



Project Madurai

மதுரை தமிழ் இலக்கிய
மின்மொழித் திட்டம்



நாலாயிரத் திவ்வியப் பிரபந்தம்
ஆழ்வார் பாசுரங்கள் - பாகம் 3
(மூன்றாம் ஆயிரம்) - ஆங்கில மொழிபெயர்ப்பு
கௌசல்யா ஹார்ட்,
கலிபோர்னியா பல்கலைக் கழகம்,
பெர்க்லி, கலிபோர்னியா, ஐ.அமெ. நா

Nālāyira Divya Prabhandam
Paśurams by Seven Azhvārs, Part 3 (pāsurams 2082 -2970)
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Acknowledgements:

Our sincere thanks go to Profs. Kausalya Hart and George Hart for providing a soft copy of this work and for the permission to publish this work as part of Project Madurai e-text collections.

Preparation of HTML and PDF versions: Dr. K. Kalyanasundaram, Lausanne, Switzerland.

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Nālāyira Divya Prabhandam
Paśurams by Seven Azhvārs, Part 3 (pāsurams 2081 - 2790)
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Mudal Thiruvandādi.- Poyhai Azhvar (2082 – 2181)

2082. The world is a lamp for me,
 wide ocean is its ghee,
 and the warm sun is its light.
 I place this garland of words on the feet
 of the lord with a shining discus
 and ask him to take me from the ocean of sorrow.

2083. I do not know when you churned the milky ocean
 or when the whole earth was surrounded with the seas,
 all I know is that the world is created by you
 and you swallowed and spat it out at the end of the eon.

2084. With one foot you measured the whole world
 and with the other rose to the sky and measured it.
 O wonderful lord!
 I cannot understand how you are able to measure the world
 and sky like that.

2085. Our god opens the door of moksha for those
 who control their five senses
 and he himself is the path of moksha.
 Shiva who taught dharma to the four sages
 staying under the shadow of a banyan tree
 and drank poison when the milky ocean was churned
 understands the power of Thirumāl
 and is a part of our lord's body,

2086. The names of Thirumāl and Shiva are Nāraṇan and Haran and Garuḍa and a bull are their vehicles.

They taught the Vedas and the Agamas to the sages,
Kailasa and the milky ocean are their temples
and their actions are protecting and destroying the world.
One carries a discus and the other spear in his hand,
and one has a dark shining body like a cloud
and the other a body like fire.

2087. He has the color of the ocean rolling with waves
and I have never forgotten him.

O, innocent ones, how could I forget him today.
Even when I was in the womb,
I worshiped the lord folding my hands, and I saw the god
as I gazed in the direction of Srirangam where he stays.

2088. Our lord is in all the directions with all the gods
and is in all the actions that they do and in their results.
All these things are the illusions of Neḍumāl
who is the everlasting cloud-colored Kaṇṇan,

2089. O Thirumāl, why did you put the conch in your mouth
and blow it and mesmerize all when you fought in the
Bharatha battle holding your heroic weapon, the discus in your hand?
Why did you hide the sun with the wheel of a chariot?

2090. You took the form boar and on your single tusk
you brought up the earth goddess from the underworld.
Was that not the same earth that you measured
with your divine feet
as the sky and all the directions trembled?

2091. O lord with a heroic discus!

People say that you really swallowed the earth, hills,
the oceans rolling with waves, the wind and the sky.
If one tries to understand how you did that,
was your mouth as big as the whole earth at that time?

2092. He measured the world with his feet
and my mouth will not praise any other but him.
My hands will not worship anyone but him
who drank the poisonous milk
from the breasts of the devil Putanā.
My eyes will not see anyone except him
and my ears will not hear any other name except his.

2093. The nature of the lord who took the form of a boar to bring
the earth goddess from the underworld is
the feelings of all the five sense organs—
ears, mouth, eyes, nose and body—
and hot fire, earth, wind, water and the sky,
undiminished wisdom, knowledge and good dharma.

2094. They who were born as people in ancient times,
recited the sastras and the Vedas in the proper way
and worshiped him with the correct rules
became the excellent gods and reached
the feet of the lord adorned with a thulasi garland.

2095. People praise various gods in the ways they know,
saying, “This or that god is our dear lord,”
and they put their pictures on the wall and worship them,
but any god that they pray to is only our lord.

2096. The three gods came first,
and among them the ocean-colored god was first.

If we do not have his grace,
the grace given by any of the others is just a waste.

2097. When I realized that I have spent all my days in vain,
I was afraid and cried,
and I worshiped the feet of the ocean colored lord with lovely eyes
resting on Adishesha, the snake bed
as the water of the strong waves touches his feet.

2098. People praise his heroism and say,
“When the lord who split open the chest of the Hiraṇyan with his sharp claws
measured the world, riding on Garuḍa,
one foot was on the earth and his head touched the sky
while his arms were extended in all the directions.”

2099. The lord drank the poisonous milk from the breasts of Putanā,
fought and conquered the elephant Kuvalayaabeedam,
split open the mouth of the Asuran that came in the form of a bird,
entered between the Marudu trees and killed the Raksasas,
and ate the butter from the uri happily.
He measured the world and the sky at the sacrifice of Mahābali,

2100. O dark ocean,
Thirumāl has a dark body and beautiful eyes.
He swallowed the earth
and slept on a banyan leaf as a baby at the end of the eon
rests on you, carrying a discus.
What penance you have done
to touch always the divine dark body of the lord?

2101. The gods sprinkle fresh flowers, fold their hands
and worship the beautiful divine lotus feet of the lord
who cut the chains on the ankles of his father and released him

and took the form of a dwarf
and swallowed the earth and the sky.

2102. Lovely-eyed Thirumāl with a discus
who rides on the bird Garuda
rests on the snake Adishesa.
He took water from Mahābali's hand,
asked for three feet of land,
measured the earth with one foot
and raised his other foot to measure the sky.
O heart, you know that we should go to him, our refuge.

2103. O lord, you ride on Garuda with dotted wings!
Yashoda with arms soft and round like bamboo
tied you with a rope when you stole butter and ate it.
It is not only I, but the whole world that knows this—
I have seen the rope marks on your body.

2104. The lord with the color of the ocean rolling with waves
has scars on his fingers from using his Sharngam bow,
a mark on his shoulders where Lakshmi leaned on him
and a scar on his feet from when he kicked Sakaṭāsuran,
the Asuran in the form of a cart.
His fingers are swollen
because he split open with his claws the chest of Hiraṇyan
as Lakshmi, her hair adorned with flowers, saw him in fear.

2105. O lord with the color of the ocean rolling with waves,
when Yasodha the cowherdess saw butter on your mouth and fingers
and tied you to the mortar, you did not cry loudly
and the neighbors did not hear you.
Why you did that? Tell me.

2106. My heart praises without ceasing the emerald-colored lord
who stays in the hills and rests on the ocean.

He split open the chest of Hiranya
and, taking the form of a boar, split open the earth
and went to the underworld to bring up the earth goddess.

2107. If devotees get up in the morning,
go to Thiruvēṅkaṭam hills that brighten the mind
and if every day they worship the lord who wears a thulasi garland,
the results of their karma will be removed.

2108. The hands of the lord that carry a strong bow
carried Govardhana hills to save the cows and the cowherds.
He split open the mouth of the Asuran when he came as a bird,
broke seven maraa trees with his bow,
broke the tusks of the heroic elephant Kuvalayābeeḍam,
and made the blooming kurundam trees fall.

2109. O god with the dark color of a cloud,
you carry in your hands the valampuri conch and a discus,
embrace Lakshmi, the goddess of wealth on your chest,
have Brahma, the creator of the wonderful Vedas on your navel,
and have Shiva, the destroyer of the three forts in your body.

2110. He is the earth, the wide sky, the wind,
the roaring ocean and hot fire.
Know that the lord with lovely eyes
removed the suffering of Gajendra
with beautiful eyes and tusks like crescent moon
when he was caught by a crocodile.
You know that he will appear when his devotees are in trouble
and help them.

2111. If devotees keep their hearts pure,
 follow the good path
 and understand clearly what wisdom is,
 their hearts will go to the feet of the lord
 adorned with thulasi garland,
 like a calf that goes to his mother
 understanding that she is his mother.

2112. Even for the time that to blink an eye
 I will not think of anything except the feet of Thirumāl
 who carries a valampuri conch in one hand
 and a golden discus in the other
 and took the form of a man-lion,
 went to Hiraṇyan and split open his chest.

2113. If devotees remove all faults from their minds,
 meditate without blinking their eyes,
 avoid the pleasures of the five senses,
 and embrace only him in their hearts,-
 they will reach the heaven of the lord,
 resting on Adishesa, the thousand-mouthed snake.

2114. The good-natured lord, giving his grace to all,
 taught the Vedas to Brahma so Brahma could give them to the world.
 What is the use if you just recite his names
 and do evening rites without thinking of him in your mind?

2115. O cloud-colored one,
 you swallowed all the seven worlds
 and slept on the banyan leaf.
 The cowherd mother Yashoda whose eyes are large and beautiful,
 fed you milk from her breasts
 without worrying that you had drunk milk from the devil Putanā.

All people say that your deeds are true.

2116. O tall one, do not think that we are blaming you—
what we say is because of our love for you.
Didn't the ten-headed Rāvaṇa oppose you
because he wanted to reach your feet?

2117. With a golden discus in your hand
you fought with Hiraṇyan and split open his chest,
and you asked for three feet of land from Mahābali at his sacrifice
and measured the world and the sky.
Didn't you do this because you wanted
to remove the strength of your enemy kings?

2118. In the Thiruveṅkaṭam hills,
the favorite place for Thirumāl who blows a white conch,
the Vēdiyars recite the Vedas
and the learned ones proficient in the good sastras
carry fragrant lamps, flowers and water,
come from all directions, go and worship him.

2119. The hill where the Asurans and the gods
come and worship Thirumāl who, shining like a jewel,
killed the snake and conquered the heroic elephant of the gypsies
is Thiruveṅkaṭam where the clouds with lightning float.

2120. The lord who rests on the wide ocean
split open the earth to save the earth goddess,
carried Govardhana mountain to save the cows and the cowherds,
frightened the Asuran Kamsan and conquered him
and abides in the Thiruveṅkaṭam hills.
If I want to recite his names, they are so many.

2121. It is the Thiruvēṅkaṭam hills
 where gypsies with fine bows and arrows
 carry hot fires in their hands
 and the elephants see them and leave the forest,
 frightened because they think they are stars falling from the sky.
 It is there that the lord stays
 who rejoiced when he conquered the Asuras.

2122. O my heart, even if our mistakes are as large as hills,
 the lord with a golden discus in his hand
 will not be angry with us.
 He will only feel happy for the good qualities that we have.
 From today, even if all the heroic deeds of the lord
 are only untrue gossip,
 you should always think of them as true and believe them.

2123. Even though Lakshmi, the goddess of wealth,
 the earth goddess and the daughter of the cowherd family love him,
 the heart of the ocean-colored god resting on the snake bed
 embraces only Lakshmi from the milky ocean.

2124. If devotees carry flowers and water
 and go to him to worship his feet,
 the fault in their minds and the results of their bad karma
 will disappear
 and they will achieve whatever they want.

2125. In whatever form the devotees wish to see him,
 he will appear to them in that form.
 Whatever name the devotees want to call him
 happily he will have that name.
 When they meditate on him quietly without blinking their eyes,
 whatever color they think he has,

he will appear in that color, carrying his discus.

2126. The gods in the sky may not know him, but let that be.

O good heart, we know his heroic nature.

When Ravana disguised himself pretending he had only one head
and asked for a boon from Brahma,

Thirumāl came in the form of a baby,

and, lying on Brahma's lap, he counted all the heads of Ravana

so that Brahma would know the Raksasa Ravana

was the one asking for the boon.

2127. When the skull of Nānmuhan,

the giver of the Vedas to the world,

was stuck to the palm of Shiva when he wandered as a beggar wearing a white
thread,

Thirumāl cut his own body

and poured his blood into the skull of Nānmuhan,

to release Shiva from his curse.

If devotees worship our lord, they will rule the earth

and enjoy their lives like gods in the sky.

2128. If devotees control their five senses

that are as mighty as rutting elephants,

not allowing them to wander

and keeping them on a good path,

they will see with true wisdom the lord's ankleted feet

that once saved the snake when it was in distress.

2129. He carries a conch in one hand and in the other

a fiery discus that he threw at the Asuras

as the gods and the Asurans looked on and were terrified.

O heart, be happy that we could reach the divine feet of the lord.

2130. It is not possible for devotees
to see the ancient cloud-colored god
adorned with a shining golden crown,
unless they are born many times on this earth in various forms
that change like the colors of a peacock's wings.

2131. The lord received three feet of land from generous Mahābali
after taking water from his hands and grew tall
to measure the earth and the sky with his two feet.
If devotees control their five senses
and worship him sprinkling fresh flowers,
it is easy for them to see him

2132. The lord came in the form of a man-lion
and fought fiercely with the matchless Hiraṇyan and killed him.
If you wish to see his feet,
make your thoughts pure,
think and worship him reciting his divine names,
and he will present himself to you.

2133. The eight Vasus, eleven Rudras,
twelve suns and two Asvins
carry beautiful flowers and go to Thirumāl everyday
to adorn him with garlands, folding their hands
and worshiping him always.

2134. When Thirumāl walks the snake Ādisesha is his umbrella,
when he sits he is a throne for him
and he is his sandals when he stands.
He is a floating bed for the god on the ocean always,
a beautiful lamp, a soft silky dress,
and the pillow the lord loves to rest on.

2135. He is the lovely-eyed lord
 who conquered the snake Kālingan,
 fought with the elephant Kuvalayābeeḍam,
 killed the Asurans when they came as kurundam trees,
 split open the beak of the Asuran that came as a bird,
 killed the wrestlers sent by Kamsan,
 drank milk from the breasts of the devil Putana,
 danced the Kuravai dance,
 carried Govardhana hill as an umbrella
 to protect the cows that he grazed and the cowherds,
 and ate the food that was offered for Indra.

2136. The devotees of the god of the gods who rests on the ocean
 will not have any troubles
 no matter what bad or good acts they have done—
 they will be always his devotees.
 Even if the messengers of Yama search for them
 they will not be able to find them.

2137. Who could see the wonderful lord?
 People can only prattle his names.
 Even though he was sitting on the lotus on his chest
 Brahma could not see Kaṇṇan's lotus feet.

2138. When I was afraid
 that I would experience the results of my bad karma,
 I came to the divine feet of you with your beautiful garlands,
 learned to say your mantra "Namō Nārāyaṇā!"
 praised you and worshiped you.

2139. O heart, rise and come,
 let us carry lamps and flowers and worship him.
 All the mantras and any sastras that you have learned

are only to worship the feet of Thirumāl.

There is nothing more than that.

Let us go to worship the feet of the lord.

2140. If you want to remove the results of your bad karma,
other troubles in your life, sickness and sin,
your only refuge is Rāma
who opposed and fought Rāvaṇa in Lanka
and killed him with his bow
when that king of the Rakshasas
kidnapped his wife with a waist soft as a vine.

2141. Nānmuhan seated on a lotus on the navel of Thirumāl
gave the Vedas to all the creatures of the world
surrounded by the oceans,
yet even he does not know the path to moksha.
Only Thirumāl knows that and he is the refuge for all.

2142. The world, the end of the eon that destroys the world, ,
the matchless dark oceans, the hills,
fire in the world, , the wind and the sky
all were created only by Thirumāl with his wisdom.

2143. The arms of the god resting on the snake Adisesha
hold the discus that killed the Asurans
when he went through the two marudam trees,
broke them and made them fall,
they killed the Asurans
when they came as beautiful kurundam trees,
and they conquered the seven bulls so he could marry Nappinnai.
They reached out to all the eight directions
when the lord took the form of a dwarf
and measured all the seven worlds and the sky.

2144. My hands worship nothing but him.
 My ears hear only his sweet words .
 I will not think of any pleasure
 except praising the sounding anklets on the feet
 of the lord whose arrows never miss their targets.
 Anyone should feel ashamed to desire any pleasure but that.

2145. I do not desire the wealth of others or join with mean people.
 I make friends only with good people.
 I do not feel amazement at the deeds of any god but Thirumāl.
 How could any bad karma come to me?

2146. The lord stays far away and is hard for anyone to know.
 If devotees worship the feet
 of the dark-colored lord with beautiful eyes and a thousand names
 they will not experience the results of their karma
 and they will not go to cruel hell.
 They will never, even for the shortest time, involve themselves in bad deeds.

2147. The songs that the world learns when it wakes up,
 the pāsurams of the Vedas that the Vedyars recite,
 all things that the world recites, thinks, and worships
 are the names of him with a discus in his hand.

2148. Wise devotees look only towards him,
 the beloved of Lakshmi seated on a beautiful lotus,
 just as the rivers go toward the sea,
 beautiful lotus flowers turn toward the sun,
 and lives move towards Yama. ?

2149. O lord, you stay in the sky,
 you are on the earth,

you abide in the Thiruvēṅkaṭam hills
 and you are in the recitation of the four Vedas.
 Who can know the milky ocean where you rest?
 Who can know your power?
 Who can know your form even in all the eons.

2150. People say it is true that when you were a baby
 you swallowed all the seven worlds and lay on a banyan leaf.
 Where was that banyan leaf?
 Was it in the ocean? Was it in the sky?
 Was it on the earth?
 Tell me, O god who carried Govardhana mountain
 surrounded with groves.

2151. Praise Thirumāl for as long as you can speak.
 Worship him until your body leaves the world.
 It is good if you worship him
 adorning him with flower garlands, performing sacrifices,
 reciting his names and saying mantras
 and doing any other deeds you can as praise to him.

2152. O strong heart,
 even if I remain healthy without any sickness and old age
 and rule the whole world for all the four eons,
 I only want the love of the lord with a heroic discus.

2153. My heart says, "Love the lord with a discus in his hands,"
 my tongue says, "Praise and worship his divine arms,"
 my eyes say, "See the lord without birth"
 and my ears say, "Hear the fame of the lord, adorned with lovely ornaments."

2154. O heart!
 You may praise or blame him who is adorned with thulasi garlands,

you may admire him or scold him.

He is the flourishing water of the ocean, the hills, the wide sky,
the wind, the body and life of all creatures.

2155. Shiva rides a bull and Thirumāl rides Garuḍa,
Shiva burned the three forts
and Māl split open the chest of Hiraṇyan,
Shiva wears sacred ash and our lord has a sapphire color,
Shiva has Shakthi for half of his body and Thirumāl has Lakshmi seated on his chest,
Shiva has long matted hair and Thirumāl is adorned with a large crown.
Shiva has the Ganges in his matted hair
and Thirumāl measured the world with his long legs.
May they both protect us.

2156. If devotees worship him
they will not experience the results of their karma
and any troubles that come to them will go away.
If devotees meditate on him, they will not become old
and if they worship his feet,
they will find good paths in their lives.

2157. If devotees follow good paths and worship the lord
they will be like the three faultless gods in the sky
and Thiruvenkaṭam of the wonderful lord
who measured the world and the sky
will give moksa to them.

2158. All your troubles will go away
if you praise him saying,
“You stand in Thiruvenkaṭam,
you are seated in Vaikuṇṭam,
you recline in Thiruvekka
and you walk in the beautiful golden

Thirukkovalur filled with ponds.”

2159. O heart, rise.

We will take fresh flowers from a punnai tree,
sprinkle them on his feet, fold our hands
and worship him who rests on the thousand-headed snake Adisesha.
He killed the cruel crocodile to save the elephant Gajendra
when he called the lord for help.
Who will have any affliction if they worship him?

2160. Who will blame the one who gives
and not the one who receives?

Did you not ask for three feet of land
and receive the boon with water poured on your palm
from Mahābali and did you not grow tall
as your beautiful ornamented foot touched the high sky?

2161. A snake terrified of an eagle, his enemy,
ran to the ocean where you rest and asked for refuge,
and you, the dark colored Māyavan, the strong one,
helped it with your generosity.

Who could help like that except you?

2162. When the gods fought with the Asuras and asked your help,
he churned the milky ocean with them
using Mandara mountain as a the stick and Vāsuki, the snake as a rope,
and he gave them the nectar that came out of the ocean.
Isn't his name the weapon that saves from cruel hell?

2163. O Venkaṭam, you are the hill where lord stays
who shot his arrow and killed Mārisan
when he came as a golden deer.
Women with sword-like eyes go there

to worship the lord with fresh flowers and garlands
 carrying lamps whose brightness
 hides the light of the stars in the sky.

2164. You rest on the ocean and you hurl your strong discus
 at your Asuran enemies, killing them,
 but you were born as Kaṇṇan
 and with compassion you carried
 Govardhana mountain with your arms and saved the cows.
 You fought with the seven bulls
 and conquered them to marry Nappinnai.
 What heroic deeds you have done!

2165. O lord, who knows your power?
 You measured the world with your feet,
 yet you found that same world so small
 that you could carry it on your tusk
 when you took the form of a boar
 to bring the earth goddess from the underworld.

2166. O heart, controlling your five senses,
 you carry water and worship him in the proper way,
 but do you know the place where he rests on the snake bed?
 Do you know where his eagle flag is? Tell me.

2167. O lord, you, the generous one, carried Govardhana hills
 to save the cows and the cowherds from the storm.
 As you stay with Lakshmi in the beautiful Thikkovalur temple,
 do you stay at the entrance, in the middle or inside?

2168. All countries worship him, knowing how
 he threw the calf at the vilam tree and killed the Asuras.
 Lock the doors of hell!

If the devotees worship his ankleted feet
they will not go there.

2169. I look only for your divine feet,
I only sing your fame
and I worship only the golden feet
of you with a shining discus.
How could anything hurt me?

2170. There is no one who can match my dear lord.
Since I have his grace how could anyone be equal to me?
The blooming dark kāyām flower is fortunate
to have the same beautiful dark color that he has.

2171. O Mādhava,
Hiraṇyan thought that he had
the boon of not being killed by a man
and he did not want to worship your feet bowing his head to you.
Though he was as strong as you, you were able to kill him
taking the form of a man-lion.

2172. He took the form of a boar and split open the earth.
If devotees do not remove
the darkness in their hearts and inside their bodies,
lighting up their wisdom everyday
and worshiping the feet of the lord,
they will not attain moksha.

2173. O Thirumā!
You are the sky, fire, the rolling ocean,
the wind, honey, and milk.
Was your stomach that contained the world before you spat it out
full when you swallowed the butter

that Yashoda the cowherdess churned and kept?

2174. Carrying in your handsome flower-like hand a golden discus,
 you split open the stomach of Hiranyan
 when he came to fight with you
 unsheathing his sword, as you opened your mouth wide
 showing your teeth and terrifying him. Why?
 Did you get angry at him to destroy his pride?

2175. Māyavan showed the sages all the worlds he had swallowed,
 opening his mouth wide and his eyes like fire.
 My tongue will not praise any other except him.
 even for a moment.

2176. The words “Namō Nārāyaṇā”
 that you say with your tongue without stopping
 are the way to attain everlasting moksha.
 Why is it that people cannot understand this
 and go in wrong ways?

2177. O heart, know and understand this well.
 The beautiful eyed- Thirumāl is both dharma and sin.
 He is the earth, the ocean with rolling waves, wind and sky.
 Worship him.

2178. Compassionate, you saved the elephant Gajendra
 so he could live with his mate.
 Didn't the golden Ganges receive Thirumāl's grace
 before she flowed as a fiery river
 into the spreading matted hair
 of Shiva who wears vibhuti?

2179. Even though both the divine Shiva

with a body that shines like gold and thick matted hair
and Neḍumāl who measured the world and the sky with his two feet
have two different forms
one is inside the body of the other.

2180. O good heart, if the devotees meditate
on the faultless eternal lord of Thiruvēnkaṭam,
he enters their hearts.

Understand that Thirumāl resting
on Ādisēsha in the milky ocean
is in your heart.

2181. O my heart, if you keep in your mind
the Māyavan, Kesavan adorned with cool thulasi garland,
who kicked Sakaṭāsuraṅ with the same shining lotus feet
that measured the world, you will attain moksha.

Mudal Thiruvanthadi ends.

Second Thiruvanthaathi. Buthaththāzhvar (2182 -2281)

2182. My love for him is a lamp,
the oil in the lamp is my desire to worship him,
and the wick is my sweet mind that melts for him.
I light the shining lamp with my wisdom.
I composed this Thiruvandāthi for Naraṇan
in divine Tamil.

2183. If you stay in a good place
and recite the names of Nāraṇan,
understanding him well with your wisdom,
the nature of the king of the gods is to give you

the privilege of being a god among the gods in the sky.

2184. If devotees worship sprinkling fragrant flowers
on the feet of the god resting on the milky ocean,
they will enter the shining world of the ancient god of the gods
where only the gods in the sky can enter.

2185. I string garlands with jewels, pearls,
diamonds and fresh flowers,
carry matchless beautiful lotuses, and worship the feet
of him on whose chest Lakshmi seated on a lotus
on the right side of his body.

2186. You asked for three feet of land as a boon
from Mahābali at his sacrifice
and measured the world and the sky with your two feet.
O Neḍumal, you are colored like the ocean rolling with waves!
Who is able to know the power of your feet and speak of it?

2187. If good-hearted devotees control their five senses,
do much tapas with love, sprinkle fresh flowers
and worship him reciting his names
they will see the ankleted feet of the ocean-colored god.

2188. When he raised his ankleted feet
and fought with his enemies Namusi and others
with his heroic discus,
he scared them and made their minds burn.
O heart, worship happily his divine golden lotus feet.

2189. When Putana took you in her lap
and gave milk from her beautiful breast saying, "Drink happily,"
you pretended to drink her milk and killed her.

Even though she came as a mother and gave milk to you,
you killed her because she had come to kill you.

2190. Yashoda was not worried about giving you milk
from her breasts with love
even though she saw how you killed
Putana when she came and fed you milk.
Is even this ocean-encircled earth that you measured
equal to the love of that cowherd mother?

2191. O lord, I think always of you
who kicked and killed Sakaṭasuran
when he came as a large cart
and protected the world.
You asked for three feet of land from Mahābali
and took over the whole earth and saved its people.
I worship you with my tongue,
sprinkling flowers on your feet.
The results of my karma are gone.

2192. Many people worship the feet of other gods
and enjoy life only for a short time,
but they do not worship you to attain eternal moksha.
O Neḍumal with the color of the ocean rolling with waves,
who can describe the might of your feet?

2193. If any of his devotees worship him will reach
the feet of him resting on the snake bed.
He treats everyone equally.
Even the bright sun that goes around the world,
Nānmuhan on a lotus
and Shiva with a forehead eye
worship the lord every day without ceasing.

2194. When the large elephant Gajendra
 went to the pond to pick up a beautiful lotus flower to worship him
 he was caught by a crocodile,
 and the lord came and saved him, killing the crocodile.
 Wasn't Gajendra saved and so he could reach the world of Indra,
 because he worshipped the feet of the lord with a discus?

2195. O ignorant ones, do not praise the people
 of the world who perform many evil deeds
 increasing their karma.
 Recite the names of the lord who grew to the sky
 and whose hands were extended in all the eight directions.
 Wander as sages and go to all the temples
 where he stays, worship him and become faultless.

2196. Are these the things the lord enjoys—
 driving the chariot in the terrible battle for Arjuna,
 -chasing Marisaṇ to catch him when he came as a golden deer,
 losing Sita when she was kidnapped by Rāvaṇa
 and resting on the beautiful snake bed Adishesha on the ocean?

2197. When he enters someone's heart
 and a devotee locks him in it,
 the lord may not know that he is imprisoned in the devotee's heart.
 If someone does not dig out a pond on a mound in a forest
 and save the rain water, there will be no water to flow and nourish the fields.
 Lock him in your heart.

2198. Indra, the king of the gods, and Nāṇmuhan on a lotus
 worshiped him and asked him to help them when they were in trouble.
 Like them, Shiva with thick matted hair adorned with the crescent moon
 went to Thirumāl, asked for his aid and received his grace

when the skull of Nānmuhan was stuck to his hand.
Who but our lord could have helped them all?

2199. Thirumāl took the form of a dwarf
went to Mahābali's sacrifice, grew tall
and measured the earth and the sky,
he took the form of a man-lion
split open the chest of Hiraṇyan with his claws,
and he swallowed all the seven worlds in the eon.
Did Thirumāl with beautiful eyes do these things to save the world?

2200. When Sakaṭasuran came as a cart, you kicked it and killed him,
but that is not all you did.
You also threw the calf on the vilam tree and killed the two Asurans.
The world may blame you for breaking a cart or throwing a small calf,
but you only did these things to protect the world.

2201. If your devotees do not sin or do bad deeds,
and only praise you
because they recite your name Narayaṇā without mistake
and understand your power, worshiping only you,
they will live happily.

2202. Our lord, the beloved of Lakshmi, abides in the hearts of those devotees
who always think of him and worship him.
They have the good fortune of bowing to the feet of the lord
who took the form of a dwarf
and they will never go to cruel hell.

2203. Didn't the dark Gajendra, the large elephant with white tusks,
worship him with beautiful flowers and get what he wanted?
If someone wants to achieve something,
it will be easy for him if he truly tries like Gajendra.

2204. The lord who threw the calf onto the vilam tree
and killed the two Asurans,
went to Mahābali's sacrifice in the form of a dwarf,
grew tall and measured the world and the sky with his two feet.
If devotees worship him and live following good paths,
he will give them a good life.

2205. O good heart, he is happiness and sorrow in life.
He is the five senses and he is the wind, fire, water, sky,
the dark mountains, the ocean with waves and burning fire.
He is everything.

2206. He, famed since ancient times, the creator of the Vedas,
praised by the gods in the sky,
went to Lanka angrily, fought with the Raksasas
and killed their king Rāvaṇa.
He has come to stay in the Thiruveṅkaṭam hills
where bamboo plants grow on the cool slopes.

2207. He rests on Adishesa on the ocean,
and in the Veṅkaṭam hills where his devotees
who have controlled their five senses,
their feelings and their minds come and worship him.
He gave the hills to the gods
so that they can come, live there and worship him.

2208. My mind searches for Thirumāl CHECK
the god of Thiruveṅkaṭam hills,
like a vine climbing on the wall
that grows towards the sky
looking for a stick to support it.

2209. The ocean-colored lord
 stays in Thiruveṅkaṭam and in Thiruvarangam,
 a place that is hard to conceive.
 He split the mouth of Kesi when he came as a horse
 and he is praised by all as the god of the gods, abiding in the hearts of all.

2210. You shot your arrows and destroyed southern Lanka.
 You killed Putana when she came as a mother
 to give you milk from her breasts.
 Yet even though your mother Yashoda saw all these heroic deeds
 she was not afraid to give you her milk.

2211. People say, “O ocean-colored Thirumāl!
 You measured the world at Mahābali’s sacrifice,
 became a boar and split open the earth
 to bring the earth goddess up from the underworld,
 churned the wide milky ocean, took nectar and gave it to the gods,
 and made a bridge on the ocean
 and went to Lanka to fight the Raksasas.”

2212. If the devotees go every day in the morning taking fresh flowers
 and worship the feet of the beautiful lord
 who took the form of a beautiful boar
 to bring back the earth goddess from the underworld,
 they will see the lord’s shining form and be happy.

2213. O Thirumāl, my heart is happy
 seeing you and worshiping your feet.
 I am happy to sing and dance,
 and your conch and fiery discus are happy seeing me
 when I worship you.

2214. When I bow to the feet of the lord

adorned with many thulasi garlands,
my heart feels happy.

I praise the heroic one with my tongue
the god of the Thiruvēṅkaṭam hills
where bamboo grows on the slopes.

2215. As a dwarf you asked for three feet of land from Mahābali
and when he gave it, you measured the world and the sky with your feet.
I worshiped you lovingly with fragrant smoke and fresh flowers
and became your slave. This is my good fortune.

2216. People say passion is sweet but water is sweeter.
O father, if people do not want passion or water
and only listen to your heroism
that will be the water that protects them.

2217. Mean people can achieve fame only by doing mean deeds.
They know nothing.
O my heart, worship our Māyan
who swallowed the earth and spat it out
and be calm.

2218. You created the four-headed god,
the creator of the Vedas
who stays on a beautiful lotus on your navel.
If we do not praise your divine feet and bow to you
we will have only trouble in all our births.

2219. Do not think you have much wealth
and depend on it to make your life without trouble.
You should think Mādhavan is yours and keep him in your heart.
Reciting his names with your tongue is just like reciting the Vedas.

2220. O ignorant people,
 know how to praise the names of the good lord.
 That is what the Vedas say.
 If you follow what you have learned from the sastras that is good.
 If you cannot do that,
 just say the names of Mādhavan—
 that is really the meaning of the Vedas.

2221. Before Yama comes and throws his rope and catches you,
 think of the names of the lord.
 You know that real happiness is to worship the feet of the lord
 with Lakshmi on his chest.
 There is no other thing could bring you happiness
 except to know the lord and worship his feet.

2222. No one can enter the world of the gods just by wealth.
 The only way to attain moksha is by his grace.
 O heart, don't forget his sapphire-colored feet
 that give moksha to divine sages.
 Always meditate on his names.

2223. I think of Thirumāl always.
 If devotees worship and meditate on the wide arms of the lord,
 they will not have any future births.
 Just by worshiping him
 the sages get all the happiness
 that those receive who were born
 to enjoy family life in this world.

2224. He shot his arrows and cut off
 all the twenty arms, ten heads and two feet
 of Rāvaṇa and killed him.
 The only good use of my arms is to worship

the feet of the devotees who worship his feet.

2225. For good devotees,
the names of beautiful-eyed Thirumāl are a true help.
I will not consider those who forget him as human beings.
Keep in your mind the name Mādhavan,
the god of dharma, and recite his names—
that is the only good thing that you should do.

2226. The lord of Thiruveṅkaṭam
worshiped by the gods in the sky
is himself the Vedas
whose meanings are endless.
If devotees worship his feet
they will have no pride whether they are rich or poor.

2227. The generous sapphire-colored lord
stays in Srirangam, Thirukkoṭṭiyur
and in his favorite place, Thiruveṅkaṭam.
He is lord of beautiful Thirumālirunjolai
and Thiruneermalai flourishing with abundant water.

2228. Folding your hands with devotion in your heart,
worship him in the morning when you get up
and sprinkle flowers on the feet of him -
who took the form of a man-lion and fought with Hiraṇyan,
-measured the world at Mahābali's sacrifice,
-swallowed the world and spat it out
and split open the earth to bring the earth goddess from the underworld.

2229. O Thirumāl, you taught the sages all the four Vedas
and the sastras that teach morals.
Embracing Lakshmi on a lotus on your chest,

you stay happily on the beautiful Thirumālirunjolai
surrounded with beautiful large groves on its slopes
where bamboos grow.

2230. O my heart! Praise him and call to him without fear, saying ,
“You drank the poisonous milk from the breasts of Putana
as the seven mountains, seven worlds and the seven sounding oceans
were all shaken.”

2231. I will call Thirumāl with his faultless names saying,
“You are the cowherd adorned with precious ornaments,
the Yādavan, the Māyavan, loved by all.”
In front of everyone I am calling Mādhavan with love
in the same way all the cowherds call him.

2232. O heart,
Think of the feet of the lord who has the sapphire color of the ocean
and recite his wonderful names.
Worship the feet of him who churned the milky ocean
and gave nectar to the gods

2233. The dark-colored one
with Lakshmi on a beautiful lotus on his chest
is the lord of dharma.
He sent the evil king Rāvaṇa
who fought valiantly with his sword
to the world of Indra, the king of the gods in the sky.
Who knows how he gives his grace?

2234. I would go and worship the lord in Thiruveṅkaṭam hills
where the blooming creepers think
that the thick hair of women
falling low on their backs

are small hills and cling on to it to grow.

2235. O lord, you wish to stay
in the Venkaṭam and Thirumārirunjalai hills
surrounded with thick groves.
Like those hills, I make my heart your temple,
worship you and say,
"Do not leave my heart, for it is your young temple
and it is like the milky ocean for you."

2236. You are wise and carry a heroic discus.
In all my seven births I have never forgotten you—
and I have been mindful of you.
Give me your grace so I may plunge into the ocean of joy.

2237. If one gazes at the grass growing on the shore of the ocean
and tells it to be shy, will it become shy?
(Lakshmi, the goddess of wealth, shows her golden body
before our Thirumāl shows his dark body to us.)
OR Lakshmi shows the dark body of Thirumāl to us
before Thirumāl shows his body to us.

2238. Praise him with your tongue
who embraces Lakshmi on his chest
and gives his grace to all.
Have you heard? Devotees from all the directions
praise the name of our lord and worship his feet,
because it is our right to praise him.

2239. Because of my good karma,
Saraswathi stays in my good heart
and has taught me what to do.
She gives her grace and tells me,

“Just as margosa, even though it is bitter, gives good health,
the golden discus which the lord carries to fight his enemies
is only to only protect the world and the gods.

Praise his golden discus!”

2240. I worship his devotees with my good heart
and no longer do wrong.

My evil thoughts have gone away
and I think only of his beautiful lotus feet,
meditate on him and worship him.

2241. You do not have only one form.

A shining form is yours,
and the vast world says you have two forms.

See, if devotees know your ancient form
they will rule the world with justice.

2242. People say that as a thief
you took the form of a bachelor dwarf,
went to king Mahābali and asked for three feet of land.

You measured the world with one of your feet
and raised the other foot and touched the sky,
as your arms extended to all directions.

How fortunate they are who described you like this!

2243. I did not have the fortune of worshiping you,
and I did not receive your grace because I was not wise.

I only praised and worshiped you saying things which are not true.

O, bull of the cowherds! You broke the horns of the seven bulls
and conquered them to marry Nappinnai.

2244. If I were to describe how our father
conquered the seven bulls to marry Nappinnai

and how he poured his blood into Nānmuhan's skull
that was stuck to Shiva's hands and made it fall,
they would be long stories.

2245. O Kaṇṇa, all the stories that anyone tells,
no matter what they are about,
are only about you and nothing else.
My heart wants to praise you.
You are the stories and the divine words in them.
Give me your grace so I may understand your stories.

2246. I worship your divine body,
I bow to your beautiful lotus feet with love
and I worship you folding my hands.
I searched for you, my refuge,
and know that the best life for me
is to praise and live where you are.

2247. See, O good heart,
this birth is what has happened to us.
If we praise the names of Nārāyaṇan
resting on the ocean on a snake bed,
that will be the way to avoid going to hell.

2248. I saw his divine body in a dream,
his hands and the fiery discus that he carries
and found that he is the strength
that will remove the results
of my good and bad karma
and the troubles of my life.

2249. He, the king broke the tusks of the elephant Kuvalayaabeeḍam,
used big Mandara mountain as a churning stick

and the enormous snake Vasuki as a rope, churned the milky ocean,
and gave the nectar to the gods,
cheating the strong Asurans with sharp teeth.

2250. Even the kings of famous countries
who ride horses have been devotees
of the lord for their seven births.
on whose navel Nānmuhan abides on a lotus,

2251. The places of our heroic lord,
skilled in shooting arrows and conquering his enemies,
are the hearts of his devotees,
divine Srirangam, the cool milky ocean,
Thirukkaḍalmallai praised by devotees,
Thirukkovalur and Thirukkuḍandai surrounded with walls.

2252. When the lord who rests on the poisonous snake Adishesa
raised his flower-like feet, grew to the sky and measured the world,
the conch in his left hand sounded loud and his shining discus
that conquers his enemies shot out fire in the sky.

2253. The monkeys in the Thiruvēnkaṭam hills
enter the ponds where flowers bloom, bathe,
take flowers place them on his feet and worship him.
O heart, come, let us go there, recite his divine names,
place the flowers on his feet and worship him.

2254. When the elephant Gajendra
with tusks like crescent moons and angry eyes
was caught by a crocodile,
our lord went to the pond, killed the crocodile and saved him.
I have decided to become his slave,
praising his thousand names

and placing fresh flowers on his feet every day.

2255. I have received the fruit of all the tapas of seven births,
for I have composed a wonderful garland of Tamil pāsurams
and placed it at his feet.

I am fortunate to have written them in fine Tamil.

2256. The lord colored like a cloud
stays in the Thiruvēṅkaṭam hills
where a male elephant dripping with ichor
plucks bamboo sticks, soaks them in honey
and gives them to his mate.

2257. It is good for us to take the sandal paste from the hills,
precious ornaments, silk clothes,
and fragrant white jasmine flowers
and offer them at the feet of the wise ancient lord.

2258. O good heart, if we worship the faultless lord
offering beautiful lotus flowers at his beautiful feet
and reciting his thousand names and praising him,
that is the only tapas we need to do.

2259. When he grew, measuring the world and the sky,
Nānmuhan was the only one who had the fortune
of washing his golden feet with the water of the Ganges
and embracing and praising him with all his divine names.

2260. When Rama's mother Kosalai asked him
not to go to the forest he did not listen to her,
and when his wife Sita, soft as a flower,
told him not to go, he did not listen to her either.
Wanting only to obey his father's order, he went to the forest.

The strength he showed then was equal to when he measured the world.

2261. I have become his slave, love him
and think only of his divine lotus feet
lovely as lotuses dripping with honey.
The joy of worshiping his feet is sweeter
than the joy of seeing his form.

2262. I saw Nārayaṇan in the day and in my dreams at night,
and again I saw him truly.
I worship the beautiful shining feet of the lord
who carries a discus smeared with flesh
and his bright form in the sky.

2263. Lakshmi with lovely long sword-like eyes
sees his divine form all the time as she stays on his chest.
Why does the earth goddess feel jealous of her?
The beauty of his form will never be reduced
no matter who sees him.

2264. With my poor words I worship Thirumāl
whom the Vedas praise with their divine words
thinking that Māyan might somehow accept me
and give me a small bit of his grace.

2265. The lord went as a man-lion and killed Hiraṇyan
who had the boon that no one could kill him
and afflicted the gods, not obeying anyone.
It is like drinking nectar in this beautiful world
to worship his feet.

2266. I worshiped him saying,
"He is nectar. He is honey.

He carries a discus. He churned the milky ocean,
 got the nectar and joyfully gave it to the gods.”
 I praised and worshiped the lord with a garland
 of words sweet as nectar.

2267. Poets cannot see him,
 they can only praise him with garlands of words.
 Even sages doing true tapas cannot see the cloud-colored god.
 What kind of tapas I could have done that I see him now?

2268. Do I know only today the feet of the lord
 who measured the world?
 When I was in my mother’s womb itself I knew him
 and worshiped him with folded hands.
 I know the power of my father, the god of Thirukkottiyur.

2269. I know that the only way to reach our father,
 the god of Thennarangam, is to leave family life
 and think of him always.
 If devotees follow the divine path,
 they will not go to cruel hell
 and the guarded door of the gods’ world will open for them.

2270. Did you, who were angry with Kamsan, fought and killed him,
 and fought with elephant Kuvalayaabeeḍam and broke its tusks,
 go to Mahābali’s sacrifice as a dwarf
 and ask for three feet of land in ancient times just to take over the world?

2271. Won’t I rule this world
 and go to the world of the gods
 and stay with them in the sky
 if I go and worship lovely-eyed Neḍumāl of Thirumalai?

2272. The ocean-colored lord who saved the Vedas
 received a boon from Mahābali
 and measured the world and the sky with his two divine feet.
 If you worship him, he will give his grace
 and you will not have to worry about hell.

2273. Neḍumāl with a Garuḍa banner,
 and is praised by the gods in the sky
 killed Kamsan by kicking him with his feet.
 If you worship him and praise his names
 quickly you will find how to receive all that you wish.

2274. Hell is cruel and if you collect bad karma
 you will go to the most cruel of hells.
 Before any such terrible thing happens to you,
 worship without ceasing the lord with a conch in his hand
 who split open the mouth of the Asuran when he came as a bird
 and drank the milk of Putana and killed her.

2275. My heart bows to his feet
 and worships the cloud-colored god of beautiful Thiruppāḍagam,
 who split open the chest of his enemy Hiraṇyan
 and swallowed all the seven worlds,

2276. O my heart, all the world praises
 the sapphire-colored lord of Thiruvathiyur
 who split open the chest of the Asuran Hiraṇyan,
 swallowed all the earth at the end of the eon
 and spat it out again to save it.

2277. The highest lord of Athiyur who rides on an eagle
 and rests on the ocean on Adishesa with diamonds on his head,
 is the god of the three sacrifices and the Vedas.

He is the lord of Shiva who drank poison
that came from the milky ocean
and he is also our dear lord.

2278. You, lovely-eyed Neḍumal, king of the gods in the sky,
abide, embracing Lakshmi on your chest,
in the temple of Kuḍamukku
resting on the ocean on thousand-mouthed Adishesa.

2279. The lord who was born on the earth,
raised in a cowherd village as Nandan's son,
grazed the cows, danced on a pot
and swallowed all the earth
stays in my heart

2280 . Thirumāl with beautiful eyes went as a dwarf
to Mahābali's sacrifice and measured the earth and the sky
with his two feet, making Mahābali his slave
as the gods in the sky sprinkled flowers on his divine feet
ornamented with sounding anklets and asked him for his grace.

2281. O Thirumāl, Neḍumāl, Kaṇṇan,
adorned with a wonderful thulasi garland
and lord of the gods in the sky,
who threw a calf at the vilam tree and killed the Asurans,
my love for you has no limit.

Bhuththāzhvār pasurams end

Third Thiruvandādi – Peyāzhvār (2282 – 2381)

2282. I saw today the divine form of the ocean-colored lord,
 his golden body adorned with jewels
 that shone with the color of the bright sun
 and the golden discus in his hands that fights in war
 and the sounding curving conch.

2283. Today I saw his ankleted feet
 and now I will not be born again for seven births.
 O Thirumāl with a mountain-like golden chest ,
 You are adorned with a cool thulasi garland,
 and you embrace your beloved Lakshmi from the milky ocean.
 I find you with love in my heart.

2284. The ocean-colored lord stays in my mind
 who, angry at his enemies on the battlefield,
 fought with them and killed them.
 His chest is adorned with thulasi garlands,
 and he rests on a snake bed on the wide ocean and embraces Lakshmi.
 He is the remedy that will save me from going to hell.

2285. The feet of the lovely-eyed lord
 who swallowed all the seven worlds and spat them out,
 measured the earth and the sky
 and received a boon from Mahābali for three feet of land
 are wealth, nectar and remedy for all.

2286. The feet of the lord with a discus
 who measured the world are lotus-colored,
 his body has the color of the ocean that surrounds the world
 and the brightness of his crown is like the sun on its chariot.
 All these things make him beautiful.

2287. It is lovely to see his ocean-colored body,
 it is lovely to see him cross the world with his feet,
 it is lovely to see Nānmuhan who stays on a lotus
 and brought the Ganges to wash the feet of Thirumāl
 after the lord took water in his hand
 to get three feet of land from Mahābali
 so that he could measure the earth and the sky.

2288. O heart, come, let us worship the feet of the lord
 who measured the world surrounded with dark ocean.
 He rides on Garuḍa and flies around the groves.
 He is hard for anyone to understand
 and he is inapproachable for all.

2289. O good heart,
 let us worship him folding our hands
 and recite his many names,
 praising him and saying, “ Nārāyaṇā!”
 May our eyes see only Kaṇṇan,
 adorned with a cool thulasi garland swarming with bees
 who swallowed all the worlds and spat them out.

2290. His eyes and hands are like lovely lotuses
 and he has beautiful lotus feet that measured the world.
 The shining body of the lord has the color of a cloud,
 the ocean and a precious sapphire.

2291. If people praise the brightness, strength,
 beauty, form, faultless family and all other things of the lord
 with a beautiful white conch in his right hand
 and if they recite his names, all goodness will come to them.

2292. He is in the four Vedas that are recited by all
and he has the color of a waterfall descending quickly
and filled with honey.

He carries a sounding conch in his hands
and rests on the snake bed Adishesha on the milky ocean.
He is the knowledge of the learned ones
of the ocean of sastras.

2293. Devotees who cultivate knowledge,
recite the Vedas well, control and close the door
to the feelings of five senses
and meditate on the beautiful ocean-colored lord
will see his nature every day in the world.

2294. In ancient times
when Thirumāl went to Mahābali's sacrifice as a dwarf,
took water in his hands and asked for three feet of land
and received it,
he grew tall and measured the world
and his crown split the sky.

2295. If devotees who have given up the desire to embrace women
learn the sastras and put their minds on the lord of Thiruveṅkaṭam
praised by all the four Vedas
and worshiped in the sky by the gods
whose crowns touch the feet of the lord,
they will reach him easily.

2296. Our father, resting on the ocean rolling with waves
on Adishesha whose head bears jewels,
came and stays in my heart
and I became his slave.

2297. My father shining like a beautiful lamp
of red corals and precious pearls
born in the ocean rolling with white waves
stays in Thiruvallikkeni
embracing vine-like Lakshmi's chest.

2298. All the days I have lived in the past,
and the days I live in the present and the future
are good days if I constantly praise the lovely-eyed Thirumāl.
May my mouth praise him.

2299. O Neḍumāl,
you went to Mahābali's sacrifice as a dwarf,
asked for three feet of land, received it,
and grew to the sky and measured the earth and the sky.
Give me your grace so that all of my fears will go away
and I will be a slave to your feet in all my seven births.

2300. He was born as a child and slept on the banyan leaf
at the end of the eon, and gave his grace
to his devotees who, without any faults in their minds,
sprinkled fresh flowers on his feet,
folded their hands, stood before him and worshiped him.
How could not give his grace to his devotees now?

2301. O Thirumāl, you, the tall god with beautiful eyes,
swallowed all the worlds and spat them out in ancient times.
How could it have been difficult for you to measure
the earth and the sky with your two feet at Mahabali's sacrifice?
O divine lord? Tell us all about it.

2302. When the Asuran Vakkaran came to fight with our lord,
who is adorned with a fragrant thulasi garland

and carries a shining discus in his right hand
and a conch in his left, he killed the Asuran.
He will present himself in whatever form
people wish to think he has.

2303. O heart, the beautiful gods in the sky adorned with crowns
sprinkle fragrant flowers on his feet and worship him,
and you, O devotees, should worship the lord the same good way
following the sastras, and with your hearts melting.

2304. I worship his feet ornamented with golden anklets,
my mind enthralled with the lord
adorned with a thulasi garland swarming with lovely-winged bees
that make buds bloom when they blow on them.

2305. O heart, worship every day the ankleted feet
of the lord with a beautiful shining discus in his hand.
He is the blowing wind, the wide earth,
the sky where clouds float, strong fire and the ocean.

2306. O, heart, there is nothing wrong if you worship the lord
who swallowed all the earth and kept it in his stomach,
ate butter that lovely-haired Yasodha churned and kept,
conquered the seven bulls for Nappinnai,
and is praised by all the gods in the sky.

2307. The lord, adorned with a cool thulasi garland
and resting on beautiful-eyed Adishesha,
stays in my devoted heart
and in famous Kachi, Thiruveṅkaṭam, Thiruvekkaa, and Thiruveḷukkaippāḍi.

2308. How could they have any troubles
if his devotees reach and worship the dark ocean-colored lord,

the origin of everything, who churned the milky ocean
and rests on the sea on Adisesha?

2309. The highest lord, our father resting on the snake bed,
drank milk from the breasts of the devil Putana,
fought the Bharatha war to help the five Pandavas,
and was spanked with a churning stick
by the cowherdess Yasodha when he stole the butter.

2310. Without being afraid the cowherdess Yasodha
took and embraced dark-colored Kaṇṇan
and fed him milk after he had drunk the milk of the devil Putana
as a beautiful baby prattling with his sweet coral mouth.

2311. Thirumāl adorned with a thulasi garland
and resting on Adisesha on the ocean
stays in Kudanthai surrounded by the sea,
in Thiruvenkaṭam, in my pure mind, in the divine sky, in Iṟaipāḍi
and in beautiful Pāḍaham where VEDIYARS recite the Vedas.

2312. The lord who stays on the milky ocean
on the earless serpent Adisesha worshiped by all the four Vedas
and took the form of a man-lion and split open the chest of Hiraṇyan.
He shares his body with Shiva adorned with a snake in whose hair the Ganges flows.

2313. Gopalan who broke the Kurundam trees and killed the Asurans
abides on Adisesha on the milky ocean, in Thiruvenkaṭam,
the cool sky, all the sastras, the mind of Lakshmi,
the hearts of the sages plunged in yoga
and in my heart.

2314. O Thirumāl, it is true
that you swallowed all the seven worlds

at the end of the eon,
 lay on a banyan leaf as a baby,
 churned the milky ocean with Mandara mountain
 and gave the nectar to all the gods in the sky.

2315. O heart, see!
 The faultless lord who killed the Asuran Kamsan
 stands in Thiruvezhukkai,
 and recline- on Adishesha on the ocean.
 Is he exhausted because he measured the world
 at Mahābali's sacrifice?

2316. My eyes say, "I want to see him, I want to see him!"
 Folding our hands, we sing his praise
 and worship the shining golden feet
 of the god resting on the ocean
 whose golden body is adorned with rich shining ornaments
 and a thulasi garland swarming with bees that sing.

2317. The dark ocean-colored Māyan
 who measured the world and the sky
 with his two feet and rests on the cool ocean
 carries a fiery discus in one hand,
 and a white conch in the other,
 and a heroic club, a bow and a shining sword.

2318. I became the slave of the lord colored like the rolling ocean
 who is inside and outside of all,
 with shining jewels
 and coral-mouthed Lakshmi on his divine chest.

2319. Even though all forms in the world are his forms,
 he can be compared only to himself.

Our lord, the Māyan whose form is tapas
is all the stars, burning fire, the eight directions, tall hills
and the shining sun and moon in the sky.

2320. Our lord is in the hearts of all
who is the earth, the eight directions,
the Vedas, the meaning of the Vedas,
the sky, and the god of the Thiruvekaṭam hills
where pure waterfalls descend with a lovely sound.

2321. O heart, the faultless lord,
the king who measured the world,
is in the hearts of all his devotees
and in the Thiruveṅkaṭam hills
with peaks that touch the sky
and waterfalls flowing with abundant water.

2322. When the lord who carried Govardhana mountain
as an umbrella to protect the cows and the cowherds
measured the world,
his diamond-studded crown touched the sky,
his hands extended in all the eight directions,
his ankleted feet encircled all the thick groves of the earth
and his dress shone like lightning.

2323. The sapphire-colored Kaṇṇan who grazed the cows
and played the flute killed the Asuran when it came in the form of a horse.
When the lord was angry at Hiraṇyan, he took the form of a man-lion
and split open his chest with his sharp claws.

2324. The lord who embraces the earth goddess on his chest
and fought with the angry elephant Kuvalayaabeeḍam
and broke its tusks

swallowed all worlds into his stomach.

2325. He is the world, the eon, the ocean
the shining sun and moon and red fire.
O heart, worship the feet of the lord happily,
whose pure golden crown shines with bright rays.

2326. Thiruveṅkaṭam where a strong bull elephant
fights lovingly with his mate
and wanders angrily, spilling pearls from its white ivory tusks
is the hill of the lord
who swallowed all the earth in ancient times.

2327. When the lord churned the milky ocean
using Mandara mountain as a churning stick
and the snake Vasuki as the rope,
pulling the rope with the gods on one side
and the Asurans on the other,
the water rose up and touched the sky.

2328. O lord with beautiful eyes,
when Mahābali promised to give you three feet of land
you took it and grew tall and measured the whole earth and the sky.
Adorned with a thulasi garland,
you split open the mouth of Kesa when he came as a horse.
You close the door of hell and save us so we do not enter it.

2329. Didn't you make Mahābali pour water on your hands
and promise to give you three feet of land
when you went to him as a dwarf
and measured the world and the sky with your two feet?
Didn't you graze the cows?
Didn't you split open the mouth of the horse?

And didn't you go between the marudu trees and fight with Devasuran?

2330. With curved conch in your hands,
you fought with your enemy Hiraṇyan and killed him,
you asked for three feet of land from Mahābali
took over the earth and the sky,
and you fought with seven bulls
to marry Nappinnai.

2331. O Thirumāl, when the elephant Gajendra
was caught by a cruel crocodile in a spring filled with beautiful water,
you, the beautiful dark-colored Kaṇṇan
adorned with a shining jewel-studded crown and thulasi garlands,
killed the crocodile and saved the elephant.

2332. He protected the cows and the cowherds
with Govardhana mountain when there was a big storm
and broke the marudam trees when Asurans came as those trees.
As Rama, he fought the Raksasas and burned Lanka.
He will give you moksha, the divine place where there is no sorrow.

2333. The lord shot his arrows and destroyed the seven marā trees,
and he took the form of a dwarf, went to Mahābali and took over the sky and the
earth.

When Ravana, the king of Lanka took Sita, ornamented with beautiful jewels,
our lord, as Rama, went to southern Lanka. fought with Ravana and killed him
and brought his wife back.

2334. The lord who slept on a banyan leaf on the ocean
as a magic child at the end of the eon
swallowed the earth and the flood of water.
O heart, worship the feet of him
adorned with a cool thulasi garland.

2335. The lord kicked Sakaṭasuran when he came as a cart,
 went between the Marudu trees when the Asurans came as those trees,
 breaking them and killing them,
 and he took the form of a boar, split open the earth,
 brought up the earth goddess and loved her.
 The love that he has for Lakshmi
 whom he embraces on his chest
 is more than the love that he has for the earth goddess.

2336. The lord with lovely long eyes
 like lotuses swarming with singing bees
 wears many jewels on his large mountain-like chest
 so it looks like a dark cloud glittering with lightning.

2337. We do not know
 whether our god's color is white, red, green or black.
 If one thinks about it only Saraswathi, the goddess of art,
 could equal the beauty of the god
 who is the beloved of Lakshmi.

2338. With beautiful Lakshmi on his chest
 he is like lightning shining in the dark sky.
 People should understand that worshiping the feet of the dark god
 who rides on Garuḍa is the only devotion they need.

2339. Know that the god who asked for three feet of land from Mahābali
 and took over the world and sky with his cleverness
 stays happily in the Thiruveṅkaṭam hills
 where a female monkey tells her mate sitting on a small hill,
 "Catch the white moon and give it to me."

2340. I found the way to survive

worshiping the feet of the dear lovely-eyed sapphire-colored lord
adorned with long thulasi garlands that make him look
like a dark mountain on which a waterfall flows.

2341. Our god blew his conch and conquered his enemies on all battlefields,
protected the cows from the storm with Govardhana mountain,
went between the Marudam trees and destroyed them,
broke the cart when Sakaṭasuran came in that form,
drank the milk of the devil Putana
and threw the calf at the vilam tree and killed the Asurans.

2342. Just as Thiruveṅkaṭam, the milky ocean and Vaikuṅṭam
are ancient temples where the lord stays,
now Thirukkaḍigai surrounded with flourishing groves
swarming with bees is the divine heavenly place of the young lord.

2343. The lord who took three feet of land from Mahābali and measured the world
after receiving a promise from him with water poured on his hands
stays in Thiruveṅṅagaram, in Thiruvekka surrounded by ocean with rolling waves,
in Thiruveṅkaṭam, in Maṅṅakaram, in Thiruveḷukkai filled with beautiful palaces,
in Thirukkuḍanthai in the south,
in sweet Thiruvarangam surrounded with groves dripping with honey
and in southern Thirukkottiyur.

2344. My father, the god of Thirumalai
where waterfalls flow with abundant water
has only one form that combines
Shiva with his long jaṭa, shining golden mazu,
and a snake around his neck
and our Thirumāl with a tall crown, a discus, and golden thread.

2345. Using the snake Vasuki as a rope
and Mandara mountain as a churning stick

he churned the milky ocean,
 took nectar from it and gave it to the gods.
 Is he so tired because of that
 that he reclines in Thiruvekka, sits in Kānji
 and stands in Thiruvaragam?

2346. Our father who broke the tusks of the elephant
 Kuvalayābeeḍam and killed it
 went as a man-lion in the evening
 and angrily split open the chest of Hiraṇyan
 and protected Prahaladan, the son of Hiraṇyan.

2347. The Asurans Madhu and Kaiḍava
 were destroyed when Adishesha with jewels on his head
 merely breathed on them.
 If anyone becomes the enemy of the god
 and their end will be like that of Madhu and Kaibadava.

2348. The lovely lotus on the navel of the lord
 thinks that the shining discus in his right hand is the sun
 and the white conch in his left is the moon
 and, confused, opens and closes at the same time.

2349. The lord who threw the calf at the Vilam tree
 and destroyed the Asurans
 stays in Thiruveṅkaṭam hills where a monkey
 that plucks a fruit from a vilam tree,
 sees his own shadow in the water of a spring,
 thinks another monkey has his fruit
 and extends his hands and asks the shadow monkey to give it.

2350. Her mother says,
 "My daughter sings the praise of Thiruveṅkaṭam

whenever she thinks of any hills.

She wears thulasi on her dark hair thinking
that is the best thing for a chaste women to wear
and she goes to bathe in the large ocean every morning
thinking that it is the milky ocean
where broad-armed Thirumāl rests."

2351. The elephant in the Thiruveṅkaṭam hills
who washes his teeth with his ichor,
washes his hands and legs with the water from the waterfalls,
and carries blooming flowers that drip honey
goes, sees and worships the heroic lord of Thiruveṅkaṭam.

2352. The lord who threw a calf at the vilam tree and killed the Asurans
stays in the Thiruveṅkaṭam hills
where an elephant, thinking that a cloud is an enemy elephant,
runs and tries to fight it and a yāli, seeing the elephant,
screams in anger and kills the elephant
as the sound echoes through the hills.

2353. Our young lord stays in Thiruveṅkaṭam hill
where the bamboo sticks that gypsy girls
with round bangles throw as they play, rise up to the sky
and release the shining moon from its curse.

2354. It is the best thing for our tongues to praise him
who drove a chariot yoked to seven horses and danced on a pot.
To worship the feet ornamented with sounding anklets
of the god of Thiruveṅkaṭam is a good thing for us.

2355. He drank the milk of the breasts of cruel devil Putana
and made her fall to the ground,
but the cowherdess Yasodha took him on her lap

and fed him milk, keeping him at her breasts.
Isn't her love beautiful?

2356. In the divine Thiruveṅkaṭam hills
where the blossoms of vengai tree spread their fragrance,
an angry tiger sees the rabbit in the floating white moon
against the red color of the sky, thinks it is a real rabbit
and becomes angry because it could not catch it.

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2357. You do not need to stand on a hill,
plunge into water or stand near five sacrificial fires to reach him.
If you sprinkle flowers, folding your hands,
and lovingly worship the god of Thiruvekka,
all your bad karma will disappear.

2358. The Raksasa Rāvaṇa who slept on the lap of Nānmuhan as a baby
and received boons from him, his grandfather,
carried a shining sword and fought with Rama,
and Rama cut off all his ten crowned heads
and made them all fall on the earth.
Rama's lotus feet are the refuge of us, his devotees.

2359. We should not think, "Where is our refuge?
Where can we go? Are we going to be born again and again?"
Praise and worship the heroic lord
who destroyed the strength of his enemies with his discus—
he is our only refuge.

2360. If devotees control their five senses
and keep in their minds
only the dark ocean-colored lord
with a fragrant thulasi garland on his chest
they will not be born again.

2361. My heart tries to approach the divine feet of the lord
resting on the snake Adishesha
with a shining discus that conquers all
and who fought with Vānāsura, riding on a jeweled chariot
and cut off his thousand arms.

2362. O my firm heart, even though it is difficult to think of him,
think and praise him without worrying.
He is in you and will not move from there.
Why are you unable to know him?
Why do you do not feel him?

2363. If you want to be aware of him it is hard
and it is impossible for you to see him
even if he enters your heart.
Where can I go to see the lord, the king
adorned with a cool thulasi garland swarming with bees
and dripping with honey?

2364. Even though people praise Māyan saying
that he is sweet, no one can see him,
yet the sweet ankleted lord, stays inside your heart
who became a dwarf, went like a thief
and measured the earth and the sky at Mahābali's sacrifice.

2365. People think of him and say,
"He is the meaning of the four Vedas
and he is in our hearts and we feel him,"
but who has seen the cool lotus-eyed Māyavan?
How could one describe him in their poems?

2366. In their poetry, poets worship the lord,

describing the beauty of his form,
and the devotees hear them
and come to worship him in all his temples.

Even if the poets and the people of the world praise the beauty of the lord
who conquered the seven bulls to marry Nappinnai,
will their words be enough to praise his divine shining beauty?

2367. Beautiful clouds that flash with lightning,
roaring with thunder, show the color of dear Neḍumāl,
and the dark sky where clouds float together
looks like his dark color also.

2368. O lord ornamented with shining jewels
and a cool thulasi garland strung with bunches of flowers
that swarm with bees,
your body blooms like a flower and shines like an emerald,
and the evening sky has your color.

2369. Worship the golden ankleted feet of the lord
who is adorned with a cool thulasi garland dripping with honey.
If you do not have doubts, saying, "This is good, this is bad."
you will not collect more karma in future
and your past karma will go away.

2370. The lord who plays sweet music on his flute
is the god of Thiruvenkaṭam
where gypsies plant millet seeds in the fields
that grow along with bamboo that rises and touches the sky.

2371. When Thirumāl, adorned with a beautiful thulasi garland,
grew tall and touched the rivers in the sky with his divine foot
at the sacrifice of Mahābali as his silambu and his anklets rattled,
his eight arms hurt as they extended in eight directions

because the space of the whole earth was not enough for them.

2372. The young lord swallowed the earth at the end of the eon,
drank poisonous milk from the breasts of the devil Putanā,
and when Yasodha the cowherdess tied him with a rope
because he stole butter, even though it hurt him
he did not get upset and kept quiet.

2373. O heart, worship the ankleted feet of the dark-colored Māyan,
the unborn, divine one who was raised by Nandan, the chief of the cowherds.
As Kaṇṇan he fought with Vānāsura when Anurudhan took Usha
and cut off his thousand arms.

2374. Thirumāl swallowed all the worlds,
kept them in his stomach at the end of the eon
and slept on a banyan leaf as a baby on the flood.
Who knows what will happen to this world?
O heart! Keep the lord inside you.

2375. I light the lamp of knowing and feel him
in my heart and keep him there.
The Māyan, standing, sitting and lying in different temples,
entered my heart and stays there always.

2376. O heart, worship his divine feet and praise Thirumāl
who went to Hiranya in the evening as a man-lion
and split open his chest with his sharp claws
as his blood flew all over.

2377. As the gods in the sky bow to him
their jewel-studded crowns
mark the lotus feet
of the beloved of Lakshmi.

2378. Could the gods
 Nānmuhan who stays on a lotus on his navel,
 Shiva with long matted hair,
 and Indra, colored like a kānji flower,
 ever be able to think of him in their hearts even for a moment?

2379. The lord who is the snow-covered mountains,
 the wide sky, the wind and light
 killed the Asuran Kesi when he came as a horse and protected us.
 He will save us from Yama when he comes to take us.

2380. Our refuge is the feet of the god of Aṭṭapuyaharam
 who fought and conquered all his enemies
 and killed the murderous crocodile with his discus
 when it caught the elephant Gajendra.

2381. The dark cloud-colored lord with a discus is always our refuge.
 Our lord with a tulasi garland on his mountain-like chest
 has lovely lotus eyes that shine like lightning in a dark cloud
 as he embraces Lakshmi who is on a flower dripping with honey.

Thirumazhisai Alvar - Nāmuhan Thiruvandāthi. (2382 – 2477)

Nārāyaṇan created Nānmuhan.
 Nānmuhan created Shiva.
 O, heart! If we say this we will survive.
 Praise the feet of the poet Thirumzhisai.

2382. Nārāyaṇan created Nānmuhan
 and Nānmuhan created the five-faced Sankaran.
 I composed andadi poems praising him.

Learn and understand the deep meaning
of each of these pāsurams without omission.

2383. People say if one searches for a god,
they will find only one god
whose greatness no one knows.
The search and the meaning of all things is the only our god.
If the sages desire to find the lord, his grace will help them.

2384. Who knows the god resting on the milky ocean,
staying in Srirangam or sleeping on a banian leaf?
Who knows the one unique thing in the world,
the real truth for the gods in the sky as I know?

2385. Every one knows the Ganges flows in Shiva's matted hair,
and that he shares half of his body with his wife Girija,
but our dear lord, the real truth for the gods in the sky
is alone in this world, without any one sharing him.
I wish to praise him, the meaning of all words.

2386. O dear mighty-armed Thirumāl,
you split open the chest of Hiraṇyan
who had received many boons.
Never defeated by any of your enemies,
you created the four Vedas in the world
and hold inside yourself all the important gods,
human, animals and plants.

2387. The Jains are ignorant.
The Buddhists are tired of trying to spread their religion.
The devotees of Shiva are small people.
Those who do not praise the Māyavan,
Thirumāl, Mādhavan are not good people.

2388. Whether it is today or tomorrow
 or even a little time after, your grace is always with me.
 I do not see refuge except you.
 O, Nāraṇa, see, I am not without you,
 and you are not without me.

2389. O heart, there is no help for me except
 the lovely-eyed Thirumāl who conquered Shiva and took his bow
 and cut off the ten heads of the king of Lanka with his sharp arrows,
 destroying the pride of Lanka.

2390. Let us worship the beautiful feet of the lord of the world
 who heard the request of Shiva,
 poured water from the pot of Nānmuhan,
 recited a mantra from the Vedas
 and made the skull of Nānmuhan
 fall from the palm of dark-necked Shiva.

2391. Even Nānmuhan on a lotus
 and Shiva with long matted hair
 were not able to see the head or foot
 of the lord with a golden body
 resting on soft fire-spitting Adishesha.
 How can we see him?
 We can only worship him.

2392. Fold your faultless hands
 and worship our ancient Thirumāl,
 adorned with a tall shining crown and thulasi garlands.
 Let your mouth praise him. Let your eyes see him.
 Let your ears hear him.
 Bend your crowned heads

and worship him sprinkling cool flowers.

2393. You made the sages who do not worship you
have many births,
you released the moon from his curse,
and you freed the elephant Gajendra from the mouth
of the terrible crocodile in the deep pond
and gave them both moksha.

2394. O sages, you do tapas, make your bodies weak
as if they were small empty cages and you suffer.
You do not know the path that leads to moksha.
He, moksha, is the truth, the meaning of the ancient Vedas,
the most excellent thing for the gods in the sky,
Nārāyaṇan himself.

2395. Nārāyaṇan, my ruler, saves me from entering hell.
If people listen to the teachings of other religions like Jainism
they will fall into hell
and the world will not praise them.

2396. If you place flowers on his feet,
and praise and worship the highest lord of the world
worshiped by many gods,
you will find the way like Markaṇḍeyan
to whom our god gave life
when Shiva with the Ganges flowing in his hair
went with the boy to see the lord.

2397. My heart always worships
the god of the gods who hid the bright hot sun
with his discus in the Bharatha war
and destroyed the many enemies of the Pandavas.

2398. Shiva the lord of true tapas
 taught the path of dharma
 under the shadow of banyan tree
 to the four Nāyanmārs in the last yuga.
 He truly worshiped Thirumāl who measured the world,
 rests on Adishesha on the ocean,
 and rested on a banyan leaf as a baby at end of the eon.

2399. If a devotee does a tapas worshiping him
 who came in the form of a man-lion
 and split open the chest of the Asuran Hiranyan with his sharp claws,
 that devotee will overcome the benefit of any tapas
 that his enemies have done.

2400. You with a discus
 destroyed the boons that Hiranyan
 and other Asurans received doing tapas to Nanmuhan,
 and you are pleased to protect and save us.
 Since you are the protector of all creatures,
 even a fly that worships you will go to Vaikuṅṭam.

2401. You are the world.
 and everything in the world abides through your grace.
 You are the god of gods that one achieves by tapas,
 the sacrificial fire, tall mountains,
 the eight directions, the bright sun and the moon.

2402. When you took the form of a man-lion,
 did your cave-like mouth open and shoot out fire?
 Did your round eyes become red?
 Is this the beauty of the highest god of the gods in the sky
 who took the form of a lion

that looked like blazing fire?
Is this the beauty that all saw?

2403. He was born as a child,
he took the form of a fish,
and he has the nature of all the seven worlds.
When he, the seed that gives life to all,
came as a man-lion, he was beautiful.
You know him, and you worship his feet.

2404. He fought and killed the seven bulls to marry Nappinnai.
Does one need to sow seeds to reach moksha
in the good land of the farmer, our lord?
The sky that pours rain has the color
of the divine body of the dark cloud-colored Thirumāl.

2405. You have the colors of milk, gold, green and a dark cloud
and you fought with the two wrestlers and destroyed them.
You drove the chariot for Arjuna,
advised him to fight the Bharatha war bravely
and helped the Pandavas win the war.

2406. It was not right for you to come as a dwarf,
cheat Mahābali, take his lands,
and destroy the pride of the king
who took a potion made of diamonds
and thought no one could conquer him.
What do you get by this sort of deed that destroys others?

2407. You are the ocean colored Thirumāl.
Shiva with thick matted hair is my witness
that I do not want to worship anyone but you.
Give me your grace always

so I may know and worship only you.

2408. O ignorant ones,
our Thirumāl has entered my innocent heart—
how can I worship any other god?
I tell you that I am able to see
the divine feet of him decorated with garlands
that even Shiva with the Ganges in his matted hair
could not to see.

2409. See, this is the Sethu bridge
that he built to destroy the pride of Lanka.
See his power that killed Vāli, the monkey king.
See, his pride that destroyed with his arrows
Rāvaṇa, the king of Raksasas making his body tremble.

2410. Our lord shot his one arrow
and killed Kumbakarnan with long eyebrows.
He will be happy if you praise him
whose form is brightness and joy.

2411. The god of Srirangam
who rests on the flood on the snake bed Adishesha
stands, sit and reclines in my heart always
and saves me from all my troubles.

2412. O, devils, Nāraṇan removed the curse
that Nānmuhan gave Shiva
and if you do not worship him,
the god of the gods in the sky where stars shine,
that is just the same as believing a story that is not true.

2413. Even though it is a story

that when Thirumāl swallowed the world all the creatures survived
because he kept them in his stomach and protected them,
if someone does not praise him and doubts his power
how could he reach his feet and be saved?

2414. The purpose of the lord who came to the earth
and grazed the cows was to kill Sakaṭāsura,
to dance on the heads of Kāliṅga,
to catch the tusks of the elephant and kill it,
and to drink poison from the breasts of the devil Putana.
He fought with the seven strong bulls
to embrace the arms of Nappinnai
whose mouth is as beautiful as coral.

2415. My aim is to praise the god of Thirukkottiyur.
and receive good life from him.
Will I ever hate the lord of Thiruveṅkaṭam?
I will worship his feet,
for he saves me from any sickness that I may have
and removes the results of my bad karma.

2416. The divine one of Thiruvallikkeni, as beautiful as a peacock,
who rests on the five heads of the snake Ādisesha
where the large waves of the dark ocean roll and dash on the shores
is quietly lying now without opening his mouth.
Is he tired because he measured the world with his feet?

2417. The ancient Neḍumāl
lovingly rests on the snake bed
in Kudanthai, in Thiruvekka, in Thiruyevvul,
in Srirangam and on the milky ocean.
If devotees embrace him, he will enter their hearts too.

2418. The wind, the sky, the wide oceans,
 the tall mountains, the hot sun that moves across the sky,
 the cool moon, the clouds that float in the sky,
 the eight directions and the earth
 all flourish through the wish and grace of Thirumāl.

2419. The ocean-colored lord
 created six religions for the people by his grace.
 If he becomes angry he will destroy at once any evil gods
 who create troubles or do bad deeds.

2420. She says,
 “I call the god of Thiruvēṅkaṭam hills
 where the large waterfall descends like rain, bringing bright jewels,
 and elephants are frightened when they hear the sound of the water
 and snakes are scared and hide
 when they see the brightness of the jewels.
 I wish to see him and make a divine kuḍal to get his love.”

2421. I praise Thiruvēṅkaṭam, the hill
 that is my home and where I stay.
 See, I always think of the lord of this hill.
 I fell into the net that is the divine feet
 of the beloved of Lakshmi,
 the goddess praised by all the sastras.

2422. O lord, you stay in my heart and in Thiruvēṅkaṭam hills
 where the waterfall that descends scatters pearls
 and roars as loud as the Onam festival.
 I am anxious to go and see you in the Thiruvēṅkaṭam hills.

2423. Thiruvēṅkaṭam hill has the power to destroy his devotees' karma.
 Go and worship that tall hill that rises to the sky

where Nānmuhan on the fragrant lotus
and the three- eyed Shiva come and worship
the lotus feet of the lord.

2424. Shiva wearing the crescent moon in his matted hair
and Nanmuhan on a lotus
enter in the night the northern Thiruvenkaṭam hills
that touch the clouds in the sky and worship him,
offering him pearls and other things.

2425. In ancient times when he was young,
with his toes he counted the ten heads of Rāvaṇa
who had a mighty army.
O young ones, go to the Thiruveṅkaṭam hills surrounded with groves
where Kaṅṅan stays, remaining always young.

2426. O, devotees, place flowers with love,
on the lotus feet of the lord of Thiruveṅkaṭam hills
where a cool waterfall descends.
He is the refuge for the gods in the sky
and the people on the earth.

2427. In Thiruveṅkaṭam hills
elephants raise their trunks to the sky
thinking they will touch the moon
and make it as a bright light for our lord Thirumāl,
and gypsies dance as they go around those hills,
bending their bows and trying to catch the elephants.
If people also will go around those hills and dance
that would be wonderful.

2428. The Venkatam hills filled with aalis, lions, gold, jewels, pearls,
blooming trees, waterfalls that are mixed with many jewels,

forests, monkeys and hunters
are where the sapphire-colored lord stays.

2429. Thiruvēṅkaṭam that removes the sufferings of karma
is the hill where the gods in the sky come and worship Thirumāl
and where our lord with the discus
abides, protecting the gods in the sky and killing the Asurans.

2430. To praise the divine name of the wonderful god,
who churned the milky ocean
using Mandara mountain as a churning stick
and the snake Vasuki as the rope
is the only thing that all devotees should do.

2431. Māyan is in my heart
and Yama will not come to me,
cruel karma will not come to me
and fire will not destroy me.
Kaṅṅan who rests on the water on the bank of Kaviri river
is in my heart that praises him.

2432. O my dear lord colored like a kāyām flower,
there is no one to match you
except yourself, my only refuge.
Now that my mind has known you,
it will not be content even with the heavens,
for it understands you who are not understood by others.

2433. Those of other religions who wear garlands of skeletons
will sell themselves for a price and beg for food.
If they do not worship our lord
who drank the poisonous milk of Putana,
they are ignorant and what they drink is dirty.

2434. I will not worship any other god
 except Rama, the destroyer of Lanka,
 the land of the ignorant Raksasas.
 Do not accept and worship evil gods
 who are not divine and cannot give their grace.

2435. All that a person has learned is a waste
 if he does not worship Neḍumāl
 the only god, the most ancient
 of the all the three gods.

2436. If people stand at the doors of some gods
 worshiping their feet, they will be happy only at that time.
 O Neḍumāl colored like the ocean rolling with waves,
 how could they be capable of worshiping your feet?

2437. Someone may say this one is god or that one is god,
 but there is no one equal to the father of Kama, the beautiful prince.
 Neḍumāl fought and conquered Shiva
 who drank the poison from the salty ocean
 and his escort when they came to help Vānanāsuran
 and they all lost the battle with Thirumāl.

2438. The lord himself is good karma and bad karma.
 If I wanted to describe him
 who killed the Asurans when they came as Kurundam trees,
 I would say he is the stars, the gods, the Asurans
 and he is in my heart.
 Is there anything that he is not?

2439. He measured the world in ancient times
 as the king Mahābali saw his large form in terror.

He is in my heart and has removed all my troubles.
 I give my love to the cowherd
 who took away the curse of the bull-rider Shiva.

2440. I am your devotee
 and you are my love and sweet nectar
 joy for me and everything else.
 You, the beloved of the goddess Lakshmi
 as beautiful as a golden statue
 are my Kesavan, my shining light.
 You protect me so that troubles do not come to me.
 I am your devotee and your servant.

2441. Devotees know that you will give moksha
 to those who deserve it and they
 approach you and worship your feet.
 You are Rangan, a precious thing for the devotees
 who worship you and ask for your help.
 My mind will not stop loving you.

2442. The lord, the ruler of the world
 fought with the seven bulls to marry Nappinnai.
 He is my treasure and I am with him.
 If you ask Madhusudan, the refuge for all, for refuge
 he will protect you
 and you will not have any trouble in your mind.

2443. The devotees of Thirumāl
 wear thulasi garlands swarming with bees
 as their god does.
 They will tell the other ignorant ones
 that the only god is Shridharan on whose chest Lakshmi stays.

2444. I have spent all my time reading about you,
 hearing about you, writing about you
 understanding you, praising you, worshiping you,
 and doing pujas for you who created the stars,
 and rest on Adishesha, the snake on the ocean,

2445. Real praise is to praise him only.
 Place flowers at his feet
 and worship the ancient god, the lord of the gods.
 The mantra that destroys all seven births
 is the names of Nāraṇan, the good lord.

2446. I praise Thirumāl, Madhavan,
 the mother of all with my poetry and in my heart.
 Is there not a place in Vaikundam for me
 who think always of him only? Tell me.

2447. My heart is the place of Neḍumāl
 resting on a snake bed.
 I will not think that Shiva wearing the crescent moon
 or Nānmuhan is equal to my god.
 I will not serve them or worship them.

2448. Even if I cannot circle the temple of god,
 or am not from a good family,
 if I praise the lord of the people Nāraṇan,
 the god of wisdom with good words,
 that will give me strength.

2449. Yama calls his messengers and tells them,
 "Listen to what I say.
 There are people who do not worship
 the divine feet of our god ever.

Even if they bow to you as if they were saintly people,
do not go away from them.”

2450. Sweet to ears is the name of the lovely-eyed god
whose name is the refuge for all the people of the world.
I worship him, the full meaning of all poetry.
If one considers, the meaning of all the Vedas is only his praise.

2451. It is not just today
that I have come to know the strength of the young lord,
who measured the world and the sky
and went to underworld as a boar, split open the ground
and brought up the earth goddess on his tusk.

2452. The Māyan, the king of Dwaraka
who was born as a cowherd
is far away and is near, small and large.
Those who do not know
the words that the god said to Arjuna
will live in the world without any true knowledge
and will not be loved by others.

2453. The proverb may say,
“If one has not had a family life, he cannot be a sage,”
but that is not dharma.
Good dharma, the four Vedas and tapas
are all only the god Nāraṇan himself.
Who can say this is not right?

2454. Who can understand the power
of the god with a discus in his hand
who swallowed the earth and spat it out?
Dark-necked Shiva and eight-eyed Nānmuhan

could not find the god's feet or head.

2455. My tongue will not praise anyone
but the dark cloud-colored Māyavan
who gave his grace to the shining snake Sumugan
when it came and asked for refuge
because it was being chased by a hostile bird.

2456. I will not praise any human with my tongue,
I will praise only the divine feet of the god of Vaikuṅṭam
whom fire-bearing Shiva with his red matted hair
comes and worships with flowers.

2457. Songs, literature, stories, the Puranas,
fire, the large sky, the laws of Manu that all the world follows,
and the four Vedas are only the creation of Māyan's māyā.

2458. When the ocean-colored god
who built a bridge with stones over the wide ocean
wished to remove all my bad karma
even though I do not know all the things I have done wrong,
I worshipped him and all my sins went away.

2459. When Shiva who burned Madan's body was doing tapas
and Uma told him the name of Thirumāl,
the god adorned with garlands,
even Shiva's tapas was disturbed.
What will happen to people if they really see Māl and worship him?

2460. If devotees searching for Thirumāl
understand the ancient lord with love in their minds
and think of their bodies as a burden and wish to leave them
they will quickly go to Vaikuṅṭam.

2461. When a terrible flood came in ancient times
 Kaṇṇan protected the world and gave it his grace.
 If you listen to the songs of this wide world
 and dance and praise him,
 that will save you from falling into a terrible hell.
 and will open the door to moksha.

2462. I thought that if I could open the door of my mind
 and see you there, all my bad karma would go away.
 You planted the seed of good Tamil in my heart and made it grow.
 You became that language itself that I have learned.

2463. The father of the beautiful Kama
 has entered my heart and lives there.
 Is there anything better than this could happen to me?
 Shiva and Nanmuhan sprinkle fresh flowers
 and worship the god, the king they cannot hope to equal.

2464. The dark-colored god with a discus in his hand,
 is the king of the gods in the sky, he is the sky, compassion,
 the people of the world, our mother and all things.
 He will give wonderful things to those who approach him.

2465. I do not want any wonderful thing to happen to me.
 I will not be a devotee of Shiva—
 he will not be the right god for me.
 I will only worship Kaṇṇan every day,
 the king whose feet are adorned with sounding anklets.
 Loving and worshiping him is my only duty.

2466. If I have any other duties, they are merely vexations.
 All I need is the time when I praise the names of Thirumāl,

the god with a bow, who destroyed the pride of Vaali
 the angry, strong king of monkeys
 and who abides in my heart.

2467. See, my good heart, he is in you,
 the Uthaman is always in you,
 and if devotees think of him, he is in their hearts.
 He, the matchless one, is the Esan
 for those who are lonely,
 and for devotees like me.

2468. The lord ate the puja food served for Indra
 in a pile as large as the majestic Himalayas,
 he protected the cowherds from the storm,
 he created all the religions,
 and he protected the dark necked Shiva and Nānmuhan.
 He is the life of the world.

2469. When the messengers of Yama come and take someone's life
 our god is the one who will come and save him.
 If devotees praise Thirumāl with songs
 and think of him always, they will live happily.
 The life of those who belong to other religions is a waste.

2470. I know for certain
 that to worship the divine feet of the god
 resting on the milky ocean is not a mistake.
 If devotees worship the god every day without unfailingly
 the results of their karma will not come to them
 and they will go to Vaikuṅṭam and stay there happily.

2471. Those who want to go to heaven
 will worship Thirumāl with flowers

and live a good life,
 loving and serving others.
 They are the real devotees of the lord.

2472. I will sprinkle flowers on the lotus feet of all devotees,
 and the feet of the gods in the sky, of Nānmuhan who stays on a lotus,
 and of Shiva adorned with a snake,
 and I will worship them and ask them
 to give me their grace only so I may attain
 the lotus feet of the dark-colored lord.

2473 I do not ever forget Neḍumāl
 who abides in my heart and will stay there for ever.
 I am a devotee of Sridharan
 with Lakshmi on his chest
 and he has protected me from the time
 I was in the embryo in my mother's womb.

2474. I never forget that he protects me,
 I just say, "You are my Kaṇṇan" and stay quiet.
 You, the king, give bodies and your grace to all lives.
 You have the highest good nature.
 If devotees understand what truth is
 they will never leave you, the highest lord.

2475. O god resting on the snake bed,
 you destroyed the enemies of Pandavas
 and helped them on the battlefield.
 If you want, even neem leaves can be made
 into a delicious curry.
 Give your grace to me, your slave.

2476. I, your slave, was born in a low family and suffered.

I do not want to worship gods other than you.
 I want to reach heaven,
 leaving this earth without my karma.

2477. I know now the lord of Shiva and Naanmuhan.
 I know you, my dear god.
 I know you are the reason for all.
 I know all I have learned is from you.
 I know all I will be knowing is from you.
 You are Nāraṇan and all your deeds are good.
 I know that very well now.

SUBHAM. Nanmuhan Thiruvandathi ends.

Thiruvirutham. - Nammāzhvar (2478 -2577)

2478. The poet says,
 “O lord, chief of the gods in the sky,
 hear the request of your devotee.
 Remove my false knowledge, bad behavior,
 and unclean body and give me your grace
 so that I, born from my mother’s womb,
 will not be born in this world again.”

2479. Her friend says,
 “She loves the cloud-colored Kaṇṇan,
 the god of the gods in the sky.
 Her eyes are filled with tears,
 as if she were a fish
 frolicking in the water of a flourishing pond.
 May he prosper!”

2480. She says,

“Worshiped by the gods, he wears a thulasi garland
and my lovely heart goes behind him as he rides on the angry Garuḍa,
carrying a fire-like discus that destroys his enemies.

Nappinnai, the beautiful daughter of the cowherds who play the flute,
the earth goddess and Lakshmi are with him like his shadow.

Will my heart stay there looking at his beloved wives
or will it return?”

2481. She says,

“My lonely heart was attracted to his bird Garuḍa
and went behind it.

I have nothing to give to him who wears cool thulasi garlands.

O cool poisonous wind!

Is it right for you to blow

and make me shiver for the love I have for him

who drank milk from the breast of the devil Putana?”

2482. Her friend says,

“The blowing of the cool wind is like fire,
it doesn't seem to know it is the cool season.

Does he send it to make wide-eyed girls become pale?

Does the cloud-colored Kaṇṇan

make a rule for the wind to blow so cold?”

2483. He says,

“This beautiful vine-like girl with sharp eyes like arrows
and eyebrows like bent bows

shot her arrow-look at me, her target.

She is like the god who rides on Garuḍa,

fought and conquered the Asurans,

and is like Yama himself, and she is like his son Kama the god of love.

Her love will take away your life.

Protect yourselves.”

2484. She says,

“The wind blows, the rain pours down
and the clouds look like bulls fighting together.
The earth is cool and the sky has the dark color of Thirumāl.
Is this the rainy season that comes
to make lovers suffer in separation?
I don’t know. I have done bad karma.”

2485. She says,

“All that I see and hear reminds me of my beloved,
the chief of the mountain.
I know that he wants to go far away,
crossing the large mountain of Thiruveṅkaṭam,
to earn wealth, and it seems certain he will go.”

2486. He says,

“Her face is like a lotus.
She has shining dark eyes and lovely lips,
her teeth are like white pearls,
her eyes are like beautiful blooming kuvaḷai flowers
and she looks like a beautiful doe.
She is divine like the sky world of the god
with a strong sharp discus in his hand.
Who could bear to be separated from her,
as lovely as a precious flourishing creeper?”

2487. He says,

“O girls, you are as beautiful as the vines
in the Thiruveṅkaṭam hills in the north where Māyon stays.
Even though I tell you how I suffer, you don’t listen.
Are your mouths as beautiful as thoṇḍai fruit?”

Are you worried that if you speak,
 the parrots that hear you will feel shy?
 Tell me, I have done bad karma.”

2488. He says,
 “When I told her whose teeth are like white pearls,
 ‘You are like Kaṇṇan’s heaven.
 You eyes are very special.
 I need to be apart from you so I can gather wealth,’
 her large eyes like kendai fish shed tears
 and her precious golden body became pale.
 Now, all these things keep appearing
 and disappearing before me, making me suffer.”

2489. She says,
 “The pale color of my body increases.
 The nights seem as long as eons.
 My dear Kaṇṇan who has a beautiful discus
 and is adorned with a cool thulasi garland
 gave me all this pain
 because his good heart loves me.”

2490. She says,
 “The sun, the king of the day,
 the ruler of the earth with his scepter,
 has set and the heat and the light have gone away.
 The king of cold and darkness has come to rule.
 The cool wind coming from the thulasi garland
 of my beloved makes my bangles grow loose.
 Who will protect me? The night grows like an eon.”

2491. He says,
 “Her beautiful fish-shaped eyes that are sharp like spears

have taken over my life.
 The bright light of Kama's divine arrows
 will not leave me. They target my life.
 She is like the divine heaven
 of the shining dark-colored god."

2492. Her friend says,
 "You came searching for an elephant and said to us,
 'You with fish-shaped eyes, did you see an elephant?'
 If others find out that you came here, won't they gossip?
 We guard the millet field in Thiruvēṅkaṭam
 of the lord colored like the ocean or a cloud.
 You haven't come for a while—
 every day for a long time we have guarded the millet field."

2493. He says,
 "You are as precious as the sky where Kaṅṅaṇ stays.
 When I am away from you, it seems as if many eons pass,
 but the time I am with you seems very short.
 Whether you are with me or away from me,
 I become weak.
 This darkness gives me much pain."

2494. She says,
 "O ocean! You look like the darkness that is spreading.
 May you prosper with your abundant waves.
 The dark-colored lord resting on the snake bed Adishesha
 shines like a black sun that spreads its rays and take away the darkness.
 Do not erase the tracks of the wheels of the chariot on which my beloved rides."

2495. Her friend says,
 "Does the sky look
 as if it has taken its water from the ocean and risen,

or does the ocean look as if it has the color of the sky?

Is it the time of the eon when the flood comes

and he swallows all the worlds and the sky,

or it is just the rainy season?

The tears this girl sheds are like a waterfall.”

2496. Her mother says,

“The dark clouds rise in the rainy season

and their thunder seems to scream out,

‘Is there anyone to protect the chastity of these women?’

If the lord adorned with a thulasi garland and riding on Garuḍa

does not give his grace soon enough,

the village will gossip about my little daughter

whose words are few.”

2497. Her friend says,

“O Velan! She is not sick because her words are few.

Her sickness is not one that some young god has given—

it is only because she has fallen in love with our lord.

O Velan, stop your worship.

O mothers, hear my words.

Bring the cool thulasi garland from him

who swallowed all the seven worlds and put it on her.”

2498. Her friend says,

“The gods in the sky bathe you in pure water,

adorn you with beautiful garlands

and burn incense to you and worship you.

You stole the butter in the cowherd village and ate it,

and you fought the seven bulls with bent horns

to marry Nappinnai, the daughter of the cowherd

and you danced the kuḍakkuthu dance.”

2499. Her friend says,

“He wears a dress made of leaves
and in his hands he carries a bow and an arrow.

It seems he has come to hunt.

He asked us, ‘Did you see an elephant?’

He rides on Garuda and is a thief.

He asks things he can’t ask at his house.

Did our relatives tell us to go to the millet field
to answer naughty questions like this?”

2500. He says,

“I have done bad karma.

My mind thinks of the millet field
where she is and the path to go there.

O girls watching the millet field,
are you like goddesses in the sky
where the lotus-eyed Kaṇṇan stays?

Tell me, what are your divine qualities?”

2501. Her mother says,

“Her beautiful fish-eyes shed tears like a river.

Does she suffer with love sickness?

She wants the garland of him

who rides on Garuda adorned with a thulasi garland dripping with honey
and carried Govardhana mountain as an umbrella,

to protect the cows and the cowherds from the big storm.

What will become of the heart of my daughter ornamented with lovely bangles?”

2502. She says,

“My bangles grow loose because I love the lord
the god of the gods and the god of Indra, the king of the gods.

His scepter that protects the sky and the earth
is bent because he does not want to help me.

I worry about the pain that his thulasi garland
may give to those who love him like me on this earth”

2503. He says,

“The sun travels through all lands
and makes this desert so hot that no one can live here.
You, precious as gold,
have crossed into even this hot land with me.
Let us go to the temple in Thiruvekka
where the gods in the sky come to worship Kaṇṇan.
The beautiful, blooming grove near the temple
will take away our weariness
and make us feel good in this desert land.”

2504. She says,

“The world says,
‘If someone receives the grace of the ruler, the protector of the world,
even enemies will become his friend.’ This is true.
I received the cool thulasi garland of Kaṇṇan and wear it,
and now even the cold wind that would blow like whistling fire
in the middle of every night makes me cool.”

2505. She says,

“In Srirangam where you stay,
the Kaviri flows with abundant water.
There birds look to catch crabs
and the flowing water stops them and saves the crabs.
We want your cool thulasi garland
and are distressed that we do not have it.
The cool wind blows and makes us suffer more
and no one can escape from worry when their thoughts wander.
Give us your grace.”

2506. She says,

“O swans that were born in good families,
go with your mates to the dark-colored lord
who shines like lightning and tell him,

‘We are her messengers.

She begged us to tell you how she loves you.’

Women do not go as messengers.

Aren’t you the right ones to go for me?”

2507. She says,

“O swans and bees, I bow to you
and ask you to take my message to him.

Tell me, won’t you go to him? I won’t forget your help.

If you see other women Kaṇṇan loves
in Vaikuṇḍam tell them also about me.

Understand that helping me is the right thing for you to do.”

2508. She says,

“O clouds floating in the sky with shining lightning
over hills as beautiful as pure gold studded with jewels,

You are going towards the place where he is
in the Thiruveṅkaṭam hills that are known everywhere.

If I ask you to be my messengers, will you agree?

If I ask you to fly over me,
will you do that and go to see him?”

2509. She says,

“O clouds, tell me, how did you get the good fortune
of having the color of the divine Thirumāl?

Did you do tapas to receive the grace of him who gives life to all?

Dark and filled with water,
you give rain to the world and make it flourish.”

2510. Her friend says,

“You rest on Adishesa on the ocean
and rule this world with a scepter and your divine discus
and you take away the bad karma of the world
and the wide sky and give your grace to all.
Are you ignoring her, thinking she is just a woman?
Do you think she is a stranger?
We cannot understand what you are thinking,
but we see her growing pale and her beauty being spoiled.”

2511. Her friend says,

“You are our Thirumāl.
Upset, she kicks and erases the kuḍal she drew on the sand
because it will not come together.
She loves you and wants your thulasi garland.
I don’t know how to help her and keep her from worrying so.”

2512. She says,

“The evening, the woman of the west,
feels alone after the sun, her husband, has left
as she holds in her lap the moon, her son,
whose mouth is filled with milk.
The cool wind blows strong as if it wants to take away
all the grace that Thirumāl who measured the world
gives to those who long for his thulasi garland.”

2513. Her friend says,

“The night is getting dark
and the world looks as if the end of the eon had arrived.
She always prattles, saying, ‘cool thulasi garland,’
but our father who destroyed the forts in Lanka
surrounded with tall palaces
does not feel sorry for her suffering.

How could he be so cruel to her?”

2514. Her mother says,

“Hunters live with arrows that kill animals
in the forest where my daughter went with him,
and there are other thieves there who steal cows.
Young people there beat their loud drums.
I have done bad karma.
My soft-waisted daughter, beautiful as a doe,
has gone away with Kaṇṇan, worshiping his lotus feet.
How could she walk with him in the terrible forest?”

2515. She says,

“Did the neelam flowers do long tapas
as they grew in ponds with their strong stalks?
Is that why they have the color of him, the dancer on the pot
who measured the world and the sky at Mahābali’s sacrifice?”

2516. She says,

“The dark-colored one , the protector
of good people and of the gods in the sky,
rules the sky and the world
surrounded by the ocean rolling with waves.
The lotuses that bloom in the ponds
on the dark hills look like the lord
with a dark body and lotus eyes.”

2517. She says to her friends,

“O you ornamented with beautiful jewels!
The sun that is like a beautiful white elephant
sets in the evening and darkness appears like a herd of elephants.
When will the day come when my mothers
bring the thulasi garland of the beloved of the earth goddess

and put it on me to make me happy?”

2518. She says,

“The terrible wind does not stop blowing.
There is so much heat, I don’t know what to do.
He who rides on Garuda and destroyed the Asuras
does not give his grace to me.
People gossip in the mandram in the village
and the cruel wind burns me.”

2519. She says,

“He grew to the sky as if to say,
‘The distance between the sky and the earth is too small for me.’
My eyes that worship his feet
are like the soft lotuses in a pond waving in a strong wind.”

2520. She says,

“His eyes and hands are like beautiful lotuses
and he has the color of a dark mountain.
Even the sages who know everything,
the gods in the sky and all others
cannot describe his beautiful color.”

2521. She says,

“The sages and the scholars of religions
who try to find the paths of dharma may say,
‘This is the color, beauty, name and form of the highest lord,’
but he is only the light of wisdom
and no one really knows who he is,
or what his greatness is.”

2522. She says,

“He gives his grace to us with his lotus eyes.

Is there anyone who can help us as he can
or any friend like him?

The bond between him and us is forever—
he is with us and we will have no trouble.

O heart, do not worry! Worship him and live.

O ignorant heart, only he can remove our births.”

2523. She says,

“I thought my mind was my own
and there was no one closer to me than my own heart.

I thought my heart would help me
if I sent it as a messenger to him
who split open the chest of Hiraṇyan,
but it went to him and stayed.

It doesn't want to come back
but wanders sweetly with him.”

2524. Her mother says,

“My daughter fell in love with Kaṇṇan.

The wind from the north blows always and makes her suffer,
the moon pours down its rays and makes her hot
and her conch bangles grow loose.

She longs for his cool thulasi garland
and her body grows pale
because he hasn't given it to her.

What will happen to my gentle daughter?”

2525. She says,

“How can a worm moving so slowly with its soft body ever get to see the world?

I am just like that worm waiting to see him.

People have long believed that lizards can tell the future,
and this lizard tells me

that the beloved of Lakshmi will come to see me soon.

I hope that is true.”

2526. She says,

“O friend with a shining forehead,
the dark-colored lord who wears thulasi garlands that swarm with bees
is Madhusudhanan, he is Damodharan.

I have not seen, heard or known
a darkness like the color of his body
that eclipses even the darkness of the night.

But it is not only his dark body—
this darkness of the night also makes me suffer.”

2527. He says,

“O charioteer, drive swiftly. Don’t go slow.

I must go and see my beloved with shining forehead
before her pallor increases.

We should go to the wide Thiruvēṅkaṭam hills
of the god of gods in the sky
where a waterfall shines like the pearl garland.
and falls to the ground.

2528. She says,

“He, Māyappirān, churned the milky ocean using Mandara mountain
for a churning stick and the snake Vasuki for a rope
and he gave to the gods the nectar that came up.

The conch bangles I bought from the fishermen are becoming loose.
Does the ocean want to have them back because they belong to it?”

2529. She says,

“The rain goddess takes the white waves of the dark ocean
and goes to him as he rests on a snake bed with Lakshmi.

The waterfalls make the hills
look like the breast of earth goddess

and then as they flow into rivers
it looks as if she were shedding tears and saying,
'Tirumal is cruel!'"

2530. The fortuneteller says,
"She fell in love with the god of the gods in the sky
and is sick with love for him.
Bring a thulasi garland or a leaf from it
or a beautiful branch of the plant or its root
and fan her with it."

2531. Sending bees as messengers, she says,
"O bees, it is easy for you to fly to the sky where he is.
Before you go to see him,
make sure you remember clearly the message that I give you.
Go to his faultless lotus feet and tell him.
The cowherd women scolded him
because he stole their butter and ate it,
but I won't say anything like that.
Help me reach his faultless feet."

2532. He says,
"O bees! Come. You drink honey from the beautiful flowers
that bloom on the water, on the earth
and in the trees, and you feel happy and fly about.
I want to tell you something.
She is like the Vaikuṇḍam of him who took the form of a boar.
You drink honey from the fragrant flowers on her hair.
Have you ever seen such flowers anywhere else?"

2533. She says,
"O friend! Through the divine grace of him
who swallowed the whole earth and spit it out

we have a place to live.
 We are not afraid of anything.
 The cool breeze brings honey
 from his beautiful thulasi garland and sprinkles it
 on my body and my ornaments.
 No one around me knows this.
 I am happy.”

2534. He says,
 “Her face is like a lotus,
 her eyes are like beautiful kendai fish or sharp spears,
 her nose is like a vine
 and she wears earrings in her ears.
 When our eyes met we felt as if we had drunk
 the nectar from the milky ocean churned up by the gods.
 No one will gossip about us—our love is true.”

2535. Her friend says,
 “When he took the boon from Mahābali,
 one foot covered the whole world
 and the other foot had to go to sky
 since there is no space left on the earth.
 He is the highest lord of the world and the sky
 and he is the light of knowledge.
 There is nothing left anywhere
 for the lotus-eyed Kaṇṇan to measure.”

2536. Her foster mother says,
 “She longs for the thulasi garland
 of Madhusudanan, the lord of flourishing world,
 and she, her lovely teeth like jasmine, cannot bear the pain
 of the night that seems as long as an eon.
 My daughter’s round breasts have grown pale.

I have done bad karma.”

2537. Her mother says,

“My daughter’s breasts have not grown out yet,
her hair is not yet thick
and she doesn’t know how to put her clothes on.
She only prattles.

Her bright, mesmerizing glance is precious beyond any price.
She only knows to say, ‘Is he the highest lord?
Is Thiruvēṅkaṭam the hill where he stays?’”

2538. Her friend says,

“O friend, how can we praise his might?
He is the highest and most ancient god of the gods in the sky
and all in the sky worship him.
He measured the whole earth and the sky with his two feet
without growing tired,
yet he came to the cowherd village
and was born as a baby there.”

2539. Her friend says,

“You have the color of a cloud
and you rest on a snake bed on the ocean.
Even if she worships the ocean and asks it to be calm,
it just roars out, ‘aṛaiyoo!’
Her chastity cannot be saved without your divine grace.
Is this right, O lord?”

2540. She says,

“He has a wonderful color
and his cool beautiful eyes shine
like lotuses blooming in the ponds in the sky.
I love the divine presence of Kaṇṇan, Thirumāl—

my heart thinks of him constantly without stopping.”

2541. She says

“The VEDIYARS are like the gods in the sky
as they worship him reciting the mantras of the Vedas.
I blame myself for my bad karma and try to join him.
I have learned his divine names and recite them
but I am like someone who bites into a bitter unripe fruit
because he cannot get a ripe one.”

2542. He says,

“Her flower eyes, more beautiful than a doe’s,
seem to talk to her ears.
She worships the feet of the god
who swallowed the whole world and spit it out.
Her divine eyes swallow me.”

2543. He says,

“O friend, She is divine like the Vaikuṅṭam
of our god who is fire, water, wind, sky and earth.
Her eyes like kāvi flowers are my life.
Like the yogis who do not eat, sleep or have feelings
and put their minds only on god,
my thoughts are only on her.”

2544. He says,

“She is like a swan with soft wings living in the Thiruvēkaṭam hills
where Mādhavan Govindan stays who rides on Garuḍa,
and conquered the Asurans.
Her eyes are like kāvi flowers, neelam flowers, spears and fish
and they are mighty enough to take away my life.
She is like a soft-feathered swan.”

2545. He says,

“You are like Vaikuṅṭam of the god
who measured the earth surrounded with oceans.
Kondrai trees have begun to bloom
even though the rainy season has not arrived—
they seem to be inviting the rainy season
with their branches where long golden flowers hang.”

2546. Her friend says,

“O you with your young breasts tied with a band,
don’t worry that even though night has arrived like a dark bull
he has not come.
He went to Mahābali’s sacrifice and took over the whole world—
Won’t he give his grace to you? Don’t worry.
You will not lose your bangles.”

2547. She says to her friend.

“I long for the fragrant thulasi garland that is on the head
of the lord of the sky with a discus—
it will take away my pallor.
The darkness of night increases always for me
whether it is one day, one month,
one year or a thousand eons and makes me suffer.”

2548. She says,

“O friend, I have never said
that he swallowed all the seven worlds at the end of the eon.
I saw the kaḷām fruit and said only it has the color of the ocean.
My mother heard and said,
‘She says this fruit has his color
who swallowed all the seven worlds.’
O friends, my mother thinks that I think of his color.”

2549. She says,

“The crescent moon that splits the darkness surrounding the world
increases the pain of my love.

I am alone and my heart grows weak
longing for his thulasi garland.

The pale color of my body increases.
How can I survive with this bright moon?”

2550. Her friend says,

“The white moon shines with milk-like rays
in the sky in the evening.

She suffers alone and her beloved,
the lord with the heroic discus,
the protector of all the seven worlds,
has not come to give his grace.

How could he not give his grace to her?”

2551. She says,

“He knows everything in the world,
and he rests on his snake bed on the milky ocean
rolling with waves that come and go.

He swallowed all the worlds at the end of the eon.
and he carried Govardhana mountain
to protect the cows and the cowherds.

The fresh breeze that blows through his thulasi garland
comes and blows on me.”

2552. He says,

“You have a shining face
and your eyes that are like keṇḍai fish spear through my heart.

Our lord rests on Adishesha on the ocean where conches roam and the smell of fish
spreads.

Do you live in Vaikuṅṭam

where he lives, worshiped by the gods in the sky?"

2553. She says,

"O innocent heart,
 you yearn for the beautiful cool thulasi garland of the lord
 who grew tall and measured the earth and the sky.
 He makes the bright moon rise in the evening
 when lovely lotuses close and soft ambal flowers open.
 It is strange that my love for him
 makes my conch bangles loose."

2554. She says,

"Evening has come
 and the sun, the king of the day, sets after ruling the world
 and the crescent moon rises slowly.
 The thulasi garland of the god of the gods in the sky
 who fought with the Raksasas in southern Lanka and destroyed them
 appears before me, makes me pallid and hurts me."

2555. She says,

"I cannot describe the strength and ability
 of the dark mountain-like lord who fought Vānāsura
 and cut off his thousand strong arms.
 My innocent heart went to fetch his beautiful thulasi garland
 and has not returned—
 I am left only with the pain of my love."

2556. She says,

"The Vedas praise the lord
 whose chest is adorned with a white thread.
 The gods in the sky praise the endless one
 who swallowed all the worlds at the end of the eon
 and rests on Adishesha on the ocean.

Devotees of the whole world worship the god Sridharan,
and they are higher than the gods in the sky for me.”

2557. She says,

“The sun sets like the kings who ruled the world
with their scepters for a time and disappeared.
You measured the world and you are the king of the sky.
Now, the darkness grows and gives us pain.
Do not leave us. Give us your grace.”

2558. Her friend says,

“Don’t her mothers know what is happening to her?
They don’t know and they call the Velan to find out.
Didn’t they give birth to her?
Isn’t there anyone who knows
how to decorate her hair with a thulasi garland
and take her to the Thiruvengaṭam hills?
That is what she needs.
She is growing weak, suffering from the fire of love.”

2559. She says,

“His eyes shine like two burning suns
rising from the tops of the hills
and they destroy and burn the Asurans.
Tell me, how is it that they burn us?
He protects the whole world—
he should not be hurting us like this.
Tell us, is this what he does to all the world?”

2560. Her friend says,

“The male andril living in the cage on the palm tree calls his mate
and his cooing is like the viḷari raga.
My friend hears that and her life and body grow weak

and she continuously speaks his name.
I don't know how she will survive."

2561. She says,
"You have the color of kohl
and you shine like a jewel.
You are a pearl. You are my diamond.
O dear one, I want to see you
among the beautiful girls at the festivals
holding your white conch
and golden discus in your hands."

2562. She says,
"The evening has arrived and the pure golden sun sets
like a diamond that a monkey has thrown down on the hill.
You are a diamond and you measured the world.
You are my emerald,
my matchless precious gold, my refuge.
I am apart from you in this evening."

2563. She says,
"The lord with a discus and a conch
helped Shiva when Brahma's skull
was stuck to his hands and made it fall off.
When he stole butter Yashoda tied him
with rough ropes and beat him.
What can I say?
I can only prattle on praising my dear lord."

2564. Her friend says,
"The voice of the andril bird calling his mate
and the sound of the ocean flowing
with roaring waves in the backwaters

increase her lovesickness.

O Thirumāl, all these sounds make her suffer.

The world sees her suffering in love and gossips about her.

Is this how you play?"

2565. She says,

"Meru mountain has a form like Thirumāl

and the bright sun is like the divine discus in his beautiful hands.

I have not seen his form or his discus,

but I prattle on as if I had seen him.

He has given his grace to me, his devotee,

and I will not experience the results of my bad karma."

2566. She says,

"When will I reach the lord, the beloved of Lakshmi,

nectar for those who have done good karma

and the destroyer of their bad karma?

Even though he only grazed the cows,

he is strong as a bull,

and he measured the world and the sky

with his two feet in ancient times."

2567. She says,

"I was born to worship you

whose discus destroyed the clan of Asuras.

I can only serve you with this body,

but I cannot reach your feet in this illusory birth.

I have been on this earth a long time,

O father, but I cannot reach you."

2568. She says,

"Like a thief the mischievous lord

stole butter from uṛi that was tied high on the wall,

swallowed all the earth in his stomach,
and went to Mahābali's sacrifice as a dwarf
and asked for three feet of land.

I am his slave.

My heart doesn't want to love anyone but him."

2569. She says,

"The gods in the sky
worshiped your feet in the morning and evening.
and asked you to burn Lanka, the land of the evil Raksasas.
Did they worship you just to see you as Rama,
one of your many forms?"

2570. She says,

"In the morning when the hot sun arrives
the wicked darkness runs away
and then comes back to spread in the evening.
The wise sages who worship the lord
closing their eyes and meditating
do not need to recite his praise or think of his dark form."

2571. His friend says,

"Only Vedyars are fit to worship your dark body,
with beautiful lotus eyes and divine feet.
The cows that return home in the evening
will call when they come near their stall
and the blind cow will call and follow their calling.
Just like them I, your slave, praise you with words.
I have not seen you. What else can I do?"

2572. She says,

"The soul comes to this earth, enters a body, lives
and when the body grows old, it suffers and leaves this world.

I don't want to be born—I want to be always with him.
 I want to find some tapas that will take me to moksha
 and remove the results of my karma.
 He is my mother and father and can give me moksha—
 I worship him to reach him.”

2573. She says,

“You created many yugas, many gods and many religions,
 and wise people worship the gods of those religions
 and follow their teachings.

There is no other god like you.

If my mother calls the Velan and asks him about me,
 I will not perform the rituals he asks me to do.

My love for you is the only true thing
 and I will worship only you.”

2574. She says,

“I have fallen in love with the lord
 surrounded by many gods happily worshiping him
 and for many days haven't slept
 as I have seen the sun rise and set.

Many eons have passed like this.

How could those who fall in love with Thirumāl
 close their eyes and sleep?”

2575. Her friend says,

“All the gods in the sky
 and the sages and others who do not sleep
 worship our matchless, omnipotent god.

He will remove their future births.

How can anyone understand how one so divine
 could steal butter and eat it? Is it his magic?”

2576. She says,

“People know that I am in love with him
who became a boar and brought the earth goddess
from the underworld at the end of the eon.

Let them gossip about me with mean words—
it doesn't matter to me.

For Indra of the karpaga garden and the other gods
there is no other wise god like him.

I have not known any good thing but him.”

2577. The poet says,

“Māran from Thirukkuruhur where good people live
composed a garland of a hundred pasurams
on the divine name of Thirumāl.

If devotees learn and recite these pasurams
they will not have the results of their bad karma
and will not be born in the mire that is this false earth.

Thiruvirutham mutrum. Nammaazhvar Thiruvaḍikaḷee saraṇam

Nammaazhvar. Thiruvāsiriyam (2578 -2584)

Praising the god

2578. O lord, with red garments,
your crown is the sun that spreads bright rays
and the beautiful moon floats above your head.
Your mouth is as lovely as coral
and you shine like a light and an emerald hill.
You are adorned with golden clothes
and many precious ornaments
and your mouth and eyes shine,

adding to the luster of your dark body.
 You rest on thousand-headed Adishesha
 in the middle of ocean with rolling waves
 as Shiva, Nānmuhan who stays on a lotus on your navel, Indra
 and all the crowd of gods worship you.
 O lord, you measured all the three worlds
 with your divine feet.

2579. You, our father, created the world and swallowed it.
 My heart longs to worship your shining lotus feet
 ornamented with sounding anklets, melting to receive you.
 My love for you flows like sweet nectar.
 Some people wish only for material things,
 never thinking of being your devotee—
 let them do whatever they want.
 The nature of this illusionary world is to become rich.
 Even if someone gets everything he needs in this world
 and excellent moksha, the wise will not want a worldly life.
 Their only aim will be to reach your feet.

2580. He, the first one of the three gods,
 with shining jewels on his chest, rules all the three worlds,
 leading them on a good path.
 He churned the milky ocean using Mandara mountain
 for a churning stick and the snake Vasuki for a rope,
 and as the ocean was churned,
 it roared with a a loud noise like thunder as its waves rolled.
 May we serve the devotees of the matchless god
 continuously, eon after eon.

2581. Will he accept us as his devotees in all the eons
 so that we may worship him?
 At the time of terrible flood

when there was no world and no people, X
 he, the seed from which everything came,
 the only god at the end of the eon,
 created Nānmuhan from his navel on a lotus,
 and Nānmuhan created three-eyed Shiva
 and the other gods and all the three worlds.
 Let us worship the feet of Māyan.

2582. Your eyes are like lotuses blooming in a forest,
 your mouth is as sweet as a fruit,
 your feet are like a thousand suns shining together
 and your thousand divine arms
 are like many flourishing forests of the karpaga garden.
 When you put one foot on the earth and measured the whole world
 and raised your other shining lotus foot to the sky and measured it,
 the world created by Nānmuhan was amazed and pleased
 and the gods in the sky performed their worship.
 O Thirumā! Can anyone measure the world
 with their feet like this except you ?

2583. Is this the nature of this world?
 Some ignorant people worship small gods
 and it is if they were worshipping a wooden plank
 when they have a mother who gave birth to them.
 When they have their own ancient first god
 who created, split open, and measured the earth,
 giving them his grace,
 they do not worship him but they worship small gods
 thinking that they are the real gods.
 They offer them meat and then eat it
 and do many wrong things,
 worshiping in a way that will give them only sorrow.
 As they enjoy their lives,

they are involved in the illusions of this world,
only to be born again and suffer again in life.

2584. Shiva with the crescent moon in his matted hair,
Nānmuhan, Indra, the gods in the sky
and all the creatures of the world worship him.
At the end of the eon he swallowed the earth, ocean, fire, wind, sun,
moon, the sky and all other flourishing
and shining things in the world
and kept them in his stomach
as he, the divine Māyan, rested on a banyan leaf.
Is there any other god who is more divine for us to worship?

Thiruvāsiriyam. murrum.

Nammāzhvar's Periya Thiruvanthādi. (2585 – 2671)

2585. O heart!
If you want to see him, get ready and come.
Let us go together
and praise with good words the divine nature and fame
of the god colored like a kāyām flower.

2586. Sometimes we praise you
sometimes we blame you,
sometimes we do not praise you
and sometimes we do not blame you.
Sometimes we disrespect you.
sometimes we do not disrespect you,
O lovely-eyed Thirumāl, don't get angry at us
even though we have done bad karma.
Our lord, give us your grace.

2587. Even though I know
 which deeds are good and which are bad,
 I do not have the power to control myself
 to avoid good or bad deeds.
 O lord, what can I do?

2588. My heart has become a slave
 to the dark shining ocean-colored Kaṇṇan.
 If I think about it, I am most fortunate
 and I have a good name.
 Who could there be more fortunate than I?

2589. You are my mother who gave birth to me
 the father who taught me.
 Whatever others taught me, it is of no use.
 O dear Māyan who drank Putanā's milk and killed her
 when she came as a mother, show us a good way.

2590. Will you show me the right path and guide me?
 Will you show your tender dark body
 to me, your innocent devotee?
 Dear Kaṇṇan, tell me what you want to do with me.
 Whatever you do to me, I will think it is for my good.

2591. I have done bad karma and am far away from you.
 My heart came to you to worship your feet.
 You embrace Lakshmi, your beloved wife, on your chest.
 You took the form of a boar
 and brought the earth goddess from the underworld.
 You are my beloved mother.
 Keep me beneath your feet.

2592. O good lord! We have not seen your feet
 that measured the world
 and we yearn to see you—tell us, why can we not see you?
 You are subtle, impossible for sinners like us to see,
 a match only for yourself.

2593. We said to him again and again,
 “We, your slaves, are suffering,”
 but we still can’t approach him.
 O heart, let whatever will happen happen.
 Just live, thinking only of him.

2594. Only the eight Vasus, eleven Rudras,
 twelve suns and two Ashvins
 may worship him.
 We are not worthy to worship him.
 O good heart, we have done much bad karma.

2595. You are the earth, the sky, the wind,
 fire and the ocean.
 You, mighty one, fought heroically with Rāvaṇa
 when he opposed you and you killed him.

2596. O heart, you immerse me in an ocean of sorrow,
 and if I say you shouldn’t, what is the use?
 Whatever I tell you, you don’t listen.
 The only right thing is to worship the feet of Kaṇṇan.

2597. What I am going to ask you is not strange.
 O lord, if some devotee of yours asks you for something
 that you may not want to give,
 you will not lose anything by giving that to him.
 This is what I want to ask you.

Show me your form.
 However you wish, show me your shining body.

2598. O heart, the devil Putanā
 did not know the power of the dark god,
 and gave her milk to him, but he killed her.
 You know that if you fall into the enjoyments
 of your senses they will hurt you,
 but still you want to enjoy them and collect bad karma.
 It is as if you were putting your hand into a snake pit.

2599. O heart, know this.
 The waves of the ocean roar
 and strike his body and feet
 as he rests on Adishesha.
 If we praise his auspicious qualities,
 it won't give him any fame,
 but our bad karma will all go away.

2600. You, the good lord came as a dwarf
 who was never born or raised on the earth
 and asked for three feet of land,
 measured it with one foot and took it.
 You swallowed the earth at the end of the eon and spat it out
 and you brought the earth goddess from the underworld.
 The whole earth is yours,
 so why did you ask for the earth from Mahābali as a gift?
 Please tell us.

2601. He carried his bow, fought with the Rakshasa Rāvaṇa
 and cut off his strong mountain-like heads with his sword.
 When devotees worship him and ask him for a boon,
 whether he opens his mouth and says anything or not,

he gives them whatever they want and gives them life.

2602. You are clever.

Whether you are tied up with ropes by Yashoda
or you rest on the snake bed,
you create all the creatures of the world always.
Who knows your true ancient form? Tell me.

2603. O heart, you do not know any wickedness
and if you praise him, who protected the five Pandavas
night and day on the battlefield as they fought with the Kauravas
nothing bad will come to you.
If you want to see him, you can.

2604. O intelligent good heart,
As a dwarf, he went to Mahābali's sacrifice and measured the world,
and his body touched all the world.
We should be ashamed to think we can earn his grace.
The only way for us to get his grace is if he gives to us.

2605. His body dark as a cloud,
he measured the world and the ocean with one foot
and raised his other foot and measured the sky.
His feet are in my heart
and I will not go to hell but be saved.

2606. When Thirumāl entered my heart
the karma left that ruled me and made me suffer.
My bad karma shouts with sorrow as it runs away,
unable to find a place to stay.

2607. O heart, he is the father and mother of all creatures
and will give us his grace and protect us when we are feeble

and the messengers of Yama come
 bringing their dogs and make them bark at us.
 O heart, do not worry, do not worry.

2608. He is unique and there is no one equal to him.
 He is in everything.
 If he were to grow tired,
 the whole world would turn upside down,
 and then who could make this world
 come back to the way it was?

2609. People may do whatever they wish.
 Who can change this wide earth?
 Kaṇṇan, the god of the gods in the sky
 gave his grace to me
 and all the sorrows in my heart went away.

2610. His beautiful body is like dark night.
 His grace is like a club
 that can hit and remove my bad karma.
 I and my heart decided to cross the forest
 and the hills of my bad karma by worshiping him.

2611. Are you, tall Thirumāl,
 happy because you measured the earth with your foot?
 Are you happy because you measured the sky with your foot?
 The whole world knows that you raised your ankleted feet
 and measured the earth and the sky.
 Am I someone who does not know your power?

2612. Our eyes cannot see the dark form of the lord with a discus,
 we can only feel him in our hearts, our inner eyes.
 We should not feel that we are not seeing him

because he is in our hearts and that is where we can see him.

2613. Our father adorned with a flourishing thulasi garland
is not easy to approach.

He shows as much as love to his devotees as they show to him.

I love him—my dear lord is easy for me to reach.

2614. Lovely-eyed Thirumāl entered my small heart,
and from now on bad karma cannot stay there
because there is no space for it.

It is best if it leaves my heart and never comes back.

2615. He put a pot on his head, danced
and then went to the wide ocean and rested on Adishesa.

We have found the way to remove our karma
and it is to know his grace and beauty,
approaching him and bowing to his feet
and staying in his shadow.

2616. Damodharan wishes me to serve him,
but my heart would rather do evil deeds
and live a wicked life.

What can I do in this world to take away my karma?

2617. The lord with a discus in his hand
smashed the deadly Asurans to pieces.

When we know him, we know it brings joy,
but then why we are not approaching him,
doing the good karma that leads us to him?

2618. You, the ancient lord of justice,
shine with the dark color of the ocean.
I worship you and all my karma is destroyed.

When I hear of the beauty of you
 as you rest on Adishesha on the ocean,
 my legs become unsteady,
 my heart suffers to see you,
 and my eyes look for you everywhere.

2619. He stands in Thiruvuuragam,
 he sits in Thiruppāḍagam
 and reclines in Thiruvekkaa.
 He wanders everywhere, yet still, he is not satisfied.
 The god who split open the chest of the Asuran Hiranyan
 and loves all the creatures of the world
 entered my heart and stays there, refusing to leave.

2620. Do not wonder to yourself,
 “Is he far away?
 Is he near?
 Is he in between?
 Is he the god in the sky?”
 If you accept Kaṇṇan
 and give yourself to him
 whoever you think god is
 he will be the god for you.

2621. O good heart,
 We do not know what our future will be,
 yet we may be able to know it
 if we worship Thirumāl adorned with a thulasi garland
 that swarms with bees.
 Love and worship him and you will be saved.

2622. O heart, do not worry about how to spend your time.
 Think about the time Yashoda hit him and scolded him,

and even if you cannot do that,
 speak about Māyan adorned with a thulasi garland.
 Your karma will go away and you will be saved.

2623. O heart, if you want to survive
 you should do good deeds.
 It is not enough only to praise him
 with a fresh thulasi garland on his chest.

2624. O heart!
 There is no other opportunity for us like this one
 to praise his power and fame.
 You will not be pushed into cruel hell
 if you worship him
 who drank the milk of the devil Putana and killed her
 when she came as a mother.
 Praising him will give you true strength.

2625. The wrestlers sent by Kamsan
 thought they were stronger than you and opposed you,
 but you cut off their heads with the discus in your hand
 and killed them.
 Do not stop doing your heroic deeds.
 There are always Asurans like them in the world.

2626. People say
 “He swallowed all the worlds
 at the end of the eon and spat them out,
 he split open the world and went to the underworld
 to bring up the earth goddess,
 and he measured the world at Mahābali’s sacrifice with his foot.
 He is the creator of the world and he is himself the world.”
 If devotees know this, they will not worship any other god.

2627. When the gods came to him asking for refuge
 he took away their troubles and protected them.
 How can the distress in the minds
 of those who do not worship him be removed?

2628. There are people who do not wish to praise him
 who is adorned with a thulasi garland
 even though their good hearts
 and their tongues would like to.
 Is that because they have done bad karma in a past life?

2629. Afraid of the results bad karma will give me,
 I will not do any bad deeds.
 I will only praise the god of the gods
 and bow to his golden feet.

2630. The ocean-colored Thirumāl with beautiful eyes
 is our refuge and will not leave us.
 He protects us so we will not fall into cruel hell.
 O heart, think always of him who is your only refuge—
 this is the the best advice I can give you.

2631. O Thirumāl, do not think that all people worship you
 only to ask for material things.
 You do not understand that wise ones ask only for your grace.
 Where are those wise people
 who think of you and receive your grace?
 How many are there? Could I achieve what they have done?

2632. We want to reach moksha,
 above the world of the sky
 and the only way we can achieve it is to worship you

who fought and killed the seven bulls with cruel horns
to marry Nappinnai with beautiful soft arms like bamboo,

2633. Whenever I see clouds, a dark mountain,
the dark ocean, deep darkness,
puvai flowers always swarming with bees
or anything else that is dark-colored,
my heart, thinking it has seen his wonderful dark form,
leaves me and runs there.

2634. My heart leaves me searching for where he is
without looking for anything else
and it runs behind anything with a dark color.
In his heart he does not feel sorry for me.
Does he who split open the mouth of the Asuran Kesi
when he came as a horse that have such a cruel mind?

2635. The wicked five senses
control the mind, eyes, nose, mouth, ears and body.
The best thing for the devotees of the lord
adorned with a cool thulasi garland
is to control the feelings of the five senses
and worship the lord's feet.

2636. He took the form of a bachelor dwarf,
went to Mahābali, asked for three feet of land
and measured the earth and the sky.
He drank milk from the breasts of the devious Putana and killed her.
My eyes have only the desire to see him
and my mouth does not wish to praise anything but his fame.

2637. O lovely-eyed Thirumāl,
I would tell you something.

You have given everything that your devotees want
and are waiting to know what else they may want.
Don't you know that praising you
and keeping you in their hearts
is better for them than going to Vaikuṅṭam?

2638. We worshiped him
who threw a calf at the vilam tree
and killed the two Asurans
when they came as a calf and a tree
and all the results of our karma went away,
we don't know where.
Did they go to the sky,
or to the ocean whose rolling waves are blown by the wind?
Did they burn up in fire or go to the forest?

2639. He rests on the ocean rolling with waves
on Adishesha who has a jewel on his head.
It is hard if you think he will come to you
but if you think of him always in your heart
he will enter it and take away the troubles in your mind.

2640. There are no troubles in the lives of his devotees
after he has entered their hearts.
He came to the world in many forms,
as a cowherd, as a god in the sky
and as a dwarf who measured the sky and the earth
at Mahābali's sacrifice.
He, the Māyavan, shows the way to all.

2641. O heart, Thirumāl split open the heart of Hiranyan
and blood flowed like a flood from the Asuran's chest
and he was destroyed.

Won't he take away the results of our karma
and give us his grace?

2642. O Thirumāl with a shining form,
I am plunged into your auspicious nature
that is as pure and sweet as milk.
Don't change my life.
I don't want to be born again
but come to you, stay beneath your divine feet
and serve you.
All I want is not to forget you.

2643. As soon as I recited the names of the generous lord
who rests on the ocean with rolling waves
I thought my karma would go away
and hide in a forest.
Nothing like that happened.
Does my karma think it can still remain with me?

2644. O my heart,
whether you think always of Māyan
adorned with a divine thulasi garland
and stay with him or not, it is up to you,
but there is no other god who can protect you
and save you from falling into cruel hell.

2645. When we see the shining stars in the sky,
they look like flowers filled with pollen
strewn by the gods in the sky
as they recited the Vedas
and worshiped his divine feet
when he measured the world at the sacrifice of Mahābali.

2646. The faultless sky is an umbrella that protects the earth,
the stars are like its shining decorations,
and the moon is its silver base.

When he grew tall and measured the world
he looked like a pole holding up the umbrella that is the sky.
He is the best remedy for all our troubles.

2647. The highest lord with a divine discus in his hand,
cut off the nose and the ears
of the evil Raksasi Surpanaha in the forest
and then went to the ocean
rolling with strong waves to rest on Adishesha.
He looked like a dark cloud filled with water
blown by the wind as it floats in the sky
and then falls to the ocean.

2648. He shot arrows and destroyed the seven marā trees
and he split open the mouth of Bāhasuran when he came as a bird.
If the gods in the sky know
that he is the highest god and know his heroic deeds,
won't they fold their hands and worship him?

2649. O heart, he will remove all the troubles that make you suffer.
Worship always with a garland of pasurams
Kesavan, Nāraṇan, Mādhavan
who wears a beautiful thulasi garland
and is strong as a mountain.

2650. O heart, he is adorned with a cool fragrant thulasi garland
and he is the Vedas.
Know and worship Thirumāl, the Māyavan
who carries a heroic discus and took the precious life
of Rāvaṇa, the mighty Rakshasa.

2651. O ignorant heart,
 if you think you do not want to stay in this world
 and want to go to the world of the gods,
 he will give you that boon,
 and if you say, "I want to stay in this world and rule it,"
 he will give that also.
 Learn only to worship and praise the feet of Kaṇṇan
 and you will get what you want.

2652. Does he wish to stay in the Thiruvenkaṭam hills,
 on the roaring ocean, in Vaikuṇṭam, or the world in the sky?
 Or does he feel they are not fitting places for him?
 O what is this strange thing!
 Tall and dark, he entered the heart of me, his slave,
 and does not want to leave it.

2653. I praised the highest ocean-colored Thirumāl
 and he gave me his grace and entered my heart.
 The bad karma that was in my heart grew angry
 and, red-faced and frustrated, left me.
 No one can come and trouble me anymore.

2654. He wears a precious golden crown,
 carries a shining discus in his hand
 and has a thousand divine names.
 He is my father and mother
 and I keep him in my heart—
 he will remove all my troubles.
 Whatever happens to me, I am not worried
 because he will save me.

2655. How can I describe your power?

Shiva with beautiful jaṭa
 stays in the left part of your body
 and Brahma stays on a lotus on your navel,
 and there is no one to match you
 who do not depend on anything.

2656. Some say that you have three divine forms
 and some say all three are one.
 You have a matchless dark color,
 you are the first god of this world
 and you embrace Lakshmi on a shining lotus
 on your chest.

2657. Whenever I see
 something with the color of the lord,
 a puvai bird, a kayām flower,
 a neelam flower or a kāvi blossom,
 my soft heart thinks that they are his forms
 and my heart and body feel happy.

2658. O heart, he, the cowherd,
 carried Govardhana mountain as an umbrella
 and protected the cows and the cowherds.
 Even though I have pleaded with him continuously
 telling him every day that I long to see him,
 he does not take pity on me and appear before me.
 Is my heart a big mound
 keeping the flood of his grace from flowing over it?

2659. You have swallowed the earth and the wide sky
 and kept them in your stomach.
 Through my ears,
 you entered my heart and remain there.

You are inside me.
Who is better, you or me?
You carry a discus, smeared with flesh.
Think about it.

2660. You have measured the world.
When I think of you my heart throbs.
If your grace touches my body,
I will be happy and feel
as if I have measured the world and the sky as you did.
Tell me, what will happen to me?

2661. O father resting on the roaring ocean,
my relatives say they are very close to me,
but see, there is no one for me but you.
You are my only help in life
and the companion for whom I am thankful.

2662. O good heart, you feel happy
that you have a large family,
an ancient lineage and other friends,
but none are permanent.
Praise the heroism of the lord
who shot arrows from his bow unceasingly
and conquered all his enemies.
That is how you will have strength.

2663. Even those of low birth,
whose occupations are despised,
if they become the devotees of the god
with a discus in his beautiful hand
have no need to worry
about the results of their karma.

This world in which they were born
 will be like the shining world of the gods for them—
 there is no need for them to go to heaven.

2664. Even if I have no births, no old age and sickness,
 even if I am happy on this earth,
 I will not want any of those things.
 I think the days that I have not praised and worshiped him
 who measured the world at Mahbali's sacrifice
 are all days of sorrow.

2665. Whenever troubles come to me
 he will take care of me whether it is night or day.
 He does not think that I am bad
 and do not perform good deeds,
 that I am not fit to be his slave
 or that I have no one to take care of me.
 He rests on the flourishing ocean
 giving his grace to me and taking care of me.

2666. I have done bad karma and not knowing him
 I have passed all my days in vain.
 I did not follow and praise him
 who carries a discus in his beautiful hand.

2667. O heart, you do not want to do good things
 and you are tired of the results of your karma.
 See, I told you this. Find a way to save yourself.
 I am worried about myself
 He fought with the wrestlers and killed them.
 The way you will be saved is to worship him.

2668. O my heart,

I told you to bow your head, to strew flowers at his feet
folding your hands, worshiping him and praising him,
but you have not done that.

You have not asked him,

“Where did you go?”

Do not be like this without worshiping him.

Just worship him. That’s all you need to do.

2669. The dark clouds take water from the ocean
and float in the sky.

Where did they go and what tapas they perform
to have the lovely dark color of the lord
resting on Adishesha on the milky ocean rolling with waves?

2670. The lord with a body dark as a cloud
with a discus in his hand
swallowed the worlds and kept them in his stomach.
If people do not think of him or praise him
how can the the results of their karma be removed?

2671. O my heart, whether it is now or another time,
if you always praise him who carries a discus
he will remove our karma.
Always praise his ankleted feet.

SUBHAM

Thirumangai Azhvar - Thiruvezukuṛṛirukkai (2672)

This is only one Pasuram.

2672. You created Brahma on a large lotus on your navel,
and you shot your fiery arrows and conquered and burned Lanka

surrounded with strong forts
around which even the sun and moon cannot move.

You took the form of a dwarf,
a Brahmin bachelor dressed in deerskin,
wore a shining string on your chest
and went to Mahābali's sacrifice.
You asked the king for three feet of land
and measured all the three worlds and the sky
with your two feet.

Gajendra the elephant was caught by a crocodile
and you rode on Garuḍa with beautiful wings,
went to the deep pond with abundant water,
making all the directions shake,
and killed the crocodile
and saved the long-trunked Gajendra who dripped with ichor.

You are worshipped by Vedyars
who do five sacrifices with three fires,
recite the four Vedas and do six deeds.
Your good devotees controlling their five senses
and removing desires, pride and egoism from their minds,
are rid of the good and bad karma that cause future births,
as they put their minds only on you.
You know the nature of those
who do not want to be born again.

You keep in your body the three-eyed Shiva
who has four arms, is adorned with a snake,
and has the Ganges flowing in his matted hair.
He knows your power and worships you
who swallowed all the seven worlds

and kept them in your stomach.

You are the six tastes-- sweet, bitter, sour, salty, astringent, pungent.

You carry six shining weapons in your hands,
have four arms and are colored like the dark ocean.

You rest on Adishesha on the ocean.

The Earth goddess and Lakshmi
who have beautiful moon-like faces
stay near your feet at all times of the day and caress them.

You are the four Varṇas,
and the five elements--sky, fire, ocean, wind, and earth.

You fought and conquered the seven bulls
to marry Nappinnai whose hair swarms with six-legged bees
and lovely-haired Lakshmi stays on your chest.

All the six religions do not know who you are.

You are the four things--dharma, wealth, pleasure and moksha,
and the three gods Shiva, Brahma and Vishnu,
and you, the giver of the results of good and bad karma,
are the unique god of rich Thirukkuṇḍandai in the south
surrounded by flourishing vines

and groves where flowers always bloom dripping with honey.

The Kaviri river flows there with its abundant water,
bringing precious jewels and leaving them on its banks,
and good paddy flourishes there in beautiful fields.

You are the god of Thirukkuṇḍandai
where the flags on the golden places
fly in the sky and touch the young crescent moon
and VEDIYARS worship you reciting mantras.

O highest lord, you rest on Adishesha,
the snake bed on the ocean
and you know all things. I bow to your feet.

Remove the results of my karma and my troubles.

SUBHAM Thiruvezhulirirukkai ends

Siriya thirumaḍal - Thirumangaiyāzhvār (2673 to 2712)

Numbers of the Pasurams in this section follows Venkataraghavan's text and is divided into 40 Pasurams.

The earth goddess

1. This world says,
 "Hills covered with clouds are the breasts of the earth goddess,
 the wide oceans are her clothes
 the bright sun is her thilagam,
 wide rivers are the ornaments on her ample chest,
 large dark clouds are her hair,
 and the ocean is her boundary.
 She is three things, dharma, wealth and moksha."

2. Many get dharma and wealth
 but they are not permanent.
 People say there is a third thing
 that is higher than those two,
 but they speak in ignorance—I will explain why.

3. The sun god rides on a chariot
 yoked to seven horses and goes around the world—
 does he only go to the world of the gods and stay there?
 That would be like someone wanting to eat meat
 who leaves a rabbit and goes after a crow.

4. She says,

“O friend with beautiful young breasts,
listen to what happened to me.

I adorned my dark hair and tied it up,
put a band around my beautiful breasts
a mekalai around my waist,
and put kohl on my sharp spear-like eyes.
I was playing ball happily.

5. “Thirumāl with eyes like beautiful lotuses
blooming in the water came there
carrying a lovely pot
and danced on the rich streets as drums played.
People saw him and felt happy.

6. “My friends, my brothers and others came to me and told me,
‘Come, let us go and see him,’
and I went with them. It was my fate.
Suddenly my body grew pale
and the bangles on my hands became loose
and fell and I couldn’t find them.
Whatever others said to me,
I didn’t listen to them.

7. “I was confused,
and became weak and pale.
My loving mother
with a voice as sweet as a parrot’s,
seeing me suffering, was concerned
and put vibhuti on my forehead to protect me.

8. “She worshipped the god and asked for a boon,
saying, ‘I will give you a lovely fragrant garland

strung with Kurinji flowers.

Please take away my daughter's sorrow.'

9. "But whatever my mother did,

it didn't remove the sorrow from my mind

or the pain of my love.

Some older mothers who saw how I suffered

how my body grew pale advised her,

'Take her to a fortune teller

who can tell you how to remove her sickness.

She may tell you the truth.'

10, 11, 12. "When my mother summoned her,

the fortune teller with dark, tied-up hair

worshipped the god and was possessed.

She threw the paddy that my mother gave her

on a winnowing fan, sweated and trembled and said,

'The thousand-named god has caused her sickness.

He has a dark cloud-colored body,

carries a valampuri conch in his hand

and is adorned with fragrant thulasi garlands.

O you with sharp spear-like eyes, do not worry.

I know who gave this sickness to your daughter

and I will tell you who he is.

He measured this earth with his feet,

shattered Lanka into pieces,

and protected the cows and the cowherds

from the storm with Govardhana mountain.

13, 14, 15. "He churned the milky ocean to get nectar for the gods,

he grazed the cows,

and he swallowed all the worlds, kept them in his stomach

and spat them out. But that was not enough for him.

One day in cowherd village
 lovely-waisted Yashoda, with beautiful feet,
 adorned coral mouth and round breasts tied with a band
 spent a long time churning good yogurt with a churning stick.
 Sweating as her beautiful waist hurt,
 she took the butter and carefully put it in a pot
 on the uṛi hanging on a rope.
 He pretended as if he were sleeping
 until Yashoda with a shining forehead had left.
 Then he raised up his long arms as high as possible
 took gobs of butter and swallowed it.

14. “He rolled the pots on the floor
 and again pretended to be sleeping.
 When Yashoda came back she saw him
 acting as if he didn’t know anything,
 and she saw the pots rolling on the ground
 but could not see any of the butter.

15. “She hit herself on her stomach and said,
 “Who could have done this except this naughty one?”
 She asked Kaṇṇan, “Did you do this?”
 She got very angry, shouted at him,
 took a long rope, tied him to the mortar
 and spanked him as the villagers looked on.
 He didn’t stop her.

16. “Do you know who he is?
 He is the lord who jumped into the deep pond,
 stirred up its abundant water and fought
 the cruel thousand-headed snake Kaalingan.

17. “With his sharp sword he cut off

the nose and ears of Raksasi Surpanaha
 who told Rama that she was as beautiful as Sita.
 He fought with Karan, the brother of Surpanaha
 with his bow and made him suffer as if he were in hell.

18, 19, 20. “When handsome broad-armed Rāvaṇa
 took Sita whose lovely breasts were tied with a band to Lanka,
 Rama went there, fought with Rāvaṇa,
 drew his bow and cut off his ten heads.
 As a man-lion he split open with his sharp claws
 the chest of of Hiranyan, the long-speared fighter,
 and wore his intestines on his chest as a garland,
 striking his red kumkumam-smeared arms with his hands,
 standing and shouting,
 while Hiraṇyan lay in a flood of red blood.

21. “When he took the form of a dwarf
 and went to the king Mahābali,
 asking for three feet of land,
 that king assented, pouring water on the dwarf’s hands.
 Then, tricking him, the god took a tall form
 and measured the world and the sky with his two feet.

22. “He churned the milky ocean with the gods
 and the Asuras using Mandara mountain for a churning stick
 and the snake Vasuki for a rope.

23. “The elephant Gajendra, large as a dark mountain,
 who would go to a pond every day to get a lotus flower
 to worship the god,
 was caught by a crocodile one day.
 He raised his long trunk screamed out calling the god,
 “Nārāyaṇā, you with the color of a diamond who rest on Adishesha,

come, remove my terrible distress.”

24. “Our lord came to Gajendra
and, enraged at the crocodile,
cut it in two pieces with his discus and saved Gajendra.
It is the thousand-named lord
who has given this love sickness to your daughter,
making her crazy about him.’

25. The fortune teller told all these things to her mother
and she was pleased because her daughter had not been hurt.
She understood that she had fallen in love with the lord
adorned with a fresh thulasi garland
and realized that her daughter was crying
with tears falling from her beautiful spear-like eyes
because she had become his slave
and was not in love with anyone else.

26, 28. The daughter says,
“I prattle on because I saw his dark cloud-like body.
I wander not knowing what to do
when the cool wind blows giving me pain.
The curly-haired women are gossiping about me,
but I can’t stop them and keep quiet.

29. “I told my heart,
‘O heart, go to the sapphire-colored god
and ask him if he will give me his thulasi garland.
Speak to him when my enemies are not there—
otherwise they will give me trouble.
If he doesn’t answer you, just come back.”
But when I said that, my heart that went to him
who has the dark color of the ocean

did not come back and forgot me.

30.- 33. "I have done bad karma. The villagers are making fun of me and there is no one to help me.

My life melts like a candle near a fire.

My long eyes don't sleep even if the whole village sleeps and I prattle on saying the thousand names of the good lord.

When people fall in love it is like plunging into a dark ocean—they don't know the trouble it will bring. Let that be."

The daughter says,

34. "Let me tell you about a woman whose love is known to everyone.

Her name is Vāsavadathathai.

Once she left all her friends and went along the wide street behind her broad-armed garlanded beloved.

The villagers gossiped saying mean things about her.

Here is what I am going to do.

35 - 40. "I have decided to go to temples to see the dark one.

I will go to beautiful Thiruveṅkaṭam, Thirukkovalur, strong-walled Kachi, Thiruvuragam, Thirupperagam, Vellāṟai, temple of the god

who walked through the large marudam trees and destroyed the Asurans,

Thiruvekka, Thiruvaali, Thiruthangaal,

Thirunaṟaiyur surrounded with water, Thiruppuliyur,

Srirangam surrounded with groves,

Thirukkaṇṇamangai, beautiful jewel-like Thirukkaṇṇanur,

Thiruvīṇṇagaram, famous Thirukkaṇṇapuram,

Thirucheṟai, Thiruvazhundur,

Thirukkuḍandai, Thirukkaḍigai, Thirukkaḍalmallai,

Thiruvīḍavendai, Thiruneermalai,

the famous Thirumālirunjolai, Thirumohur,

Thiruvadari praised by all,
 northern Madurai and all other places of the god
 without missing any.
 I prattle on saying the thousand names
 of the famous, lotus-eyed god
 adorned with thulasi garlands dripping with honey
 who broke the tusk of the elephant
 and saved Gajendra from the crocodile,
 Even if the villagers say nasty things about me
 I will surely ride on a horse made of palm leaves.

SUBHAM SUBHAM.

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Periyathirumaḍal - Thirumangai (2713 -2790)

(78 Pāsūrams)

God in his yogic sleep on the ocean.

As his bright emerald earrings throw out light,
 the lord is like a large mountain
 resting on the dotted snake Adishesha
 with shining jewels on his thousand divine heads
 The crowded stars in the sky
 shine and cover him like an umbrella.(1)

The sun and moon are his lights
 and the waves of the ocean fan him. (2)

The Earth goddess

At Mahābali's sacrifice with his divine lotus feet
 he measured the earth goddess

whose hair is the clouds.
and the stars are the flower garlands that decorate it.(3)

The tall hills of the Pandya king
and the divine northern Himalayas are her breasts,
and she walks like a swan. (4)
As the lord sleeps in deep yoga her beautiful hands caress his feet.

Sages in Moksha

The god created a shining lotus on his navel
and the four-headed Brahma on it. (5)
Brahma created the four Vedas
that show the path to dharma, poru! and happiness on the earth and moksha. (6)
Moksha can only be attained after the body has gone to the other world.
Those who want to reach it
should eat fallen fruits, dried leaves, make their bodies thin,
sleep in a hut roofed with leaves (7)
and do tapas standing in the heat of the sun
and plunging into the water in ponds.
One can only say that these are the people who could reach moksha.
This is what one knows.
No one can tell others could reach moksha
by any other way unless they see them there. (8)

9-10. If you know any people who have reached moksha,
crossing the world of heat (9) tell us who they are.
Without knowing their names
just to say that we know that they reached moksha
shows that they are ignorant.
We will talk about them later.

The sages enter Indra's world and enjoy it. (11 - 22)

Let us look at the life of sages.

As the gods praise them,
they enter the golden world of Indra,
the thousand-eyed king of the gods.

They sit on shining thrones (11 and 12)
where young women with long sword-like eyes fan them
and a fresh breeze blows on them. (13)

There gentle doe-eyed women with waists as thin as lightning
smile with their white teeth that shine
like the rising crescent moon.

The sages see the karpaga forest glittering like gold
where bees in the groves sing sweetly
and the honey from the blossoms
of the Mandaram trees that grow everywhere
and they play in that world with the dark-eyed Apsaras
with waists thin as lightning and beautiful as peacocks . (14)

They stay in the golden diamond-studded mandapam
whose marble shines and with coral pillars
and there they listen contentedly to the sweet music
that the Aparasas play on their yāzhs. (15)

Indra's Palace (16 -22)

The sages stay in palaces that shine like lightning
as the clouds float above them.

The moon shines from the sky
and many bright lamps hang in the rooms where they stay(16).

Women with lovely cool eyes,
wearing flowers that drip honey in their hair,
spread beds and open the doors for them. ((17)

There men wear fragrant mandaram flower garlands on their arms
and bees from the karpaga flowers swarm around them.

Swans wander in the garden.

The sweet fresh breeze enters their room
and dries the fragrant sandal paste that the Apsarasas
have smeared on their young breasts. (18)

The men joyfully put their hands on the lightning-like waists
and the ornaments on the women's breasts make noise.(19)

The sound of their jewels give joy to the hearts of the men.

They drink the nectar from the mouths of the women
with large eyes that never blink,
enjoying their doe-like look and lovely smiles. (20)

Such is the result of their penance,
which at best achieves only passion.

I have described (21)

Doe-eyed women who walk like swans
will not ride on maḍal when they love men
even if others gossip about them.

I have heard this and know it from the southern tradition,
but I don't want to worry about that.

I have only described what the northern tradition says. (22)

23 - 28. Those who do not want to follow the northern tradition
will not know the coolness of the sandal paste
from the Podiyam hills of Pandyan kings. (23)

They will not understand the beauty of the sweet music
of the flutes of the cowherds,
or the suffering of women when hear the bells of the cows
returning home in the evening. (24)

When they hear the sorrowful sound
of the calling of the andril birds on the palm tree
separated from their mates, they will not feel pain. (25)

When the shining moon in the sky sends its cool rays,
their bodies will not burn. (26)

When Kama shoots his flower arrows from his everlasting bow
they will not die and go to the golden street in heaven. (27)

They will stay on their flower beds
with women whose hair is decorated with flowers
as a breeze caresses their waists and soft breasts,
and they will sleep with those women who are precious like gold.
Let them enjoy themselves. (28)

Women who suffered to find and follow their beloveds.

Vaidehi.

Rama going to the forest with Vaidehi.

Rama obeyed his father, the heroic king Dasaratha,
gave up the rich kingdom
making all the people of the kingdom suffer
and left his country. (29)

He went fast as lightning in a bright chariot,
wandered in a hot forest
where murderous hungry peys wandered.

The paths there were filled with stones
and bamboo plants were broken and burned,
and the wind blew wildly (30)

Vaidehi, his beautiful wife, went with him,
walking like a swan on her soft cotton-like feet
on stone paths where the cruel sun's strong heat
burned the earth. (31)

Vegavathi searching for her beloved.

When Vegavathi, a young girl
with a waist as thin as lightning

lost her husband as dear as her life,
 she went with her elder brother to find him.
 They searched and finally found him
 who was strong as a bull, with mighty arms like stone
 and she embraced his golden chest. (32)

The daughter of Nagarajan of the snake world finding Arjuna.

Arjuna the matchless hero,
 whose shining long spear killed his enemies,
 was the son of Guru, the king of the famous country
 where the Ganges flows with abundant water.
 The beautiful daughter of the king of snakes
 without shyness, fear or modesty
 embraced him, crushing her breasts
 on his mountain-like golden chest
 and took him to the snake world
 where she loved him and they lived happily.
 Haven't we heard that story? (33 -36)

Usha, Vāṇan's daughter and Māyavan.

Vāṇan, the king of the Asurans with a shining sword
 ruled a golden country that was like Indra's world
 and conquered the whole earth surrounded by the oceans.
 His daughter was more beautiful than any other woman. (37)
 Her dear friend obtained the thulasi garland
 of the lord Māyavan with lovely mountain-like arms and gave it to Usha.
 Then she brought the god Māyavan to her
 so that he could be happy with her.
 O friends, haven't you heard this story? (37 -39)

Parvathi doing tapas to marry Shiva.

O, beautiful girls, what more can I say?

Uma, the precious daughter of the king of Himalayas,
was as divine as a goddess, with teeth like shining jewels and a red mouth,
a soft waist and the walk of a swan.

As she did tapas to see Shiva, wearing her hair as matted locks her golden body
withered and she controlled all her senses.

Shiva came to the forest where she was doing tapas,
extending his thousand arms and hands
in all the eight directions and shining like fire.
His feet adorned with heroic anklets
crossed all the seven precious worlds and went to the sky.
The gods in the sky worshiped the lord
and the everlasting mountains, the wind and the stars
whirled around the dancer Shiva adorned with vibhuthi.
She praised the trident of the dancing lord
that destroys Asurans and embraced him.

She says,

“Don’t you know that I have done bad karma
and have not received the grace of the god like they have?
If I begin to tell all the stories of wonderful women
it will be endless like the Bharatham. (40 -42)

"I will tell how I suffer from love—listen.

I entered the golden door
of the palace studded with diamonds,
as large as the mountain in Thirunaraiyur
surrounded with thick groves
where good Vedyars recite the Vedas (43)
and I saw the lord there and my eyes rejoiced.
His divine chest, mouth, feet, beautiful hands

and eyes shone like flowers blooming in a forest on a golden mountain.
 His chest is adorned with a long thread
 and he wears arm bracelets, shining earrings, chains, a tall crown
 and a Sulamani ornament that shines like the bright sun
 as he shines like an emerald hill. (45)

She describes Lakshmi

Lakshmi his wife, like a beautiful young vanji creeper
 stays near him.

Her walk is like a swan's,
 her eyes are innocent like a doe's,
 she is lovely as a peacock
 and shines like lightning.

Her arms are like young bamboo,
 her breasts are like two pots,
 her mouth is red like a thondai fruit
 and her eyes are like two kendai fish.

Divine, she stood near him
 but I did not see her as she stood there.

She says,

“My heart and my mind grew weak,
 the bracelets on my hands
 and the golden mekalai on my waist grew loose.

The roaring of the ocean increases the pain of my love. (46)
 and the cool moon sheds its hot rays on me.

How is it their nature has changed?

The sweet breeze carrying the fragrance of the blossoms
 on the southern king Pandiyan's mountain Pothiyam,
 mingled with the smell of sandal wood and the pollen of flowers
 blows making all the people of the world happy.

But to me that fresh breeze is as if burning air were streaming on me.

As the andril bird in a nest made of screw pine flower on a palm tree
 calls her beloved male bird with her small voice
 it is like a sword splitting open my chest.
 What can I do? “

She says,

“Kama has a sugarcane bow in his arms that are strong as stone.
 He bends it, flexing his arms, and shoots flower arrows (47)
 at me with my chest as his target.
 There is no one to protect me from him.” (48)

She says,

“I am innocent.
 What is the use of my being a woman, my beauty and my breasts
 if I cannot embrace the golden chest of the lord
 who shines like a golden hill
 and is the beloved of Lakshmi?

If my breasts do not embrace the lord of Thirukanṇapuram
 my breasts and my beauty will become like a blooming creeper
 that withers spreading its fragrance in vain
 in a stony forest in a dry land

All these things are burden for me.
 Is there anyone who knows a remedy to
 stop this pain of love that keeps increasing?(49, 50)

The sound of the bells tied on the necks of the cows
 in the evening is sweet for most people, (51)
 but to my ears it is as cruel as the sound of a killing spear.
 Tell me how I can save myself from this pain, tell me. (52)
 The cloud-colored lord
 whose chest is adorned with a fragrant thulasi garland

gave me this love sickness.” (53)

The heroism of the Lord and how she riding on madal after telling the power of Thirumāl. (54 - 78)

She says,

“He released the beautiful crescent moon from his curse,
built a bridge on the ocean to go to Lanka,
shot his arrows and fought with king Rāvaṇa in a cruel battle
made his ten heads decorated with golden crowns fall to the ground
and sent him to the golden world in the sky.” (54).

Hiraṇyan and the man-lion.

She says,

“Hiraṇyan with his strong hands
fought with thousand-eyed Indra, king of the gods
and the gods and took over Indra’s world
and the golden world of the gods.
Our god with a discus in his mighty hand
took the form of a lion (55)
went to Hiraṇyan with fiery eyes and fought with him,
pulling the Asuran by the hair,
sitting him on his thigh,
and splitting open his chest with his sharp claws.

God in the form of a boar

“When the earth goddess was hidden
in the bottom of the ocean by an Asuran,
our god, the dancer, took the form of a boar,
went into the ocean and brought up the earth goddess
on his sharp murderous tusks. (56)

Thirumāl churning the milky ocean with gods and Asurans.

“Using Mandara mountain as a churning stick
and the snake Vasuki as the rope,
he churned the milky ocean
and the bright sun, moon and all shining things
in the sky swirled around as he churned.
The generous god took the sweet nectar from the ocean,
gave it to the gods in the sky
and removed their affliction. (57)

God in the form of a dwarf

“Taking the form of a dwarf whom no one could recognize
he went as a bachelor to the golden sacrifice of king Mahābali. (58)
He cheated the heroic king, melted his heart by pretending to be a sage.
He asked the king,
‘O king, I want three feet of land
and I will measure the distance with my feet.’
Before the dwarf could finish speaking,
the king said, ‘I have already given that.’
At those words, (59)
the god grew tall and his crown, shining like lightning,
touched the sky and his ankleted feet crossed over all the seven worlds.(60)
All the gods and the Asurans saw him and trembled
as his feet went upwards and took over the wide world and the sky.
He cheated Mahābali with his feet and made all the world his own.” (61)

She praises the Divyadesams where the god stays and worships him

“He, the beloved of the goddess with a lighting-like waist,
fights in the war like a bull.

He stays on the golden mountain of Thiruvīṇṇagar
 and he is the god of the flourishing Kudandai
 where the Ponni river brings jewel and leaves them on its banks.
 Majestic as a red coral hill,
 he is the god of Thirukkuṟunguḍi in the Pandiyan country.
 He is the generous god of Thiruthaṇcherai. (62)
 my sweet nectar and the god of Thiruvayalāli
 surrounded with beautiful water where swans sleep.
 Strong as a mountain, he is the god of Thiruyevvuḷ,
 and generous as the kaṟpagam tree,
 and the god of Thirukkaṇṇamangai surrounded with strong forts.
 He is lightning, the bright sun and moon
 and the god of Thiruveḷḷarai.
 As precious as gold, he is the god of Thirukkallarai.
 Gold and emerald, a fighting bull, he is the god of Thirupuṭkuzhi.
 He, the god of everlasting Srirangam
 shines like a precious diamond. (63)

He, the beloved of Lakshmi, stays in Thiruvallavāzh.
 Never born, he is the god of Thirupperur.
 He lies on Adishesha on the ancient ocean,
 He is a faultless shining jewel and he stays in my mind always.
 He is the lord of Thiruvīḍaventhai,
 the Māyavan, the god of Thirukkaḍalmallai, (64)
 worshipped by the gods in the sky

He is the strong god of Thiruthangāl,
 the essence known by no one, a pearl.
 He took the form of a swan, fish, man-lion
 and he is the divine Vedas whose meaning no one knows.
 He swallowed all the worlds in ancient times. (65)
 He is the god of everlasting Thiruvīḍaikkazhi
 who drank the milk from Putana as she screamed, (66)

the shining god of Thiruvazhundur
 where swans look for food in the wet mud.
 He, my dear lord, stays in south Thillaichithrakuḍam, (67)
 the clever god of Thiruveṅkaṭam where clouds move with lightning.
 He, a king and the beloved of Lakshmi, stays in Thirumāḷirunjolai
 carrying a discus that kills his enemies. (68)
 He has the form of a man-lion in Thirukkottiyur,
 a flood of sweet nectar and the god of Thirumeyyam,
 the good Andaṇan of Thiruvindaḷur,
 the man-lion of Thiruveḷukkai in Thirukkachi
 surrounded with strong forts.
 He is the young god of Thiruppāḍagam, (69)
 the god of Thiruvekkaa sunk in deep yoga.
 He is the god of Thiruvuragam,
 the strong bull of Thiruvattapuyagaram
 and the Esan who stays in my heart. (70)

He, the god of the gods,
 is the light of Thirumuzhikkaḷam
 and the god of Thiruvādanur giving food to all.
 He is past, present and future, (71)
 the god of Thiruneermalai and the four everlasting Vedas.

He is Tamizh flourishing in Thiruppullāṇi in the Pandiyan country and he is Sanskrit.
 He is the beloved of Lakshmi and shines like the moon,
 the god of Maṇimāḍakkoyil in Naagai,
 and the god of Thiruchengāḍu surrounded by the ocean. (72)
 I worship the god Kaṇṇan,
 the lord of Thirukkaṇṇapuram
 and of Maṇimāḍakkoyil in southern Thirunaṇaiyur.”

She says,
 “He is as strong as a bull with arms like mountains.

I will go and see him, folding my hands and worshiping him.
 I will tell him how I feel,
 if my dear lord does not give his grace
 holding me close to his chest, (73)

I will go to the villages where girls with lightning-thin waists,
 Vedyars and sages live
 and tell the kings with spears that kill enemies in battles
 and all the crowds of people
 and the people who live in all countries
 about all the things he has done to me.” (74) .

She says,
 “When he went to the cowherd village,
 stole butter and yogurt churned and kept
 by beautiful fish-eyed cowherd women,
 and ate them and filled his stomach full,
 the women caught him and tied him to a mortar.
 When he took the form of a bhudam
 and ate all the food that the cowherds had kept for Indra, (75)
 Indra grew angry, brought a storm,
 and the lord carried Govardhana mountain
 as an umbrella and protected the cowherds
 and the cows from the storm.

When Kaṇṇan went to Duriyodhana’s assembly
 for the Pandavas as a messenger,
 he was disgraced by the Kauravas.
 He danced on a pot as drums were beaten
 and beautiful women saw looked on in enjoyment,
 exclaiming, ‘How could he dance so wonderfully?’

When Surpankaha, the princess of Lanka, Ravana's sister,

fell in love with Rama, took the form of a beautiful woman
and came to the forest and told Rama that she loved him, (76)
Rama was angry and cut off her nose.
He also killed the mighty Thāḍagai (77)
when she came to fight with him.

MADAL

I will think of all these deeds
and ride on horse made of palm leaves, the maḍal,
of a flourishing palm tree.” (78)

End of part 3 (pasurams 2082 – 2790)