drink milk!"
The famous Viṣṇucithan of Villiputhur
where the kuṇḍai flowers spread their fragrance
as they bloom in the ponds composed pāsurams
about how the cowherdess Yashoda called her son.
If devotees recite these pāsurams
their hearts will think only of the lovely-eyed Thirumāl.

Yashoda calls Kaṇṇan to come to pierce his ears.

139. You, with your beautiful blue ocean-colored body,
wander around everywhere alone.

Your proud father has not returned home from his work.

Kamsan, the strong, brave fighter is cruel
and there is no one to save you from him.

You, the crazy one, drank milk
from the breast of the devil Putanā..

You are the best among men, O Kesava!
All the cowherd women have come here to see
the ceremony of having your ears pierced
and I have prepared betel leaves and nuts to give them.

140. O Nārāyaṇā, you are never away from the hearts of devotees
if they approach and worship you.

Come to me wearing the beautiful coral chain on your waist
as the kiṅgiṇi ornaments on your lotus feet sing.

I will put threads through the holes in your ears without hurting you
and I will decorate your ears with earrings.

See these golden earrings lovely to look at.

141. I bought and kept for you emerald earrings,
shaped like fish that live in the ocean,
so expensive that even the whole earth
would be not enough to buy them.

I will put threads through your ears without hurting you.

I will give you all the things that you want.

O radiant one, born in the cowherd clan to save the cowherds,
you attract the minds of the young cowherd women by your magic.

O Madhava, come.

142. O Govinda, the cowherd children wear earrings
studded with beautiful diamonds
that hang down from their ears—
see, they are good children.

O Govinda, why don't you listen to me?

If you wear these lovely earrings
 I will give you sweet jackfruit to eat
 and the milk from my beautiful breasts.
 Listen to me, my dear one. I plead with you—come here.

143. O dear child, even when I beg you
 and say I worship you, you don't listen to me.
 How can I think you are a good child
 when you join the curly-haired girls,
 dance the kuravai dance with them and come back late?
 O dear child, if you will let me put the thread in your ears
 I will give you large appams even though you are naughty.
 You are the lord of the sky,
 your hair is as dark as a cloud
 and the girls with round arms like bamboo love you. Come here.

144. You cried so loud
 that even the sky-dwellers could hear you.
 When I looked into your mouth,
 I saw the whole earth inside and I was frightened
 as I thought that you are the Madhusudanan.
 See, even your ears know that there will not be any wound.
 Just bear with me, my dear child!
 You, our protector, are lovely like a dark cloud
 and have the color of the ocean.
 Come and drink the milk from my breasts.

145. You said, "I don't want your milk"
 and ran away with the earrings.
 When the rain of stones fell,
 you carried Govardhana mountain happily
 and protected the herd of cows.
 O Thirivikrama, you broke the bow of Shiva

and you are the chief of the beautiful cowherd village.

I didn't put the thread on your ears
when you were a baby because I was worried
your head wouldn't stay still.

Wasn't that my mistake?

146 O dear child! you complained and said,
"See, mother, you shouldn't say it is my fault.

When I ate mud, you caught me and hit me.

Didn't you show your friends my mouth
and tell them I had eaten mud?"

O dear one, aren't you Vāmanan
with an eagle, the enemy of the evil snake, on your flag?
If I do not put threads in, the holes on your ears will close.
O beloved lord who remove the troubles of your devotees,
I'm telling you the truth, I won't hurt you.
Come and let me put in the thread.

147. O Sridhara, you complain saying,
"Mother, you believed what others said and punished me.
Isn't it true you thought I had stolen the butter?
And didn't you pull me and tie me to the mortar?
Everyone saw me tied to the mortar and made fun of me."

O, dear child, listen.
If you keep complaining about what happened,
laughing and wasting time, the holes in your ears will close.
Come, I will put the thread in your ears
before the beautiful women standing here laugh at you.

148. O dear child, you said,
"Mother, what would it matter to you and these lovely women
if my ears swell up and hurt?"
I didn't put the thread in your ears when you were young

because I was worried it might hurt you. It is my fault.
 Don't you see how all the children
 wandering around the cowherd village
 have had threads put in their ears?
 O Rishiksha, you killed Arishṭasuran and Vasthasuran
 by throwing a young calf at them.

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

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

151. The lovely Yashoda, wishing to put a thread in Kaṇṇan's ears,
 brought emerald earrings and called her child.
 The chief of Pudukai, praised by all the world,
 composed twelve pāsuras with Yashoda's words.
 If devotees recite these twelve divine anthādi pāsuras
 they will be devotees of Achudan, the lord.

Yashoda calls Kaṇṇan to come and take a bath

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

153. Look, you, our beloved, want to catch small ants
and put them in the ears of calves,
but if you scare them and they run away
how can you get butter from cow's milk
and eat it as you do now?
O lord, You made the mara trees fall.
Today is Thiruvoṇam, your birthday.
Don't run away. Come to bathe.

154. All the cowherd women called me
and told me not to feed you milk
because you drank the poisonous milk
from the breasts of the devil Putanā,
but my mind won't let me not feed you, so I will.
I've boiled water with gooseberry and filled a large pot with it.
You have the color of a sapphire and are praised by all—
come to bathe in the water mixed with turmeric.

155. Kamsan sent Sakaṭāsuraṇ to kill you
and when he came in the form of a cart you kicked and killed him.
You drank the milk from the breast of the evil Putanā and killed her .
You are a good child.

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

O beautiful child, come to bathe.

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

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

If you don't bathe, the young girls with breasts like ceppus
will talk about you behind your back and laugh.

You should have a good bath. O beloved lord, come here.

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

You pinch sleeping babies and wake them up
and you open your eyes wide and scare them by making faces.

O beloved lord , I will give you fruits to eat.

O beautiful one with the lovely color
of the sounding ocean that has roaring waves,
come to bathe in the fragrant turmeric water.

158. From the time you were born,

I have not seen the good milk that I have gotten,
the churned yogurt and the butter that I put on the uri.

O beloved child,

I'll be careful not to speak of these things in front of others

because they may gossip," I'm your stepmother and am treating you badly."

Come and bathe in the fragrant turmeric water.

159. You tied palm leaves to the tails of calves,

and you shook fruits from the trees

and threw them at the Asuran and killed him.

You caught the tail of the snake Kalingan and danced on his heads.

O best among men! I am not as strong as you are.

Today is your auspicious birthday.

You should take a good bath, O Nāraṇa.
Don't run away, come here.

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

161. Viṣṇuchithan the chief of old Pudukkottai, praised by all the worlds,
composed pāsurams describing how Yashoda
called Kaṇṇan to come bathe in fragrant turmeric water.
If devotees learn these excellent Tamil pāsurams
they will not experience the results of any bad karma.

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

162. He is the beloved of Nappinnai.
and he rests on the ocean in Thirupperur,
the ancient, unique seed of all the gods.
O crow, come and help me comb the hair
of the king, the protector of me and my whole clan.
O crow, come and help me comb Mādhavan's hair.

163. O crow, he has a pure body colored like a blue sapphire.
Come and help me comb and groom his hair.
He drank milk from the breasts of the evil Putanā,
he destroyed the magical Sakaṭāsura when he came as a cart
and he killed the two Asurans disguised as marudam trees.
His body is blue like the kaya flower.

O crow, come and help me comb his hair.

164. O crow, come and help me
comb the hair of the god of gods,
the chief of the cowherds.

He swallowed the butter that I had kept in a large pot on the uri
and ran away quickly and pretended to rest.

O crow, he has the color of the dark cloud.
Come and help me comb the hair of Kaṇṇan.
Come and help me comb his hair.

165. He split open the beak of the thief Baṇāsuran
when the Asuran came in the form of a heron,
hid and flew along the valley.

O crow, come and help me comb the hair of the enemy of Bāṇasuran
who drank milk from the breasts of the devil Putanā.

O crow, come and help me comb the hair of the lord.

166. O crow, as he grazed the cattle
he threw Vathsāsuran when he came as a calf
onto the vilam tree, shaking down its fruits and killed him.

Don't fly around everywhere and wander,
crowing sweetly and praising the name of the highest.

O crow, come every day and help me comb his hair.

O crow, come and help me comb the hair of the lord with a discus in his hand.

167. O crow, come and help me comb and groom his hair.

In the blink of an eye, he destroyed with his discus the Asurans
when they afflicted the innocent people of the eastern land.

O crow, come and help me comb his hair and make it beautiful.

O crow, come and help me comb Govindan's hair.

168. O crow, don't fly around

wishing to eat the food people give
 in the ceremony for their ancestors
 and the watery rice people give for the peys.
 O crow, come and help me comb the hair, dark as a bee,
 of the beautiful child, the god of the gods in the sky.
 O crow, come and help me comb the hair of Māyavan.

169. O crow, he created the four-headed Nānmuhan
 on a beautiful lotus on his navel.
 Come and help me comb his hair.
 Come help me untangle his thick hair with oil
 and make it beautiful with a white comb made of ivory.
 O crow, come and help me comb Damodaran's hair.

170. O crow, he measured the whole world
 and puzzled the queens of king Mahābali when they saw it.
 Come, stand behind me and help me comb his hair.
 I am putting him on a soft bed to comb his golden hair.
 O crow, come and help me comb the hair
 of the my child with a thousand names.

171. Paṭṭan, the chief of Villiputhur surrounded by walls
 that touch the sky, composed these pāsūrams
 that describe how the cowherdess Yashoda called the crow and said,
 "Come, O crow, help me comb the dark cloud-colored hair
 of my child that swarms with bees.
 We don't want anyone to see his hair uncombed and blame me."
 If devotees praise him and sing these pāsūrams
 they will not have any bad karma.

Yashoda asks a crow to bring a grazing stick for Kaṇṇan,

172. O crow, on his round neck

he wears a chain with a turtle pendent
and his head is adorned with peacock feathers.

Bring a grazing stick for him.

He cuts sticks from the fences, makes arrows
and plays with the boys with them.

Bring a grazing stick for him as he goes behind the cattle,
bring a grazing stick for the one colored like the blue ocean.

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

174. O crow, he killed Kamsan
when he came angrily to fight with him
and he split open the mouth of the Asuran
when he came as a heron to fight with him.
Bring a suitable grazing stick
for my son running and grazing small calves
as his curly hair blows around.
Bring a grazing stick for the god of gods.

175. O crow, our lord went as a messenger to Duryodhana
and was victorious in the Bharatha war
over the Paṇḍava's enemy the king of the Kauravas
when he promised that he would never be friends with the Paṇḍavas
or give them any land.
Bring a grazing stick for him to graze the calves,
bring a grazing stick for the child, the lord colored like the blue ocean.

176. O crow, Kaṇṇan went as a messenger to Duryodhana
and asked him to give the Paṇḍavas' land back to them,

but Duryodhana refused to give them even one town.

Kaṇṇan angrily started the Bharatha war,

drove Arjuna's chariot in the battle

and got victory for the Paṇḍavas.

O crow, bring a grazing stick for the god of gods

the conquerer of the Kauravas.

177. O crow, he rests on the banyan leaf as a baby at the end of the world.

He granted his grace to Arjuna in the Bharatha war

and he rests on Adishesha on the blue ocean for endless time.

O crow, bring a grazing stick for the beautiful lord of Kuḍandai.

178. O crow, when he, as Rāma,

stayed on golden Chithrakuḍam mountain,

he put out one eye of Jayanthan

when he came in the form of a crow and wounded Sitā.

Bring a grazing stick quickly for my thick-haired son

before he gets angry and destroys the other eye of the crows.

Bring a grazing stick to this dear child,

the shining sapphire-colored lord.

179. O crow, bring a grazing stick for him.

Bending his matchless bow he killed the ten-headed Ravaṇan,

the king of Lanka, adorned with shining diamond crowns,

for the sake of Sitā with a waist as thin as lightning.

Bring a grazing stick for him, adorned with a shining crown.

Bring the grazing stick for the lord

who made a bridge over the ocean to go to Lanka.

180. O crow, he cut off the heads and arms of Ravaṇan,

the king of Lanka in the south,

and gave the country to Vibhishaṇa with shining ornaments, saying,

“You will rule this country as long as my name abides in the world.”

Bring a grazing stick for the beautiful one , who shines like lightning and stays in the Thiruvēṅkaṭam hills. Bring a grazing stick for him

181. The Paṭṭan of Villiputhur composed pāsurams using the words of Yashoda as she asked the crow to bring a grazing stick to her beloved child. If devotees recite these ten Tamil pāsurams they will get good children and live happily in the world.

Yashoda wants to adorn Kāṅṅan's hair with flower.

182. You go to graze the cattle.
Don't you know that you are the finest remedy for all problems?
You wander around the forest
and your divine dark body becomes dull.
You steal milk from the pots of others
and people who don't like you see it and laugh at you.
O dear child, you are sweeter than honey.
Come, I will decorate your hair with shēnbaga flowers.

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

184. You stay in the tall Thiruvēṅkaṭam hills.
You, young one, climb up to the patios of the palaces,
enter the homes where the girls stay
and tear their bras and silk blouses. Is that all?
You grab the border of their saris and tear them, giving them trouble every day.

Come to me and I will decorate your hair
with padiri flowers and green thulasi leaves.

185. Don't stand on the street and bother the young cowherd girls.
O dear child, you have the color of the dark cloud.
You are like a small calf with beautiful eyebrows,
glistening dark hair and a shining forehead.
The fragrance of your thulasi garland spreads everywhere.
Come happily and I will I decorate your hair
with this thulasi garland.

186. You split open the beak of Bāṇasuran
when he came in the form of a heron,
broke the tusk of the elephant, Kuvalayabeeḍam,
cut off the nose of the cunning Surpanakha,
and cut down the heads of the king Ravaṇan,
yet I, your devotee, wasn't afraid of you
when I hit you because you took gobs of butter
and swallowed them.
Come and I will decorate your hair
with a garland of sengazhuneer flowers
that bloomed in clear water.

187. O, best among men!
What do you gain fighting with bulls to marry Nappinnai?
You knew the evil deeds of Kamsan
and killed him with your ploys,
and you fought with the wrestlers and defeated them.
You harassed the cowherd girls on the streets.
You are precious as gold!
Come and I will decorate your hair with punnai flowers.

188. You are our king!

You throw pots into the sky
 and dance the kuḍakkuthu with them.
 O my son, you bewitch beautiful girls,
 with faces as lovely as the moon.
 You split open the chest of Hiranyaṅ
 into two pieces with your claws.
 O beloved lord of Kuḍandai,
 come and I will decorate your hair with kurukkathi flowers.

189. You made friends with the Asura Thirumālihan
 and cut off his head with your discus.
 O lord, you know the future of all
 and you rest on the Kāviri river in beautiful Srirangam.
 Don't cheat me.
 Come and I will decorate your hair with iruvaṭchi flowers.

190. Although in heaven you stay in the assembly of gods,
 you live in the hearts of your devotees on the earth.
 You, the beloved of Lakshmi, swallowed all the seven worlds
 and rest on the banyan leaf.
 Come and I will decorate your hair
 with iruvaṭchi flowers blooming with big buds,
 and I will see you and be happy.

191. The Paṭṭarpiran, the chief of Villipputhur
 composed pāsūrams with music
 telling how the cowherdess Yashoda happily called her son,
 the king of the earth, to come
 so that she could decorate his hair
 with eight kinds of flowers that she brought that day.

Yashoda wants to put a “kāppu” on Kaṇṇan to protect him from evil eyes.

192. Indra, Nānmuhan, Shiva and all other gods
brought beautiful divine flowers,
stood away from you and looked at you happily .
You abide in Vellāraṅai where the moon shines above the palaces
and the dancers sing your praise while they dance.
Come, beautiful child, it is evening
and I will put a kāppu on you
to save you from evil eyes. .

193. The calves you grazed haven't come home
and their mothers cry out and call them.
I am tired of calling you, heartless one!
Don't stay on the streets, it is getting dark.
You are the god of Thiruvellāraṅai surrounded by walls.
Listen! I'm saying this for your own good.
Come and I will put kāppu on you
to save you from evil eyes.

194. When you knocked over the play houses
and messed up the play food of the girls
with soft breasts that are formed like ceppus,
I scolded you and now you have run away
and haven't come back to eat.
You, the ruler of the world,
stay in Thiruvellāraṅai where rishis live
and the gods praise you three times a day.
I won't do anything to hurt you.
O beloved child, come and I will put kāppu on you
to save you from evil eyes.

195. You bother everyone you see.

Countless children come again and again
and they complain that you threw sand into their eyes
and kicked them.

O Kaṇṇan, you, the generous one,
are the ocean-colored lord of Thiruveḷḷaṟai.
Come and I will put kāppu on you
to save you from evil eyes.

196. Even if thousands of children from this village
do naughty things, people will say you did them.
O beloved one, come.
You stay in Thiruveḷḷaṟai where good people live
and you are the light of wisdom.
I will praise your beautiful body.
Come and I will put kāppu on you to save you from evil eyes.

197. I heard that Kamsan is angry at you
and is sending Putanā, the dark red-haired devil,
to cheat and kill you.
You stay in the beautiful Thiruveḷḷaṟai
that is surrounded by walls
and filled with diamond-studded palaces
over which the clouds scud.
I am afraid you will be hurt even if you stay there.
O beautiful child, come and I will put kāppu on you
so that evil eyes will not harm you.

198. O beloved, my prince,
you stay in flourishing Thiruveḷḷaṟai.
I know that you kicked and killed the evil Sakaṭāsura
when he came disguised as a cart.
You destroyed the two Asurans
when they came in the form of marudu trees.

I know you killed the devil Putanā,
 drinking milk from her breasts,
 but I don't know what else you might have done after that.
 It is time for you to go to bed, O highest lord,
 come and I will put kāppu on you
 so that evil eyes will not harm you.

199. You are the god of Thiruvellārai
 surrounded with precious golden walls.
 You gave me the highest joy.
 Even the gods do not know who you are.
 You, a king, killed the elephant Kuvalayabeeḍam
 and you were Yama for cruel Kamsan,
 You have been raised as a precious child.
 See, there is a beggar, a Kambakkabāli wearing a garland of skulls.
 Run, come quickly and I will put kāppu on you
 so that evil eyes will not harm you.

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

201. Yashoda, the best among women,
 called her son to put kāppu on him,

the lord of auspicious Thiruvellaṛai
 with Lakshmi the goddess of wealth.
 Viṣṇuchithan who knows the benefit of learning the Vedas
 made Yashoda's words into pāsurams.
 If devotees recite even one part of these pāsurams
 their bad karma will disappear.

The complaining cowherd girls!

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

203. Yashoda talks to Kaṇṇan and her neighbors.
 "You are my dear child!
 As the dwarf Vamanan, you went to the king Mahābali.
 Come, come, come here!
 You are the best of the Kahusta dynasty,
 with dark hair, a beautiful face and a lovely mouth. Come here.
 And you, lovely neighbors, you know he is my beloved child,
 know how precious he is to me.
 Listen, son with a body dark as kohl,
 it hurts me when I hear the neighbors complain about you.

I can't bear it. Don't you feel sorry for me? Come to me."

204. The cowherd women complain to Yashoda and say,
"Your wonderful son doesn't hesitate to do naughty things.

He thinks it is just fine to do them.

He swallowed all the melted ghee in our pots and broke them
and now he stands here as if he has done nothing wrong.

Is it right to do bad things like this to your neighbors?

Yashoda, call him to come to you.

He doesn't allow us to live!

No doubt, he is indeed Madhusudanan."

205. Yashoda asks Kaṇṇan to come to her and says,

"O you with the dark color of a cloud, come,
god of Srirangam, come, divine Naraṇan of Thirupperur
surrounded by the ocean with clear waves, come."

He came running into the house and said,

"I've only come to eat."

Yashoda could not get angry at him.

She approached him and embraced him.

This is the loving trick

that Yashoda's dear child has learned.

206. A cowherdess complains,

"I milked the cow and put the milk on the stove,
but I found out I didn't have any fire to light it.

I asked my daughter to stay there

and went to borrow some fire from a neighbor.

As I stood there and chatted with the neighbor for a while,
the dear lord of Sāḷakkirāṁam turned over the pot,

drank the milk and ran away.

O beautiful Yashoda

with a voice as sweet as the juice from a sugarcane press,

call your son.”

207. Yashoda calls Kaṇṇan to come to her.

“ O my son, you should come to me.

You should come to me now.

Don't say you won't come. Come to me.

The neighbors keep complaining about you
and it's hard for me to hear so many complaints.

You are a happy little one!

You carried Govardhana mountain
and danced the Kuḍakkuthu dance.

You are the meaning of the Vedas
and my god of Venkaṭa hills. Come here.”

208. A cowherd girl complains,

“I made twelve types of sweets with good rice,
small lentils, sugar, fragrant ghee and milk
for the festival of Thiruvoṇam.

I know what he does—

he already ate my food once before.

He said he wanted more and gobbled everything up
and stood as if he hadn't done anything wrong.

O lovely Yashoda, call your son
and ask him to come to you.

I only have a little bit of food left over.”

209. Yashoda calls Kaṇṇan to come to her.

“O Kesava, come here.

Don't say no. Come to me.

Don't go to unfriendly people's houses and play there. Come to me.

Don't stay where common people
say bad things about you and servants live.

Obeying your mother's words is your duty.

Damodara, come here.”

210. A cowherd girl complains,

“ I kept sweet laddus, seedais and sesame sweet balls in a pot and went outside.

I thought no one would come into my house

and take anything, but your son entered my house

and ate all the sweets without leaving any at all.

He even looked into the pot hanging on the uri

and checked to see if there was any butter hidden there.

O Yashoda, beautiful one, call your son to come to you.

I've only told you some of the naughty things he did.”

211. A cowherd girl complains,

“If anyone complains about your son, you get upset.

O lovely Yashoda, he is tricky.

He came to our house and called my girl,

took her bracelets, went away through the backyard,

sold them to the berry seller

and bought some sweet berries and ate them.

When I asked him about the bracelets,

he said, “I haven't seen them” and laughed.

212. The chief Paṭṭar, Viṣṇuchithan, composed songs

describing the play of the god of Srirangam in the southern land

surrounded with groves where bees happily swarm

and the Kaveri flows with its abundant water.

If people sing these songs and dance

they will become devotees of Govindan

and will be like lights that brighten up all the eight directions.

I bow to them and worship their feet.

The complaints of the young cowherd girls

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

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

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

216. O Yashoda, your son killed the Asuran Thenuhan,
threw his body at the tree,
and made the fruits of the palmyra tree fall.
When Indra made a heavy rain fall on the cattle,
he carried Govardhana mountain in his big arms

and protected the cows. We think that was good,
but he stole our clothes, stays in the top of the tree,
and refuses to give them back. This isn't fair.

217. O Yashoda, when your son stole the milk and yogurt
in the cowherd village and ate them,
the cowherds saw him, caught him and tied him up.
Now he can't steal the butter
made by the cowherd women with round bamboo-like arms
because they tied him up and spanked him so he cried. This isn't fair.

218. O Yashoda, even when he was a baby
toddling with his tiny feet,
that young child knew in his mind
that the devil Putanā would come, cheat him and try to kill him.
When she came, he drank poisonous milk from her breasts and killed her.
We think that was good,
but he stole our clothes, stays in the top of the tree
and refuses to give them back. This isn't fair.

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

220. O Yashoda, your son, the god of gods in the sky,
came riding on his vehicle, the Garuḍazhvar
and removed the suffering of Gajendra the elephant
when he was caught by a crocodile in the large pond
blooming with cool screw pine plants and ambal flowers,

killing the crocodile with his discus.

We think that was wonderful,
but he stole our clothes, stays in the top of the tree,
and refuses to give them back. This isn't fair.

221. O Yashoda, your son with the color of a cloud in the sky
grazes the cows in the forest and plays happily.

He took the form of a boar, went beneath the earth
brought the earth stolen by an Asuran and put it back.

We think that was wonderful,
but he stole our clothes, stays in the top of the tree,
and refuses to give them back. This isn't fair.

222. Paṭṭan, the chief of Pudukai,
composed pāsurams describing the complaints
of the beautiful cowherd women to Yashoda
about the lotus-eyed Kaṇṇan.

If devotees recite these pāsurams
they will have no troubles in their lives.

Kaṇṇan, Yashoda and the cowherd women

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

224. I gave a bath to your sky-blue body

and fed you food sweet as nectar and went out.
 Before I came back you killed the Asuran
 when he came as a fully-laden cart
 and returned to stay quietly at home.
 You changed the mind of a young girl
 with a waist thin as lightning and made her love you.
 Dear child, I know who you are
 and I'm afraid to give you food.

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

226. You fascinate the beautiful young cowherd girls
 whose dark eyes are decorated with kohl.
 You follow them holding onto their soft clothes
 and steal their clothes and stand away.
 You do many mischievous things.
 You tell lies and people are gossiping about you.
 I heard a lot about you near the pond.
 Dear child, I know who you are
 and I'm afraid to give you food.

227. You swallow the butter and the yogurt
 that the cowherd women churn three times a day and keep.
 You make the pots that the cowherds
 carry on their shoulders fall and drink the yogurt.
 You sob and sob like the children

who want to drink milk from their mothers.

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

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

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

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

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

229. You are light!

You go into the grove and play soft music
on your flute, entralling everyone.

The cowherd girls with soft curly hair come
and surround you to listen to you playing music
and worship you.

O dear child, my only fault is that I have raised you.

You are naughty and the cowherd women
are always complaining about you,
but I know who you are
and I'm afraid to give you food.

230. Even if you keep quiet
without doing anything naughty,
people don't believe it.

You fascinate the beloved daughters of others,
embrace and enjoy them,

and do things one can't speak of.
 No matter what I say about you,
 the cowherd families don't listen.
 They blame me because of you
 until I can no longer listen to all their complaints.
 You, son of Nandan, are like a bull.
 I know who you are and I'm afraid to give you food.

231. Cowherd mothers go to sell buttermilk,
 cowherd fathers go behind the cows to graze them,
 and you, fearless, run behind the lovely village girls.
 You wander around and everyone who sees you
 says how naughty you are.
 You do things to please even those who don't like you.
 You are my dear child. I know who you are and I'm afraid to give you food.

232. You went into a blooming garden with a young girl
 with hair is adorned with a bunch of flowers,
 embraced her breasts adorned with pearl chains,
 and stayed there with her all night.
 You only returned after the night was gone
 and came at dawn.
 If people want to gossip about you
 I let them say what they want. I won't shout at you.
 Dear child, I know who you are
 and I'm afraid to give you food.

233. Yashoda with fragrant flowers in her hair
 called the dark one colored like a cloud
 and told him that she will give him food sweet as nectar,
 not just any food.
 Paṭṭarpiran, the chief of Pudukkottai,
 the famous poet praised by the whole earth,

composed pāsurams with Yashoda's words.

If people recite these pāsurams
they will become the devotees of Rishikesa.

234. Yashoda says,

“I bathed the dear kohli-colored child of the cowherd clan
in turmeric water and sent him out to go behind the calves
because I didn't want him wandering from house to house.
But how could I send my child who fought Kamsan
without worrying that his ankleted feet would hurt
as he went behind the calves?
What a terrible thing I have done!”

235. Yashoda says, “I don't want my son to go wandering around
kicking and destroying the play houses
of lovely doll-like girls
with bodies adorned with fragrant turmeric powder.
I don't want him going around doing naughty things.
Why have I sent him behind the calves to the forest
where hunters go with their axes?
Why did I send my child behind the calves?
What a terrible thing I have done!”

236. Yashoda says,

“I don't want my son wandering
and playing every day with young girls
decorated with beautiful maṇimegalai ornaments.
I don't want him making his shining golden body dirty with mud.
That's why I've sent my sapphire-colored son
to go behind calves on the forest paths
where the bells of the cattle ring out.
What a terrible thing I have done!”

237. Yashoda says,

“I don’t want him wandering around
in this cowherd village doing naughty things
so the beautiful dark-haired women there come
and gossip about him.

He, the god beyond all thought is sweet to the eyes of all.
I have sent him to the forest behind the calves to graze them.
What a terrible thing I have done!”

238. Yashoda says,

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

239. Yashoda says,

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

240. Yashoda says,

“I don’t want him jumping around,
playing and wandering about with his friends
as women with vine-like waists gossip about him.
I’ve sent the lord of Garuḍa behind the calves

to the hot forest paths where there are dry kaḷli plants.
What a terrible thing I have done!”

241. Yashoda says,

“I carried him on my hip for twelve months
and fed him nectar-like milk from my young breasts.
Now I have sent my young lion-like son, behind the calves to the dry forest
where he will hurt his golden feet.
What a terrible thing I have done!”

242. Yashoda says,

“I have sent my son Damodaran behind the calves
without giving him an umbrella and sandals to go in the terrible forest
where broken, hard, rough stones will hurt his feet.
Cruelly, I have sent my son to the forest.
What a terrible thing I have done!”

243. Paṭṭan, the chief of Pudukkottai

filled with palaces that shine like gold
composed a garland of sweet Tamil pāsurams
that describe how Yashoda was worried
when she sent her sweet sapphire-colored son to graze the calves.
If devotees recite these pāsurams
they will have no difficulties in their lives.

244. Yashoda says,

“The young Kaṅṅan adorned with a kudambai flower
for an earring on his one ear
and a red thondri blossom on the other,
with a lovely kachu around his waist, a checked dress on his body
and a chest adorned with a precious pearl chain goes behind the cattle.
Come and see the beautiful form of the ocean-colored lord.
O lovely women, I am the only one

with a precious son like him on this earth. There is no one like me.”

245. Yashoda says,

“You are the eternal, famous Madhusudanan,
and you stay in Srirangam surrounded with good strong walls
where the Kaveri river flows and groves bloom.

O Kesava, I have done wrong.

I fed you a little food and heedlessly sent you
on your tiny feet to graze the young calves
because I thought it would be good for you.

No woman has a harder heart than I.

O small one, give me a kiss.”

246. Yashoda says,

“O Damodara, you are the beloved of Nappinnai, lovely as a peacock.

You go through the forest,

graze the calves, run behind them and return,
wearing koḍal flowers that bloom in the rainy season.

Now see, your body is covered with dirt.

I have made water ready for your bath.

Take a bath and come to eat.

Your father hasn't eaten yet. He will eat with you.”

247. Yashoda says,

“You stay in the beautiful Thiruvēṅkaṭam hills
filled with fragrant groves!

You are a strong bull that fights in terrible battles.

O dear child, I brought you an umbrella, sandals and a flute
but you went without taking them

and your small red lotus feet

that went behind the calves have blistered.

Your eyes are red and you are tired, dear child!”

248. Yashoda says,

“:You are a bull in battle!

When you blow the Panchajanyam conch
on the battlefield, your enemies shiver.

You, are the little lion of the cowherd clan, the beloved of Sita.

You are Thirumāl, small and short with lovely eyes.

You left your clothes and a small sword on your bed
and went to graze the cows with other cowherds
and it seems now you have returned with them.”

249. Yashoda says,

“O beautiful lord with a shining discus in your hand,
I felt I might die when you entered the pond
and fought with the snake that spat poison.

What can I do?

You made my stomach hurt.

I am not worried.

What you did made Kamsan happy.

O lord, you have the dark color of a kāyām flower.”

250. Yashoda says,

“You who, colored dark like the sea, rest on the milky ocean
took the forms of a boar, a turtle and a fish.

When the cunning Asuran came as a calf
to the field where cows were grazing,

you took him in your small hands

and threw him at the vilam fruit trees.

Those Asurans always do only evil things to my son.”

251. Yashoda says,

“I just heard something that is new to me.

It seems you ate the rice, curries and yogurt
that the cowherds made and kept for Indra

mixing them together.
 I'm not good enough to feed you.
 I'll never be able to do it.
 O Vasudeva, your fame is faultless.
 From now on, I will be frightened of you.”

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

253. Vishṇuchithan, the chief of Pudukottai
 where faultless people live
 composed ten pāsūrams that describe
 how the cowherdess Yashoda
 saw her son coming after grazing the calves.
 If devotees learn these pāsūrams and sing
 they will approach the ankleted feet of the ocean-dark lord.

254. Decorated with fresh leaves and garlands,
 cowherds come while the sounds of flutes and songs
 are heard everywhere while drums are beaten.
 Govindan, his hair adorned with peacock feathers,
 comes with them
 and young women, coming to their doorsteps,
 see the cowherds and Kaṇṇan and say,
 “Is a cloud coming in the crowd?”
 They forget what they should do

and stand there, forgetting even to eat.

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

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

257. He, my beloved one, carried Govardhana mountain
and protected the cows when there was a big storm.
Now he plays music on his flute as a cowherd,
grazes the calves and comes with his friends.
O beautiful friend, I see him on the streets.
I have not seen anyone like him before.
O friend, come and see him.
All my bangles are getting loose
and my young breasts beneath their blouse are not in my control.

258. I saw the cowherds carrying umbrellas
made of peacock feathers standing around Kaṇṇan
wearing beautiful peacock feathers in his hair.
They sang and danced in front of their doorsteps.
I don't want you to give me in marriage to anyone

except Māyan, the lord of Thirumālirunjolai.
 You should realize that I belong only to the victorious one
 and give me in marriage to him.
 If you don't, it will plunge into sorrow.

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

260. Kaṇṇan goes behind good cows in a flourishing grove
 with his divine body shining brightly,
 his fragrant hair decorated with peacock feathers.
 His beautiful lotus eyes shining,
 he comes among a group of cowherd children,
 plays the flute, sings songs and dances,
 as the cowherds come with him singing and dancing.
 My daughter is fascinated seeing the beauty of that cowherd child.

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

262. On his left ear he wears a lovely thondri flower

and his long hair is adorned with jasmine and forest mauval flowers.
 My daughter sees the beauty of the cowherd child
 as he comes playing his flute and she falls in love with him.
 She stands before him without moving
 and see, her lovely bangles become loose and she grows thin.

263. Vishṇuchittan, the chief of Pudukkottai
 surrounded with lovely groves where bees swarm,
 composed ten pāsurams about the love of the cowherd girls
 when they see Kaṇṇan, the god of the gods,
 coming on the street of the cowherd village
 surrounded by cows and children.
 If devotees sing these songs happily,
 they will reach divine Vaikuṇṭham.

Govardhana mountain

264. The victorious umbrella-like mountain
 that the dark ocean-colored lord
 who ate a pile of rice with lentils, yogurt and ghee
 carried to protect the cows
 is Govardhana where gypsy girls
 feed good milk to the round-eyed innocent fawns
 that were caught by their husbands and given to them.

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

266. The victorious umbrella-like mountain that our father
 with a shining discus in his hand
 carried when the cows, the large-eyed cowherd women
 and the cowherds screamed and asked for help saying,
 "Help us, you are our refuge!"
 is Govardhana where men with strong mountain-like arms
 bend their bows when their lovely doll-like women
 ask them to catch deer, saying,
 "See, a group of deer are grazing on our millet."

267. As Kannan picked up Govardhana mountain
 where the clouds gather
 after descending to the ocean,
 scooping up the water, rising to the sky in the east
 and pouring down rain,
 he was like a mahout giving a ball of rice
 to a cruel-eyed elephant.

268. The victorious umbrella-like mountain that our father,
 who once took the form of a boar, carried,
 digging it up and calling the gods, saying,
 "O gods in the sky!
 If anyone among you is strong enough, tell me,
 and come carry this with me!"
 is Govardhana where a happy forest elephant
 that has lost its tusks raises its trunk, worships
 and asks him to give the crescent moon for his tusk
 as the musth pours from his temples.

269. The victorious umbrella-like mountain
 that our wonderful Thirumāvalavan carried,
 putting all the five fingers of his lovely lotus hand

at its base and lifting it with his large, beautiful arms
 is Govardhana where the water
 of the white waterfall flows everywhere
 as it carries lovely glistening beautiful pearls
 and makes the hill look like a treasure of pearl garlands.

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

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

272. The victorious large mountain that Damodaran carried
 who drank milk from the breasts of the terrible devil Putanā and killed her
 is Govardhana that has the same name as the god Govardhanan.
 There monkeys carrying their babies on their backs,
 climb on the branches of trees and teach them how to jump.

273. When the beautiful blue-colored one
 carried Govardhana mountain,

the fingers of his lotus hands did not lose their beauty
 and his strong beautiful finger-nails did not hurt.
 He carried the mountain as if it were something he did every day.
 On victorious umbrella-like Govardhana mountain,
 a group of large clouds that rest on the top of the hills
 make the mountain look as if it has grey hair
 as they pour down rain everywhere.

274. The famous Paṭṭarpiran Viṣṇuchithan
 where the Vēdiyars recite the divine Vedas
 composed these ten pāsūrams on Govardhana mountain
 where jasmine flowers bloom on the branches of kuravam trees.
 He describes how the hill is carried as an umbrella
 by the god who rests on Adishesha
 and rides on an eagle, the enemy of snake.
 If devotees recite those pāsūrams in their hearts
 and worship him, they will reach divine Vaikuṇṭham.

Kaṅṅan plays the flute

275. O beautiful girls of this wide world, hear a wonderful thing!
 When Thirumāḷ with a white valampuri conch in his hand
 plays the flute with his divine lips,
 the cowherd girls with young breasts
 hear the sound of the flute, are excited,
 shiver and run away from their houses
 where they are guarded,
 untying the ropes that they bind them
 and putting those ropes on their necks as if they are garlands.
 Shyly they come and surround him.

276. When Govindan takes his flute in his hands,
 bends his eyebrows, blows the air from his stomach and plays,

young doe-eyed girls as beautiful as peacocks listen.
 Their hair decorated with flowers becomes undone,
 their dresses become loose
 and holding their falling dresses
 they stand looking at him out of corners of their eyes.

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

278. When the small dark-colored Kaṅṅan
 who fought, conquered and destroyed
 the evil Asuras Thenuhan, Pilamban and Kaliyan
 plays his flute wandering about in the forests,
 Menaga, Thilothama, Ramba,
 Urvasi and other heavenly Apsarases,
 fascinated as they hear his music, are speechless
 and come down from the sky, dancing and singing with joy.

279. Madhusudanan, feared by the kings of the three worlds,
 who came as a man-lion and killed Hiraṅyan
 When he plays the flute, Narada with his Tumburu veena,
 and players of the kinnaram, the midunam and other string instruments
 hear his music, forget their skills and say,
 “We won’t touch our musical instruments
 because we can’t compete
 with the lovely music of Madhusudanan.”

280. When our highest lord, a lion among the gods,
 who was born to Devaki as a child
 with large beautiful eyes and strong arms
 plays his flute,
 the Gandharvas wandering in the sky,
 fascinated by the nectar-like music,
 say, "He, the highest, is playing the flute,"
 and, feeling ashamed because they can't play like him,
 they stand, join their hands and worship him.

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

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

283. His dark color is like mass of clouds,
 his face is beautiful like a red lotus,
 and his dark curly hair has the color of bees.
 When he plays his flute,
 a herd of deer, fascinated with his music, forgets to graze
 and grass that they have eaten hangs from their mouths
 and, not swaying from side to side,
 they stand motionless as if they were painted pictures.

284. When the matchless one,
 the chief of the cowherds
 adorned with dark-eyed peacock feathers and a silk garment
 tied tightly and beautifully on his handsome body,
 plays the flute,
 the trees stand without moving,
 flowers pour down honey-like drops as if to bow and worship him
 and straight branches bend to hear the music.
 They all turn towards wherever the beautiful Thirumāl is
 because that is their nature.

285. Vishṇuchithan the chief of Pudukkottai composed pāsurams
 about how music flowed like a flood of nectar
 from the holes of the bamboo flute
 in the beautiful hands of curly-haired Govindan
 with a tuft on his head.
 If those skilled in Tamil recite these pāsurams of Vishṇuchithan
 they will be among the devotees of the god.

The mother worries about her young daughter

286. She plays on the sand and makes herself dirty.
 She speaks like a baby.
 She doesn't know how to wear her lovely dress made with fine thread.

She has never gone out of our front yard with a small play pot in her hands,
 yet holding the hands of the one
 who rests on the snake Adishesha, she comes home.

287. Her teeth have not grown out yet,
 her hair is not yet thick,
 and she plays with sparse-haired still innocent children.
 But now she has made friends with naughty girls
 and says that they are good children like her.
 She has fallen in love with Māyan,
 the beautiful sapphire-colored lord.

288. Even when she tries to make a play house
 on the white sand in the front yard of her house,
 she cannot make it without drawing
 pictures of a conch, a wheel, a club, a sword and a bow.
 Her breasts have not grown out yet.
 My heart worries every day
 because she is in love with Govindan.

289. Who can I tell about the tricks
 that this young Kaṇṇan does?
 He gets together with my young, innocent daughter's friends
 and cheats her and makes fun of her.
 She doesn't know the old saying
 that the spoon that scoops the porridge
 doesn't know how much salt is in the porridge.
 Just like that she does not know
 whether the lord with a discus in his hand loves her
 as much as she loves him.

290. She wears fragrant thulasi garlands
 and goes to all the cities and lands

where Narayaṇan stays and searches for him.
 Many can't understand her and want to hurt her.
 Confused, they say, "Put her in a guarded place with Kesavan."
 Why is the world like this?

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

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

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

294. What is the use if I save abundant wealth and wish to spend it
 to do auspicious ceremonies for her? It only hurts me.
 She is like a tender shoot that grows on a field

and he is like the owner of that land.
 He can do whatever he wants with her.
 Take her to the place of the beautiful one
 colored like a dark cloud and leave her there.

295. We did all the auspicious ceremonies
 that we were supposed to do for her
 and kept her in our home thinking that she would stay there,
 but she wants to do something else
 and worries how she can leave home.
 Before others know that she is in love with him
 and is leaving home because her parents
 have not arranged marriage for her,
 we must take her to him
 who went to Mahābali as a dwarf
 and measured the world.

296. Vishṇuchithan, the chief of Pudukkottai
 surrounded with beautiful flower gardens
 composed a garland of ten pāsurams
 about how a mother describes her daughter's love
 for Narayaṇan who swallowed the whole earth
 and rests on a banyan leaf.
 If devotees recite these pāsurams
 they will have no trouble in their lives.

A Mother's worry

297. I haven't seen my daughter anywhere.
 My house is empty.
 It is like a pond that has lost its beauty
 and its fresh lotuses have shed their petals
 when the dew has fallen on them

and the alli blossoms have shed their pollen.

Did she go towards Madurai city
following him who destroyed the Asurans
when they came disguised as wrestlers?

298. Nārāyaṇan made my virgin daughter play with him
and took her with him like the ignorant cowherds who steal calves.
Won't this terrible thing that Narayaṇan did
be a disgrace for our family?

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

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

301. Will Nandagopan, the father-in-law
of my daughter, embrace her and say,
"I am proud to have you as my daughter-in-law?"
Seeing her lovely fish eyes, red mouth, round breasts,
waist and beautiful arms,
will he say, "How can the mother of one like you

be able live apart from you?"

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

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

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

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

306. The chief of flourishing Pudukkottai
composed ten pāsūrams describing
how a good mother went to a cowherd village

searching for her daughter
 when she went away with Māyavan
 and how she worried whether her daughter
 could live as a daughter-in-law in the cowherd village.
 If devotees recite the pāsūrams of Viṣṇuchithan
 they will become devotees of the sapphire-colored lord.

307. O undi, fly and sing the strength of my lord. .
 He pulled a beautiful Parijatha flower tree
 from Indra's world with the help of strong Garuḍa
 when Indrani did not give the flowers to Sathyabama.
 Praise and sing the strength of my beloved and fly,
 praise and sing the strength of my dear one and fly.

308. O undi, fly and sing the might of the bow of him
 who took away the power of Balarāman's tapas
 when he came in front of him and said,
 "See the power of my bow and leave!"
 He bent his bow and took the life of Thāḍagai.
 Sing and praise the strength of the son of Dasharatha,
 fly and sing the power of his bow.

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

310. O undi, fly singing the strength of him
 who went to the terrible forest without getting angry
 when his step-mother who was like Yama told him,
 "Go to the forest!"
 and as the mother who gave birth to him

followed him crying, "My dear son!"

Sing the praise of Rāma the beloved of Sita.

311. O undi, fly and sing the praise of the dark kohl-colored god who went to Duryodhana as a messenger for the Pāṇḍavas and helped them fight the Bharatha war.

He jumped into the pond and danced on the heads of the snake Kālingan and gave it his grace.

Sing the praise of the lion-like son of Yashoda and fly.

312. O undi, fly and sing the praise

of Rāma who gave his padukas

when his faultless brother Bharatha

followed him and asked him to come back

to rule all the three worlds and be the king and show him his grace.

Sing the praise of the king of Ayodhya and fly.

313. O undi, fly and sing the praise

of the strength of the heroic arms

of the clever one who jumped into the pond,

stirred it up, danced on the five wide heads

of Kālingan and gave him his grace.

Praise the pure sapphire-colored lord and fly.

314. O undi, fly and sing the praise of Rāma

who gave the kingdom to his younger brother

and went to the forest obeying the order of his step-mother Kaikeyi,

and in the forest he cut off the ears and nose

of thin-waisted Surpanakha as she screamed.

Sing and praise the king of Ayodhya and fly.

315. O undi, fly and sing the praise of him

who kicked and destroyed the Asuran

when he came in the form of a deceiving cart
and killed the Asuran brothers
when they came and stood as marudam trees.

The clever lord goes with the cowherds, protecting the cattle
and playing the flute wonderfully.

O undi, fly and sing the praise of the bull-like son of the cowherds,
fly and sing the praise of him who grazed the cows.

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

317. Vishṇuchithan, the chief of southern Pudukkottai
where ornamented Tamil flourishes composed ten pāsurams
describing how the women decorated with shining ornaments
asked the undi to praise and sing
the heroic deeds of Kahustan, the son of Nandan.
If devotees learn and sing these ten pāsurams of Vishṇuchittan
they will have no trouble in life.

Hanuman sees Sita.

318. Hanuman sees Sita in Asokavanam in Rāvaṇan's Lanka and says,
“O Beautiful goddess with dark thick hair!
I am your slave. This is my request.
Rāma broke the bow of king Janakan
whose shining crown was studded with diamonds and married you.
When Balarāman, known for his excellent tapas,
stopped him on the way to Ayodhya after your marriage,
Rāma broke his bow and destroyed his powerful tapas.

This tells you I am a messenger from Rāma.

319. “O you with hair adorned with lovely alli blossoms,
I bow to your feet. This is my request.

Show me your grace and listen,
you who are beautiful as a doe
and have two eyes like blooming flowers.

One day when you were with your beloved husband,
he brought you a jasmine garland
and you were very happy to see it.

This tells you I am a messenger from Rāma.

320. “Kaikeyi, the queen of Dasharatha,
confused in her mind,

asked for two boons from Dasharatha
and the king with a sorrowful heart
was unable to refuse and granted the boons.

He sent Rāma away saying, ‘O dear son of our family!
Go and stay in the forest!’

and Rāma went with his brother Lakshmaṇa.

This tells you I am a messenger from Rāma.

321. “O Vaidehi, beautiful one
with breasts are encircled by a band,
this is my request
to you, the royal queen of the king of Ayodhya,
who has a beautiful chariot.

Give me your grace and hear me.

He became a good friend of Guhan,
who, skilled in using a sharp spear,
lived on the bank of Ganges.

This tells you I am a messenger from Rāma.

322. "O Vaidehi, as lovely as a doe,
with words as sweet as milk,
this is my request.

When you and Rāma went to the forest
filled with stony paths and stayed in Chithrakuḍam
where the mountain slopes are covered with groves
and flowers drip honey
Bharatha came and worshiped you.
This tells you I am a messenger from Rāma.

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

324. "This is the request of your true slave
to you whose waist is as thin as lightning. Hear me.
When a golden deer came in the forest and played sweetly,
you asked your beloved husband to bring it to you,
and when he took his bow and went to catch it,
he asked Lakshmaṇa to watch you.
But Lakshmaṇa left you without guarding you
searching for Rāma because he heard Rāma calling him
and thought he was in trouble. This tells you I am a messenger from Rāma.

325. "O Vaidehi, with hair dark as kohl
decorated with beautiful flowers,
this is request of me, the monkey chief.
The king of Ayodhya told all these things to me

so that I could search for you.
 Here is a ring from his hand—
 the best of all signs that I am his messenger.”

326. Sita saw the ring of Rāma, praised in all directions.
 She thought of the day when Rāma came to Janaka’s palace,
 broke the bow in the middle of a large assembly of kings
 and married her.

Sita, decorated with flowers on her hair,
 said, “O Hanuman, this is a marvelous sign!”
 and joyfully put the ring on the top of her head.

327. The Paṭṭarpiran of Pudevai, praised by all the world,
 described in pāsurams the signs
 by which the famous Hanuman convinced Vaidehi
 when he saw her, the beautiful one
 whose breasts were tied with a band.
 If devotees recite these pāsurams
 they will stay with him in divine Vaikuṅṭam.

Devotees search for the God.

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

329. If you want to find the famous Rāma
 carrying a sword, conch, club,
 bow that twangs loudly as it shoots arrows and divine discus,
 go to the people who saw him at Sita’s suyavaram
 in the palace of Janaka, the king of kings,

where Rāma broke the strong bow for Sita
whose beautiful fingers are like blooming kandal flowers.

330. If you are searching anxiously for him
who broke the tusks of the murderous elephant,
killed the Kauravas fighting in the Bharatha war
and destroyed the mara trees with his bow,
go to the people who saw him on the seashore with rolling waves,
when the monkey clan carried large stones
and made a bridge on the ocean with rolling waves.

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

332. If you are searching for the divine Thirumāl,
praised by Nānmuhan and Shiva with red jaṭa where the Ganges flows,
go to the people who were there and saw him
when he took Rukmaṇi, her breasts tied with a band, on his chariot
and her brother, Rukman came to oppose him on the way.

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

334. If you want to know the place of your god

with a sounding white conch in his left hand
and a divine shining discus in his right,
come, I will tell you.

Go to the people who saw him
driving a chariot yoked to white horses
and decorated with victorious monkey flags
in the Bharatha war where he used his tricks to help Arjuna.

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

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

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

The beauty of Thirumāḷirunjolai

338. The mountain of him, the king,
the light of the family of the cowherds

who destroyed the clan of the Rakshasas
 when they wandered about and scared and afflicted people,
 is the southern Thirumālirunjolai
 where divine Apsarases come
 and wander as their anklets jingle
 and where the river Silambāru flows.

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

340. The golden mountain of the glorious lord
 who leads the noble, the great and the evil on the right paths
 is cool Thirumālirunjolai that will change the lives
 of the devotees who go there always
 and worship him.

341. The mountain of the god
 who carried Govardhana mountain
 to save the cows and the family of the cowherds
 when Indra, the king of the gods,
 tried to destroy their festival with a storm
 is the southern Thirumālirunjolai
 where a river of honey flows
 just like the river that flows in the Karpaga garden
 blooming with lovely flowers.

342. The mountain of the lord
 who saved Gajendra when a crocodile caught him in a pond,

and destroyed Kamsan, strong as an elephant,
 is fertile Thirumālirunjolai
 where the strong male elephant searched for his mate
 that was angry and had left him, and when he could not find her,
 he promised on the dark ocean-colored god
 that he would behave when she returned.

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

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

345. The golden mountain of the precious god
 who if enemy kings do not approach him, destroys their countries
 and makes them walk on small paths in cruel forests
 is southern Thirumālirunjolai
 where at dawn thousands of bees
 with six legs and stripes on their bodies
 sing his thousand names.

346. The mountain of the dear one
 where Bhudams offer copious food with red blood

and give sacrifices in the evening and worship the god
 is southern Thirumālirunjolai
 where the velvet mites
 whose bodies are red like the sweet lips of our god
 fly around in groves where honey drips,

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

348. Vishṇuchittan of Villiputhur,
 always the devotee of the dark ocean-colored god,
 composed pāsūrams about the beautiful Thirumālirunjolai hills
 surrounded with fields and groves.
 If devotees recite his pāsūrams and worship the god
 they will reach Kaṇṇan's ankleted feet.

Praising the mountain Thirumālirunjolai

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

350. The mountain of the sapphire-colored lord
 who killed Kamsan, Kālingan,
 the elephant Kuvalayabeeḍam, the marudu trees
 and the seven bulls when he was growing up,
 is Thirumālirunjolai
 where a poisonous snake comes
 and hides the cool beautiful moon with his shining tongue
 thinking he can swallow it.

351. The mountain of the dark ocean-colored god
 who killed Narahasuran with his craftiness
 and attracted and married his young daughters
 is Thirumālirunjolai surrounded with beautiful groves
 where the flowers of blooming punnai, cherundi,
 punavengai and kongu trees look like golden garlands.

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

353. The mountain of the handsome Kaṇṇan adorned with jewels
 who relieved Sisupalan of his afflictions
 even though he blamed Kaṇṇan for some small tricks he did
 is Thirumālirunjolai, a majestic mountain, beautiful, flourishing,
 victorious, the greatest and highest mountain on earth.

354. The mountain of our dear Kaṇṇan
 who made the hundred wives of the Kauravas
 suffer like Panchali, the wife of the five Paṇḍavas,

when she was oppressed by the Kauravas
 is the ancient southern Thirumālirunjolai,
 the hill of the divine lord where a swarm
 of beautiful bees sings lovely songs and drinks honey.

355. The mountain of the lord who as Rāma,
 destroyed the Rakshasa clan
 with his strong arms for the sake of his thick-haired wife Sita,
 is the beautiful Thirumālirunjolai
 where a clear waterfall descends bringing gold as it flows
 and all people join together and bathe.

356. The mountain of the god
 who destroyed Lanka with his fiery arrows,
 bending his bow heroically,
 is Thirumālirunjolai where all the gods
 and Indra the king of gods go and worship him
 and where the bright sun, moon
 and the stars surrounding it shine.

357. The mountain of the faultless lord
 who as a boar playfully dug up the earth with his tusk,
 measured the earth as Vamana
 and swallowed it as baby Kaṇṇan
 is Thirumālirunjolai
 where the cool river Silampāṟu
 collects and brings many things and places them
 at the feet of the god as offerings to worship him.

358. The mountain of the faultless one who rests on Adishesha
 with a thousand shining crowns and a thousand arms
 is beautiful Thirumālirunjolai
 where there are a thousand rivers, a thousand springs

and a thousand blooming groves,
all ruled by the lord Thirumāl.

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

Praising the Devotees of Thirumāl in Thirukkottiyur
and blaming those who are not Vaishnavas

360. Thirukkottiyur is where devotees live CHECK
who never say wrong things,
feed guests every day, serve the god,
and learn and recite the Vedas.

Our ancient god, our creator
is the three gods Nanmuhan, Shiva and Indra.
How could he has created sinful people
in Thirukottiyur who do not think of him?

361. In Thirukkottiyur the faultless devotees
do only good deeds, do service to their gurus,
never get angry and are generous.
The sapphire colored lord has swallowed all the seven worlds.
If the devotees do not worship him,
could they have been born just to give terrible pain to their mothers?

362. Thirukottiyur is filled with porches
studded with beautiful precious diamonds
and emeralds and filled with cool shadow
where the devotees count with their fingers the divine names
of the auspicious god Thirumāvaḷavan.

How can people live there
 not thinking of the god even for a moment,
 not counting the names of him with their fingers,
 and merely swallowing food with their dirty mouths.

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

364. In Thirukottiyur young valai fish
 jump over the backs of turtles,
 knock over lovely flowers
 and play in the water mischievously.
 The hard-hearted ones living there
 without thinking of the lord
 with a discus in his strong hand
 should eat grass instead of rice.
 They are a burden to the earth.

365. Thirukottiyur is where devotees live praising Narasimhan,
 and performing the five sacrifices,
 never disturbed by water, sky, earth, wind or fire
 or the troubles that the five senses bring.
 The world is fortunate because dust falls on the earth
 from the feet of those generous devotees.

366. In Thirukottiyur how much tapas

must have been done by those living there,
 where VEDIYARS recite the four Vedas night and day
 and cowherds graze their cattle
 with sticks from kurundam trees
 and celebrate many festivals
 and devotees folding their hands
 worship the dark cloud-like lord.

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

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

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

370. If those wandering without serving

as slaves to the ancient god in Thirukkoṭṭiyur
 surrounded by fertile fields and flourishing water
 recite without mistakes
 the pāsurams of the faultless Paṭṭarpiran Viṣṇuchithan
 of beautiful Pudukai,
 they will become the devotees of Rishikesa.

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

371. Even if people have only thought
 of their mothers, fathers, children, and wives with fragrant hair,
 if they close their eyes when they are dying and praise the god and say,
 “Kesava, Purushothama,
 you became a boar and you are faultless,”
 they are my dear friends,
 and no words are enough for me to praise them.

372. If people who were never the devotees of Nārāyaṇan
 are sick and their wounds become putrid and swarm with flies,
 and if, fainting and coming to the end of their lives,
 they fold their hands and worship him,
 saying “Namo Nārāyaṇa,”
 they will never again go near people
 who are not the devotees of Nārāyaṇan.

373. If someone has collected and saved wealth
 and if his relatives come to him before his death
 and ask greedily,
 “Tell us where you keep your wealth!
 Tell us where you keep it!”
 if he, without saying anything,
 makes his heart a temple of Madhavan,
 places the god there and sprinkles his love as flowers,

he will be saved even if a snake comes to bite him.

374. When someone is old,
his breathing may become thin.
His neck will be swelling with air.
His legs and hands will be shaking.
If he says the mantra of one sound
before he closes his eyes
and thinks of him, he will go to heaven.

375. Before someone comes to the time of his death
and the water he has drunk is spit out
and the food that he ate is vomited
and his eyes close,
if he praises god saying, "Rishikesa!"
on his way, the dogs will not come.
No one will hurt him with their spears.
He will not lose his wealth any time.

376. Before someone loses the sense
of his eyes, nose, mouth, ears and touch,
and before his breath ceases,
and before he can no longer swallow the water
given to him from a conch,
and before his head sags to the side,
if he thinks in his heart of the Māyan Madhusudhanan
resting on the ocean, abundant with water,
there is nothing that he cannot achieve.

377. Before the heartless messengers of Yama
enter someone's home like kidnappers,
tie him with strong ropes and pull him away,
if he worships in his heart faultlessly

and says “O Madhusudana,
you are my king, I am your slave!” he will reach heaven.

378. Before someone’s relatives gather together,
speak only of his good qualities and not his faults,
sing and sing,
and put him on a bier and take him to the burning ground
and leave him there in the forest
after putting new clothes on him,
if he sings, dances and worships the god Govindan
adorned with the Kausthubham ornament,
he will escape from Yama and join the god.

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

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

Advising the devotees about naming children with the names of god.

381. O poor ones!

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

382. O poor ones!

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

383. Why did you name your children

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

384. You will not be blessed in your next birth

if you give that child the name of another person than god.
If you call your child,
“O Madhava, king of heaven, Govinda,”
Naraṇan who is in all hearts will not send

the mothers of your children to hell.

385. You will not be blessed in your next birth
if you give the name of another human
born from an unclean womb.

If you call him, saying, “O Govinda, Govinda!
You have been born in a good family!”
Nāraṇan who does only good things for all
will not send the mothers of your children to hell.

386. Do not give human names to your children
like others joining with the people
of your country and town and celebrating with them
the name ceremony for their children.

Do not fall in the ditch like them.
If you approach the god and worship him saying,
“O Nāraṇa, you destroyed the Asuran when he came as a cart.
You are our chief, O Damodara!”
he will not send the mothers of your children to hell.

387. O, ignorant ones!
Your children are human
and they were born from unclean bodies
and will return to the earth.
You gave them the name of people
and do not realize what you have done is not good.
Think of giving the name of the dark cloud-colored one
who is sweet to the eyes.
Approach Nāraṇan.
He will not send the mothers of your children to hell.

388. If you give your children the names of village people
such as “nambi, pimbi,” those “manbu, pimbu”

will be forgotten in a few days.

If you give them the name of the lovely lotus-eyed lord,
O friends, Nāraṇan will not send the mothers of your children to hell.

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

390. Viṣṇuchithan from the ancient village of Veeraṇai,
is praised by all, always,
and he worshipped the divine name of Thirumāl.
He composed ten beautiful Tamil pāsūrams about how people
should name their children with the names of the god.
If devotees recite these ten beautiful pāsūrams
they will go to the divine splendid Vaikuṇṭam
and stay there happily forever.

The praise of Kaṇḍa Thiruppadi

391. Dasharatha's son, Rāma who cut off the heads of Ravaṇan
and the nose of his sister Surpanakha
stayed in Kaṇḍam and rules as his fame spreads everywhere.
If a devotee goes there where our lord Purushothaman stays
and merely says, "Ganges, Ganges!"
his bad karma will disappear
and he will receive the virtue of joining his hands
to worship the god on the banks of the Ganges.

392. Divine Kaṇḍam, the Thiruppadi

where the water of the southern Ganges
flows mixed with kondrai blossoms
that decorate the matted hair of Shiva shining with goodness
and with thulasi that adorns the feet of Nāraṇan
is where Thirumāl Purushothaman stays.
That dark sapphire-colored one
grew to the sky and measured it for Mahābali,
frightening the cool moon and the hot sun.

393. Divine Kaṇḍam is where the Ganges flows
carrying shining diamonds
from the hand of the four-headed Nānmuhan
onto the feet of the four-armed god
to stay in the matted hair of Sankaran
who bows to the lord's feet.
It is the Thiruppadi where Purushothaman stays
who blows the roaring valamburi conch
and cuts off the heads of his enemies with his fiery discus.

394. Divine Kaṇḍam
is on the banks of the famous Ganges
that descends from the Himalaya mountains
and flows to the shore of the large sea,
shaking the mountains with its roaring that spreads all over the earth.
It is the Thirupathi where our lord Purushothaman stays
carrying his Nandaham sword
that sent his enemies' armies to the land of Yama
and helped the gods in the sky rule their lands.

395. Divine Kaṇḍam
is on the banks of the Ganges
and has the power to take away
the sins of seven births in one moment.

It is in that Thiruppadi that our Thirumāl Purushothaman stays
 who carries a plough, pestle, bow,
 shining discus, conch, axe and sword.

396. Divine Kaṇḍam is on the banks
 of the Ganges with rolling waves
 where paddy fields flourish
 and rishis bathe and do powerful tapas.

It is in that Thiruppadi that Purushothaman, the king of Mathura,
 stays who stopped the rain with Govardhana mountain
 using it as an umbrella when the thick clouds poured rain
 with the sound “chala, chala” and thundered.

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

398. Beautiful Kaṇḍam is on the banks of the Ganges
 where the fragrance of sacrifices spreads on both shores
 and their smoke continually rises in long streams.
 That Thirupadi is the place of Hari Purushothaman,
 the king of Dvaraka surrounded by the roaring ocean and strong walls
 who took the land of Duryodhana and gave it to his brothers-in-laws.

399. The Thiruppadi of Purshothaman
 who stays in SāḷakkiRāmam, Vaikuṇṭam, Dwaraga, Ayodhya, Adari
 and northern Madhura

is the divine Kaṇḍam where the flood of the Ganges flows shaking the mountains with its roaring and undermining the earth and making the trees on its banks fall.

400. The lord who is all three gods,
who measured the world with three footsteps,
the Purushothaman who gives his grace to his devotees
stays in Divine Kaṇḍam on the bank of the Ganges
surrounded by flourishing groves

401. Viṣṇuchithan, the chief of Villiputhur
who has no troubles in his life,
composed with devotion ten Tamil pāsurams
on Purushothaman, the god of Kaṇḍam
where the Ganges flows with abundant, gurgling water.
If devotees recite these pāsurams, they will go to Vaikuṇṭam
and stay beneath Thirumāl's ankleted feet.

Srirangam, the divine Thiruppadi

402. The Thiruppadi of him
who gave life to the rishi Shantipini's son
after he had died in the wave-filled ocean
as an offering for the guru who taught him
is Srirangam surrounded with water
where honey drips from blossoms
and water dashes on the banks of Kaveri river,
and where pure Vedyars skilled in the Vedas
bathe, wash and dry their clothes,

403. The Thiruppadi of the lord
who brought the four children of his guru
back to life quickly

when they could not be alive as soon as they were born
 is Srirangam where good VEDIYARS
 skilled the Vedas live,
 making sacrifices with fire
 and receiving guests happily.

404. The Thiruppadi of the lord
 who protected the clan of his son-in-law
 and gave life to all his in-laws
 so that they would not be defeated
 in the Bharatha war
 is Srirangam surrounded with water
 where lotuses as red as his face
 and kuvalai flowers as dark as his body
 bloom beautifully everywhere

405. The Thiruppadi of Thirumāl
 who was born as Rāma, gave up his kingdom,
 left his own mother
 and went to the forest and destroyed the Rakshasas,
 because his step-mother
 listened to the cruel words of her servant Manthara
 is Srirangam where groves bloom with flowers
 and drip with honey.

406. The Thiruppadi of Thirumāl who protects this world
 and fought with his enemy, the strong, proud Ravana,
 the receiver of many boons
 is Srirangam surrounded with flourishing groves
 where cuckoo birds sing and kongu buds open and blossom.

407. The Thiruppadi of him
 who went to the underworld,

and threw his discus and destroyed the Asurans
 so that their dynasty would not continue on the earth
 is Srirangam, where bees buzz like lutes
 and drink pollen from the petals of screwpine flowers
 that shower lovely coral-like pollen.

408. The Thiruppadi of the highest one
 who fought and destroyed all the Asurans
 as their red blood bubbled and flowed out along with their fat
 is Srirangam where the Kaveri flows with abundant water,
 uprooting and carrying fragrant sandalwood trees
 from the large mountains and placing them
 at the feet of the dear lord to worship him.

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

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

411. Vishṇuchithan composed a garland of ten Tamil pāsurams describing the divine Srirangam, the Thiruppadi of the auspicious god who fought and destroyed Ravaṇa when he, with many boons, came with a large army and opposed Rāma. If devotees sing the pāsurams of Vishṇuchithan and praise the god, the destroyer of the two Rakshasas, Madhu and Kaiṭapa, they will be devotees of the lord.

The divine Srirangam

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

413. Even if Lakshmi complains to her beloved that his devotees do things that are wrong he answers her, "My devotees will not do wrong, and even if they do, it is for good reason." How can the devotees whom the god praises like this become the devotees of other gods? He is my lord of Srirangam who gave his grace to Vibhishana and made him the king of Lanka surrounded by strong walls.

414. Our lord who destroyed the Asurans
 when they came as marudu trees in the dark groves,
 the rutting elephant Kuvalayabeeḍam, the Asuran Pilamban,
 the Rakshasa Kesi when he came as a wild horse,
 Sahaṭasuran when he came as a cart, and the wrestlers
 stays in beautiful Srirangam
 where he makes the bright sun rise in the sky
 and removes the darkness of the earth,
 giving his grace to his devotees
 as they worship him.

415. The temple of Thirumāl, our Maṇavāḷar
 who stays in Duvaṛapuri
 with sixteen thousands wives serving him
 is lovely Srirangam
 surrounded by water precious as gold
 where fresh lotuses bloom and shine
 like the lotus on the golden navel of our god.

416. The matchless lord who took the form of a turtle,
 who is the Ganges, the deep ocean, earth, large mountains,
 Nānmuhan, the four Vedas and both sacrifice and offering
 stays in Srirangam surrounded by rippling water
 where all the birds embrace the flowers and praise the name of him
 who rides on the bird Garuḍa.
 Naradar, giving goodness to all,
 often goes there and worships him with love.

417. The Thiruppadi of the lord, giver of life to all,
 who made his brothers-in-laws kings
 and made Draupadi tie up her loosened hair
 and gave life to the son of Uthara

is Srirangam that brightens all the directions
 where devotees, sages, the wise rishis,
 the people of the world and the siddhas
 worship him with love.

418. The Thiruppadi of the lord
 who took the form of a dwarf, tricking king Mahābali,
 took his kingdom and at once happily granted him
 a kingdom in the underworld
 is Srirangam where our god rests on Adishesha,
 the snake that spits from its mouth precious diamonds
 as bright as the morning sun rising from a lovely shining hill.

419. The Thiruppadi of the lord who grasped the chest of Hiraṇyan,
 split it open with his sharp nails, pulled his hair,
 gouged out his eyes and made him scream
 is Srirangam where flourishing lotus plants grow to the sky
 like the divine feet of him who measured the sky
 and good paddy plants bend their heads worshipping his feet.

420. His forms are a shining fish, a turtle, a boar, a lion,
 a dwarf, Parasurāman, Balarāman, Rāma, Kaṇṇan
 and Kalki, the form that will end the world.
 His Thiruppadi is Srirangam surrounded with rippling water
 where a male swan with its mate climbs on a lovely lotus,
 swings on it and jumps on a flower bed,
 plunging into it and playing in the beautiful pollen.

421. The generous lord rides on an eagle,
 defeats his enemies and rules the world.
 As bright as the sun, he carries the sword Nandaham,
 creates the Vedas and protects the world.
 With the goddess Lakshmi on his chest

he rests sweetly on the ocean in Srirangam, his Thiruppadi.

422. Vishṇuchithan, the true devotee,
 composed ten Tamil pāsurams on divine Srirangam
 that is worshiped by southern and northern lands
 where our god stays who carries a fire-like discus
 and removed the suffering of Gajendra.
 If devotees recite these ten Tamil pāsurams
 they will abide under his two feet always.

Requesting the god to come and help when Yama's messengers come.

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

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

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

426. O lord, you are the whole world
 and you rest on the snake bed on the ocean in Srirangam.
 Shiva, the bull rider and Nanmuhan could not find the head or feet
 of you, the ancient lord praised with the syllable "Om."
 When the messengers of Yama come
 terrifying me because they think my time is up,
 you must come and protect me.

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

428. O god, you are the earth, ocean, fire, wind and the sky!
 The Kingarars, the evil messengers of Yama
 come and cruelly take people's lives.
 Whenever I have thought of you
 I have recited all your names and worshipped you.
 O my lord, think of me always and protect me.
 O lord, you rest on the snake bed on the ocean in Srirangam.

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

430. I do not know any of the magic you do.
 When the Kingarars, the messengers of Yama, come,
 make me suffer and take me to Yama's world,
 I may not be able to think of you,
 O god of the gods in the sky, O Māya,
 born in Madhura, my soul is yours. You should protect me.
 O lord, you rest on the snake bed on the ocean in Srirangam.

431. You my lord, are the cowherd who grazed the cows
 and carried Govardhana mountain to protect them.
 You are the ancient light.
 From the day I was born until today I have never forgotten you.
 When the Kingarars, the cruel messengers of Yama,
 come, make me suffer and take hold of me,
 you should come and protect me.
 O lord, you rest on the snake bed on the ocean in Srirangam.

432. The chief of the Veyar, Vishṇuchittan of Villiputhur,
 composed ten Tamil pāsuras on Māyavan, Madhusudanan, Mādhavan,
 and Achudan who rests on a snake bed.
 If devotees recite these ten pāsuras
 they will become pure-minded
 and will be devotees of the sapphire-colored lord.

The poet's request

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

434. I compose worthless pāsurams with my useless tongue.
 You carry a conch and a discus in your hands.
 Is it not the duty of the great to forgive the mistaken words of their servants?
 My eyes can only see through your eyes
 and my mind will not think of any other god except you.
 I am like a deer—
 one more dot on its coat does not spoil its loveliness.
 Surely it is not too much for you to accept my mistakes.
 O lord, you swallowed all the seven worlds and spat them out.

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

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

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

438. O dear lord, dark colored creator
 of the four-headed Nānmuhan
 and the reason for everything,
 even if I, your devotee, do not eat, I do not get hungry
 because worshiping you takes my hunger away.
 If there is a day when I do not think of you,
 and do not always say, "Namo Nāraṇa"
 and do not recite Rig and Sama Vedas
 and do not place fresh flowers on your feet,
 that will be the day I starve.

439. You pretend to sleep
 on the white flood of ocean on a snake bed,

but when I want to see you sleeping on the snake bed,
 my heart becomes weak and I sob with happiness,
 my hair stands on end, my eyes shed tears
 and I cannot rest at all.
 O tell me, how I can reach you.

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

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

442. He is Mādhavan and Madhusudanan,
 the emerald-colored father of Kama, a lion to his enemies
 who took the form of a dark-haired dwarf and is sweet for me.
 Viṣṇuchithan the chief of Pudukai

that flourishes with goodness
 composed ten wonderful Tamil pāsurams on him.
 If devotees recite these pāsurams
 they will reach the world of Nāraṇan soon.

Asking diseases to go away because the god will protect the Azhvar and his devotees.

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

444. The plan that Chitragupthan wrote
 by the order of Yama, the king of the southern direction,
 is canceled and the messengers of Yama
 have run and hidden themselves, leaving me alone
 because I am a slave of the devotees of the ancient god,
 the all-knowing one resting on the ocean,
 the lord of the wise and nectar for his devotees.
 My body is not the same as it was.
 God is in it now and he protects me.

445. My lord who brought me from my mother's womb
 helped me control the desires of my five senses,
 removed the craving of this body of nerves and flesh,
 and kept the messengers of Yama
 from binding me with ropes and taking me away.
 He taught me to become his devotee night and day and serve him.
 My body is not the same as it was.

God is in it now and he protects me.

446. O diseases, you give pain to people
because of their bad karma,
but see, there is also bad karma for you.
Do not enter my body, do not enter it.
Do you see how it is not easy to enter my body?
Look, my body is the divine temple
where the lord who took the form of a man-lion stays.
Go away or you will be in trouble.
My body is not the same as it was.
He is in it now and he protects me.

447. O diseases, I made Māyan
who took the form of a dwarf
enter my mind and I kept him there with love.
I have nothing else in my mind.
See, my mind is a precious treasure that keeps a diamond.
He is strong and he is mischievous.
Do not hesitate. Go away.
My body is not the same as it was.
God is in it now and he protects me.

448. O diseases that bring suffering to people,
I will tell you something, listen.
My body is the divine temple of him who grazed cows.
Be careful or you will get bad karma.
There is nothing you can have here.
You should go away.
My body is not the same as it was.
God is in it now and he protects me.

449. I was attracted, slipped and fell into the small cave

that is called a woman's breast.
 I plunged into it and could not get out.
 My dear lord, colored like the shining ocean
 removed my bad karma and saved me from my troubles.
 My body is not the same as it was.
 God is in it now and he protects me.

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

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

452. I, the poet Vishṇuchithan, praise the lord
 who came and entered my heart lying on his snake bed
 on the beautiful milky ocean that has roaring waves
 with Lakshmi, beautiful as a statue.

He rests on the ocean and I worship him
so that he will help me compose these pāsurams on paṭṭinam kāppu.

Requesting the god of Thirumārirunjolai not to leave the devotee's heart.

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

454. I embraced you, keep you in my heart.
and will not allow you to leave me.
If you hide yourself with your magical tricks
I swear by you that what you do is not right.
You, my father, are lord of Thirumārirunjolai
surrounded with pure water
that removes the bad karma
of the people of all lands and all cities.

455. I have done much tapas to serve you.
If I go to another god and serve him,
it will destroy your pride,
god of beautiful Thirumārirunjolai
where a gypsy tribe plants grain in the earth,
grows new crops, worships you and says,
“We worship your golden feet
and eat the new grain.”

456. O father, lord of Thirumārirunjolai,
I suffered wandering many miles in this life.

There is no shade for me here
 and there is no water for me here.
 I see no refuge that would let me survive
 except the shade beneath your feet.
 O god, you went as a messenger for the Paṇḍavas,
 told lies to the Kauravas making them your enemies
 and were the cause of the deaths of all those
 who died on the battlefield in Kurukshetra.

457. My feet do not have the strength to walk
 and the tears from my eyes do not stop.
 My body becomes weak and trembles.
 I cannot speak. I shiver,
 my arms are twisted and I can't make them straight.
 My mind is fascinated by you and thinks only of you
 and I begin to praise you and live,
 O my father, lord of Thirumālirunjolai
 surrounded by springs where fish frolic.

458. Shiva with his bull banner,
 Nanmuhan, Indra and all others
 do not know the cure for the sickness that is this birth.
 You, beautiful like a bright sapphire,
 are the healer who can cure the sickness that is birth.
 O my father, lord of Thirumālirunjolai,
 give me your grace so I may enter your world
 and not be born again.

459. I was plunged in the sufferings of this world
 and now by your generous grace have been released from them.
 I am tired. Please give me your grace and say to me,
 "Don't be afraid."
 O god of Thirumālirunjolai with a shining discus,

your hands are strong, your eyes are lovely,
 you wear silk garments,
 and your body has the color of the red evening sky.

460. I thought I could see you today or tomorrow.
 I suffered longing to see you
 for many ages and many eons.
 Now I will not leave you
 who destroyed all the hundred Kauravas,
 and gave life to their enemies the Pandavas, your brothers-in-law.
 Don't you know that my heart is with you,
 O my father, god of Thirumārirunjalai?

461. Even when I was in my mother's womb
 I wanted to serve you as a slave.
 I was born in this world and I found you—
 how could I leave you
 who fought with Baṇasuran
 and with your discus cut off his thousand arms,
 scattering them in all the directions,
 O my father, lord of Thirumārirunjalai.

462. Viṣṇuchittan the chief of Pudukkottai
 that is filled with golden shining palaces,
 composed pāsurams about the lord of Thirumārirunjalai
 where people of the world go and play in the spring water.
 If devotees recite these ten pāsurams
 they will become devotees of the god who measured the world.

The Azhvar describes the benefits he has received because god has entered into his heart.

463. You, Damodharan, the clever lord

of the rich, lofty Thiruvēṅkaṭam hills,
 flourish and protect the world.
 I put the mark of your discus on myself
 and on all my possessions.
 I live because of your grace.
 What do you want me to do now?

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

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

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

467. You are my father, my Rishikeshan,
 and the protector of my life.
 Like someone who brightens gold
 by rubbing it on a touchstone,

through your grace I kept you faultlessly
and praised you with my tongue and in my heart.

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

469. O lord who broke the tusks of the elephant Kuvalayabeeḍam, .
fought and defeated the wrestlers,
like the king of the Pandya country
who placed his mark on the mountains,
you placed your bright, divine feet on my head
and made me your own.
I have always praised your name with my good tongue.

470. You, a tall one with a discus,
you came into my heart
along with Adishesha and Garuḍāzhvar,
stayed there and made me alive.
My heart melts when I think how you stay there,
tears fill my eyes and flow down
and I need only think of you for my sorrows to disappear.

471. You left your snake bed on the cool ocean,
came running to me,
and now you stay in the ocean of my heart.
You who are my magical and beloved god,
the Māyan, the best of all
the beloved of Nappinnai,

a matchless ocean and a precious light
are the unique world.

You made my heart your abode and you own me.

472. O, dear one, you, a light,
stay in my heart like a shining lamp
and are like a tall bright coral vine that grows on a large hill.
You did not want to stay in the northern ocean, in Vaikuṅṭam,
in Dwarapuri surrounded by walls, or in other places.
You left them all and came into my heart.

473. Viṣṇuchithan, born in the tribe of the Veyar,
praises him, the cowherd,
the beautiful cool cloud-colored lord,
the bull of the cowherds,
the king of gods and the nectar of the Andanars.
If devotees sing the pāsurams of Viṣṇuchittan
they will reach him as his shadows.

2. Aṇḍal.: Thiruppāvai (474 -503) and Nāchiyār Thirumozhi (504-646)

Girls waking up their friends.

474. The girls come and wake up their friends. They say,
“Today is the auspicious full moon day of Markazhi month.
O you adorned with beautiful ornaments,
let us go bathe. Come!
We are the beloved young girls of the flourishing cowherd village.
Nārāyaṇan, the son of Nandagopan,
who looks after the cows with a sharp spear,
the young lion of lovely-eyed Yashoda
with a dark body, beautiful eyes

and a face bright as the shining moon
 will give us the Paṛai.
 Come and let us bathe and worship our Pāvai
 as the world praises him.”

475. The girls come to wake up their friends. They say,
 “O people of the world!
 Hear how we worship our pāvai.
 We worship the feet of the highest lord
 resting on the milky ocean.
 We don't eat ghee, we don't drink milk,
 we bathe early in the morning,
 we don't put kohl to darken our eyes,
 we don't decorate our hair with flowers,
 we don't do evil things, we don't gossip.
 We give alms to all beggars and sages.
 Come and let us be happy and worship our Pāvai.”

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

477. The girls come to wake up their friends. They say,
 “O Varuṇa, you take water from the ocean.

Do not hide your rain.

O cloud, you enter the ocean, scoop up water and rise,
 looking like the dark form of the lord of the eon,
 making lightning like the discus that shines in the hands of Padmanabhan,
 roaring with thunder like the sound of his conch,
 and pouring rain like the arrows from his Sarngam bow.

O Varuṇa, give us rain so that the people of the world may live happily.
 Come and let us bathe joyfully in this month of Markazhi
 and go to worship our Pāvai.”

478. The girls come to wake up their friends. They say,
 “He, the bright light of cowherd clan,

Damodaran who made his mother's womb divine,
 the young Māyan, the king of northern Mathura,
 grew up playing on the banks of the Jamuna river
 whose water is abundant and pure.

Faultless, we come, sprinkle flowers, worship him,
 sing his praises and think only of him in our minds.

All the bad things we have done and may do
 will disappear like dust in fire.

Let us go and worship our Pāvai.”

479. The girls come to wake up their friends. They say,
 “See, the birds are singing.

Do you hear the loud calling of the white conch
 in the temple of the god of Garuḍa?

O friend, get up.

He, the seed of the world
 who drank the poison from Putanā's breasts
 and destroyed the cheating Sakaṭāsuran,
 rests on the ocean on the snake Adishesha.

Sages and yogis rise and praise him saying, "Hari, Hari!"
 Listen to their praise and get up, happy in your heart.
 Let us go and worship our Pāvai."

480. The girls come to wake up their friends . They say,
 "O crazy one, don't you hear the sound of the sparrows flocking together
 and calling "keech, keech" everywhere?
 The cowherd women with fragrant hair and many ornaments
 are churning the yogurt. Don't you hear their sound?
 You are a queen of the cowherd village.
 How can you sleep when you hear people
 singing the praise of Kesavan?
 You shine brightly! Open the door.
 Let us go and worship our Pāvai."

481. The girls come to wake up their friend. They say,
 "The east is growing bright
 and the buffaloes leave their small sheds and go to graze.
 Women are about to do their nombu,
 but we have stopped them so they will wait for you
 and we have come to wake you up.
 Get up, cheerful one!
 If we sing his praise wishing to get the Paṛai
 and worship the god of gods who split open the mouth
 of the Asuran Kesi when he came as a horse
 and fought with the wrestlers and defeated them,
 he will give us his grace.
 That would be a wonderful thing.
 Let us go and worship our Pāvai."

482. The girls come to wake up their friends. They say,
 "O my uncle's daughter, it is morning
 and still you are sleeping on your bed in your room

where the fragrance of incense spreads everywhere
and the lamps on all sides of the palace
studded with pure jewels shine.

Open your beautiful door.

O aunts, won't you wake her up?

Doesn't your daughter speak? Doesn't she hear?

Has some magic put her into deep sleep?

Let us praise the god singing his many names,
saying 'You are the Māyan, Madhavan, Vaikuṅṭan!'

Let us go and worship our Pāvai."

483. The girls come to wake up their friends. They say,
"You want to find happiness doing your nombu
but you don't open the door and don't answer us.

The virtuous Nārāyaṇan, adorned with a thulasi garland,
will give us the Paṛai.

Does Kumbakarṇan who fell into the mouth of Yama in battle
make you sleep so soundly?

You are very lazy! You are a precious ornament!

Wake up and open the door.

Let us go and worship our Pāvai."

484. The girls come to wake up their friends. They say,
"You are as beautiful as a golden vine,
the daughter of the faultless cowherds, owners of many cows,
who fight their enemies bravely and destroy their valor.

You are as beautiful as a forest peacock, get up.

Your friends in the neighborhood have come
and stand in your front yard

and praise the fame of the dark cloud-colored Kaṇṇan
but you have not stirred from your bed.

O dear girl, you have not said a word.

Why are you sleeping like this?

Let us go and worship our Pāvai.”

485. The girls come to wake up their friends. They say,
 “You come from a rich family.
 The buffaloes that just gave birth
 drip milk from their udders lovingly, thinking of their calves,
 and the front yard of the house is wet with their milk.
 We sing praising the names of the sweet god
 who angrily destroyed the king of southern Lanka
 but you haven’t opened your mouth.
 Wake up. Why do you sleep like this?
 Don’t you know all the people in your house are up?
 Let us go and worship our Pāvai.”

486. The girls come to wake up their friends. They say,
 All other girls, singing and praising the fame of him
 who killed the evil Rakshasa Ravaṇa,
 and split open the mouth of the Asuran
 when he came as a bird
 have gone to worship the Pāvai.
 The star Guru fades and the Sukran rises.
 See, the birds are awake and chatter.
 Why are you with eyes like blossoms
 sleeping without coming with us
 to bathe and play in the cool water?
 Today is an auspicious day.
 Don’t pretend to sleep.
 Come and join us.
 Let us go and worship our Pāvai.”

487. The girls come to wake up their friends. They say,
 “See, in your backyard, in the pond in your garden,
 senkzhuneer flowers open and ambal flowers close.

Sages, doing pure tapas and wearing clothes
 that are red like powdered brick
 go to the divine temple to blow their conches.
 O young girl, you said you would wake us up.
 Aren't you ashamed? Get up.
 You don't do the things that you say you will.
 Come, let us sing and praise the lotus-eyed god
 with a conch and discus in his strong hands.
 Let us go and worship our Pāvai."

488. The girls come to wake up their friends. They say,
 "You are as beautiful as a young parrot.
 What is this? You're still asleep—wake up.!"
 She answers, "Don't shout and wake me up.
 I am a poor girl and you are as bright as lightning. I'm coming."
 They say, "We know your tricks. You always say this."
 She answers, "You are the clever ones.
 Let me be what I am."
 They say, "Come quickly. We can't wait for you."
 She asks, "Have all our friends arrived?"
 They say, "Yes, They're all here.
 If you want, come and count them.
 Come and sing the praise of the Māyan
 whose strength destroys the might of his enemies.
 Let us go and worship our Pāvai."

The girls wake up the god and ask for the Paṛai.

489. The girls take to the guards of Nandagopan's palace.
 "You are the guard of the palace of the lord Nandagopan
 who protect the doors that are decorated with flags and festoons.
 The dark jewel-colored Māyavan
 said yesterday that he would give

a sounding Paṛai to us, the cowherd girls.
 We have bathed to make ourselves pure
 and have come to sing and wake him up.
 O guard! Don't say this or that and make excuses.
 Open the front door of this palace!
 We are going to worship our Pāvai.”

490. The girls come to wake up Nandagopan, Yashoda,
 Baladevan and the gods, say,
 “O Nandagopalan, dear lord of the cowherds
 who give clothes, water and food to all, get up!
 O Yashoda, tender shoot among all the women who are soft as vines,
 the bright light of your family, and our dear one, get up.
 O king of the gods with feet adorned with pure golden anklets.
 You grew tall, split the sky and measured the world.
 Dear one, do not sleep. Get up.
 O Baladeva, don't sleep with your little brother.
 We are going to worship our Pāvai

491. The girls coming to wake up Nappinnai say,
 “O, fragrant-haired Nappinnai,
 daughter-in-law of strong-armed Nandagopan,
 who own of many rutting elephants, open the door.
 The roosters are calling to wake everyone
 and the flock of cuckoo birds sitting on the vines
 blooming with mādhavi flowers call out.
 Come, your fingers are beautiful and soft,
 open the door so the lovely bracelets
 on your beautiful lotus hands jingle.
 Come and join us to sing
 and praise the name of your husband.
 We are going to worship our Pāvai

492. The girls coming to wake up the god and Nappinnai say,
 “O Thirumāl adorned with garlands,
 you sleep on the breasts of Nappinnai,
 adorned with beautiful flowers on her hair,
 on a soft mattress on an ivory cot
 and the room is bright with lights.
 O Nappinnai with kohl-darkened eyes, open your mouth,
 How could you not get up and want to see your beloved?
 Surely you can understand
 that you won’t be able to be away from him for long.
 This isn’t good for you.
 We are going to worship our Pāvai

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

494. The girls coming to wake up the god say,
 “O son of Nandagopan, lord of fine cows
 that yield milk generously and make the pots overflow,
 you are wise, a bright light and our refuge.
 Get up. We have come to your door
 as if we were your enemies unable to fight with you.
 We come and worship your feet,
 praising you whose fame is abundant.

We are going to worship our Pāvai

495. The girls coming to wake up the god say,
 “We have come to you affectionately, all together
 as if we were queens of this wide world,
 and we stay by your bed and worship you.
 Won't your beautiful lotus eyes
 bright as the sun and the moon,
 show us even a little grace?
 If you look at us, our karma will go away.
 We are going to worship our Pāvai

496. The girls coming to wake up the god say,
 “As you, colored as dark as a kāyam flower, wake up
 you are like a lion that has slept
 in a mountain cave in the rainy season,
 that opens its fiery eyes and roars, its mane hanging low.
 You come from your temple and sit on your majestic throne.
 Give us your grace, and help us.
 We are going to worship our Pāvai

497. The girls come, praise the god and ask for the Paṛai,
 “You once measured the world.
 We praise your feet.
 You went to southern Lanka and killed the Rakshasas.
 We praise your strength.
 You destroyed Sakaṭāsuran when he came as a cart.
 We praise your fame.
 When Vathsasuran came as a calf you threw him
 at Kabithasuran who had taken the form of a vilam tree
 and killed them both.
 We worship your ankleted feet.
 You carried Govardhana mountain to save the cows.

We praise your compassion.

We praise the spear in your hands that conquers your enemies.

We want to serve you always and have come to receive the Paṛai.

Give us your grace.

We are going to worship our Pāvai

498. The girls ask for the Paṛai saying,

“In the night you were born to Devaki

and were raised by Yashoda.

This is something no one knows.

You were like a burning fire in Kamsan’s stomach

because he always thought of giving you trouble.

Kamsan always wanted to hurt you

but you fought with him and killed him.

O Neḍumāl! We worship you and have come here to you.

If you give us the Paṛai,

we will sing and praise your wealth and grace

and our sorrows will go away and we will be happy.

We are going to worship our Pāvai

499. The girls ask the god for the things that they need for their nombu and say,

“O lord beautiful as a sapphire,

we want to bathe in the month of Markazhi.

Hear us! Give us the things we need for our nombu.

We want to have white milk-colored conches

that will roar and shake the earth like your conch, the pancajanya.

We want many good Paṛais.

We want to be with people singing “Pallaṇḍu!” to you.

You as a beautiful baby slept on the banyan leaf.

Give us beautiful lamps, flags and a roofed place to stay.

Give us your grace.

We are going to worship our Pāvai.”

500. The girls, coming to ask for Parais, ornaments and clothes, say,
 “O Govinda, conquerer of your enemies,
 we wish to receive a Paṛai from you and praise you.
 We want many gifts—bracelets, earrings, anklets
 and other ornaments that everyone desires
 and we will be happy to wear them.
 Wearing beautiful clothes,
 we will join together and eat rice with milk, pouring ghee in it,
 and as we eat the ghee will drip from our elbows.
 We are going to worship our Pāvai.”

501. The girls, asking for a Paṛai from the god, say,
 “We go behind the cattle to the forest
 to eat our food there.
 You were raised with simple cowherd people.
 We are fortunate to be born in the same place as you
 O faultless Govindan, we cannot give up our closeness to you.
 We, innocent children,
 call you with simple names because we love you.
 Do not get upset with us.
 Give us the Paṛai and give us your grace.
 We are going to worship our Pāvai.”

502. The cowherd girls say,
 “We come early in the morning and worship you
 and praise your golden feet. Hear us.
 Just like you, we were born in the cowherd clan.
 We want to serve you and receive the Paṛai from you.
 See, Govindan, we want to be with you always
 and we will serve you in all our fourteen births.
 Give us your grace
 and keep us from wanting anything but your service.

We are going to worship our Pāvai.”

503. Paṭṭarpirān Kodai from Pudevai
 adorned with a beautiful lotus garland
 composed thirty Tamil pāsūrams about how the girls
 with lovely moon-like faces,
 decorated with beautiful ornaments,
 went to Madhavan, Kesavan who churned the wavy ocean of milk,
 and asked for the Paṛai.
 If devotees recite these pāsūrams without mistakes
 they will receive the grace of rich Thirumal,
 with a lovely face, beautiful eyes
 and twelve strong mountain-like arms
 and be happy.

Āṇḍāl - Nāchiyār Thirumozhi (504-646)

The cowherd women worship Kāma, the god of love.

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

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

I write the name of the ocean-colored one in my mind.
 Give me your grace so I may enter the place of him
 who split open the mouth of the Asuran when he came as a bird.

506. I worship your feet all three times of the day
 placing fragrant umatham flowers and blossoms of murukkam on them.
 O Manmatha, I don't want to be angry with you
 and scold you, saying that you are heartless.
 Get ready with your fresh flower arrows
 and give me your grace
 so I may enter into the brightness
 of the clever lord of Venkaṭam hills.

507. O Kamadeva, god without a body,
 I wrote your name on the wall,
 and I made a fish flag and gave it to you
 with horses, fans and a sugarcane-bow.
 I worshipped you and asked you to give me your grace
 so that my round breasts
 would belong at once to the lord of Dwarapuri.

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

509. I am doing nombu on the streets where you will be going
 with beautiful young girls who know the sastras, O Kamadeva.
 He has the dark color of the clouds and the kāyām flower
 and shines like a karuvilai blossom.

Give me your grace
 so that the lotus-faced lord will see me with his divine eyes
 and give me his grace.START

510. I offer paddy, sugarcane,
 cooked rice with brown sugar and aval
 and worship you reciting the manthras from the sastras.
 O Manmatha, I bow to you.
 Give me your grace so that Thirivikraman
 who measured the world
 will touch me with his divine hands.
 Give me your grace so that he will approach me
 and touch my breasts.

511. I don't bathe when it is time for my nombu.
 I don't comb my hair. I eat once a day
 and my mouth grows pale because I haven't eaten enough.
 You can see how I suffer for this nombu.
 I want tell you something:
 Kesavan Nambi fought with the Asuran Kesi to protect a woman.
 Give me your grace so that he will show me the same compassion
 and I will have the fortune of sitting with him and pressing his feet.

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

513. Vishṇuchithan Kodai, the chief of Pudukottai
 where the mountain-like palaces shine

composed pāsurams about the women
 who worshiped Kama,
 with a sugarcane bow and flower arrows.
 and how they wanted his grace
 so that they might be with the god
 who broke the tusks of the elephant
 and split open the beak of the bird.

Women asks Kaṇṇan not to destroys their sand houses.

514. O Nārāyaṇā praised with a thousand names,
 if Yashoda had given birth to you,
 it would be easy for us to love you
 because you would be human just like we are.
 We do nombu in the month of Punguni
 because that is the month when Kama comes.
 O Sridhara, don't bother us,
 don't come and destroy our little sand houses.

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

516. You who sleep on the deep ocean
 took the form of a lion to destroy Hiraṇyan
 and saved Gajendra from the mouth of the crocodile.
 When we saw you and fell in love with you,
 you looked at us out of the corner of your eye
 and didn't worry about what we might think.
 We worked hard to make our houses with soft sand
 and our banged hands hurt.

O lord, you rest on the ocean where clear waves roll.
Do not come and destroy our little sand houses.

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

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

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

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

521. We brought a pot, a winnowing fan and sand,
 built sand houses and are playing as we like.
 What is the use of destroying our sand houses?
 What do you get if you come
 and kick them down and give us trouble?
 Ocean-colored wone with a shining discus in your hand,
 don't you know that even jaggery will not be sweet
 if your mind is bitter?
 Don't come and destroy our little sand houses.

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

523. Vishṇuchithan Kodai, the chief of Villiputhur
 where Vedyar recite the Vedas
 composed pāsūrams about what the cowherd girls
 playing and making little sand houses said to Kaṇṇan.
 They said, "You who drank the nectar of the mouth of Sita,

do not destroy our little sand houses.”

If devotees learn these pāsurams well
they will go to Vaikuṅṭam.

Cowherd girls asking Kaṅṅan to give their clothes.

524. We got up in the morning before the rooster crowed
and came to bathe, plunging into the water.

Our beloved sun god rises coming on his chariot.

You who rest on a snake bed give us trouble.

We won't come to the pond from now on.

I and my friends worship you. Give us our clothes.

525. Why did you come here,

dear one, how did you come to this pond?

You, the Māyan, as sweet as nectar,

are adorned with a thulasi garland dripping with honey.

O, clever one! We will not leave you even it is our fate.

Don't go away here and there.

Don't take our clothes like this.

You who danced on the snake Kalingan,

give us back the clothes you put on the kurundam tree.

526. It is early morning.

What is this childishness?

If my relatives see this, they won't like it,

but you don't think what you do is naughty.

You sit on the kurundam tree and we can't reach you.

We will give you whatever you want.

Give us back our clothes.

We will go away and no one will see your mischief.

O god you destroyed Lanka with your bow,

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

528. My brothers with spears will come running
even if they hear that valai and kayal fish
are biting our feet in the pond.
It is not a joke.
O lord with a beautiful dark-colored body,
don't stay on the kurundam tree with our beautiful clothes.
Give us back our silk clothes.

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

530. We are sitting in the water, tired
while you are doing things you shouldn't.
Our houses are far away.
You are the god who knows

what will happen when the world ends.
 We really love you.
 If our mothers see us, they won't like it.
 Drop our silk clothes down to us.
 Don't sit in the top of the kurundam tree
 blooming with flowers.

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

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

533. Vishṇuchithan Kodai the chief of Pudukkottai
 surrounded by golden palaces
 composed with beautiful music
 a garland of ten Tamil pāsūrams
 describing the play of the dark lord
 with the young girls.

If devotees learn and recite these pāsurams
they will go to Vaikuṅṭam
and be with the eternal god Mādhavan.

Drawing a Kūḍal.

Young girls draw a circle to see whether their love will be successful.

534. He, the highest god worshipped by all good people,
is the generous Azhahiya Maṇāḷan of Thirumāḷirunjolai.
If you want us to press his feet when he sleeps,
O kūḍal, you should come together.
Come and join the place you started.
Kūḍiḍu kūḍale.

535. He took the form of Vāmanan
stays happily in the forest in Thiruveṅkaṭam
and in Thirukaṇṇapuram.
O kūḍal, if you want him to come here
and hold my hands and embrace me,
you should come together.
Come and join the place you started.
Kūḍiḍu kūḍale.

536. He, the dear son of Devaki with a shining forehead
and the wonderful son of famous Vasudeva
is praised by Nānmuhan who stays on a lotus
and by the other gods.
O kūḍal, if you want that king to come to see us,
you should come together.
Come and join the place you started.
Kūḍiḍu kūḍale.

537. He climbed and danced

on the tall blooming kaḍamba tree
 and jumped into the pond
 to dance on the heads of strong Kāliṅgan.
 O kūḍal, if you want that dancer to come to me,
 you should come together.
 Come and join the place you started.
 Kūḍiḍu kūḍale.

538. He killed the elephant Kuvalayābeeḍam
 whose forehead was decorated with an ornament.
 If you want him to come to the middle of our street
 in Madurai surrounded by big palaces and embrace us,
 O kūḍal, you should come together.
 Come and join the place you started.
 Kūḍiḍu kūḍale.

539. He does not have any desires.
 After he had just learned to walk,
 he killed the Asurans
 when they came as marudam trees,
 and he killed Kamsan with his tricks.
 He is the victorious king of shining Madurai.
 O kūḍal, if you want him to come here to us,
 you should come together.
 Come and join the place where you started.
 Kūḍiḍu kūḍale.

540. The lord defeated the evil Shishupālan,
 killed the Asurans when they came as tall marudu trees,
 the seven bulls, the bird,
 and the heroic Kamsan who carried a victorious spear.
 O kūḍal, if you want that victorious hero to come to us,
 you should come together.

Come and join the place where you started.
Kūḍiḍu kūḍale.

541. The protector of flourishing Dwarapuri
who grazes the cows and plays with the cowherds
does not enter the minds of people
if they do not want to love him.
O kūḍal, if you want him to come to us,
you should come together.
Come and join the place where you started.
Kūḍiḍu kūḍale.

542. In ancient times
he went to the sacrifice of king Mahābali as a dwarf
and measured the earth with one foot
and the sky with the other.
O kūḍal, if you want him to come here to us,
you should come together.
Come and join the place where you started.
Kūḍiḍu kūḍale.

543. Our lord, the inner meaning of the four Vedas,
the handsome one whom the cowherd women loved in their hearts,
saved Gajendra, the elephant dripping with rut,
from the mouth of the crocodile.
O kūḍal, if you want him to come here to us,
you should come together.
Come and join the place where you started.
Kūḍiḍu kūḍale.

544. The poet Vishṇuchithan Kodai composed ten pāsūrams
about how the curly-haired cowherd women
praised the famous god of the world

and made a kūḍal so their love would be successful.
 They longed to love, fight with, feel and embrace him.
 If devotees learn these pāsurams well
 they will not have the results of bad karma in their lives.

She asks the cuckoo to call the god.

545. The beautiful sapphire-colored lord
 is the eternal Madhavan praised by all in the world,
 the king decorated with a crown studded with jewels.
 He gives me trouble.
 My conch bangles have become loose
 because I have fallen in love with him.
 O cuckoo bird living in holes
 in punnai, kurukkathi, nyāzhal and cherundi trees,
 won't you coo and call at all times of the day
 for the one with a coral-colored mouth to come quickly to me?

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

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

O cuckoo bird, you live with your beloved mate
 listening to the kāmaram music of the bees
 that have dots on their bodies
 in the groves where fragrant flowers bloom
 and spread their smell.
 Coo and call the dark-colored one
 shining like a diamond so he will come to me.

548. My bones melt,
 my long spear-like eyes do not close.
 I have entered an ocean of sorrow
 and cannot find the boat that is the Vaikundan
 to escape my suffering.
 O cuckoo bird,
 you know how hard it is to be apart from your beloved.
 Coo and call the virtuous one with a golden body and an eagle flag
 and make him come to me.

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

550. Rishikesan, worshiped by the gods in all the directions,
 made me unhappy with love for him
 and the beauty of the white pearl-like smile of my red mouth
 and of my breasts was lost.
 O young cuckoo bird,
 you sleep in a beautiful place
 in a grove blooming with flowers.

If you coo and call for him, the true one, to come to me,
 I will bow my head to you.
 I don't know any other way to pay you back.

551. He rests on the surging milky ocean.
 My breasts have grown out and are happy
 because they want to embrace the lord,
 but they make me sad since I have not seen him.
 O beautiful cuckoo bird, why are you hiding?
 If you coo and call and make him
 with a discus, a conch and a strong club come to me,
 you will have the good karma of doing many generous acts.

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

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

554. I fell in love with him

who measured the world and became his devotee,
 but he only makes me sad
 because I love him and have not seen him.
 I can't describe the sorrow
 that the breeze and the moon give me.
 O cuckoo bird, don't make me suffer
 staying in this grove and cooing always.
 If you don't call today for Narayaṇan to come,
 I will chase you away from here.

555. The Paṭṭarpirān Kodai, chief of Pudukkottai
 where VEDIYAR recite with music the four Vedas
 composed ten pāsūrams about how a woman
 with spear-like eyes asked a cuckoo bird
 to call for him who grew into the sky
 and measured the world to come, saying,
 "O dark cuckoo bird, coo and call my ocean-colored beloved."
 If devotees learn these pāsūrams and recite them and say,
 "Namo, Narayaṇā!" they will reach him.

Her dream of the Wedding.

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

557. O friend, I had a dream.
 My relatives decided the day for my wedding.
 They decorated a beautiful pandal with kamugu trees.
 Mādhavan Govindan who once took a form of a lion,

strong as a bull, entered into the pandal—
I saw him in my dream.

558. O friend, I had a dream.

Indra and the other gods came together,
asked for me to be his bride
and made all the arrangements.

My sister-in-law Durgā tied a silk marriage sari on me
and decorated me with fragrant garlands.

559. O friend, I had a dream.

The Brahmin brought divine water
from different directions and sprinkled it all over.

They sang songs of purification.

The priest tied the string bound together with flowers
on my hand and on the divine groom's hand to protect us.

560. O friend, I had a dream.

Dancing women carried shining lights and kalasams
and went in front of him and welcomed him.

The king of Madura walked touching the earth
as the earth shook.

561. O friend, I had a dream.

The drums were beaten, the lined conches were blown
and my bridegroom, Nambi Madhusūdanan,

came and held my hand

under the pandal that was decorated
with hanging strings of pearl garlands.

562. Skilled Vedyars recited the Vedas,
and chanted mantras.

They made a likeness of the sun

with green naṅal grass.
 He is strong as an angry elephant
 and he held my hand and we circled the fire.

563. O friend, I had a dream.
 He is the refuge for this birth
 and the fourteen future births.
 He, our king Narayaṅan Nambi held my feet
 with his divine, perfect fingers
 and placed them on the grinding stone.

564. O friend, I had a dream.
 My brothers with shining faces and bows
 came and, standing before us,
 kindled the fire and made it bright.
 They joined my hand with the hand of Achuthan
 who once took the form of a lion,
 and they poured popped rice on it.

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

566. The chief of Villipputhur Kodai,
 praised by the family of Veyars,
 composed a garland of ten Tamil pāsurams
 that describe the dream of a woman
 and what she said about her marriage with the cowherd.
 If devotees learn and recite these ten pāsurams
 they will give birth to many good children and find happiness.

Praising the conch

567. O white conch, born in the ocean,
 tell me—I ask you anxiously.
 He puts you in his mouth to make the sound of victory.
 What is the taste and the fragrance
 of the mouth of Mādhavan
 who broke the tusks of the elephant?
 Does it have the fragrance of camphor?
 Does it have the fragrance of a lotus flower?
 Does his beautiful red coral mouth taste sweet?

568. O beautiful conch born in the ocean,
 you entered the body of the Asuran Panchajanya
 and now you rest in his hand,
 making the sound of victory
 when he conquers the evil Asurans.

569. You are a wonderful conch!
 Like the full moon that rises in the autumn
 from behind the large mountain,
 you stay in the hands of Vasudevan
 the king of northern Madura.

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

571. O Panchajanya!

Others were born along with you in the ocean,
but they do not receive the respect that you do.
You drink constantly the nectar from the mouth
of the king Madhusūdanan.

572. O Valampuri conch,
you have not gone to the Ganges
or on other pilgrimages to bathe,
yet you rest in the hands of lovely-eyed Thirumāl
who destroyed the Asurans
when they came as marudam trees.
You have the good fortune of plunging
into the divine water that comes from his mouth.

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

574. O Panchajanya, your food is the nectar
that springs from the mouth of him
who measured the world
and you sleep in the hands of the ocean-colored god.
You make women jealous
and they complain loudly about your good luck,

575. O fortunate conch
who drink nectar from the mouth of Madhavan
as if you were drinking honey,
won't his sixteen thousand wives be angry
when they see you with him
drinking the nectar that all others want to drink?

576. Paṭṭarpirān Kodai, famed in rich Pudukkottai,
 composed ten Tamil pāsurams
 describing Padmanābhan with the Panchajanya conch.
 If devotees learn and recite these pāsurams
 they will be near him..

The cloud messenger

577. O clouds, you look like a blue blanket covering the sky.
 Thirumāl, of Venkaṭam hill where clear water flows
 has not come to see me
 and the tears from my eyes fall on my breasts.
 I am tired and I am only a woman.
 Is it right that he should destroy my pride like this?

578. O dark clouds pouring your rain like rich pearls,
 do you have any message from the god of Venkaṭam,
 the generous one colored as dark as night?
 My love for him burns me like fire.
 If in the middle of the night
 the breeze comes and hurts me,
 how will I survive?

579. O clouds, you are generous
 and give rain to the earth.
 My shining beauty, bangles, mind and sleep
 have all gone, taking my pride with them.
 I survive only by singing the divine qualities of Govindan,
 the lord of Thiruvēṅkaṭam where cool waterfalls flow.

580. O shining clouds with lightning,
 he is the lord of Thiruvēṅkaṭam

with the goddess Lakshmi on his handsome chest.

Can you tell him that my breasts desire
every day to embrace his golden chest?

581. O dark clouds, rising in the sky and spreading everywhere,
you pour rain in Thiruveṅkaṭam
and make the flowers bloom and drip honey.
If you would go to him to bring back my bangles
that he has taken away,
tell him who split open the body of Hiraṇyan with his sharp claws,
how much I love him and suffer.

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

583. O cool clouds floating on the hills of Thiruveṅkaṭam
of the lovely-eyed Thirumāḷ
who churned the milky ocean filled with conches,
I bow to his feet and ask him for one thing.
Only if he comes one day and embraces me
smearing kumkum paste on my breasts
will I be able to survive.
Go tell him this.

584. O clouds that rise in the rainy season
in the Thiruveṅkaṭam hills,
I fall down like the old leaves of the erukkam plants

when raindrops fall on them
 and recite the names of him
 who went to the battlefield and fought for the Pāndavas.
 Will he come one day and talk to me?

585. O huge clouds rising like rutting elephants,
 you think Thiruvēṅkaṭam is your place and live there.
 What does he, resting on the snake bed, wish to tell me?
 The people of the world may say,
 “He doesn’t understand that she thinks that he is her refuge
 and he hurts her, as beautiful as a vine.”

586. Viṣṇuchithan Kodai, the chief of flourishing Pūduvai,
 composed ten Tamil pāsurams
 about how a girl with a beautiful forehead
 asks the clouds to go as messengers
 and tell how she suffers from love
 for him who rests on the snake bed.
 If devotees learn these pāsurams and keep them in their minds
 they will become his devotees.

The love of a girl for the lord

587. O velvet mites colored like red sinduram powder,
 and flying everywhere in the groves of Thirumāḷirunḷolai,
 I am caught in my love for the one with handsome arms
 who churned the milky ocean with Mandara mountain
 and took its sweet nectar.
 It is like a net. Will I survive this sorrow?

588. O friend, the mullai flowers on the vines in the forest
 filled with blossoms laugh at me in Thirumāḷirunḷolai
 where elephants fight with each other and play.

The vines that grow in the rainy season
bloom as if to say, "You will not survive!"
To whom can I tell the pain that his garland gives me?

589. O beautiful karuvilai flowers! Kāyām flowers!
You have the color of the lord
Tell me how I can survive.
Is it right that strong-armed Nambi of Thirumārirunjalai
who is always playing
should come into our house and steal my bangles?

590. O cuckoo birds in the flourishing groves!
Peacocks! Beautiful karuvilai blossoms!
Fresh kala fruits! Colorful fragrant kāyām flowers!
You are my five most powerful enemies.
Why must you have the color of the dear lord
of beautiful Thirumārirunjalai?
Is it to make me sad with love and hurt me?

591. O swarm of bees,
you have the divine color of the dark cloud-colored lord
with beautiful eyes
who stays in Thirumārirunjalai
surrounded with flourishing flowers.
O abundant, beautiful mountain springs!
O lovely lotus flowers!
Tell me, who can be my refuge?

592. I made a hundred pots of butter
for Nambi of Thirumārirunjalai
surrounded with fragrant groves.
I told him I will fill all the hundred pots
with sweet pongal for him.

He grows more and more beautiful.
Do you think he will come and eat?

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

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

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

596. Vishṇuchithan the chief of Villiputhur
with a garland swarming with bees
composed ten lovely Tamil pāsūrams
praising the beautiful lord of Thirumālirunjolai
where the Silampāṟu river flows
bringing sandalwood, akil wood

and throwing them up on its banks.

If devotees learn and recite these ten lovely pāsurams
they will join the feet of Thirumāl.

Flowers blooming in the rainy season

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

598. O thondri flowers blooming high,
do not grow to the sky
and burn me like the brightness of the discus
that is in the hand of him, the ancient god
praised by the Vedas.
Take me to the group of the cowherds where he is.

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

600. O mullai vine, you are like a young girl.
Don't hurt me with your smile

as you shine like the discus of the lord.
 I go to you for refuge—please show me your love.
 The young lord who cut off Surpanakha's nose
 promised he would never be apart from me.
 If his promise is false,
 it would be better if I had not been born.

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

602. O flock of peacocks,
 you have the beautiful color of the dear lord Kaṅṅan
 and move gracefully
 as if you had studied long to learn to dance.
 I bow to your feet.
 Do you see the sorrow of love that the dear god
 resting eternally on Adishesha on the ocean
 has given me?

603. O lovely peacocks,
 you dance beautifully spreading your wings.
 I am pitiful and have no interest in seeing you dance.
 Govindan, who dances the kudavai kuthu on a pot,
 has taken all my feelings with him.
 It is cruel of you to dance happily,
 reminding me of him and giving me pain.

604. O cloud, O cloud!

The thought that he has not entered my heart makes me suffer.

Like wax covered with sand that melts and pours down,
my love for him pours out.

Won't you make the beautiful god of Venkaṭa hills
enter into my heart and embrace me?

605. O milky ocean, O milky ocean!

Māyavan churned you and took the nectar from you.

He entered my heart, made me suffer and took my life away.

Will you go to him who rests on the snake bed
and tell him how I suffer for his love?

606. O dear friend, our highest lord is divine but we are small.

He is wonderful and he rests on Adishesha, his snake bed.

What can we do for him?

Yet if Vishṇuchithan, the chief of Villiputhur,
summons his generous god by composing beautiful pāsurams,
and makes him come, we may be able to see him.

The love of a girl for the lord of Srirangam

607. O friends adorned with precious jewels,
aren't the bangles that I wear on my hands
as precious as the conch that he carries in his hand?

Won't the lord of Srirangam
resting on the fiery-faced snake look at me?

It is very hard for me, very hard.

608. O lovely women,

the sweet nectar-like lord of Srirangam

with his beautiful hair, mouth and eyes

and a lovely lotus on his navel with Nānmuhan on it

made my bangles loosen and fall.

Did he take them so he could wear them?

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

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

611. The lord who rests on the snake bed
in Srirangam where good people live
went to Mahābali as the cheating Vāmanan
and made him give him his land
by pouring water on his golden hands
and measured all the worlds and the sky.
We are poor and have little.
It seems he wants to take the little things
that we have in our hands.

612. He is the beloved god of Srirangam
where the Kaveri river flows
carrying riches from everywhere and nourishing the fields.
He is the inner meaning of the four Vedas

and cannot be reached by anyone, high or low.
 He already stole my bangles
 and now he has stolen my heart.

613. When he had the form of Rāma,
 the divine god of Srirangam
 surrounded by strong walls
 suffered as he thought of his wife Sita.
 He didn't eat or sleep when he was without her
 and he made a bridge over the ocean
 to bring her back from Lanka.
 We are separated from him,
 but he doesn't worry about us
 and thinks only of making himself happy.

614. He, the bright lord, took the form of an unclean pig
 in ancient times, split open the ground
 and rescued the earth goddess
 when an Asuran hid her in the underworld.
 Even if I don't want to think of the promises
 that the beautiful shining god of Srirangam made to me,
 I cannot forget them.

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

616. Vishṇuchithan composed pāsurams
 describing the love between Kaṇṇan and the cowherd women.
 They said, "the lord says, 'I love those who love me,'
 but though we love him he does not love us.

He lies to us, but how can we prove it?"

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

618. She says, "You, my relatives, should not be ashamed that I love him. All the neighbors know about our love. Don't try to make me the person I was before. I have changed, I am in love with Kaṇṇan. If you really want to save me, take me to the cowherd village. I will only survive if I see the Māyan who measured the world as a dwarf."

619. She says to her relatives, "When people know that I went with Kaṇṇan and they blame you saying, 'She left her father, mother and her dear relatives and went away with someone,' you will be hurt and you won't be able to avoid the disgrace that comes to you. Kaṇṇan, the naughty son of Nandagopālan, plays with the cowherd girls and does many mischievous things. Take me to the doorstep of Nandagopalan and leave me there at midnight.

Māyavan comes to me often and stands before me.”

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

621. She says, “O mothers,
 no one understand how much the love
 that I have for him hurts me.
 It will go away only if the dark ocean-colored god
 embraces me with his arms.
 Take me to the pond and leave me on the banks
 where he climbed the kadamba tree,
 jumped into the pond and danced on Kālingan
 as if he were dancing on a battlefield.”

622. She says, “The cool clouds of the rainy season,
 the karuviḷai flowers, the kāyām blossoms,
 and the lotus flowers all attract me and tell me,
 ‘Go to Rishikeshan’s place.
 He is sweating, hungry, feels weak and wants food,
 and he is looking for the wives of the rishis
 to bring him something to eat.’
 Take me to where he waits for food
 and leave me there.”

623. She says, “I am growing pallid,

my mind is confused and I have no sense of shame.
 My mouth is becoming pale,
 I don't want to eat or sleep and I am growing thin.
 If the god colored like the roaring ocean
 puts on me his cool thulasi garland,
 all these problems will go away.
 Take me to the banyan tree
 where Balarāman conquered the Asuran Pilamban
 and leave me there."

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

625. She says, "My parrot in its cage
 always says, 'Govinda, Govinda!'
 If I am angry at it and don't feed it,
 it calls him loudly and says,
 'O lord, you have measured the world!'
 If I leave home and go to his place,
 people will blame you
 and my relatives and you will be ashamed.
 Take me to Dwarapathi filled with high palaces
 and leave me there."

626. Vishṇuchithan Kodai, the chief of Pudukottai

filled with shining golden palaces
 composed a garland of beautiful pāsūrams with music
 how a beloved with long hair
 tells her relatives her firm decision to join Kaṇṇan
 and she asks them to take her on a pilgrimage
 from Madurai to Dwarapathi and leave her with him.
 If devotees learn and recite these ten pāsūrams
 they will reach Vaikuṇṭam.

The love sickness of a girl

627. She says, "I love the dark Kaṇṇan
 and I long to see him and suffer.
 O mothers, your gossip is like pouring tamarind juice on a wound.
 The dear lord does not know how this girl suffers.
 Bring the colorful silk cloth that decorates his waist
 and use it to fan me and make me cool."

628. She says, "I fell into the love-net of the highest lord
 who rested on the soft banyan leaf as a baby.
 Don't gossip uselessly as if you were piercing someone with a spear.
 He is a cowherd and grazes the cows holding a stick,
 and he danced on a pot in Kuḍanṭhai.
 Bring the cool thulasi garland of the dark-colored Kaṇṇan
 to decorate my soft curly hair."

629. She says, "He killed Kamsan with his strong bow.
 The glances from the corners of his eyes go through my heart
 like sharp spears and make me weak and hurt,
 but he doesn't tell me, "Don't worry!"
 O mothers, if that matchless lord gives the garland
 from his chest and doesn't cheat me,
 bring it and spread it on my chest."

630. She says, "He is as sweet as nectar,
 the dark bull who stole butter and milk
 from the cowherd women
 has made me weak with love for him and I am heartbroken.
 Who is there to relieve this sorrow?
 If you bring the water that springs from his the nectar-like mouth,
 and feed that to me, the weakness of my body
 and my love sickness will go away."

631. She says, "Even when people weep, and even if they worship him,
 he does not come before them and say, "Don't be afraid!"
 He, the matchless Neḍumāl, came, embraced me, entered my heart,
 and now seems to follow me everywhere without ever leaving.
 Sprinkle the water on my face
 that comes from the holes of his flute
 as he plays it walking behind his cows in the grove."

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

633. She says, " Carrying a victorious eagle flag,
 he rules the world and all obey him.
 Yashoda raised him but she only made him
 like an unripe, bitter fruit.
 If he embraces tightly my faultless breasts with his young strong arms,
 my faults will go away and I will be happy."

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

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

636. The chief of Villiputhur, Vishṇuchithan Kodai,
 composed pāsurams about how a woman
 with eyebrows more lovely than bows
 loved the dear Kaṇṇan, the bright light of the cowherd village,
 after he gave her pangs of love.
 If devotees learn these pāsurams and worship him
 they will not suffer in the ocean of sorrow.

Devotees seeing Kaṇṇan in Brindavan.

637. "Playing like a young calf,
 he makes the cows crazy
 as he goes behind his brother Baladevan.
 Did you see that dark bull-like one?"
 "We saw him grazing the cows and giving them water.
 He loves them and plays with them in Brindavan."

638. “Did you see Govardhanan
stealing the butter, eating it and smelling of ghee?
He left me and went to the cowherd village.”
“We saw the dark one adorned with garlands made of forest flowers.
He looked like the clouds shining with lightning
in Brindavan as he played there.”

639. “Did you see Nambi Thirumāl when he was born as a child?
He bewitched all the young girls, telling unbelievable lies.
Did you see him coming here?”
“We saw him flying on Garuḍa
shielded by its wings from the heat in Brindavan.”

640. “He attracted me with his dark beautiful lotus eyes,
tied me to him with his love, pulled me and played with me.
Did you see him?”
“We saw him. He was like a baby elephant
covered with a cloth decorated with pearls.
We saw him sweating and playing in Brindavan.”

641. “Did you see Madhavan, my lord, my jewel?
He is like a pig that has been caught in a net and escaped.
Has no one seen him? Doesn’t he want to show himself to anyone?”
“We saw him. He was like a dark baby cloud
wearing golden clothes as he came on the street in Brindavan.”

642. “Did you see the naughty one,
his beautiful eyebrows bending like his Sarngam bow?
He doesn’t have any compassion for the young girls
who love him and is always bothering them.
He doesn’t know how to get along with others.”
“We saw the dark one with a fair face.

He looked like the bright sun rising from behind a hill.
We saw him in Brindavan.”

643. “Did you see him, beautiful and dark as a cloud?
Is his mind as dark as his body?
He makes many promises to girls but doesn’t keep them.
Doesn’t he have any compassion?”
“We saw him. He was bright as the sky filled with stars
when he came with a big crowd in Brindavan.”

644. “Did you see generous Thirumāl
carrying a white conch and a discus
and adorned with golden clothes?”
“We saw him as his lovely fragrant hair fell on his large arms
while he played in Brindavan.”

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

646. Vishṇuchithan Kodai composed pāsūrams
about how the people saw the highest lord in Brindavan
who gave his grace to Gajendra the elephant
and saved him from the crocodile.
If devotees keep these pāsūrams in their minds as a cure
they will live under the divine feet of the lord without leaving him.

Perumāḷ Thirumozhi by Kulasekharazhvar (647 -751)

When will I see my god, the lord of Thiruvarangam

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

648. When will the day come
 that I can praise wholeheartedly our god, Māyon,
 decorated with fragrant garlands
 and dark as a kāyām flower?
 He stays in my mind like a pillar
 and rests on the water in Srirangam
 on the fiery snake that has a curving body
 and a thousand heads that spit fire
 and that looks like a canopy made of fresh flowers.
 When will I see him?

649. When will the day come
 when I can place flowers under his feet
 and approach him with his devotees
 as the good Nānmuhan with four faces
 and eight beautiful eyes praises him with his four tongues?
 Our dear lord shining like pure gold
 keeps Nānmuhan on a lovely lotus on his navel
 while he sleeps on the beautiful snake bed in Srirangam.

When will I see him?

650. When will the day come when I fold my hands
and worship the ocean-colored lord,
sprinkling pure fresh flowers with my hands
for him who split open the beak of the bird?
He is strong as a bull among the cowherds,
the king of the gods in the sky,
and is sweet Tamil and Sanskrit poetry.
The lord who carried Govardhana mountain to save the cows
rests on a snake bed in Srirangam
where sages without attachment
praise him with their tongues.
When will I see him?

651. When will the day come
when I worship, bowing my head,
and see the dear sapphire-colored lord
decorated with garlands
resting on the snake bed in Srirangam
that is rich and filled with palaces and beautiful porches?
He is praised by Narada and the rishi Thumburu there ,
playing sweet matchless music on their yāzhs
and Nānmuhan, adorned with beautiful flowers,
worships him constantly with the incomparable ancient Vedas.
When will I see him?

652. When will the day come when I worship
melting in my heart and see the divine face
bright as the moon and the lotus eyes of him
resting on the snake bed in beautiful Srirangam
surrounded by groves blooming with fragrant flowers?
Nānmuhan who stays on a beautiful lotus,

Shiva, Indira and all other gods, Apsarases
and wise sages join together and sprinkle flowers
in all the directions and worship him there.

When will I see him?

653. When will the day come
when my eyes, filled with tears,
see the dark-colored Māyon resting on the snake bed
in beautiful Srirangam on the Kaveri river?
He changes the evil hearts of people to good,
helps them control their five senses
and relieves them of the burden of their troubles and sickness,
making them his devotees
so they can follow the ways of dharma in their minds.

When will I see him?

654. When will the day come
when I who have done bad karma
can see and join happily the god
resting on the snake bed in Srirangam
surrounded by groves and flourishing fields where fish frolic?
He protects the world with his long bent bow, conch,
sword, his discus that destroys his enemies
and his vehicle Garuḍa that flies in the sky.

When will I see him?

655. When will the day come
when I worship, jumping and rolling on the ground,
and see the dear lord with a discus
resting on the snake bed in Srirangam
where the beating of beautiful drums
is like the sound of the ocean
and devotees, joined together in a group

and loving the lord in their minds,
sing devotional songs,
shed tears like rain and praise him happily?
When will I see him?

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

657. Kulasekaran, the king with a strong army
who carries a victorious shining sword
and sits under a royal umbrella,
composed ten Tamil pāsurams praising the lord of Srirangam
who rests on the snake bed on Ponni river.
If devotees learn these pāsurams well and recite them
they will stay under the feet of Nāraṇan
who showers goodness to all.

Lord of Southern Thiruvaram.

658. If I am able to see and join
the happy group of true devotees
who call, sing and dance, enthralled,

and think only of Rangan of south Srirangam,
 as sweet as honey, hard to find,
 decorated with garlands that never wither,
 with the goddess of wealth seated on his chest,
 that will be the purpose of this birth.

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

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

661. My heart praises and worships the divine feet
 of the devotees who call, worship, melt and praise him, saying,
 “Nāraṇa, you are our dear god.
 You were not afraid that Yashoda might punish you
 when she saw you stealing and eating the butter,
 good yogurt and milk.

You stood there bravely and tapped your arms in front of her.”

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

663. In all my births, my heart worships and praises
those devotees who love and serve Rangan
and wander everywhere to show
the faultless good path to sinners
who do not have devotion
and do not worship the divine feet of Thirumāl,
the lord without beginning or end,
the wonderful one, the dear god of the gods.

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

665. He has lovely flower-like eyes
and his divine mountain-like chest
wears a fragrant thulasi garland

swarming with bees and dripping with honey
 as he rests on the milky ocean.
 My heart falls in love with those devotees
 who are fascinated by him
 and wander, sing, dance and worship Rangan, our dear lord.

666. The devotees of Rangan, my lord and father,
 as they shed tears of joy,
 tremble, long for him in their hearts
 worship, dance and sing.
 They seem mad but they are not.
 It is those people who do not worship, dance, sing
 and praise him who are truly mad.

667. Kulasekharan, the king of Uraiyur,
 the lord of Kuḍal Nagar and the protector of Kolli hills
 composed sweet Tamil pāsūrams on Rangan,
 the beloved of Lakshmi.
 He abides in the minds of his true devotees
 if they think only of him and serve him as his slaves.
 If they learn and recite these pāsūrams
 they will become the devotees of his devotees.

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

669. The people of the world
 love women with beautiful waists as thin as threads.
 I do not want to join them.
 I call you, saying, "O Ranga who sleep on the banyan leaf,

my love increases for you, the Thirumāl,
and I suffer with love for you.”

670. The people of this world fall in love when Kāma shoots
his mischievous arrows from his beautiful bow.

I do not want to join them.

My Rangan’s chest is adorned with garlands
and he is my good Nāraṇan who rests on Adishesha.

He saves his devotees from falling into hell.

I am crazy for him.

671. The people of this world
crave food and clothes and search for them.

I do not want to join them.

See, he drank milk from the breasts of the cruel devil Putanā,
and I am crazy for Rangan, the lord of the world.

672. I do not join with those who do evil things
when there are good things to do.

I am crazy for the ancient one, the cowherd, Rangan,
the beloved husband of innocent Lakshmi
seated on a beautiful lotus.

673. I will not join people
if they are not the devotees of the highest. .

I do not think the life of any other god in the sky is best.

For all my seven births I want to be a crazy devotee
of my dear god of the gods of divine Srirangam.

674. My mind shuns the thought of joining anyone
who is not your devotee.

I call you, “O Thirumāl with beautiful eyes,
you are my Rangan, you are my lord!”

and I become crazy for you, my beloved. .

675. Everyone in the world looks crazy to me.

and I am also crazy.

I tell this to all and call you,

“O cowherd, Ranga!”

and I become crazy for you, my dear lord.

676. The king of Kongu country Kulasekharar

thinks only of the feet of him who rests on the ocean,

and he composed pāsūrams about the devotees

who are crazy for the lord.

If devotees recite the words of Kulasekaran

they will have no troubles in their lives.

Lord of Thiruvēṅkaṭam hills

677. I do not want this body that is a bundle of flesh.

I want to be born as a kurugu bird that lives

on the branches of the trees in Thiruvēṅkaṭam

of him with a conch in his left hand

who conquered seven strong bulls.

I want only to be his slave.

678. I do not want endless wealth or status,

I don't want to be surrounded by heavenly women

or have the joy of ruling the sky

and a kingdom on the earth.

I want to be born as a fish in a spring

in Thiruvēṅkaṭam filled with groves

flourishing with flowers that drip honey.

679. He carries a shining round discus.

Shiva with matted hair, Nanmuhan and Indra

could not enter the divine entrance of Vaikuṅṭam
 even when they approached it,
 but I will enter holding the golden plate
 that the king of Thiruveṅkaṭam ate from.

680. Māyon rests on the cool milky ocean
 where fertile coral-creepers float.
 I would have the good fortune of blooming
 as a shenbaga flower in Thiruveṅkaṭam hills
 where a swarm of bees sings and praises him.
 I will see the feet of Māyon, decorated with anklets,
 as he stays in the Thiruveṅkaṭam hills.

681. I do not want to sit
 on the neck of a rutting elephant that frightens everyone
 and know the joy of riding it.
 I want to have the good fortune
 of standing as a pole in the beautiful Veṅkaṭam hills
 of our beloved lord.

682. I do not want to enjoy
 the dance and songs of heavenly women
 like Urvasi and Menaka with waists as thin as lightning.
 I want to have the good fortune of being a golden peak
 in the Thiruveṅkaṭam hills
 where bees swarm and sing “tenna, tenna.”

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

684. I want to be a path on the Thiruvēṅkaṭam hills
surrounded by cool fragrant groves,
where he stays who is the meaning of the Vedas
and who helped Nanmuhan, Indra
and Shiva with the crescent moon in his matted hair
when they performed sacrifices.

685. O, Thirumāl, you take away the bad karma of all.
You are the highest ! You stay in the Thiruvēṅkaṭam hills.
Devotees, the gods in the sky and Apsarases
stand at the entrance of your temple to see you.
I will become a step at the threshold of your temple
and I will see your coral mouth.

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

687. Kulasekharan with a sharp spear
that kills his enemies worshiped the lord
of Thiruvēṅkaṭam hills with cool and lovely slopes
and, wishing to see his golden shining feet,
composed pāsūrams praising him.
If Tamil scholars learn well these pāsūrams of Kulasekaran
they will become his good devotees.

Lord of Vitruvakkōṭṭam.

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

689. A girl of a good family knows no one
 except the husband who married her
 even if he treats her so badly
 that those who see hate him.
 I am like her. You are my father,
 the lord of Vitruvakkottam
 surrounded by forts that touch the sky.
 Even if you are like a husband and possess me,
 I will praise only your feet decorated with sounding anklets.

690. You are my father, the god of Vitruvakkottam
 surrounded by fertile fields where fish swim.
 Even if you do not look at me,
 I have no refuge except you.
 I am like those who live depending on the rule
 of a king decorated with garlands
 even if, unconcerned, he causes them much pain.

691. O my father, lord of Vitruvakkottam,
 a patient loves and does not leave a doctor
 even when he cuts him with a knife and burns him.
 I am like that patient. Even if you cause me pain
 that I must bear, I am enthralled by you.
 I am your slave and look only for your grace

and think you are my only friend.

692. O my father, lord of Vitruvakkottam
 who conquered the strong cruel-eyed elephant,
 where can I go and be saved except beneath your feet?
 I am like a huge bird that wanders
 looking for the shore of the ocean with rolling waves
 and, unable to find it, comes back
 to the mast of a ship.

693. You are my father, the lord of Vitruvakkottam,
 where red lotuses bloom only under the hot sun
 even though the sun comes to the middle of the sky
 and burns them with its heat.
 I am like those lotuses.
 Even if you do not take away my bad karma,
 my heart only melts for your endless grace.

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

695. O my father, lord of Vitruvakkottam,
 even if all the rivers come together
 spread and flood everywhere,
 they cannot stay where they are but must join the ocean.
 I wish to join you as those rivers join the ocean.
 O virtuous one who have the color of a dark shining cloud.
 See, I have no way to find refuge

except to come to you for your grace.

696. O my father, lord of Vitruvakkotṭam,
I want only you with a shining discus bright as lightning in your hand.
I think of you only as my wealth
and want no other riches.
I am your slave and I want only you.

697 Kulasekharan with a victorious spear
loved the god and composed ten good Tamil pāsurams
praising Thirumāl and saying, “You are my father,
the lord of Vitruvakkotṭam.
Even if you do not give me your grace
I have no other refuge than your feet.”
If devotees learn and recite these ten excellent Tamil pāsurams
of Kulasekharan they will not go to hell.

Kaṇṇan and the cowherd girls.

698. “Many of the cowherd women in this town
decorated with fresh flowers
say they don’t want to embrace your chest
because you lied to them.
I am standing on a sand dune
on the bank of the Yamuna river
shaking in the cold that comes after a strong rain.
O Vasudeva, I am waiting for you to come.”

699. “You saw a lovely girl with beautiful fish-like eyes
churning yogurt in her home near you
and you entered her house like a thief and said,
‘I will also churn yogurt.’
When the girl with long beautiful hair

that was decorated with flowers swarming with bees
 saw you, her bright face sweated and her red mouth quivered.
 O Damodara, I know truly how you churn the yogurt!"

700. "You looked at one girl
 with dark hair adorned with flowers,
 you approached another girl and your heart fell for her,
 you told another girl about her,
 you told lies to another innocent girl,
 and you embraced a curly-haired young girl,
 but you are not true to any of them.
 O you who destroyed the wrestlers
 when they came as marudu trees,
 as you grow, your magic grows with you."

701. "Even though there is nectar-like milk
 in your mother's breast, you crawled
 and toddled to the devil Putanā,
 put your mouth to her breasts
 and drank her poisonous milk.
 Those who saw you called you crazy.
 I am here and I love you,
 but you got together with the girl
 I sent as a messenger and enjoyed her.
 Is that also one of your naughty deeds?"

702. "I saw you wearing golden silk clothes
 as you went on the street in the dark night
 with another girl with a thin lightning-like waist.
 I stood there and saw how you looked at her
 as she looked at you,
 but you were also gesturing with your hands
 to call another girl who saw you.

Why have you left them all and returned?

Dear one, go back to them now.”

703. “O Vasudeva with strong heroic arms,

did I do something to get bad karma?

When I went to rest in the middle of the night,

you left me on the bed alone,

and not only that night, my dear one,

but other nights also.

And after you embraced young girls,

you came back to me.

Why did you come back and leave them?

O dear one, get up and go to them.”

704. “O you who rest on the snake bed of Adishesha,

we are not like the ones you knew before,

not like those you loved

with beautiful eyes darkened with kohl.

Stop coming to our village and staying here.

It is enough that we fell for you,

looking at your beautiful clothes, divine face,

fruit-like red lips and listening to the music of your flute.

If we hear your lies for one day, that is enough.

Stop saying your cheating words to attract us.

O young one, please go away.”

705. “You asked me to come here

but you went to the pandal blooming

with clusters of jasmine and loved her.

When you saw me, you muttered

as if your heart was melting for me.

Even though you brought a golden dress for me

and lied that you love me before you went away,

when you come to see me again
 I will still care for you,
 and if I see you my anger may go away.”

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

707. Kulasekharan, the chief of Kolli hills
 composed ten sweet Tamil pāsurams
 describing how the young cowherd girls
 fell in love with the beloved of beautiful goddess Lakshmi
 and how they expressed their wish
 to fight with him lovingly in the night.
 If devotees recite with music these ten sweet Tamil pāsurams
 of Kulasekaran, they will have no troubles in life.

Devaki's Lullaby to Krishna.

708. “You are as sweet as the sugarcane juice
 that comes from a sugarcane press, thālo.
 Your big eyes are lovely as lotuses in the water, thālo.
 Your color is like the water of the ocean, thālo.
 You are the king who killed the elephant Kuvalayābeeḍam, thālo.
 You are my son with handsome fragrant hair, thālo.
 I am more unlucky than all other mothers

because I don't have the good fortune
of singing a lullaby and saying "thālo, thālo" for you."

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

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

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

712. “You kissed your father Nandagopan
 and your mother Yashoda with your beautiful lips
 as the chutti ornament on your beautiful forehead swung around.
 You put your sweet fingers into your lovely mouth
 and prattled innocently.
 When your father saw you like that
 his heart was filled with joy,
 but I did not have the good fortune of seeing those things
 or listening to your baby talk.
 Only the divine Yashoda has known that joy.”

713. “O Kaṇṇa with cool lotus eyes,
 you crawled and toddled in the cowherd village
 and you played in the red sand.
 I don't have the good fortune of embracing you
 and covering my chest with the red sand you played in.
 When you eat your food you scatter it all over.
 I never had the good fortune of eating
 what was left over on your plate.
 Surely, my karma is bad.
 What is the use of my mother gave birth to me?”

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

715. “You took butter with your small lotus-bud-like hands and ate it.
 When Yashoda brought a rope you were afraid she was going to hit you
 and, your beautiful mouth smeared with yogurt,
 you were scared as you looked at her and cried

and your small red mouth trembled.

Then you folded your hands and worshipped her
and when she saw this, she found endless joy.”

716. “You stopped the rain with Govardhana mountain
and protected the cows.

You danced the beautiful kuravai dance
and danced on a pot.

You picked up the Rakshasas when they came as calves,
threw them at the vilam fruit tree and killed them.

You danced on the head of Kalingan the snake.

I never saw how you played like this as a child—
my heart never felt the joy of seeing these things.

Give me your grace that I may see you play like that
if you can do it again.”

717. “When you drank milk from the breasts of Putanā,
the evil-hearted one, her body became withered,
blood flowed out and her nerves were broken.

You survived even though you drank her poisonous milk
and gave your grace to all.

O my father who are like a dark cloud,
who took the life of Kamsan,

my breasts are a burden to me and I cannot use them.

I think I will see you one day

and that is the only thing I am living for.

You have a good mother, Yashoda.”

718. Kulasekharan the king of Kolli

who bowed down with his head and worshiped Kaṇṇan

wrote a garland of ten Tamil pāsūrams

describing how Devaki was sad not to have the fortune

of seeing her son grow up

who fought with Kamsan the king of Madura and killed him.
 If devotees learn and recite these fine musical Tamil pāsūrams
 they will be with Naraṇan soon.

A Lullaby for Rama.

719. You, the sweet nectar
 who were born from the beautiful womb of Kausalai
 praised by the whole world,
 made the crown of the king of Lanka fall.
 You are the dark jewel of Kaṇṇapuram
 surrounded by new walls studded with pure gold.
 O Raghava, thālelo. thālelo.

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

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

722. You who created Nānmuhan on the lotus on your navel,
 the wonderful son of Dasharathan, the husband of Mythili
 are the dark jewel of Thirukkaṇṇapuram
 where bees sing in the groves.
 You carry the best of bows that shoots heroic arrows.
 O Raghava, thālelo, thālelo.

723. After giving your kingdom to your brother Bharathan,
 you went to the thick forest
 with your younger brother Lakshmana who loved you so.
 You with a handsome chest strong as a mountain,
 king of Thirukkannapuram,
 are adorned with a precious crown that rules the world.
 You are the son of Dasharatha, thālelo.

724. You, the dark jewel of Kaṇṇapuram where learned men live,
 the king of Ayodhya and the wonderful helper of the sages,
 left the desires of worldly life and went to the terrible forest,
 obeying the words of your step-mother,
 as all your relatives followed you.
 O auspicious Rāma, thālelo, thālelo.

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

726. You made the monkeys build a dam on the ocean
 and destroyed Lanka surrounded by walls,

and you churned the wavy milky ocean and gave nectar to the gods.
 You the best of archers,
 the servant of your devotees,
 are the dark jewel of Kaṇṇapuram
 where the best poets and artists live.
 O Srirāma, thālelo, thālelo.

727. You, the son of Dasharatha
 with hair tied with fragrant flowers,
 bent your bow and destroyed Lanka surrounded by walls.
 You are the dark jewel of Kaṇṇapuram
 where beautiful kazuneer flowers bloom on all sides
 and you are compassionate and give your grace
 to young ones, thālelo, thālelo.

728. You who rest on Adishesha on the ocean in Srirangam
 where all come and worship your feet
 created the gods, the Asurans and all the directions.
 You are the dark jewel of Kaṇṇapuram
 where the fertile Kaveri river flows
 and you are the best of archers,
 shooting mighty arrows with your bow.
 O Raghava, thālelo.

729. Kulasekharan the mighty king
 who sits under a royal umbrella and carries a murderous spear
 composed these ten pāsūrams, a garland of Tamil lullabies
 describing the lord of the Kakutstha dynasty,
 the god of Kaṇṇapuram surrounded by good strong new walls.
 If devotees learn and recite these ten pāsūrams
 they will become dear to him.

The story of Rāma—Dasharatha suffers when Rama goes to forest.

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

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

732. Dasaratha says, “You, with your mountain-like arms that can fight anyone,
 the son of the family of Kosalai
 whose long red-lined eyes are like murderous spears,
 know how to melt my heart.
 Before you slept on a soft bed in the palace—
 how are you going to sleep
 under the shadow of a tree in the large forest?
 How could you learn to sleep on a stone bed,
 O dark king of the dynasty of Kahustha?”

733. Dasaratha says, “Come here and go back to the forest,

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

734. Dasaratha says, "Your soft feet will hurt
 when you walk on the gravel with stones
 as sharp as the points of the spears enemies hold,
 and they may bleed.
 Willingly you are going to the forest
 where no one wishes to go.
 The sun will be hot and hunger will cause you cruel pain.
 My son, you are going now
 because I, a sinner, listened to the evil daughter of king Kaikeyan.
 Surely I must have done bad karma. What can I do to stop you?"

735. Dasaratha says, "From now on
 I will not hear anyone lovingly calling me "amma."
 No more will I feel the tight embrace
 of his ornamented chest on my chest.
 I cannot kiss him on his forehead,
 I will not be able to see his majestic walk
 that is like the stride of an elephant,
 I will not be able to see his lotus face anymore.
 I have lost my dear one, my son.
 Surely I have done terrible deeds, yet I am still alive."

736. Dasaratha says, “His hair that was decorated with fragrant flowers is matted into jaṭa now. He would wear lovely, soft garments on his waist but now he wears orange clothes like a renunciant and he does not wear any ornaments. Is it right that my son with such handsome arms should go to the forest instead of me? O, Sumanthra, O sage Vashiṣṭa, you are learned men of the Vedas. Tell me!”

737. Dasaratha says, “O Kaikeyi, you have sent to the forest my divine son, as precious as gold, his brother Lakshmaṇa and my gentle-natured daughter-in-law with a waist as thin as lightning and words as sweet as a puvai bird’s. People will blame your own son Bharatha for what you have done and you are going to make me go to heaven in the sky. What are you going to get from all this? O Kaikeyi, how could you live happily in this large world?”

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

739. Dasaratha says, "I heard the cruel words
of the evil Kaikeyi who followed the advice of Kuni
and now I will leave Sumithra to suffer
and Kosalai with hair filled with flowers that drip honey.
You are going to the forest, leaving this rich palace happily,
and I will leave this place
and go to the gods' world happily,
O king of the dynasty of Manu."

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

God Rama of Thillai Chitrakuḍam.

741. Rāma, tall, with beautiful eyes,
colored like a dark cloud,
our dear king, our lord,
the light that illuminates the whole world,
stays in beautiful Ayodhya surrounded by high walls.
Born in the dynasty of the sun,
he brightens that royal line, and he conquered the whole sky
and is the god of Thiruchithrakuḍam in Thillai.
When will the day come
when I see him joyfully with my eyes?

The Story of Rāma.

742. He saved the sacrifice of the rishi Vishwamithra,
 learned in all the mantras and the Vedas
 shot a strong arrow and split open the chest of Thaḍagai
 when she came to fight him, making her blood flow out,
 and he killed all the strong Rakshasas.

See, our dear god stays in the Thiruchithrakuḍam in Thillai,
 surrounded with cool flourishing groves
 blooming with flowers with green tender leaves,
 as he sits on a throne studded with diamonds,
 praised by three thousand Andaṅars.

743. To marry Sita whose long dark lovely eyes were lined with red,
 the heroic Rāma who conquered kings with sharp spears,
 broke the bow of Shiva, the angry bull rider carrying a mazhu weapon.
 He stays in divine Chithrakuḍam in Thillai surrounded by tall walls.
 I worship the feet of the worshipers of Rāma
 whose cruel bow conquers his mighty enemies.

744. As Rāma he left his kingdom, obeying the words of Kaikeyi
 whose curly hair was decorated with bunches of fresh flowers,
 went to the forest,
 crossed the Ganges with the help of Guhan, his dear devotee,
 and gave his sandals and his kingdom to Bharathan
 when his brother came to see him.
 He stays in beautiful Chithrakuḍam in Thillai.
 If devotees see him happily with their two eyes,
 they will be equal to the gods in the sky.

745. As Rāma he killed the Rakshasa Virāḍan
 with strong mountain-like arms,
 received a bow from the sage Agasthya, creator of rich Tamil,

cut off the nose of the beautiful Rakshasi Surpanakha,
 took the lives of Karan and Dushanan,
 and bent his bow and shot arrows to kill the Raksasa Mārisan
 when he came as a golden deer.

He stays in Chithrakuḍam in Thillai
 and this earth is fortunate that his devotees wander there
 bowing their heads and worshiping him.

746. As Rāma he was separated from Vaidehi, his lovely wife.
 He was sad when Jaṭāyu was killed by Ravanaṅ and sent to Vaikuṅṭam,
 he became friends with the king of monkeys' Sugrivan
 and he killed Vali in the Kishkinda forest,
 relieving the suffering of Sugrivan.
 He made Hanuman burn Lanka
 ruled by Ravaṅṅ, the king of the Rakshasas,
 so that Hanuman's anger would abate.
 I worship the feet of the devotees of Rāma,
 the dear god who stays happily in Thiruchithrakuḍam in Thillai.

747. As Rāma he shot his arrows to calm the stormy ocean,
 made a bridge with the help of the monkeys
 and reached Lanka on the other side of the sea.
 He killed the Rakshasas who carried strong long spears,
 took the life of Ravaṅṅ the king of Lanka
 and gave the kingdom to Ravaṅṅ's brother Vibhishaṅṅ,
 and returning to Ayodhya with his wife as lovely as Lakshmi,
 he was seated on his throne.
 I will not consider anyone my king
 except Rāma the god of Thiruchithrakuḍam in Thillai.

748. Rāma who reached Ayodhya filled with gold
 and beautiful diamond-studded palaces,
 heard his own story

from the mouths, red as coral, of his two sons
 born to Sita, the princess of Mithila, to save the world.
 If we hear and drink in the story of Rāma
 of Thiruchithrakudam in Thillai
 we have no need of sweet nectar.

749. Rāma is adorned with a jewel-studded ornament
 given by an Andanan who knew the Vedas
 because he saved his son.
 His brother Lakṣmaṇa killed the Rakshasa Ilavaṇan
 and Rāma granted him moksha.
 He was separated from his brother Lakṣmaṇa
 by the curse of the sage Durvasa.
 If our hearts never forget the lord
 of Thiruchithrakudam in Thillai,
 we will not have any trouble in our lives.

750. When the dear lord adorned with garlands
 returned from the forest, the gods in the sky welcomed him.
 By the grace of him who fought with the strong Asuras
 and conquered them
 all people and creatures in the world go to Vaikuṇṭham.
 He stays always in Thiruchithrakudam in Thillai.
 O devotees of Rāma, praise him saying, “avan ivan!”
 and worship him always.

751. Kulasekharan, the king of Uṛaiyur,
 who rules under a royal umbrella
 and carries a victorious shining sword
 composed a garland of ten Tamil pāsūrams
 describing the endless fame of Rāma,
 the son of Dasharatha and the friend of Hanumān.
 If devotees know and recite these ten sweet Tamil pāsūrams

they will approach the feet of Nāraṇan who shines with goodness.

Thirumazhisai Azhvar. Thiruchanda Virutham (752 -871)

Chanda kali virutham.

Who is God? What is God? What is the nature of God?

752. You are five things—taste, light, touch, sound and smell in earth.

You are four things—taste, light, feeling of touch, and sound in water.

You are three things—taste, light and heat in fire.

You are two things—the touch and the sound of the wind.

You are the unique ancient one.

You are many things on the earth.

You are the dark-colored one.

Who has the power to know who you are?

753. You are the six actions—

learning, teaching, performing sacrifices,

making others perform sacrifices, giving and receiving.

You are worshipped by the fifteen sacrifices.

You are the beautiful two—wisdom and renunciation,

and the three devotions, devotion for god,

the devotion that gives knowledge to know god,

and the highest devotion that gives moksha.

You are the seven and six and eight.

You are many wisdoms,

the true and the false.

You are taste, light, touch, sound and smell.

You, Māyan, are everything on earth

yet who can see you?

754. You are the chief of the twenty-four philosophies,

the five elements water, land, fire, wind and the sky,
 the five sense organs, body, mouth, eyes, nose and ears,
 the five organs of action, mouth, legs, hands, the unclean organs,
 the five senses, taste, sight, hearing, smell and touch
 and the four organs of knowledge,
 mind, ego, knowledge, and ignorance.
 You who stay in the sky are all these and more.
 O Māyan, who can see you?

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

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

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

758. You are the Māyan, the cowherd,

the three forms of the gods, Shiva, Vishnu and Nanmuhan,
 the sleep, the feelings of all, ,
 the two times, night and day,
 and the oceans, the earth, the three fires.
 You are the great one praised by three-eyed Shiva.

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

760. You are the pure one.
 Shiva with red matted hair
 adorned with kondrai garlands that drip pollen
 worships your feet as the Vedas say.
 The Vedyars who know the Vedas well
 and the sages who recite the sacrificial mantras
 worship you through the right paths that the sastras prescribe.

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

762. Can words even begin to describe you,
 who are the sounds that form the words of the Vedas,
 the meaning of all the words in the Vedas,
 and the light that cannot be described by words.
 You created Nanmuhan and he creates
 all the creatures of the world by your order.

763. You created the world,

you swallowed, spat it out
 and again you created it again.
 The world is within you
 and you are separate from it also.
 You do not remain in one place.
 Who knows how you are in this world?

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

765. You who are pure yoga and carry in your hands
 the Sarngam bow adorned with thulasi garlands
 are the ancient one who took the form of a turtle.
 You rest on the deep ocean.
 We do not know what your name is,
 but we say you are the creator of the Samaveda
 and the Vedas praise you.

766. You are the four Vedas, the six Upanishads
 and their meaning.
 You, the precious one
 rest on the wide ocean on many-headed Adishesha.
 Aren't you the one with a white conch and the Sarngam bow?

767. You are the souls of the gods,
 plants, people who do good and bad karma and animals.
 Even though people do not know who you are,
 they hear of you from the Vedas and the scriptures of the sages

and they know you in their hearts.
Your greatness is like that of high mountains.

768. You are unique,
but you, limitless, are also the three gods,
Shiva, Vishnu and Nānmuhan, and the four gods.
You who rest on Adishesha on the wide ocean
are the source of good karma,
and give joy and goodness to all.
No one can comprehend your form.
How can you, the ancient god,
come to the world in human form?

769. You rest on the snake bed of Adishesha with a thousand mouths,
and two thousand fiery eyes,
who makes a roof for you and is never apart from you.
You have the color of the ocean—
why do you rest on the ocean?

770. You who carry a shining discus
took the form of a swan
and taught the Vedas to the sages,
split open the mouth of the Asuran
when he came as a bird,
and ride on the eagle.
Even though you carry an eagle flag,
why do you love to rest on the ocean on Adishesha,
the snake that is an enemy of the eagle?

771. Without being shy,
you rest on a snake on the ocean
and the gods come there and sing and praise you.
O Kesava who took the form of a turtle

that lives in moss-covered water,
 why did you do that and allow others to say bad things about you?
 Tell us so we can understand you.

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

773. You, the highest on the earth,
 the ancient god adorned with a thulasi garland
 that swarms with bees, are the past, present and future.
 Taking the form of the child Kaṇṇan,
 you swallowed all the seven worlds and slept on a banyan leaf,
 you who embrace on your chest the goddess Lakshmi.

774. You took the form of a white lion
 and with your claws, split open the chest
 of Hiraṇyan with shining teeth.
 You, the Padmanabhan, rest on the ocean of milk,
 and famous yogis recite the four Vedas and worship you.

775. O marvelous one,
 the water of the Ganges flows from your lotus feet
 and you carry in your beautiful hands
 a discus, a conch, a club, a bow and a sword.
 O god of gods who took the form of a man-lion,

the goddess Lakshmi, adorned with beautiful blossoms
 dripping with pollen, lives on your chest.
 O Māyan, your body has the blue color of the ocean.

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

777. You have taken form of a man, Rāma, and a woman, Mohini.
 You are what is good and what is evil,
 food, sound and smell,
 the false and the true,
 and you are illusory and appear to be nothing.
 You have been a cowherd looking after bulls
 and you went to Mahābali as a dwarf and took his land.
 You are a thief.

778. You who destroy people's sins
 are the light that shines crossing the sky,
 the bright form of wisdom and music.
 You went to king Mahābali as a dwarf-sage,
 begged for his land,
 and measured the earth with one foot,
 grew tall and measured the sky with the other.
 Who will respect you for how you cheated Mahābali?

779. You, the Māyan carrying the discus in your strong hand
 created the earth, swallowed the earth and spat it out,

and you created the oceans and slept on a banyan leaf.
 When the Asuras Thirumāli and Sumali came to fight with you,
 you sent them to Yama's world,
 O you who went as a dwarf and measured the world.

780. You who are the highest god of the gods
 and the form of wisdom rest on the ocean,
 keeping Lakshmi on your chest and embracing her.
 You came to this earth in human forms.
 No one can say what your nature is.

781. You who are the sky, earth, hills, and seven oceans
 are as lovely as a lotus and you carry a victorious lotus.
 You enjoyed the food served for Indra and slept on a banyan leaf,
 you shot a stone from your sling and hit Manthara's hunched back
 and you are adorned with a lovely fragrant cool thulasi garland
 that drips with pollen.

782. You, the good lord of unlimited fame
 who carry the discus that decides the life of all
 were born as a child and swallowed all the seven worlds in ancient times.
 As heroic Rāma, you became angry, bent your bow and calmed the ocean.
 O Murthi, you give moksha to your devotees
 if they worship you in their hearts.

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

784. Shooting your cruel arrows

you destroyed Ravaṇa whose teeth were as bright as lightning,
 and you gave your grace to Vibhishaṇa and the kingdom of Lanka.
 You are the beloved of Nappinnai, the innocent woman
 with sweet words and a lovely color.
 Aren't you the lotus-eyed god
 who have everlasting fame and a golden color?

785. You who are the ancient of the ancients of the world,
 the highest of all the lights and the truth
 are the Vedas, the sacrifice and the sky and the earth.
 What is your magic that you are the ancient one
 and a cowherd?

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

787. You who were raised by the cowherdess Yashoda
 with breasts decorated with beautiful ornaments
 destroyed Sakaṭāsura when he came as a cart,
 took the life of an Asura when he came as a bird,
 and you drank milk from the breasts of the deceiving devil Putanā.
 How could you drink the nectar from the mouths of women
 ornamented with golden bracelets on their hands?

788. You took the forms of a dwarf and a boar
 and you made the vilam fruits fall and destroyed the Asurans
 You made the blooming kurundam tree fall,
 you killed the Asura Kesi

and you split open the mouth of the Asuran who came as a bird.
 People say that you are Kaṇṇan
 and that is why you could do all these things with your strong hands.
 You drank the milk of the cowherdess Yashoda,
 ate mud, you stole butter and ate it,
 and you drank the milk of the devil Putanā.

789. You, the cloud-colored lord,
 our chief, broke the tusks
 of the rutting elephant that dripped ichor.
 You danced on the snake Kalingan
 and you danced the kuthu dance on pots.
 You the god with a discus that destroys your enemies,
 wear cool thulasi garlands on your chest.

790. You, the cloud-colored lord,
 used Mandara mountain as a churning stick
 and churned the milky ocean.
 You made a bridge using stones on the ocean to go to Lanka,
 and you destroyed Lanka surrounded by stone walls,
 You protected the cows from the storm with Govardhana mountain.

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

792. When you were a cowherd,
 you loved the cowherd girl Nappinnai
 with round bamboo-like arms.
 O cowherd, who can conquer you?

You, the Māyan, are the sky and the earth.
 You destroy illusions yet you create illusions.
 Is all your magic an illusion?

793. When Shiva was cursed by Nanmuhan
 and Nanmuhan's skull stuck to Shiva's hand,
 you filled the skull of Nanmuhan
 with your blood and it fell from Shiva's hand.
 You must not be ashamed to tell about Shiva
 with a red body and a crescent moon in his matted hair
 where the Ganges flows.
 O lord who fought the seven bulls,
 you should not be ashamed to tell others about Shiva.

794. You, the best of everything,
 broke the white tusks of an enraged elephant.
 You destroyed Kamsan when he was angry with you.
 You are the Māyan who measured the world
 and drank the milk of the deceiving devil Putanā and killed her,
 you, the ancient god colored as dark as kohl.

795. You are the sweetness in milk,
 the brightness of precious gold,
 and the freshness of green moss.
 You have the dark color of bees
 that drink honey and fly around ponds.
 You are the four seasons.
 Why does the world not understand the grace of Thirumāl?

796. Are you on the earth or are you in the sky,
 or are you mixed into the earth?
 We do not know who you are—what is this magic?
 Are you with other gods in heaven?

Are you near? Are you far?

O virtuous one resting on the snake Adishesha,
who wear a fresh thulasi garland, you are pure.

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

You carry a conch and a discus
and you ride on lovely-winged Garuḍa.

I have not received your goodness like the other devotees.

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

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

People say that you are omnipresent and boundless.

You who rest on a snake bed on the ocean,
I am like a dog—I want to know where you are.
I beg you, please tell me.

799. You stay on the hill of Thiruvēṅkaṭam,
and in the sky with the gods,
and you rest on the wide ocean on Adishesha.

You swallowed the earth,
you took the land from Mahābali and measured it,
and you assumed the form of a boar, split open the earth
and brought forth the earth goddess who was hidden.
You, the ancient god, created all lives
and you gave godliness to the gods.

800. The Thirupadi of the god who threw a ball happily
at the hump on the back of Manthara, the servant of Kaikeyi
with hair adorned with flowers swarming with bees,
is Srirangam surrounded by water

where keṇḍai fish swim about, valai fish jump
and cranes swallow crabs.

801. The Thiruppadi of the lord
who in ancient times, taking the form of heroic Rāma,
shot arrows from his bow with his strong hands
and made the dark ocean in Lanka with its white waves grow red
is famous Srirangam
surrounded by groves swarming with bees
where the divine water of the Kaviri flows
in all the eight directions.

802. The Thiruppadi of the lord who bent his bow, shot his arrows
and cut down the ten heads of Ravaṇa the king of Lanka
is Srirangam where the waves of the Kaviri river roll everywhere
bringing gold to the shores
and where Nanmuhan worshipped him.

803. The Thiruppadi of the lord
who fought the elephant Kuvalayabeeḍam
who came to attack him angrily and broke its tusks
is Srirangam surrounded by clear water
where the VEDIYARS are without desire
and walk holding bamboo sticks that have small pearls.

804. The Thiruppadi of the ancient god Thirumāl
who cut off the thousand arms of Bānasuran
and chased him away from the terrible battlefield
as the three-eyed Shiva and his escorts
who had come to help the Asuran also retreated with their army
is the famous Srirangam surrounded by water.

805. The god who shot sharp arrows and destroyed Lanka,

stays in Srirangam where the Kaviri river
 that was born in the summits of mountains
 and descends from the hills carries in its rolling waves
 fragrant sandal and kungumam paste
 as they break and dash on the banks.

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

807. You, the heroic god, went to Lanka
 and conquered and killed the king Ravaṇa,
 making his ten garlanded heads fall to the ground.
 You are Thirumāl of Kuṇḍandai
 where wise, faultless Vedyars with sacred threads
 recite the Vedas and worship you.

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

809. O good Thirumāl,
 you killed the Asuras when they came as marudam trees,
 you fought and killed the elephant Kuvalayabeeḍam,
 destroying its strength,
 you split open the mouth of the Asuran Kesi

when he came as a horse,
and you measured the earth with your feet.
You stay in of Kuḍandai,
giving boons to Vedyars skilled in the Vedas.

810. You, a hero, bent your bow,
killed the Asurans Vakkaran, Karan and Muran
and sent their heads to Yama.
You, a cowherd, stay in flourishing Kuḍandai
with ponds and blooming groves
and rich fields protected by many fences.

811. O god of Thiruvēṅkaṭam where cool rain falls abundantly
and bamboo plants grow tall and touch the sky,
aren't you Thirumāl who rests on the ocean
in Kuḍandai surrounded by cool blooming groves
dripping with honey?

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

813. You, the mighty god who took the form of a lion
and split open the chest of the angry Hiraṇyan
with strong round arms, stay in Kurungudi
where Valai fish leap and make large palm fruits
fall into a pond, frightening a cow bathing there.

814. You, the god of gods,

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

815. O father, you are stand in Thiruvuraham,
in Paḍaham you are seated and you recline in Thiruvehka.
When you took those forms, I was not born,
and since I was born I have not forgotten any of your forms
because you really stand, sit and rest in my heart.

816. The ancient god who stands in the Venkaṭam hills,
stays in heaven in the sky
and rests on the wide ocean with rolling waves snake bed Adishesha.
He, Madhavan, standing, sitting and resting in my heart, is a wonder.

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

818. If you worship the lotus feet of the divine lord
and listen to his praise,
you will go through the world of the sun,
reach moksha and find undiminished love and joy.
The virtuous god whose feet are as beautiful as lotuses
will listen to your prayers
and remove your bad karma and sorrow.

819. When they leave this world,
 those base people involved in worldly pleasures like wealth
 will not achieve moksha.
 There is no way for them to go to heaven.
 If you want to survive,
 you must praise the good god Thirumāl
 adorned with fresh thulasi garlands.

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

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

822. When Kaṇṇan took Usha,
 and her father Bānasuran, knowing what had happened,
 came to fight with him,
 Kaṇṇan cut off his thousand arms
 and Shiva, Agni and the other gods
 who had come to help Bānasuran retreated.

Then, the Māyan forgave the Asuran and gave him moksha.

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

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

825. If you really know that your refuge is the feet of him
who took the form of Vāmanan and worship him,
you will have wealth and wonderful wisdom.
If you praise Thirumāl
who rests on the ocean with its clear rolling waves,
you will not have the results of your bad karma.

826. Only those who do good tapas thinking only of the lord
and who think constantly of the nature of Thirumāl
will go to heaven and stay with the other gods forever.
Except for those devotees no one can see the lovely-eyed Thirumāl.

827. Only if people control the feelings that arise from their senses
and light up their wisdom by following the good path
and melt in their bones and hearts for him
and love him who carries a discus can they see him. CHECK

828. The ancient lord is eight and eight and eight,
 he is seven and seven and seven,
 and he is eight and three and one.
 Devotees worshipping with the eight letter mantra,
 “Om namo Nārāyaṇāya,” will go to heaven and rule there.

829. If people love him tirelessly
 and think of him always in their minds,
 reciting the eight-letter mantra with love
 and worshipping the beautiful ankleted feet
 of the god who rests on the snake bed on the ocean,
 they will go to heaven and rule there.

830. He is the ten directions,
 the soul of the ten guardians of the directions,
 the nine notes of music, the nine rasas of dance
 and he, the ancient and the most powerful one,
 came to this world in ten avatharams.
 Only if devotees worship him with devotion
 will they reach moksha.

831. When the Asuran Thenugam approached the lord without love
 pretending to be his friend, he cut off his arms
 but then he gave him moksa.
 No one can reach moksha except the devotees
 who worship the ankleted feet of the lord with love..

832. The lord stays in the Thiruveṅkaṭam hills
 who churned the milky ocean
 and rests on the ocean forever.
 He gave his grace to Vāli after killing him,
 and destroyed the seven trees with one arrow
 If you worship the feet of Thirumāl you will be saved.

833. You who rest on the snake bed on the ocean,
 the highest of the high,
 are the incomparable one whom no one can know.
 If devotees have destroyed their desires
 and released themselves from attachment to the world,
 they will receive happiness here, there and everywhere in all ways.

834. O you who wear cool thulasi garlands that drip pollen,
 if someone controls his mind and worships you
 with the eight letter mantra, "Om Namō Narayanaya,"
 the joy he receives is higher than the joy of attaining moksha.

835. Does he who carries the discus
 want me to be born again?
 Does he know the day he made me love his ankleted feet?
 I am ignorant, incapable of doing anything,
 and do not know how to love him.
 O dear lord, what did you find in me
 to make me your devotee?

836. O lord resting on the snake bed,
 I know your magic.
 You know how to make my mind
 that is interested in other worldly things
 leave them and be devoted to your lotus feet.
 You are truly clever.
 If you make me fascinated with you,
 what kind of fascination is that?
 O Māyan, give me your grace
 so I am not involved in worldly things.

837. Dance, dance with your feet.

You danced on the heads of the snake Kālingan
 stirring the water in the pond,
 O you who carry a conch in your hand.
 I worship your beautiful feet every day
 and think of you always.
 Why have you not granted me moksha yet, O Kaṇṇa.

838. You are the Vedas.
 Shiva with an eye in his forehead,
 the wise Nānmuhan staying on the lotus
 and all other gods together worship your feet with love.
 I will not speak of any other love
 except the love that I have for you.

839. My generous lord churned the milky ocean,
 using the mountain for a churning stick,
 a turtle to support the mountain
 and the white-fanged snake Vasuki for the rope.
 He took the nectar that came from the ocean,
 gave it to the gods in the sky,
 and took away their troubles.
 I will not worship any one except him.

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

841. I was not born in one of the four varnas.
 I have not learned any of the good arts
 and do not recite the Vedas with my tongue.

I have not conquered the joy given by the senses.
 O pure one, I have no good knowledge
 and I have no refuge except your shining feet.

842. For the sake of Sita with sharp sword-like eyes
 and soft words like music
 you burned countless Raksasas in Lanka.
 I have no eyes except yours that make me see
 and no relatives to be with except you.
 You have endless magic.
 How can I ever take you from my heart?

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

844. You, the god of Srirangam,
 adorned with a cool thulasi garland that swarms with bees,
 give your grace to those who love and worship your feet.
 You, as sweet as a bundle of sugarcane,
 are Kaṇṇan resting on the ocean.
 As Rāma, you shot powerful arrows with your bow
 and destroyed the iron forts of Lanka.

845. You who are the life in our bodies,
 our sleep and feelings,
 the five things given by the cow,
 the purity in all,
 the sky and the earth,
 the rich ocean and the things in it.

There is nothing without you.
You are our god and you are Rāma.

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

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

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

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

850. You, the beloved of Nappinnai,
have the color of the kāyām flower.

My soul is tied to you.

I hear that the messengers of Yama
encourage people to be involved in cruel sins,
but I have locked you up in my heart with Nappinnai
and you save me from committing those sins.

851. You are Māyan whom no one can reach easily.
You save people even if they are evil, forgetting all good deeds,
thinking themselves wise and not understanding
that births cause them suffering in this world,
Give me your grace and make me your devotee
so I may worship your feet through devotion for you always.

852. I want to ask you one thing,
O you who have the color of the ocean.
If I worship you and always want to think of you in my mind,
won't you also consider giving me your grace
so I may keep your lotus feet in my heart forever?

853. O Māyan resting on the ocean with seething water,
my love for you is limitless
and I worship your shining lotus feet in my heart
so that they will take away all my troubles.
You, the victorious divine hero, took the form of a boar
and carried Govardhana mountain
to save the cows by sheltering them from the storm.
O lord, tell me how I can not be born and suffer in this world.

854. O dark-colored god with the beautiful Lakshmi on your chest,
You, are faultless, the god of gods

and the god of justice proclaimed by the Vedas.
 Give me your grace
 so I may recite your names without ever ceasing.

855. O Māyan with many weapons in your strong arms,
 who cut off the heads of the Asuras Vakkaran, Karan and Muran
 when they came in anger to fight you,
 give me your grace so I may always worship your feet
 adorned with golden anklets
 whether I am resting, standing or walking.

856. You swallowed the earth,
 and you begged for land and took it from Mahābali,
 measuring it till there was no place you had not taken.
 O lord with lotus eyes who embrace the woman
 whose sweet words surpass music,
 there is no other color like your color.

857. O god carrying a conch, club, bow and a sword,
 your discus cut off the head of Yama
 when he came angrily to fight with you
 and you carried Govardhana mountain to save the cows
 when the storm came to destroy the cowherd village.
 My heart loves nothing except your fame
 that is spread everywhere.

858. You destroyed the angry king of Kasi,
 Vakkaran, Pavuṇḍran, the furious Maliman,
 Sumali, Kesi and Thenugan.
 I will not give my love and affection to anyone,
 only to your anklet-adorned feet.

859. Even if I received faultless boons

and could go to the world of Nanmuhan
 filled with abundant and indestructible wealth
 or the world of Shiva
 who has the power of destroying the world
 or the world of thousand-eyed Indra,
 even if I could have all the pleasures of moksha,
 I would not accept or think of anything
 except to be with you.

860. You became a dwarf
 even though no one made you small,
 and, without anyone making you bigger,
 you became tall even though no one made you tall
 and touched the sky.
 All the sages recite the Vedas,
 praise you and say that you are the god of gods
 and you destroy the evil of the proud,
 and I join them in your praise.

861. You, Māyan, the pure one
 wearing a cool thulasi garland that swarms with bees,
 I, a dog, bow to you and worship you.
 who are colored like the ocean and rest on the water of the sea.
 You enter the thoughts of your devotees.
 Forgive all my faults and give me your grace.

862. You are the lord of the world.
 Sages say that even they who slander you like Sisupalan
 or fight with you like Ravaṇa in Lanka
 have reached your world and joined with you by your grace O Māyan.
 Take the mistakes that I, as low as a dog,
 do as good deeds and forgive me.

863. O my heart, time will pass,
 we will all get sick and grow old
 and the time of our death will come near.
 Bow to the divine feet of the god and worship him.
 You should know that being a devotee of the god
 is the only good thing. Only the feet of Thirumāl
 can give you the joy of never being born again.

864. When Nanmuhan cursed dark-necked Shiva
 in whose matted hair the Ganges flows
 and Nanmuhan's skull was stuck to Shiva's palm,
 our god whose chest is adorned with a fragrant garland
 gave his blood and made Nanmuhan's skull fall away.
 O heart, think of the god's thulasi garland and worship him
 so that you will reach his Vaikuṅṭam.

865. O heart, if you want to remove the eight bad thoughts
 and live without fault and reach moksha and rule the world,
 you must think and worship the feet of the god, our father,
 who is wisdom, the sun, and the world,
 who took the form of a single-tusked boar and split open the earth.

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

867. Rāma the heroic one, went to Lanka,
 fought with Ravana whose sword was mighty,
 burned it, killed Ravaṇa and conquered Lanka.
 My god does not think that I am like his enemies.
 Yama will not think of the sins

I have done and afflict me
because I am a devotee of the god.

868. He will take you to heaven
removing your fears, sickness, old age
and all your births.

Achudan, Anandan, the lord who fulfills his promises,
and has no beginning or end
rests on the snake bed
and is praised by the Vedas.

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

870. O Māyan with the color of a kāyām flower,
god of Srirangam surrounded by the Ponni river, hear me.
My heart has given up my bad karma
and worships your shining flower feet
remaining with them without ever growing tired.

871. You, colored like a cloud, the everlasting shining light,
took away all my future births and saved me today.
You came to me, entered my heart and bewitched me
and now my soul has been released from all pain
and has attained moksha, the house of joy.

Thirumālai : Thoṇḍaraḍippoḍi Azhvar (872-916)

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

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

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

875. When Kstrabandu suffered from bad karma,
 he worshipped the god,
 recited the three syllables of the word "Govinda"
 and received moksha

but even though I continually worship Rangan,
the crazy god who gave his grace to devotees like Ksatrabandu,
he has not taken away my births.

876. If people enjoy the pleasures of women
they will fall into many troubles.
They will get sick and suffer, unable to eat night and day.
Why do those base ones not become the devotees
of the god whose chest is adorned with cool thulasi garlands,
singing and dancing his praise?
They only enjoy the food they eat and do not realize
that worshipping the god is like drinking nectar.

877. You build tall walls for your palaces
that have long porches and enjoy living in them
and you do not think at all of your next birth.
You do not become a devotee of the god Rangan
whose walls are dharma.
You decorate the exterior wall that is your body
and live inside it as if you were a bird
concerned with nothing else.

878. If people learn the good religious books,
how can they hear, see and learn
about the dharma of the mean religions, Buddhism and Jainism?
If I think of any other god,
I promise that even if someone cuts off my head
I will not die because I am a devotee of the god.
The only god of gods destroyed Lanka with his bow.

879. O god of Srirangam,
the bald-headed Jains, Buddhists and the Sakyas
hate our religion and say terrible things about you.

It is better if they get sick and die rather than living.

When I hear their evil speech, it hurts me.

If I could, I would cut off their heads.

880. O ignorant men! Is there any other god?

You will not understand that he is the only god
unless you are in trouble.

You should know one thing for sure:

there is no god except him.

Worship the ankleted feet of our father
who grazed the calves.

881. He created all the gods by his good grace

and showed Srirangam as the path

to those wishing to be released from their births.

O Nambis, listen.

The god riding the eagle is here,

but you look only for the wealth that is achieved by bad deeds.

882. Our god, the protector of the world,

built a bridge on the large ocean, shooting one arrow,

and he fought with the king of the Rakshasas in Lanka.

You do not think of the beautiful temple

in Srirangam surrounded by forts,

and so you do not have good luck in this birth but waste your life.

883. Once some people heard

Yama and Muthkalan talking together in hell

and thought that hell is heaven.

They forgot that the place of the many-named dear god Nambi

is Srirangam and they did not worship the god there.

They plunged into sorrow and I am worried

that they will have trouble in their lives.

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

885. Beautiful Srirangam is surrounded with groves
 where bunches of bees swarm around flowers, peacocks dance,
 clouds float above in the sky and cuckoos sing.
 Indra the king of the gods comes and stays there.
 Such is lovely Srirangam.
 You should take the food that the evil people eat
 who do not praise Srirangam filled with beautiful groves
 and give it to the dogs.

886. The king of the gods with an eagle flag
 is true for people if they think he is true
 and he is false if they think he is not true.
 If someone thinks he can escape birth
 only by worshiping the god,
 his doubts about the god will go away
 and he will understand
 that Srirangam is the Thirupadi of the beautiful god.

887. I was a gambler and a thief.
 I consorted with bad people
 and was caught in the love-nets of fish-eyed women.
 But the beautiful god said, "Come out!"
 and entered my mind and made me love him.

Srirangam is the Thirupadi of the beautiful god
who made me love him.

888. I don't know how to praise you with my tongue
and I don't have the good luck of knowing how to love you
or a good mind that knows how to glorify you.
My strong iron-like heart melted
to see the sweet sugarcane-like god
of the wonderful temple in Srirangam
surrounded with groves swarming with bees.
How my eyes were delighted when I saw him!

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

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

891. The Māyanār who rests on a snake bed
in Srirangam where the water of the Kaviri flows over its banks,
has a beautiful divine chest,
strong arms, pure lotus eyes,

lovely coral lips and shining hair
 and his body has the color of an emerald.
 How could his devotees forget his beautiful form?

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

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

894. Srirangam is in the middle of the Kaveri river
 which is purer than the Ganges.
 and its water rises and spreads through blooming groves.
 Our dear Thirumāl, our Esan, rests there on the river.
 How can I live forgetting him
 after seeing him resting on the water of the Kaveri?
 I am to be pitied, I am to be pitied.

895. I see his beautiful lotus face
 and I see how that thief who stole my heart
 rests on the Kaveri in Srirangam
 surrounded by a rising flood of water
 and flourishing with groves.
 O my heart, you are brave.

You know he is the one you really love,
but you love him secretly and spend your days
without telling anyone.

896. I have not lived the life of an orthodox VEDIYAN
bathing and making sacrifices with three fires.
I do not understand myself
and I am not a devotee in your eyes.
What is there for me to be happy about?
O Nambi colored blue like the ocean,
I cry out for you. Show pity on me
and give me your grace, lord of Srirangam!

897. I don't worship your golden feet,
decorating them constantly with flowers.
Even though I have much time,
I don't praise your divine qualities with faultless words.
My heart doesn't know how to love you.
O Ranga, I don't have the fortune of being your devotee.
What can I do? I was born in vain.

898. I am like the innocent squirrel
that went to Rāma for refuge after rolling and immersing itself
in the wave-filled water as it tried to help the monkeys
when they took mountains to build the bridge for Rāma to go to Lanka.
My heart is as hard as wood and I am a bad person.
I have not served the lord of Srirangam with my mind
and am tired and wretched.

899. Even the gods in the sky do not understand the radiant lord
who came to protect the elephant Gajendra
and grew angry at the crocodile that ate red meat.
Am I fit for him to come to me?

I am mean, like a dog and I have not served him.

What can I do? I was born in vain.

900. I don't belong to a village or own any land.

I have no relatives.

I worship the feet of you, the highest one, on this earth
and know no other refuge,

O you with the bright color of the dark clouds.

O Kaṇṇa! I cry out for you.

Whom do I have without you as my support?

Come and remove my sorrow,

you who are my mother, lord of Srirangam.

901. I don't have a pure mind and no good words come from my mouth.

I get very angry, shout and say bad things.

You are adorned with fresh thulasi garlands,

lord of Srirangam, surrounded by the Ponni river.

Tell me, what will happen to me, O my king.

902. O lord of Srirangam,

I have not done tapas like the sages, I am not wealthy,

and I am as useless as salty water for my friends and relatives.

I fell for women whose mouths are like coral

and became like dust when I didn't have money.

You gave me this birth only to make me suffer.

903. O Kaṇṇan with a body as dark as a thick cloud,

lord of beautiful Srirangam

where bees sing and swarm in the groves,

I don't know even one path to take to see you.

I am a thief, I am violent, stupid and rough.

I come to you. You are my refuge.

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

905 Thirumāl abides in my mind
 but I am unable to understand that he is there.
 I am a thief disguised as a devotee doing service.
 When I realized that you are in the minds of those
 who think of you and you know what they think,
 I was ashamed and laughed so hard
 that it seemed the bones in my chest would break.

906. O my father who measured all the world with your feet,
 I, a sinner, will not worship anyone but you,
 the lovely-eyed Thirumāl, my soul, my nectar,
 my father, as dear to me as my life.
 I am a sinner, truly I am a sinner.

907. When you were young
 you carried Govardhana mountain to stop the storming rain,
 O you who are like a sweet river.
 I suffer, caught in the net of doe-eyes women—
 why don't you look at me and give me your grace?
 I have no one but you. I call you,
 O ancient one, god of Srirangam.

908. The bright lord is my father and mother,
 the god of Srirangam
 surrounded by the clear water of the Kaviri.
 I am a poor person.

My dear lord doesn't show me even a little compassion,
 he doesn't think, "He is pitiful, I should help him."
 What is this, O lord, Isn't this a terrible thing to do?

909. You, lord of Srirangam surrounded by water,
 are happy with devotees
 if they abandon their wealth, understand divine truth,
 know what will they be in the future,
 control their five senses, shave their heads
 and stay at your doorstep, living a quiet life.

910. O lord of Srirangam
 whose hair is decorated with a thulasi garland,
 no one has to be born in a good family to become your slave.
 Even if someone is born like a dog
 and doesn't belong to the families of VEDIYARS,
 if he worships your feet ornamented with sounding anklets,
 it seems you will be happy with him,

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

912. Even bad people who do evil things
 and make others do evil deeds,
 if they praise you saying, "You are the god of the sky.
 Even the gods in the sky do not understand you
 who are adorned with a thulasi garland

that swarms with bees,”
and if they become your slaves and offer food to your devotees,
they will become pure.

913. Lord of Srirangam surrounded with walls,
you give your grace to all who worship you, and you tell them,
“Even if you belong to a low caste, you should recite the Vedas,
follow a faultless way of life and become my devotee,
mingling with other devotees, worshiping them,
giving them whatever they need
and sharing your things with them.”
Isn't that the way you give grace to poor people
and make them worship you as your good devotees?

914. O lord of beautiful Srirangam,
if even VEDIYARS of the highest caste
who recite the six divine Upanishads and the four Vedas
disgrace your devotees,
they will become PULAIYARS in a moment.

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

916. Thoṇḍaraḍippōḍi, the pious devotee
praised Kaṇṇan, Thirumāl, the god of Srirangam
who killed the strong well-fed elephant in flourishing Madurai
that has beautiful palaces decorated with coral.

If devotees recite his simple pāsūrams
they will become his sweet devotees.

Thiruppalli Ezhuchi - Thoṇḍaraḍippoḍi Azhvar (917-926)

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

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

919. The sun with its rays makes all the directions bright,
the darkness goes away, dawn appears,
the bright light of the moon and the dew go away,
the buds on the branches of the kamuhu trees in the green groves
split open spreading their fragrance and the morning breeze blows.
O dear god of Srirangam with a shining discus in your strong hand,
wake up and give us you grace.

920. The cowherds untie their buffaloes for grazing
 and the music of their bamboo flutes
 and the sound of the cowbells spread in all directions
 as swarms of bees fly all over the fields.
 You who carry a bow, the strong king of Ayodhya,
 bull among the gods,
 destroyed the clan of Rakshasas in Lanka
 and you, the strong one, helped the pure sages
 do sacrifices and protected them.
 O dear god of Srirangam, wake up and give us your grace.

921. Birds chirp in the groves blooming with flowers,
 the darkness goes away and morning arrives.
 In the east, the ocean roars
 and the gods in the sky carry many flower garlands
 swarming with bees and come to garland you
 and worship your feet.
 This is the temple where Vibhishana,
 the king of Lanka, worshiped you.
 O dear god, wake up and give us your grace.

922. Is this the host of suns riding on tall chariots decorated with bells?
 Is it the troupe of eleven Rudras riding on bulls?
 Is that the six faced-god riding a beautiful peacock?
 All these gods and the celestial physicians and the Vasus are here,
 while the other divine gods come on horses and chariots singing and dancing.
 The crowd of gods is like a flood
 and they have gathered in front of your temple that looks like a huge mountain.
 O dear god of Srirangam, wake up and give us your grace

923. Is this the crowd of gods from heaven?
 Is this the throng of sages doing penance
 and the medicine men of the gods?

Is that Indra coming on his elephant Airāvata?
 In front of your temple, Gandharvas, Vidyadharas
 and Apsarases are all gathered together to worship you
 and it seems as if there is no space left in the sky or on the earth.
 O dear god of Srirangam, wake up and give us your grace.

924. Some gods in the sky arrive with fragrances,
 some carry huge pots of treasure
 and shining mirrors and come to give them to you.
 Good sages bring things suitable for you to wear
 and Nārada comes with his Thumburu veena to play music.
 The sun god rises, spreading his bright light
 and darkness disappears from the sky.
 O dear god of Srirangam, wake up and give us your grace.

925. Faultless small drums, cymbals,
 yāzhs, flutes and big drums play music everywhere.
 Kinnaras, Garuḍas, Gandarvas and others sing.
 The sages, the gods in the sky, Saraṇars, Yaksas,
 and Siddhas are all fascinated by the music
 and come to worship your divine feet.
 O dear god of Srirangam, wake up and give us your grace.

926. Are these fragrant blooming lotuses?
 Is this the sun god rising over the roaring ocean?
 You are the god of Srirangam surrounded by a river
 where curly-haired women with waists as small as tuḍi drums
 bathe, squeeze their clothes,
 and come out of the water to dress.
 I am Thoṇḍaraḍippōḍi, your poor devotee.
 I brought thulasi garlands in baskets to decorate your body.
 I am your slave. Give me your grace.
 O dear god of Srirangam, wake up and give me your grace.

Amalan Aadipirān. - Thiruppāñāzhvār (927-936)

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

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

929. Female monkeys jump everywhere
 in the Thiruveṅkaṭam hills in the north
 where the gods in the sky come to worship
 the lord resting on the snake bed.
 He wears a red garment with the color of the evening sky
 and above that is Nānmuhan whom he created.
 His beauty is this devotee's life.

930. The ocean-colored god shot sharp arrows,
 conquering and killing the ten-headed Ravaṇa, king of Lanka
 surrounded by high walls on all four sides.
 The beautiful ornament tied on the divine waist

of the god of Srirangam
 where bees that drink honey sing
 and beautiful peacocks dance
 entered my heart and stayed there.

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

932. Our father, the lord of Srirangam
 surrounded with groves where bees live
 removed the suffering of Shiva
 whose matted hair holds the crescent moon.
 See, he swallowed all the earth,
 the sky and the seven mountains
 and he gives his grace to me.

933. He holds a curving conch in one hand
 and a fire-like discus in the other.
 He, resting on a snake bed,
 the god of beautiful Srirangam
 has a body is like a tall mountain
 and long hair adorned with a fragrant Thulasi garland.
 The red mouth of that Māyanār has stolen my heart.

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

935. He slept on a banyan leaf when he was a baby

swallowed all the seven worlds,
 and rests on a snake bed in Srirangam.
 His dark body, endlessly beautiful,
 is adorned with pearl garlands
 and precious, lovely diamond chains.
 Oh, his blue body has stolen my heart!

936. He, the cowherd, who has the color of a cloud
 and a mouth is filled with butter has stolen my heart.
 Rangan, the beautiful one, is the king of the gods in the sky.
 Once they have seen him who is as sweet as nectar,
 my eyes do not wish to see anything else.

Kaṇṇiṇuṭchiṛuthāmbu. Madhurakavi Azhvar (937-947)

937. I praise the god, the divine Māyan, my father,
 who was tied by Yashoda with a small rope.
 If I approach the place where the Nambi of south Kuruhur stays
 and say his name, nectar will spring from my tongue.

938. I praise him with my tongue and relish it.
 I yearn for the golden feet of Nambi of Thirukkuruher
 and I know no other god but Nambi of Thirukuruher.
 I wander and sing sweet songs about him.

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

940. The excellent, orthodox VEDIYARS

skilled in the four Vedas
do not think I am a good person,
but Sadagopan Nambi accepts me
and he is my mother, my chief and my ruler.

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

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

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

944. He sang a thousand sweet Tamil pāsurams
through the grace of god
and described the meaning of the divine Vedas
so that his devotees praise the blessings
that he received from the god.
His giving his blessing is the best thing in the world.

945. He described the meaning of the Vedas
that the best Vedyars know and recite.

My chief Sadagopan praised by all
 made me learn the Vedas.
 To be his devotee and to serve him
 is the greatest love I can receive. CHECK

946. Nambi will accept anyone as his devotee
 whether or not he receives benefit from him,
 even if he is not his friend.

The Nambi Thirukkuruhur
 surrounded by beautiful groves where cuckoo birds sing
 will change him and accept him, and keep him with him.
 I am striving to receive the love of Nambi,
 worshipping his ankleted feet.

947. Nambi of south Thirukuruhur, our friend,
 is the friend of all who approach him.
 If devotees believe in Madhurakavi's words,
 they will see Vaikuṅṭam and abide there.

End of part 1 covering first thousand verses (pasurams 1 - 947)