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Nālayira Divya Prabhandam
Paśurams by Seven Azhvārs, Part 2 (pāsurams 948 -2081)
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Nālāyira Divya Prabhandam
Paśurams by Seven Azhvārs, Part 2 (pāsurams 948 -2081)
English Translation by Kausalya Hart

Periya Thirumozhi, Thirumangai Azhvar (948 -2031)

1. Praise of the name of the lord 'Nārāyaṇā'

948. I was born with sorrow.
 I withered and suffered in life.
 When I was young my only wish
 was to love women and be with them.
 I searched for a way to escape
 from my desire for women and wandered everywhere.
 I searched for the feeling that would lead me
 to the highest state and found the name "Nārāyaṇa."

949. I thought of the round breasts of women
 and melted to embrace them.
 I told women, "You are my life. You are my nectar."
 How many days and how many ages
 have been wasted since I, a sinner,
 acted without realizing what I am doing.
 I worshiped the god of Kuṇḍandai
 surrounded with water
 where swans with white feathers embrace their mates.
 I praised him with my tongue,
 discovered the name "Nārāyaṇa."
 and I am saved in this life itself.

950. I desired only a happy life and gained bad karma.
 I thought only of the beauty of women.

I was like a dumb person
 and dreamed only of passion and wasted my days.
 If devotees approach him, the father of Kāma,
 he will go and stay in their minds.
 I found the name “Nārāyaṇa”
 and I am saved in this life itself.

951. I wanted to be successful in everything.
 I desired to have much wealth that would never be lost.
 I thought only of being with women with spear-like eyes.
 My heart is confused and my thoughts wanders everywhere.
 What can I do?
 You grew to the sky at the sacrifice of king Mahābali
 and you took the form of a boar, went to the underworld
 and brought back the earth goddess, stolen by an Asuran.
 Through your grace
 I have found the name “Nārāyaṇa” and am saved.

952. I have been a thief and done many wrong things.
 I wandered around as I wanted
 but now my mind has found the truth.
 When I discovered the right path that leads to him
 at once I received his divine grace.
 My heart melts and my voice grows weak.
 As tears fall all over my body
 all day until the middle of the dark night
 I call out the divine name, “Nārāyaṇa!”

953. My dear father is my kin, my king and my life,
 frightened the Rakshasas and killed them with his arrows.
 O devotees, worship the beautiful diamond-studded temple in Thanjai surrounded with
 strong walls and blooming with fragrant groves.
 O Nambis! I have found the name “Nārāyaṇa” and I am saved.

954. O learned ones!

You praise the people in the world as you want, saying,

“This one is from a reputable family.

This one is famous. This one has good qualities.

This one is as generous as a Karpaga tree.”

Come and I will tell you something.

Go and worship the lord of Kuṇḍandai, surrounded with water,
and you will find the most excellent of things.

Sing and praise the name, “Nārāyaṇa” and you will be saved.

955. I have not learned what is good for me.

I have thought only of the desires that my five senses bring.

Innocent, I have done no good deeds in my life.

I wandered around doing only evil to all
in this large world, but I have stopped that now.

I want to find a good way to save my life.

I, a slave of him, have found the name “Nārāyaṇa”
and I hold to him as my refuge.

956. The name “Nārāyaṇa” will give a good family
to his devotees and remove all their troubles.

It will give them the highest place in heaven.

It will his grace that leads them to moksha.

It will give strength and all goodness.

It will do all the things that a mother does for her children.

I have found the name “Nārāyaṇa”
and it will give me good life.

957. O devotees, when you are in trouble or at the end of your life,
think of Thirumangai surrounded by ponds
with abundant water where groves swarm with bees
and clouds float above the tall trees

and worship him with a garland of divine pāsurams composed by Kaliyan.
Say the name “Nārāyaṇa” and he will remove the results of your karma.

2. Thirupprithi (Joshi mutt -in North India)

958. The god of Thirumāvallam
who bent his bow and killed the Rākshasas in Lanka
stays in Thirupprithi in the Himalayas
filled with fragrant groves, cool ponds and large springs
where dark clouds climb the top of the tall hills
filled with snow and roar with thunder
and peacocks with beautiful wings dance.
O heart! Let us go to Thirupprithi and worship him.

959. The lord who, as Rama, built a bridge
with the help of the monkeys with large stones over the roaring ocean
and went to magnificent Lanka and dashed it to pieces
stays in Thirupprithi in the Himalayas
where lions with sharp sword-like teeth living in caves
wander out and attack strong angry elephants as large as mountains.
O heart! Let us go to Thirupprithi and worship him.

960. Kaṇṇan, who wished to marry vine-like Nappinnai
with a thin waist, curly hair and shining teeth,
and killed seven angry bulls that bellowed like thunder
stays in Thirupprithi in the Himalayas
where male elephants sleep with their mates
on beautiful beds of fragrant vengai flowers as bees sing.
O heart, let us go to Thirupprithi and worship him.

961. The lord who took the form of an angry man-lion
and split open the broad chest of Hiraṇyan
as the gods saw him and worshiped him,

bending down so their crowns touched his divine feet,
 stays in Thirupprithi in the Himalayas
 where boars split open the stones of the hills with their tusks
 and shining diamonds from the hills
 fall into the waterfalls and are carried down.
 O heart, let us go to Thirupprithi and worship him.

962. The lord who rests on the milky ocean
 with Lakshmi ornamented with a mekalai around her waist
 as the gods in the sky worship his sounding anklets
 stays in Thirupprithi in the Himalayas
 where bull elephants as large as mountains
 break young bamboo sticks, put them in honey
 and show their love as they feed them to their young mates.
 O heart, let us go to Thirupprithi and worship him.

963. The lord who rests on Ādisesha, the thousand-headed snake,
 as the gods in the sky worship him
 bowing their heads adorned with beautiful crowns
 and proclaiming, "You are the highest!"
 stays in Thirupprithi in the Himalayas
 where bees enter blooming groves and sing
 and fragrant mādHAVI vines touch the sky,
 embracing the tall kurukkathi plants that support them.
 O heart, let us go to Thirupprithi and worship him.

964. He stays in Thirupprithi in the Himalayas
 where fighting tigers wander
 and vengai trees on the hills touch the clouds
 while pepper plants grow nearby
 and the gods in the sky come and bathe
 in beautiful blossom-filled springs,
 sprinkling eight kinds of flowers on his feet

and worshipping him and reciting his thousand names.

O heart, let us go to Thirupprithi and worship him.

965. The lord whom Nānmuhan and the gods in the sky worshipped, saying,

“You are the ancient one of the world.

You have the color of a cool dark cloud,”

stays on a snowy mountain in the Himalayas

filled with large blooming groves

where snakes in dark caves sigh

when they feel hungry in the dark night and go to look for prey.

O heart, let us go to Thirupprithi and worship him.

966. The lord who gives his grace to his devotees

protects them and removes their karma

if they recite his thousand names

and worship him in their minds-

stays in the Himalayas where asoka trees bloom

with fire-like flowers and the ignorant bees that see them

are frightened because they think the grove is ablaze.

O heart, let us go to Thirupprithi and worship him.

967. Kaliyan, the chief of Thirumangai

surrounded with flourishing groves

where bees with lined wings swarm, composed a musical garland

of ten pāsurams on the god of Thirupprithi

where huge snakes on the mountain

hear the roaring sound of large dark clouds,

think they are elephants and move away from their places.

If good devotees learn and recite this garland of pāsurams with sweet music,

the results of their bad karma will not come to them.

3. Thiruvadari (Badhrinath - in North India)

968. When you become old,
 you will need to walk holding a stick.
 Your legs will be so weak
 you can only walk very slowly,
 looking down at the ground.
 O heart! Before old age comes to us,
 let us go to the temple at Thiruvadari
 and worship him who killed Putanā
 when she came to him
 disguised as a mother to cheat and kill him.

969. When you become old, your back will be bent
 and you will need a stick to walk.
 You will tremble. You won't be able to see.
 You will always be coughing.
 Young women will look at you and mock you, saying,
 "Look at him. He was young once, but now he is an old appar."
 O heart! Let us go to the temple in Thiruvadari
 where bees sing as they drink honey
 and worship the lord.

970. When you become old.
 your nerves will become like hanging strings.
 Your muscles will be weak.
 Your mind won't be able to think.
 You won't be able to find the way to the places you want to go to.
 Your eyes will not be able to see and you will tremble.
 O heart! Before old age comes to us, know this:
 we should recite the thousand names of him
 with love and go to Thiruvadari
 where intoxicated bees drink honey and sing his praises.

971. When you become old,

your eyes will have discharge and shrink.
 You will have bile and cough continuously.
 Your feet will twist around each other
 and you will struggle to walk.
 Before these things happen to us,
 O heart, let us go to Thiruvadari
 surrounded with cool ponds where vālai fish frolic
 and worship the lord who grazed the cows in a cowherd village
 when he was young
 and carried Govardhana mountain as an umbrella
 to protect the cows and the cowherds.
 Let us go to Thiruvadari and worship him.

972. When you were young you loved young women.
 You drank the nectar of their mouths,
 enjoyed them and lived a rich life.
 When you become old you will remember those things
 but you will cough continually and hold a stick to walk slowly.
 O heart! Before old age comes,
 let us go to Thiruvadari where bees sing in the groves
 and worship the lord adorned with a cool thulasi garland.

973. When you become old, you will have trouble speaking.
 Your chest will be filled with phlegm
 and your body will be weak.
 You will be like a madman,
 unable to think well and talk coherently.
 He is the ancient one, dark-colored, our master,
 our father, and the bright light
 and he churned the deep milky ocean for the gods in the sky.
 O heart! Before old age comes,
 let us go to Thiruvadari and worship him.

974. Young girls with breasts like small boxes
 will mock you when you are old and say,
 “Look at him, the pappar appar, it’s too bad he’s gotten old.
 Think how this man was when he was young and see him now,”
 and they will laugh at you.
 He is our wealth and life.
 O heart! Before old age comes,
 let us go to Thiruvadari and worship him.

975. When you are old
 the young women with eyes like kuvalai blossom who loved you before
 will say now, “Chi, chi, go away, don’t stay here.
 You cough all the time and are weak.
 Aren’t you ashamed to be here, in your old age?”
 O heart! If you want to abandon the passion
 that leads you to women and destroys you,
 search for the good path and go to Thiruvadari
 and worship the almighty adorned with cool fragrant thulasi garlands.

976. When you become old, your five senses will grow weak
 and you will be lonely and unable to move around.
 Your heart will grow weak and you will get many diseases,
 with cramps, coughing and phlegm.
 You will talk incoherently.
 O heart, before old age comes,
 let us carry a fresh thulasi garland, recite his thousand names
 and go to Thiruvadari where devotees sing, dance
 and praise and worship him.

977. Kaliyan, the chief of Thirumangai,
 surrounded with fences of screw pine flowers,
 composed ten pāsuras about Neḍumāl
 in Thiruvadari where bees drink sweet honey and live.

If devotees go there with thulasi garlands,
 sing, dance and praise him,
 they will go to heaven in the sky.
 I know no place they will go
 except heaven where they will enter and rule.

4. Thiruvadariyāchiramam (North India)

978. The lord who took the form of a boar, split open the earth
 and brought the earth goddess from the underworld,
 went to Lanka, bent his bow, fought with Ravaṇa
 and made his ten heads roll on the ground
 as the gods in the sky worshiped his feet
 stays in Thiruvadariyāchiramam
 on the bank of the Ganges where the gods from the sky come
 bringing divine fragrant flowers from the karpaga grove
 dripping with honey and worship him.

979. The matchless lord who shot his cruel arrows,
 killed the strong Rakshasas
 and pierced the chest of strong Vāli in the forest
 stays on the banks of the Ganges river
 that flows from the sky with abundant water
 in Vadariyāchiramam where Nānmuhan stays on a lotus
 that drips honey, and other gods go together and worship him.

980. Our heroic lord who fought a cruel war
 and took Lanka and the oceans
 destroying the clan of the Rakshasas
 stays in Vadariyāchiramam on the banks of the Ganges
 that brings jewels, falling from the sky with its abundant water,
 while the bright sun wanders in the sky
 and its rays fall on the hills like a white flag

spreading light everywhere.

981. O heart, don't worry.

Our generous lord who helped the gods in the sky
and his devotees and removed their troubles
and gave them the kingdom of the sky
stays in Thiruvadariyāchiramam on the banks of the Ganges
that holds jewels that it leaves on its banks
as it nourishes the land and brings from the sky
the clothes and ornaments of Apsarasas with beautiful flowers in their hair.

982. The lord who drank Putanā's poisonous milk
and was afraid to sleep on his mother Yashoda's lap
stays in Vadariyāchiramam on the banks of Ganges
that falls from the shining top of pure golden Meru mountain
that burdens the earth and the sky.

983. The dark cloud-colored god
who fought with seven humped bulls and killed them
to marry Nappinnai with beautiful fish eyes
and a waist lovely as a chariot
stays in Thiruvadariyāchiramam
where elephants split open the strong mountains with their tusks
and the Ganges that falls with abundant water from the mountains
brings jewels and leaves them on its banks.

984. Our father who gave Indra
the strong heroic elephant Airavadam,
the nectar from the milky ocean and the kingdom of the sky
stays in Thiruvadariyāchiramam on the banks of the Ganges
that falls from Mandara mountain
and gives his grace with his thousand faces to the gods
as they worship his feet.

985. Our lord who became angry, bent his curved bow and killed the Rākshasa Marisan when he came as a golden deer, went to the heroic king Hiraṇyan with anger as a man-lion and split open his chest, and removed the terrible curse of Shiva given by Nānmuhan that made Shiva wander as a beggar stays in Thiruvadariyāchiramam on the banks of the Ganges that was brought down from heaven by the tapas of the divine sage Bagirathan.

986. The shining god of the sky and of the eon who swallowed the clouds, the wind, the mountains, the roaring oceans with their abundant water and all the things in the world and kept them all in his stomach stays in Thiruvadariyāchiramam on the banks of the Ganges that falls to the earth from the sky with abundant water splitting open the ground and making the earth goddess tremble.

987. The poet Kaliyan composed ten pāsūrams on the dark ocean-colored lord of Thiruvadariyāchiramam on the banks of the Ganges that flows with shining water and rolling waves. If devotees learn and recite these ten pāsūrams they will rule this world surrounded by the wide oceans under a royal umbrella and become gods in the sky.

5. Sāḷakkirāmam (in Nepal)

988. O heart! With only his bow and arrows as his help, he crossed the forests where deer, elephants and horses wandered, built a bridge with stones over the wave-filled ocean, went to Lanka, fought the heroic Rāksasas and, defeating them,

cut off the ten heads of Rāvaṇa, the Rākshasa king of Lanka surrounded with oceans and forts.

Let us go to beautiful Sāḷakkirāmam where he stays and worship him.

989. The lord who came to the earth, went to Lanka that was encircled by forts and guarded by Rakshasas with an army of rutting elephants, horses, huge roaring chariots and warriors and, shooting his arrows, shattered them to pieces stays in beautiful Sāḷakkirāmam surrounded with ponds and blooming with fragrant flowers where the gods from the sky come down, surround him and worship him.

O heart, let us go there.

990. The lord of the gods in the sky with a mighty discus that conquers all his enemies is the rolling waves, the ancient mountains, the eon, all the eight directions, the moon, the sun and the darkness. He, the enemy of the Rakshasas who cannot approach him, stays in beautiful Sāḷakkirāmam surrounded with water.

O heart, let us go there and worship him.

991. The faultless god of Kuḍandai who bent his bow and conquered the Rakshasas when they came like a flood to fight in their chariots not knowing what would happen in the war and who has a thousand names and wears a thulasi garland swarming with bright-winged bees stays in Thirupperur surrounded with water that never dries up and in Sāḷakkirāmam encircled by fields where cranes live.

O heart, let us go there and worship him.

992. The lord of the gods of the sky with a shining discus

who cut off the screaming Surpanaha's nose
 and ears with his sharp sword
 and carried Govardhana mountain to protect the cows and the cowherds, stopping the
 roaring storm sent by Indra
 stays in beautiful Sālakkirāmam surrounded with ponds.
 O heart, let us go there and worship him .

993. The lord dark as a kāyām flower
 drank the poisonous milk of Putanā
 when she came as a mother and killed her,
 stole yogurt and butter and swallowed them in the cowherd village,
 and went as a pure handsome dwarf to king Mahabali's sacrifice,
 asked him, "Give me three feet of land now,"
 received the land, grew tall and measured the seven worlds
 and the sky with his marvelous feet.
 He stays in Sālakkirāmam.
 O heart, let us go and worship that lord of there.

994. Our matchless lord who is the sky, fire, wind,
 the mountains, the oceans with waves and all the worlds,
 and who took the form of a man-lion
 and split open the chest of Hiraṇyan, terrifying his enemies
 stays in Sālakkirāmam.
 O heart, let us go there and worship him.

995. When Shiva, adorned with a garland of skulls
 and smeared with ashes on his body
 wandered all over the world as a beggar
 because Nānmuhan had cursed him
 and went to our lord and asked him,
 "You are my father. Remove my curse,"
 our lord took water precious as nectar
 as if it were blood from his divine chest,

sprinkled it on Shiva's hands and made Nānmuhan's skull fall.

He stays in Sālakkirāmam

surrounded with groves flourishing with sandal trees.

O heart! Let us go there and worship him..

996. O heart, let us go to the temple in Sālakkirāmam

surrounded with flourishing fields where fish frolic,

groves swarm with bees and cool lotuses bloom.

Groups of devotees, gods in the sky

and Andaṅars skilled in the Vedas, wearing sacred threads on their chests,

go there and worship and praise him saying,

“O god of gods! Give us your grace!” Let us go there.

997. Kaliyan, the chief of Thirumangai,

composed a musical garland of ten Tamil pāsurams

on the god of Sālakkirāmam

surrounded with fields where herons eat grain and live.

If you want to go and rule the world of the gods

where wise people and devotees go,

recite the thousand names of him

or just babble these Tamil pāsurams again and again.

6. Naimeesāraṇyam (North India)

998. Before in my life, I wanted only to enjoy

the small foreheads, round arms, beautiful breasts

and shining moon-like smiles of lovely women.

I understand now that I was weak and what I did was wrong.

I am ashamed that I wanted to be with young women.

I know this birth is a sickness

and I do not want to be born again.

O my father! You stay in Naimeesāraṇyam.

I have approached your divine feet

and you are my refuge.

999. I have always enjoyed women
with long dark eyes, beautiful figures
and feet ornamented with anklets.

I forgot dharma, enjoyed the bliss that my five senses gave
and wasted my life.

Your generous hands give whatever your devotees ask of you.

You are a cowherd. You are a Māyan.

You are the king of the gods in the sky,
and they worship you and ask your grace.

O my father! You stay in Naimeesāraṇyam.

I have approached your divine feet
and you are my refuge.

1000. I gambled and stole things from others.

I loved beautiful curly-headed women.

I wandered all over wherever I wished and wasted my life.

Now I have become your devotee and shiver when I think
of the troubles that Yama's messengers will bring.

O lord who churned the milky ocean roaring with white waves,
my father, you stay in Naimeesāraṇyam.

I have approached your divine feet, my refuge.

1001. Someone may leave his wife
with fragrant hair swarming with bees
and love someone else's wife and wealth
and believe in that kind of life.

When he dies and goes to Yama's world,

Yama's messengers will tell him,

"Embrace this burning copper doll, you sinner!"

I am afraid of the thought that I will be like that.

You are my friend.

O my father! You stay in Naimeesāraṇyam.

I have approached your divine feet
and you are my refuge.

1002. When people suffering in poverty came to me
and asked me, "Please give me a little bit of food,"

I was unkind and told them cruelly,
"No. I have no food!" and refused them.

What a pity that was.

I have not thought of the results of my bad deeds.

I am afraid that when Yama's messengers come for me,
they will say cruel things and make me suffer.

I shiver and have come to your divine feet.

O father, you stay in Naimeesāraṇyam
and you are my refuge.

1003. With a crooked mind I did evil things.

I wandered around, associated with people like dogs,
became weak, ran about and destroyed many lives.

I didn't feel bad at all.

I didn't think of what will happen to me in the world of Yama.

O highest lord resting on the milky ocean,

I searched for you and came to your divine feet.

You are my refuge. You are my father
and you stay in Naimeesāraṇyam.

1004. In my mind I thought only of unjust deeds
and did them without any fear, speaking bad words.

When I listened to the timeless advice of the elders, and sages, I trembled.

I am a cheater, yet I am your slave.

You, the god of the sky who are poison to the Rāksasas
never leave the minds of your devotees.

O my father, god of Naimeesāraṇyam,

I have come to your divine feet and you are my refuge.

1005. Kali, the god of time,
told the five senses to come to me
and make me surrender to the pleasures they offered .
Now I have been destroyed by the trouble that they cause me.
You have the dark color of the wide ocean
and stay in Thirukkuṟungudi.
I have worshiped you with sweet words and flowers
and praised you with my tongue.
O my father, you stay in Naimeesāraṇyam,
I have come to your divine feet and you are my refuge.

1006. This body is made of bones,
covered with flesh, skin and hair that are like walls.
It has nine openings and it is like a little hut.
When I depart from this body,
I will think only of you as my refuge.
You are the beloved of the goddess Malarmaga!
seated on a lotus dripping with honey
and you rest with her on the wide ocean rolling with waves.
I have done difficult tapas to reach you.
O my father, you stay in Naimeesāraṇyam,
I have come to your divine feet and you are my refuge.

1007. Kaliyan loved, worshiped and composed these pāsūrams
praising the god of Naimeesāraṇyam
where Indra the king of the gods
came with the other gods, worshiped our father
and asked him to remove their troubles.
If devotees learn and recite these ten poems
they will rule the world surrounded by sounding oceans
under a white umbrella and become gods.

7. Singavelkundram (Akobilam in north India)

1008. Our god who became angry at Hiranyan,
 went to him as a man-lion
 and with his sharp claws split open the chest of the Asuran
 making the people of this wide world frightened to see him
 stays in Singavelkundram
 where red-eyed āḷis bring the ivory of elephants,
 place it in front of him with devotion and worship him.

1009. Our father who took the form of a man-lion
 with a huge mouth and sharp teeth, went to Hiranyan
 and with his sharp claws split open his chest
 stays in Singavelkundram where drums roar
 and hunters with bows in their hands
 are raucous as they fight wayfarers.

1010. Our dear father who took the form of a man-lion
 with a huge mouth and sharp teeth,
 went to the Asuran Hiranyan
 and split open his chest with his sharp claws
 stays in Singavelkundram
 where there are only exhausted animals,
 broken hills and burnt bamboo.

1011. Our dear father who took the form of a man-lion,
 went to the Asuran Hiranyan whose conquering spear was swift
 and split open his chest with his sharp claws
 stays in Singavelkundram
 where wolves and eagles wander all day
 with the sun and the blowing wind
 and no one can enter except divine creatures.

1012. The faultless lord who took the form of a man-lion
 with a huge mouth and sharp teeth
 and went to the Asuran Hiraṇyan and killed him
 stays in Singavelkundram
 where the wind blows fire everywhere making it rise to the sky
 and it is not easy for people to enter but only for the gods.

1013. Our father who took the form of a man-lion
 with a huge mouth, sharp teeth and eyes like burning fire
 and angrily went to Hiraṇyan and split open his heart
 as the gods looked on in terror and ran away everywhere
 stays in Singavelkundram
 where tigers that have long fire-like mouths
 hide among the bamboo thickets
 looking for the paths where elephants walk.

1014. Our father who went as a man-lion to Hiraṇyan
 and split open his chest as his anger rose to the sky
 and spread over all the three worlds
 and every other place, terrifying everyone,
 stays in Singavelkundram,
 where people cannot enter at all
 and there are is burning fire, stones,
 and hunters with cruel bows

1015. The place where the four-faced Nānmuhan and Shiva
 with trembling tongues worshiped the lord
 when he came in the form of a man-lion
 is Singavelkundram where the dried bean pods
 of vākai trees split open and rattle
 and the bamboo that grows on the hills burns
 and the fire from it rises to the sky, making it red.

1016. Our thousand-armed god, the beloved of Lakshmi,
 stays in Singavelkundram
 where nelli trees grow abundantly
 and their roots spread and break the stones
 and the palm trees rustle in the wind
 and the bees swarm always,
 making the sound “chil, chil.”
 O good heart, let us go there and worship our lord.

1017. Kaliyan the poet,
 the generous chief of Thirumangai
 adorned with a garland swarming with bees
 composed a beautiful garland of Tamil pāsūrams
 on the god of Singavelkundram
 where red-eyed lions place food
 at his feet and worship him.

8. Thiruveṅkaṭam

All the Divyadesams from this Pāsūram are in South India

1018. Our ancient, lotus-eyed god
 who rests on the wide conch-filled ocean,
 who broke the Kurundam trees
 blooming with flowers and dripping with honey
 and who as a cowherd split open the beak of the Asuran
 that came as a bird
 stays in Thiruveṅkaṭam
 where beautiful fish frolic in the springs filled with abundant water.
 O heart, let us go there and worship him.

1019. Our lord who rests on the milky ocean in Srirangam,
 who drank the poisonous milk

from the breasts of the devil Putanā,
 stays in Thiruvēṅkaṭam
 where his good devotees go and praise him every day saying,
 “He is white in the first eon.
 He is dark in the second eon.
 He is sapphire-colored in the third eon,”
 and worship him on that hill.
 O heart, let us go there and worship him.

1020. Our faultless lord with a discus
 went between the marudam trees and broke them
 as the gods in the sky folded their hands
 and worshiped his lotus feet
 and carried Govardhana mountain as an umbrella,
 to stop the rain when Indra made a storm
 to afflict the cows and the cowherds.
 He stays in the Thiruvēṅkaṭam hills.
 O heart, let us go there and worship him.

1021. The lord of Thiruvīḍavendai,
 the highest light, who drove the chariot for Arjuna,
 fighting in the Bharatha war and conquering the Kauravas,
 and who danced the Kuravai dance with the cowherds
 holding hands with them
 stays in Thiruvēṅkaṭam
 surrounded with sacred water and thick groves
 and in the hearts of his devotees.
 O heart, let us go there and worship him.

1022. The eight-armed god of the Himalayas
 took the form of a bachelor,
 went to the sacrifice of generous Mahabali,
 the king of the Asurans, begged for three feet of land

and measured the earth and the sky with two steps.
 He shot one arrow and destroyed seven marā trees,
 and he saved the long-trunked elephant Gajendra from the crocodile.
 He stays in the Thiruveṅkaṭam hills.
 O heart, let us go there and worship him.

1023. The lord who swallowed all the eight directions
 and the seven worlds at the end of the eon,
 kept them in his golden stomach and rested on a banyan leaf,
 removed the curse of the milky white moon,
 took the form of a strong man-lion with shining teeth
 and split open the chest of the heroic Asuran Hirāṇyan
 stays in the Thiruveṅkaṭam hills.
 O heart, let us go there and worship him.

1024. The thousand-named god who has no birth
 and is the earth, water, fire, wind and sky
 stays in the beautiful Thiruveṅkaṭam hills
 surrounded with groves where the rain pours
 and cold drops fall from the dark clouds floating in the sky.
 O heart, let us go there and worship him.

1025. The king of the gods
 who is sky, fire, wind, earth and water
 and the beloved of beautiful Lakshmi
 seated on a fragrant lotus swarming with bees
 stays in Thiruveṅkaṭam
 where lovely gypsy women with vine-like waists
 stand on high platforms to guard flourishing millet fields.
 O heart, let us go there and worship him.

1026. Our highest lord who will remove their future births
 for his devotees if they recite his divine name

with the mantra of eight syllables again and again
 stays in Thiruvēkaṭam,
 the hill that gives prosperity to all the worlds
 and is surrounded with lovely fragrant flowers.
 O heart, let us go there and worship him.

1027. Kaliyan, the chief of Thirumangai,
 composed a divine garland of ten Tamil pāsūrams
 with fine words on the precious god of Thiruvēkaṭam
 where pretty kayal fish swim happily in mountain springs.
 If devotees learn and recite these pāsūrams faithfully
 they will rule the world surrounded with large oceans
 where the waves roll
 and then go to heaven and rule there.

9. Thiruvēkaṭam

1028. I thought that my mother, father, wife
 and relatives were important.
 I suffered, became your slave, and like a dog
 I have come longing to see you in the Thiruvēkaṭam hills
 where you stay surrounded with fragrant groves with blooming flowers
 and thick round bamboo plants.
 You are my refuge.
 Give me your grace and protect me.

1029. Intoxicated, I fell in love
 with beautiful women with lovely doe-like eyes
 and I have committed many sins in this large world
 that will only lead me to hell.
 You stay in the divine Thiruvēkaṭam hills
 surrounded with groves blooming with flowers that drip honey.
 Where are you?

I came to you and you are my refuge,
Protect me. I am your slave.

1030. O lord of the Venkaṭam hills,
I had no purpose in my life and killed many lives.
I never said kind words to those who needed my help.
You stay in the flourishing Thiruveṅkaṭam hills
where mountain-like clouds float and thunder.
I came to you the day I realized my faults.
You are my refuge.
Protect me. I am your slave.

1031. I was born in many communities in many births
and died and was born again and again
and I am very tired of being born.
I have done nothing good or any good dharma
and have gained nothing in my births.
You stay in Thiruveṅkaṭam hills
where clouds take water from the earth and float in the sky.
I came to you and you are my refuge.
Protect me. I am your slave.

1032. I have committed many kinds of sin
and I have suffered and I am tired.
You are omnipotent and I do not even have the strength
to come to you and worship your feet.
You stay in majestic Thiruveṅkaṭam
surrounded by mighty hills and praised by all.
O my father, you are my refuge.
Protect me. I am your slave.

1033. I am caught in this wounded body
that is made of earth, water, fire, wind

and the sky where clouds float
 and I have suffered, cried, and grown tired and weak.
 You stay in the fragrant Thiruvēṅkaṭam hills
 with tall peaks that touch the sky.
 I have come to you—you are my refuge.
 Protect me. I am your slave.

1034. When I was young, I did not know anything
 and did many wrong things.
 After I became older,
 I worked hard for others and became poor.
 You, strong as a lion, stay in the Thiruvēṅkaṭam hills
 surrounded by beautiful blooming groves
 where many elephants live.
 I have come to you and you are my refuge.
 I am your slave. Protect me.

1035. I did tapas in many births because I longed to see you.
 O lord, I have worshiped you in this birth always,
 yet I still suffer living on this earth.
 You stay in the Thiruvēṅkaṭam hills
 surrounded by flourishing groves
 where honey from the branches flows.
 I cannot bear the troubles that I have in these births.
 I have come to you and you are my refuge.
 I am your slave. Protect me.

1036. I have no one to depend on.
 Committing only sins I became a sinner—
 I don't know how to do anything else.
 Māyan, you are our Madhavan,
 god of the Thiruvēṅkaṭam hills
 where lotuses bloom in the springs

and honey flows on the slopes.
 I have come to you and you are my refuge.
 I am your slave. Protect me.

1037. Kaliyan, the chief of Thirumangai
 surrounded with strong beautiful palaces
 composed ten musical pāsūrams
 praising the dark cloud-colored god,
 as precious as eyes for all
 and the life of all creatures of the seven worlds.
 He, the creator of the Vedas, is praised by the gods in the sky
 and he stays in the Thiruvēkaṭam hills
 surrounded by flourishing groves.
 If devotees learn and sing these ten pāsūrams
 they will experience no results of their karma.

10. Thiruvēkaṭam

1038. O lord, you who crossed the ocean
 and fought and killed the king of Lanka surrounded by oceans
 stay in the majestic Thiruvēkaṭam hills,
 worshiped by the gods in the sky.
 I am your slave. Remove my troubles.

1039. O lord, you who are adorned with a thulasi garland,
 fought and destroyed the clan of Rakshasas
 and the king of Lanka and raised your Garuda banner
 stay in the Thiruvēkaṭam hills that has tall peaks.
 Give me your grace.

1040. You are sweet nectar.
 You, my father, who swallowed the whole world
 and the ocean with its abundant water

and rested on a beautiful soft fresh banyan leaf
 stay in the famous Thiruveṅkaṭam hills.
 I am your slave. Give me your grace.

1041. You, the god of the gods who stole the fragrant butter
 from the uri and ate it as if it were nectar,
 and took the form of a dwarf,
 measured the world and the sky with your two feet
 stay in the Thiruveṅkaṭam hills with peaks that touch the sky.
 I am your slave. Give me your grace.

1042. You, the god of the tall majestic Thiruveṅkaṭam hills,
 took the form of a pillar, split it open,
 emerged from it in the form of a man-lion
 and killed the Asuran Hiranyan.
 Your arrows never fail to hit their targets.
 Protect me.

1043. The matchless god, my king who himself is me,
 saved me from never-ending births on the earth
 and gives me his sweet grace.
 He stays in the Thiruveṅkaṭam hills
 where clouds float with shining lightning-
 and he is my dear father and he is in my heart.

1044. You are as sweet as honey
 and you have hands strong as mountains.
 You who killed the seven bulls opposing them
 to marry the doe-eyed Nappinnai
 stay in rich Thiruveṅkaṭam hills.
 O my king, you live in my heart.

1045. Our lord is far and near

and he, the Māyan stays in my heart.

I know nothing except the feet of the cowherd
who stays in the divine Thiruveṅkaṭam hills
where white pearls shining like diamonds
spill out, splitting open the bamboo.

1046. You, our father, our Nambi,
our cintamani, are a bright light that never diminishes.
You came to me, entered my heart and abide there.
O god of the Thiruveṅkaṭam hills, from now on I will not leave you ever.

1047. Kaliyan, the poet with strong mountain-like arms
composed a garland of pāsūrams
praising the dear sapphire-colored god of the Thiruveṅkaṭam hills
where many hunters with bows live.
If devotees learn these pāsūrams and praise him
they will become gods in heaven.

11. Thiruveṅkaṭam

1048. O heart, our father, worshiped by the sages in their hearts,
who took the form of a bachelor dwarf,
went to Mahabali's sacrifice and measured the world and the sky,
stays in the Thiruveṅkaṭam hills where hunters make fire
with wood from akil trees and the smoke rises to the top of the hills.
Become his slave now.

1049. O heart, the god of dharma who has no relatives or family
and who destroys the future births of his devotees on this earth
stays in the Thiruveṅkaṭam hills
where gypsy girls and bees sing kurinji songs together.
Become his slave now.

1050. O heart, the lord, the ruler of the earth and the sky
 who will give moksha to his devotees
 if they take flower garlands and other things
 and go to his temples and worship him
 stays in the Thiruveṅkaṭam hills in the north where bees swarm.
 Become his slave now.

1051. O heart, what are you doing without worshipping him,
 our father, the soul of the gods
 and the beloved of the cowherd women,
 who protects the devotees who praise him,
 takes them to heaven from the earth
 and gives them moksha.
 He stays and rules the high Thiruveṅkaṭam hills where clouds float.
 Become his slave now.

1052. O heart, the Buddhists fast and worship their god
 who stays under a bodhi tree
 and the Jains remain in their Paḷḷi and worship their god
 who stays under a flourishing peepul tree,
 each performing their own kind of worship.
 Our god who is praised everywhere
 by the gods in the sky and the Asurans
 stays in the Thiruveṅkaṭam hills and gives his grace to all.
 Become the slave of the beautiful lord now.

1053. O heart, the Jains wear orange clothes and are bald,
 and with their people they eat together until they become fat.
 Our god of gods, as precious as eyes
 stays in the temple in the Thiruveṅkaṭam hills
 where herds of deer live.
 Become his slave now.

1054. O heart, the Jains are proud and argue about different religions,
 wanting to prove theirs is the best
 and they eat large quantities of yogurt rice and become fat.
 Our lord shines like the sun
 and stays in the temple in the Thiruveṅkaṭam hills where bees buzz.
 Praise him and become his slave now.

1055. O heart, you have heard that people say,
 “He is far. He is near. He is short. He is tall.”
 I do not think like that.
 He stays in the temple in the Thiruveṅkaṭam hills
 where bamboo canes split open and throw out white pearls.
 Become the slave of the lord of the cowherds now.

1056. O heart, you say the same things
 that others get together and say about him.
 Listen to this carefully.
 Many people sing, dance, praise and worship him
 but they cannot see him.
 The dancing lord stays in the Thiruveṅkaṭam hills
 and Nānmuhan, seated on a lotus,
 Shiva and Indra, the king of the gods,
 come to those hills and worship him.
 Become his slave now.

1057. Kaliyan, the chief of Thirumangai
 surrounded with beautiful strong walls
 composed ten sweet Tamil pāsūrams on the god of the gods
 who took the form of a swan to save the Vedas
 and who stays in the temple in the flourishing Thiruveṅkaṭam hills
 where over the peaks dark clouds float and lightning flashes.
 If devotees learn and recite these ten everlasting pāsūrams,
 they will reach the world in the sky.

12. Thiruyevvu!

1058. When the Rākshasa king of Lanka came as a sage
in orange clothes and took Sita the wife of Rama to Lanka,
our Nambi went to Lanka, fought with its king, destroyed it
and brought his wife Sita back.

The beautiful cowherd women
with round bamboo-like arms scolded him saying,
“You stole our butter and ate it. You are a thief.”
He rests on a snake bed on the ocean in Thiruyevvu!

1059. When the Rākshasa king loved Rama's beautiful wife Sita
and took her to Lanka, our father, our dear lord
went to Lanka, shot his arrows,
and fought a cruel war with their king Ravana,
making his faultless ten heads
crowned with golden crowns fall to the earth.
He rests on his snake bed on the ocean in Thiruyevvu!

1060. When Rama sent Hanuman to Lanka as a messenger
and Rāvaṇa did not send Sita back,
he became enraged at the Raksaksas
and went to Lanka and destroyed it with his arrows.
He went to Duryodhana for the Pandavas
and so he is praised by the world as the messenger of Pandavas.
He rests on his snake bed on the ocean in Thiruyevvu!

1061. Our Nambi, our father,
who was raised as a son by the famous Nandan
and fought with seven strong bulls,
defeating them to marry Nappinnai
who plays with a ball with her soft fingers

rests on his snake bed on the ocean in Thiruyevvuḷ.

1062. The lotus-eyed Kaṇṇan,
 who swallowed all the seven worlds
 at the end of the eon and lay as a baby
 on a banyan leaf for many ages,
 rests on his snake bed on the ocean in Thiruyevvuḷ
 where bees with blue wings drink honey
 from neytal flowers and live on cool fields
 surrounded with fragrant groves.

1063. The lord whom devotees and sages
 joined together and praised saying,
 “O Nambi, we worship you.
 You are our ancient one. You have beautiful eyes.
 You are the three-eyed Shiva himself!”
 rests on the snake bed on the ocean in Thiruyevvuḷ.

1064. Our father, creator of Nānmuhan on the lotus on his navel,
 is the moon, water, sky, fire and wind,
 and is praised by the Sama Veda.
 The lord who keeps in his body Shiva
 who has matted hair where the Ganges flows
 and wears kondrai garlands swarming with bees
 rests on a snake bed on the ocean in Thiruyevvuḷ.

1065. The highest matchless king of the gods
 is all the three gods, pure, virtuous, a sage,
 unique, remote and colored like a kāyām flower.
 The lord who is sweet to all his devotees and taught the Vedas to the sages
 rests on the snake bed on the ocean in Thiruyevvuḷ.

1066. The dark-colored god, shining like a diamond,

who embraces on his chest the beautiful Lakshmi
 who has soft fingers and plays with a ball
 is the god of the gods in the sky
 and the king of the gods Indra.
 He rests on the snake bed on the ocean in Thiruyevvuḷ.

1067. Kaliyan the king of Thirumangai
 surrounded with flourishing fields swarming with bees
 composed a garland of ten beautiful Tamil pāsurams
 on the god who rests on the ocean
 and is worshiped in Thiruyevvuḷ by devotees who carry flowers garlands.
 If devotees learn and recite these pāsurams, they will rule this earth
 and they will go to the world of the gods and rule there.
 This is a promise.

13. Thiruvallikkeṇi

1068. The lord fought and killed Kamsan, the wrestlers
 and the elephant Kuvalayabeeḍam and its mahout,
 removed the curse of Shiva, the destroyer of the three forts,
 helped Arjuna and drove the chariot in the Bharatha war,
 defeating the enemies of the Pandavas,
 and as Rama, he obeyed the orders of his stepmother
 and gave up the kingdom of Ayodhya to his younger brother Bharathan.
 He stays in Thiruvallikkeṇi and I saw him there.

1069. Our god, the bull-like son of Nandan,
 the ruler of the sky, the faultless fruit that sages enjoy,
 the first one on earth, as sweet as nectar,
 the Vedas, the sweet taste of the Vedas, and their fruition that the sages enjoy
 stays in Thiruvallikkeṇi
 where peacocks as beautiful as women dance
 on the lovely porches. I saw him there.

1070. The lord, Yama for the Asurans,
 drank the poisonous milk from Putanā's breasts
 and killed her when she came as a mother to cheat him
 and took the form of Mohini when the milky ocean was churned
 took the nectar and gave it to the gods
 as the Sāraṇar and the Siddhas praised him in amazement.
 He stays in Thiruvallikkeni and I saw him there.

1071. Our lord Kaṇṇan saved the cows and the cowherds
 when they worshiped him saying,
 "O dear lord! Give us your grace and protect us
 and our cows from the storm!",
 carried Govardhana mountain as an umbrella
 and saved them from the storm sent by Indra
 when he was angry because they had not performed
 their pujas to him immediately.
 He stays in Thiruvallikkeni and I saw him there.

1072. Thirumāl, the king of the world, the beloved of Lakshmi,
 the husband of Nappinnai, the cowherd girl, and a companion for all,
 who went as a messenger to the Kauravas for the Pandavas
 and was the help of my father and the father of my father,
 stays in Thiruvallikkeni temple and I saw him there.

1073. Kaṇṇan came and helped Draupadi
 when Duhshasanan, the younger son of blind Dhrtarashtran
 and younger brother of the king of kings Duryodhanan
 took her to the Kauravas' assembly and tried to disgrace her,
 drove the chariot in the Bharatha war for Arjuna
 and killed all the hundred Kauravas in the battle,
 widowing their women whose hair was fragrant with sandal.
 He stays in Thiruvallikkeni and I saw him there.

1074. As Rama he fought with Ravaṇa, the king of Lanka,
 while Bharathan, Satrugnan, Lakshamanan and Sita prayed for him night and day.
 He stays in Thiruvallikkeni and I saw him there
 where kuravam flowers bloom in a cool thick grove
 where the rays of the sun do not enter
 and cuckoo birds sing and peacocks dance.

1075. When Prahladan, the son of Hiraṇyan
 came home from school and recited god's thousand names,
 his father, the Asuran Hiraṇyan, was enraged.
 Prahladan claimed the god would appear wherever a devotee wished
 and Hiraṇyan, without thinking, broke open a pillar,
 and the god came out in the form of a heroic lion
 with teeth like crescent moons, fiery eyes
 and a gaping mouth and killed him.
 I saw that divine one in Thiruvallikkeni.

1076. When the elephant Gajendra entered a pond
 where fish frolicked in the forest
 to pick some fresh flowers to worship the god,
 a crocodile caught his legs,
 and, terrified, he raised his trunk and called Kaṇṇan.
 The god came riding on Garuḍa and threw his discus,
 killed the crocodile and saved Gajendra.
 I saw him, as beautiful as a peacock,
 in Thiruvallikkeni filled with large palaces
 and surrounded by groves dripping with honey.

1077. The famous poet Kaliyan,
 the chief of Thirumangai filled with beautiful palaces,
 composed a garland of ten pāsuras on the god of Thiruvallikkeni
 filled with maṇḍapams, tall palaces with porches,

forts, ponds and cool groves
 constructed by the southern king of the Thondai country.
 If devotees learn and recite these ten pāsurams,
 they will reach the world of the gods in the sky and rule there happily.

14. Thiruneermalai

1078. Our lord who stays with Lakshmi
 and the cowherd's daughter Nappinnai, loving them,
 stands in Thirunaṛaiyur surrounded with flourishing water and thick groves,
 sits in Thiruvāli, reclines in Thirukkuḍantai
 and dances in Thirukkovalnahaṛ flourishing with ponds.
 He does not show any compassion to the Rākshasas
 and stays in Thiruneermalai hills.

1079. The lord grew angry at Indra
 and burned Kāṇḍavanam when Indra stayed there.
 He fought in the Bharatha war and saved the world from affliction,
 and when he became angry with Hiraṇyan,
 he took the form of a man-lion and split open the Asuran's chest.
 The lord who went to Mahabali's sacrifice as a dwarf, grew tall
 and measured the earth and the sky with his feet
 stays in the famous hills of Thiruneermalai.

1080. Our god, the ruler of the world carries a curving conch
 and a mighty discus that destroys his enemies
 fought in the Bharatha war with the Kauravas,
 throwing his shining discus and hiding the sun,
 the god of the day, and causing the Pandavas to win the war,
 taking away the suffering of Draupadi
 ornamented with beautiful jewels.
 He stays in the beautiful Thiruneermalai hills.

1081. Our lord took the form of a man-lion and killed Hiraṇyan making all his wives enter the fire, and joined the Pandavas, protecting them in the Bharatha war, destroying the hundred Kauravas, and fulfilling the challenge of Draupadi. He stays in the large Thiruneermalai hills.

1082. The dark cloud-colored lord built a bridge on the roaring ocean to go to Lanka with beautiful forts over which moon floats and fought with the army of the Rākshasas, terrifying them, destroying Lanka, and cutting off the ten heads with shining crowns of Rāvaṇa with the sword that was given to him by Nānmuhan. He stays in the wonderful Thiruneermalai hills.

1083. Neḍumal, the ocean-colored god, who swallowed the world, the high snow-filled mountains, the oceans, the sun and the moon and still felt hungry and quarreled with Parasuraman, the matchless sage, the king of a huge land surrounded with oceans stays in the large Thiruneermalai hills and rests on Adishesha on the ocean.

1084. When the Rākshasa Hiraṇyan, conquerer of all with his sword, did not listen to his son Prahladan and refused to recite the thousand names of the god, the lord who was the equal of the Asuran Hiraṇyan in battle took the form of a heroic man-lion, fought with Hiraṇyan and split open his chest. He stays in the large Thiruneermalai hills.

1085. The Jains carry peacock feathers and like people who eat corpses they wander shamelessly and fearlessly.

The devotees of the lord
 who hate the Jains come to our god's temple every day,
 sprinkle beautiful flowers with love on his feet
 and pray with their hearts melting, saying,
 "Protect us from Yama and give us your grace."
 He stays in the beautiful Thiruneermalai hills
 and gives his grace to his devotees.

1086. If you worship the god of Thiruneermalai
 whose fame surpasses words,
 even before Yama's messengers know what your karma is,
 that hill will destroy your karma and protect you.
 He stays in those flourishing hills
 where lovely bees swarm around fragrant flowers in flourishing groves
 and where evil people caught in the pleasures
 of the five senses and mind cannot reach him.

1087. Kaliyan, the famous chief of Thirumangai
 who fights with strong elephants in battle,
 composed ten Tamil pāsūrams on the god of Thiruneermalai.
 If devotees worship him and pray to him to remove their karma,
 it will be removed and they will rule the shining world
 surrounded with large oceans under a royal umbrella and reach heaven.

15. Thirukkaḍalmallai

1088. In Kaḍalmallai Thalāsayanam I saw the lord, strong as a bull,
 sweet as the nectar from the milky ocean,
 generous as the Karpaga tree, bright like a golden hill,
 sweet as sugarcane in the hearts of his devotees,
 precious as a coral pillar,
 who swallowed all the worlds and spit them out,
 split open the mouth of the Asuran that came as a horse,

broke the tusks of the elephant Kuvalayābeeḍam
and walked between the marudam trees and broke them
and who saved Gajendra from the crocodile.

1089. Don't believe in those who do tapas to other gods and serve them
and don't trust their false books as true
or believe in their teachings and destroy yourselves.
Come to our dark cloud-colored lord,
who is a precious pearl and good tapas
worshiped by all the ganas in Kāṇḍavanam where he burned Indra's gardens.
I saw him in Kaḍalmallai Thalasayanam.

1090. The dark cloud-colored lord, the protector of the world
who drank milk from the breasts of Putanā and killed her
and grazed the calves and played with them,
is himself the three gods, Nānmuhan, Shiva and Indra, but different than them.
He will show the divine path for his devotees
so they can go to the Thanjai temple and worship him.
I saw the lord who will come to the earth on a horse as Kalki
in Kadalmallai Thalasayanam surrounded with thick groves

1091. In Kaḍalmallai Thalasayanam surrounded with thick groves
I saw the god who drank milk from the breasts of Putanā and killed her,
broke the tusks of the strong elephant Kuvalayaabeedam
and stole the butter that Yashoda, his doe-eyed mother, churned and kept in the uṛi.
He, sweet nectar for Vedyars, danced the kuravai dance on a pot
and carried Govardhana mountain to protect the cows and the cowherds.

1092. In Kadalmallai Thalasayanam surrounded with thick groves
I saw the sapphire-colored lord with four mountain-like arms,
the beloved of the earth goddess who embraces her arms,
broke the cart and killed Sakaṭasuran,
lay on a banyan leaf when he was a child,

went as a messenger for the Pandavas to the Kauravas
and fought and killed the wrestlers sent by Kamsan.

1093. Our lord, my father who rests on many-headed Adisesha on the ocean,
broke the tusks of the elephant Kuvalayābeeḍam,
took the form of a boar with curving tusks,
split open the underworld and brought the earth goddess up,
and measured the earth and the sky
with his two feet at Mahābali's sacrifice.
He stays in Kaḍalmallai Thalasyanam
surrounded with thick groves and I saw him there.

1094. The lord who rests on the roaring ocean and rides on Garuḍa
crushed the mountain-like arms of the strong undefeated Rākshasas
and killed their king of Lanka, Rāvaṇa,
took the form of a man-lion and split open the chest of the Asuran Hiraṇyan,
and drank the poisonous milk of Putanā and killed her .
He stays in Kaḍalmallai Thalasyanam surrounded with thick groves,
and in the hearts of those who think of him
and I searched for him and found him there.

1095. He came as Mohini and gave nectar to the gods,
cheating the Asurans when the milky ocean was churned,
and he took the form of a mighty man-lion with teeth like crescent moons
and split open the chest of Hiraṇyan.
As large as Meyyam mountain, he rests on the ocean
surrounded by cool abundant water on many-headed Adisesha.
The lord who has long beautiful lotus eyes
stays in Kaḍalmallai Thalasyanam surrounded with thick groves
where all devotees think of him and there is no limit to his fame.
I found him there.

1096. The lord whose feet his devotees praise

measured the world at the sacrifice of Mahābali
 and he killed the king of the Raksasas of the southern Lanka.
 He taught the sages, all the four ancient Vedas,
 the five sacrifices, the six Upanishads and all the other sastras
 and he stays in Kaḍalmallai Thalasakanam surrounded with thick groves,
 and I, his devotee, saw him there.

1097. Kaliyan, a warrior in battles with strong elephants dripping with ichor,
 composed ten sweet musical pāsuras
 on the god of Kadalmallai Thalasakanam
 who rests on the snake Adishesha on the ocean,
 killed Hiraṇyan, the king of the Asurans
 and went between the marudu trees, angrily killing the Asurans.
 If devotees learn and recite these ten pāsuras well
 they will not have the results of their karma.

16. Thirukkaḍalmallai

1098. I will not spend even the time it takes to blink
 thinking of those who do not think of my god
 who took the form of Mohini
 and gave to the gods the nectar that came from the milky ocean,
 cheating the sword-carrying Asurans, the enemies of the gods.
 He stays in beautiful cool Kaḍalmallai Thalasakanam
 surrounded by the large ocean.

1099. Those devotees who think in their hearts
 and worship the cloud-colored lord of Kaḍalmallaithalasakanam
 who keeps beautiful Lakshmi
 on his chest seated on a fresh lotus dripping with dew
 and at his side the earth goddess
 are my chiefs and my rulers.

1100. My chiefs and my rulers are the devotees
 who in their hearts worship the cloud-colored lord,
 the light of knowledge who took the form of a boar
 and brought the earth goddess from the underworld, embracing her.
 The gods in the sky happily come,
 circle his temple and worship him
 in Kaḍalmallai Thalasakanam surrounded by forests.

1101. The devotees are our family gods
 who worship in their hearts
 the god of Kaḍalmallai Thalasakanam
 who heroically fought a cruel war,
 defeated his enemies and left their bodies for animals to eat
 as the warriors' bodies that had been loved by their wives were burned.

1102. O my good heart!
 Praise and love the devotees
 who do not worship god of the Jains
 who carry an umbrella and a small peacock feather.
 Only love and worship our lord of Kachi
 in Kaḍalmallai Thalasakanam.

1103. O ignorant heart,
 embrace and worship the devotees
 who circle the temple and worship the god
 of Kaḍalmallai Thalasakanam
 where ships bring golden treasure,
 piles of the nine precious jewels,
 and herds of large elephants
 and unload them on the sea shore.

1104. O my pure heart!
 Worship the devotees who keep in their hearts

the lord of Kaḍalmallai Thalasakanam
 who was born on the earth as a small baby
 and who drank the poisonous milk of scheming Putanā
 when she came as a mother,
 and fought and conquered his enemy Kamsan.

1105. O my pure heart!
 Worship the devotees
 who worship the god in their hearts
 of Kaḍalmallai Thalasakanam
 where beautiful lotuses in the flourishing water
 crushed by the farmers plowing with bulls
 and kadhuneer blossoms that escaped the plows
 both spread their fragrance on the shore.

1106. O my ignorant heart!
 Worship the devotees of him
 who carries a divine discus in his hands
 and keeps Shiva, dancer on the burning ground on his left side.
 He rests on Adishesha on the ocean in Kaḍalmallai Thalasakanam
 where the gods in the sky come and worship him happily.

1107. Kaliyan, the warrior with a long spear,
 the devotee of the devotees who always think of him,
 composed ten pāsuras on the devotees of the god
 of Kaḍalmallai Thalasakanam
 that has long streets where flowers spread their fragrance.
 If devotees worship his devotees
 and learn and recite the pāsuras of Thirumangai
 they will become kings of kings.

17. Thiruvīḍavendai

1108. Her mother says,

“Even though my daughter with a lovely face
as beautiful as the white shining moon
knows that Lakshmi born in the milky ocean with its nectar
stays on your chest, she does not stop loving you.
She is as beautiful as the doll in the kolli hills
and her lovely eyes are like kuvalai blossoms.
She loves to worship your feet.
What do you think of her in your heart,
O father, lord of Thiruvidadventhai?”

1109. Her mother says,

“My daughter doesn’t smile at her friends
with her mouth as sweet as a pomagranate fruit.
Her breasts are not smeared with sandal paste.
Her waterlily eyes are not decorated with kohl.
She doesn’t wear lovely fresh flowers in her hair.
She just repeats the word “Thirumāl,”
the name of him who measured the world
surrounded by the abundant water of the ocean.
What do you think of this lovely young girl,
O father, lord of Thiruvidadventhai?”

1110. Her mother says,

“If my daughter wears sandal paste and pearl garlands
on her round breasts, they burn her.
The white moon that rises in the evening
sheds hot rays and makes her weak.
When she hears the sound of the roaring waves
of the ocean she prattles and prattles,
her beautiful body that has the color of a mango shoot becomes pale
and her bangles grow loose and fall from her hands.
What do you think of that beautiful girl

decorated with precious ornaments,
O father, lord of Thiruvidadventhai?"

1111. Her mother says,
"My poor daughter says that one nazihai is longer than an eon.
She asks her friends,
'When will this bright sun go to sleep?
Why does the ocean grieve?
Why doesn't the andril bird sleep?
The breeze is more cruel than fire for me.
Both my breasts hurt.
You are my friends. Tell me what I can say.'
What do you think of my daughter as precious as gold,
O father, lord of Thiruvidadventhai?"

1112. Her mother says,
"My daughter doesn't say anything at all except your name.
She melts whenever she thinks of your divine form.
Her love for you keeps growing and making her suffer.
She thinks only of you and can't do anything else.
Her long fish-like eyes can't close in sleep.
I am innocent myself, but I can't bear the childishness of my daughter.
My girl, her waist as thin as a vine, is really in love with you.
Now people are gossiping about her—can you help her,
O father, lord of Thiruvidadventhai?" "

1113. Her mother says,
"My daughter doesn't think of any of the things
that she should do for her own family.
When she heard the words that the god she loves
destroyed the strong clan of the Rakshasas in Lanka
surrounded with strong forts and the wide ocean,
she was happy. She is fascinated with you.

Her soft breasts are pale as gold and her waist is like a thin vine.
 Can't you think of doing something to help her,
 O father, lord of Thiruvidadventhai?"

1114. Her mother says,
 "When my daughter thinks of you, her heart melts
 and she prattles on about you. She only loves you.
 She doesn't feel any affection for me, her mother.
 She prattles and says,
 'You are the Mayan, you stay in Thirumalirunjolai
 surrounded by groves where sweet fruits ripen.'
 Her smile is sweet as a kalam fruit.
 Her mind worries always and she feels weak.
 What do you think you can do for her, sweet as a fresh fruit,
 O father, lord of Thiruvidadventhai?"

1115. Her mother says,
 "My daughter says,
 'He has strong arms—I long for the love of that cowherd
 and my heart longs to taste his lips soft as ambal flowers.
 I want to go to Thiruneermalai
 surrounded by flourishing fields where waterbirds sing.'
 She is our beautiful daughter and lovely as the doll on Kolli mountain.
 She has a vine-like waist and her eyes shed tears like rain.
 What do you think you can do for her,
 O father, lord of Thiruvidadventhai?"

1116. Her mother says,
 "Her soft arms have become pallid and gold.
 Her fish-like eyes do not close and she can't sleep.
 She loves you beyond any limit.
 I don't know what sickness my beautiful girl has.
 Her waist is like lightning,

and her lovely round breasts are swelling out.

What could have happened to her?

What do you think you can do for her,

O father, lord of Thiruvīdāventhai?"

1117. Kaliyan, with a strong spear, the king of Thirumangai surrounded by strong walls and beautiful palaces composed these ten pāsūrams on our father, the god of Thiruvīdāventhai. His devotees worship him saying, "You are the Māyan who took the forms of a swan, a fish, a turtle and a man-lion," and he gives them his grace. If devotees learn and recite these ten pāsūrams they will be released from their old karma.

18. Thiruvattāpuyaharam

1118. She asked her neighbors,
 "The sound of worship of the people in the three worlds was like the roaring waves of the ocean when he came as a man-lion with sharp teeth and red hair shining like fire and split open the chest of the Asuran Hiranyan while Shiva, burner of the three forts, and Nānmuhan on the lotus saw and worshiped him. Who is he? Tell me."
 They replied, "He told us he is from Attāpuyaharam."

1119. She asked her neighbors,
 "Who is he? I do not know.
 Is he a strong heroic warrior?
 Do the gods in the sky recite Vedic hymns and worship him?
 Do the singers sing beautiful Tamil songs?
 Did he take the form of a dwarf at the sacrifice of Mahabali,
 grow to the sky and measure the earth?"

Who is he? Tell me.”

They replied, “He told us he is from Aṭṭapuyaharam.”

1120. She asked her neighbors,

“He carries arrows that shine like pure gold,
a strong bow, a club, a conch, the shining sword Nanthaham,
a discus, a shield and flowers.

He broke the white tusks of the strong angry elephant
Kualayabeedam and killed it.

Who is that dark cloud-colored one?”

They replied, “He told us he is from Aṭṭapuyaharam.”

1121. She asked her neighbors,

“Our Mayavan carried Govardhana mountain
that shone like a precious jewel covered with clouds
and saved the cows from the storm.

Did he take the tusks of the elephant Kualayabeedam?

I don't know his māyam.

He carries a shining discus and a conch and stays among the VEDIYARS
like a beautiful light in the sky. Who is he?”

They replied, “He said he is from Aṭṭapuyaharam.”

1122. She asked her neighbors,

“He gave the arts, the Vedas, the books on morals,
the garbhasutras, grammar, philosophy and all other things
to the gods in the sky and to the world.

He has a strong mountain-like body
and he is ornamented with precious jewels.

Lakshmi on a lotus stays on his chest.

Who is he with a conch in his hand?”

They replied, “He said he is from Aṭṭapuyaharam.”

1123. She asked her neighbors,

“I don’t know anything about him.

He attracts the minds of girls and steals their chastity
and enters their hearts.

He makes their conch bangles loose.

He has the color of the rising dark ocean, a puuvai bird,
a kāyām flower, a blossoming neelam flower or thick clouds.

Who is he?”

They replied, “He said that he is from Aṭṭapuyaharam.”

1124. She asked her neighbors,

“How can I describe the beauty

of the thulasi garland that adorns him, swarming with bees?

His body is fragrant with sandal paste

and his lotus eyes look like a picture painted by a master.

He has a majestic chest and arms and a beautiful mouth.

Who is this handsome one?”

They said, “He said he is from Aṭṭapuyaharam.”

1125. She asked her neighbors,

“He taught the Vedas to the sages

while the gods, standing in all the directions, worshiped him.

He, the beloved of the earth goddess,

has the color of the ocean

and carries a sounding conch and a discus in his hands.

His eyes are like beautiful kāvi flowers.

He is tall and he is like my life. Who is he?”

They said, “He said he is from Aṭṭapuyaharam.”

1126. She asked her neighbors,

“I belong to him and my bangles don’t stay on my hands.

My heart doesn’t want to stay with me.

Even my waist that is thin as a vine

has opened its mouth and said that it belongs to him.

His look kills me like poison.

I don't understand him and I am afraid of him. Who is he?"

They said, "He said he is from Aṭṭapuyaharam."

1127. Kaliyan, the chief of Thirumangai
surrounded by strong beautiful walls praised by all
composed with sweet music a garland
of ten pāsūrams on Neḍumal adorned with long thulasi garlands,
the god of Paramechura Viṅṅagaram
worshiped by Vayiramehan,
the famous king of Kacchi of the Thondai country.
If devotees learn and recite these pāsūrams, worshiping him,
they will go to Vaikuṅṭam.

19. Kachi Thirupparameswara Viṅṅaharam

1128. The sacred place of our god
who is the meaning of all words, taste, sound, and smell
and the creator of Shiva and Nānmuhan
is the Paramechura Viṅṅagaram temple
in beautiful Kacchi surrounded by ponds
where the Pallava king, a fine archer and chief of the Mallaiyar,
worshiped him as many monarchs of the earth praised him
and bowed to his ankleted feet.

1129. The sacred place of lotus-eyed Kaṅṅan,
the creator of the wide sky where clouds float,
of the ocean, sun, moon, earth and mountains
and of Nānmuhan from his navel
is the Paramechura Viṅṅagram temple
in beautiful Kacchi surrounded by tall walls
where the Pallava king, a strong archer
and conquerer of the southern Pandyan king of many chariots,

worshipped him.

1130. The beautiful sapphire god who rests on the milky ocean and gave a boon to the Asuran Kesi when he came as a horse stays in sacred Paramechura Viṅṅagaram in beautiful Kacchi filled with shining palaces where the famous Pallava king who conquered and wounded his enemies in Mannai with his spear worshipped him.

1131. My father who swallowed the earth, the eight directions, the sky, the oceans with waves, fire and wind stays in sacred Paramechura Vinnaharm temple in beautiful Kachi filled with shining palaces where the Pallava king who bent his bow and made his enemies retreat from the battlefield worshipped him.

1132. Our lord who saved the long-trunked elephant Gajendra from the crocodile that caught it when it went to get flowers in the pond, and who entered the water and danced on the heads of the snake Kālingan stays in sacred Paramechura Viṅṅagaram temple in beautiful Kachi filled with lovely palaces where the Pallava king who fought and conquered the Pandyan king of the southern land surrounded with hill-like forts and groves dripping with honey worshipped him.

1133. Our lord who fought with Hiranyaṅ in the form of a man-lion, splitting open and wounding the powerful chest of the Rākshasa, stays in sacred Paramechura Viṅṅagaram in beautiful Kachi filled with lovely palaces worshipped by the famous Pallava king who rules with his scepter

and his white umbrella that casts a shadow
and his army that marches carrying spears and victorious bull banners
to conquer their enemies.

1134. Our god who went as a dwarf and took the earth and the sky
by tricking Mahābali, the king who wore a shining crown,
stays in sacred Paramechura Viṅṅagaram temple in beautiful Kachi
where the Pallava king, the ruler of the whole world,
who fought and conquered the southern Pandyan king in Karuvur surrounded with
strong forts, worshiped him.

1135. Our god who, as Rama, gathered a monkey army
and made a bridge on the ocean
stays in sacred Paramechura Vinnagaram in beautiful Kachi
filled with palaces studded with diamonds where the Pallava king
who raised his spear in his right hand and fought mightily in Nenneli,
making his enemy Villavan retreat from the battlefield,
worshiped him.

1136. Our lord who fought the strong, wicked seven bulls
and conquered them for the sake of Nappinnai
whose forehead shines like the crescent moon
stays in the sacred Paramechura Viṅṅagaram temple
in beautiful Kachi surrounded with ponds
where the Pallava king with drums roaring in battle like the ocean
who conquered heroic kings with blood-smeared swords
worshiped the lord..

1137. Kaliyan the chief of Thirumangai where fields flourish
composed ten pāsūrams on the god of Paramechura Vinnagaram temple
where the famous Pallava king, the ruler of the world, worshiped the lord.
If devotees learn and recite this wonderful garland of Tamil pāsūrams
they will shine as kings, possessing chariots

and ruling the world surrounded by the roaring ocean
by the grace of Lakshmi.

20. Thirukkovalur PERUMAL

1138. The dear lord swallowed all the mountains where clouds float,
the seven oceans, the sky, the earth and all things,
kept them all in his stomach
and lay on a tender banyan leaf at the end of the eon.
I saw him in Thirukkovalur
where fine paddy grows shining in the fields
and where pure reciters of the Vedas
perform Soma sacrifices on the southern banks of the Penṇai river
that flourishes with abundant water.

1139. He rests on Adishesha on the ocean,
as the gods in the sky bring fragrant thulasi garlands,
sandal paste, fragrances and lamps to worship him
and both Lakshmi whose breasts are smeared with sandal paste
and the earth goddess rub his feet.
I saw him in rich Thirukkovalur
where the reciters of the Vedas make the five sacrifices
and three fires and worship him reciting
the six Upanishads and the four Vedas
with musical songs that have seven ragas.
They think only of him in their minds night and day.

1140. When the pious elephant Gajendra
was caught by a terrible crocodile
with sharp sword-like teeth in the pool in a grove
where tender shoots and blossoms bloomed,
he was terrified and called the lord,
and our god with his discus came to the pond,

killed the crocodile, saved Gajendra and gave him his grace.

I saw our lord in Thirukkovalur
 where dark neelam blossoms bloom,
 large punnai buds open with the color of red gold
 and lotuses in the beautiful ponds shine like fires.

1141. The lord, sweet nectar for his devotees
 who shed tears of devotion for him,
 rode on Garuḍa, fought with the Māli, strong in battle,
 conquered and destroyed the Rakshasas
 and released the people of the earth from their troubles.
 I saw him in Thirukkovalur surrounded with groves
 where kongu trees, budding surapunnai trees and kuravam trees grow
 and the sweet sugarcane plants in the fields
 listen to the singing of swarms of lined bees and sleep.

1142. Our god who fought and killed with one arrow the Rākshasas
 Karan, Kavandan, Māli and the monkey king Vāli
 who carried spears smeared with blood,
 destroying the army of Rākshasas
 with teeth shining like crescent moons
 and their king Ravaṇan in Lanka,
 stays in famous Thirukkovalur where devotees recite
 pāsūrams on all the porches of shining palaces
 where a breeze blows from groves
 surrounded with ponds. I saw him there.

1143. When the cowherd mother Yashoda tied up Kaṇṇan
 because he stole fragrant butter from the uri and ate it,
 he cried and his wide eyes were filled with tears
 and he looked like an elephant tied to a stake.
 I saw him staying with Lakshmi
 and the eight-armed earth goddess

in Thirukkoyalur filled with rich palaces
studded with shining diamonds.

1144. The lord grew angry at the elephant Kuvalayābeedam and killed it,
fought with the Rākshasa Kesi when he came as a horse,
conquered the seven bulls to marry Nappinnai,
killed the wrestlers when they came as marudam trees,
killed Sakaṭāsura when he came as a cart
and fought and killed his enemy, the evil Kamsan.
I saw him in Thirukkoyalur surrounded with groves
where the buds of cherundi flowers bloom and drip honey
and kamugu trees ripen with dark fruits
and pālai trees spill white pearls
as their dried beans shine like emeralds
and their ripe fruits glow like corals.

1145. The lord who went as a messenger to Duryodhana for the Pandavas,
drove a large chariot for Arjuna in the battle
and conquered and killed all the Kauravas
stays in flourishing Thirukkoyalur
where good Vedyars, skilled in the Vedas,
gather together and praise the god, and Shiva, rider of the bull,
Kubera, the king of Alahai, Indra, the king of the gods,
and four-headed Nānmuhan come together and worship him.

1146. The lord who has beautiful hands, legs, a divine mouth and eyes,
carries a shining discus and a conch in his hands
and stays with the beautiful earth goddess and Lakshmi,
is like the Karpaga tree in Indra's garden
and gives his grace to the gods and all others.
His godly form is adorned with red clothes and ornamented with pure gold.
I saw him in everlasting Thirukkoyalur
where Vedyar live, divine like Nānmuhan

and like Shiva who is colored fire red.

1147. Kaliyan the king of Thirumangai,
with a shining sword and the beloved of his queens,
composed pāsūrams on the cloud-colored Thirumā,
bright as a blue emerald,
who saved Gajendra from his suffering.
I saw him in rich Thirukkōvalur
filled with good, renowned Vēdiyars, proficient in the Vedas.
If devotees learn and recite these ten pāsūrams
and praise him they will rule this world
and will be able to see the omnipresent one.

21. Thiruvayindirapuram

1148. The god who rests on the dark ocean
on Adishesha took the form of a boar
went to the underworld and brought up
the cool earth goddess on his curving tusk, embracing her.
He stays in everlasting Thiruvayindirapuram
where bees drink honey from lotus flowers,
sing sweet music and go to fresh cherundi flowers,
embracing them and flying around in the beautiful grove.

1149. The highest lord, the meaning of the four Vedas,
who carries a shining discus in his hand
and embraces beautiful Lakshmi on his chest
stays in Thiruvayindirapuram
where madhavi vines grow on the mountain slopes
and female bees fly around blooming lotus buds
swarming and singing with the sound “tena tena.”

1150. Māyavan, the divine lord, always true to his devotees,

who swallowed all the seven worlds
 and lay on a banyan leaf as a baby
 stays in shining Thiruvayindipuram
 where on the slopes of the hills
 madhavi vines embrace senbaga plants,
 mullai creepers dance in the wind,
 red lotuses bloom and palm trees flourish.

1151. Our god who split open the chest
 of his enemy the strong Asuran Hiranyan
 and gave his divine grace to his son Prahladan,
 stays in famous Thiruvayindipuram
 where flourishing cool wet fields have abundant water and mud
 and the soft juicy sugarcane plants growing there
 give cool shade and touch the sky.

1152. Our lord who went to the sacrifice of Mahabali,
 asked for three feet of land
 and measured the wide earth and the sky with his feet,
 and fought seven bulls to marry Nappinnai,
 the lovely vine-like daughter of a cowherd
 stays in Thiruvayindipuram
 where monkeys searching for food,
 jump from one branch to an another on vengai, kongu and shenbaga trees blooming
 with golden flowers
 and eat sweet jack fruits that taste as if they were mixed with honey.

1153. The dark cloud-colored lord
 who went to the forest as Rama with his young vine-like wife Sita
 because his stepmother Kaikeyi
 listened to her maid, the hunch-backed Manthara,
 and asked Rama to go to the forest
 stays in Thiruvayindrapuram

surrounded with large walls and high mountains
 over which the moon floats
 as the flourishing groves drip with honey.

1154. Our lord who, as Rama, fought and destroyed
 the ten crowns of the king of Lanka
 to bring back his beautiful vine-like Sita
 with a waist as thin as lightning
 stays in cool Thiruvayindipuram
 where a male swan with his mate
 sits sweetly on a lovely bed of lotuses
 under the shadow of a shining mountain
 and the fine paddy plants fan them.

1155. Our lord who, as Rama, broke the bow
 to marry Sita with soft, fragrant dark hair,
 and carried Govardhana mountain
 as an umbrella to stop the terrible storm
 and save the frightened cows and the cowherds
 stays in Thiruvayindipuram
 where the flourishing river with its rolling waves
 brings the ivory of rutting elephants from the high mountains
 along with the fragrance of akil plants
 and deposits them all in the paddy fields.

1156. Our father who drove the chariot for Arjuna
 in the cruel Bharatha war and killed the Kauravas
 with strong spears in their hands
 stays in Thiruvayaindipuram
 where on the cool slopes of the hills
 betel leaves grow abundantly
 and the young kamugu trees with branches
 spread their fragrance

while fish frolic in the flourishing rivers that flow to the fields.

1157. Kaliyan who carries a strong spear
 composed ten beautiful Tamil pāsurams
 praising the god of the gods in Thivayindipuram
 where the gods of the sky
 and the Asurans go to worship him.
 He measured the earth and the sky
 with his two feet at Mahabali's sacrifice.
 If devotees sing these ten beautiful Tamil pāsurams,
 the results of their bad karma will disappear.

22. Thillaichitrakuḍam

1158. O devotees, if you want to rule the world of the gods,
 you do not have to starve and suffer and do tapas
 and all of your five senses do not have to be restrained.
 Just go to Thillai Chitrakuḍam
 where peacocks dance, fish frolic in the water of the springs,
 bees drink honey and flags flutter on the tops of palaces.

1159. O devotees, if you want to reach him
 who embraces Lakshmi on his chest,
 you do not have to eat vegetables and fruits
 or perform tapas by standing for long periods of time
 and undergo the five types of sacrifices with fire.
 Just go to the famous Thillai Chitrakuḍam
 and worship him where good Maṛaiyāḷars
 recite the Vedas always and make sacrifices with fire that rises high,
 and just keep the lord in your heart.

1160. O devotees, if you want to see the lord who
 went through the ocean to the underground world as a boar

and rescued the earth goddess stolen by an Asuran,
 just go to Thillai Chitrakudam, the sacred temple
 surrounded with jeweled palaces covered with pure gold
 where the Pallava king with a large army
 brought gold, pearls and jewels and worshiped him.

1161. O devotees, you say that your sorrow-filled births will go away
 if you recite the divine names of the lord
 who went as a dwarf and asked for three feet of land
 at the sacrifice of Mahābali
 and measured the world and the sky with his two feet.
 If you want to reach him, just go to Thillai Chitrakuḍam
 where Thirumāl with divine Lakshmi
 rests happily on Adishesha on the dark ocean and worship him,
 and you will not be born again.

1162. O devotees, if you want to reach the lord
 who came as the sage Parasuraman carrying an axe
 and fought with many kings to save this world encircled by the seas,
 just go to famous Thillai Chitrakuḍam
 surrounded with blooming groves
 where he stays with the earth goddess and Lakshmi
 as the goddess of fame shines everywhere.

1163. O devotees, if you want to live
 thinking only of the dark-colored lord shining like a jewel,
 who as Rama shot his sharp arrows at the ocean
 and built a bridge to go to Lanka,
 just go to beautiful Thillai Chitrakuḍam
 where VEDIYARS recite the Vedas that they know so well
 and young girls listen to their recitation and sing after them
 while parrots hear the girls and chant with them.

1164. If you want to keep in your heart the lord
 who loved the soft arms of Nappinnai,
 the cowherd girl adorned with jasmine flowers on her hair,
 and the divine Lakshmi,
 born from the milky ocean rolling with waves,
 whom he keeps on his divine chest,
 just go to sacred Thillai Chitrakudam
 surrounded by the divine river Vellāru
 that carries elephants' tusks and sandalwood from the hills
 while the moon circles around that lovely place.

1165. O devotees, if you want to reach the ornamented feet
 with sounding anklets of the Māyan who grazed the cows
 and carried Govardhana mountain as an umbrella
 to rescue the cows when they suffered in a terrible storm,
 just go to flourishing Thillai Chitrakudam
 where the god of gods, the divine light, stays,
 worshiped by three thousand Vedyars,
 the learned of the Vedas.

1166. O devotees, if you want to remove the karma
 that you have collected because of your passion for women
 with dark eyes that are like spears for fighting,
 and want to reach the famous world
 that is above even the world of the gods,
 just go to shining Thillai Chitrakudam
 where kayal fish frolic in the seeded fields,
 beautiful neelam flowers bloom everywhere
 and the Vellāru river flows with abundant water and brings pearls.

1167. Kaliyan, the generous poet who gives like rain
 composed a garland of ten Tamil pāsūrams
 on Thirumāl so the people of the world may hear them and be happy.

If devotees learn and recite these ten musical pāsurams on the lord of beautiful Thillai Thiruchitrakuḍam surrounded with lovely groves and the sea rolling with waves, they will go to heaven and stay under the feet of him who measured the world and the sky in two steps, and they will live for many ages.

23. Thillaichitrakuḍam

1168. The lord danced on a pot, went between two marudam trees and killed the Asurans, wrestled with the Mallars sent by Kamsan and killed them, killed Kesi when he came in the form of a horse, and grazed the cows and protected them and the cowherds from a terrible storm using Govardhana mountain as an umbrella. The god of Thillai Chitrakuḍam surrounded with high blooming groves comes on the street with victory.

1169. Kaṇṇan, the lord of Thillai Chitrakuḍam who drank the poisonous milk of the devil Putanā and killed her, comes on the street with victory as the cowherd women sprinkle flowers that drip honey on him and say, “He is the husband of the lovely earth goddess and of Lakshmi seated on a lotus swarming with honey-drinking bees.” He stays in Thillai Chitrakuḍam.

1170. The lord walked between two Marudam trees and killed the wrestlers as all the people in the eight directions bowed to him while the gods in the sky and people praised his heroism and strength reciting his thousand names. The god of Thillai Chitrakuḍam comes on the street with victory as the cowherd women scold him saying, “He stole and ate our butter.”

1171. When Kaṇṇan plunged into a cool pond blooming with lotuses
 fought and danced on the head of the sharp-toothed snake Kālingan,
 the gods in the sky, astonished, looked on
 and the long-eyed cowherd women ornamented with bangles
 were frightened to see him
 and called the other cowherd women to come.
 He, the god of Thillai Chitrakuḍam,
 comes on the street with victory.

1172. Kaṇṇan, dark as a rain-giving cloud,
 wears on his chest a thousand garlands,
 gold ornaments and pearls that shine like a waterfall.
 The lord who conquered seven bulls to marry dark-haired Nappinnai,
 the daughter of a cowherd,
 comes with victory on the street of Thillai Chitrakuḍam.

1173. Victorious Kaṇṇan, the god of Thillai Chitrakuḍam,
 comes on the street riding the divine Garuḍa
 that looks like a beautiful mountain
 as all the people of the world bow to him, praise him and say,
 “He destroyed Lanka shooting arrows at the Rākshasas.
 He saved the cows and the cowherds
 carrying Govardhana mountain as an umbrella.”

1174. Kaṇṇan, the heroic god of rich Thillai Chitrakuḍam
 where gods come and bow to him
 comes on the street looking like a mountain of kohl
 as the cowherd women with beautiful long eyes like kāvi flowers
 fold their hands in worship, praise him and say,
 “Who could do this heroic deed except him?
 Angry at the strong elephant Kuvalayābeedam, he killed it.”

1175. The god of Thillai Chitrakuḍam
 who took the form of a man-lion
 dancing with a thousand arms, two fire-like eyes
 long sharp teeth and a gaping mouth,
 and went, fought with Hiraṇyan, terrifying him,
 and splitting open his chest
 comes victoriously on the street.

1176. The god of Thillai Chitrakuḍam
 colored like a dark cloud comes on the street victorious,
 holding a discus and a conch in his hands
 as the heroic gods of the sky surround him
 and all the seven worlds worship and praise him
 while Nappinnai, the daughter of cowherds,
 the earth goddess and beautiful Lakshmi accompany him.

1177. Kaliyan, the chief of Thirumangai
 who carries a spear and fought with his enemies
 composed ten beautiful Tamil pāsūrams
 on the god of Thillai Chitrakuḍam
 filled with blooming groves dripping with honey.
 If devotees recite these ten Tamil poems
 they will not experience the results of their bad karma.

24. Seerkāzi Shrirāmaviṇṇaharam

1178. The lord who went to Mahabali's sacrifice as a dwarf,
 took three feet of land from the king,
 measured the earth and the sky with his two feet
 and kept the king as his slave
 stays in Shrirāmaviṇṇagaram
 where reciters of the Vedas and the six Upanishads
 perform the five sacrifices

and the people sing the seven kinds of music
and celebrate many festivals on the streets.
Go to that temple and worship his feet.

1179. Our father who removed the pride of Nānmuhan
with the help of the famous sage Romasa
and took away the curse that had made Shiva a beggar,
causing Nānmuhan's skull to fall from his hand
stays in Sriramaviṇṇagaram surrounded with fields
where lotuses bloom dripping with honey, fish frolic in ponds
and cranes that see the pearls from the conches
think they are their eggs and, going near them, stay there.
O devotees, go to his temple and worship his shining lotus feet.

1180. The lord who took the form of a boar with sharp horns,
split open the earth and brought the earth goddess from the underworld,
and cut off the thousand strong arms
of Vāṇāsura with his sharp discus smeared with oil
stays in Shriramaviṇṇagaram
where the women who work in the fields
see the flowers of neytal and kuvalai plants and think they are eyes
and see the blooming kumudam flowers and think they are mouths,
and, not realizing they are weeds,
they go away without plucking them.
O devotees, go to that temple and worship his feet.

1181. Our lord who conquered the seven bulls to marry Nappinnai
with soft cotton-like feet.
and who split open the golden ornamented chest of Hiraṇyan
with his sharp claws as the blood gushed out of the Rākshasa's body
stays in beautiful Shriramavinṇagaram
where the sapphire stones studding the palaces
increase the color of the darkness,

and the pearls studding the palaces
 give light like the cool moon
 and the corals studding the palaces
 give red light like the sun.

O devotees, go to that temple and worship the feet of the faultless god. .

1182. The lord who was born as Parasurama on the earth,
 fought with his enemies and performed the final ceremonies
 for his ancestor with their blood,
 and who conquered the Asuran Kesi
 and killed the elephant Kuvalayābeedam
 stays in beautiful Shriramavinṇagaram
 surrounded with fields
 where neydal flowers bloom like the eyes of women, lotuses blooms like their faces
 and red lilies bloom like their red mouths.

O devotees, go and worship the feet of the god of the gods.

1183. As Rama our god who shot his arrows,
 fought with strong, red-faced Vāli, the king of the monkeys,
 conquered the army of Kavandan and killed cruel-eyed Virāḍan.
 He stays in beautiful Sriramavinṇagaram
 where women with waists like tuḍi drums and lotus faces
 stay with their friends in the shining palaces that are tall as mountains
 and where the moon sweating with drops of dew
 looks like a woman's lotus face.

O devotees, go and worship the feet of the god of the gods.

1184. Our lord who went to Lanka, fought with his arrows
 and made the ten heads of king Rāvaṇa fall to the earth,
 so the place looked like a broken, scattered anthill,
 stays in Sriramavinṇagaram in Sheerkāzhi
 where the rain water in the channels carries curved conches
 and moves through screw pine plants and fields

and those conches give birth to pearls on the streets.
 O devotees, go to the temple in Sheerkāzhi and worship the feet
 of the lord with a heroic bow and a conch.

1185. Our lord brought the Parijada tree from Indra's garden
 when his wife Satyabama who had a beautiful waist,
 a red coral mouth, round bamboo like arms, long eyes, sweet milk-like words
 and thick hair adorned with flowers dripping with honey.
 He stays in Sriramaviṇṇagaram in Sheerkazhi
 filled with groves where squirrels play and jump on the dark long-leafed Kamugu trees
 and make the unripe fruits fall from them onto the jackfruits
 and the sweet juice from the jackfruits flows out all over.
 O devotees, go to that temple and worship the feet of Kaṇṇan.

1186. O devotees, go and worship the feet of Kaṇṇan
 who keeps on his right side Shiva
 wearing the crescent moon in his matted hair,
 and on his navel, Nānmuhan on a lotus,
 and on his chest, Lakshmi whose eyes are as sharp as spears.
 He stays in Shriramaviṇṇagaram in Sheerkazhi
 where bees with lovely wings live on kazuneer flowers
 on the banks of the water, embracing their mates,
 sleeping on lotuses and playing on the pollen of the screw pine flowers.
 O devotees, go to that temple and worship the feet of Kaṇṇan.

1187. Kaliyan the chief of Thirumangai of Thiruvāli,
 who conquered and gained victory
 and is the beloved husband of his queens
 with hair adorned with beautiful flowers that drip honey,
 composed a garland of ten Tamil pāsūrams on Thirumāl,
 the lord of Shriramaviṇṇagaram in Sheerkazhi
 surrounded with fields blooming with lotuses where Vedyars live,
 as learned as Nānmuhan himself who stays on a lotus.

25. Thiruvāli

1188. I am your slave and you came and entered my thoughts.
 You are sweet to my mind and I worship you.
 You are my wealth and my precious life,
 the dear god of Thiruvāli
 where everywhere the tender shoots of asoka trees
 bloom like fire with lovely red flowers.

1189. You rest on a snake bed on the ocean
 like a precious blue jewel on a mountain
 and you are also in the mind of me, your slave.
 You are the dear god of Thiruvāli
 where lovely flocks of peacocks dance in the groves
 and the smoke from the sugarcane presses
 rises above like clouds and spreads fragrance everywhere.

1190. You are not concerned
 that today will soon be gone like yesterday.—
 you have entered my heart today
 and you will stay there forever.
 You are the dear god of beautiful Thiruvāli
 where rich paddy grows
 on the banks of the fields filled with water
 and the vālai fish that jump from the hands of farmers
 as they cut the crop fall among the flourishing sugarcane.

1191. You made me forget the beautiful women
 with waists as thin as lightning
 and think only of your divine, eternal feet.
 You are our dear father, the god of beautiful Thiruvāli
 filled with thriving paddy fields, flourishing groves,

punnai trees, blooming cherundi plants and swans.

1192. I have adorned you with many flower garlands
and worship your feet, O lord and divine sage
who destroyed the Asurans who came as marudu trees
Do not make me suffer,
O god of beautiful Thiruvāli
where the sound of songs, conches and drums spreads everywhere
and the music for dancing fills the place and never stops.

1193. I offered eight kinds of fragrant flowers,
worshiped your beautiful divine feet and thought only of you,
who have entered my heart—I will not let you leave.
You are the dear god of beautiful Thiruvāli
where VEDIYARS do morning and evening worship,
perform sacrifices, recite the four Vedas without stopping
and teach the Vedas to others.

1194. You who rest on Adishesha on the ocean with rolling waves
came and entered the mind of me, your slave,
and I will not let you leave.
You, all-knowing and virtuous, stay in beautiful Thiruvāli
where many crabs sleep on cool lotus flowers
in the shadow of nyazhal and punnai trees that are always in bloom.

1195. You who rest on Adishesha on the wide ocean
filled with conches on the shore in Kaḍalmallai
entered my heart and gave me your grace.
If you want to leave my heart, I will not let you.
You stay in Thiruvāli where sweet bees
embrace fragrant shenbaga and jasmine blossoms
and then go to play among the tender leaves of young palm trees.

1196. O lord, you are the king of the gods, the creator of the Vedas and you taught the Vedas to the sages when they worshiped you and came to you reciting your thousand names.

You, the ancient god of beautiful Thiruvāli, taught the lives of the divine sages to the world and you should teach me also even a little of the Vedas.

1197. Kaliyan with strong mountain-like arms composed ten sweet poems on the god Māyan of Thiruvāli surrounded with groves where bees embrace one another and sing. If devotees learn these pāsūrams well and sing them and teach them to others, they will go to heaven in the sky.

26. Thiruvāli

1198. O little bee with dots on your body, you stay with your mate without leaving her and you enter pure open blossoms and drink their honey. Go and tell him who shot his strong arrows at his enemies and conquered them how I suffer in love for the lord of Thiruvāli where famous Vēdiyars live making sacrificial fires and reciting the Vedas.

1199. O small six-legged bee, you open lovely, fragrant neelam flowers and stay in them with your mate and drink honey from them. I do not know the thoughts of my beloved lord of Thiruvāli where beautiful kazuneer flowers bloom on the banks of fields. O bee, go and tell him how I suffer from the love for him.

1200. Neḍumāl adorned with fragrant thulasi garlands is water, sky, earth, fire and wind

and he gives his grace to his good devotees.
 O small heron with a sharp beak,
 you live in the fields of Thiruvāli
 surrounded with flourishing groves.
 Go, find the right time and tell him of my love.

1201. Kāma, the king of love with a fish banner
 is shooting his powerful arrows at me
 and I suffer thinking of my lord who doesn't think of me.
 O bee with lines on your body, who drink honey and live,
 go and tell the cowherd, the king of Thiruvāli,
 how I suffer from love for him.

1202. O bee, go and tell him this:
 "You are the king of the rich Kuṇḍandai.
 You measured the earth with your feet
 and carried Govardana mountain with your arms
 to save the cows and cowherds.
 I think of you all day and suffer
 as my sword-like eyes are filled with tear
 and my soft breasts grow pale with a soft golden color."
 O bee, go and tell him to be my companion.

1203. O bee, my dear father
 whose mountain-like chest is adorned
 with a cool thulasi garland swarming with bees
 rode on his eagle and broke the tusks
 of the strong elephant Kuvalayabedam.
 Will he, the king of Thiruvāli
 where chariots run on the long streets,
 steal my bangles away?

1204. You, our good-natured lord

who measured the earth and the sky,
 who are as strong as a mountain
 and rest on a snake bed on the sounding ocean with rolling waves
 are the king of Thiruvāli
 surrounded with flourishing groves where bees swarm.
 You have stolen my sleep.
 Are you thinking of stealing my gold bangles too?

1205. I bathe in the cool pond in Kuḍandai
 surrounded with flourishing groves
 where cuckoo birds sing,
 and I suffer thinking of you
 and cannot close my eyes to sleep.
 The young moon with a rabbit on it
 has made my bangles loose
 and now you steal the beautiful color of my body and make it pale.
 You are my beloved, O god of Vayalāli.

1206. You, the omnipresent lord, carry a victorious bow
 and stay in the Thirumeyyam hills.
 You, mighty one, destroyed the Asurans
 when they came as marudam trees.
 Even though you do not give me your grace to serve you,
 would you not embrace me one day?
 Until you come and love me,
 I cannot keep my bangles on my hands.

1207. Kaliyan, the fighter with a shining spear in his hands,
 composed ten Tamil pāsurams on Neḍumal,
 who bears a shining, oil-smeared discus and stays in Vayalāli
 where dark kohl-like kuvalai flowers bloom in the fields.
 If devotees learn and recite these ten pāsurams ,
 they will not experience the results of their bad karma.

27. Thiruvāli.

1208. Her mother says,

“Is he a thief? I don’t know who he is.

A dark one like a bull came to my daughter,
as innocent as a doe and with a waist thin as a vine,
and he said, ‘Come.’

He took her hand ornamented with silver bangles and went with her.

She left me, her mother.

I gave birth to her but she went with him.

Will they go to the beautiful Thiruvāli
flourishing with muddy fields?”

1209. Her mother says,

“O, friend, he is a cowherd and he is naughty .

When he entered our home and kissed my daughter on her mouth,
as red as a thondai fruit,

she was happy and walked behind him prattling like a parrot
and her eyes shone like keṇḍai fish.

Will they go to beautiful Vayalāli
surrounded by the seashore swarming with bees?”

1210. Her mother says,

“O my friend, he is strong and fearless.

I was afraid when I heard that he had cut off the nose of Surpanaha,
a woman of the Rākshasa clan.

My daughter with round arms and feet as soft as cotton
went with him and people are gossiping about her.

Will they go to Vayalāli
surrounded with cool beautiful fields and blooming vines?”

1211. Her mother says, “Was he ever born,

that young one who went as a messenger
 blowing his conch to Duryodhana for the Pandava kings?
 Tell me where he comes from.
 Tell me, I don't know.
 She went with Madhavan, her beloved companion.
 Will they go to famous Vayalāli surrounded with ponds
 where bees swarm around the flowers in the groves?"

1212. Her mother says,
 "My daughter with round arms and feet soft as cotton
 doesn't worry about me, her mother.
 She fell in love with Madhavan, the Mayan, and left me.
 She is as beautiful as a creeper
 and walks like a female swan,
 swinging her round bamboo-like arms.
 Will they go to Punalāli?"

1213. Her mother says,
 "I gave birth to her and thought she would be my help,
 but she left me without thinking that I would be lonely.
 The god of Thiruvarangam who gave a boon to the gods
 saying that he would help them
 went to Lanka and destroyed the Rākshasas.
 Will she go to beautiful Thiruvāli with her sweet companion?"

1214. Her mother says,
 "She didn't worry that we are her father and mother.
 She wished only to embrace the ample arms of her beloved.
 Not even lightning or a vine can be compared to her waist.
 She followed him.
 Will they go to Punalāli surrounded with punnai groves and swans?"

1215. Her mother says,

“My daughter, soft as a flower garland
 ornamented with precious jewels,
 left her play house, green parrot, ball, swing
 and soft-speaking puvai bird and went away.
 Did I not give birth to her?
 She went behind him
 who has no beginning and is worshiped by all.
 Will they go to Vayalāli?”

1216. Her mother says,
 “She is as lovely as Lakshmi on a fragrant lotus
 and her eyes are as beautiful as kāvi flowers.
 She has round bamboo-like arms
 and walks like a white-feathered swan.
 She went with Neḍumāl.
 Will the village gossip about her?
 Will they go to Vayalāli surrounded with rich fields and cool ponds?
 Is she doing all this
 because I am her poor mother and gave birth to her?”

1217. Kaliyan who carries a spear and fights angrily with his enemies
 composed ten Tamil pāsūrams
 about how a beautiful vine-like girl went alone,
 taking Neḍumal as her companion
 and leaving her mother to worry about her.
 If devotees learn and recite these pāsūrams,
 they will reach heaven and be with the gods.

28. Thirumaṇimāḍakkovil. Nāngur

1218. The gods come from the sky and worship the lord saying,
 “You are everlasting light. No one can measure your power.
 You are Narayaṇan who took the form of a man-lion

and split open the chest of Hiraṇyan.

O father whose body has the color of a dark cloud, give us your grace.”

He is god of Maṇimāḍakkoyil in Thirunāṅgur

filled with groves where happy bees swarm everywhere singing the kandāram rāgam
and pārijādam trees grow thick, giving shade and spreading fragrance.

O my heart, go to worship him in the temple in Nāṅgur where he stays.

1219. Our father who took away the suffering

of the trembling elephant Gajendra

when a crocodile in a deep pond caught him

stays in Maṇimāḍakkoyil in Thirunāṅgur

filled with shining palaces and pillars that touch the sky,

where the male doves with beautiful coral-like legs

love their gentle mates with soft fledglings.

O heart, worship him in that temple.

1220. The lord who saved the mountain-like elephant Gajendra,

killing the crocodile that had caught him and wounded him on the head,

stays in Thirumaṇimaḍakkovil in Thirunāṅgur

where the waves of the Ponni river

carry the tusks of elephants attacked by lions, fragrant akil,

beautiful pearls and white sāmaraṅgais

and leave them all on the banks.

O heart, let us go to that temple and worship him

where he stays holding Lakshmi on a lotus that drips honey.

1221. Our lord who went to Lanka surrounded with oceans

riding on large-winged Garuḍa

and fought and destroyed the Rākshasas

who carried long spears smeared with blood,

making them run away on all sides

stays in Maṇimāḍakkoyil

where VEDIYARS worship him in his famous temple,

perform the five sacrifices, make the three fires,
 recite the six Upanishads and know the seven kinds of music.
 O heart, let us go to Nangur and worship him.

1222. Our lord drank poisonous milk from the breasts of Putanā
 and killed her,
 threw Vatsāsuran when he came as a calf onto Kapithasuran
 who had the form of a Vilām fruit tree, killing them both,
 broke the Kurundam tree and made its tender leaves wither,
 and entered the lotus pond and danced on the head of Kālingan.
 He stays in Maṇimaḍakkoyil in Nāngur
 where the tender shoots of the trees and the blooming creepers embrace each other,
 cuckoo birds coo and peacocks dance as the clouds float over the groves.
 O heart, let us go to Nāngur and worship him.

1223. Our lord who did not feel sorry for Putanā
 when he drank the milk from her breasts and killed her
 while the cowherd women
 whose words are sweeter than music looked on terrified
 stays in Maṇimāḍakkoyil in Thirunāgur
 where young buffaloes eat canes of sugarcane,
 plunge into the muddy water of the ponds
 and come out carrying mud on their horns.
 O heart, let us go to Nāngur and worship him.

1224. Our father who went into the pond of blooming lotuses,
 fought with the snake Kālingan,
 defeated him and danced on his head
 stays in Maṇimāḍakkoyil in Thirunāgur
 where gypsies ornamented with lovely bangles
 walk on the streets by the palaces where flags fly,
 and, standing in their front yards, sell pearls, saying,
 “We will give you precious pearls for white rice.”

O heart, let us go there and worship him.

1225. Our father who stole the clothes of the cowherd girls
with soft dark curly hair
and played and kicked over their play houses,
breaking them as their love for him increased like a flood,
stays in Manimādakkoyil in Thirunāngur
where young parrots with curving beaks
repeat the sweet words of the Vedas
that the beautiful girls with long spear-like eyes and shining teeth have taught them.
O heart, let us go there and worship him.

1226. The lord is worshiped and praised by the gods in the sky saying,
“You carry a shining discus and a conch.
You fought with seven bulls
to marry the cowherd girl Nappinnai and embraced her arms.”
He stays in Manimāḍākkoyil in Thirunāngur
where a red-legged swan stays with his mate
in a beautiful pond and they play among the lotuses
so their pollen falls on beautiful kazhuneer flowers
and the honey from the flowers drips and falls into the channel.
O heart, go there and worship him.

1227. Kaliyan, the devotee of him
who is the king of Thirumangai surrounded with flourishing fields
and groves swarming with bees,
composed ten musical Tamil pāsūrams on Neḍumāl
in the Maṇimāḍākkoyil in beautiful Nāngur.
If devotees learn and recite them well,
they will become the kings of the wide world
surrounded by oceans and ride on rutting elephants
in the shade of white umbrellas that touch the sky,
and they will rule the world and enjoy their lives.

29. Thiruvaikuṇḍaviṇṇagaram - Nāngai.

1228. The dark lord colored like a rain-giving cloud,
 strong as a bull, who split open the wide chest of the evil Asuran Hiraṇyan,
 and who churned the milky ocean and gave the nectar to the gods
 stays happily every day
 in the temple of Vaikuṇḍaviṇṇagaram in Nāngur
 where jasmine bushes, punnai trees,
 beautiful cherundi trees and shenbaga flowers bloom in the rain,
 spreading their fragrance in the lovely groves,
 and fish frolic, swim and play in the ponds.
 O innocent heart, let us go there and worship him.

1229. The lord who took the form of a strong lion
 and split open the chest of Hiraṇyan with his claws,
 terrifying the gods and the Asurans as they looked on
 and all the directions trembled,
 stays happily every day in Vaikuṇḍaviṇṇagaram,
 the temple in Nāngur where good-natured VEDIYARS,
 reciters of the divine Vedas
 and the seven kinds of music live performing abundant sacrifices.
 O innocent heart, let us go there and worship him.

1230. Our ancient lord swallowed the world of the divine gods,
 the oceans with rolling waves and all the worlds
 and kept them all in his stomach.
 When Shiva was wandering as a beggar,
 he poured his blood into the skull of Nānmuhan
 that was stuck to Shiva's hand and made it fall,
 removing the curse of Shiva.
 He stays happily in the temple Vaikuṇḍaviṇṇagaram in Nāngur
 where good paddy plants, young palm trees,

banana trees, betel plants and long-branched kamugu trees all grow and flourish.
O innocent heart, let us go there and worship him.

1231. As Rama, our lord with his strong arms cut off the nose
and ears of Surpanaha, the vine-like daughter of the Rākshasa family
with a waist ornamented with precious jewels,
and made her scream, holding her beautiful hands to her head
as she ran to Lanka and cried to her brother.
He stays happily in Vaikuṇḍaviṇṇagaram, the temple in Nāngur
where tridents studded with jewels rise over the beautiful patios
splitting the bottoms of the clouds and precious pearls spill from them
and fall on the large beautiful palaces that look like shining hills.
O innocent heart, let us go there and worship him.

1232. Our lord with wide arms
who went to Lanka with his matchless bow,
smashed it to pieces and fought with Rāvaṇa, its king,
making his ten heads and twenty arms fall to the earth
and brought back his wife, the gentle Sita
with a waist as thin as lightning
stays happily in Vaikuṇḍaviṇṇagaram,
the temple in Nāngur where good paddy, red lotuses,
vālai fish and beautiful kazhuneer flowers
flourish all together in the fields
and where many VEDIYARS live,
reciters of the Vedas with everlasting fame.
O innocent heart, let us go there and worship him.

1233. The god of the gods
who drank the milk from the breasts of the devil Putanā,
when she came as a beautiful woman,
destroyed the two Asurans when they came as Marudu trees
and killed Sakaṭasuran when he came as a cart,

stays happily in Vaikuṇḍaviṇṇagaram, the temple in Nāngur
where many generous Vedyars live, reciters of the Vedas
and skilled in all the arts.

O innocent heart, let us go there and worship him.

1234. The lord, strong as a bull, swallowed the worlds, the ocean and the hills,
threw Vathsāsuran and Kapithāsuran on each other
when they came in the forms of a calf and a vilam tree,
and stole the butter that the cowherd women with sharp spear-like eyes
had churned and kept.

He stays happily every day in Vaikuṇḍaviṇṇagaram, the temple in Nāngur
where good kamugu trees, coconut trees, fine paddy and sugarcane
flourish by the water that flows from the channels
and increases the wealth there.

O innocent heart, let us go there and worship him.

1235. The lord, the origin of the gods
who keeps Shiva and Nānmuhan on his divine body
killed the angry Narahāsuran with the discus he holds in his hands.
He stays happily in the temple in Vaikuṇḍaviṇṇagaram
in beautiful and flourishing Nāngur where lotuses bloom and never wither
and beautiful kazuneer flowers are spread everywhere, dripping with honey,
and where water flows through the channels
that the farmers block with small dams and the fields will flourish.

O innocent heart, let us go there and worship him.

1236. The lord who rests on Adishesha as the gods in the sky
and pious sages

come and sprinkle beautiful flowers on his feet say,

“You are matchless. Give us your grace!”

stays happily in the temple of Vaikuṇḍaviṇṇagaram in Nāngur
surrounded with flourishing fields

where lovely kayal, vālai and red fish frolic amid the good paddy fields

and the streets are filled with tall jewel-studded palaces
that touch the moon surrounded with dark clouds.
O innocent heart, let us go there and worship him.

1237. Kaliyan, who kills his foes with his sword as if he were Yama,
the chief of Thirumangai surrounded with groves swarming with bees,
composed ten Tamil pāsūrams as beautiful as Sangam poems
on the lotus-eyed Neḍumāl who with a conch, club and discus
stays happily in the temple of Vaikuṇḍaviṅṅagaram in Nāngur
surrounded by the ocean where boats float.
If devotees learn and recite these songs
they will rule this world and the sky.

30. Arimeyaviṅṅagaram

1238. Our lord with shining Lakshmi and the earth goddess at his sides
who takes away the bad karma of his devotees and gives them his grace
as all the people of the seven worlds worship him
and the gods in the sky praise him
stays lovingly in Arimeyaviṅṅagaram in Nāngur
where thazhai flowers, beautiful kazhuneer flowers
and lotuses bloom in all the ponds and groves,
and where famous Vēdiyars, knowers of the Vedas, live.
O heart, let us go and worship him in that temple.

1239. Our god, as sweet as nectar, who carries a discus in his heroic hands and
shines like a diamond,
who came as a man-lion and split open the chest of the victorious Hiraṇyan
and churned the roaring milky ocean with Mandara mountain
to give nectar to the gods in the sky
stays happily in the Arimeyaviṅṅagaram temple in flourishing Nāngur
where good Vēdiyars live, skilled in the seven kinds of music
and as versed as in the sastras as Nānmuhan, the creator of the world.

O heart, let us go and worship him there.

1240. The highest lord who swallowed the world of the gods
and the seven worlds and the seven oceans,
broke the tusks of the rutting elephant Kuvalayābeedam
as the gods in the sky looked on happily,
and fought with Kamsan and killed him
stays in the Arimeyaviṇṇagaram temple in Nāngur
where Punnai trees bloom everywhere
with white pearl-like flowers and bright gold flowers
and jackfruits drip honey in the groves
and beautiful women with sharp arrow-like eyes
and snake-like waists wander there happily.
O heart, let us go and worship him there.

1241. The highest lord who took the form of a strong lion
that never retreats,
went to Hiraṇyan who had received many boons,
split open his chest with his sharp claws
and gave his grace to his son Prahaladan
stays in the Arimeyaviṇṇagram temple in Thirunāngur
where jasmine, red kazuneer flowers and cherundi
bloom in the fields and spread their fragrance
and kamuku trees, pāḷai trees and shenbaga flowers
all perfume the beautiful groves
and the smoke from sugar-cane presses spreads everywhere.
O heart, let us go and worship him in that temple.

1242. Our god who took the form of a dwarf-like thief,
went to the sacrifice of Mahābali,
took three feet of land as a boon from the king
and measured all the earth and the ocean rolling with waves
as all the people of the world saw him and rejoiced

stays in Arimeyaviṇṇagaram in Nāngur
 surrounded with flourishing groves,
 where the sound of the drums that reaches the sky,
 the humming of swarming bees,
 the chanting of the divine Vedas,
 the tinkling of the anklets of beautiful women
 and the roaring of the rolling waves of the ocean spread everywhere.
 O heart, let us go and worship him in that temple.

1243. As Rama, the son of Dasaratha,
 the king of the gods in the sky, a refuge for his devotees,
 went to Lanka to bring back his wife,
 long-eyed Mythili with a sword-like gaze and hair adorned with flowers
 and he shot his arrows and cut off the ten heads
 and twenty arms of Ravaṇa the king of Lanka.
 He stays in the Arimeyaviṇṇagaram temple in Nāngur
 where when farmer women with long bright eyes bend to reap paddy,
 they find precious pearls, lotuses, kayal and vālai fish
 and carry them in their hands.
 O heart, let us go and worship him in that temple.

1244. The dark-colored lord, the father of Kāma
 who killed Thenuhan and Putanā,
 who were sent by evil-minded Kamsan
 and wandered everywhere to deceive him
 stays in beautiful Arimeyaviṇṇagaram temple in Nāngur
 where the crashing ocean brings pearls and leaves them on the shore
 and good-hearted Vedyars live, skilled in mantras, the four Vedas,
 the six Upanishads, the five sacrifices and many excellent arts.
 O heart, let us go and worship him there.

1245. The dark cloud-colored god, as strong as a bull,
 who killed the Asurans Vatsāsuran and Kabithāsuran

when they came as a calf and a vilām tree,
 and who protected the cows and the cowherds from the storm
 using Govardhana mountain as an umbrella
 and who danced on a pot
 stays happily in the beautiful Arimeyaviṇṇagaram temple in Nāngur
 with walls where flags fly, filled with palaces,
 towers, mandapams studded with diamonds
 and wide paths and lovely groves where bees drink honey
 from flowers that have just opened and sing.
 O heart, let us go to that temple and worship him.

1246. The strong bull-like god who swallowed all the seven worlds,
 killed heroic Kamsan,
 killed Putanā when she came to cheat him taking the form of a mother,
 and stole and ate good churned yogurt and sweet butter
 stays in the beautiful Arimeyaviṇṇagaram temple in Nāngur
 where the Kaviri brings sandalwood, akil fragrance
 and gold as it flows through groves
 where clouds float and continues through fields nourishing the land
 and where learned VEDIYARS, reciters of the Vedas,
 sprinkle flowers and worship him saying,
 “O Hari, we bow to your feet, you are our refuge.”
 O heart, let us go and worship him there.

1247. Kaliyan, the king of Thirumangai,
 a fighter with a long powerful spear,
 composed these ten musical pāsūrams on Thirumāl,
 god of the beautiful Arimeyaviṇṇagaram temple in Nāngur
 who fought and conquered seven angry bulls
 and killed them to marry the lovely Nappinnai.
 If devotees learn and recite these ten pāsūrams
 they will live as the foremost people in the world
 and become the gods in the sky.

31. Thiruthevanārthohai. Nāngai.

1248. Our lord Madhavan stays in Thiruthevanārthohai
on the southern bank of the Maṇṇai river
where waves dash on the groves blooming with flowers,
making pollen fall and float on the water
while lined bees sing “thee tena” in the flourishing fields.

1249. Our lord who is everyone and everything,
all the three gods and the meaning of the divine Vedas
stays in Thiruthevanārthohai,
surrounded with beautiful blooming groves dripping with honey
where kings with strong armies, conquerers of their enemies,
and the gods from the sky come and worship him.

1250. Our lord who is the king of the sky
and of the people and creatures of the earth
and is within everything
stays in Thiruthevanārthohai
surrounded with beautiful blooming groves
dripping with honey in Nāngai where Maṛaiyoor live,
skilled in the wealth of knowledge that is the Vedas.

1251. The place where Indra, the gods in the sky, sages,
the four-headed Nānmuhan on a beautiful fragrant lotus,
the sun and moon, all join together and worship him saying,
“Our father, give us your grace!”
is Thiruthevanārthohai in Nāngur,
surrounded with fragrant beautiful flourishing groves.

1252. Our highest lord who swallowed the sky,
the oceans with rolling waves,

all the seven worlds and the ancient hills
 stays in Thiruthevārthogai in Nāngur
 where the clear waves of the Maṇṇai river
 bring shining diamonds and fragrant akil
 and leave them on its southern bank
 where heroic people live.

1253. Our highest lord who swallowed the whole world
 and lay on a banyan leaf when he was a baby
 and whom the Vedas could not follow and find
 stays in Thiruthevanārthogai in Nāngai
 where fish frolic in the large Maṇṇai river
 and paddy fields flourish on its southern banks.

1254. Our Thirumāl
 who took the form of a shining lion that never retreats
 and went to Hirānyan and split open his chest with his sharp claws
 stays in beautiful Thiruthevanarthogai in Nāngai
 where flowers bloom in the groves
 and divine, famous Brahmins
 have an abundant wealth of knowledge of the sastras.

1255. Our lord, mighty as a bull,
 who broke the strong bow to marry Mythili
 whose young breasts were held with a band
 stays in Thiruthevanārthogai in Nāngai
 surrounded with beautiful blooming groves
 where divine Vedyars, learned in the Vedas, live.

1256. Our god who fought
 the rutting elephant Kuvalayābeeḍam, killed it and its mahout and danced on a pot
 stays in Thiruthevanārthogai in Nāngai
 surrounded with precious golden walls and groves

where shenbaga flowers dripping pollen spread their fragrance.

1257. Kaliyan, the poet with a sharp spear,
 composed ten Tamil pāsurams on the dark cloud-like divine Kaṇṇan,
 god of Thiruthevanārhogai in Nāngai
 surrounded with beautiful groves.
 If devotees learn and recite these ten pāsurams
 they will reach lovely Vaikuṇḍam and stay with the gods.

32. Thiruvaṅpurushothamam -Nāngai.

1258. Our lord as Rama, who made a bridge over the ocean,
 went to Lanka, fought with the Rākshasa Rāvaṇa,'
 cut off his ten heads with their shining crowns
 and gave the kingdom to Vibhisanan, Rāvaṇa's brother
 stays in the temple of Vaṅpurushothamam in Nāngur
 where good jackfruit trees, shenbaga plants, mādhavi plants,
 mango trees, banana trees and fragrant kamuku trees flourish.

1259. Our lord, the king of the gods
 who climbed on a blooming Kaḍamba tree with tender shoots,
 jumped into a pond swiftly and danced on the snake Kālingan's head
 stays in the temple of Vaṅpurushothamam in Nāngur
 where many divine Vedyars live keeping the three fires,
 performing the five sacrifices, and reciting the four Vedas and six Upanishads.

1260. Our lord who ate the food
 that cowherds made for Indra the king of the gods in the sky,
 and grazed the cows and protected them from the storm
 stays happily in the temple of Vaṅpurushothamam in Nāngur
 where peacocks dance in the lovely cool groves
 when the clouds roar like drums and the bees sing their music.

1261. Our god who broke the tusks of the long-trunked elephant Kuvalayābeedam, fought with its mahout and killed him and killed the Asuran Kamsan and the wrestlers sent by him stays in the temple of Vaṅpurushothamam in Nāngur where ponds and groves are abundant and sugarcane grows tall amid the paddy plants in the fields.

1262. Our god killed Sakaṭāsuran when he came as a cart and chased away Siva and his allies when they came to help Vāṅāsuran in battle and cut off the thousand arms of the Asuran. He stays in the temple of Vaṅpurushothamam in Nāngur filled with rich palaces where the flags fly and rise to the sky hiding the light of the sun, the god of the day.

1263. Our dear lord, Kaṅṅan who took water from the hands of Mahābali, received three feet of land and measured it with his two feet, raising them to the sky as Nānmuhan worshiped him with flowers while the Ganges flowed swiftly from the sky, stays in the temple of Vaṅpurushothamam in Nāngur where kongu buds are like the breasts of women, kumudam flowers bloom like their mouths and beautiful lotuses blossom like their faces.

1264. Our father who went as an angry man-lion to the Asuran Hiraṅyan, the strong king whose name means gold, and split open his chest making the blood flow out stays in the temple of Vaṅpurushothamam in Nāngur where the sound of the bangles of young girls playing beautifully with balls and the sound of the anklets that ornament their feet spreads everywhere.

1265. Our cloud-colored god who shed his blood on the skull of Nānmuhan

that was stuck to Shiva's hand
 so that Shiva, who gave half of his body to Uma with eyes like vālai fish,
 would be released from his terrible curse
 stays in the temple of Vaṅpurushothamam in Nāngur
 surrounded with ponds where a vālai fish jumps in fright
 and makes huge coconuts fall from the tall trees
 that grow among the flourishing branches of the kamugu trees.

1266. Our lord who created on his beautiful navel
 the four-headed Nānmuhan seated on a lotus
 and Nānmuhan created Shiva with the crescent moon in his matted hair
 stays happily in the temple of Vaṅpurushothamam in Nāngur
 where mother monkeys eat fat ripe banana fruits
 and embrace their babies as they sit on the branches of mango trees.

1267. Kaliyan the poet worshiped the feet
 of the god of Vaṅpurushothamam in Nāngur
 where famous Vēdiyars live, skilled in the Vedas.
 If devotees learn and recite these ten pāsūrams,
 they will receive countless joys in the world
 and go to heaven and stay with the gods.

33. Thiruchempponseykoyil. - Nāngai

1268. I saw and bowed to the generous cloud-colored god
 who, worshiped and praised by the people of the world,
 stays with Lakshmi adorned with lovely ornaments on her breasts
 and with the earth goddess in Chemponseykoyil in Thirunāngai
 filled with beautiful palaces shining like gold and I am saved.

1269. The king of the gods in the sky,
 who is the wonderful meaning of the divine Vedas,
 without birth, old age, past, present or future,

the sweet taste of the seven kinds of music
 and a flood of joy that cannot be stopped
 stays in Chemponseykoyil in Nāngai
 where the Vedyars, skilled in the Vedas, live. I saw him and I am saved.

1270. I am a slave of the dark ocean-colored Thirumāl,
 who is the wide sky, fire, water, moon,
 the shining sun and all the lives on this flourishing earth
 and who stays in Chemponseykoyil in Nāngai
 where Vedyars live, as skilled in the Vedas
 as Nānmuhan himself seated on a lotus on the god's navel.
 I worshiped him and am saved.

1271. Our god who rests on the ocean with rolling waves
 as the gods of the sky worship his feet
 and went as a faultless dwarf and measured the world and the sky
 at the sacrifice of king Mahābali stays in Chemponseykoyil in Nāngai
 where Vedyars live, as skilled in the Vedas as Nānmuhan
 whose four heads face the four directions.
 I saw him adorned with a precious diamond crown, worshiped him and am saved.

1272. I saw him, the father of Kāma, the son of Dasaratha
 who gives his grace to his devotees like a loving mother to her child
 if they worship him saying,
 "You, the heroic one, destroyed the evil-minded Rākshasas." -
 He stays in Chemponseykoyil in Nāngai
 surrounded by groves blooming with flowers that drip honey.
 I am his slave and I am saved.

1273. Thirumāl who as Rama built a bridge with stones,
 easily made a way over the wide ocean, went to Lanka, shot his arrows
 and destroyed the strong walls that surrounded it
 stays in Chemponseykoyil in Nāngai with his beloved Lakshmi

where VEDIYARS recite the four rich Vedas.

I, his slave, saw and worshiped him in that temple
and all my troubles have gone away.

1274. Our dark cloud-colored lord, strong as a bull,
who angrily destroyed the wrestlers and Kamsan with his arrows,
and killed the cruel elephant Kuvalayābeedam,
stays in Chemponseykoyil in Nāngai
where reciters of the four eloquent Vedas live.

I saw the divine one like a dark mountain
in that temple and worshiped him
and now all my troubles have gone away.

1275. The lord, the light of the Vedas,
who shines like lightning at the top of the Thriuveṅkaṭam hills,
and threw his discus and destroyed the thousand arms of the angry Bānasuran
stays in the mandram happily in the Chemponseykoyil in Nāngai
where VEDIYARS, the reciters of the Vedas, are like a thilagam for the southern land.
I worshiped him and I am saved.

1276. Our god who springs like honey in the hearts
of his devotees when they think of him and love him, saying,
“You are dark as a kalam fruit. You are Kaṅṅan.
You have the color of a dark cloud!”
stays giving pleasure to all in Chemponseykoyil in Nāngai
where VEDIYARS live and recite the four Vedas.
I worship him and I am saved.

1277. Kaliyan, the chief of Thirumangai,
composed ten faultless Tamil pāsūrams
about the god of the gods of Chemponseykoyil in Nāngai
surrounded with groves that drip honey.
If devotees learn and recite these pāsūrams without mistakes

they will rule this world under a white royal umbrella
and go to heaven and stay there happily.

34. Thiruthetriyampalam. Nāngai

1278. See, as Kaṇṇan, the lovely-eyed Thirumā
who destroyed the shining crowns of his enemies,
their strength and their fame
and made their wives shed their ornaments,
cut the chain on the anklets of his father and released him from prison,
and saved the elephant Gajendra from the crocodile
stays in Thiruthetriyambalam in Nāngur
where thousand-petaled lotuses bloom
and the branches of young kamugu trees
drop white pearls into the holes where crabs live.

1279. See, our lovely-eyed Neḍumal
who drank poisonous milk from the devil Putanā
when she came as if she were the mother who bore him,
wearing golden bangles on her hands,
stays in Thiruthetriyambalam in Nāngur
where neelam flowers bloom abundantly in the midst of paddy lands
and the music of dark-winged bees
and the tinkling of the anklets on women's small feet
sound softly together.

1280. See, Thirumā with beautiful eyes who entered the small palm-leaf huts of the
sharp spear-eyed cowherd women,
stole and ate the good butter that they had churned and kept
and stole and hid their clothes and upset them
stays happily in Thiruthetriyambalam in Nāngur
where the Kaviri river brings and piles up mangoes
that have dropped from their trees when coconuts have fallen on them,

and its water, covered with flowers
and flowing between the mounds, is split into small channels.

1281. See, our dark cloud-colored Kaṇṇan with lovely eyes
who fought the dark angry bulls with curved horns and strong legs
to marry Nappinnai, the beautiful daughter of the cowherds,
stays in the Thiruthetriyambalam temple in Nāngur
where beautiful blooming groves
embrace the tops of the diamond-studded palaces
and touch the shining moon.

1282. See, he is the young Thirumāl with lovely eyes
his arms as strong as mountains.
Making their ornaments touch his chest,
he embraces beautiful wide-hipped Lakshmi
and the cowherd girl Nappinnai with dark eyes and pearl-like white teeth
and a shining diamond necklace around her neck.
He stays in Thiruthetriyambalam in Nāngur
where shining palaces like small hills
are next to each other on the large streets
and women with sweet voices
attract men with their bow-like eyebrows,
capture them and make them live in their hearts.

1283. See, when the Rākshasa king Ravaṇa
realized that a king like himself had risen up,
he thought he could defeat Rama but when he fought with him
Rama cut off his twenty mountain-like arms and killed him.
Our lord stays in Thiruthetriyambalam
where lovely women with soft doe-like eyes,
red mouths and prattling words as sweet as honey
carry on their hands beautiful green emerald-colored parrots
and teach them to speak baby talk and wander in the streets.

1284. Our beautiful-eyed lord, as a naughty dwarf,
 wearing a shining divine thread on his chest
 and a skin dress around his waist,
 went to the sacrifice of the enemy of the gods, king Mahābali,
 where VEDIYARS recited the auspicious Vedas
 and asked the king to give him three feet of land
 and when he received the boon,
 he measured the whole earth and the sky with his two feet.
 He stays in Thiruthetriyambalam in Nāngur
 where water mixed with kumkum and sandal paste
 from women's breasts adorned with fresh flower garlands
 flows on the white sand and turns it red.

1285. See, our king, the lovely-eyed Thirumāḷ took the form of a boar
 ornamented with anklets with small bells that made the sound "gana, gana" on his feet
 as large as a Meru mountain,
 who went to the underworld
 and brought up the earth goddess on his tusks
 as Lakshmi on his chest trembled
 stays in Thiruthetriambalam in Nāngur filled with wealth
 where VEDIYARS recite the four divine Vedas, the six Upanishads
 and the sastras and sing the seven kinds of music
 making the sound spread in all the eight directions.

1286. At the end of the eon, our lovely-eyed Thirumāḷ
 swallowed all the seven worlds, the seven mountains,
 everything in the eight directions, the earth, the sky,
 the oceans and the flood and kept them in his stomach.
 He stays in Thiruthetriambalam in Nāngur
 where shining diamond-studded palaces touch the sky
 and famous VEDIYARS, scholars of the four Vedas, recite eon after eon.

1287. Kaliyan with a sharp beautiful spear,
 the king of Thiruvāli filled with palaces where flags fly,
 praised by the whole world,
 composed ten pāsūrams on Thirumāl
 who stays in Thiruthetriyambalam in Nāngur
 where diamond-studded palaces shine.
 If devotees learn and recite this garland of pāsūrams,
 they will rule this beautiful world as kings
 and go to the highest sky and shine as gods.

35. Thirumaṇikkuḍam - Nāngai.

1288. Our father who took away the suffering
 of the long-trunked elephant Gajendra
 when he was caught by a crocodile
 and carried Govardhana mountain as an umbrella
 and saved the cows and cowherds from the storm
 stays in Thirumaṇikkuḍam in Nāngur
 blooming with fragrant flowers in the groves that shed honey
 where the Kaviri river with flourishing water flows
 bringing gold and leaving it on its banks.

1289. Our father who drank milk from the breasts of Putanā
 whose teeth were sharp as swords,
 and who shot his powerful arrows to kill the Rākshasas in Lanka
 and take away the suffering of the people
 stays in Thirumaṇikkuḍam in Nāngur
 where women with sweet mouths as red as kovvai fruits
 bathe in the Kaviri river and the kumkum ornamenting their breasts
 is washed off and mingles with the water, making it divine.

1290. Our father who conquered the Asuran Kesi when he came as a horse,
 went between two marudu trees and destroyed the Asurans,

and fought with seven bulls and married Nappinnai,
 embracing her beautiful arms,
 stays in Thirumaṇikkuḍam in Nāngur
 where generous, virtuous Andaṇars recite the Vedas well
 and perform fire sacrifices.

1291. Our father who fought angrily
 with the long-trunked elephant Kuvalayābeedam and broke its tusks,
 killed the Asurans when they came as kurundu trees breaking them,
 killed Bahasuran, splitting open his beak when he came as a bird,
 and defeated Arishṭāsuran when he came as a bull
 stays in Thirumaṇikkuḍam in Nāngur
 where a monkey eats a mango fruit and then goes to a banana tree
 and eats bananas, scaring away the bees that swarm around it.

1292. Our father who cut off with a sword the nose and ears
 of dark Surpanaha, the princess of Lanka,
 when she came opening her cave-like mouth
 stays in Thirumaṇikkuḍam in Nāngur
 where the innocent earth goddess and the divine Lakshmi stay always with him.

1293. Our father who is the earth, the sun, the moon and all other things
 and has taken the forms of a fish, a dwarf, a swan, a boar, a man-lion and a horse
 stays in the Thirumaṇikkuḍam temple in Nāngur
 where warriors chased off the northern Cholas
 and the strong southern Pandiyan kings and defeated them.

1294. Our father who is the mountains, the sky, the earth, cool water,
 the moon, the hot sun and all other things
 stays in Thirumanikkuḍam temple in Nāngur
 where a breeze blows spreading fragrance everywhere
 through mandrams, fields, groves and palaces.

1295. Our father who is doubt, bravery, lies and truth,
the cloud that nourishes the earth and all other things
stays in Thirumanikuḍam temple in Nāngur
where vālai fish drink honey dripping from lotuses
and jump while beautiful kayal fish frolic in the ponds.

1296. Our father who is sin, dharma, moksha, happiness,
sorrow, anger, compassion and all good qualities
stays in Thirumaṅkkuḍam temple in Nāngur
where sages and all the gods come and worship him saying,
“Of all the three gods he is dearest to us.”

1297. Kaliyan, the chief of Thirumangai
adorned with beautiful garlands composed ten pāsūrams
praising the god of Thirumaṅkkuḍam Koyil in Nāngur
where the moon shines above palaces.
If devotees learn and recite these pāsūrams
they will rule this world surrounded by the ocean
and go to the golden world of heaven,
becoming stars and shining in the sky
where the sun and moon move.

36. Thirukkāvalandaṅbāḍi

1298. O Kaṅṅā, you measured the earth and the sky
with your feet at the sacrifice of king Mahabali.
You came to the large blooming pond,
killed the crocodile and saved Gajendra the elephant
when he worshiped you and called you.
You stay in Kāvalandaṅbāḍi
where wealth flourishes and Vedyars recite the Vedas.
Take away our troubles.

1299. O Kaṇṇā, as a boar, you split open the earth
and brought the earth goddess from the underworld.
You went to the sacrifice of Mahabali as a dwarf
to help the gods, asked for three feet of land
and measured the earth and the sky.
You stay in Kāvaḷandaṇbāḍi in Nāngai
where the warriors living there conquer their enemies easily.
Take away our troubles.

1300. You shot your arrow through Vāli's chest
when he came to fight with you angrily and killed him
and you gave the kingdom and the shining crown
of Kishkinda to his brother, good-natured Sugrivan.
You stay in Kāvaḷandaṇbāḍi in Nāngai
where mango fruits ripening on the trees
fall on jackfruits and the juice of both fruits flows on the ground.
Take away our troubles.

1301. You fought with the Rākshasa Rāvaṇa,
cut off his ten heads and gave the kingdom of Lanka
to his brother Vibhishana, granting him your grace.
Ornamented with anklets, you stay in Kāvaḷandaṇbāḍi in Nāngai,
where fish frolic in the mountain springs
and bees drink honey from the flowers.
Take away our troubles.

1302. O lord, you climbed on the head
of the snake Kālingan and danced on it
and you embrace beautiful Lakshmi on your chest.
You stay in Kāvaḷandaṇbāḍi in famous Nāngai
filled with palaces as large as hills.
Take away our troubles.

1303. You killed Kamsan and fought with the wrestlers he sent
and you made the kingdom of the Kauravas fall
and conquered the Pandavas' enemies in the Bharatha war.
You stay in Kāvalandaṅbāḍi protected by stone walls in Nāṅgai
where the shade of the trees in the groves spreads
along with the fragrance of pollen.

1304. O lord, you went to Duryodhana's assembly as a messenger
and asked for a part of the kingdom for the Pandavas.
You killed the mahout and broke the tusks
of the angry elephant Kuvalayābeeḍam.
You stay in Kāvalandaṅbāḍi in Nāṅgai
where groves flourish and bloom with abundant flowers
that spread their fragrance everywhere
and the water of the Kāviri flows all over the land.
Take away our troubles.

1305. You went to Indra's world, conquered Indra
and brought the Karpaga tree for your young wife Rukmani.
You stay in Kavalandanbāḍi in Nāṅgai
where Indra, the god of the gods,
planted a flower garden in the groves. O Kaṅṅa, take away our troubles.

1306. O lord, you are the beginning, the end,
the sky, wind, water, fire and religion,
the rhythm in music and all the wonderful Vedas.
You stay in the Kāvalandanpādi temple in Nāṅgai
where beautiful peacocks dance in the fragrant groves.
Take away our troubles.

1307. The poet Kaliyan composed ten pāsūrams
on Kaṅṅan, the god of Kāvalambādi in Nāṅgai
where Vedyars skilled in the Vedas live and wealth flourishes.

If devotees learn these ten good pāsurams and recite them well,
they will become kings on the earth
and be shaded by royal umbrellas as kings bow to them.

37. Thiruveḷḷakkuḷam -Nāngur

1308. You, the highest one
with a divine body that is dark as the wide ocean
stay in Thiruveḷḷakkuḷam temple in Nāngur surrounded by strong walls
whose kings conquer their enemies.
I am your slave. Take away my troubles.

1309. O father, adorned with a thulasi garland
strung together with bunches of flowers
you stay in Thiruveḷḷakkuḷam temple
filled with beautiful ponds where red lotuses bloom,
where Vedyars recite the Vedas, living with undying fame.
I am your slave. Take away my troubles.

1310. O Thirumāl, you carried Govardhana mountain as an umbrella
and protected the cows from the cold rain.
You, the tall one, stay in Thiruveḷḷakkuḷam temple in Nāngur
where famous Vedyars live and recite the Vedas
and devotees come to worship you.
I am your slave. Take away my trouble.

1311. Strong as an elephant,
you broke the tusks of the forest elephant Kuvalayābeeḍam.
You stay in Thiruveḷḷakkuḷam temple in Nāngur
surrounded by groves dripping with honey
where people of good families live.
I am your slave. Give me your grace.

1312. O lord who shine as a light on the Thiruveṅkaṭam hills,
 you stay in the Thiruveḷḷakkuḷam temple in Nāngur
 surrounded by thick groves where VEDIYARS live, praised by all in all lands.
 I come to you singing your praise. Remove all my karma and save me.

1313. You who happily built a bridge of stones to go to Lanka
 stay in the Thiruveḷḷakkuḷam temple in Nāngur
 where many VEDIYARS, learned in the Vedas live.
 Give me your grace and take away the troubles of my karma.

1314. O Thirumāḷ, the king of the cowherds,
 who grazed the cows holding a stick,
 you stay in the Thiruveḷḷakkuḷam temple in Nāngur where VEDIYARS live
 and fish frolic in ponds filled with abundant water.
 Take away my bad karma and give me your grace.

1315. You, Nārāyaṇan, who took the form of a boar and split open the earth
 stay in the Thiruveḷḷakkuḷam temple in Nāngur
 surrounded by beautiful groves
 where good VEDIYARS recite the Vedas.
 I am your slave. O sweet nectar, give me your grace.

1316. You, the divine one, embracing on your chest the beautiful Lakshmi,
 stay in the Thiruveḷḷakkuḷam temple in Nāngur
 where famous VEDIYARS live and recite the Vedas.
 I am your slave. Have pity on me and give me your grace.

1317. Kaliyan with arms stronger than mountains
 composed a garland of ten pāsūrams
 on the dear one of the prosperous Thiruveḷḷakkuḷam temple in Nāngai
 where VEDIYARS live, compassionate to all life.
 If devotees learn and recite these ten pāsūrams well
 they will go to heaven and be with gods.

38. Thiruppārthanpaḷḷi. Nāngai

A worried mother!

1318. My daughter says, “He is Kaṇṇan, the king
whose body has the color of a dark cloud or a kuvalai flower,
who broke the tusks of the elephant that eats balls of rice
and he stays in Nāngai where tall palaces are studded with pearls.”
My innocent daughter's mouth, as precious as coral,
sings the praises of his Pārthanpaḷḷi temple
where he abides with Lakshmi, his beloved wife.

1319. My daughter sings his praise and says,
“Strong as a bull, he defeated the elephant Kuvalayābeeḍam sent by Kamsan,
and he, the Māyan, killed the devil Putanā
when she came to cheat him taking the form of a mother.
He, the lord of the gods, stays in ancient Nāngai
where VEDIYARS live, skilled in the sastras.”
My daughter with feet as soft as cotton
sings the praise of his Pārthanpaḷḷi temple.

1320. My daughter says,
“The lord of Indra, the king of the gods.
the dear one, the everlasting Māyan,
who is sought always by the four Vedas,
stays in Thirumallai where bees swarm in the groves.
embracing naughtily the breasts of the cowherd girls.”
She is not as before and she has changed
and sings and praises his Pārthanpaḷḷi temple.

1321. My daughter's bangles are loose and she is weak. She says,
“The Māyan who destroyed the forts of Lanka surrounded by the ocean
stays in ancient Nāngai where rich VEDIYARS live, skilled in the sastras.”

She, ornamented with many bangles,
sings and praises his Pārthanpaḷḷi temple.

1322. My daughter says,
“The faultless one became the king of the monkeys,
went to Lanka surrounded by the deep ocean
and destroyed the Rākshasas with his heroic bow.
He stays in ancient Nāngai
filled with abundant tall palaces that touch the shining moon.”
She only sings and praises his Pārthanpaḷḷi temple,
but the people of the village gossip about my innocent girl..

1323. My daughter says,
“The god of the gods with the beautiful color of the dark ocean
who swallowed all the worlds and spat them out
stays in Nāngai surrounded by fields where fish frolic.”
Her speech is as sweet as milk
as she sings and praises the Pārthanpaḷḷi temple.

1324. My daughter says,
“The precious god of the gods cannot be found
even by the Vedas that search for him,
but he came and entered my heart.
He stays in Nāngai where many bees with wings
always swarm in the groves.”
Her soft feet are ornamented with pādahams
as she sings and praises the Pārthanpaḷḷi temple.

1325. My daughter says,
“The matchless lord who is praised and loved by the whole world
carries a shining discus and cannot be approached
even by the bright moon, the sun or the gods in the sky.
He stays in Nāngai that is like a thilakam of the southern land,

where VEDIYARS skilled in the Vedas live.”
 She sings and praises his Pārthanpaḷḷi temple
 and people gossip about my innocent daughter.

1326. My daughter says,
 “Kaṇṇan, is the joy of the gods
 and the ancient one of all the seven worlds.
 All the gods sprinkle flowers on him,
 loving and worshiping him in their hearts.
 He, the lord of the gods, stays in Nāngai
 that is filled with tall mighty palaces.”
 She speaks with soft words as sweet as music
 and sings and praises his Pārthanpaḷḷi temple.

1327. Kaliyan, the poet with a sharp spear,
 composed ten Tamil pāsūrams
 describing how a mother spoke of the love of her daughter
 for the god of the Parthanpaḷḷi temple where good VEDIYARS live,
 learned in the four Vedas and praised by the world.
 If devotees learn and recite these ten pāsūrams well
 they will go to divine Vaikuṇḍam and live happily.

39. Thiruvindalur

1328. We, your slaves and servants,
 worship you, our father who stay in Indalur.
 We have enjoyed all the pleasures of this birth.
 Won't you be kind to us?
 Give us your grace and show us the divine path.
 Isn't that the way for us to survive?

1329. You, our father, the god of Indalur
 are a treasure that never disappears from our hearts.

You are our sweet god of Thiruvāli and you embrace us.
 You are the young elephant of Thirumalirunjolai,
 bright like an everlasting lamp.
 O Nambi of Thirunaṛaiyur,
 have pity on me and give me your grace—I am you slave.

1330. This is how I praise you,
 “You with hair adorned with garlands swarming with bees
 measured the world with your two feet.”
 Longing to see you we plunged into the ocean of devotion
 and grew exhausted when we couldn’t see you.
 See how others look at us and mock us
 because we are crazy about you, O god of Indaḷur!

1331. We praise you, saying we long to see you,
 but you do not show us your grace,
 and we wander through all lands as your slaves.
 O dear lord! Won’t you show us your bright form shining like a kāsī flower?
 O lord of Indaḷur, you are cheating us.
 If that is what you want, do as you wish.

1332. Even though you, the dear lord,
 are fire, water, all the directions and this large earth,
 we, your slaves, cannot see you.
 You are our mother, our father and grandfather.
 O lord of Indalur, won’t you give your grace to your slaves.

1333. I won’t go away without telling you what I think of you.
 You think of me the same as you think of your other devotees.
 I am your slave and I will not leave you.
 You know who is good, who is bad
 and you know everything in the world.
 The only thing you don’t know is what I want, O lord of Indalur!

1334. We have caught hold of you so we can serve you,
but you don't tell us how to serve you.

Should we have to tell that you are the god of Indalur?

We, your devotees, have come to your place
because we want to see you.

Won't we be saved if you show yourself to us?

1335. From ancient times you have had the white color of milk,
and always you have the color of the dark clouds.

If someone thinks of you, you are precious gold for them,
yet your body is the color of a dark sapphire.

O god of Indalur, show us your real color.

1336. My father, his father, his father,
and all for seven generations were your devotees and worshiped you.

You try to see whether we are suitable to be your devotees.

You have entered the hearts of your other devotees,
but you don't show me the color of your divine body, O god of Indalur.

1337. Kaliyan, the chief of Thirumangai
composed a sweet garland of ten pāsūrams
praising our father, the god of Indalur
surrounded by lovely groves.

If devotees, whoever they are, learn and recite these ten pāsūrams
they will become the god of the gods in the sky.

40. Thiruvelliyanguḍi

1338. Our dear lord who ate the butter that the cowherd women gave him,
slept on a banyan leaf at the end of the eon,
drank the milk of the devil Putanā,
broke the two marudu trees,

and who measured the world and the sky with his two feet at king Mahabali's sacrifice,
 stays in the temple in Thiruvelliyanguḍi in the southern land
 where the Maṇṇi river flows among the groves with its abundant water
 and coconut, banana and tall kamugu trees grow.

1339. Our dear lord, the cloud-colored Kaṇṇan who grazed the cows,
 churned the milky ocean for the gods,
 and fought with the Rākshasas and made their heads roll on the ground
 stays in the temple in Thiruvelliyanguḍi
 where blossoming cherundi and budding punnai plants bloom in the groves
 and lined bees swarm, drinking honey and singing sweet music.

1340. Our lord who entered the pond and danced
 on the head of the poisonous snake Kaliyan
 stirring up the water and afflicting him
 and making many diamonds spill out from his head
 stays in the temple in Thiruvelliyanguḍi
 where the sound of music for a play acted by stately women
 spreads everywhere, reaching the sky and roaring like thunder.

1341. Our dark cloud-colored lord with an eagle banner
 who protected the cows, fought with Kamsan
 and sleeps on the milky ocean
 stays in the temple in Thiruvelliyanguḍi on the southern bank of the Maṇṇai river
 whose waves deposit gold and diamonds on the shores,
 a place filled with diamond-studded palaces and forts where flags fly.

1342. The lovely-eyed Thirumāl
 who swallowed the whole earth and spat it out
 and fought in the Bharatha war and drove the chariot for Arjuna
 stays in the temple in Thiruvelliyanguḍi
 where vālai fish living in the fields, frightened when farmers plow the land,
 decide, "This is not the place for us!"

and move to other beautiful ponds .

1343. Our god Rama who shot cruel arrows from his beautiful bow at the army of the Rakshasas of Lanka surrounded with oceans and destroyed them, making their army fly away like cotton in the wind stays in the temple in Thiruveḷḷiyanguḍi surrounded with flourishing fields where kayal fish that live in the wet mud glitter after eating ripe banana fruits that have fallen from the trees.

1344. Our god took the form of a dwarf, went to the sacrifice of the Asuran king Mahabali who thought he could do anything he wanted, asked for three feet of land, grew tall in all directions and measured the earth and the sky. He stays in the temple in Thiruveḷḷiyanguḍi where cuckoo birds living in beautiful alli groves call to the god Veḷḷiyār, exclaiming, “Hari, Hari!” and he hurries to them and gives them his grace.

1345. Our lord Māyan who took the form of a lion and split open the chest of Hiranyaṇ, the king of the Asurans when he vexed the gods, the kings of the sky, stays in the temple in Thiruveḷḷiyanguḍi where the jewels studding the pillars of the palaces shine so bright it is hard to know whether it is day or night.

1346. Our lord who rests on a snake bed and gives his grace to his devotees as the gods in the sky join together, chattering about his good nature and praising him stays in the temple in Thiruveḷḷiyanguḍi where fragrant lotuses bloom

and sugarcane and abundant good paddy plants sway in the wind
while beautiful male swans play with their mates.

1347. Kaliyan with a strong spear,
the chief of Thirumangai where bees swarm in the groves,
composed ten Tamil pāsurams praising the god of Thiruveḷḷiyanguḍi
who took the form of a boar in ancient times,
split open the earth and brought the earth goddess up from the underworld,
and rests on the milky ocean as clear waves stroke his feet.
If fortunate devotees sing these pāsurams, dancing and praising him,
they will rule this world surrounded with the roaring oceans.

41. Thirupulḷambudanguḍi

1348. The lord who is a dancer, my ruler
and the ruler of the whole world, is hard for anyone to know.
The lord who went to Mahābali as a dwarf
and measured the world and the sky
stays happily in beautiful Pulḷambudanguḍi
where surumbu bees swarm around the fragrant flowers,
beautiful peacocks dance and bees with lined wings sing.

1349. Our faultless lord, the sweet thief
who went as a dwarf to the king Mahabali,
cheated him and took the earth and sky
and who saved the long-trunked elephant Gajendra
when it was caught by a crocodile
stays happily in beautiful Pulḷambudanguḍi
where birds searching for food for their nestlings
fly to the fertile fields to catch the frolicking kāyal fish.

1350. Our lord Thirumāl who shot his arrows and defeated
the king of southern Lanka and the Rākshasas,

killed the Asuran Kesi splitting open his mouth when he came as a horse,
 and who killed the wrestlers when they came as Marudam trees
 stays happily in beautiful Puḷḷambudanguḍi
 where, when coconuts fall from the trees into the water,
 fish jump up and cranes run away in fright
 in the lovely fields filled with beautiful blossoms.

1351. Our dear god, who fought with the heroic Rakshasa Rāvaṇa,
 king of Lanka with strong arrows,
 and cut off his twenty mighty arms,
 and who carried Govardhana mountain and blocked the storm
 to save the cows and the cowherds
 stays happily in beautiful Puḷḷambudanguḍi-
 filled with strong forts, mounds
 and beautiful palaces with porches that shine like gold.

1352. Our lord Māyan with a discus in his hand
 who stole the yogurt, ghee and milk hidden by Yashoda,
 the dark-haired, large-eyed cowherdess
 with eyes blackened with kohl,
 stays happily in beautiful Puḷḷampudanguḍi
 where cranes with red legs go to the flourishing fields
 and search for red aral fish to eat
 and the Vedyars, never telling lies, recite the Vedas.

1353. Our lord Thirumāl who fought and killed the seven angry bulls
 to marry soft Nappinnai with round arms like bamboo
 and a waist thin as lightning
 stays happily in beautiful Puḷḷambudanguḍi
 where lined bees sing as they swarm
 around the lotuses blooming in the ponds
 and the punnai trees shedding golden pollen.

1354. Our chief, our lord who carried Govardhana mountain
 as an umbrella to protect the cows from the storm,
 fought with heroic Bānāsuran and cut off his strong arms,
 and chased off Shiva and the enemy warriors
 when they came to help the Asuran on the battlefield
 stays happily in beautiful Puḷḷambudanguḍi
 surrounded with flourishing fields
 and lovely neelam flowers that shed honey
 for the swarms of bees to drink.

1355. Our father who drove the chariot for Arjuna
 in the Bharatha war and destroyed the heroic Kauravas
 whose long spears were always smeared with blood,
 and who filled Nānmuhan's skull that was stuck to Shiva's hand
 with his blood and made it fall
 stays happily in beautiful Puḷḷambudanguḍi
 where famous, patient, generous VEDIYARS
 perform sacrifices with three fires and recite the Vedas.

1356. Our faultless lord who took the form of a fish,
 saved the Vedas from the flood
 and then, as a swan, taught them to the sages
 when the earth and sky were covered with deep darkness
 stays happily in beautiful Puḷḷambudanguḍi
 where the Ponni river with its waves
 brings nine types of sparkling jewels,
 pearls from bamboos, chowries and gold
 and leaves them all on its banks.

1357. Kaliyan, the chief of Thirumangai,
 as generous as a dark cloud and praised by the learned ones,
 composed these ten pāsuras on the god,
 the cowherd, the beloved of Lakshmi seated on a golden lotus

who danced on the trembling heads of Kālingan.

If devotees learn and recite these ten Tamil pāsurams,
they will have no trouble in their lives.

42. Thirukkuḍalur

1358. Kudalur where beautiful girls
with fingers as lovely as kāndal buds
wear soft dresses and spread the fragrance from their hair everywhere
is the place of the god
who does not know his own greatness
and went as a messenger for the Pandavas.

1359. Kuḍalur where bees drink sweet fragrant honey
and sing kurinji songs
is the place of the beautiful god
who fought with the seven humped bulls
and married Nappinnai, the daughter of a fisherman.

1360. Kuḍalur where the cheating cranes
steal kāyal fish in the fields is the place of the god
who ate yogurt when he was a child
and now has entered heart of me, his devotee.

1361. Kuḍalur where the kol bees sing and drink honey from the flowers
that adorn the hair of the farmers plowing the wet lands
is the place of our father who, as if he were Yama,
went as a dwarf, took three feet of land from king Mahabali
and measured the earth and the sky at the sacrifice of the king.

1362. Kuḍalur where the clouds thunder
and kendai fish frolic and glisten
in the water in the flourishing fields

is the place of the god where devotees praised him
as the moon and the shining sun went around him
when he grew to the sky at the sacrifice of Mahābali.

1363. Kuḍalur where mangoes fall from their trees
everywhere onto mounds of sand
is the place of the god who aided Shiva,
the destroyer of the sacrifice of Daksha, removing his pain.

1364. Kuḍalur where cool tender jasmine plants
grow abundantly and embrace kurundam trees
is the place of him who swallowed the world,
the mountains and the cool dark oceans.

1365. Kuḍalur where trees with tender coconuts
bend down to the earth
is where the god of Thiruneermalai stays
and stags embrace their lovely does and live happily.

1366. Kuḍalur where a kendai fish goes near a thazhai flower
and is frightened that it might be a crane
is the place of the matchless lord
who came and entered this slave's heart
and melts it with abundant love for him.

1367. Kaiyan composed ten pāsurams in Tamil on Kuḍalur
where Kaṇṇan, colored like the ocean or a kāvi flower,
stays and shines.

If devotees learn and recite these pāsurams
the results of their karma will not come to them.

43. Thiruvellaṟai

1368. O divine lord who came as Parasuraman carrying a mazhu
and conquered many kings for twenty-seven generations,
you stay in Thiruveḷḷārai where fragrant breezes
enter the mango groves and the mandrams
and make the jasmine and mullai bloom.
Give me your grace and show me a way
to reach and worship your ankleted feet .

1369. You who, taking the form of a horse,
brought the Vedas and taught them to the sages
when Nānmuhan, seated on a lotus had lost them
stay in Thiruveḷḷārai
where a breeze blows though the tall Madhavi trees
and spreads fragrance through all the streets
and in the groves and in all directions.
Give us your grace.

1370. You who split open the chest of the cruel Hiraṇyan
with your long claws
when he afflicted the people of all the seven worlds and killed him
stay in Thiruveḷḷārai
where in the beautiful ponds dark varāl fish
frolic and play and lotus plants spread divine fragrance.
Give me your grace.

1371. You, the god of the Thiruvenkaṭam hills filled with bamboo,
who drove the chariot for Arjuna in the Bharatha war
and helped him conquer the Kauravas with galloping horses,
and gave their kingdom to the five Pandavas
stay in Thiruveḷḷārai where the beautiful cuckoo
plucks pollen from the flowers of the mango trees
and then, to take away the sour taste,
drinks the honey-like juice of sweet jackfruit.

Give us your loving grace.

1372. You who as a boar split open the earth, went beneath the ocean
and brought up the earth goddess with beautiful spear-like eyes
when she was hidden by an Asuran
stay in Thiruvellārai where mullai plants in the forest
climb on the sugarcane, seeming to smile
with their white buds and blossoms as bees drink their honey.
Give me your grace.

1373. You, the ancient lord took the form of a turtle
and helped the gods and the Asurans
churn the milky ocean to get the nectar that you gave only to the gods
who, adorned with beautiful crowns, worshiped you.
You stay in Thiruvellārai
where bees that have lovers' quarrels with their mates
fly to the hair of beautiful women
and the tops of the palaces touch the moon.
I am your slave. Give me your grace.

1374. You who bent your bow and cut down
the ten heads of the Rākshasa Rāvaṇa adorned with long crowns
stay in Thiruvellārai where bees sing sweetly
drinking honey from flourishing lotus flowers
with green emerald-like leaves. Give me your grace.

1375. When the world grew dark and everyone became dull-witted,
and the gods in the sky worshiped you asking you to give them knowledge,
you took the form of a swan and taught them the Vedas.
You stay in Thiruvellārai where surumbu bees
and many kinds of other bees
swarm around the blooming screw pine plants and mango trees
singing beautifully with the sound "tena tena."

Give me your grace.

1376. You, the highest one, who went to the sacrifice of king Mahabali,
 begged him for three feet of land and then cleverly measured the earth
 and the sky with your two feet
 stay in Thiruveḷḷarai filled with groves
 where bees fly to the asoka trees and swarm around their red flowers
 and the cuckoo birds coo loudly when they see those red flowers
 because they think that the bees have caught fire.
 I worship you. Give me your grace.

1377. Kaliyan, the poet skilled at throwing poisoned spears in battle,
 composed ten pāsūrams on the ancient god,
 the nectar, the divine, whose color is dark as kohl
 who stays in Thiruveḷḷarai filled with shining palaces over which clouds float.
 If devotees sing these ten pāsūrams without pausing
 they will become the kings of the gods.

44. Thennarangam

1378. Our father, the father of the gods
 who created Nānmuhan on his navel
 and swallowed all the seven worlds
 stays in Thennarangam surrounded with fields
 flourishing with paddy that is golden like the bright evening
 where the Kaviri flows carrying abundant sandalwood and jewels.

1379. Our Māyan who swallowed the whole world
 and slept on a banyan leaf
 and who rests on the ocean on the snake Adishesha
 that has diamonds on his thousand heads
 stays in Thennarangam surrounded by the Kaviri
 flowing with abundant water mixed with sandal paste

that had been smeared on women's large breasts
and with flowers from the garlands
that adorned their beautiful hair.

1380. Our lord who went as a dwarf in ancient times,
took water in his large hands from Mahabali
and measured the world and sky
stays in beautiful flourishing Thennarangam
where the Kaviri flows with sweet honey-like water
and bees sing and the fragrance of the groves rises to the sky.

1381. Our god who as Rama bent his bow and destroyed Lanka,
the kingdom of the Rakshasa king Ravaṇa with a heroic sword
and fought with him in a cruel battle
stays in Thennarangam surrounded by the flourishing Kaviri
and its abundant water that brings elephant tusks
and akil and throws them onto its banks.

1382. The handsome Rama who grew angry, bent his bow,
and fought and sent to the sky the Rakshasa Rāvaṇa,
the beloved husband of Mandodari whose hair swarmed with bees
stays in Thennarangam surrounded by beautiful golden walls
where Indra the king of the gods
and people of all the seven worlds come to worship him.

1383. Kaṇṇan who drank milk from the terrible devil Putanā
and killed her after she had come wearing a lovely garment around her waist
stays in Thennarangam surrounded by the Kaviri
with its rolling waves that flows by banana groves
filled with bunches of fruits.

1384. Our god who conquered Kamsan
and the cruel wrestlers with his shining discus

and defeated Sakaṭāsura when he came as a cart
 stays in Thennarangam where the fragrance of the smoke of the sacrifices
 performed by the Vedyar reciting mantras
 and the fragrant smoke of the incense from the palaces
 spreads everywhere among the clouds floating above them.

1385. The matchless lord of the earth
 who took the form of a boar, fish, turtle, man-lion and a dwarf
 stays in Thennarangam
 where the people of the earth and the gods of the sky
 gather together, mixing like milk and honey, and worship him.

1386. The god whom people praise saying,
 “He is the greatest god.
 He is far from our eyes, and he is forthright and impartial.
 No one knows his māya.”
 stays in Thennarangam surrounded by precious golden walls
 where the Kaviri with its abundant water
 brings jewels and pearls from bamboo canes that have split open
 and leaves them on its banks.

1387. Kaliyan, the chief of Thirumangai
 surrounded by walls stronger than mountains
 composed ten pāsuras on the god
 on whose chest Lakshmi stays on a beautiful lotus.
 If devotees learn and recite this garland of ten musical pāsuras,
 they will rule the world and go to heaven and rule it.

45. Thiruvarangam

1388. Her mother says,
 “My daughter never used to worry about anything.
 Now she worries always and says

'O Venkaṭam, O Venkaṭam!'

She refuses to come and lie on my lap.

She forgets to sleep closing her long sword-like eyes.

What did the beloved of Lakshmi,
born in the milky ocean, do to my daughter?

The precious god with the beautiful dark color of a bee or a cloud
lies on Adishesha on the ocean with rolling waves.

He is life for the gods in the sky.

What has he done to my daughter?

I never thought she would be upset like this."

1389. Her mother says,

"My daughter's dress has become loose around her waist.

The bangles on her hand slide down.

She says to the god, 'I am your slave.

Will you sell me to others?

Will you keep me as your slave or will you not?'

He, the god of the Thiruveṅkaṭam hills,
the chief of the gods in the sky,
destroyed the seven mara trees with his bow
and conquered the Asurans.

See what he has done to my daughter!

I never thought this could happen."

1390. Her mother says,

"O friends, my daughter has the soft eyes of a doe.

Her long sword-like eyes are filled with tears.

Her bangles are growing loose.

She is always talking about the beauty
of his fragrant thulasi garland that drips honey and she doesn't sleep.

He, the son of Nandagopan, is a cowherd and wanders in the forest.

He enters guarded houses, steals yogurt and butter and eats them.

See what he has done to my daughter!

I don't understand."

1391. Her mother says,

"My daughter doesn't listen to me, her mother.

She doesn't play with her friends.

She doesn't decorate her round soft breasts with sandal paste.

She keeps asking, 'Where is Thiruvarangam of my lord?'

He, the Māyan, drank milk from the breasts of Putanā, the devil,

and swallowed the whole earth into his large stomach.

O friends, I can't describe all the trouble he has given to my daughter.

There is no limit to it."

1392. Her mother says,

"She doesn't decorate her breasts with sandal paste.

She doesn't put kohl on her eyes that are like fighting fish.

She doesn't want to play with her puvai bird.

She doesn't want anything.

She keeps asking,

'Where is Thiruvarangam of my lord?'

We know that he, our Nambi, the beloved of Lakshmi,

was raised in a cowherd village.

O friends, he is a strong man.

I don't know what he has done to my daughter."

1393. Her mother says,

"She keeps saying,

'Won't he give me his beautiful fresh pollen-filled garland?'

She wants it so much she grows weak.

See, if I say something she only answers,

'Thiruvarangam of my lord.'

He, the beloved of the goddess Lakshmi, danced on a pot.

He killed the Asuran Madhu

and he went as a messenger for the Pandava kings.

How can I describe the trouble he has given to my daughter?"

1394. Her mother says,

"She doesn't worry that her young breasts

circled with a band have become pale.

If she begins to say anything, she only repeats

the divine names of the highest god.

She is the daughter I gave birth to. What can I do?

He is decorated with garlands and rules beautiful Kuṇḍandai.

He became the charioteer for the Pandavas in the war.

How can I describe all the trouble he has given to my daughter?"

1395. Her mother says,

"Many people gossip about her.

They say she doesn't want to have any connection with her family.

She doesn't forget to say always,

'You are the Māyavan. You are Madhavan.'

Generous and without births,

he, the beloved of young girls, the virtuous king of the earth,

gives all the boons that the gods in the sky ask for.

O friends, I don't understand what he has done to my daughter."

1396. Her mother says,

"She doesn't want to play with balls and molucca beans.

She doesn't want to feed milk to her parrot.

She doesn't want to carry her doll.

She grows tired as she keeps saying,

'Did the god of Thiruvarangam come to me? Won't he come to me?'

and her bangles grow loose.

He is praised by the Chandogya Upanishad and the Rig Veda

and worshiped by the sages who make sacrifices with five types of fire.

He is praised in the Taittiriya Upanishad and in the Sāma Veda.

O my dear ones, he came to see my daughter

and I don't know what he has done to her.

1397. Kaliyan with a sharp spear, who is Yama for his enemies,
composed ten Tamil poems about how a mother
worries about her beautiful daughter with eyes like neelam flowers
because she fell in love with the god of Thiruvaramangam
surrounded by fields where fish frolic.

If devotees learn and recite these ten pāsūrams,
they will rule this earth under a royal umbrella decorated with pearl garlands
and go and live in the golden world of heaven.

46. Thennarāngam

1398. In Thennarāngam surrounded by the beautiful ocean
I saw the lord who is as strong as an elephant,
a dark emerald that lies on Adishesha on the ocean.
He, Thirumaal, my lord who is sweet to me always,
taught the Vedas to the sages
and protected the cows and the cowherds from the storm.

1399. In Thennarāngam I saw Thirumal,
the lord of Thirukkuṟuṅguḍi, Thiruthaṅgā
and the good lord of Thirukkarampanur
who was still hungry
even after he swallowed the dark seven oceans,
seven mountains and seven worlds.

1400. In Thennarāngam I saw the lord,
a cowherd who took the form of a boar and split open the earth
to bring the earth goddess from the underworld,
who measured the earth and sky with his two feet
and stays always like sweet honey and nectar
in the hearts of his devotees.

1401. In Thennaragam surrounded by the beautiful ocean I saw the lord
 who rests on Adisesha on the large ocean,
 kicked the Asuran when he came as a cart and killed him,
 split open the chest of the Rākshasa Hiraṇyan,
 and measured the world with his two feet.

1402. The lord who is the ocean, fire and the big earth,
 burned Lanka, the kingdom of the Rākshasas, and swallowed the sacrificial food
 that the VEDIYARS made for Indra, the king of the gods.
 I have not seen him in other places where his devotees saw him,
 I saw him only in Thennarangam.

1403. In Thennarangam I saw the lord
 who is the Karpaga tree that gives whatever one wants,
 and the path of tapas for those who have controlled their anger.
 He swallowed the earth and spit it out, he killed Kamsan,
 and went to the battle field riding on his winged garuḍa,
 to fight with angry Shiva and his son Karthikeya
 and his escort to help Vānāsuran in the battle,
 and made them all retreat from the battlefield. ??

1403. He killed Kamsan and he swallowed the earth and spit it out.
 When angry Shiva came with his son Karthikeya
 and his escort to help Vānāsuran in the battle
 the lord riding on his lovely-winged eagle
 fought with them and made them all retreat from the battlefield.
 He is the Karpaga tree that gives whatever anyone wants,
 and the path of tapas for those who have controlled their anger.
 I saw him in Thennarangam.

1404. Devotees think only of Thirumal who is the path of tapas always
 and he has come to me and abides in my mind.

The lord who measured the world and the sky with his two feet
 stays in the Thiruvenkaṭam hills
 and in Thirukkovalur surrounded by groves
 blooming with bunches of flowers.
 He is faultless and I saw him in Thennarangam.

1405. I saw the highest lord in Thennarangam
 who does not give his grace
 to Buddhists with their orange clothes or to dirty Jains
 and only gives his grace to the devotees who approach him,
 my relatives, me, my father, my mother
 and the gods in the sky.

1406. I saw the dark cloud-colored lord of Thennarangam,
 a shining emerald, who has removed my false thoughts
 and makes me control my mind.
 If people think of his true form,
 the clever lord is truth for them.

1407. Kaliyan the famous poet composed ten musical Tamil pāsurams
 praising the god of beautiful Thennarangam who lovingly grazed cows.
 If devotees learn and recite these ten famous pāsurams well
 the results of their bad karma will not come to them.

47. Thiruvarangam

1408. Our dear lord who is the ancient four Vedas, the sacrifice,
 question, answer and the meaning of all,
 shining fire, abundant water, earth, cloud, wind,
 the seven roaring oceans, the seven mountains, the sky and the earth
 stays in Thiruvarangam.

1409. The dear lord with the countless good qualities

of Indra, Nānmuhan and Shiva,
 our father, mother, children, relatives who will not abandon us,
 the remedy that removes our desires, the nature of all
 and the end and life for all creatures stays in Thiruvarangam.

1410. When the everlasting earth, the mountains,
 the oceans, the sky and the world of Danavas
 became dark without any light
 and the ancient four Vedas were stolen
 he took the form of a swan, brought them from the underworld
 and taught them to the gods and the sages.
 He gave them his grace and the darkness
 that covered their knowledge was removed.
 He our dear lord stays in divine Thiruvarangam.

1411. Using Mandara mountain as a churning stick
 and Vasuki the snake as a rope,
 when he churned the wave-filled milky ocean with his thousand arms,
 the sound of the churning rose to the sky roaring,
 the waves rose high and touched the sky
 and everything there, the moon, the sun
 and all the gods, saw it and were amazed.
 He stays in divine Thiruvarangam.

1412. How could the Asurans survive even if they wanted to?
 He took the form of a man-lion, went to Hiranyan
 and split open his shining chest ornamented with jewels
 making his hot blood splash everywhere
 like a waterfalls that drops from a golden hill and breaks the earth,
 and the lord was like a large silver mountain in the sky
 with shining teeth and cruel eyes that had woken up from its sleep.
 He our dear lord stays in divine Thiruvarangam.

1413. The lord who rests in the middle of the ocean rolling with waves
 on the thousand-headed Adishesha
 as the gods praise him with his thousand names
 fought with his strong axe and cut off the thousand arms of Vānāsuran
 who was as large as a thousand hills joined together.
 He our dear lord stays in divine Thiruvarangam.

1414. When the Rākshasa Rāvaṇa
 took his wife Seetha with curling hair and a mouth sweet as a fruit,
 Rama suffered and angrily decided to destroy Lanka
 and crush the diamond-studded crowns of Rāvaṇa.
 He dammed the water by shooting arrows at the wavy ocean
 and with the help of the monkeys he made a bridge with large stones.
 He our dear lord stays in divine Thiruvarangam.

1415. The god who is the eon, the lord of all the sacrifices
 and the lord of the sun that moves on a one-wheeled chariot,
 saved Gajendra when he was caught by a crocodile.
 He shot his mighty arrows and destroyed Lanka
 and he threw his discus and hid the sun during the day
 in the Bharatha war and gave his grace to strong Arjuna.
 He, our dear lord, stays in divine Thiruvarangam.

1416. The lord who drank the milk from the devil Putana and killed her,
 the dark-colored god who swallowed all the worlds and spit them out
 lay on a banyan leaf at the end of the eon.
 He can't be reached by the gods in the sky who wear diamond crowns
 but he is close to me and removes all the troubles in my mind.
 He, the god of Thiruvarangam, was born as a cowherd child
 and carried Govardhana mountain to save the cows and the cowherds.

1417. Kaliyan with a heroic spear,
 the chief of Thirumangai filled with beautiful, everlasting palaces,

composed ten Tamil songs on the god
 who stays in Thiruvarangam surrounded by the Kaviri river
 filled with swimming swans as it brings pearls,
 precious jewels and gold in its rolling waves.
 If devotees learn and sing these songs, their bad karma will disappear.

48. Thiruvarangam

1418. You did not consider that the boatman Guhan
 was poor and low-caste, or that he was not your relative,
 but gave your sweet grace to him
 and even told him that your wife, the innocent doe-eyed Sita,
 was his sister-in-law and that your brother Lakshmaṇa was his brother.
 You told him happily, "You are my friend. Stay here with me."
 I heard those words and they stay in my mind.
 O you with the color of the dark ocean,
 I have come to you and worship your feet. You are my refuge,
 god of Thiruvarangam surrounded by beautiful groves.

1419. You did not think Hanuman, the son of Vāyu,
 was born as a mere animal. You did not ignore him
 because he belonged to the clan of monkeys
 but you happily accepted him as a friend,
 and your kindness was immeasurable, larger than the ocean.
 You told him lovingly,
 "There is nothing that I can return for all the things
 that you have done for me. I will eat with you."
 Thinking that you would show the same kindness
 you showed to Hanuman to me, your faithful servant,
 I have come to you to worship your feet.
 You are the god of Thiruvarangam surrounded with beautiful groves.

1420. When Gajendra the elephant worshipped you

with a lotus flower that bloomed in a lovely pond
 in a grove full of fragrant flowers
 and a strong crocodile caught his feet,
 he thought of you as his refuge and called to you in pain.
 Enraged at the cruel crocodile with its evil mouth, you destroyed it.
 I understand that you can become angry even to that extent
 to save your devotees.
 I have come to you as my refuge and worship you
 O god of Thiruvarangam surrounded by beautiful groves.

1421. When an eagle with beautiful wings,
 terrified of an angry poisonous snake,
 came to you and asked for refuge, you felt pity in your heart,
 gave your grace and saved it—I have heard about your kindness.
 Afraid that the cruel messengers of Yama,
 speaking unkind words, will come to me and do cruel things,
 I, your slave, have come to you and worship your feet
 to be saved from them,
 O god of Thiruvarangam surrounded with beautiful groves.

1422. A Brahmin skilled in the Vedas
 saw that the gods in the sky and the people of the earth
 could come, worship your soft flower-like feet
 and receive what they wanted.
 Even though he wanted to reach you
 he was unable to forget the passion he had for women
 as beautiful as peacocks. You said to him,
 “Stay on the earth, enjoy worldly pleasures and then come to me.”
 I want the golden grace that you gave to that Brahmin.
 I have come to you and you are my refuge,
 O god of Thiruvarangam surrounded with beautiful groves.

1423. When Markaṇḍeyan, the son of a sage

and scholar of all the four Vedas, was terrified of cruel Yama
 and came to you asking for refuge
 you grew angry at ruthless Yama, took his power away
 and gave your wonderful grace to young Markaṇḍeyan,
 granting him a place beneath your divine feet
 so he never would be separated from you.
 I heard about that and thought that if I worship you
 you will give me your divine grace and keep me under your feet.
 I have come to you, my god.
 I am your slave and you are my refuge,
 O god of Thiruvarangam surrounded by beautiful groves.

1424. A faultless Brahmin Sandipani who taught the Vedas to all
 and put the sacred thread on you lost his own son.
 When he worshiped you and cried,
 “I lost my dear son. Find him and bring him to me,”
 you found his son and gave him to the Brahmin.
 I heard about that and have come to you to worship your feet.
 You are my refuge,
 O god of Thiruvarangam surrounded by beautiful groves.

1425. A Brahmin who always recited the Vedas
 came to you and worshiped you, asking,
 “O my father, as soon as my wife gave birth to children they disappeared—
 a cruel god took them away. You are my refuge.
 Give me your grace and save us.”
 People mocked him because he was childless,
 but you gave your sweet grace
 in front of those who mocked him
 and gave all his children back to him.
 I heard of the wonderful grace you showed him
 and have come to you to worship your divine feet.
 You are my refuge,

O god of Thiruvarangam surrounded by beautiful groves.

1426. Lovingly you gave your sweet grace
to the heroic king of the Thondai country with a shining crown,
staying with him for seven nāzhigais and teaching him a precious mantra.
I heard about that and have come to you to worship your golden feet
that measured the world and the sky.
You are my refuge and I am saved,
O god of Thiruvarangam surrounded by beautiful groves.

1427. Kaliyan, the conquerer of many enemies,
the king of Thirumangai surrounded by palaces,
composed ten pāsūrams on the god of Thiruvarangam
surrounded by beautiful groves.
O devotees, worship the famous, ancient god, our father, Neḍumal with a discus.
If you learn and recite these ten pāsūrams, your sins will go away.

49. Thenthirupperur

1428. The dark colored lord
who carries a shining discus and a conch in his hands,
is not false but a true god
and if you approach him he will accept you as his devotee.
I have praised the names of him who rests on Adishesha, the snake bed in
Thenthirupperur
surrounded by thick groves where beautiful lotuses bloom
and I am saved.

1429. I have praised the names of Thirumā,
our father who swallowed the seven oceans,
the mountains, the sky and all the beautiful worlds and spat them out,
the god of Thenthirupperur surrounded with thick groves
that touch the dark clouds and the moon and I am saved.

1430. He created Nānmuhan on a lotus on his navel,
 removed the curse of Shiva with blood from his body
 and told both of those gods to rule the world of the gods.
 I praise the names of the dark mountain-like lord
 who rests on Adisesha in Thenthirupperur surrounded by walls
 and I am saved.

1431. When Shiva, carrying the skull of Nānmuhan
 and wandering all over the world,
 asked the gods of sky to remove his curse,
 Thirumāl gave Shiva the precious blood from his body
 and made Nānmuhan's skull fall.
 I have praised the names of the chief of gods in the sky
 who stays in Thenthirupperur surrounded with flourishing fields
 and groves dripping with honey and I am saved.

1432. When Hiranyan was afflicting the gods in the sky
 the gods went to Thirumāl and said to him,
 "You, the Māyan who split open the mouth of the Asuran Vakkaran,
 give us your grace and protect us,"
 and the lord took the form of a laughing lion,
 went to Hiranyan and split open his chest with his claws.
 I have approached the feet
 of the precious god of Thenthirupperur who holds a discus
 and I am saved.

1433. He built a bridge with stones to go to Lanka,
 shot arrows from his bow,
 cut off the twenty arms of Ravaṇa the king of Lanka
 and brought back his wife Sita ornamented with shining jewels.
 I went to Thenthirupperur

where, when the VEDIYAR loudly recite the four Vedas,
malanku fish in the fields hear them and jump in fright,
and worshiped the lord and I am saved.

1434. When he stole butter, Yashoda the cowherdess
was angry with him, hit him with her churning stick
and tied him up with a small rope, but he kept quiet.
Every day I praise the names of the ocean-colored god
of Thenthirupperur surrounded with large strong walls and I am saved.

1435. The lord was born in a cowherd village and raised there,
and killed seven bulls to marry Nappinnai, as beautiful as a vine,
as the gods in the beautiful golden world of the sky saw
and praised him.
Every day I praise the names of our god of Thenthirupperur
surrounded with precious walls shining like gold and I am saved.

1436. I worship in my mind always the VEDIYARS of Thenthirupperur,
who have done much tapas
and are more skilled than the gods in the sky from the ancient times,
in all the four Vedas, the five sacrifices and the six Upanishads.
They live with lovely-eyed Thirumāl in the temple
in Thirupperur surrounded with fields where fish frolic.

1437. Kaliyan with strong heroic arms,
the king of Thirumangai where flags fly on the walls,
composed a garland of pāsūrams with beautiful words
praising Thirumāl resting on Adishesha on the snake bed
in Thirupperur surrounded with groves that swarm with bees.
If devotees sing these pāsūrams and dance,
they will go to the high sky.

50. Thirunandipuraviṅṅagaram PERUMAL

1438. Our lord is the faultless earth, fire, wind, water, and the high sky,
our faultless mind, sleep and moksha.

When he stole butter
and his mother Yashoda became angry and hit him,
he was not worried.

O heart! Think of going to Nandipuraṇṇagaram
where our good lord with a broad chest stays.

1439. O heart, there is a way you can be saved—
this is what you must do.

Think of Nandipuraviṇṇagaram
where the lord stays who swallowed the seven worlds at the end of the eon,
where dark lined bees drink honey, play in the flowers with their swarm
and sing Naivaḷam ragas in the groves.

1440. The broad-chested god who filled his stomach,
swallowing all the seven worlds, the world of the gods,
the seven oceans and the seven mountains
and kept them in his stomach and spat them out
stays in Nandipuraviṇṇagaram
surrounded with flourishing fields and groves
where golden-colored bees drink honey from the fresh flowers.
O heart, think of that place where our friend stays
and go there.

1441. When the Asurans with shining teeth like crescent moons
came to fight with the lord and said, “We will oppose him with our might,”-
our Neḍumāl fought with them.

He made their stomachs burn and their bodies fall to pieces,
defeating them so they ran away with empty hands.

He stays in Nandipuraviṇṇagaram
with groves where peacocks dance, cuckoos call,

flowers bloom, bees sing, tall mango trees spread their fragrance
and clouds float in the sky.

O heart, think of going to that place where he is.

1442. When the Asurans thought,
“We will fight with our enemies and burn all their places,”
our god who carries a sword, a bow, a discus,
a club, and a conch in his beautiful hands
shot his arrows swiftly and cut off their arms and legs.
O heart, think of Nandipuraviṅṅagaram where he stays always.

1443. The lord who as Rama went to the hot forest
with his beloved wife and his brother Lakshmaṇa
stays happily in Nandipuraviṅṅagaram
where cuckoo birds sing from the branches
and peacocks dance in the beautiful groves.
O heart, think of that place and worship him.

1444. Our lord Kaṅṅan was carried by Vasudevan
as a baby in the dark night to a cowherd village
and raised by strong Nandan, the chief of the cowherds.
He was praised by the gods saying, "He is our father"

as they sprinkled fragrant flowers and worshiped him.
He stays in Nandipuraviṅṅagaram surrounded with groves
where peacocks hear the sound of drums and dance
thinking it is the roaring of clouds in the rainy season.
O heart, think of that place where he is
and where the king Nandi served him.

1445. In Nandipuraviṅṅagaram the divine sages
come and worship him, sing beautiful songs and dance saying,
“No matter how much we search, we find no god better than ours.”

The gods from the sky also come there, sprinkle flowers on him
and say “There is no land as beautiful as this on earth.”
O heart, think of that place where he is.

1446. If devotees obey his commands
they become like boats that never overturn even in a flood
when the ocean water is so high they are raised to the sky.
In Nandipuraviṅṅagaram the rivers flourish with water
and bring jewels that sparkle with brightness and take away the darkness.
O heart, think of that place where he is.

1447. Kaliyan, the poet with a strong shining spear smeared with blood,
composed ten pāsuras on the god
who carries in his lovely hands a curved conch and a discus
and wishes to stay in Nandipuraviṅṅagaram
where clouds float over the groves that drip with honey.
If devotees learn them properly and recite them,
all their bad karma will disappear.

51. Thiruvinnagaram

1448. O lord, you are my ruler!
I came and worshiped you
who measured the world at Mahābali’s sacrifice
as devotees and the gods carrying fragrant bunches of flowers
swarming with honey-drinking bees and worshiped you
so that their karma will be removed.
If you give me your grace so I may see you,
I will not want this family life, O god of Thiruviṅṅagar.

1449. You are the highest lord.
When the milky ocean was churned,
you saw Shiva with a forehead eye

when he drank the poison that came from the ocean,
 and you gave the nectar that came out of the milky ocean to the gods
 and you loved Lakshmi who came from the milky ocean.
 If you give me your grace so I may see you,
 I will not want this family life,
 O god of Thiruvinnagar.

1450. You with your dark curly hair
 are the brother of the fire-colored Balaraman
 who bent his bow that was strong as a mountain,
 fought with his enemies
 and destroyed their lands with his fiery arrows.
 You are my ruler.
 If you give me your grace so I may see you,
 I will not want this family life, O god of Thiruvinnagar.

1451. O lord, you, my ruler,
 swallowed the bright moon, the sun,
 the world and all creatures at the end of the eon.
 You rested on a banyan leaf on the wavy ocean
 when you were a beautiful baby.
 If you give me your grace so I may see you,
 I will not want this family life,
 O god of Thiruvinnagar.

1452. O lord, you are my ruler.
 You swallowed all the seven worlds,
 seven oceans, seven mountains and the whole wonderful earth
 and kept them in your strong, handsome stomach.
 You have the form of one letter, "Shri."
 If you give me your grace so I may see you,
 I will not want this family life,
 O god of Thiruvinnagar.

1453. O lord, you, my ruler,
 are the dark oceans, the mountains,
 the beautiful worlds and the four excellent Vedas,
 which you taught to the sages, giving divine knowledge to all.
 If you give me your grace so I may see you,
 I will not want this family life,
 O god of Thiruvinnagar.

1454. O my lord and ruler,
 in the evening when the VEDIYARS
 make sacrifices pouring fragrant ghee in fire
 and the gods come there in a group,
 joining them and they all recite the Rig Veda,
 you are the sweet music in their recitation.
 If you give me your grace so I may see you,
 I will not want this family life,
 O god of Thiruvinnagar.

1455. O lord, you, my ruler,
 are virtuous and you are adorned with a long crown
 decorated with opening blossoms.
 I am frightened to be in love
 with young women because it only makes me suffer
 and I approach your feet.
 If you give me your grace so I may see you,
 I will not want this family life,
 O god of Thiruvinnagar.

1456. O my lord and ruler,
 I do not want to be born or die in this world again and again,
 and so I come to your ankleted feet.
 You are the four Vedas recited by sages

and you are the three gods in the sky.
 If you give me your grace so I may see you,
 I will not want this family life,
 O god of Thiruvīṅṅagar.

1457. The famous Kaliyan composed
 Tamil pāsūrams on Thiruvīṅṅagar
 surrounded by blooming groves.
 If devotees learn and recite
 these musical pāsūrams
 they will reach the feet of the lord Vāmanan.

52. Thiruvīṅṅagaram

1458. Before I wanted wealth
 and the pleasures that the five senses gave.
 Even though I was hurt again and again,
 I did not stop enjoying those pleasures.
 I was friendly with people I liked
 and I hated those I did not like.
 Now, I have come to understand
 that those pleasures were evil
 and I have removed them from my mind.
 O lord of Thiruvīṅṅagar,
 now I hate the deeds I did and I come to you, my refuge.

1459. You, the highest, embrace Lakshmi on your chest.
 I forgot you in all my births
 and until now never thought of you in my heart.
 I was born to be in the depths of sorrow
 again and again and I am weak,
 but I have become your good devotee.
 O god of Thiruvinnagar,

I come to your feet—you are my refuge.

1460. You are the sky, the earth, and honey.
 You came to me, entered my heart and remained there.
 I stayed in the womb of doe-eyed women
 and I stayed in this body made of flesh
 and I realized that births and this body
 will not give me heaven.
 O god of Thiruvinnagar,
 I come to you—you are my refuge.

1461. I left my wife and children
 realizing that they cannot help me attain moksha.
 Through your grace I threw away pleasures
 to rid myself of the troubles that my five senses gave
 that shine like swords.
 I come to you and worship your feet.
 O god of Thiruvinnagar, I am your slave. You are my refuge.

1462. We hear how many kings who ruled the world
 and were praised with “pallaṇḍu” by women
 with beautiful hair swarming with honey-drinking bees
 have all passed from this earth.
 I do not want the impermanent life of this world
 and I come to you and worship your feet.
 O god of Thiruvinnagar,
 I am your slave. You are my refuge.

1463. I do not want to do the things
 that my five unknowing senses want.
 You, a fighter, battled with the strong wrestlers
 and the Asurans and defeated them
 and you shot your arrows and destroyed Lanka

surrounded by wide oceans and strong forts.
 I come to you and worship your feet,
 O god of Thiruvinnagar. I am your slave. You are my refuge.

1464. You are my father.
 Don't be angry with me
 if I ask you for something different
 than what others want in this world.
 You created the five senses,
 but they will put me, your slave, in cruel hell.
 I don't trust them
 and they will not help me reach your feet.
 I don't know what to do.
 I come to you and worship your feet, O god of Thiruvinnagar.
 I am your slave. You are my refuge.

1465. My bad acts, like fires, stayed with me
 pretending they were good friends.
 They came hurrying to me
 and thought that they could put me in a cruel hell
 where no one wants to go.
 You are the divine lord of the everlasting gods
 who released the moon from its curse.
 I come to you and worship your feet,
 O god of Thiruvinnagar. I am your slave. You are my refuge.

1466. You, the king who embraces Lakshmi
 are worshiped by the gods in the sky.
 You went as a messenger to help the Pandavas
 to the unfriendly Kauravas with their scepters and royal umbrellas
 and you spoke pure and true words to them.
 You the lamp that brightens my mind,
 taught the Vedas to the sages.

I come to you and worship your feet,
 O god of Thiruvīṇṇagar.
 I am your slave. You are my refuge.

1467. Kaliyan with a spear smeared with flesh,
 the chief of Thirumangai
 surrounded with flourishing fields and walls that touch the sky,
 composed a garland of ten Tamil poems
 praising the god of Thiruvīṇṇagar,
 surrounded with groves blooming with flowers that drip with honey.
 If devotees learn and recite these pāsuras well,
 they will become kings on this earth
 and go to the world of the victorious gods.

53. Thiruvīṇṇagar

1468. I will not lose the divine pleasures
 that I receive from you.
 I will not forget your beautiful form ever.
 I do not want to be born in this world again
 and because of your grace, I will not be born again,
 O god of Thiruvīṇṇagar, all I have is because of your grace.

1469. I do not love or hate anyone.
 I left my family and all other relatives
 and friends and became a good person.
 I, your slave, worship your feet, O Thirumāḷ.
 You the god of Thiruvīṇṇagar are dharma itself.
 I received you in my heart and I will not let you leave it.

1470. I am afraid and tremble
 when I see beautiful women
 with soft glances like does, lovely faces like the moon

and sharp eyes like arrows that can hurt anyone.
 I was frightened, ran and came to you,
 O lord, handsome god of Thirukkuṟṟṅudi.
 You are the honey of Thirunaṟaiyur
 and you stay in Thiruviṇṇagar surrounded with abundant water.

1471. I was plunged into a flood of joy,
 as I embraced the beautiful arms of women
 with soft breasts smeared with sandal paste.
 But now I fell into the sorrow of hell for the rest of my life.
 You are virtuous and compassionate
 and since I approached you all my bad karma is gone,
 O god of Thiruviṇṇagar.

1472. You are the highest and victorious lord
 and I do not think of any god but you.
 I will not be born again
 because I have the fortune of keeping you in my mind
 who destroyed Rāvaṇa the king of Lanka
 surrounded by the ocean that never dries,
 O god of Thiruviṇṇagar.

1473. You are the ocean, dark as kohl,
 the earth, the beautiful mountains,
 the bright sun and the moon.
 I know that you are in my heart and you will save me.
 Truly I will not think of any other gods from now on,
 O god of Thiruvinnagar.

1474. People can say whatever they like,
 but I, your slave, will tell what I know—
 please keep this in your mind.
 I will not think of any other gods but you

and I will not praise them,
O god of Thiruvinnagar.

1475. There are many who fall like trees
in terrible burning deserts knocked over by wild elephants.
I don't want to think of myself as one of them
and plunge into sorrow.
When can I think only of you?
When will I reach the world in the sky,
O god of Thiruviṇṇagar?

1476. O lord with Lakshmi on your chest,
I am your slave and have done service for you.
O Nambi, give me your grace
so my bad karma does not afflict me.
Tell me, my lord. You. a wrestler, danced on a pot
and killed the Asuran Madhu.
Your fame will never disappear from this world,
O god of Thiruviṇṇagar.

1477. Kaliyan, the poet, as generous as a rain-giving cloud,
composed a garland of ten Tamil pāsurams on the god of Thiruviṇṇagar
surrounded by flourishing groves
and ponds blooming with lotuses.
If devotees learn and recite these pāsurams
no troubles will come to them in their lives.

54. Thirunaṛaiyur

1478. When you grow old you won't be able to see
and your eyes will be filled with mucus.
Girls with words as sweet as music may tell you,
"Walk slowly. You may fall."

Before that happens, O heart,
 rise, we will go to Naṛaiyur and worship him
 who is the sky, the mountains, the Vedas and the sacrifice.

1479. When you grow old, women with lovely hair
 adorned with flowers dripping honey
 will join together, laugh and say mockingly,
 “How could you come to us coughing liked this?”
 Before that happens, O heart, rise,
 we will go to shining Naṛaiyur and worship him
 who is the moon, fire, wind and the bright sun.

1480. When you grow old,
 women with lovely hair adorned by flowers dripping honey
 will join together, laugh and say,
 “What is this? Is it good?
 How could you love us, we are so beautiful.
 What do you think you will be able to do at your age?”
 Before they mock you like this, O heart, rise,
 we will go to famous Naṛaiyur where our king Vaḷavan
 with his scepter of justice went and worshiped our god.

1481. When you grow old, women
 with lovely hair that swarms with bees
 and waists that are thinner than the stalks of flowers
 will close their doors to you
 and not allow you to enter their houses.
 Before this disgrace happens, O heart, rise,
 we will go to Naṛaiyur surrounded by flourishing groves,
 ripening fruits and kamugu trees that shine like pure gold
 and worship him, dear friend of all.

1482. When you become old,

women with eyes even lovelier than a doe's,
 a fish, a spear or a beautiful kāvi flower
 and with clever words
 will laugh among themselves and mock you.
 Before that happens, O heart, rise,
 we will go to flourishing Naṛaiyur
 surrounded by fields where vālai and viral fish frolic
 and worship him.

1483. When you become old,
 women with waists as thin as lightning
 will not want to love you.
 They will only mock you and laugh, saying,
 “You are coughing so much,
 how dare you come near us?”
 Before that happens, O heart, rise,
 we will go to Naṛaiyur
 surrounded with fresh water and worship him
 who burned and destroyed ancient Lanka surrounded by oceans.

1484. When you become old,
 women with foreheads as beautiful as bows will not love you.
 They will laugh and say,
 “He is a dirty old man, he has gray hair.”
 Before you hear those mocking words, O heart, rise,
 we will go and worship him in Naṛaiyur
 where good Vedyars recite the four Vedas
 and spread them around the world.

1485. When you become old,
 women with sharp sword-like eyes
 who once praised you saying, “You are my Cupid!”
 will say, “Listen, he is an old man who coughs up phlegm

but he still longs for women.”

Before that happens, O heart, rise,
we will go and worship him
in Naraiyur where sacrifices and festivals
are celebrated on the streets every day and never stop.

1486. When you become old,
beautiful women with mouths as sweet as fruit
will not love you anymore.
Your back will be bent and you will carry a stick
and walk slowly and grow weak.
Before that happens, O heart,
we will go to beautiful Naraiyur
and worship him who removed the curse of the moon
that shines in the cool sky.

1487. Kaliyan, the chief of Thirumangai
with a long spear smeared with blood,
composed ten pāsūrams that describe
how women with foreheads like crescent moons
mock old men and no longer like them.
The poet says, “O, heart, before that happens
old men should go to Naraiyur surrounded by groves
blooming with flowers dripping honey and worship him.”
If devotees learn and recite these pāsūrams without forgetting them
they will become kings of the gods in the sky.

55. Thirunaraiyur

1488. The lord, the divine light
who carries a discus in his right hand
and a conch in his left,
and who churned the milky ocean, stirring it,

took the nectar and gave it to the gods,
 removed their suffering -
 stays in Thirunaṛaiyur
 where good VEDIYARS live who tell only the truth.

1489. The faultless lord who took the form of a lion that fights fearfully,
 went to Hiranyaṇ and with his sharp claws
 split open the chest of that enemy Asuran
 stays in beautiful Thirunaṛaiyur
 surrounded by groves flourishing with buds that drip honey
 where cuckoo birds sing and play on the tender red shoots of mango trees.

1490. Our lord who destroyed Lanka, fighting with the Rākshasas
 and their armies of horses, elephants, chariots and warriors
 stays in beautiful Thirunaṛaiyur
 where turtles hide inside the bunches of nāṇal grass
 because they worry that if the fish that the mallars have caught
 slip from their hands and fall on the ground,
 they might bend to pick them up and take the turtles also.

1491. When he was a baby and stole and ate butter from the uṛi,
 the cowherdess Yashoda caught him and tied him to a mortar.
 He conquered the seven bulls to marry fragrant-haired Nappinnai.
 He stays in Thirunaṛaiyur
 where beautiful dotted peacocks dance
 in blooming groves and bees sing
 as they swarm around the fresh fragrant flowers.

1492. The lord who conquered seven bulls
 to marry the cowherd girl Nappinnai with soft arms,
 and when two Asurans came as marudam trees
 broke them and killed them
 stays in beautiful Thirunaṛaiyur

where female swans walk behind the women
 ornamented with lovely bangles,
 but, unable to walk as beautifully as they,
 feel ashamed and hide behind them.

1493. The lord who drank milk from the breasts of the devil Putanā
 and killed her,
 and fought and killed the elephant that guarded the palace of Kamsan
 stays in beautiful Thirunaṛaiyur
 where swans drink honey from dark neydaḷ flowers
 and sleep on blooming lotus flowers.

1494. As his guru, the Brahmin Sandipani
 gave him the sacred thread and taught him the Vedas,
 and when his son was drowning in the ocean,
 our god saved him and brought him back.
 He stays in beautiful Thirunaṛaiyur
 where birds search for snails and pick them up from the freshwater ponds
 and take them to feed their nestlings in the trees.

1495. The faultless lord who drove a chariot
 yoked with white horses for Arjuna in the Bharatha war
 and conquered Jeyanthiran in battle
 stays in beautiful Thirunaṛaiyur
 where cranes run swiftly, catch fat fish and eat them with their mates
 and lovely lotuses drip with honey.

1496. The god of the gods who drove the chariot
 in the Bharatha war for Arjuna
 and took away the troubles of the earth
 stays in beautiful Thirunaṛaiyur
 surrounded by fences of cool tender leaves
 where cranes wander in the flourishing fields.

1497. Kaliyan, the poet with a beautiful shining spear,
 composed a garland of ten musical pāsurams
 on the god of Thirunaṛaiyur
 surrounded with large famous palaces.
 If devotees recite these pāsurams
 Thirumāl will save them and be their help.

56. Thirunaṛaiyur - Maṇimāḍakkovil

1498. O devotees, you join the divine feet
 of him who swallowed the sky, the vast earth, the eight directions,
 the wavy ocean and the ancient mountains
 and rests on the leaf of a branching banyan tree.
 The Chola king Kochenganan worshiped the lord
 of Manimāḍakkoyil in Thirunaṛaiyur
 where beautiful bees drink honey
 from shenbaga flowers that spread fragrance
 and then fly to vakulam flowers and stay there.

1499. O devotees, you stay sweetly under the feet of the lord,
 our father who took the form of a fish
 and swam, jumping as high as a mountain,
 playing joyfully and saving the world
 when a terrible flood came at the end of the eon.
 He stays in Thirunaṛaiyur filled with jewel-studded palaces
 where the flourishing Ponni river brings jewels, sandal wood and akil
 and leaves them on the banks of the fields
 for people of the whole world to have.
 The Chola king went to the Maṇimāḍam temple there
 and worshiped the lord.

1500. O devotees, go and worship him in Thirunaṛaiyur.

The oceans are his golden clothes,
 the wide world is his divine feet,
 the wind is his strong body,
 all the directions are his eight necklaces
 and the sky is his crown.

The Chola king, carrying a divine sword,
 who with his large elephant army
 fought and conquered his ankleted enemies in Veṅṅai
 went to the Maṅimāḍam temple in Thirunaṛaiyur
 filled with jewel-studded palaces and worshiped the lord.

1501. O devotees, go to Maṅimāḍam and worship the feet
 of him who went as a man-lion to Hiraṇyan with mountain-like arms,
 and, terrifying the Asuran with his eyes,
 split open his chest with his strong sharp claws,
 making his blood flow out.

The Chola king Chenkaṅān who with his elephant army
 fought in Veṅṅai with mighty enemy kings and destroyed them
 went to the Maṅimāḍam temple in Thirunaṛaiyur
 filled with jewel-studded palaces and worshiped the lord.

1502. O, devotees, you will be his guests if you worship him.
 In ancient times he measured the three worlds at king Mahabali's sacrifice.
 He took the form of a man-lion,
 split open the chest of Hiraṇyan and sent him to moksha.
 He stays in Thirunaṛaiyur
 where the Ponni river falls from the mountains
 and leaves gold and jewels on its banks
 as it flows through all the fields and lands of Chola country,
 the realm of the Tamil Chola king of both the southern and northern lands
 who went to Manimāḍam temple and worshiped the lord.

1503. O devotees, he, the matchless one with a unique form,

is the three shining worlds
 and the three gods, Shiva, Nānmuhan and Indra,
 and you will be saved if you approach him as your refuge.
 The Chola, king of the southern land and the Kongu country in the west,
 who carried a spear, conquered the chief of Minnāḍu
 and ruled the whole world,
 went to Thirunaṟaiyur filled with jewel-studded palaces
 and worshiped the lord in the Maṇimāḍam temple.

1504. O devotees, worship the feet of the lord
 who drank milk from the breasts of the devil Putanā and killed her,
 ruled as the king of Dwaraka
 and played a flute and grazed the cows
 and made the bangles of the cowherd girls grow loose.
 He stays in the temple in Thirunaṟaiyur
 where the river Ponni brings large jewels from the mountains
 and nourishes the land with its water.
 The Chola king with a bow in his strong hands,
 ruler of the land where the Kaviri flows,
 went to the Maṇimāḍam temple
 filled with jewel-studded palaces and worshiped the lord.

1505. Worship the feet of the lord, the beloved of Nappinnai
 whose sweet mouth is as lovely as a murukkam flower.
 In the Bharatha war he defeated many kings
 who had destroyed their enemies on the battlefield.
 The king of the Chola lineage, the ruler of the world
 and built seventy temples with beautiful towers for the eight-armed Shiva
 and praised the lord with the Purushasuktham went to Maṇimāḍakkovil in
 Thirunaṟaiyur rilled with jewel-studded palaces and worshiped him.

1506. Hear the greatness of the generous god of rich Srirangam
 who wears thulasi garlands, is praised by Nānmuhan on a lotus and sages,

has a thousand names and is the beloved of Nappinnai.

The king Kocholan of Azhunthai city

who fought with many horses and chariots and killed the rulers of many kingdoms
went to Maṇimāḍakkovil in Thirunaṟaiyur to worship him.

1507. Kaliyan, the king of Thirumangai who always spoke the truth,
composed ten good Tamil pāsūrams on lovely-eyed Thirumāi
of Thirunaṟaiyur filled with jewel-studded palaces
where Vēdiyars recite the four beautiful Vedas.

If devotees recite these sweet pāsūrams

they will not be frightened by the cruel words of Yama's messengers
and truly they will have the fortune of being the guests of the gods.

57. Thirunaṟaiyur

1508. The Nambi who shot arrows from his cruel bow
and cut off the arms and heads of the Rākshasas in Lanka
rules me and made me his devotee, ordering me to serve him.

He stays in Thirunaṟaiyur where heroic men, handsome as Murugan and Kāma,
and women with spear-like eyes walk on the streets
and the noise of festivals does not stop all day.

1509. The Nambi with a thulasi garland on his chest
who took the form of Balaraman, carried a sharp mazhu weapon
and killed many crowned kings over many ages stays in Thirunaṟaiyur
where mullai flowers dripping with dew bloom like the teeth of women
and dark kuṇḷai blossoms bloom like their eyes,
and the lovely lotuses bloom like their faces.

1510. Our lord Nambi who rests
on the shining snake Adishesha on the clear milky ocean
shot his arrow and killed Marisan
when the Raksasan came in the form of a swiftly running deer

and went to king Mahabali as a dwarf, asked for three feet of land,
and measured the world and the sky with his two feet.
He stays in Thirunaṛaiyur where in the groves filled with birds,
kāvi flowers bloom like the eyes of beautiful women
and lotuses bloom like their faces.

1511. When our Nambi ate the butter that Yashoda hid
she was angry and tied him with a strong rope to a mortar
and he sobbed, crying and crying.
He stays in Thirunaṛaiyur
where a cool breeze moistens the mullai flowers,
bees are intoxicated as they drink honey
and the opening jasmine flowers smile like lovely women.

1512. Our lord who went to northern Madura,
joined the festival of the bow competition,
fought with the wrestlers there and defeated them,
and who jumped into the pond and danced on the heads of Kālingan
stays in Thirunaṛaiyur where many good Vedyars
recite the divine Vedas well and perform Soma sacrifices.

1513. Our Nambi fought with the heroic Vāṇāsuran
and cut off his thousand strong arms
when Murugan, the husband of Valli,
Shiva, the three-eyed god, and the other warriors
came to help Vānāsuran in battle,
lost the war fighting with him
and, ashamed, retreated from the battlefield.
Our lord stays in Thirunaṛaiyur
surrounded with fields where a female crab
looks at the face and large mouth of a male crab, caught in a lotus plant
and starts a love fight with him.

1514. The lord with a sharp discus
 who drove the chariot for Arjuna and destroyed the kings
 when they came to fight with spears in the Bharatha war
 and as the king of the cowherds carried Govardhana mountain as an umbrella
 to protect the cows and cowherds from the storm
 stays in Thirunaṛaiyur
 where Vedyars recite the four Vedas,
 perform the five sacrifices, recite the six Upanishads
 and sing the seven kinds of music.

1515. When Panjali who plays ball with her hands
 had promised that she would tie her hair up
 until the Kauravas lost the Bharatha war,
 Kaṇṇan went to fight, blew the conch on the battlefield,
 terrified the ankleted Kauravas
 as they rode on elephants and defeated them.
 Our Nambi stays in Thirunaṛaiyur
 where Vedyars with hands that never stop giving,
 are as great as Nānmuhan on his beautiful lotus
 and the mighty Shiva.

1516. Shiva the bull rider,
 with his matted hair adorned with the crescent moon
 and the flowing Ganges,
 wearing a snake as his ornament and a kondrai garland,
 his body smeared with vibhuti ??
 went to our god and asked him to remove the curse
 that Nānmuhan had given him.
 Nambi, the god of Thirunaṛaiyur -
 surrounded with fragrant beautiful groves,
 took blood from his mountain-like chest,
 poured it into Nānmuhan's skull
 that was stuck to Shiva's hand and made it fall.

1517. Kaliyan the chief of Thirumangai
 surrounded with fields and strong walls
 composed a garland of Tamil pāsurams
 praising Nambi, the lord of Thirunaṟaiyur
 where good VEDIYARS recite the Vedas.
 If devotees sing these pāsurams and worship the lord,
 they will not experience the results of their karma.
 They will rule this world, go to heaven and be worshiped by the gods.

58. Thirunaṟaiyur

1518. Our Thirumāl took the form of a bachelor wearing a deerskin on his chest,
 went to king Mahābali, asked for three feet of land
 and measured the world and the sky with his two feet.
 I searched for him in Thiruveṅkaṭam hills where honey drips on the slopes
 and I saw him in Thirunaṟaiyur.

1519. Our father, Thirumal, the lord of Thennāli
 churned the milky ocean,
 and in ancient times, at the end of the eon,
 he took the form of a fish and swallowed the ocean.
 I saw him in Thirunaṟaiyur
 surrounded with fields filled with good water.

1520. The lord came on Garuḍa, the faultless bird
 and killed the crocodile that had caught Gajendra the elephant
 on the bank of the pond and saved him.
 He is the god of gods and he has lovely lotus eyes
 and I saw him, the god of Thirunāvāy in Thirunaṟaiyur.

1521. The god of Thiruneermalai surrounded with groves
 took the form of a man-lion that never retreats,

went to Hiraṇyan and split open his chest.

I searched everyday for that lord

with a thulasi garland that never withers and I saw him in Thirunaṛaiyur.

1522. He shot cruel arrows with his bow

and split open the chest of the terrible Rākshasa Ravaṇa,
the king of guarded Lanka surrounded with strong stone forts.

He gave his grace to good Vibhishana

even though he was the brother of his enemy Ravaṇa.

I looked for that good lord and saw him in Thirunaṛaiyur.

1523. He created Nānmuhan on a lotus on his navel

and Nānmuhan created all the worlds,

the world of the gods and the creatures of the world.

He is the Māyon, the lion-like son of Yashoda with eyes as sharp as arrows.

I looked for our dear friend and saw him in Thirunaṛaiyur.

1524. He is the god of Meyyam

who burned the forest Kāṇḍam filled with abundant groves,

brought the Karpaga tree dripping with honey

from Indra's world for his wife Satyabama

and planted it in Dwarakapuri.

I searched for him and saw him in Thirunaṛaiyur.

1525. He drove the chariot for Arjuna in the Bharatha war,

fought with the armies of his heroic enemies,

conquered them and sent them to heaven,

saving the people of the earth from their affliction.

I searched for him and saw him in Thirunaṛaiyur.

1526. The lord, our king,

carries a golden discus in his right hand

that spreads light everywhere

and in his left hand he holds a conch
 that brings him victory in battle.
 He stays in Thirukkuḍanthai
 filled with groves dripping with honey.
 I searched for my king and saw him in Thirunaṟaiyur.

1527. Kaliyan with arms as strong as mountains
 and adorned with fragrant garland dripping with honey
 composed ten pāsūrams on the lord of beautiful Thirunaṟaiyur,
 the son of Vasudeva of everlasting northern Madurai.
 If devotees learn and recite these pāsūrams
 they will become gods among the gods in the golden world of heaven.

59. Thirunaṟaiyur

1528. O heart, go and reach the feet of the divine one
 who took away the trouble of Shiva
 when he wandered through all the three worlds
 and begged, carrying the skull of Nānmuhan.
 Our lord stays in Thirunaṟaiyur surrounded with fields
 where a handsome male swan, without leaving his mate,
 opens the petals of a lotus and drinks honey.

1529. O heart, go and reach the feet of the divine god
 who shot his fire-like arrows
 and made the ten crowns of the strong ill-famed Rākshasa Rāvaṇa fall.
 He stays in Thirunaṟaiyur where the Kaviri
 that nourishes the land and makes it flourish
 brings shells from the salt pans
 and leaves them on the street with the pearls that they gave birth to.

1530. O heart, the younger brother
 of the white conch-colored Balaraman,

who ate the churned butter
 and swallowed all the three worlds
 stays in Thirunaṛaiyur
 where the juice of sweet jackfruit flows
 and banana trees ripen with abundant fruits
 in the flourishing groves.

1531. O heart, let us go and worship the ankleted feet of the lord,
 who carried with his arms as strong as hills
 Govardhana mountain as an umbrella,
 stopping the storm and saving the cows and the cowherds.
 He dances in the mandrams in rich Thirunaṛaiyur
 where the palaces are lined up next to one another
 and many flags that fly high reach the sky and hide the clouds.

1532. O heart, let us go and worship the golden feet of Kaṇṇan
 who hid the sun with his shining discus in the Bharatha war,
 and swallowed all the seven worlds and kept them in his stomach.
 He stays in Thirunaṛaiyur
 where the wonderful Ponni river with rolling waves
 brings abundant akil wood, sandalwood,
 precious gold and beautiful pearls
 and leaves them on its banks.

1533. O heart, let us go and worship the lotus feet of the almighty
 who joyfully keeps gentle Lakshmi
 with a waist as thin as lightning on his handsome chest.
 He stays in Thirunaṛaiyur where the marvelous Ponni river
 with its cool shining waves brings gold, pearls, lion claws
 and the tusks of huge elephants and leaves them on its banks.

1534. O heart, let us go and worship the soft feet
 that are as tender as shoots of the divine dark cloud-like Kaṇṇapīrān,

the king of the gods in the sky with a fresh thulasi garland in his hair.
 He stays in Thirunaṛaiyur where red lotuses bloom
 among the paddy growing everywhere with rich clusters of seeds
 and sugarcane plants flourish, giving sweetness to the world.

1535. O heart, let us go and worship the ankleted feet of the lord
 who stays eternally in Thirunaṛaiyur
 surrounded with abundant groves
 where there are trees with clusters of betel nuts,
 unripe fruits, young kamugu trees and bamboos that hold pearls.
 That land is filled with many palaces
 that are like hills, studded with precious stones.

1536. O heart, let us go and worship the feet of the lord
 who was worshiped by Shiva with the crescent moon in his matted hair and by
 Nānmuhan.
 He stays in rich Thirunaṛaiyur
 where the smoke from the large sacrificial fires
 of VEDIYARS reciting the Vedas rises and hides the clouds.

1537. Kaliyan, the chief of Thirumangai
 surrounded by flourishing fields where the moon shines bright
 composed ten musical pāsūrams on the god
 of Thirunaṛaiyur surrounded by strong walls.
 If devotees learn and recite these ten pāsūrams
 they will go to the sky and live with gods.

60. Thirunaṛaiyur

1538. Our Nambi who rests on Adishesha on the ocean in Kuṇḍandai
 took the form of a boar and split open the earth
 to bring the earth goddess from the underworld.
 He destroyed the forts of Lanka and conquered the Rākshasas

and he measured the world and the sky with his two feet at Mahabali's sacrifice.
Praise his name and say, "Namo Narāyaṇāya."

1539. The lord jumped into the lotus pond,
fought with the snake Kālingan and danced on his head,
took the form of a boar and split open the earth
and measured the world and the sky with his two feet.
Praise his name and say, "Namo Narāyaṇāya."

1540. He fought the mighty-eyed elephant Kuvalayābeeḍam
and broke its tusks.
He churned the milky ocean, took the nectar and gave it to the gods
and embraced Lakshmi who came out of the milky ocean.
Shameless, he stole and ate the yogurt and butter
kept by Yashoda the cowherdess with hair that swarmed with bees.
Praise his name and say, "Namo Narāyaṇāya."

1541. The lord who wishes to stay in Kachi surrounded by stone walls,
and in the temple in Pāḍaham
where all the people of the world come and worship him,
who split open the strong chest of Ravaṇa the king of Lanka with his arrow
and gave the kingdom to Vibhishana, Rāvaṇa's brother.
Praise his name and say, "Namo Narāyaṇāya."

1542. The god of Thirukkovalur
carried Govardhana mountain as an umbrella
and protected the cows and the cowherds from the storm,
he conquered the seven bulls
and fought and destroyed the Rākshasas in Lanka in the south,
burning Lanka so that Yama swallowed everything there.
Praise his name and say, "Namo Narāyaṇāya."

1543. Our father, always victorious,

collected an army of bears, monkeys, and langurs in the forest,
went to Lanka, fought with the strong Rākshasas,
destroyed their might and achieved victory.

The divine name of Thirumāl is as sweet as honey, milk and nectar.
I praise his name, and you, O friends, should also praise his name
and say, “Namo Narāyaṇāya.”

1544. Our father is the hills, the ocean, the directions
and the large earth and he guards them and makes them indestructible.
He carried Govardhana mountain and protected the cows and cowherds from the
storm.

O devotees, understand that his divine name is an excellent thing.
Praise his name and say, “Namo Narāyaṇāya.”

1545. When the cows and the cowherds were shivering
in a storm that poured a rain of stones,
terrified, the cowherds worshiped the god
and said, “We cannot bear this—you are our refuge!”
and he carried the large Govardhana mountain as an umbrella
and protected them all from the storm.

Praise his name and say, “Namo Narāyaṇāya.”

1546. He, the beloved of the earth goddess
surrounded by oceans that roll with waves
and of lovely Lakshmi seated on the lotus
is the lord of Nānmuhan, Shiva, Indra and the gods in the sky.
Praise his divine name, say, “Namo Narāyaṇāya!”
and your karma will be destroyed.

1547. Kaliyan the poet,
the beloved of his queen with large eyes like kāvi flowers,
composed a garland of ten musical pāsūrams
on Neḍumal of Thirunaṛaiyur

on the bank of beautiful Muthāṛu surrounded by large ponds.
 If devotees keep his name in their hearts
 and praise it with their tongues,
 all their bad karma will be removed.

61. Thirunaṛaiyur

1548. Like a young calf that craves its mother's milk
 I call you unceasingly.
 You, our Nambi, stay in Naṛaiyur
 surrounded with groves dripping with honey.
 Give me your grace so I will not be born again,
 my father and my god.

1549. Ancient and famous,
 you swallowed all the oceans that never dry
 and the seven hills.
 I have no one—I am your slave.
 I call you, I come to you.
 Give me your grace, my father and lord.

1550. You gave me your grace
 and I will not give it away to anyone else.
 I drink your grace and relish it—it is never enough for me.
 You have the dark color of the ocean
 and are like a mountain, O god of Thirukkoṭṭiyur.
 You are happy to have me as your devotee
 and I, your slave, have received you with joy.

1551. When I called you and said,
 “O faultless one, you split open the beak of the bird,”
 you entered my heart and gave me peace.
 You are unique, you are a thief,

you are sweet as sugarcane, you are generous,
 you rest on the ocean in Thirumallai.
 How could I forget you?

1552. As if you were a strong elephant,
 you wandered in the cruel mountainous forest
 with Sita, your wife with long spear-like eyes
 and a beautiful forehead like a bow.
 You are good, you are Narayaṇan
 and you took the form of a man-lion.
 Tell me, how can I bow to you and worship you?

1553. You are a treasure of coral, a sage,
 you are the light of Thirumuzhikkalam
 and you stay in the divine hills of Thirupridi surrounded with snow.
 You are a fruit sweet as nectar,
 and a sweet drink for your devotees.
 I found you and I am saved.

1554. You are a treasure,
 you are a garland of pearls on Thiruneermalai
 and I have no other refuge but your grace.
 If your devotees praise and worship you, you give them refuge.
 I found you and I am saved.

1555. If I call you saying,
 "You are my lord. You are Hari,"
 others mock me and say I am crazy.
 You are a pearl, a precious diamond,
 a tender shoot that sprouts up.
 How could I leave you?

1556. You are pure,

you have cool lotus eyes,
 you are like the beautiful shining moon,
 and like a mother you give your love to all creatures.
 O cowherd, you swallowed all the worlds
 surrounded with seven ocean roaring with waves.
 How could I forget you?

1557. Kaliyan, the devotee of the god,
 composed a garland of musical Tamil pāsūrams
 on him, the god of Thirunaṛaiyur
 surrounded by groves swarming with bees.
 O devotees, if you sing these pāsūrams and dance,
 you will go to heaven and your troubles will disappear.

62. Thirunaṛaiyur

1558. When I praise you saying,
 “You took the form of a swan and a boar.
 You, a thief, entered my heart,”
 my eyes fill with tears
 and my heart melts and thinks of you only.
 I will not approach anyone but you, O Nambi, god of Naṛaiyur.

1559. As a strong man-lion that never retreats you killed Hiraṇyan.
 You came to me and entered my heart.
 I will not sing and praise others with my pāsūrams,
 I will not approach anyone except you, O Nambi, god of Naṛaiyur.

1560. My father and mother left this world
 after they gave birth to me.
 You are father and mother for me, your devotee.
 You are a beautiful bright light,
 O Nambi, god of Naṛaiyur. I will not praise anything happily

except your beautiful dark color.

1561. You slept as a little baby
 on the banyan leaf and swallowed the world.
 You entered my heart and stayed there,
 but I, your slave, did not know you were there.
 Now your devotee, I have realized that you are in my heart.
 You are our Nambi and you stay in Naraiyur
 surrounded with groves dripping with honey.

1562. O tall one, it is hard
 for the gods to know who you are and to praise you.
 I knew that you protect your devotees
 if they come to you for refuge.
 You entered the heart of me, your slave,
 and I will not allow you to leave it.
 All the days I live will be only to praise you,
 O Nambi, god of Naraiyur.

1563. My father, his father and our ancestors
 for seven generations and others before them all served you
 and they were your slaves.
 You entered my heart
 and I will not let you go away.
 You, my dear life, my king, my father,
 gave your grace to me without refusing,
 O Nambi, god of Naraiyur.

1564. You cut off the thousand arms of Bānasuran
 terrifying all other kings when they saw it.
 You have entered my heart
 and I will not allow you to go
 to another person's evil heart and stay there.

I attracted you and have kept you in my heart.
 You go to stay in the hearts of good people
 O Nambi, god of Naraiyur.

1565. Always the gods with eyes that do not blink
 place golden blossoms at your feet.
 They carry flowers in their hands
 and come to worship your ankleted feet.
 Now you have entered my heart
 and I will not allow you to leave.
 O Nambi, you stay in Naraiyur
 where the bees plunge into beautiful buds.

1566. You gave me this body made of flesh
 and I have suffered in this world.
 Now you, sweet as the clear juice of sweet sugarcane, are mine.
 I am your slave and you have entered my heart.
 I thought of you always and reached you,
 O Nambi of Naraiyur.

1567. Kaliyan, the chief of Thirumangai
 with arms strong as mountains
 composed a garland of pāsūrams with beautiful words
 on the Nambi, the god of Naraiyur
 surrounded with fields filled with pure water.
 If devotees learn and recite these pāsūrams
 they will go to heaven and stay there happily forever.

63. Thirunaraiyur

1568. The learned ones praise him in their minds always saying,
 “He killed the cruel-eyed Rakshasas with his heroic bow.”
 The Nambi who destroyed the seven trees cannot be seen by anyone,

but I, his slave, I saw him in a dream and I am very happy.

1569. He, adorned with emeralds on his ears,
 makes me think of him
 like a calf that thinks of his mother,
 and he thinks of me and gives his grace to me. .
 He, the lion of the gods in the sky
 and a cowherd in a village surrounded with walls,
 swallowed the world and spat it out.
 I will not praise anyone except my dear god, my friend.

1570. Not entering any other heart,
 he came to me and entered the heart of me, his slave.
 I have caught him tightly
 and he will not let me go to Yama's messengers.
 The lord, the dancer who dances on a pot,
 is the king of Kuṇḍandai surrounded with groves
 where bunches of flowers bloom.
 He is my father, my father's father, and my mother.
 He is my dear lord—how could I forget him?

1571. The lord drove Arjuna's chariot in the Bharatha war
 and killed the strong Kaurava kings,
 giving his grace to the Pandavas,
 and went to Lanka surrounded by the ocean and destroyed it.
 He is the god of Srirangam on the bank of Kaviri
 where bees swarm around the abundant water
 and he, the lord of the sky, he rules me.
 My mind will not be devoted to anyone
 except the beautiful lotus-eyed Kaṇṇan,
 the ruler of all the worlds.

1572. The lotus-eyed lord, precious like gold,

saying "Do not be afraid," will come and help me
 when I, his slave, am plunged into cruel hell.
 He, the jewel of the gods in the sky
 and the lion of Thiruvēṅkaṭam,
 killed the Asuran when he came as a horse.
 When Yashoda tied him to a mortar when he stole butter,
 he was sweet as sugarcane.
 He is like honey and good milk
 and my mind will not think of anyone except him

1573. My famous lord will not leave my mind even for a moment.
 Sweet as sugar and sugarcane juice,
 he stays in Thirumalirunjōlai surrounded with groves
 where kongu trees bloom with abundant golden flowers.
 He taught lovingly the four Vedas to the sages
 and rests on Adishesha on the milky ocean.
 I will not compose pāsurams on anyone
 except the dear Nambi of Thirunaṟaiyur.

1574. He is like pālai, the best of all the ragas, played on a yāz.
 He, the god of the gods in the sky,
 entered me and abides in my eyes, heart and mouth,
 and he stays in the minds of the Vēdiyar learned in the Vedas.
 He shining like a precious jewel,
 is colored like the ocean, high with water, where fish frolic.
 My mouth will not praise anything except the nature of my lord.

1575. Tell me, how can results of any karma come to me
 now that I have received the grace of the lord in this birth itself?
 He is the creator and the ancient path for all
 and he removes the sorrows and troubles of all,
 giving them only joy.
 He, a sage praised by the whole world,

is worshiped by the gods in the sky,
 and he is moksha and a fruit enjoyed by his devotees
 and a thief who has robbed me of my heart.
 I found him today.

1576. Tell me, for I am his slave,
 what can I give back to him for everything he has done for me?
 The famous lord, the ruler of Thanjai,
 who split open the chest of Hiraṇyan,
 and who built a bridge on the ocean, went to Lanka
 the land of the king Ravaṇa,
 with a shining sword like lightning and destroyed it -
 stays in my heart.
 He is a large golden mountain and a diamond hill
 and my mind will not praise anyone except him

1577. Kaliyan, a poet and chief of Thirumangai of Thiruvāli surrounded with groves
 blooming with flourishing flowers that swarm with bees,
 put his head on the divine flower-like feet of Nambi and worshiped him.
 He danced and composed ten Tamil pāsuras
 for the devotees of the lord.
 O devotees, sing these ten songs
 and the results of your karma will go away.

64. Thiruthaṇcherai

1578. Your devotees praise you saying,
 “O king of the gods!
 When you were a baby you drank poisonous milk
 from the breasts of Putanā with fire-like red hair,
 and her blood flowed out swiftly,
 her eyes became tired and she fell to the ground.
 You are a strong child,

and you are the king of the gods in the sky.”

You are the god of rich Thiruthaṇcherai
surrounded with diamond-studded palaces
that touch the crescent moon in the sky.

See, folding my hands on my head, I worship
those devotees who worship the feet of you, our god.

.

1579. On his chest he keeps Lakshmi with long and sharp eyes like arrows.

He is the dancer who threw the Asuran when he came as a calf
at the Asuran who had taken the form of a vilām fruit
and killed them both.

If the devotees worship the feet of my divine god,
in the temple of Thiruthaṇcherai
surrounded with cool groves where bees swarm,
they will stay in my heart always.

1580. In Thiruthaṇcherai where bees stir the pollen
of the flowers and sing,

devotees worship the god saying,

“When Surpanakha with sharp bright teeth
came like a lightning bolt before you,
you cut off her nose and ears with your divine hands.”

I worship the feet of those virtuous devotees
who sprinkle water and flowers on the god's feet
and shine brighter than the gods in the sky.

1581. The god in Thiruthaṇcherai, ruler of the gods in the sky,
has a mountain-like chest adorned with garlands.

I will never leave the devotees who praise his names
saying, “You shot arrows from your strong bow in the cruel war
and killed the king of Lanka in the south
who drove many chariots and carried a shining sword.”

1582. I will not worship the Jains with their dirty bodies
 or the Buddhists with their incessant arguing,
 I will only worship those who praise the god
 who took the form of a man-lion, fought with Hiraṇyan and killed him.
 My heart will be sweet always as if honey poured from it,
 when it thinks of the devotees of the lord,
 who worship the feet of our god of Thiruthaṇcherai,
 surrounded with fragrant blooming groves.

1583. I praise him saying, “You are an excellent god.
 In ancient times as a boar you dug up the earth,
 brought the earth goddess up and saved her.”
 I am his servant and have no help but him
 who stays in Thiruthaṇcherai
 surrounded with blooming groves swarming with bees.
 When I see his devotees, my heart and my eyes feel joy.

1584. I worship and praise him saying,
 “You, the Māyavan are virtuous
 and rest on the deep ocean on Adishesha the snake like a bright hill..”
 He saved me from the pleasures of my senses.
 I am his slave and I love the devotees who worship the divine feet
 of the dear lord of Thiruthaṇcherai surrounded by fields
 where bees swarm around beautiful neelam flowers.

1585. The gods in the sky and the people of the earth
 come and praise him whose feet are soft as tender shoots.
 He stays in Thiruthaṇcherai
 surrounded by flourishing groves where bees swarm and sing.
 If devotees see him with their eyes, melting in their hearts
 and worshipping him folding their hands,
 cruel Yama will not hurt them
 and the results of bad karma will not come to them.

1586. My heart melts for the devotees
 who keep his feet in their hearts
 and worship the lord of Thiruthaṇcheṛai
 where, as the farmers weed in the paddy fields,
 they crush karuneelam flowers with their feet
 and the fragrance of the flowers spreads as their honey flows.

1587. The poet Kaliyan, Yama to his enemies,
 who drives swift chariots yoked with horses,
 composed ten musical pāsūrams on the god
 resting on Adishesha on the water in cool Thiruthaṇcheṛai
 where swans beneath the shadows of a mango trees
 are with their mates that walk like women
 wearing flowers in their dark hair.
 O devotees! Fold your hands together
 and worship his pure golden feet.

65. Thiruvazhundur

1588. When his father Vasudevan was imprisoned by Kamsan,
 Kaṇṇan broke the chains that bound his feet
 and his father took him to a cowherd village
 in the middle of the dark night.
 He stays in Thiruvazhundur filled with beautiful streets
 where the rain falls without stopping
 and where Vedyar, never aging, recite the Vedas
 and light sacrificial fires in the morning, afternoon and evening.

1589. The god of gods who drove the chariot for Arjuna in the Bharatha war
 and destroyed the Kauravas with their mighty army
 stays in Thiruvazundur
 surrounded with flourishing fields

where cranes, frightened of large vālai fish,
fly away and come back again to catch
small āral fish in the pond.

1590. The strong god who with his divine arrows
cut off the ten heads of the king of Lanka in the south
surrounded by precious golden forts
stays in Thiruvazundur
where bees drink honey from the branches of Madhavi vines
and come and swarm around the flowers
in the hair of beautiful women with sharp arrow-like eyes.

1591. Our god who lay on a banyan leaf in the flood
and entered my heart so he is always in my eyes
stays in Thiruvazundur surrounded with rich fields
where a male bird goes with its beloved mate
and searches for food for their fledglings in the wet fields.

1592. The god who is day and night,
earth and sky, matchless light and darkness
stays in Thiruvazundur filled with cloth flags
where the dust from running chariots
and the smoke of akil from women's hair look like clouds.

1593. Smiling with his beautiful blooming lotus mouth
he came near me, gave his grace and entered my heart.
He stays in Thiruvazundur filled with beautiful streets
where the sulam decorations on the tops of palaces
touch the rain-giving clouds
and the sound of celebration on the streets never ceases.

1594. The lord who came in the evening,
stayed on my flower-like bed and entered my heart

making my eyes that are like neelam blossoms fill with tears
 stays in Thiruvazhundur
 where the bright diamond-studded palaces
 on the long streets touch the sky
 and the smoke rising from sugarcane presses, hides the hot sun.

1595. The lord who came in the dreams of the women
 with waists as thin as vines and embraced them
 as they folded their hands and worshiped him
 stays in Thiruvazhundur
 where the sound of the golden anklets
 on the soft cotton-like feet of women as lovely as statues, never stops.

1596. That pure lord who came yesterday, stole away
 the feelings of my five senses and my beauty,
 and made my golden ornaments loose and left me -
 stays in Thiruvazhundur
 surrounded with flourishing fields
 where lined bees swarm on the lotuses
 in the ponds with water that never dries up
 as male swans play with their mates.

1597. Kaliyan, the poet who fights with his enemies like Yama,
 the king of Thirumangai where cuckoo birds sit on the bushes
 that are covered with flourishing vines,
 composed ten Tamil pāsūrams with rich words
 praising the god of Thiruvazhundur
 where blooming kuvaḷai flowers are like women's eyes,
 kumudam flowers in the water are like their mouths
 and the alli flowers are bright like their faces.

66. Thiruvazhundur

1598. The lord who took the form of a man-lion
 and split open the chest of the Asuran Hiraṇyan,
 carrying a conch in his left hand
 and a fire-like discus in his right,
 stays in southern Thiruvazhundai
 where the VEDIYARS are divine like Nānmuhan on a lovely red lotus.
 I, his devotee, saw beautiful lotus eyed- Kaṇṇan there
 and worshipped him.

1599. The ocean-colored lord, the everlasting god of gods
 who fought and killed kings with his mazhu weapon
 and feels compassion for his devotees,
 stays in Thiruvazhundai.
 I saw him and I felt joy.

1600. When he, the creator of all the oceans
 and the worlds and owner of everything,
 threw his discus as he fought with Vānāsura
 and Shiva came to the aid of the Asura,
 he made Shiva, the bull rider, retreat.
 He destroyed his enemies in southern Lanka
 and he stays in beautiful Thiruvazhundur.
 I, his devotee, have received his grace and I am saved.

1601. The lord who carried Govardhana mountain,
 stopping the storm and saving the cows and the cowherds,
 saved Gajendra from the crocodile and gave him his grace,
 and stole fragrant ghee made from cow's milk and ate it
 stays in beautiful Thiruvazhundur.
 I, his devotee, saw him and was happy.

1602. Our lord of Thirumangai, the everlasting dark hill,
 who grew angry with Kamsan and killed him,

and drank milk from the breasts of Putanā
 when she came as a mother to cheat him and killed her
 stays in Thiruvazhundur where Vedyars recite all the four Vedas.
 I, his devotee, saw him and am saved.

1603. The greatest one,
 the god of Indra the king of the gods and Brahma,
 is the joy of all, yet no one can know who he is.
 The Vedyars of Thiruvazhundur
 recite the Vedas as they worship the feet
 of the dark bull-like lord.
 I, his devotee, saw him felt joy.

1604. The formless lord
 who is all the directions, the earth, oceans, fire, wind and sound,
 the Karpaga tree that takes away people's birth,
 stays in southern Azhundai
 embracing Lakshmi on his chest.
 I saw him there and I am happy.

1605. He, the clever one, the meaning of words,
 who embraces the breasts of the earth goddess
 stays in Thennazundai where on every street
 the reciting of the four ancient Vedas
 is like the roaring sound of the oceans, rolling with waves.
 He always makes me happy
 and I saw him in Thiruvazhundai. .

1606. The famous dark cloud-colored lord of Kuḍandai,
 the nectar that never loses its taste,
 the beloved of shining Lakshmi
 whose beautiful breasts are circled with a band,
 stays in everlasting Thennazhundai.

I saw him and I am happy.

1607. Kaliyan, the poet, the king of beautiful Thirumangai with a long spear, composed ten Tamil pāsūrams on the god of dharma who stays in Thennazundai where heroic people, strong as Murugan, live. If devotees learn and recite these ten pāsūrams without mistake, they will go to the world of the sky and rule there.

67. Thiruvazhundur

1608. You, our lovely Kaṇṇan, the wealth of all wealth, carry a strong shining discus and embrace beautiful Lakshmi on your chest. You are the king of the gods, the unique one and you swallowed the world. Always, the feelings of the five senses enter me and torment me— even one of them is enough to hurt me and so, frightened of them, I come to you, my father. You stay in Thiruvazundur facing west.

1609. You came into my heart and stay firmly there with the soft-fingered earth goddess lovely as a doll, ornamented with beautiful armlets. Dark-colored and shining as bright as a cloud, you are the Chandogya Upanishad, the Rig Veda, the Taittiriya Upanishad and the god of the Sama Veda. You are my mother, O tall Neḍumal and you stay in Thiruvazundur facing west.

1610. The lord who has long arms that carry a discus smeared with oil and a conch made me, his slave, be born in this evil world and do wrong.

The cravings of the five senses entered my heart made me proud and sinful
and, afraid to enjoy this illusory life, I came to you.
I do not know anything except your feet,
O father who stay in Thiruvazundur facing west.

1611. You, the Mādhavan, the Madhusudanan
the highest, the king of the gods in the sky,
worshiped and praised by the five Pandavas,
the Chola kings and all the other kings of the earth,
bestow the boons that they want.
I have no help but you, O man-lion, Nāraṇan, our Nambi of Naṛaiyur.
You stay in Thiruvazundur facing west .

1612. You took the form of a man-lion
and fought with Hiraṇyan and split open his chest,
and as a cowherd you, the good, pure and highest god,
carried Govardhana mountain to protect the cows and the cowherds.
I understand the troubles of Kaliyuga
and know what my fate will be.
You are the world and I know nothing other than your feet,
O my father, my resfuge,
you stay in Thiruvazundur facing west.

1613. When you were given good yogurt and ghee
you ate them and laughed,
but then your mother Yasodha tied you to a mortar
and you cried but you were strong enough to pull the mortar.
You are a child for the people of the earth
and the god of gods in the sky
and you are the four yugas,
Krta, Treta, Dvapara and the Kaliyuga.
I know nothing other than your feet,
my father who stay in Thiruvazundur facing west.

1614. You, dark as a cloud and colored like the shining ocean,
 were angry at Hiranyan and went to him as a man lion and killed him.
 You, my father, swallowed all the seven worlds
 and you fought with the seven bulls and defeated them.
 I thought if I were patient and had no desire
 to be involved in the pleasures of the senses,
 they would go away but instead they hurt me and ate me up.
 Scared I came to you, my father, lord of Thiruvazundur facing west .

1615. You, the tall Nambi, take away the troubles of life
 and I stay here thinking only of you
 The evil pleasures of the five bull-like senses
 entered me but I escaped them
 and I have come here to your feet to worship you.
 Give me food and clothes
 and your grace and make me your devotee
 so that I may serve you, my father
 and god of Thiruvazhundur facing west.

1616. When the pleasures of the five senses
 took over my body and wanted to rule me,
 they exclaimed, "Give me food and clothes!"
 refusing to leave me and causing me unbearable pain.
 You, are the faultless Neḍumāl carrying an eagle flag
 and resting on the bed that is a snake spitting fire.
 O Thirumāl, I, your devotee, do not know what I should do now.
 Show pity on me and give me your grace.
 O my father, you stay in Thiruvazhundur facing west.

1617. Strong-armed Kaliyan,
 the king of Thirumangai in Thiruvai surrounded with forts,
 composed a pure garland of ten Tamil poems,

a chain of precious diamonds with beautiful words.

If devotees learn and recite these poems,
they will happily rule the world as kings
under a precious white royal umbrella.

68. Thiruvazhundur

1618. The Māyon who rests on Adishesha on the wide ocean
rolling with waves,
as Lakshmi and the earth goddess
stroke his divine golden feet and sages praise him
stays in beautiful, flourishing Thiruvazundur
where famous learned VEDIYARS
skilled in the four Vedas perform the five sacrifices
and are as divine as Nānmuhan himself.

1619. When the eon ended and all the seven worlds
were covered with darkness
and the sages and the Asurans were terrified,
our highest god took the form of a horse
and brought all the four Vedas up from the ocean
and taught them to the sages.
See, the god of the gods stays happily in rich Thiruvazhundur
where the ears of good paddy swing in the wind like fans
and conches in the water sound
and male swans sit with their mates on the lovely lotuses.

1620. When the strong crocodile caught Gajendra, the king of elephants,
he called to you loudly, saying,
“You are the shining light of the world, as bright as its flowers,”
and you, faultless, went and saved him and gave him your grace.
See, you are the god of the gods
and you stay happily in beautiful Thiruvazhundur

where the Ponni river brings fragrant sandalwood from the mountains
along with gold and jewels as it fills the fields and the channels with water and
increases the richness of the place.

1621. He took the divine form of a strong-eyed boar
that looked like a hill decorated with anklets and ornaments
and dug up the earth and brought up
the shining earth goddess on his tusks.

See, he is the king of the gods
who stays in beautiful rich Thiruvazhundur
surrounded with water where areca nut trees grow
and winged bees sing in the groves
as cuckoo birds coo and peacocks dance.

1622. As a heroic man-lion he split open the strong chest of Hiraṇyan,
and when the devil Putanā came in the form of a mother to cheat him
he drank her poisonous milk and killed her.

See, he is the Māyon and he stays happily in rich Thiruvazhundur
where beautiful women come with their friends,
their arms ornamented with round bangles, walking like swans
and teaching sweet words to their emerald-colored parrots
with mouths like red kovvai fruits.

1623. When the gods were afflicted by Māhabali,
Thirumā, my chief with an unmatched discus,
went as a dwarf to Mahābali and asked for three feet of land,
and when he received the boon,
he measured the world and the sky with his two feet.
He stays happily in prosperous, beautiful Thiruvazhundur
surrounded with groves dripping with honey
and filled with precious palaces where famous Vedyars,
praised from the ancient times, recite the Vedas.

1624. To bring back his wife Sita
 who plays with a soft ball with her hands,
 our lord shot his killing arrows
 and cut off the indestructible arms and heads of Rāvaṇa, the king of Lanka
 where the sun, the god of the day, cannot enter.
 He stays happily in rich Thiruvazhundur
 where good-natured VEDIYARS,
 skilled in pure Tamil and the northern arts,
 perform sacrifices with rising smoke and resemble Nānmuhan himself.

1625. The Māyon broke the tusks
 of the elephant Kuvalayābeeḍam and killed it,
 conquered the young seven bulls,
 danced the Kuravai kuthu dance
 and ate the yogurt and butter that Yasodha kept,
 her hair adorned with fragrant flowers.
 He stays happily in rich Thiruvazhundur
 surrounded with precious golden walls
 and groves where banana and shining puham trees
 flourish everywhere and red corals and emeralds are bountiful.

1626. See, the tall wide-shouldered lord,
 the god of the gods, famous and victorious
 holding a discus in his beautiful hand,
 fought with the evil Kamsan and conquered the wrestlers sent by him,
 fought with the strong elephant Kuvalayābeeḍam
 and killed Sakaṭāsura when he came as a cart.
 He stays happily in beautiful rich Thiruvazhundur
 with (ceeTeeru) groves and beautiful streets CHECK
 where the porches are studded with jewels
 and lovely women adorned with flowers in their hair
 learn dancing on those porches at festival times.

1627. He, the highest god and the king of the gods,
 who took the forms of a boar, a fish, and a man-lion
 and created, protected, swallowed and spat out the world
 stays in Aṇiyazundur happily
 while Indra, the king of the gods,
 Nānmuhan and Murugan worship his feet.
 Kaliyan the poet, the strong king of Thiruvāli with a long spear
 composed ten musical pāsūrams on the god of Aṇiyazhundur.
 If devotees learn and recite these ten pāsūrams well
 they will be like gods and rule this world
 surrounded by the sounding oceans.

69. Thiruchirupuliyur

1628. O devotees!
 Think of removing evil thoughts from your mind
 and worship the ankleted feet of the lord
 who stays in your heart and in the temple Salasayanam in Chirupuliyur
 where the clear waves of the ocean
 bring shining jewels and spread them on the beaches.
 Think of him.

1629. Do not listen to the preaching of the Jains
 who vow to wander on the streets and beg for rice and porridge.
 Come and worship the feet of the god, the dwarf
 who stays in the temple in Salasayanam in Chirupuliyur
 where renowned Vedyars recite the Vedas
 and worship his feet.

1630. O devotees,
 worship the lord and he will remove your bad karma.
 I think of nothing even for moment except the feet of the god
 of Salasayanam temple in Chirupuliyur surrounded with water, fields,

and groves where winged bees swarm.

1631. Thirumāl, the lord of Indra the king of gods,
 who keeps with him the axe-carrying Shiva
 with the moon that floats in the sky in his matted hair -
 stays in the temple Salasayanam in Chirupuliyur
 surrounded with groves dripping with honey.
 I do not know anything but the feet of him, the cowherd.

1632. The place where the gods in the sky come to pray and say,
 “Our father, give us your grace so we will not reach cruel hell”
 is the temple of Salasayanam in Chirupuliyur
 where lovely lotuses bloom in rolling waters.
 O lord with lovely lotus feet, give me, your slave, your grace.

1633. He stays in the temple Salasayanam
 in Chirupuliyur surrounded with flourishing fields
 where dark neelam, ambal and lotus flowers
 bloom with kazhyneer flowers
 like the beautiful eyes, mouths and faces of lovely women.
 If devotees worship the god
 and bow to his divine feet they will not know trouble.

1634. O Māyan, you stay in the cool Thirumalirunjolai hills
 that rise to the sky.
 Tell me, are you in the four Vedas?
 Are you in the temple Salasayanam in Chirupuliyur
 where Vedyars make fire for their sacrifices?
 Are you in the hearts of your devotees?
 I do not know.

1635. O lord, you are pure.
 You rest on five-headed Adishesha on the ocean

and in the temple Salasayanam in Chirupuliyur
 where parrots repeat the words
 that beautiful girls teach them.
 I want to control my mind that dwells on women
 with lined kohl-darkened eyes
 that are like lovely neelam blossoms
 and so I come to worship your ankleted feet
 to escape my desire.

1636. You have the color of a lovely dark cloud,
 the form of fire, of cool water, of a large mountain
 and of all other things,
 and you have your own form that no one else has.
 You, sweet as the nectar in the milky ocean,
 stay in the temple Salasayanam in Chirupuliyur
 embracing Lakshmi, the goddess of wealth.
 Your feet are my refuge.

1637. Kaliyan the chief of Thirumangai
 surrounded with flourishing fields
 composed a Tamil garland of pāsūrams with music,
 praising the dark cloud-colored god of the gods
 of the Salasayanam temple in Chirupuliyur
 that has long beautiful streets.
 If devotees recite these pāsūrams and worship the lord
 the results of their karma will be removed.

70. Thirukkaṇṇamangai **(Bhaktavatsala Perumal & Abhisekhavalli)**

1638. I searched for him and in Thirukkaṇṇamangai
 I found the lord who is the large ocean, a heroic bull,
 female and male, the results of tapas

who gives endless grace to the sages,
 a precious chain of pearls, the soul of his devotees,
 the desire in my mind,
 a lovely bud, a fragrant blossom
 and as sweet as a fruit and sugarcane.

1639. Thirumāl who is truth and falsehood
 and the result of true tapas gives moksha to all.
 He, the dark ocean-colored one with a conch in his hand
 is the Māyan who lay on a banyan leaf.
 He is yesterday, the afternoon of today and tomorrow
 and the months and years.
 I found him, sweet as jaggery, as sugarcane, and as its juice
 in Thirumangai.

1640. Our Esan with a wonderful nature gives us his grace
 and happily keeps on his body Shiva
 with the beautiful fragrant-haired Girija, the daughter of Himavan.
 He shines on the peak of the northern mountain
 where the cool moon floats in the sky.
 I searched for him who is night and day
 and found him in Thirukaṇṇamangai.
 We all love and worship him.

1641. He, the young Māyan
 who drank poisonous milk from the breasts of the devil Putanā
 and is worshipped by sages with minds devoid of confusion,
 stays in Thirukkovalur surrounded by walls and backwaters.
 He, my father, the shining light
 whom the VEDIYARS keep in their minds,
 is my refuge when I grow weak
 and my jewel and treasure when I am poor.
 I searched for him and found him in Thirukaṇṇamangai.

1642. I searched for him who is wind and water
and found him in Thirukaṇṇamangai,
the omnipresent lord of the Himalayas,
strong as a bull, our strength and the cure for our future,
and the giver of moksha for his devotees.

The lord with a discus in his hand
who is Yama for his enemies stays in Thirunindravur,
shining like a large beautiful jewel mountain
and a string of precious pearls.

1643. The lord who carries a discus in his hand,
is a bright precious coral, a pot where jewels are stored,
the beloved of beautiful Lakshmi
all the seven worlds and the end of the eon.
He taught the Vedas to the sages
and fought and destroyed the Asuran that came as a horse.
I found him in Thirukaṇṇamangai
surrounded with fields where kadhuneer flowers bloom.

1644. The divine god of the gods,
the best among the three gods,
is a shining light, fire, water the sky and the earth.
He killed the Asuran who came as a horse
and when he took the form of Mohini,
Shiva fell in love with him.
I found him, the father of Nānmuhan,
who is in the thoughts in the minds of all
in Thirumangai surrounded with groves swarming with bees
that sing as they drink honey.

1645. He is like an angry elephant
threw the Asuran that came as a calf

at the vilam fruit that was an Asuran
 and killed them both,
 drank the milk from the breasts of the devil Putanā,
 killed the Rākshasa Rāvaṇa, the king of Lanka
 who carried a strong sword,
 and cheated Kamsan and killed him.
 He is our nectar, our Nambi
 who protects his loving devotees,
 and I found him in Thirukaṇṇamangai.

1646. Thirumāl is music and its sweetness,
 the butter in milk, the sky, shining light,
 the brightness of a lamp and sacrifice.
 He, the dark one, is the earth, the mountains
 and the waves on the ocean,
 the beautiful moon that rises in the evening,
 and the eyes of the VEDIYARS.
 I found him in Thirukaṇṇamangai
 and my eyes enjoyed him.

1647. Kaliyan composed ten beautiful Tamil pāsūrams
 describing how he found the god of Thirukaṇṇamangai.
 If devotees recite these pāsūrams
 they will reach heaven in the sky where the moon floats,
 become gods and find joy.
 O Kaṇṇan with a white conch in your hand,
 if I may say what I really think,
 if you wished, even you might learn
 these pāsūrams of Kaliyan and understand them.

71. Thirukaṇṇapuram

1648. My daughter's breasts have become pale.

She is in love with the ocean-colored god and she says,
 “A bow, a shining golden discus,
 a strong sword called Nandaham and a white conch!”
 She says, “Look, unlike his enemies,
 he has four arms strong as mountains.”
 Did she see the god of Kaṇṇapuram
 where good Vedyars live reciting the beautiful Vedas?

1649. My daughter says, “Carrying a bow in his hands,
 he fought with his enemies and conquered them.”
 She says, “In one hand he carries the golden discus
 that destroyed his enemies when they came fight him.”
 She says, “There is no one equal to you,
 and you are my dear god.”
 Did she see the dear dark mountain-like god of Kaṇṇapuram?

1650. My daughter says,
 “He wears a thulasi garland on his crown
 studded with precious diamonds.”
 She says, “He wears beautiful shining emerald earrings on his ears,
 and a golden chain studded with precious diamonds shines on his chest.”
 The dear god stays in Kaṇṇapuram
 surrounded with mighty walls.
 Did she see him there?”

1651. My daughter says,
 “On his chest he wears a cool thulasi garland where bees swarm.
 My dear god who rides on an eagle
 broke the tusks of the elephant Kuvalayābeeḍam.
 See, he has a beautiful mouth red as coral.”
 Did she see the god of Kaṇṇapuram
 where dark clouds in the sky roar?

1652. My daughter says,

“He has beautiful lotus hands and feet.”

She says, “The beauty of his precious crown
and his golden ornaments doesn’t go away from my mind.”

She says, “He has the long lovely-eyed Lakshmi on his mountain-like chest.”

Did she see the dear god of Kaṇṇapuram
where fragrant lotus flowers bloom dripping honey?

1653. My daughter says,

“He has a thousand names.

He is generous, he is generous!”

She says, “His ears are decorated
with beautiful emerald earrings
and he has eight arms.”

She says, “He has the color of a dark cloud that pours rain.

He is like a tall mountain.”

Did she see the dear god of Kaṇṇapuram
surrounded with flourishing fields?

1654. My daughter says,

“He is wearing a red garment tied with a belt.”

She says, “His two fair beautiful feet
and lovely hands are like lotuses.”

She says, “He has a dark sapphire-colored body.

Is it emerald or is it a dark cloud?”

Did she see the dear god of Kaṇṇapuram,
where Vedyars live lighting sacrificial fires?

1655. My daughter says,

“He comes riding on a victorious eagle
in the middle of a mandram in the village.”

She says, “For Indra himself who conquers all in battles, he is Indra.”

She says, “Couldn’t we born as women

have the fortune of embracing his chest?"
 Did she see the dear god of Kaṇṇapuram
 where VEDIYARS, scholars of the Vedas, live?

1656. My daughter says,
 "His shining crown is adorned with fragrant garlands swarming with bees."
 She says, " I love him so much
 that I will not be separated from him even a moment."
 She says, "Where did I see him before?"
 repeating the same question again and again.
 Did she see the dear god of Kaṇṇapuram
 that attracts everyone's mind?

1657. Kaliyan the poet composed a beautiful garland
 of ten Tamil pāsūrams on the god of Thirukkaṇṇapuram
 surrounded by a fragrant forest with good trees
 describing how a mother is worried
 that her daughter with soft doe-like eyes has fallen in love with the god
 and wonders whether she has seen him.
 If devotees learn and recite these pāsūrams
 they will go to the golden world
 where the Karpaga tree blooms and stay there as famous kings.

72. Thirukkaṇṇapuram

1658. Her mother says,
 "O faultless god of the gods
 with the lovely color of a precious jewel who know everything,
 my daughter worships Kaṇṇapuram
 surrounded with crashing water.
 Is she a thief like you?
 Is it right for you to make her bangles grow loose?"

1659. "My daughter stands in the courtyard
 where the bright moon shines and looks around
 and points to Kaṇṇapuram and says, 'See that!'
 She loves that Paṇanār so dearly
 and she is not ashamed to express her love for him.
 Surely she wants to go to Thirunaraiyur."

1660. "My daughter prattles and says,
 'Thiruvenkaṭam is a mountain filled with divine waterfalls
 that flow with abundant water,'
 and she asks, "Where is Meyyam?"
 and says, 'Kaṇṇapuram has excellent fame.'
 Her heart melts with his love and she grows weak.
 What is this?"

1661. "My daughter doesn't eat all day.
 She doesn't sleep.
 She is innocent and young, not old enough to fall in love yet.
 He is worshiped by all in Kaṇṇapuram.
 How could she fall in love with the dark ocean-colored Kaṇṇan?
 Why does she do this?"

1662. "My lovely daughter worships Kaṇṇapuram
 where Kaṇṇan stays.
 When she says, 'I am a girl and I love the god,'
 she is telling the truth.
 Perhaps if she hears someone tell her how he stole and ate butter
 and how Yashoda tied him to a mortar,
 the pallid color of her body will change back to normal."

1663. "My daughter says, 'I came to Thirukaṇṇapuram
 from Thirumalai in the north to be with the lord.'
 My beautiful daughter is innocent.

Does she owe him anything?
She cannot sleep at all.”

1664. “If my daughter hears the sound of the rolling waves of the ocean
or sees the cool moon that shines bright she feels distress.
She has been suffering like this for many days.
She always says her only wish is to go to ancient Srirangam
where the god stays who split open the mouth
of the Asuran when he came as a horse.”

1665. “All devotees go to Thirukkaṇṇapuram
to worship your feet and you protect them.
My daughter sees that and wants to go there and worship you.
The jewel-like body of my innocent daughter
with hair that swarms with bees has grown pale.
Do you think it is right to make her suffer like this?”

1666. “My daughter does not have all her teeth yet.
Her hair has not yet grown thick
and you can’t say that she understands things. What can I do?
She wants to see the god in Thirukkaṇṇapuram
filled with groves blooming with flowers that drip honey.
How can I think this child is really innocent?”

1667. Kaliyan, Yama to his enemies,
praised by all the people of the world,
the king of Thirumangai filled with clouds in the sky
composed ten wonderful divine pāsurams.
If devotees learn and recite these pāsurams
they will live long with fame on this earth surrounded with oceans.

73. Thirukkaṇṇapuram

She says,

“My bangles grew loose and fell from my arms because of him
who wears a fragrant thulasi garland,
and carried Govardhana mountain with his strong mountain-like arms.
He stays in Thirukaṇṇapuram surrounded by the ocean
where waves roll and bring curved conches,
precious corals and creepers and leave them on the banks.”

1669. She says,

“ My bangles grow loose and fall from my arms
because I love him
who rests on the ocean on the snake bed of Adishesha,
and who terrified the elephant Kuvalayābeedam
that had small heroic eyes and shed rut like rain
and broke its tusks.
He stays in Thirukaṇṇapuram filled with beautiful palaces
where the smoke of fragrant akil wood rises up
and touches the top of the hills where clouds float in the sky.”

1670. She says,

“My tight bangles grow loose and fall from my arms
because I love the lovely-eyed lord who fought and killed
the seven strong-eyed bulls to marry Nappinnai
and who was happy to remove the curse of the cool moon.
He stays in Thirukaṇṇapuram where the moon rises
and moves through the thick clouds
above the decorations on the tall tops
of the beautiful palaces studded with shining jewels.”

1671. She says,

“My golden bangles grow loose and fall from my arms
because I love the lord who was tied to a grinding stone
by the lovely-armed cowherdess Yashoda

when she became angry with him.

He pulled that stone, going through and destroying the marudam trees whose form the Asurans had assumed.

He stays in Thirukaṇṇapuram with long streets surrounded by strong walls and fragrant groves where groups of beautiful peacocks dance.”

1672. She says,

“ My curved bangles grow loose and fall from my arms,
for the lord who, as a little boy Kaṇṇan, ran around
wiping his mouth when his mother Yashoda
chased him with a small stick because he has stolen yogurt and eaten it.
He stays in Thirukkaṇṇapuram where Vedyars make fires,
perform sacrifices and recite the mantras of the Vedas.”

1673. She says,

“My shining bangles grow loose and fall from my arms,
because I love the dear lord who fought with Hiranyan,
split open his chest with his strong nails and destroyed his strength.
He stays in Thirukkaṇṇapuram
where tall fragrant petaled thāzai flowers grow on the dunes
and the corals left by the river shine like blinking eyes.”

1674. She says,

“My shining bangles grow loose and fall from my arms
because I love the dear lord who swallowed all the eight directions,
the sun and moon, the large earth and the wonderful sky
and spat them all out.
He stays in Thirukkaṇṇapuram
where clear waves bring beautiful pearls
and pile them up in the shadow of Punnai trees
blooming with blossoms where bees swarm.”

1675. She says,

“My tight bangles grow loose and fall from my arms
 because I love the lord
 who rests on the snake bed Adishesha
 on the wide ocean rolling with waves
 and created Nānmuhan on a lotus on his navel.
 He stays in Thirukkaṇṇapuram
 where beautiful lotuses bloom like lovely faces
 and dark kuvalai flowers dripping with honey bloom like eyes.”

1676. She says,

“My bangles grow loose and fall from my arms
 because I love the generous lord with a thousand names
 who rests on the thousand-tongued Adishesha.
 He stays in Thirukaṇṇapuram embracing on his mountain-like chest
 the beautiful Lakshmi with arms like bamboo
 and young breasts secured with a band.”

1677. Thirumangai, the famous king of Thiruvāli
 with its flourishing fields
 composed ten beautiful Tamil pāsurams
 on Vamanan the god of Thirukaṇṇapuram
 surrounded by the ocean with rolling waves
 and groves where honey drips from flowers.
 If devotees learn and recite these pāsurams
 their bad karma will have no results.

74. Thirukkaṇṇapuram

1678. She says,

“ O kol bee, come and blow on the pollen
 of the beautiful fragrant thulasi garland
 in the hair of the god of the gods in the sky
 who embraces beautiful Lakshmi on his chest.

He stays in famous Thirukkaṇṇapuram
where the whole world come and worships him.”

1679. She says,

“O kol bee, come and blow on the fragrant thulasi garland
of the ancient god who created the Vedas,
and is adorned with a shining thread on his chest.

He stays in Thirukkaṇṇapuram
as his devotees praise his feet,
worship and love him.”

1680. She says,

“ O kol bee, come and blow
on the fragrant thulasi garland swarming with bees
of the lord who is the first one on the earth.

He stays in Thirukkaṇṇapuram,
and all the gods in the sky
come there and worship him.

What is the use of your blowing on
flowers that have already opened?”

1681. She says,

“ O kol bee, the dark cloud-colored lord
who took the form of a fish, a turtle and a famed man-lion
stays in Thirukkaṇṇapuram.

O bee, come, taste the pollen
of his cool, fragrant thulasi garland.”

1682. She says,

“O kol bee, what do you gain
by blowing on all these beautiful flowers?

Come, blow on the pollen
of the cool, fragrant thulasi garland

of the lord of Thirukkaṇṇapuram
 praised by the whole world
 who took the form of a dark turtle in the large ocean.”

1683. She says,

“O kol bee, the lord with a discus in his right hand,
 the highest light who embraces Lakshmi on his chest
 split open the earth when he took the form of a boar.
 He has a dark cloud-like body that shines like a kāya flower.
 O kol bee, come and blow on the pollen
 of the fragrant thulasi garland that decorates his shining crown.”

1684. She says,

“O kol bee, our dear lord, the father of Kāma, Madhusudanan, Madhavan
 who was born as the son of Dasaratha
 adorned with garlands on his wide chest,
 who went to king Mahabali's sacrifice as a dwarf
 and who will take the form of Kalki
 stays in Thirukkaṇṇapuram.
 O bee, blow on the pollen of the fragrant thulasi garland that adorns the lord's chest.”

1685. She says,

“ O kol bee, do not blow on the neelam flowers
 and other beautiful blossoms that bloom
 on the banks of the long fields filled with abundant water.
 Blow on the pollen of the lovely fragrant thulasi garland
 on the shining crown of the dear lord of Thirukkaṇṇapuram
 who is Yama to the Rakshasas.”

1686. She says,

“O kol bee, the ancient god of the gods in the sky
 who has the dark color of a fragrant kāyā flower,
 the beloved husband of the earth goddess,

was raised as the son of Nandan.
 Blow on the pollen of the flowers
 of the fragrant thulasi garland
 that adorns his shining hair.”

1687. Kaliyan, the king of rich Vayalāli
 surrounded with groves swarming with bees,
 who conquered many lands,
 composed ten Tamil pāsūrams on the cloud-colored god of Thirukkaṇṇapuram.
 O kol bee, blow on the flowers
 as we his devotees and think of the god
 and sing the pāsūrams of Kaliyan.

75. Thirukkaṇṇapuram

1688. She says,
 “My heart went to the lord
 who removed the chains from the ankles of his father Nandagopan.
 I am waiting to receive his divine grace.
 The moon, the king of the night,
 sends his cool rays as sweet as nectar and burns me
 and the soft breeze comes
 and blows over my beautiful breasts.
 They never cease giving me pain.”

1689. She says,
 “ My heart, longing for the garland on his divine chest, has gone to him
 who is the younger brother of white-colored Balarama
 but has the color of a cloud and the dark ocean.
 There is no one here to help me now.
 The village sleeps and the world too.
 The chariot of the shining sun has disappeared from the sky
 and there is no light to be seen anywhere in the night.

I don't know what to do."

1690. She says,

"The bangles on my arms have grown loose and fallen.
Is this because of the magic of that cowherd
who drank the milk of the female devil when he was a child?
How could he have compassion on us?
The rays of the pure beautiful moon burn me, and I have no one to help.
My breasts pain and my heart suffers
listening to the music of the flute of the cowherd.
There is no one to comfort me and say, 'Do not be afraid.'"

1691. She says,

"The young god who blew his white conch
on the terrible battlefield where mighty ankleted enemy kings
grew confused as they rode on wounded elephants in the Bharatha war
has not come to see me
and the breeze that carries fire-like dew touches my young breasts.
My life will be mine only if this breeze stops blowing."

1692. She says,

"The lord who shot his arrows, making holes in seven trees,
carried a discus in his hand, fought with the Rākshasas and destroyed Lanka
promised me that he would come but he has not come.
The day is gone. O friend, what can we do?
We have no one to help.
The sun sets over the deep ocean in the evening
and my life plunges into the pain of love and kills me."

1693. She says,

"The young lord who bent his bow
and shot his fiery arrows, destroying Lanka

surrounded by the ocean with its rolling waves,
 has not come to see me. What can I do?
 The hot sun that burned me has gone to sleep and I am pitiful.
 My long eyes do not close and this dark night is longer than an eon.
 When will it pass? I do not know.”

1694. She says,
 “Our dear lord who built a bridge, crossed the ocean,
 fought with Rāvaṇa the king of Lanka
 in a terrible war and terrified the Rākshasas
 has not come to see me.
 The hot shining sun, the crescent moon
 and the sound of the cowbells all bring me sorrow,
 and even the music of the cowherd’s flute gives me pain.
 The night is longer than an eon.
 I don’t know when it will pass.”

1695. She says,
 “Kaṇṇan the brother of the sage Balaraman
 who became angry at the unjust enemy kings
 and killed them with his mazhu weapon has not come to see me.
 The male bird with beautiful wings embraces his mate
 shivering in the terrible dew dripping everywhere.
 Is there anything more cruel than the loneliness I have on this dark night?
 I don’t know what bad karma I must have done to suffer like this.
 The young god I love so much has not come.”

1696. She says,
 “I had a dream that the god of Thirukkaṇṇapuram
 surrounded with strong walls
 came to me and made my heart joyful.
 When I think of it my bangles grow loose.
 Now it is night!

The sound of the small bells of the bulls pains my heart
and the sorrowful sound of the andril bird keeps me awake and kills me.
I must have done much bad karma.”

1697. Kaliyan the chief of Thirumangai
surrounded by beautiful cloud-covered groves
composed pāsūrams describing the love pain
of a young woman whose soft breasts are tied with a band,
how she prattled in her love for the ocean-colored lord.
If devotees learn and sing these pāsūrams,
they will reach beautiful Vaikuṅṭam
and stay with the gods.

76. Thirukkaṇṇapuram

1698. O devotees, I have found a way to be saved.
Our divine strong-shouldered lord became angry,
bent his bow and made the Rākshasas
who never tremble in war shiver.
He is happy when he sees the doe-like glance of Lakshmi
with hair that swarms with bees.
He stays in Thirukkaṇṇapuram—
let us go to there and worship him.

1699. Our lord who carried a strong bow in his hand
and shot arrows and killed all the Rākshasas in southern Lanka
and who rode on Garuḍa to fight with strong-armed Māli,
making his head roll on the ground,
stays in Thirukkaṇṇapuram.
Let us go there and worship him.

1700. Our lord who fought with Thādaga,
the daughter of a Rākshasa family and killed her

when she disturbed the sacrifices of the sages,
 and protected their sacrifices,
 and who went to Lanka surrounded by forts and the ocean,
 fought a terrible war with the king of Lanka, afflicting him,
 and brought back his vine-waisted wife Sita
 stays in Thirukkaṇṇapuram.
 Let us go there and worship him.

1701. When Rāma went to bring back his wife Sita,
 and shot his arrows at the ocean
 making Varuṇa the god of the sea come to aid him,
 the monkeys in the Kishkinda forest
 built a bridge over the ocean with stones and trees and helped him
 as the spray from the ocean rose to the sky.
 Thirumāl who as Rama with the monkey army entered Lanka,
 the kingdom of the cruel Rākshasa king Ravaṇa,
 stays in Thirukkaṇṇapuram. Let us go there and worship him.

1702. Our lord, the father of Kāma, is the eon itself.
 He took the forms of a turtle, a man-lion and a swan
 to fight with the Asurans and he accepts the sacrifices
 that VEDIYARS offer with the recitation of the Vedas.
 He went to Lanka protected by strong forts
 and surrounded with high, wave-filled oceans that circle the whole earth
 and cut off the ten heads and twenty hands of its king Ravaṇa
 and he stays happily in Thirukkaṇṇapuram—let us go there and worship him.

1703. O innocent heart, do not worry—
 the results of bad karma will not come to us.
 Our lord who burned up Lanka in the south,
 ruled by his enemy Rākshasas,
 broke the long tusks of the elephant Kuvalayābeeḍam
 and gave his grace to Vānāsuran,

the beloved of Nappinnai stays in Thirukkaṇṇapuram.
Let us go there and worship him.

1704. He killed the murderous crocodile
that caught the elephant Gajendra
when the elephant went to get flowers from a pond
blooming with flowers and tender leaves to worship him,
and he gave the kingdom of Lanka to Vibhishana
the younger brother of ten-headed Ravaṇa,
the king of Lanka surrounded with oceans rolling with waves,
after shooting his arrow and killing Marisaṇ when he came as a golden deer.
He stays in Thirukkaṇṇapuram—
let us go there and worship him.

1705. O mind, you are confused—
do not be plunged in deep sorrow and suffer.
The lord who destroyed the Marudu trees and killed the angry Asuran,
fought with seven strong bulls,
killed the elephant Kuvalayābeeḍam and the wrestlers sent by Kamsan,
and broke the cart when Sakaṭasuran came in that form and killed him
stays in Thirukkaṇṇapuram—
let us go there and worship him.

1706. The Māyan, the lord of the gods in the sky,
carried Govardhana mountain as an umbrella
and protected the cows and the cowherds from the storm,
killed seven strong-legged bulls to marry the vine-waisted Nappinnai,
went as a messenger to the Kauravas for the Pandavas,
kicked and broke the cart when Sakaṭasuran appeared in that form and killed him,
and threw a calf at the vilam tree and killed two Asurans.
Let us go to Thirukkaṇṇapuram and worship him.

1707. Kaliyan, the generous king of Thirumangai in flourishing Thiruvāli,

composed ten pāsurams on the lord of Thirukaṇṇapuram
surrounded with tall palaces over which dark clouds float.
If devotees learn and recite these poems,
they will rule this large world as the gods praise them.

77. Thirukkaṇṇapuram

1708. He with a wide mountain-like chest
who killed seven bulls to marry beautiful Nappinnai
stays in Thirukkaṇṇapuram filled with many ponds
where swans see beautiful women and imitate their walk.

1709. The lord who fought with seven strong bulls
and married lovely-breasted Nappinnai
in a lavish ceremony and embraced her
stays in Thirukkaṇṇapuram
where there are many festivals
and devotees live and worship him.

1710. Our faultless Neḍumāl
who carried Govardhana mountain as an umbrella
and protected the cows and the cowherds from the storm
stays in Thirukkaṇṇapuram
where baby rabbits jump in the flourishing fields
as farmers weed and fish frolic in the ponds.

1711. When Kaṇṇan stole the churned butter
that was kept by the young cowherd girls
they saw him and laughed at him.
He, the lord, embraces his beloved Lakshmi,
and stays in Thirukkaṇṇapuram
where abundant fragrant flowers blossom as bees play in their pollen.

1712. Our lord who fought with the Rākshasas, killing them
and burning Lanka surrounded with forts,
and measured the earth and the sky in the sacrifice of Mahābali,
as his devotees, gods and sages saw and worshiped him -
stays in Thirukkaṇṇapuram.

1713. The lord was born with Balaraman
who carries a mazhu weapon.
Embracing beautiful Lakshmi,
he stays in Thirukkaṇṇapuram
where the sound of the singing of the birds
playing among the flourishing blossoms spreads everywhere.

1714. The omnipresent lord who has the nature of the sun,
the beautiful moon, the mountains filled with snow,
the directions, the earth and fire -n
stays in Thirukkaṇṇapuram
where all the devotees praise him,
reciting the divine Vedas and the sastras.

1715. Embracing beautiful vine-like Lakshmi on his chest
as many devotees worship his feet
he stays in Thirukkaṇṇapuram
where lotuses blooming in the large fields
are crushed by the plows of farmers
and their fragrance spreads everywhere.

1716. The lord who carries a discus in his right hand
and stays with Lakshmi and with the earth goddess
surrounded by their attendants
stays in Thirukkaṇṇapuram
where ships bring precious goods and jewels.

1717. Kaliyan, the chief of Thirumangai
 filled with flourishing fields and forts
 composed ten Tamil pāsurams
 on the famous god of Thirukkaṇṇapuram
 where people sing his praise.
 If devotees recite and learn these pāsurams
 they will have no trouble in their lives.

78. Thirukkaṇṇapuram

1718. The cool lotus-eyed Kaṇṇan, the cowherd
 took the form of a strong fish and saved the world from the storm
 when the water rose up to the world of the gods at the end of the eon.
 I am his devotee and I found him in Thirukkaṇṇapuram
 filled with flourishing fields and forests.

1719. I am the devotee of the wise lord who took the form of a turtle
 and held Mandara mountain as a stick to churn the milky ocean
 and then took the nectar from the ocean
 and distributed it to the gods in the sky
 when there was a large flood at the end of the eon,
 and I found him
 in Thirukkaṇṇapuram surrounded by the roaring ocean.

1720. When the ocean rose and covered the whole earth with water
 our mighty father took the form of a boar with bent tusks
 and brought the earth goddess up from the underworld.
 I am his devotee and I found him in Thirukkaṇṇapuram
 filled with fields over which clouds float
 as herons searching for āral fish dive into the water
 and kayal fish, frightened, swim away.

1721. He took the form of a man-lion,

angrily went to his enemy Hiranyan,
 fought with him and split open his chest with his sharp claws
 as the gods in the sky looked on in fright.
 I am his devotee and I found him in Thirukkaṇṇapuram
 where farmers reap and collect good paddy and save it in storage.

1722. Our father took the form of a dwarf,
 went to the sacrifice of king Mahabali,
 asked him for three feet of land
 and measured the world and the sky with his two feet.
 I am his devotee and I found him in Thirukkaṇṇapuram
 where in the plowed fields of paddy, precious as gold,
 budding mullai and kazuneer flowers blossom together.

1723. Our father took the form of Balarama
 carrying a mazhu weapon
 and he the god of Thiruppāzhi conquered twenty generations of kings.
 I am his devotee and I found him
 in Thirukkaṇṇapuram filled with fragrant groves
 where beautiful neelam flowers drip honey
 that the bees drink.

1724. Our highest lord was born as the undefeated king Rama,
 fought a cruel war in guarded Lanka
 with his enemies the angry Rākshasas and destroyed them.
 I am his devotee and I have found him
 who is worshipped by all
 in Thirukkaṇṇapuram where tāzhai plants spread their fragrance
 along the flourishing waterfront.

1725. Born as Balarama with an earring shaped like a plow
 in one ear and a simple earring in the other,
 the victorious lord fought and conquered many monarchs with spears.

I am his devotee and I found him
in Thirukkaṇṇapuram where VEDIYARS, scholars of the Vedas,
make three sacrificial fires.

1726. Our father who was born as Kaṇṇan on a dark midnight
took away the affliction of the earth goddess
whose sweet mouth is red as coral and saved her from the underworld
and fought in the Bharatha war
and killed all the Kauravas, the enemies of the Pandavas.
I am his devotee and I found him in Thirukkaṇṇapuram
where ocean waves bring pearls and leave them on the banks
and precious paddy plants wave in the fields.

1727. He took the forms of a fish, a turtle, a boar, a man-lion, and a dwarf
and was born on the earth as Rama, Balarama, Parasuraman, Kaṇṇan and Kalki.
Kaliyan, the devotee, composed musical pāsūrams
on the god of Thirukkaṇṇapuram.
If devotees learn and recite these honey-like Tamil pāsūrams
they will not have the results of their karma.

79. Thirukkaṇṇapuram

1728. The dark cloud-colored lord
who saved the long-trunked Gajendra from the crocodile,
is a precious emerald-colored jewel, my dear one, Esan, my father,
and I, his devotee, keep him in my heart and am saved.

1729. Thirumāḷ, as generous as rain,
dear as a mother to all,
a lustrous jewel colored like a dark cloud
that removes the troubles of his devotees
took nectar from the ocean and rests on Adishesha.
I, his devotee, came to him for refuge and am saved.

1730. The highest god, the light of heaven,
 who killed seven bulls to marry Nappinnai,
 became angry at the king Rāvaṇa, crossed the ocean,
 went to Lanka and defeated the Rakshasas.

I am a slave of that matchless lord of Thirukaṇṇapuram
 surrounded with fields with channels that flow with water
 and neelam flowers bloom,
 and I will never be the devotee of any other god.

1731. The matchless, highest one, the bright light,
 sweet as a fruit, the creator of the Vedas
 who shines like a golden hill
 entered my heart.

I came to the god of large Kadihai hills,
 who is sweet as a fruit and I am saved.

1732. My father, you came to me,
 entered my heart and have not left me.

This is enough for me.

You are the young god of Kuḍanthai
 surrounded with groves blooming with bunches of flowers.

I am fortunate—I received your grace and will never forget you.

1733. I do not want to go to cruel hell,
 I tremble even to think of it.

O heart, he is the only one who can say,
 “Do not be afraid,” and save you.

You should always be mindful of the young god of Vayalāli
 surrounded with palaces over which clouds float.

1734. O lord, you removed the curse of the beautiful crescent moon
 and you are my life.

When my father and mother gave birth to me and left this world
 you took care of me like my own dear parents and raised me.
 How can I forget my lord? Tell me, O my poor heart!

1735. I, your devotee, was born in this world
 and plunged into the ocean of family life that wise people hate.
 Now I have received the grace of you,
 my mother-like god of Vayalāli
 surrounded with fields that are never dry without water.
 You have entered my heart,
 and I have received the boon of not being born again.

1736. He is the lord of beautiful Thirukkaṇṇapuram and Kaḍikachalam
 surrounded with fragrant cool lotus flowers.
 When will the time come that I can rejoice seeing with my eyes
 the god of Talaichangam
 who is the bright moon for the gods and the sun that spreads light?

1737. Kaliyan, the chief of Thirumangai,
 conqueror of his enemies with a strong spear,
 composed ten sweet musical Tamil poems
 on the cloud-colored lord of Thirukkaṇṇapuram.
 O devotees, sing these songs and dance
 and make the earth flourish.

80. Thirukkaṇṇapuram

1738. You are the beloved of the beautiful Lakshmi
 on a lovely lotus swarming with bees.
 I worshiped and worshiped you happily
 and became your devotee.
 What can you do for me? Tell me.
 You who created the four Vedas,

O lord of Thirukkaṇṇapuram.

1739. You contain within yourself the wide oceans,
the sky, the mountains and all the seven worlds.

I will not even think there are other gods
except you to keep in my heart,
O lord, god of Thirukkaṇṇapuram.

1740. I will not make friends with those
who think there are other gods.
I am a slave only of your devotees.
Whatever I say, it is only the eight sounds
of your divine name that I have learned,
O lord, dear god of Thirukkaṇṇapuram.

1741. You drank the fire-like poisonous milk
from the devil Putanā's young breasts and killed her.
You, the beloved of Lakshmi
with long, sharp sword-like eyes
who stays on a lotus that drips honey,
are auspicious and I worship you happily.

1742. I do not want any connection with parents and relatives.
I have no affection for any other but have come to you.
You should think of me as your friend in your heart
and give me your grace,
O lord, dear lord of Kaṇṇapuram
where learned people live.

1743. I found and stayed with your devotees
who praise your divine feet and think of you alone.
I worship you.
I am afraid that the messengers of Yama will come and take me.

Protect me and keep them from coming to me
and putting their hands on me.
O father, god of Kaṇṇapuram.

1744. You rest on the snake Adisesha,
your bed floating on the flood of white water with roaring waves.
O generous lord, we are your devotees.
You stay like a thief in Kaṇṇapuram and you protect us.

1745. I think constantly of your heroic deeds,
how you took the form of a dwarf
and measured the world at Mahabali's sacrifice,
and how as a man-lion you split open
the ornamented chest of Hiranyan,
the Asuran armed with a shining sword.
I have collected much bad karma
and have not lived a good life,
and now I find only troubles.
Save me, O dear god of Kaṇṇapuram.

1746. You have made me your devotee
and all my bad karma has left me.
You showed me how I can praise you
with songs and keep you in my heart,
O dear god of Kaṇṇapuram.

1747. Kaliyan, the famous poet,
the devotee of the dear lord, composed ten pāsūrams
on the god of Thirukaṇṇapuram praised by all.
If devotees learn and sing these pāsūrams with love
they will go to heaven and rule there.
We know that surely.

81. Thirukkaṇṇanguḍi

1748. The dark ocean-colored god with a conch in his hand
and rests on shining Adishesha on the wide ocean rolling with waves
and created Nānmuhan on a lotus on his navel-
stays in Thirukkaṇṇanguḍi
where faultless Vedyars skilled in all the precious arts
recite the six Upanishads and the four Vedas
and perform the three sacrifices with their divine hands.

1749. When Gajendra, the elephant
went to get flowers for the god,
a crocodile caught his feet in the pond
and he worshiped the lord raising his trunk and asked for help,
and our god came, threw his heroic discus,
killed the evil crocodile and saved him.
The almighty god stays in Thirukkaṇṇanguḍi
surrounded by precious palaces with jewel-studded walls
where in the flourishing fields kuvalai flowers,
blossoming lotuses, lovely kazuneer flowers
and neydal flowers bloom.

1750. The almighty god who took the form of a fish
and saved the world from the storm at the end of the eon
when darkness covered the world
and the sky, earth and mountains
all plunged into the ocean rolling with waves -
stays in Thirukkaṇṇanguḍi
where blooming punnai trees, jasmine and alli flowers
dripping with honey spread their fragrance
and the lovely cool breeze blows everywhere.

1751. The lord who took the form of a boar

with strong eyes, sharp white teeth
 and a body as large as a mountain,
 brought the earth goddess from the underworld
 and saved her from an Asuran
 and drove the chariot for the Pandavas in the battles
 stays in Thirukkaṇṇanguḍi
 surrounded by incomparable, ancient palaces
 where flags fly as the moon shines on them.

1752. The lord who went to the king Mahabali's sacrifice as a dwarf,
 asked for three feet of land and as the king gave the land
 by pouring water on his hands,
 took a huge form that covered all the directions
 and measured the earth and the sky with his two feet-
 stays in Thirukkaṇṇanguḍi
 where swans sit on the lovely lotuses
 under the shadow of leaves in the rippling water
 fanned by the good paddy.

1753. The lord who took the form of Balaraman,
 and conquered many kings with his mazu weapon,
 crushed their crowns, made their blood flow
 and sated his anger
 stays in Thirukkaṇṇanguḍi
 where bunches of bananas,
 groups of tall kamugu and kuravu trees
 and cool mādhavi creepers bloom in the flourishing groves
 that embrace the tall beautiful palaces.

1754. When Rāvaṇa, the king of Lanka
 surrounded with oceans with rolling waves,
 afflicted the gods in the sky with his valor and conquered them,
 Rama went there to bring his wife Sita back,

bent his bow, fought with Rāvaṇa
 and made the ten crowned heads of the king of Lanka
 fall on the earth like the fruits of palm trees.
 He stays in Thirukkaṇṇanguḍi
 where flocks of forest peacocks dance
 and the clouds roar like drums
 and the lined bees drink honey and sing sweet music.

1755. Our lord who grew high in the sky and measured the world
 went to the Kauravas' assembly as a messenger,
 and made himself a seat and sat on it
 when Duriyodhana with a snake flag
 would not give him a place in his assembly.
 He stays in Thirukkaṇṇanguḍi
 where the waves of the river bring precious jewels,
 pearls from bamboo canes that split open, emeralds and diamonds
 and pile them all in the fields.

1756. The lord Māyan
 who drove the strong shining chariot for his in-laws
 in the Bharatha battle and destroyed their enemies
 and relieved the burden of the earth goddess -
 stays in Thirukkaṇṇanguḍi
 where thick madhavi creepers, surapunnai groves
 and shenbaga flowers bloom
 and the bees sing "tenna, tenna."

1757. Kaliyan, the poet with a strong spear,
 the king of Thirumangai surrounded with mountain-like palaces,
 composed a garland of ten Tamil pāsūrams
 on the god who went to Lanka with a large ocean-like army of monkeys,
 and, shooting arrows, burned Lanka
 and brought back his lovely-waisted wife Sita.

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

82. Thirupullāni

1758. She says,

“O friend,
he, the god of the gods who taught the Vedas to the sages
with a shining golden body
and a chest adorned with emerald ornaments shining like lightning
stares at me, my waist and my round young breasts.
If mother sees, what will she do?
I am afraid of her.
Acho, how can I describe his beauty!”

1759. She says,

“He rests on the ocean in Kuḍandai surrounded with water
where blooming neelam flowers spread fragrance.
Is he the younger brother of Balarama?
He carries a shining discus and a conch in his hands,
and women with soft ankleted feet worship him.
He wears many diamonds, pearls and golden ornaments on his four arms.
Acho, how can I describe his beauty!”

1760. She says,

“O friend, he is magnificent and bright, like a tall hill
with beautiful lotus eyes
and a thousand arms adorned with shining ornaments.
He is the god Maṅālar of the temple in Meyyam
surrounded with mountains and bamboo groves.
Acho, how can I describe his beauty
that measured the whole world!”

1761. She says,

“O friend, he, the young one with a fragrant thulasi garland
swarming with bees on his chest

and a coral mouth does not know good manners.

He comes into our home carrying in his hands a discus and a conch
and stays with us.

If I try to describe his divine form,

I can only say it is like a bundle of beautiful corals.

Acho, how can I describe his beauty!”

1762. She says,

“He, the cowherd with four mighty mountain-like arms
looks like the god of the temples in Uṛaiyur and Kuḍal.

We have not seen him before.

Let us praise him.

If you see him, he looks like the dark ocean

and holds in his hands a heroic discus and a conch.

Acho, how can I describe his beauty!”

1763. She says,

“Did he, the king with lovely lotus eyes
break the tusks of the angry elephant Kuvalayabeedam?

Did he take shelter in the mind of girls adorned with ornaments?

I don't know him.

Did he, the bull-like god, threaten Kamsan with his divine feet?

When people see him,

they wonder at his form that is like a huge black mountain

and they worship him.

Acho, how can I describe his beauty!”

1764. She says,

“O friend, with eyes and hands as beautiful as lotuses

and a dark cloud like body, he is generous

and gives his grace to his devotees making their lotus hearts bloom.

My heart worships him.

I don't understand what is happening.

I have never seen him before.

Acho, how can I describe his beauty!"

1765. She says,

"He, my beloved, the god of Thirumalirunjolai

where tall trees in the groves of Thirumalirunjolai

touch the beautiful moon that floats on a cloud,

came and entered my eyes and my heart and does not leave me.

Is he the lord of Thiruneermalai?

He looks like a dark cloud rising

above a golden mountain where clouds float.

He came riding on Garuda, the bird with beautiful wings.

I don't know who he is. Come, see him. Acho, how can I describe his beauty!"

1766. She says,

"He swallowed everything in the eight directions,

all the roaring oceans and the seven worlds

and he lay on the banyan leaf happily.

Who is this Māyan?

I don't know all his māyams.

All the gods of the sky come and worship him

who has the color of a majestic dark mountain over which clouds float.

with eyes and a mouth that are lovely as blooming lotus buds.

Acho, how can I describe his beauty!"

1767. The poet Kaliyan, handsome chief of Thirumangai

surrounded with strong new walls,

composed a garland of ten musical pāsūrams with divine words

on the god of Thirunagai

who took the forms of a swan, a boar and a fish.

If devotees learn and recite these poems
they will rule the world as kings
and go to the world of the gods and stay there happily.

83. Thiruppullāṇi

1768. She says,

“O heart, you suffer with your love \ for him.

How can I control it?

Is it because of my bad karma?

In the cool shadows of the cherundi grove
blooming with golden flowers he loved me
and then left me taking my beauty with him.

He is the god of Thiruppullāṇi

where the punnai trees shed pearl-like flowers in the groves.

O heart, let us go there and worship him.”

1769. She says,

“O heart! You melt with love.

What is the use of staying here thinking of him?

Once, one day, he loved me under the shadow of blooming thazhai plants
where singing bees drink honey from the flowers,
and left me there

and since then my love for him has grown in my heart.

He is the god of Thiruppullāṇi where the waves dash on the banks
of the river and leave jewels.

O heart, come let us go and worship him.”

1770. She says,

“I am innocent. What can I do to forget him?

Come, get up and let us worship him.

He followed me into the grove
dripping with pollen and filled with ponds

and promised me he wouldn't leave me, but he did.
 He is the god of Thiruppullāṇi
 where the fragrance of flowers spreads all day.
 O heart, come, let us go there and worship him.”

1771. She says,

“O friend, you are beautiful among women!
 Carrying a Garuda flag he came to me, loved me
 and promised that he would not leave me
 but he didn't keep his promise.
 The only witness there was the bee that drinks honey.
 He stays in Thiruppullāṇi where the rising waves of the ocean
 dash on the banks of the river and leave jewels behind.
 Come, let us go and worship him there.”

1772. She says,

“When I think of what happened to me my heart burns.
 Surely I have done bad karma.
 He decorated my hair with bunches of fragrant nyāzhal flowers,
 and loved me, but then he left me and I suffer.
 He is the god of Thiruppullāṇi where the waves of the ocean leave conches
 and jewels on the shores. Come, let us go there and worship him.”

1773. She says,

“O heart, what is the use of worrying and staying here thinking of Māyan,
 our generous, sapphire-colored lord and his love?
 He is the god of Thiruppullāṇi surrounded with birds
 and fields with wet sand where kāvi flowers drip honey
 and thāzhai flowers with beautiful leaves bloom,
 opening their lovely petals. Come, let us go there and worship him. .”

1774. She says,

“O pitiful heart, what is the use of staying here

thinking of his love, unable to sleep night and day?
 He stays In Thiruppullaṇi
 where the white waves come jumping like horses,
 bringing pearls and leaving them on the abundant white sand.
 O heart, let us go and worship him.”

1775. She says,
 “He with a conch and a discus
 loved me and left me, leaving me to suffer.
 He cheated me and I shouldn’t love him.
 He is the god of Thirupullani, filled with salt pans and streams of water
 where happy bees sing in the cool flourishing groves
 and their music spreads on the banks of the ocean that smell with fish.
 Come, let us go and worship him there.”

1776. She says,
 “O dear friend, let us fold our hands and praise his names,
 placing beautiful bright flowers on his feet and worshipping him.
 Whether he gives anything in return or not,
 loving and worshipping him is what we should do.
 Let us love him—that is enough.
 Come, let us go to Thiruppullāṇi and worship him.”

1777. Kaliyan, the poet of faultless fame,
 composed a garland of pāsurams
 on beautiful Thiruppullaṇi surrounded with groves
 filled with lovely lotus flowers
 and flourishing with corals and shining pearls.
 If devotees learn and sing these pāsurams
 and circle the temple of the god,
 they will go to Vaikuṇṭam.

84. Thiruppullāṇii

1778. She says,

“The sorrowful calling of the andril bird
that stays on the long branch of the palm tree in the grove
is more cruel than the pain of a spear making a wound.
I fold my hands and worship the lord of Thiruppullāṇi
where the fragrance of the flowers spreads everywhere.
O my friend beautiful as a statue!
Do you think this worship will become a habit for us?”

1779. She says,

“As a dwarf, he, the king, measured the whole world,
and as a swan he taught the Vedas to the sages.
I fell in love with him and my body became pale.
O birds, you live in the golden-colored salt pans on the banks of the ocean.
Go and tell the lord of Thiruppullāṇi of my love for him.”

1780. She says,

“My lonely heart went everywhere searching for him
who is adorned with a thulasi garland.
Has it lost its way?
I fold my hands and worship him in Thiruppullāṇi
where the waves of the sea crash on the shore.
Go and tell him how I suffer with my love for him.
Why does he stand silently like a divine statue.”

1781. She says,

“He came as a man-lion and split open the chest
of the strong Hiranyan with his claws.
Will he give his grace to us?
I fold my hands and worship him
in Thiruppullāṇi where the dashing waves roll.
My flower-like eyes are filled with tears

and my garment has grown loose and doesn't stay around my waist.”

1782. She says,

“ My heart has gone to the strong archer Rama
who shot his arrows in battle in Lanka and killed the Rākshasas.
Even if everyone scolds me and gossips about me,
I will stay here believing the lies
that my dear lord of Thiruppullāṇi told me
until my heart returns.”

1783. She says, “The hot shining sun goes on his chariot,
wanders all day and sets in the evening.

My heart burns cruelly, paining me all day in the heat.
I fold my hands and worship him in Thiruppullāṇi
surrounded with blooming groves and flourishing ponds.
I have lost my beautiful color and my conch bangles.”

1784. She says,

“The sound of thunder and the ringing of the cowbells
never cease, burning me even more than fire.
I fold my hands and worship him in Thiruppullāṇi
filled with beautiful jewel-studded palaces.
I have done bad karma.
The wind from the ocean blows hot on me.”

1785. She says,

“He broke the tusks of the hollow-trunked elephant
and rests on Adishesha on a snake bed and gives his grace to us.
I fold my hands and worship him in Thiruppullāṇi
where the cherundi trees shower golden flowers.
The crescent moon with its mark sheds hot fire on me.”

1786. She says,

“He, the ancient god who is the Vedas, the sky,
the sun and the moon gives his grace to us.
I fold my hands and worship him in Thiruppullāṇi
surrounded with punnai trees blooming with opening buds.
I and the waves of the ocean do not sleep.”

1787. Kaliyan, the poet with strong mountain-like arms,
composed pāsūrams describing how a girl with a waist like lightning
loves our father, the lord of Thiruppullāṇi
surrounded with punnai trees blooming with golden flowers.
If devotees learn and recite these pāsūrams well
they will rule this earth as kings and also rule the sky.

85. Thirukkuṟunguḍi

1788. She says,
“The white crescent moon,
the rolling waves of the ocean,
the breeze that blows with the fragrance of flowers,
the calling of the andril birds all bring me the pain of love.
I cannot sleep at night when dew falls.
He has taken over all my five senses
but doesn’t feel pity for me.
I am just a girl soft as a creeper.
Take me to Thirukkuṟunguḍi
where he with the dark color of a kuvalai flower stays
and leave me there.”

1789. She says,
“The cool wind that blows from the jasmine flowers dripping with pollen
and the cool crescent moon together take my life.
I cannot sleep even for one night.
If the ignorant women adorned with bangles on their hands are able to sleep,

let them gossip about me as they wish.

On his chest, the lord of Thirukkuṟṅguḍi embraces Lakshmi
whose hair is adorned with fragrant flowers. .

Take me there and leave me.”

1790. She says,

“The morning brings me the pain of love just like the evening,
and the night only makes it greater, lasting as long as an eon.

If I try to describe the cold wind

I can only say it hurts me like a rising fire.

There are many tricks that the beautiful sapphire-colored Thirumāl can do.

Before he does something and hurts me,

take me to Thirukkuṟṅguḍi

filled with forests where beautiful peacocks dance.”

1791. She says,

“The sound of the bells on the dark necks of the bulls

that wander with their white cows hurts my heart

and I cannot sleep even one night.

The generous lord stays in Thirukkuṟṅguḍi

where the fields flourish with water

and the gods adorned with precious jewels praise his wonderful grace.

Take me where he is.”

1792. She says, “In the evening I hear the bells on the necks of the bulls
and the sweet music of the flute of the cowherds.

The breeze blows and the crescent moon shines.

They were always harmless before

but now they all join together and hurt me.

I have done bad karma.

Take me and leave me in Thirukkuṟṅguḍi

where the lustrous cloud-colored lord stays.”

1793. She says,

“Girls ornamented with beautiful jewels
gossip about me night and day.

Let them do what they want. I am not worried.

They are good people—I don’t know what is wrong with them.

I am not shy, naive or afraid.

They may make themselves happy saying things about me,
but I won’t forget the sapphire-colored lord.

Take me and leave me in Thirukkuṟunguḍi
where soft mullai blossoms bloom luxuriantly
in the backyards of the houses.”

1794. She says,

“A tall dark god with beautiful eyes entered here.

He made my body weak and my bangles loose.

I wonder, ‘Why is this happening to me?’

The tricks of Kāma who carries a bow
with five flower arrows make me suffer from love.

I didn’t understand that.

Take me and leave me in Thirukkuṟunguḍi
surrounded with forests and cool fields
blooming with flowers that drip honey.”

1795. She says,

“Listen, it is not only the sound of the ocean that hurts me,

or the hands that are like ambal flowers

of the cowherd that come and pain my life.

Kāma may come and shoot his five flower arrows at me.

Before that happens,

find out what the dancer, the cowherd, thinks

and take me and leave me in Thirukkuṟunguḍi.”

1796. She says,

“Even though I praised him and worshiped him, he doesn’t take pity on me.
He took my chastity, gave me golden clothes to cover myself
and left, I don’t know where.

My breasts have grown out but they are no use
because he doesn’t embrace me.

He, a dancer and king of the gods,
wishes to stay in Thirukuruṅguḍi.

Take me there and leave me where he is.”

1797. She says,

“The god of the gods who keeps the goddess Lakshmi with him,
the generous lord who destroyed southern Lanka,
entered the heart and the eyes of famous Kaliyan
who composed pāsūrams that praise the victorious god,
ruler of the whole world.

Take me to Thirukuruṅguḍi where he stays and leave me.”

86. Thirukuruṅguḍi

1798. The good-natured god who has with him Shiva
wearing a garland of skulls and a tiger skin around his waist
stays in Thirukuruṅguḍi
where a heron fledgling climbs on the small branch of a tree,
takes a vellīṟa fish from its mother and eats.

1799. Our pure lord resting on Adishesha on the ocean
where the waves never cease rolling
stays in Thirukuruṅguḍi
where male red-legged swans live with their mates
on the beautiful lotuses that drip with honey
in cool flourishing fields.

1800. We have found the way to be saved. THIRUMAL

O devotees, come and see!
 Our lord with a dark cloud-color and beautiful eyes
 who took the form of a boar
 to save the earth goddess from the underworld
 stays in Thirukkuṟunguḍi
 where a heron searches for food in the flourishing paddy fields
 to take to his beloved red-legged mate.

1801. The heroic god who went to Lanka
 fought and pierced the chest of the ten-headed Rakshasa Rāvaṇa
 and cut off his hands -
 stays in Thirukkuṟunguḍi
 where bees that make honey swarm night and day in the mandram
 and kuravam blossoms spread their fragrance everywhere.

1802. The lord who drove the chariot in Bharatha war
 for the five Pandavas and destroyed the heroic Kaurava kings
 fighting as they rode their strong elephants -
 stays in Thirukkuṟunguḍi where parrots
 with mouths like sweet kovvai fruits
 speak like beautiful women
 with eyes that are bright and darkened with kohl.

1803. O devotees, come,
 take lamps, water, beautiful flowers and fragrances,
 sprinkle pure water and worship the lord.
 The ocean-colored god wishes to stay in Thirukkuṟunguḍi
 where the palaces touch the crescent moon in the sky.

1804. O devotees, if you want to remove the desires
 that you have for women with vine-like waists,
 go to Thirukkuṟunguḍi and worship the lord
 where the mullai buds blooming slowly in the backyard of the houses

are as beautiful as the teeth of the women
 with mouths as sweet as fruits
 and with beauty like that of Lakshmi.

1805. O friends, take fresh flowers strung together into garlands
 and go lovingly to Thirukkuṟungudi
 and worship the highest lord there
 where male herons with sharp beaks live
 with their mates in the fields and eat fish from the water
 while sharp-beaked nārai birds play with their mates.

1806. O devotees,
 if you want to be rid of the results of your bad karma
 and the troubles of your lives,
 carry fresh flowers and worship the lord in Thirukkuṟunguḍi
 where night and day the lined bees sing
 and the fragrance of the mullai flowers
 from the hills spreads everywhere in the mandram.

1807. The good poet Kaliyan composed a musical garland
 of beautiful pāsurams on the lord of Thirukkuṟunguḍi
 who shot arrows, destroying Lanka
 and who killed the angry elephant Kuvalayābeedam
 with murderous tusks.
 If devotees learn and sing this musical garland of pāsurams,
 their karma will disappear.

87. Thirumāvallavāzh

1808. O heart, if you are suffering with your family,
 your father, mother, children and others,
 and if you feel you should not be burdened with them,
 go to famous Thiruvallavazh

where the young lord, the cowherd
 who is the beginning, the end, the ancient of the ancients stays,
 worship and praise him
 and love him in your mind.

1809. O heart,
 if you are afraid and disgusted with the life
 you lead loving women whose thin waists
 are more beautiful than lightning
 and who walk gently like swans,
 go to Thiruvallavāzh, the famous place of the god,
 and embrace him, the messenger for the Pandavas
 adorned with crowns studded with precious diamonds.

1810. O heart,
 if you think it is wrong to believe the lies
 that statue-like women with ornamented breasts tell lovingly
 and if you want to survive,
 go to famous Thiruvallavāzh, the place of the lord ,
 who, carrying a white umbrella as bright as the moon,
 went as a dwarf and begged for three feet of land
 at the sacrifice of Mahabali.

1811. O heart, if you want to survive
 and get away from the thought that you want to embrace
 the round breasts of statue-like women
 with words as soft as music,
 then go to Thiruvallavāzh where the god of gods in the sky,
 the rich ocean-colored lord of the Thiruveṅkaṭam hills, stays
 and worship him.

1812. O, heart, you know that the kings
 with white umbrellas that touched the clouds,

rulers surrounded by many elephants,
 have suffered and passed from this world.
 If you do not want to suffer like they did,
 go to Thiruvallavazh where the god stays
 who drank milk from Putanā's breasts and killed her,
 praise and worship him.

1813. O heart, are you afraid that the pleasures of the five senses
 will enter your body made of nerves, skin and flesh
 and give you terrible diseases?
 Go to Thiruvallavāzh
 where Vedyars recite the four Vedas and the six Upanishads
 and make the five fire sacrifices.

1814. O heart, do you think it is a mistake
 to listen to the words of evil people
 who believe in the reality of the body that suffers with diseases?
 Go to Thiruvallavazh, the beautiful place
 where Māyanar stays who is the sky, moon, hot sun, fire and wind
 and worship him.

1815. O heart, do you realize that the body
 made of sky where clouds float,
 and of fire, water, earth and air
 is not a fortress and that it will not save you?
 Go to Thiruvallavazh and worship the lord
 who stays with statue-like Lakshmi seated on a lotus,
 her soft breasts smeared with sandal paste.

1816. O heart, if you do not think that it is your duty
 to follow the false teachings of the Pasupathars,
 the Jains and the Buddhists
 and if you do not think they will save you,

go to Thiruvallavazh where sages worship
the generous god who gave nectar
from the milky ocean to all the gods.

1817. Kaliyan, the chief of flourishing Thiruvāli,
who fights his enemies valiantly with his blood-smeared spear,
composed ten pāsūrams on the faultless god
of Thiruvallavazh where many Vēdiyars live reciting the Vedas,
surrounded with groves swarming with lovely-winged bees.
If devotees learn and recite these pāsūrams
they will become kings, ruling and enjoying this wide world.

88. Thirumāḷirunḷolai

1818. O ignorant heart,
I would tell you something wonderful.
If you would be rid of the infatuation you feel
for beautiful fragrant-haired women,
go to Thirumalirunḷolai where waterfalls descend from the sloping hill
bringing sandalwood, precious jewels and beautiful peacock feathers
where our divine lord of all the seven worlds and seven oceans stays in his temple.
Come, let us go there and worship him.

1819. Thirumāḷirunḷolai is the temple where the gods worship,
telling all in the sky, "Come and let us go and worship the lord,"
carrying garlands and pure water and going to praise our lord
adorned with shining crowns and resting on a snake bed.
There bees drink sweet honey
from the fragrant kuṛinḷi flowers blooming in the forests
and bamboo plants growing on the sloping hills
split apart and throw out pearls.
O ignorant heart, come, let us go there and worship him.

1820. Our dear lord who removes the sickness of his devotees
 if they worship him and who gives his grace to all
 went to Mahabali as a small, handsome dwarf
 and measured the whole world with his two feet.
 He stays in the temple of Thirumālirunjolai
 where hunters shoot their arrows on the slopes
 and precious stones grow and vengai trees flourish.
 O ignorant heart, come let us go there and worship him.

1821. The lord who drank milk from the breasts of Putanā,
 and shot fearful arrows at the evil Thādagai and killed her
 stays in the temple in Thirumālirunjolai
 surrounded with cool flowing water
 where sweet honey from fragrant kuṛinji flowers
 drips on the blossoms of vengai trees over which clouds float.
 O ignorant heart, come let us go there and worship him.

1822. Our dear god who fought and destroyed
 the pride of his enemy, the Rakshasa Rāvaṇa,
 making his ten heads fall to the ground
 while his headless body stood there and danced
 stays in the temple in Thirumālirunjolai
 where the tops of the bamboo plants split open bee hives
 and the bees fly away and much honey spills out
 making the slope of the whole hill fragrant.
 O ignorant heart, come let us go there and worship him.

1823. Our divine lord who rests on the snake bed of Adisesha
 killed the two Asurans, throwing one who had come as a calf
 at the other who came as a vilam tree,
 and he carried a pot and danced the kuravai dance.
 He stays in the temple in Thirumālirunjolai
 where a lion is angry and roars

thinking that the sound of the thunder of the clouds
that rise to the sky carrying water from the sea is the trumpeting of an elephant.
O ignorant heart, come, let us go there and worship him.

1824. The dark ocean-colored one
who threw ripe palm fruits at the Asuran Thenugasuran and killed him
stays in the temple in Thirumālirunjolai
filled with flourishing emerald-colored groves where deer walk on stony paths
and graze on the grass on the slopes.
O ignorant heart, come let us go there and worship him.

1825. Our cloud-colored lord who rests on the bed of the snake Adisesha
on the roaring ocean where waves rise up to the sky
stays in the temple of Thirumālirunjolai
where happy bees drink the ichor
dripping from the cheeks of angry elephants
and flowing on the slope of the hill.
O ignorant heart, come let us go there and worship him.

1826. He, our highest lord, our father,
who loves even the ignorant Jains and Buddhists
and others of other religions
that put their own beliefs ahead of the Vedas
stays in the temple in Thirumālirunjolai
where women in the shadows of a grove
of long-branched sandal trees on the slopes
recite mantras and worship our god.
O ignorant heart, come let us go there and worship him.

1827. Kaliyan with a long shining spear,
the chief of Thirumangai in Thiruvāli country
surrounded with good fences of thazai flowers,
composed pāsurams on the beautiful sapphire-colored god

describing how his devotees praise and worship him
in Thirumāḷirunjolai where bees sing on the slopes.
If devotees learn and recite these ten pāsurams
they will rule this world surrounded by the sounding oceans.

89. Thirumalirunjolai

1828. Her mother says,
“He, the highest of the three gods
who rests on Adishesha on the roaring ocean,
swallowed the earth and spit it out
and on his navel created Nānmuhan creator of the world.
Can my daughter with a vine-like waist
join the god of the gods, Govindan,
the cowherd in Thirumalirunjolai?”

1829. Her mother says,
“He, the ancient one,, the god of Srirangam
encircled by blooming punnai trees and the Kaviri river,
created the three worlds.
He stays in Thirumalirunjolai surrounded with blooming groves
filled with trees with flourishing branches.
Will my beautiful fish-eyed daughter see his ankleted feet?”

1830. Her mother says,
“He, the king of the gods in the sky,
shining like a dark diamond hill,
swallowed all the seven worlds
and rested happily on a banyan leaf as a baby.
He stays in Thirumalirunjolai where large elephants live.
Will my daughter ornamented with beautiful jewels
join him today?”

1831. Her mother says,

“The highest god with beautiful lotus eyes
who shines like a divine light
took the form of a man-lion
and split open the strong chest of Hiranyan.
He stays in Thirumālirunjolai
where the hills touch the moon and the large thick clouds.
Will my daughter with a beautiful forehead
join him today?”

1832. Her mother says,

“Will my daughter go today to Thirumālirunjolai
surrounded with blooming groves
that drip with honey and swarm with bees
and worship the god of the gods
who went as the dwarf Thrivikraman to king Mahabali’s sacrifice,
grew tall and measured the sky and the earth?”

1833. Her mother says,

“The dear god Kesava Nambi born in Madura
surrounded with fragrant blooming flowers
is hard for people to reach if they do not love him or think of him.
He stays in Thirumālirunjolai
worshiped by the whole world.
Will my daughter with eyes like kendai fish be able to see him?”

1834. Her mother says,

“The dark god who is like a diamond mountain
split open the beak of Bakasuram
when he came as of a bird.
He broke the tusks of the elephant Kuvalayābeedam
and he killed Sakaṭāsuran when he came as a cart.
He stays in Thirumālirunjolai where a clear waterfall flows.

Will my daughter with a shining forehead
be able to go there and worship that generous lord?"

1835. Her mother says,
"The god of the gods, shining like a dark diamond hill,
drove the chariot in the Bharatha war,
gave his grace to Arjuna and protected him.
He stays in Thirumalirunjolai
surrounded with blooming groves.
Will my daughter with hair that swarms with bees
be able to worship the lord?"

1836. Her mother says,
"The god of Thiruveṅkaṭam surrounded with groves,
the scholar of the Vedas, wears a divine thread on his chest
and carries a conch and a discus in his mountain-like arms.
He stays in Thirumalirunjolai where the river Silampāru flows.
Will my daughter with a beautiful forehead
join the god Nāraṇan who shines with goodness?"

1837. He is hard to search out and find.
He rides on Garuḍa and stays in Thirumalirunjolai.
Kaliyan, the chief of Thirumangai
surrounded with walls where flags fly on the palaces
composed ten Tamil pāsūrams on the god.
If devotees learn and recite these ten songs,
they will not experience any fruits of their karma.

90. Thirukkōṭṭiyur

1838. Our dear god, our king, chief of the gods in the sky,
who stays in the minds of the devotees who praise him
and gives them his grace, stays in Thirukkōṭṭiyur

where a cool, tall waterfall makes a cloud of golden drops
and lovely lotuses bloom and shine.

1839. He, our king is the sweet lord of beautiful Lakshmi
and the beloved of the sweetly-smiling earth goddess
with a coral mouth whom he embraces.
He cures all painful diseases of his devotees
and he stays in divine Thirukkottiyur
where the breeze blows
and spreads the fragrance of jasmine and mauval flowers everywhere.

1840. The faultless sapphire-colored lord,
the god of gods in the sky, the light of our lives,
who swallowed all the seven worlds and spit them out
stays in Thirukkottur surrounded with fields
where the abundant wave-filled water of the rivers
flows carrying sandalwood and samarai stones
making the fields flourish.

1841. He, the beloved of Lakshmi,
the goddess who nurtures good families,
gave a part of himself to Shiva
who carries a sharp shining axe and rides a bull,
stays in Thirukkottiyur where lovely young bees
embrace the fragrant jasmine and shanbaga flowers
and drink good sweet-smelling honey.

1842. The ocean-colored Neḍumāl,
the king of the gods in the sky, beautiful as a precious sapphire,
whose crown is adorned with long flower garlands dripping with honey,
who measured the world at Mahabali's sacrifice-
stays in Thirukkottiyur
where the moon floats in the sky above the white flags

flying above the beautiful jewel-studded palaces touching the clouds.

1843. The dear god, my ruler,
 who shot his arrows at the king of Lanka,
 destroyed his valor and defeated him
 stays in Thirukkottiyur
 where all the rulers of the world
 and the gods come to worship him
 knowing that it is there that he stays.

1844. Our god, the beloved of the earth goddess,
 threw a vilam fruit at a calf and killed the two Asurans
 when they came as a tree and a calf
 and easily carried Govardana mountain as an umbrella to protect the cows
 and the cowherds from a terrible storm.
 He stays in Thirukkottiyur
 where the fresh breeze mixes with the fragrance
 of cool jasmine flowers and mullai flowers
 as it comes from the hills.

1845. The god of the gods who broke the kurundu trees
 when the Asurans came in the form of those trees,
 killed the elephant Kupalayābeedam
 and destroyed the Asuran Kesi when he came as a horse
 made me his devotee and slave and entered my heart.
 He stays in Thirukkottiyur surrounded with cool water and groves
 where sweet jackfruits rest on the ground,
 bunches of bananas ripen on their branches
 and mangoes grow on their trees.

1846. The Vedyars in Thirukkottiyur who wear shining threads
 and are as divine as Nānuhan seated on a beautiful lotus
 sing Tamil pāsūrams and dance the kuḍakkuthu dance.

Scholars of the four Vedas and six Upanishads
and performers of the five kinds of fire sacrifice,
they all worship the god of gods in Thirukkottiyur.

1847. The poet Kaliyan,
the mighty chief of Thirumangai who rides a horse,
composed a garland of sweet Tamil pāsuras
on the dark cloud-colored god of Thirukkottiyur
surrounded with beautiful groves and fields where fish frolic.
If devotees learn and recite these ten sweet Tamil songs
and praise Neḍumāl, they will go to heaven.

91. Praise of eighteen Thiruppathis

1848. He is my relative and my dear life,
my precious wealth and the lord who gives me moksha.
I saw him yesterday in Thiruneermalai
and today I will see him in Kaṇṇamangai
surrounded with flourishing paddy fields.

1849. He is gold and a shining diamond,
the beautiful lightning
that stays on the top of the Venkaṭam hills.
He is my dear lord and he rules me.
I will go see him in Thiruthaṅgā.

1850. Thirumal who is sweet as milk and nectar,
and lies on a banyan leaf as a baby on the ocean
is adorned with green thulasi garlands.
I will find joy seeing him in Thiruvāli
and then I will go to Nangur
and see him in front of the nyalal tree.

1851. He, undiminished light,
 split open the body of the Rākshasa Hiraṇyan.
 I will worship him in Thirupperur
 and I will go to Thiruvellaṛai to see him
 who is unlimited sweet nectar
 and the light that gives grace to the gods.

1852. I saw the god of Thirunaṛaiyur.
 who removed the curse of Shiva who wears vibhuti
 and dances in the burning ground.
 He entered my heart and made it melt.
 I will go to Meyyam and see him, strong as a bull.

1853. He is the sky and the generous god
 who gave the divine nectar to the gods
 and killed the elephant Kuvalayābeeḍam.
 I will see him, sweet as honey,
 in Thirucherai surrounded with flourishing fields.
 I will go to Thirukkuḍandai and see the king of the gods there.

1854. I will find happiness in Veṇṇai-Thiruvazhundur
 seeing the cowherd who is loved by women with beautiful hair.
 I will go to Thirupāndaḷpāzhi
 where the king of gods wishes to rest on Adisesha
 and I will go to Thiruvekka after that.

1855. He, life for all his devotees,
 shines like the white moon.
 I will go and worship the god of Thirumalirunjolai,
 the seed of all creatures
 who is adorned with precious jewels,
 a pearl, a diamond and a ruby.
 He stays in Thiruviṇṇagar

and I will go there and see him.

1856. The dancing one with sounding anklets on his feet
frightened the strong elephant and broke its tusks.

I will go and see him in Thirukkottiyur
where the groves bloom with flowers
and I will go see my friend in Thirunāvāy.

1857. Kaliyan, learned in many sastras,
composed ten pāsurams on the god Manāḷan,
the cowherd who protected the cows and stays in Thirupperur.
If devotees learn and recite these wonderful poems
they will not have any trouble in their lives and they will rule the world.

92. Thadampongat tam pongo

The Rākshasas sing, dance and praise Rama

1858. "Our king was not compassionate and did evil things.
Now the result of those evil deeds gives us pain,
but what is the use of our saying this now.
Ravaṇan, our king, was killed.
What can we tell about him to others?
O chiefs of the monkeys, O young prince!
O lord Rama, with your strong beautiful bow,
we are Rākshasas but you have conquered us.
Our Rākshasas worry about joining the group of dancers and dancing.
We are afraid of you. Thadam pongaththam pongo!"

1859. "Ravaṇan our king with ten heads
and twenty mighty arms lost his life and kingdom because he was attracted to Sita.
We are his slaves and do not know what to do.
You have two arms and wear one crown.
We didn't know whom we should serve.

O, lord, you are our god. Do not kill us.
We are afraid of you. Thaḍam pongaththam pongo!”

1860. “Our king Ravaṇan with evil intentions
entered the forest of Daṇḍakāraṇyam,
kidnapped Sita and destroyed himself.
We haven't done anything wrong.
O Rama, you are the best of your dynasty! Do not kill us.
What can we say about this kingdom
that has been destroyed because of a woman?
O son of Dasaratha, you did everything to make the gods in the sky happy.
We are afraid of you. Thaḍam pongaththam pongo!”

1861. “The faultless Vibhisaṇan, Rāvaṇan’s brother,
bowed to our king of Lanka and told him, ‘You are our brother.
If you keep Sita, she will be poison for the Rakshasa tribe.
We will be destroyed because of the boon
that the gods in the sky received from Rama.
Let him go back with the lovely-haired Sita,
beautiful as a peacock in a grove dripping with honey.’
We are afraid of you. Taḍam pongaththam pongo!”

1862. “Our king Ravaṇan adorned with golden crowns
kidnapped the goddess Sita and imprisoned her
in a fragrant garden swarming with bees.
See, this was wrong.
Kumbakarṇan and Nikumban have been killed in battle.
Yama came in the form of a man and killed us with arrows.
We are afraid. Taḍam pongaththam pongo!”

1863. “The monkey Hanuman, your messenger,
crossed the roaring ocean
and destroyed beautiful Lanka and our dear families and relatives.

He burned our Lanka guarded with forts.
 Our king did not give back the divine Sita
 to his messenger the heroic monkey Hanuman
 and now we suffer because of that. Alas!
 We are afraid. Taḍam pongaththam pongo!”

1864. “You have the color of a precious jewel!
 Our poor Rāvaṇa, king of Lanka,
 could not forget the beautiful thin-waisted Sita
 with a glance soft as a doe’s.
 He thought he could not even live without her.
 Rāvaṇa, our chief of Lanka, is pitiful!
 Kill only the king of Lanka and leave us.
 O sapphire-colored lord,
 we come here all together and bow to you.
 We have told you what we want.
 Taḍam pongaththam pongo!”

1865. “Rāvaṇa had many fish-eyed soft-breasted wives in Lanka.
 Among them was Mandodari who loved him
 but he was not attracted to any of them—
 he thought Rama and his people were only sages wandering in the forest.
 He kidnapped Sita, as beautiful as a forest peacock,
 and kept her in Lanka, and Rama, handsome as Kāma,
 shot arrows with his strong arms into the chest of terrible Ravaṇa.
 We are afraid. Taḍam pongaththam pongo!”

1866. “Shiva shot his arrows
 and burned the three forts in the blink of an eye.
 Like Shiva, Sambhavan shot cruel arrows and killed the Rākshasas.
 We bow to you. Have pity on us.
 You are our father, our lord.
 O, Sugriva, you are the son of the hot, shining sun.

You are the king of the monkeys.
Do not kill us. We bow to you.
Taḍam pongaththam pongo!”

1867. Kaliyan the strong one, composed pāsūrams
on Rama who destroyed beautiful Lanka
to relieve the affliction of the gods in the sky.
O devotees, if you sing “Taḍam pongaththam pongo!” and dance,
there will be no troubles for you in this birth,
and if you go away from this world, you will go only to heaven.
Let us sing, “Thadam pongaththam pongo!”

93. Kuzhamaṇi thuram - The Rākshasas sing and dance

1868. “We praise the divine name of Rama.
O Nampi, we bow to you, O Sugriva, we worship you.
Protect us, tell your monkey army not to hurt us.
We dance like dancers of the kuthu dance.
Kuzhamaṇi thurame!”

1869. “Indrajit did not praise the name of the god.
He said, ‘Our dear king, take care me.’
He could not fight with Rama and was killed by Rama’s arrows.
O Nambi Hanuman! Sugriva! Angada! Naḷa!
Kumbhakarna lost and was killed in the war.
Kuzhamaṇi thurame!”

1870. “O Rama! You came to the earth
as a Yama for our king Ravaṇa, the ruler of Lanka.
May the dark cloud-like Neelan live long!
May Suseṇan live long.
May Angadan live long.
We praise all of you and dance beautifully.

Kuzhamaṇi thuurame!”

1871. “Evil-minded Ravaṇa desired fragrant-haired Sita and Rama killed him.

We praise the younger brother of Rama, Lakshmaṇa, valourous in victory, who killed the Rākshasas by bending his bow and leaving them for the ghouls on the battlefield to eat.

Kuzhamaṇi thuurame!”

1872. “We lost the war and do not need any honor.

Give us your grace today and our lives.

You are our lords and relatives.

Look at us. Do not kill us.

We are big as mountains, and we dance for you.

Kuzhamaṇi thuurame!”

1873. “Your king constructed a bridge of stones across the ocean, went past all our guards and came to Lanka, afflicting us.

We could not fight and conquer him. We are afraid of him.

You are the son of hot sun.

Do not kill us. We dance for you and ask your grace.

Kuzhamaṇi thuurame!”

1874. “O Rākshasas, come,

give up your thoughts of fighting with the monkeys.

If you want Rama and the others not to be angry with you do not speak heroic words.

Heroic Hanuman has an ancient birth—let us praise him.

Let us dance so that the monkey heroes

who are as strong as Yama’s messengers can see us.

Kuzhamaṇi thuurame!”

1875. "The monkey army of Rama,
 after wearing us down and conquering us,
 should not kill our elephants that eat so well
 or our galloping horses.
 They should not destroy our chariots or the Rākshasas.
 Let the dark kuvalai-colored Rama, the king of Ayodhya
 surrounded with tall coral-studded palaces see us.
 Let us dance. Kuzhamaṇi thuurame!"

1876. "Our king Ravaṇa carried a long spear
 with a leaf-shaped blade and ran from the battlefield.
 We wanted to survive and have come to you.
 We will not fight with your king or with all of you.
 Together as a group we dance. Kuzhamaṇi thuurame!"

1877. Kaliyan with a spear smeared with oil
 composed a garland of ten musical pāsūrams
 in which the mountain-like Rakshasas
 exclaimed, "kuzhamaṇi thuuram"
 after fighting a cruel war in famed ancient Lanka
 with Rama and the monkeys.
 Sing these ten pāsūrams and dance.

94. Yashoda calls Kaṇṇan to come and drink milk

1878. Run and come happily as fragrant flowers
 fall from your beautiful hair
 and put your mouth on my breasts,
 hold them and drink milk.
 O Nambi, son of Nandan,
 you are my nectar and I enjoy you.
 You are my father and my lord. Come and drink my sweet milk.

1879. O Nambi, colored like the ocean with rolling waves
and like a dark cloud,
you are tall and precious, with lovely eyes,
and your mouth is red like a beautiful lotus.
Milk is coming from my breasts.
I called you loudly but I have not seen you.
Where are you? Are you playing with the cowherd children?

1880. O Nambi, as you play happily on the street
with the rich, handsome cowherd children
my heart melts seeing your naughty play
and milk spills from my breasts onto the ground.
Come embrace me, sit on my lap and drink milk.

1881. When people look at you
they think that you are the result of the tapas
that all women have ever done.
You, the first one of the world, are strong as a rutting elephant.
I will catch the crescent moon in the red evening sky
and give it in your hands.
O dear one, come and sit on my lap
and drink milk happily.

1882. My son with hair dark as kohl,
you walked between the marudu trees and destroyed the Asuras.
O clever one, you steal and swallow butter.
Do not be in a hurry.
The milk from my breasts doesn't want to wait.
O good one who measured the world,
come and drink my milk, come and drink my milk.

1883. You are not a good child
if you do what other naughty children do.

You speak more cleverly than others
 and like a thief you do many naughty deeds
 making my heart melt as I see you.
 Milk is spilling from my breasts.
 Don't pretend you are sleepy.
 Come and drink milk.

1884. When Putana, the devil woman, came as a mother
 and fed you the milk from her breasts,
 O Nambi, you drank her poisonous milk and killed her.
 You are the beloved of earth goddess
 and of beautiful Nappinnai, daughter of a cowherd.
 My son, drink milk. Come and eat your food.

1885. If I hit you with the stick I'm holding,
 your relatives will be angry with me.
 I am worried but I won't hurt you.
 When the cows return home,
 the gods in the sky will see them.
 Don't stand in the street in the evening,
 O lord with a discus in your hands.
 Come to me and eat your food.

1886. You, great as an elephant,
 the son of the generous Nandan,
 the chief of the cowherds,
 are a prince among your relatives,
 famous from ancient times.
 You graze the cows every day in the forest.
 Why haven't you come to eat food before this?

1887. Kaliyan, the poet with handsome heroic arms
 composed ten divine pāsūrams on the lovely-eyed Neḍūmal.

If devotees learn and recite these ten pāsurams
that describe how Yashoda called Kaṇṇan to come and eat
and if they worship the true god,
they will go to heaven and be with the gods.

95. Cowherdesses ask Kaṇṇan to clap his hands

1888. When you ate the butter that Yashoda the cowherdess
with hair adorned with beautiful flowers churned and kept,
she was upset, tied you up and hit you.
You, colored like the ocean with roaring waves, cried and then played.
Clap your hands,
you who are colored like a bright sapphire, clap your hands.

1889. You, the most handsome cowherd in the whole world,
stole the yogurt and butter and made the cowherd mothers upset.
You are divine, with a mouth as beautiful as a lotus.
Clap your hands, dark colored one, clap your hands!

1890. When you rolled away the pots
and swallowed the yogurt and the ghee,
the cowherd women thought that you had eaten it
but you crawled as if you knew nothing about it.
They tied you up with a rope
and hit you with their hands ornamented with rings.
O Damodara! Clap your hands!
Your eyes are beautiful like lotuses.
Clap your hands!

1891. Born in a prison, you removed the chains
on your parents' feet and released them,
and your father Vasudeva took you to the cowherd village
in the night and you were raised there.

Everyone was afraid of going near the cheating devil Putana
when she came to you
but without anyone to help you, you approached her
and drank her poisonous milk.

O cowherd! You graze the calves. Clap your hands!
You with the dark color of a cloud, clap your hands!

1892. I worship you, the god, and ask for boons.
When you were a baby you drank the milk of the devil Putana.
The cowherd women give you big appams.
Clap your hands thousand times for them.
Clap a thousand times with your beautiful hands.

1893. It is not hard to feed you.
I will give you enough snacks, aval and appams
to fill your stomach.
You who wear a dark karuviḷai flower in your long hair
are a fighting bull, Kovalan the son of Nandagopan.
Clap your hands!
You danced on a pot. Clap your hands!

1894. When Bakāsuran came as a bird you split open his beak,
and you knocked down the blooming kuṇḍam tree.
You jumped around and played
and stole butter from the pot tied on the uṛi.
You are the child who drank milk from my breasts.
Clap your hands!
You drank milk from the breast of the devil Putana.
Clap your hands!

1895. The devious devil Putana
came in the middle of the night
when your mother and others were sleeping

and gave her milk to you from her breasts.
 You drank her poisonous milk and killed her.
 Clap your hands!
 You have a dark color. Clap your hands!

1896. You were a naughty child and stole butter.
 You kicked Sakaṭāsuraṅ when he came as a cart
 and when devil Putanā came as a mother,
 you drank her poisonous milk and killed her.
 You are generous! Clap your hands!
 You have a dark color. Clap your hands!

1897. Kaliyaṅ, the chief of Thirumangai,
 is generous as a rain-giving cloud.
 O dear lord, you stay in the poet's mind always.
 Your eyes are as beautiful as lotuses
 and you are adorned with cool thulasi garlands.
 Clap your hands!
 You have a broad chest. Clap your hands!

96. The cowherd women tied Kaṅṅaṅ with a rope when he stole butter.

1898. Is there a māyam like this?
 The lord Nārāyaṅaṅ came to the earth as a man
 and taught the Vedas to the sages
 so that the Vedas would not disappear.
 With his golden throat he swallowed
 the hot sun, earth, rising oceans, mountains and fire
 and kept them in his stomach.
 See, now he has stolen butter
 and the cowherd women have caught him and tied him up
 and he cannot move.

1899. The lord who churned the sounding milky ocean
 using Mandara mountain for a churning stick
 shot with a sling at the Kuni's back, making it bend,
 and then shot again and straightened it.
 He swallowed the ancient seven worlds, the seven mountains
 and the seven oceans where fish swim and kept them in his stomach.
 See, now he has stolen butter
 and the cowherd women have caught him and tied him up
 and he cannot move.

1900. When the gods in the sky were worried
 that the Asuran Madhukaiṭabha had become a terrible enemy
 and that he would fight them,
 they went to the god who carries a bent bow,
 worshiped him and asked for his help
 and our dear lord destroyed the Asuran and saved them.
 With his sharp claws he split open
 the mountain-like body of the Asuran Hiraṇyaṇ with sword-like teeth.
 See, now he has stolen the butter
 and the cowherd women have caught and tied him up
 and he cannot move.

1901. When the gods in the sky grew tired
 fighting with their enemy Hiraṇyan and went to the god
 and asked him for refuge, our god Thirumāl
 split open the chest of Hiraṇyan
 and joyfully gave his grace to the gods in the sky.
 He went as a dwarf to the famous heroic king Mahābali,
 cheated him, took his land
 and measured the earth and the sky with his two feet.
 See, now he has stolen the butter
 and the cowherd women have caught him and tied him up
 and he cannot move.

1902. Wishing to remove the troubles of the gods,
 he went as a dwarf to Mahābali's sacrifice,
 grew tall and measured the earth and the sky.
 He, the ruler of all the seven worlds,
 gives his grace to his devotees and protects them
 so that the messengers of Yama will not approach them.
 See, now he has stolen the butter
 and the cowherd women have caught him and tied him up
 and he cannot move.

1903. Our divine lord Thirumāḷ,
 who protects his devotees
 and removes the desires of evil passions for them if they worship him,
 cut off with his mazhu weapon the thousand arms of the angry Asuran Kārtaviryān
 when he came to fight with him.
 See, now he has stolen the butter
 and the cowherd women have caught him and tied him up
 and he cannot move.

1904. Our lord, the creator of the world
 who removes the sorrows of his devotees if they worship him
 gathered a monkey army, built a bridge over the ocean with stones,
 crossed it and destroyed his enemies in Lanka
 because the Rakshasas did not understand his strength.
 See, now he has stolen the butter
 and the cowherd women have caught him and tied him up
 and he cannot move.

1905. As Rama, the lord broke the bow that was born with Sita,
 and he married her who had precious ornaments and curly soft hair.
 When he was living happily with her as a prince,
 she was abducted by Ravaṇa, the king of Lanka.

He built a bridge, crossed the ocean, fought with Rāvaṇa,
cut off his ten strong heads and his arms and legs
and brought his wife back.

See, now he has stolen the butter
and the cowherd women have caught him and tied him up
and he cannot move.

1906. When the Asuran Kesi came as a tawny horse,
he split open his mouth and killed him,
he broke the seven marā trees with his strong bow
and he cut off the nose and ears of the Raksasi Surpanakha
who was as large as a mountain.

See, now he has stolen butter
and the cowherd women have caught him and tied him up
and he cannot move.

1907. Kaliyan, the chief of ancient Thirumangai
surrounded with flourishing fields,
composed a garland of Tamil pāsurams
worshiping the feet of the lord and describing his deeds,
how he was tied to a mortar by the cowherd women
when he stole milk, yogurt and ghee from the uṛi,
swallowed them and filled his stomach,
and how even when the cowherd women saw him,
he was not worried and did not feel shy.
If devotees learn and recite these pāsurams
they will have no troubles in their lives and will find happiness.
They will reach the heaven that is above even the world of the gods.

97. Churning yogurt

1908. Yashoda says,
“Our cowherd clan is respected by all.

If my son does something wrong,
 I can only upbraid him gently, saying,
 'You shouldn't hurt other children.'
 I can't scold him.
 His father Nandan won't say anything either.
 O young friend, what can I do?
 It seems he goes to the corner house on this street
 to churn yogurt with a young girl."

1909. A cowherdess says,
 "O dear Yashoda! I got up early
 and went to sell the churned buttermilk,
 looking for people to buy it,
 but I didn't see anyone except the son of Nandan
 with hair that was decorated with fragrant flowers.
 Come and look, my beautiful friend
 from the last house on the street.
 I don't see the butter and the ten pots of milk that I had,
 and I'm worried.
 What should I do? What should I do?"

1910. A cowherd woman says,
 "O lovely Yashoda,
 he is a little boy and he smiles sweetly.
 I keep a pot full of butter in the uri,
 but he has grabbed and swallowed it all,
 as much as a silver hill.
 He is a thief. Come and see him as he sleeps.
 All his hands are smeared with butter.
 His stomach is big enough to hold all the seven worlds,
 so it isn't hard for him to keep all that butter in his stomach.
 I am ignorant! What can I do? What can I do?"

1911. A cowherd woman says,
 “Balaraman was born to a mother
 with spear-like eyes that were darkened with kohl.
 He and his brother Kaṇṇan were raised in the cowherd village together,
 but he doesn’t do naughty things like Kaṇṇan.
 Kaṇṇan tells lies, steals things
 and crawls and acts as if he knew nothing about it.
 Is he really a sweet child?
 We cowherd women cannot escape his tricks.
 What can I do? What can I do? ”

1912. A cowherd woman says,
 “One day before his father had returned,
 when I wasn’t at home and my friends weren’t around,
 he went near where my girl was playing,
 her fragrant hair decorated with beautiful flowers,
 and grabbed the ball she was playing with
 and took her clothes and did naughty things.
 What wrong have we done to Nandan’s son?
 O, friend, what can I do? What can I do?”

1913. A cowherdess says,
 “ O Yashoda, our lord who was carried to our cowherd village
 by his father Nandan at night when he was a child
 is the beloved of Lakshmi and of the earth goddess.
 He plays a bamboo flute and my daughter loves him.
 Her flower-like eyes are weary, her breasts are round,
 and her lotus-red mouth has grown pale.
 O beautiful friend, come and see how my daughter suffers.
 What can I do? What can I do?”

1914. A cowherd woman says,
 “The cowherds celebrated a festival

and offered many kinds of food for the thousand-eyed Indra.
 O friend Yashoda, your son, disguised as a bhudam,
 went there today and grabbed all the food and ate it.
 See, it seems he is the Māyan
 who took all the food and swallowed it.”

1915. Yashoda says,
 “The cowherd women got together and called me.
 They said, ‘See, we kept the fermented yogurt,
 fragrant ghee and milk in various pots,
 but they are all empty now.’
 I felt ashamed and told my friends,
 ‘He is my dear lord!
 I can only plead with him not to do these naughty things,
 I can’t scold him.
 How could I scold my child
 who drank milk from the devil Putana and killed her?
 I am afraid of scolding him.’”

1916. Yashoda says,
 “Seven months after my dear son was born,
 when I had put my strong, matchless child
 to sleep on a bed soft as a flower
 and gone to bathe in the Yamuna river,
 he killed Sakaṭāsura with his divine feet
 when he came as a cart that was large as a mountain.
 He rests on Adishesha on the ocean
 and Lakshmi stays on his faultless chest.
 I am afraid of scolding him after he did such a heroic deed.”

1917. Yashoda says,
 “O beautiful friends, I am afraid even of calling him by name.
 Even if the young children with soft, cotton-like feet

eat a thousand measures of ghee,
 my friends, their mothers, do not scold them.
 You are the best among men!
 You killed Kamsan, the terrible Asuran
 on the day I was supposed to pay him money
 for the loan I took from him.
 I am not as strong as you, O Nambi.
 Do whatever you want.
 What can I do? What can I do?"

1918. Yashoda says to Kaṇṇan,
 "O lovely one! How could you do these naughty things?
 O Nambi, you hid and went behind the beautiful cowherd girls
 when they bathed in the pond where lotuses bloom
 and stole their fine clothes and climbed up a tree.
 When the lovely-waisted girls begged you for their clothes,
 you said, 'Come, beautiful ones, come and take them from me,'
 and you stayed in the tree."

1919. Yashoda says,
 "This child has no fear,
 even to the extent of a tiny millet seed.
 I raised him with manliness and braveness.
 I kissed him and gave him lots of love. I have never scolded him,
 but now he never tells me anything he does.
 He climbed on the blooming green Kaḍamba tree,
 jumped into the pond and fought and killed Kālingan,
 the snake that has a thousand poisonous tongues.
 Now he has come back. How can I scold him?"

1920. Yashoda says,
 "O my lord, do great people do things that are not suitable?
 I gave birth to you. What can I do?"

You fought with Arishṭāsuraṅ when he came as a bull
 from the fragrant forest where he lived
 bellowing like thunder and shaking all the seven worlds,
 as his eyes angry eyes looked like hot fire.
 It seems that you killed him and have come back home.”

1921. Kaliyaṅ the chief of rich lovely Thirumangai
 surrounded with strong walls and the wide ocean
 composed fourteen sweet musical pāsuraṅs on the lord
 who killed the angry elephant Kuvalayābeedaṅ as large as a mountain.
 The poet describes how the cowherdess Yasodha,
 her walk as gentle as a swan’s, worries about him.
 If devotees learn and recite these pāsuraṅs
 they will have no troubles in life.

98. Iduvenno, Iduvenno

1922. A cowherd girl says to Kaṅṅaṅ,
 “You didn’t come on the day you said you would to see me,
 but wearing earrings in your ears and lovely clothes on your waist
 and a cool tulasi garland shedding its pollen on your chest
 you come here now and stand behind me.
 What is this? What is this?”

1923. A cowherd girl says to Kaṅṅaṅ,
 “You wear an orange dress, your hair is tied up in a knot
 and you have tied a kachu around your waist.
 You come near the door in the backyard and stand there.
 What do you want? What is this? What is this?”

1924. A cowherd girl says to Kaṅṅaṅ,
 “You, matchless, carry an eagle banner
 and you killed Sakāṭāsuraṅ when he came as a cart,

and now you come into our home in our village and frighten us.

What are you doing in the night like this?

What is this? What is this?"

1925. A cowherd girl says to Kaṇṇan,

"You are the sweet Nāraṇan with many names adorned with thulasi garlands.

You come like Kāma, the god of love, sing songs

and enter our homes.

Why are you doing this in the middle of the night?

What is this? What is this?"

1926. A cowherd girl says to Kaṇṇan.

"Your hair is long and curly, you carry a small sword

and you are adorned with many golden ornaments

studded with beautiful diamonds.

You have come into our front yard

and you smile and just stand there.

Why do you do this? What is this? What is this?"

1927. A cowherd girl says to Kaṇṇan.

"You left the cowherds and their cows,

carrying a curved victorious bow,

and now you look to see if anyone is around

and enter our homes when no one is there.

Why are you doing this where others might see?

What is this? What is this?"

1928. A cowherd girl says to Kaṇṇan,

"You, our beloved, fought the wrestlers with your strong arms.

Last night we already knew what you wanted.

You always go away without telling us when you will come back,

and if you do tell us, you never come when you said you would.

O god! What is this? What is this? What is this?"

1929. A cowherd says to Kaṇṇan

“You are faultless.

You entered a pond, caught the snake Kālingan
and danced on his heads.

You don’t think we’re as important to you as you used to—
you have many good girlfriends.

O god! What is this? What is this? What is this?”

1930. A cowherd girl says to Kaṇṇan.

“You are a handsome young man.

The goddess of wealth Lakshmi
and the earth goddess stay with you,
but you join the beautiful cowherd girls
and dance the kuravai dance with them.

O my friend, do you see this?

What is this? What is this? What is this?”

1931. Kaliyan who has strong mountain-like arms

composed a garland of pāsūrams

describing how the cowherd girls,

quarrel during the day with lotus-eyed Kaṇṇan.

If devotees learn and recite these pāsūrams and worship the god
they will have no sorrow in their lives.

99. Her mother śays

1932. Her mother says,

“You, the heroic lord, burnt Lanka

and you drank the milk of the devil Putana

when she came in the middle of the night and killed her.

Our young girls decorated with flowers dripping with honey love you,
but you ignore their love and don’t care about them—

you're just like the mothers who take away a cup of milk
from their children's hands whenever they want
and don't worry about it.

What can I say about you?"

1933. Her mother says,

"You, the ocean-colored lord of Thirumalai,
danced the kuthu dance in the middle of the village,
you subdued the seven bulls to marry Nappinnai,
and you protected the terrified cowherds and the cows
from the storm with Govardhana mountain.

When you made my daughter's bangles grow loose and fall,
you did it as if you were taking honey from the murungai tree
that is in the front of your temple.

Is this because you have so much strength from your heroic deeds?"

1934. Her mother says,

" O lovely god, you have the color of a dark cloud,
and the mighty discus and conch you carry in your hands
make you even more heroic.

My dear daughter who is precious as a garland of pearls
is adorned with beautiful ornaments.

She is as sweet as the nectar from the large ocean.

You think that she is like a sweet ball of jaggery in your hands.

Is this because you are heroic and conquered Kamsan?"

1935. Her mother says,

"You gave part of your body to Shiva
who has round arms and wears a deer skin.

Your strong hands killed Narakāsuran.

You have stolen the beautiful color of my daughter
whose hair is decorated with alli garlands.

You stand in front of her always and don't go away.

What can I say? O Nambi, you seem to think she is like a stick in the hands of your servants. What can I say?"

1936. Her mother says,

"Alas, you don't think of the beauty of my daughter who speaks sweetly and whose hair is decorated with garlands that drip honey. You say she is not even as good as a berry fruit lying on a path. I don't understand.

Is it because you are heroic and rode on a chariot and destroyed the pride of the kings in Bharatha war, sending them on the path to the sky?"

1937. Her mother says,

"What is this you are doing now? You made the white conch bangles of my daughter grow loose whose mouth is as red as the petals of a murukkam flower, and you stand in front of her and don't leave.

Is that because with your bow you destroyed the pride of the king of Lanka surrounded with beautiful forts and made the gods serve you? O father! Why should anyone need to throw an axe just to make an erukkam leaf fall?"

1938. Her mother says,

"O lord, you are our father with the color of the large ocean. You stole the shining color of my daughter whose glance is as soft as a doe's, and you keep standing in front of her always, not going away. Why should anyone need to use even a small stick to make an egg break for the chick to emerge? Do you do these things because you are heroic and used your axe to cut off the thousand strong arms of Bānāsuran

who ruled the world surrounded by oceans,
 making many kings riding strong chariots with lovely wheels
 come and obey him?"

1939. Her mother says,
 "You, colored like the dark ocean,
 have not thought of the pride of my daughter
 whose eyes are beautiful
 and whose garlanded hair swarms with bees.
 Why did you do this?
 It is because you are proud that you split open
 the chest of Hiranyan, your enemy,
 and because you became angry at Vāli and killed him
 when you felt compassion for Sugreeva?
 Do you think my daughter is only like the moisture
 that comes inside your mouth in your cheek?"

1940. Her mother says,
 "Are you proud because you are water, fire, sky,
 the large world and wind?
 Or do you think that my daughter
 with a beautiful garland in her hair has no one but you?
 I have done bad karma.
 My daughter is as precious as the nectar
 that came from the milky ocean.
 Do you think she is like the garden of a Vediyan
 who gives his attention only to making his sacrificial fire
 and gives no care to anything else?"

1941. Kaliyan the chief of Thirumangai
 with a spear in his hand
 overcame his desires for the world
 and worshiped the feet of the god truly

and the lord gave his grace to him.
 If devotees learn and recite these ten pāsūrams
 that praise the lord who is adorned
 with fresh thulasi garlands with opening buds,
 their devotion and wealth will increase.

100. Messengers

1942. She says,
 “O red pothu bird!
 He, the husband of the goddess of wealth, Lakshmi,
 is Madhavan adorned with a thulasi garland
 and praised from ancient times.
 O red pothu, call that wonderful god.”

1943. She says,
 “O baby crow! Call him
 who has the color of a lovely dark cloud.
 He is Uthaman, praised by all from ancient times.
 O baby crow, call him!”

1944. She says,
 “O beautiful cuckoo bird, sing and call him
 who has the color of a blue sapphire.
 He stopped the storm by carrying Govardhana mountain
 and he split open the mouth of the evil Asuran
 when it came as a bird.
 O lovely cuckoo bird, sing and call him.
 Call my lord to come.”

1945. She says,
 “O lizard, call him,
 the Madhavan who danced on a pot

and measured the world at king Mahābali's sacrifice.
 In his hair he wears flowers dripping with honey.
 O lizard, call him to come."

1946. She says,
 "O green parrot, say,
 'He carries a discus with his strong handsome arms
 and he is the lord of the Venkaṭam hills in the north.'
 O green parrot, call him to come."

1947. She says,
 "The rooster crows and the sun rises.
 O friend, what can I do?
 It is the morning
 and the lord who has the color of the ocean
 should come. The rooster crows."

1948. She says,
 "What can I do to stop Kāma,
 who has shot five flower arrows into my heart and hurt me?
 I was already suffering because of the love I have
 for the dark cloud-colored god.
 What can I do to stop Kāma
 who makes my love for Kaṇṇan grow?"

1949. She says,
 "Will the god Māl who lies on Adishesha
 in Thirukkudanthai surrounded with groves
 dripping with honey come here
 so that my long sharp spear-like eyes
 can see him and be happy? Will he come?"

1950. She says,

“O mother, I don’t know who he is.
 He carries a discus and a beautiful golden bow.
 I don’t know who he is.”

1951. O devotees, sing.
 Sing the Tamil garland of pāsūrams
 that Kaliyan, the chief of Thirumangai
 surrounded with groves swarming with bees,
 who wears a beautiful garland and carries a spear,
 composed on the lord.
 Sing, O devotees.

101. The Breeze

1952. She says,
 “Our divine god protected the cows and cowherds
 from the storm by carrying Govardhana mountain.
 Heroic, he fought with the Rākshasas with his victorious bow
 and defeated them.
 Does the breeze blow on me as if it were fire
 because I think of his heroic deeds? What can I do?”

1953. She says,
 “The cold wind hurts me
 as the dark clouds pour down drops of rain.
 Am I being punished
 because I long to see the chest and the garlands
 of the dark god colored like a cloud or the ocean? What can I do?”

1954. She says,
 “With its rays the moon is angry with me
 and makes my pale body weak.
 My conch bangles become loose. What can I do?”

He has the color of the ocean that rises with white waves.
 What can I do?
 His thulasi garland with blooming flowers
 that drip honey calls to me.”

1955. She says,
 “He were taken to the clan
 of the cowherd village and raised there.
 When Putana came as a mother
 he drank milk from her breasts and killed her.
 Do the rays of the moon burn so hot
 because I think of his heroic deeds?”

1956. She says,
 “He took the form of a man-lion
 and split the chest of Hiraṇyan in two.
 Does the ocean cry in its loneliness
 because it wants to have the bright moon
 that the god makes wane to darkness?”

1957. She says,
 “He went to Lanka, bent his victorious bow
 and fought with the Rākshasas.
 On the palm tree, the andril bird
 in its nest made of lotuses coos and hurts me
 because I think of the heroic deeds of the lord.”

1958. She says,
 “Kāma comes carrying five flower arrows,
 shoots them at me without stopping
 and makes me suffer.
 Am I being punished
 because I saw the lord as dark as a kāyām flower

when he came on Garuḍa
and fell in love with him?”

1959. She says,
“When the thought of the thulasi garland
that adorns him entered my heart,
it came along with the lovely, cool wind
dripping with drops of rain.
It will be very hard for my life to be saved.”

1960. She says,
“If bees bring and spread the fragrance
of the beautiful fresh thulasi garland
that devotees use to decorate him,
my eyes that are like kendai fish will close in sleep
and the pale color of my body will change
to the brightness it had before.”

1961. Kaliyan, the famous chief
who carries a sword and is praised by all in Thirumangai
composed pāsūrams on our beautiful-eyed Māyan
who went as a messenger
for the five Pandavas in the Bharatha war.
If devotees learn and recite these pāsūrams
they will have no trouble in life.

102. She says

1962. She says,
“The lord who carried Govardhana mountain as an umbrella
and blocked the storm, saving the cows and the cowherds,
and who danced the Kuravai dance with young girls in the mandram
has enchanted me.

The andril bird on the palm tree in the front yard coos and hurts me.
Who can remove its nest so it will not coo and call its absent mate?"

1963. She says,

"The heroic Kaṇṇan who shattered the blooming Kurundam trees,
and broke the tusks of the elephant Kuvalayābeeḍam
fought with the Asuran who came as a horse,
took the form of a man-lion and killed Hiraṇyan,
and drank milk from the devil Putana and killed her.
When Kaṇṇan is with me what can the music
of the bamboo flute of a cowherd do to my youth?"

1964. She says,

"The dark sapphire-colored lord fought the wrestlers sent by Kamsan
and conquered Kamsan and killed him.
I think always of his cool thulasi garlands strung with alli flowers.
The breeze comes and torments me in the evening
and the bells of the strong bulls returning from the fields give me pain."

1965. She says,

"The faultless lord shot his arrows and destroyed the seven marā trees.
Whenever I think of his divine feet,
the sound of the cool dark ocean that roars all night
and the cold wind that blows make me suffer. What can I do?"

1966. She says,

"My mother scolds me.
The calling of the andril bird makes me sick with love.
The waves of the ocean roar and my bangles grow loose.
These things have happened
only since I fell in love with the beloved of Nappinnai
whose waist is adorned with golden clothes and who walks softly like a swan
with hair decorated with beautiful flowers."

1967. She says,

“The lord who carries a discus and a conch
came to me in a dream and made me love him.
Except me and my friend, the whole world is sleeping.
The rooster has not crowed yet and it is very dark.”

1968. She says,

“It is not fair that Kāma
who is no relative of mine causes me pain,
yet the ocean-colored god is my beloved
and if Kāma is his son, he is also my son.
He shoots the fire of love at me every night
and my young breasts swell out
loving the precious sapphire-colored lord.”

1969. She says,

“The beloved god of Thirumalirunjolai
where the clouds float high
took my chastity and my heart and went away.
He hasn’t thought of me at all after that.
It is dawn yet?
Where does the hot sun go and hide?
Wouldn’t it be better if my suffering body could sleep?”

1970. She says,

“O friend, Kāma shoots his arrows and makes us suffer.
We shouldn’t think that we are just women and that we are weak.
We should carry pure water and flowers and go where he stays.
If we worship and praise him,
won’t we be able to see the dark cloud-colored god with our eyes?”

1971. Kaliyan, the chief of Thirumangai praised by all,

composed ten pāsurams on the victorious lord
 who fought and killed the seven heroic bulls.
 If devotees learn and recite these pāsurams
 they will not experience the results of their karma in this world.

103. She says.

1972. She says,

“He drove a shining chariot in the Bharatha war
 and he measured the world in three footsteps at Mahābali’s sacrifice.
 He fought with the Rākshasas and destroyed the pride of Lanka.
 See, my conch bangles have grown loose
 and I have lost my beauty because I love him.

1973. She says,

“He stays in my heart.
 When the elephant Gajendra with huge legs was caught by a crocodile,
 he came and saved him and gave him his grace.
 I sing and dance, praising the names of broad-armed Neḍumal
 and my breasts do not grow slack or lose their bright color.
 What is this?”

1974. She says,

“He saved all the four Vedas and taught them to the sages.
 He came to me, made my precious golden bangles loose,
 entered my heart and stayed there, without leaving.
 What is this? I don’t understand what he is thinking.

1975. The lord who was born as a little child and toddled
 stole fragrant ghee from the uṟi and ate it happily.
 He stays in beautiful Thirukkuḍanthai
 surrounded with fragrant groves.
 How could I say I don’t know him?

1976. If devotees bow to him and worship him every day
 he gives his grace to them
 and so we also bow and worship the lord
 and keep him in our mind as our refuge.

1977. Kaṇṇan measured the world with one foot
 and the sky with the other
 and his devotees keep his feet in their hearts.
 The gods in the sky worship him folding their lotus hands.

1978. Kaṇṇan is in my mind.
 Is it his māyam that makes the bangles on my arms grow loose?
 Is this because we are women and have the nature of women?
 We sing and praise the Thiruvēṅkaṭam hills of the lord and his Srirangam.

1979. O good heart, we want go join him.
 Let us dance and sing the praise of our dear lord.
 Let us think of the thousand-named god
 and let us wear his thulasi garland.

1980. O good heart!
 Let us fold our hands and worship him
 who stays happily in Thiruvāli
 where swans wander on the seashore
 so that our bad karma will go away,
 and let us wear flowers from the divine golden feet
 of the lord who has the color of a cloud.

1981. Kaliyan the poet composed ten Tamil musical pāsūrams
 on the lord who has a thousand names.
 If devotees learn these names,
 they will rule all the three worlds.

They who hear these pāsurams will live
without any troubles in this world.

1982. When the world was inundated by a terrible flood
and the waves of the ocean rose
and the water flowed everywhere
and people had no place to go,
the gods in the sky went to the lord and said,
“There is no refuge for us,”
and Thirumāl took the form of a fish,
carried all the mountains on his back and saved all.
Worship him, O my heart, do not forget him.

1983. As a turtle he supported Mandara mountain on his back
and using it as a churning stick and the snake Vasuki as a rope
he churned the milky ocean
while all the gods in the sky helped him.
That Thirumāl is our refuge.

1984. He is the ancient god who, at the end of the eon,
became a boar and saved everything from the flood—
the worlds of the gods and all the seven worlds
where the faultless moon and the sun shine,
and all mountains and rivers of the earth, and the seven oceans.
Containing all the worlds and the oceans
in the vessel that he carried on his foot,
he protected us. He is our ruler.

1985. As a man-lion he went to Hiraṇyan
and with heroic fiery eyes and his garland hanging down by his arms,
he angrily split open the Rākshasa’s chest with his sharp claws.
His heroism is greater than the large oceans
that surround all the three worlds.

1986. He took the form of a dwarf-sage
 and went to the heroic king Mahābali's sacrifice,
 reciting the Vedas as one who knows the truth.
 When he asked for three feet of land from the king,
 the king granted his wish, and he grew tall
 and measured the sky with one foot and the earth with the other.
 Let the feet of that king who measured the seven worlds and the sky rule us.

1987. As heroic Parasuraman, he fought with his axe
 and defeated the twice eight and four kings of the world.
 The lord who swallowed all the seven worlds and spat them out
 is the beloved the earth goddess, of Lakshmi and of Nappinnai.
 He rules us happily.

1988. As Rama in the forest, he chased the Rākshasa Marisaṅga
 who came as a golden deer to delight Sita
 whose sharp eyes were like spears, and he killed it.
 When Sita was kidnapped by Rāvaṇa
 he went to Lanka, killed the Rākshasas, shattered Lanka into pieces,
 and, shooting his powerful arrows with his bow, defeated Rāvaṇa.
 He, our Thirumāl, is our refuge.

1989. The world grew dark at the end of the eon in ancient times.
 The divine Vedas disappeared
 and the gods were shocked and did not know
 where their worlds had gone.
 He took the form of a swan,
 removed the darkness of the world and taught the Vedas to the sages
 and removed the ignorance of the world.
 The lord always gives his grace to the gods and all others.

1990. O devotees, do not think there are other ways

you can be helped and that you do not need him.

Worship the lord who drank the milk from the breasts of Putana and killed her.

When he stole butter from the cowherd women and ate it,

round-breasted Yashoda tied him to a mortar,

but he pulled the mortar after him and walked between two marudu trees

and knocked them down, killing the two Rākshasas who had taken their form.

He is our refuge and he takes away the results of our bad karma.

1991. He killed the murderous, angry-faced elephant

and he destroyed Lanka ruled by the cruel Rākshasa king,

shooting mighty arrows from his bow.

Kaliyan, the king of Thirumangai

surrounded with fields and streets with rich palaces

composed ten pāsurams on the god.

If devotees sing these musical poems and worship him,

they will go to the world of the gods and rule there.

105. Thiruchāzhal

1992. O friend, see, he went on a path filled with stones

and lived in the forest with his wife Vaidehi with soft doe like eyes..

The gods from the sky bowed with their heads

adorned with garlands and worshiped

the golden feet of Rama when he walked in the forest. Say sāzhale.

1993. O friend, see!

After he was born he released his father Vasudeva

from the chains that bound his ankles

and Nandan, the cowherd chief, took him as a baby to his village

where he was raised as Nandan's son.

He is our dear lord, the father of Nānmuhan, sāzhale.

1994. O friend, see!

He was raised as a cowherd among people
 who did not know he was the lord.
 He ate happily all the fragrant butter
 that the long-haired cowherd women of the village churned and kept.
 His golden stomach that swallowed all the seven worlds
 surrounded by the deep ocean
 had still more room to eat the butter from the uri. Sāzhale.

1995. O friend, see!

He was raised as a cowherd among the innocent cowherds of the village
 and ate and relished the fragrant butter that was kept in the uri,
 but his stomach was still not full and he swallowed all the worlds
 surrounded by the oceans with rolling waves. Sāzhale.

1996. O friend, see! The beautiful dark-haired cowherd women
 hit him with a churning stick and tied him up with a small rope,
 but though he was tied up,
 even the gods of the sky could not know who he is. Sāzhale.

1997. O friend, see!

He danced the marakkāl kuuthu in the mandram as the drums beat
 and his devotees saw his enthusiastic dance.
 Yet though he danced the marakkāl kuuthu in the mandram,
 he is hard for the gods to know. Sāzhale.

1998. O friend, see!

When the Kauravas disgraced Draupadi, the Pandavas' wife,
 he went as a messenger to the Kauravas
 and asked them to give land to the Pandavas,
 but Duriyodhana disgraced him in the assembly.
 Yet even though he was disgraced in that way,
 he swallowed all the worlds surrounded by the sounding ocean
 and spat them out. Sāzhale.

1999. O friends, see.

He drove the chariot of the Pandavas in the terrible Bharatha war
and destroyed their enemies, the Kauravas.

Yet even though he drove the chariot for the Pandavas
all kings, adorned with garlands, worship him bowing their heads. Sāzhale.

2000. O friend, see!

He went to the sacrifice of Mahābali,
the king adorned with cool garlands,
and begged for three feet of land,
making those who saw him feel pity.

Yet even though he begged for those three feet of land,
he is the highest lord of the seven worlds. Sāzhale!

2001. O friend, see!

He went as a dwarf to king Mahabali's sacrifice,
asked for three feet of land, tricked the king, grew tall
and measured the world and the sky with his two feet.
Even though he is the god of Thiruveḷḷam and Thiruvenkaṭam,
he is in the heart of the poet Kaliyan. Sāzhale.

106. The end of the eon

2002. At the end of the eon,
he swallowed all the gods' worlds
and the people of the seven worlds
surrounded with dark oceans
and he kept them in his divine stomach for a long time.
Think about it, O devotees.
You worship the gods of other religions who are our enemies.
What good did they do for us? Don't be ungrateful.
Worship only our lord in the sky

who carries a discus smeared with oil.

2003. When the abundant flood came at the end of the eon
and rose to the sky, the lord with his strong hands
took all oceans with their water and swallowed them all.

Everyone knows this.

Is there anyone in the world or among the gods
who was not swallowed and spit out by our god?

O devotees, don't you know that the world
is here through his grace?

2004. He swallowed and kept in his stomach
Shiva with an eye in his forehead, Nānmuhan, the god of the Vedas,
Indra who rides the white elephant Airāvadam
and all the other gods and he protected them there
so that the victorious king of the ocean would not swallow them all.

It is terrible that mean devotees
do not praise the good nature of the lord with a victorious discus.

2005. At the end of the eon, the waves of the ocean
spread everywhere in the world
and the whole earth became a large ocean.
He thought that all the seven worlds
would be destroyed and he swallowed them all
and kept them in his divine stomach, making it very large.

He protected you all.

He has a dark form like a ripe kaḷavam fruit.

O devotees, why don't you learn to worship only our unique god's feet?

2006. At the end of the eon, the whole world was filled with water
and no one was going to survive.

He swallowed everyone and kept them in his divine stomach for a long time.

O devotees, you do not understand that.

If you understood his power,
you would praise the thousand names of the generous king of the gods.

2007. At the end of the eon when the large flood
rose to the sky, he swallowed all the worlds
and the oceans and protected all.

O devotees, you praise other new gods.

Is there anyone who would bathe a wooden board in hot water
and not bathe their mother who gave birth to them?

You have no goodness in you.

If you knew him, you would praise the thousand names
of our generous lord.

2008. He is our dear lord of Thirukaṇṇamangai
who protected all, swallowing all the people of the worlds,
the gods in the sky, the Danavas and all others
so that the huge flood that came at the end of the eon did not swallow them.
Any time his devotees do not think of those
who fail to worship his ankleted feet is sweet for them.

2009. At the end of the eon, the worlds were covered
with thick darkness and the oceans rose
in a flood that spread over all the worlds.

Our god swallowed all the seven golden worlds,
kept them in his stomach and protected all.

Any devotees who do not think of the dark shining lord
are contemptible.

2010. At the end of the eon
when the waves of the ocean rose and touched the sky,
he felt pity for his devotees, the gods and the sages,
gave them his grace and swallowed all the seven worlds
and kept them in his divine stomach.

O devotees, sing, dance and praise
the dark jewel-colored god of cool Kuṇḍandai who protected you in his stomach.

2011. Kaliyan of Thirumangai surrounded by flourishing groves
composed a garland of musical pāsurams
describing how the lord swallowed all the oceans,
the directions, the Asuras, the gods in the sky and all the worlds
and how he left no one and nothing without his protection.
If devotees learn these pāsurams well and recite them,
they will go to the golden world of the gods,
receive the grace of Lakshmi on the lotus, and shine.

107. Thenāli

2012. The dear lord whose chest is adorned with jewels
shines like a golden hill and rides on the bird Garuḍa.
He used Mandara mountain as a churning stick and the snake Vasuki as a rope,
churned the milky ocean, took the nectar from it and gave it to the gods.
If devotees have not seen him, their eyes are not truly eyes.

2013. The highest lord who is sweet to his devotees
shines as a precious jewel that never loses its luster.
He, the highest and incomparable one,
went as a dwarf to Mahābali, begged for three feet of land
and measured the world and the sky with his feet.
If the ears of devotees have not heard of him they are not truly ears.

2014. The faultless god of Thennāli who is the divine Vedas
drank the milk of Putana and killed her.
If devotees have not worshiped and praised Māl's greatness,
whatever they say is not truly speech.

2015. The god of the gods with a chest adorned

with a fragrant fresh thulasi garland
 took the form of a man-lion
 and split open the chest of Hiranyan with his sharp claws.
 If devotees do not sing his praise,
 the songs that they sing are not real songs.

2016. The lord who stays in the Thirumeyyam hills.
 and carries a conch in his hand
 has the color of the dark ocean,
 of a shining sapphire-like hill, of a dark cloud,
 of a kuvalai flower blooming on a branch and of a kāyām flower.
 If the hands of devotees have not worshiped him,
 they are not truly hands.

2017. When devotees see thulasi dripping with honey,
 fresh alari flowers, kuvilai flowers,
 thorny muḷari blossoms and ambal flowers,
 if they do not think in their hearts of the golden feet of him
 who took the forms of a swan to bring the Vedas to the earth
 and who became a boar that split open the earth
 to bring the earth goddess from the underworld,
 then their hearts are not truly hearts.

2018. If devotees do not bring flowers
 and worship with love and devotion
 the lord who has the color of the sounding ocean,
 of karuvilai flowers and of kāyām flowers
 and if they do not think of him,
 their hearts are not truly hearts.

2019. When he was a little child
 he stole and happily ate the fragrant butter
 that was kept in the uri by the cowherdesses with dark fragrant hair.

If devotees do not think of the tall god
whose eyes are beautiful and know him, they will never know him.

2020. The god of Thirumalirunjolai
where bees drink honey and sing
fought with seven bulls to marry Nappinnai
whose eyes are as large and beautiful as flowers.
If devotees do not become his slaves
they are not real people. I am sure of that in my mind.

2021. Kaliyan who carries a spear in his hands
composed ten musical pāsurams
worshiping the feet of the lord who carries a discus.
If devotees sing these pāsurams and dance
all the results of their bad karma will go away.

108. Bhakthi. Born again

2022. O Nambi, you are smell, taste, touch and sound.
When I complain that you have not given me your grace,
you may say that I did not do the right things.
I will say one thing to you.
Do not make me to go into a womb and be born again.
I am afraid that I will be like a tree
on the bank of a river that may fall at any time.

2023. Even though I am angry at you
who carry a victorious discus, I would tell you this.
I do not want you to put me in a womb and make me be born again.
I tremble like the minds of people on a boat caught in a terrible storm.

2024. O my lotus-eyed Kaṇṇan,
I have suffered, born in many births

and I am worried and afraid
 that you will make me be born again.
 My mind struggles as if I were staying
 under the same roof as a snake.

2025. I am afraid that you, the lord of the eon,
 will make me be born in many more births and suffer.
 My mind is in pain like an ant
 caught on a torch burning at both ends.

2026. I have suffered, born in many births
 and I am afraid you, the ancient god of the eon,
 will make me fall into the hole of birth again.
 My mind shivers like a crowd of foxes caught in a flood.

2027. You are the Maṇḍāṇ of Vayalāli
 where beautiful neelam flowers bloom
 near the water filled with lovely blossoming lotuses.
 I should not suffer like a tree
 cut down by a shepherd and thrown away.
 Give me your grace so I may reach you.

2028. Like the worm that lives in a margosa tree
 and will not eat anything except its leaves,
 I do not want to be anywhere except beneath your beautiful feet.
 You, a shining light,
 removed the curse of the waning crescent moon
 and you rest on the five-headed Adeshesa.

2029. I want nothing but your grace.
 You are the god of Srirangam
 surrounded with beautiful groves,
 a jewel and a shining diamond.

O Madhusudhana, you who are the highest light,
show me the path that leads to moksha.

2030. O my father, show me a path
so I will not be plunged into indestructible hell.
Give us, your devotees, your sweet grace always.
You are the Chandogya Upanishad, our chief with lotus eyes.
O dear one, give your grace to me, your slave.

2031. Kaliyan, king of famous Thirumangai,
composed ten pāsurams praising the cowherd,
the god who protected the cows from the storm
by carrying Govardhana mountain as an umbrella.
If devotees learn and recite these ten pāsurams
they will never experience the results of their karma. (1083)

(Periyathirumozhi finished) - Om Ganesa
SUBHAM.

Thirukkurundāṇḍagam -- Thirumangaiyāzhvār (2032 -2051)

2032. I bow and praise him, the wise Thirumāl,
a treasure, a coral pillar, my fate.
He killed Kamsan to protect the world.
If the devotees think of him as a true path,
he will give them moksha,
and I am his devotee and he has entered my heart.
I will not leave him.

2033. The lord is the earth, wind, water, fire, the sky,
a beautiful shining jewel,
nectar, a river of joy for his devotees,

Yama for the Asuras and he stays in the Himalayas.
 He is as strong as a bull
 and he destroyed Lanka surrounded with protected walls.
 O heart, think of the divine nature of the lord
 and praise him, praise him.

2034. Our father, the highest, churned the wide milky ocean
 using large Mandara mountain as a churning stick
 and the snake Vasuki as a rope,
 took nectar from it and gave it to the gods.
 I worship the young god of Thirumālirunjolai
 filled with thick bamboo groves
 where the rays of the sun cannot go.

2035. I long to see in my dreams
 the sweet lord with the color of a dark Kāyām flower.
 He took the form of a boar
 and brought the earth goddess from beneath the earth.
 I worship him with words and praise him with devotion,
 thinking of him with love in my mind and caring.

2036. He is like hot iron
 and my love for him is like water poured on it
 as he takes my love inside him.
 His love is like sugarcane juice for me .
 I have become a slave for the sweet one and I am saved.

2037. He, the god of Kuṇḍandai shining like a pile of diamonds,
 is the first one among all the three gods,
 the king of the whole world,
 sweet poetry, fresh honey and pure gold
 and the flowers that adorn the hair of the gods in the sky.
 What can his devotees say to praise him?

2038. The lord of Srirangam,
 surrounded by flourishing water
 is this birth, future births, moksha and truth for his devotees.
 Bowing my head, I worship the devotees
 of the dark faultless lord who think of the wonderful nature
 of the unique god of Thiruveṅkaṭam.

2039. Thirumal, colored like a cloud in the sky,
 is the honey that bees make in the hills,
 sugarcane juice and a treasure.
 If devotees do not embrace him and live
 they do not realize that their human birth is a waste.
 If the devotees think of him always
 they will find happiness in their lives.

2040. My heart, confused and unable to stay on one thought,
 suffers like an ant on a torch burning at both end.
 You are wise, the god of the gods in the sky,
 the light that swallowed the whole world.
 I have no help but you for all my seven births.

2041. You are my father, a pearl, a shining emerald,
 with the color of a cloud
 shining with lightning and roaring with thunder.
 My mind is not steady—what can I do?
 I have done bad karma.
 Give me your grace and tell me what should I do
 to love you with devotion.
 You are my lord and I know nothing except being a slave for you
 and loving you with devotion.

2042. O father, give me your grace so that I may serve you,

praise you and worship your feet.

You are the world, the ancient god of all eight directions,
justice and the highest light. Take away all my worries.

I will praise only you.

2043. You, the life of all, stay in Srirangam.

When I, your impure devotee, was afraid
because I have done bad karma
and I worried how I am going to escape its results,
you, the kāvi-flower-colored lord came,
entered my heart and said, "Do not be afraid."

2044. My eyes rejoiced seeing the god,
sweet as sugarcane, of Srirangam
surrounded with groves where bees swarm.
Just as water sprinkled on iron dries up,
my sorrows and karma have gone away.

2045. I, a sinner, always thought of embracing women
whose beautiful eyes vanquish Kāvi flowers,
plunged into my desires and was destroyed
without thinking of you,
god of Kuḍanthai surrounded with water
where swans that have beautiful feathers live.

2046. Hanuman, your messenger, went to Lanka,
burned Rāvaṇa's Lanka surrounded with strong walls,
came back and bowed devotedly to Rama's feet.
Even though I cannot do what he did, I am your devotee.
With my bones melting, I take the water of knowledge
with the love that is my heart and bathe you in it.

2047. Our lord killed the Rakshasa Mārisan

when he came as a magical deer,
 walked between the marudam trees
 and destroyed the two Asurans,
 measured the world and the sky with his feet at Mahābali's sacrifice,
 and churned the milky ocean, took the nectar from it
 and gave it to the gods in the sky.
 I, his devotee, adorn my dear lord
 with a pure beautiful garland made of my praise.

2048. If devotees praise the compassion of the generous lord
 they will not be born again.

The world says that even those devotees
 who, like Sisupālan, scolded him were saved by him
 and reached moksha.

Though I am ignorant and have many desires,
 I praise him and do not scold him
 because I do not want to be born again.

I have abundant love for him and wish to join the lord
 whose color is like the wave-filled ocean.

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2049. If someone removes the weakness
 that comes from ignorance and egoism
 and closes his eyes and controls the desires of the five senses,
 loving only him and not letting his thoughts wander,
 he will see the shining light that is truly the lord.

2050. When the skull of the Nānmuhan on the lotus
 was stuck to Shiva's hand
 and he wandered among houses begging for food,
 our lord removed the curse of Shiva and made it fall off.
 If devotees go to Thirukkaṇḍiyur, Srirangam,
 Thirumeyyam, Thirukkachi, Thirupperur
 and Thirukkaḍalmallai,

and worship him, they will be saved.

How can others be saved if they do not worship him?

2051. Kaliyan with a strong spear

composed a beautiful garland of twenty Tamil pasurams
on our lovely-eyed lord.

Indra, the king of gods and Nānmuhan who stays on a lotus
worship his feet every day,

sprinkling flowers that drip with honey.

If devotees learn and recite these twenty pasurams faultlessly
they will go to the bright sky and rule there.

Thiruneḍunthāṇḍagam - Thirumangaiyāzhvār (2052 – 2081)

This book is divided into three parts.

1. Praise of the god .
2. A mother speak about her daughter who loves Kaṇṇan.
3. The daughter who loves Kaṇṇan talks about her love with her friend.

Praising god

2052. Shining like lightning, he is the four Vedas,
the light of a lamp, the rising crescent moon,
the past and the future.

Without sickness, old age, birth or death,
he is gold and diamond

and shines as the five elements—earth, water, fire, wind and sky.

He, my father, enters me with his true form

and I keep his divine shoot-like feet on my head.

2053. He is fire, water, wind, sky and earth,

all religions and all the three gods,.

Shiva is colored red like fire, Nānmuhan is colored like gold
and Thirumāl is colored like the ocean—
our lord shines with all their three forms together.

2054. Neḍumal with his divine body who is far away
shone with the white color of a conch in the Treta yuga.
When he took the nectar from the milky ocean,
our divine Thirumāl had a dark blue color.
We cannot say that he has only one form,
we can only praise him saying
that he has different forms in each eon.
Who has seen the dark beautiful-eyed god?
Who can describe him?

2055. Our lord who is more ancient than Indra and Nānmuhan.
is the five elements—the large earth, wind, fire water and sky,
the beautiful sound of Tamil,
the words of the northern language,
the four directions, the sun and moon.
Even the gods in the sky do not know him and his divine nature.
He is the secret of the mantras of the Vedas
that the Vedyars recite in the evening.
O ignorant heart, do not forget those mantras.
If you recite them always and live, you will be saved.

2056. When he came as a dwarf to king Mahābali's sacrifice,
he measured the earth and the ocean with one foot
and he raised his other foot to the wide sky
spreading over all the eight directions
and crossed the cool moon, the sun and the stars
and went still above,
going beyond all the thoughts in the Asuran Mahābali's mind.
I worship the flower-like divine feet of my father

that measured the whole earth and the sky.

2057. He, the god of the gods, is generous
and he gives to his devotees
as much as they want with his ample hands.
He rides on the beautiful-winged Garuḍa,
conquers the Asuras, not giving them his grace.
O heart, let us go and praise his feet in beautiful Thirukkoyalur
where the Peṇṇai river flows flourishing
through many lands filling ponds with its water
and bringing with its waves
tall bamboo plants that throw out pearls
and leaving gold on its banks.

2058. He came as Parasurāman, fought with kings
whose arms are wide and strong as mountains,
conquered them and ruled the world,
and he conquered Murugan
who threw his spear at the ocean to fight with Asurans.
He stays in Thirukkoyalur
where famous king Malaiyarsan worshiped him,
surrounded by fragrant groves
and filled with long streets and lotus ponds,
guarded by the lovely chaste goddess of the Vindya mountains.
O heart, come, let us go and worship him there.

2059. You are in the hearts of your devotees
and in Thiruneeragam, on the top of Thiruneermalai,
Nilāthingalthuṇḍam in Thiruppadi,
Thiruvuragam in flourishing Kachi,
and Thiruvekka surrounded with flourishing water.
The whole world worships you, the god of Thirukkāragam.
O thief, you stay in the sky and in Thirupperur

where on the southern bank of the Kāviri
 beautiful flowers bloom in the groves.
 You, the highest one, stay in my heart and you will not leave me.
 I worship only your divine feet.

2060. You stay in Thirumallai on the ocean
 where ships bring precious diamonds
 and in Kachi surrounded with forts and in Thirupperur.
 As part of your body, you have Shiva,
 adorned with a beautiful kondrai garland dripping with honey
 who shares his body with Shakthi, the daughter of the king of the Himalayas.
 You, the highest in the world, beautiful as coral,
 rest on Adishesha on the milky ocean
 and stay on the peak of the Himalayas, the snow mountains.
 I, a poor man, wander everywhere looking for you.

2061. You, the famous one, guarded the seven worlds
 and I am your poor devotee.
 What can I do except prattle on, saying,
 “What are you? Who are you?”
 You are the god of the southern, northern, eastern and western lands
 praised by the whole world,
 the first among the gods, a bright light worshiped by all.
 You are the past and the future.
 You, the origin of all, stay in Thirumuzhikkaḍalmallai.

A worrying mother!

2062. Her mother says,
 “My daughter wears silk garments.
 She feels tired and sad
 and doesn’t want to play with her doll.
 Her eyes are filled with tears and she can’t sleep.

She doesn't want to sit on my lap at all.
 She asks, 'Where is my lord's Srirangam?'
 I asked the fortune teller about her
 'O fortune teller,
 my daughter whose fragrant hair swarms with bees
 that have drunk honey from flowers is as soft as a doe.
 Who makes her worry like this? Tell me the truth.'
 She said, 'It is the ocean-colored god.'
 He is our protector
 and if he has done this who can save us?"

2063. "My daughter's heart melts with love for him
 and her eyes are filled with tears.
 She stands searching until she is tired.
 She sighs and doesn't want to eat or sleep.
 She says, 'O Nambi, who rest on the snake bed,
 you are lord of Thiruvayalāli
 surrounded with beautiful creepers blooming with flowers.
 O friend! Shall we go there dance and sing
 where the Garuda flag flies?
 Can we go and play in the water in beautiful Srirangam?'
 I gave birth to this girl but she doesn't listen to me.
 A pity! The world is blaming me for what she does."

2064. "My daughter says,
 'You carried Govardhana mountain
 and protected the cows and the cowherds from the storm
 and you stay in Thiruvarangam in beautiful Kachi.
 You, the king resting on Adishesha in Thiruveekka
 broke the bow and married Sita and embraced her soft arms,
 and you fought with the wrestlers and killed them.
 You are young and strong and you killed the Asuran Kesi
 when he came as a horse.'

She teaches her parrot to say his names,
shedding tears and they drip on her breasts
and she is tired.”

2065. “My daughter says,

‘He is a sprouting shoot with the dark color of a cloud
and he stays in Thirukkuṟunguḍi.

He is the first one, without any end,

who came as a dwarf, grew tall

and crossed over all the three worlds at Mahābali’s sacrifice.

Faultless, limitless nectar, he stays in Srirangam.

and in the minds of the VEDIYARS.

Like the brightness of a lamp and precious like an emerald,

he stays in Thiruthangā and Thiruvekkaa.’

When my daughter sings the praise of Thirumāl

her parrot listens and sings with her.

She is happy that she taught her beautiful parrot the praise of the lord

and she says ‘I taught you the praise of the lord and I am happy to hear that from you.’

She folds her hands and worships him.”

2066. “My daughter says,

‘He, mighty as an elephant,

stays in Kachi surrounded by strong stone walls.

He is a sweet fruit and he rests on Adishesha on the ocean.

Our father happily stays in beautiful Thiruvazhundur

surrounded with fields, ponds and blooming all flowers.’

My innocent daughter carries a veena

that touches her breasts, smiles beautifully

and plucks it with her fingers, making them red

as she sings like a prattling parrot.”

2067. “My daughter says,

‘You, mighty as a bull, happily grazed the cows.

You are my sweet fruit and you stay in Thirukkaṇṇapuram
 surrounded with fragrant groves.
 You are the god of Thiruvenkaṭam in the north
 and you danced happily in the mandram.
 You stay in Thirunaṛaiyur surrounded with abundant groves.
 O king, you conquered the Asurans and destroyed their tribes,
 and you, with a dark color and thick curly hair, are my help.’
 The tears she sheds fall on her breasts and she is tired.”

2068. “My daughter’s round soft breasts
 have changed their color to gold and are pale.
 Her fish eyes are filled with tears.
 She melts when she hears the voice of the lovely red-legged dove
 calling softly for its mate.
 Praising Thiruthangaa, flourishing Thirukkuḍanthai
 and Thirukkovalur where he stays, she sings and dances.
 When I asked my daughter,
 ‘Dear girl, do you think what you’re doing is good for our family?’
 she only praises Thirunaraiyur and sings.”

2069. “My daughter says,
 ‘Colored like a dark cloud,
 he has hands and feet that are like beautiful lotuses.
 He loves the beautiful earth goddess
 and he is crazy about doll-like Lakshmi.’
 What have I done?
 My lovely innocent daughter doesn’t listen to me,
 but asks me, ‘Where is Srirangam of my divine lord?
 I will go to Thiruneermalai where the ocean-colored lord stays.’
 Is this the way women talk who have lost their chastity?”

2070. “My daughter’s breasts have not grown out yet.
 Even though she knows that beautiful Lakshmi stays on his chest

she lost her chastity for him.
 She sighs and says to her friend,
 ‘O friend, shall we go to Srirangam and play in the water?’
 I gave birth to her but she doesn’t listen to me.
 She just sings and praises the names
 of the god of Thirupperur and Thirukkuṇḍandai
 and goes to bathe in the ponds
 where golden lotuses bloom.
 There is no one precious like her for me.
 Does your daughter, precious as gold,
 do the same things as mine?”

2071. Her mother says,
 “He, the generous lord, burned the southern Lanka
 and destroyed the wealth of the Rakshasa Rāvaṇa
 who carried a shining sword and drove his chariot heroically.
 He cut off the thousand arms of Vāṇāsura,
 and as a dwarf, he measured the world with one foot
 and crossed the earth with the other.
 He, ruler of the world, swallowed the earth, spat it out
 and kept it again in his stomach and protects it.
 My daughter praises his divine names always
 and we can only say that she must have done marvellous tapas
 to praise his names always on this earth.

The daughter’s worry

2072. The daughter says to her friend ,
 “O friend, the dark-colored lord with fragrant hair
 hunts with a strong bow.
 He wore shining emerald earrings swinging from both his ears.
 He came together with Lakshmi and stood in front of me
 and I was fascinated with his beautiful lotus hands,

mouth, eyes and feet.

O friend, I was afraid he might be divine.”

2073. The daughter says,

“He came, sang the raga naivaḷam,
and looked at me, standing there as if he was shy.

As soon as I heard his song,
my mind and eyes went to the dear lord
and I bowed to his divine feet.

The bracelets on my hands and the mekalai on my waist
became loose and fell and I couldn’t see them.

I saw only his golden emerald earrings and his four arms.

I asked him, ‘How far is the temple of our dear lord?’
and he answered, ‘This indeed is the beautiful Thiruvāli, his temple.’”

2074. The daughter says,

“He gave me his love and made my heart suffer.

He made my golden color turn pale
and my shining bangles become loose.

He told me, ‘My place is Srirangam
where fish drink the sweet water
dripping from the young coconut trees’ and left.

I saw him adorned with fresh thulasi garland
that drips honey in my dream
and told him, ‘O lord, you ride on Garuḍa, don’t go away.
Whatever is happening, it seems that are quarreling.” X

2075. Her daughter says,

“What a pity!

The conch bangles on my hands have grown loose.

The ocean-colored lord
with a conch in one hand and in the other a discus
and who swallowed the whole world

came here, loved me, told me that he stays in Srirangam
and went, leaving me with the sorrow of love
and filling my eyes that are like fighting fish with tears.”

2076. Her daughter says,

“The heroic lord who killed the elephant Kuvalayābeedam
with his mighty arms and shines like lightning
has a beautiful mouth and eyes
and wears a fresh fragrant thulasi garland and emerald earrings.
He took away my health, chastity, and thoughts,
making my bangles loose and I became his slave.
As he went through the fragrant cherundi grove
blooming with golden flowers,
he said his place is Srirangam surrounded with water and left.”

2077. Her daughter says,

“O small bee with six legs and dots on your wings,
you and your mate stay happily on flowers and drink honey.
I bow to you. Go to the god of the gods
who loves the cows and grazes them
and stays in beautiful Thiruvazhundur.
Stay there and see him. Don't be afraid.
Tell him , 'I am a girl and love him.'
and see what he says.”

2078. The daughter says,

“O beautiful red-legged crane,
if you go today to Thirukkaṇṇapuram
and tell my beloved lovely-eyed Thirumāl of my love,
nothing could make me more happy.
I will give you all this flourishing land
and fish from the ponds to eat.
You and your beloved mate can come here,

stay happily and enjoy your life.”

2079. The daughter says,

“O friend, he who destroyed the forts of southern Lanka
and killed the Rakshasas,
measured the earth and the sky
and drove the chariot for Arjuna in the Bharatha war
is large as a mountain and strong as an elephant.
I will embrace him with my gold-ornamented breasts.
I won't let him go. I will plunge into the love for him
thinking always of him,
melting with joy that fills my body.”

2080. The daughter says,

“My lord, the beloved of Nappinnai the cowherd girl,
churned the milky ocean with waves,
shot his arrows and killed the king of the Rakshasas
whose strength never failed, conquering and destroying the Raksasas,
and carried Govardhana mountain in his arms, protecting the cows.
I am his slave and I worship Neḍumāl,
the tall god of cool Thirukuḍanthai and Thiruvinnagaram
surrounded by the ocean rolling with waves.

2081. When the gods and the sages praised
and worshiped you saying,

“You are the god of the gods in the sky. Give us your grace,”
you, our father with the color of a dark cloud shining with lightning,
took the form of a swan, brought up the divine Vedas
from the bottom of the ocean and taught them to the sages.
Kaliyan, with a sharp spear, Yama for his enemies
and the chief of Thirumangai filled with palaces
studded with precious shining jewels,
composed a wonderful garland of ten Tamil pasurams.

If devotees learn and recite these pasurams
they will not have the results of their karma.

End of part 2 covering pasurams 948 – 2081