THE TIRUVAIMOLI
OF NAMMALVAR
RENDERED IN ENGLISH

Srirama Bharati
Sowbhagya Lakshmi

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by

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The inexplicable wonder of the advent of Nammalvar, and the faithful Madhurakavi's association with him, are eternal reminders of an unseen element shaping great lives and works. Yet from the human angle, the Tiruvaimoli stands out as the life-story of a forsaken child, abandoned by parents in the hole of a tamarind tree, growing up alone and unattended, weeping to be heard and loved, not for charity or for pity, but for the exalted principle.

The poem is an Andadi, a garland of 1102 Tamil verses, arranged into a hundred decades. It unfolds a drama of love, but couched in those terms is an allegory on the ascent of the soul. Like the Prabodha Candrodhayam of Krishna Misra and Sankalapa Suryodayam of Vedanta Desika, works which the Tiruvaimoli anticipates by at least six centuries, the several layers of a unified consciousness - Prakriti, Mahat, Ahankara and Manas enveloping the Atman - take on roles and become the dramatis personae. Manas the heart of every man, is a maiden in love, the Nayika. Ahankara, the rational self or the intellect, becomes the Nayika's chaperoning mother. The Gunas of Mahat - Sattva, Rajas and Tamas appear in the roles of the Acarya, the Sakhis, and the Bairagis. Even the unretorting pets, the garden bees, and the clouds in the sky, play their parts, as Prakriti. The Atman is the Sutradhara and the lord, the supreme oversoul, the Nayaka.

The lord first appears to the Alvar in his cosmic and cosmogenic manifestations (Para and Vyuha), then in the various Avataras of Vishnu and finally in his Arca forms adorning the scores of temples in the land, and as the Antaryamin, the indwelling spirit. Veiled references to the situation highlight the transient moods of each decad-the hills (Kurinci) for love, the fertile plains (Marudal) for lover's quarrels, and the sea (Neidal) for separation. Adbhuta Rasa dominates during the first part, leading to Sringara Rasa in
the next; the dramatic dissolution of all but the nominative self towards the end leads to Santa Rasa, the ocean of silence into which all other Rasas flow and merge themselves.

The poem incorporates the Vishnu-Krishna lore (the Vishnu Purana of Parasara and Srimad Bhagavatam of Vyasa) in a large measure. The allusions to the lord, swallowing the universe, appearing as a reclining form in the milk-ocean, then lifting the earth as a boar etc., are obvious symbolisms of the ancients' understanding of cosmogeny, which scientists today corroborate in remarkable detail. The Alvar even refers to the earth's roundness, and the geographical distributions of the globe. His mystic experience shows him a black sun with warm red spots on it, an icy landscape on earth and two young suns in space, a situation which science too predicts when the present sun burns itself out. Towards the end the Alvar experiences the inevitable black hole, and the expanding universe.

Despite Madhurakavi's heroic efforts to propagate his master's Word, the poem seems to have been lost for a while, owing to the disrepute of a "death-poem" which it gathered. Nathamuni (9th. cent.) rediscovered it and responded to the intensity of its spiritual appeal by making music and dance the key to the integration of Manas, Vak and Kaya.

Over the past millenium, the text of the Tiruvaimoli has survived, but not the music. Through an effort initiated by VVS fifteen years ago, we have been able to reset the poem to music, and have been teaching and performing it as a labour of love. The Tiruvaimoli in English complements a project for recording and documentation of the music. It is also a work in itself, offering a readable account of the Alvar's mystic experience. The draft was written in Alvar Tirunagari, living by the shrine of Nammalvar. The ever-wakeful tamarind tree with its seven venerable branches, and the revered icon of Nammalvar cast by Madhurakavi were abiding sources of inspiration. The immense goodwill we enjoyed from the people of the temple-town was a source of encouragement for the project, begun last autumn.
We are grateful to Ms. Caroline Mckenzie of Melkote for reading the typescript, Sri. R. P. Rama Iyengar of Alvar Tirunagari and Sri. R. Srinivasa Iyengar of Nanguneri for their persuasive nudges, to Sri Tirunarayanapuram Araiyan (Senior) for his healthy competitive spirit and to Smt. Ranganayaki Ammal for giving us free access to VVS's notes and properties on the subject. The cover illustration is a pen sketch of the tamarind tree at Alvar Tirunagari. It was done by Silpi and appears in a TVS publication. Dr. N. E. Sjoman, who first made the suggestion to bring out this work, could not stay on in the country to see it done. Behenji, Dr. Prem Lata Sharma shared the cost of publication through a generous personal donation. To all of them and to the members of the Kanaiyazhi Press, our thanks are due.

Srirama Bharati
Sowbhagya Lakshmi

Alvar Tirunagari,
Vaikasi Visakam, 10.6.87.
Dedication

Historians place Nammalvar around the 7th. cent. AD, whereas tradition fixes his birth on the 43rd day of beginning of Kaliyuga, several thousand years earlier. The apparent contradiction is resolved when we accept that there may have been many Satakopans, or at least more than one, who have appeared at various times to extoll the eternal truth of revelations.

To such a lineage must belong the author's guru Viravanallur Vedantam Satakopan, whose unseen presence these seven years has provided the revelatory experience upon which the present work is based, in stages which almost wholly recapitulate the Nathamuni-Madhurakavi saga.

The Tiruvaimoli is meant to be performed - sung, danced, and enacted before deities and devotees. It is also recited by devout Vaishnavas in diverse parts of the country, often from books in non-Tamil scripts. It is a tribute to the guru's genius that the work is now available in the English language as well.

Nammalvar cannot belong to any one sect or cult alone. His love embraces the whole universe, and all humanity. May the world benefit by reciting his work with understanding.
OBEISANCE TO THE MASTER

In the town of Viravanallur
On the good day of Hastam in Tai,
To the good Muttamma and Vedantam,
Came our lord and guru
Sri Satakopan, the master.

With folded hands he teaches
The meaning of the Vedic texts.
Singing, dancing like a child,
Compassionate like a mother,
Learning the good names
Of the lord who reclines in yoga
Comes our lord and guru,
Sri Satakopan the master.

In all the quarters,
Learned ones do praise
And wish him long life.
With music of the well-tuned Vina,
And text of the revelations
Teaching us to dance and sing
As ambrosia for the heart
Comes our lord and guru,
Sri Satakopan, the master!
I. 1. Uyarvara

1. Arise, O heart, worship the feet of the god
   Who is higher than the highest good,
   Who is the lord of the ever-wakeful celestials.
   Who dispels doubt and grants pure knowledge.

2. He cleanses the heart, makes it blossom and grow.
   He is beyond the ken of thought, feeling and senses.
   He is pure consciousness, all-goodness, and eternal.
   He has no peer, or superior, he is in all our souls.

3. He cannot be thought of as "this" and "not that".
   He is the sentient and insentient, in high and in low.
   He is in the senses, but not of them, and endless.
   Let us seek the good one, he is everywhere.

4. He stands as the he there, here and between,
   The she there, here, between and wherever.
   The things that are, here, there, between, and wherever
   He is their good, bad, indifferent, their past and their
   future.

5. Let each one offer worship as he deems fit,
   And each one shall attain his god's feet.
   For, our lord, who stands above these gods,
   Accepts the offerings made to them and bids them deliver
   the fruit.

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6. Our lord is eternally one, unchanging:
Standing, sitting, lying or walking,
Not standing, not sitting, not lying, not walking,
Forever the same, forever not the same.

7. The lord of the Vedas who swallowed the universe
Is manifest as fire, earth, water, sky and air.
He is there in all the things made of these,
Hidden, like life in the body, everywhere.

8. Though he is everywhere, he cannot be seen, even by the gods.
He is the first cause, the almighty, who swallowed all.
He burnt the three cities, granted wisdom to the gods.
He is Brahma the creator, and Siva the destroyer too.

9. Would you say he is, then he is, and all this is him.
Say he is not, then too he is, as the formless spirit in all.
With the twin qualities of being and not being,
He pervades all things and places forever.

10. He who swallowed all, reclines in the cool ocean,
Resides in every drop, the universe itself, complete,
On earth and in the sky, hidden everywhere,
In every atom and cell continuously, forever.

11. This decad of the thousand songs by Kurugur Satakopan
On the lord who exists in fire, earth, water, sky, and air,
Subtly as heat, mass, coolness, strength and sound,
Offers liberation to those who recite it.
1. Give up everything,
   Surrender your soul
   To the maker
   And accept his protection.

2. Fleetier than lightning
   Is the life of the body.
   Ponder a while
   On this matter yourself.

3. Uproot all thoughts
   Of you and yours.
   Merge with the lord,
   There is no greater fulfilment.

4. The lord is beyond
   Being and not being.
   Cutting all attachments,
   Attain that infinite good.

5. When all attachment ceases,
   The soul becomes free.
   So seek the eternal lord
   And cut all attachments.
6. The lord has no attachment.
   He exists everywhere.
   Become freed of attachments
   And merge with him fully.

7. Look at the vast wealth
   Of radiance all around.
   Know that all these are his,
   And merge into him.

8. Go to the source
   Of thought, word and deed.
   Direct them to him,
   And merge yourself too.

9. When thus directed,
   All obstacles will vanish,
   Then wait for the moment
   Of shedding the body.

10. Unite with the feet
    Of the glorious Narayana,
    Lord of countless virtues,
    Lord of incomparable good.

11. This decad of the thousand
    Are the considered words
    By Satakopan of Kurugur,
    City of many lakes.
I. 3. Pattudai

1. The lord is easy to reach by devotees through love. His feet are hard to get for others, even lotus-dame Lakshmi.
   Oh, how easily he was caught and bound to the mortar, pleading,
   For stealing butter from the milkmaid’s churning pail!

2. Heedless of place and context, he appears in countless forms.
   His radiant fullness is beginningless and endless.
   Forever providing the ambrosial experience of liberation,
   With cool grace he exists, within and without.

3. Who can comprehend the wonders of Narayana?
   He bears the highest good of Vedic sacrifice.
   Forever he creates, destroys, and plays between the two.
   He contains the gods, and the living, and the lifeless.

4. My lord is hard to see as the changeless one.
   My lord is easy to see as the changeless one.
   My lord bears a thousand names and forms.
   My lord is opposed to name and form, being and not being.

5. Accept the method of the Vedas, and know him through realization.
   He is the lord without end, beginning of all, spoken of therein.
   Give up all doubt and cut asunder your attachments,
   For he resolves the conflict of the six schools of thought.

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6. O people! Even if you realise your nature as different from body, Formless, sans length, breadth or height, the lord is not attained. Praise him who is spoken of as Brahma, Vishnu and Siva, He is the lord dwelling in your heart.

7. He pervades all forms, eluding count as one or as many. He is the radiant Narayana, four-faced Brahma and Siva. Hold him in your hearts with steady devotion, Shed all desires and serve him alone, that is the only good.

8. Let us purge our hearts free from desires, And worship the radiant feet of the lord, spouse of Lakshmi. Our past Karmas will vanish, we shall not want. Even if death comes, we shall die humbly and well.

9. Siva who burnt the three cities occupies the lord’s right. Brahma who made the seven spheres resides in them on his navel. Yet he is here within the universe for all to see. Such are his wonders, these thoughts that fill my heart.

10. He mystifies even the clear-thinking gods, He has wonders that would fill the sky. He is of dark cloud-hue, his lotus feet measured the earth. I shall forever sit and praise, adore and worship him.

11. This decad of the sweet thousand songs By Satakopan of dense-groved wealthy Kurugur Addresses the celebrated lord of celestials, who churned the mighty ocean. Those who master it will rejoice in heaven.
1. O frail crane, compassionate, with beautiful wings and a handsome mate! Would the two of you not pity my plight and take a message from me To my lord who rides the fierce Garuda bird? Why, were he to cage you both, indeed, would that hurt you?

2. O flocking koels! Would it hurt you to take a message from me To my lotus eyes lord? Come, are you not my good pets? Oh, my past misdeeds, that I had never sought him so long! Alas! Must I remain separated from him forever?

3. O graceful, fortunate swans in the company of spouses! That clever dwarf who notoriously took the earth by begging – Go tell him that this maiden has lost all her senses. Alas, mindless me! My dark Karmas will never end

4. My cloud-hued lord does not notice my plight, Nor take pity on me and say "Oh, this is not proper". What more can I say? Go tell him, O blue curlews, That he has no goodness left in him. Would you, or would you not?

5. O strong heron searching for worms in the watered groves! If you see my lord Narayana, would you give him my message, pray? He made the seven garden worlds and tended them with love. Only this hapless maiden tearfully stands unworthy of his touch.
6. O clever bees! If you see my compassionate lord, Pray speak to him thus: "You are unjust. Before her life withers, Direct your good Garuda bird to walk by her street". Alas! What is the crime we have committed?

7. O my fond parrot, you hurt me with your talk. Are you not my pet? The cool dew-breeze blows like a needle threading my bones. Go and ask my relentless lord, who sees my faults alone, "What wrong has she done, for not receiving your grace?"

8. O my little mynah! I have lost my lustre and my charms. Alas, even when I beseech you to go to my distant lord And tell him of my grave sickness, you do not take notice! Better start looking for someone to feed you henceforth.

9. O cool dew-breeze! This body is made for collecting flowers To place at the feet of my lord Narayana everyday. Of what use is it to be separated from him thus? Go ask him this, then come back and split my bones.

10. The lord who is the cause of cyclic birth, and souls and all else, Lies reclining in the peaceful ocean with a radiant discus in hand. Hapless we shall tell him this when we see him, then merge into him. Till then, O dark desolate heart, do stay on with me.

11. This decad of the matchless thousand songs By Satakopan of Kurugur surrounded by fertile fields Addresses the measureless Krishna, maker of the seven worlds. Those who master it shall enjoy the wealth of heaven.
1. Hapless me! I saw the lord of celestials, cause of the seven worlds, And faintly called “O rogue who ate butter by stealth!” Then, “O strong herdsman who killed seven bulls For winning Nappinnai’s jasmine smile, O my lord”.  

2. O my wonder my lord, sages and celestials faint in your contemplation, You are the will and the seed of all creation, undiminishing, known to the heart alone! They offer worship with water, sandal, incense, and flowers And count your glories with melting hearts, but never come to an end.  

3. You created the sages and the celestials, even the four-faced Brahma, And gave him the power to make the wombs of all creation, Lord who stepped over all creation and measured the universe You are compassionate to all, like a mother to all beings!  

4. The lord of celestials, lord of Vaikuntha, my own lord, Became himself the cause of the three (Brahma, Siva, Indra) within him He caused the celestials, and sages and the living, and all else to be, Then himself appeared in the deep ocean sleeping on a serpent couch.  

5. O Madhava, lord bearing the fawn-eyed dame Lakshmi! O Govinda, who straightened the bow-like bends of Trivakra’s body! O Madhusudana, gem-hued lord of effulgent celestial light, hear me! May this hapless self attain your nectar lotus feet!
6. O Madhava, O lord who entered the cowherd fold and became their chief!  
O Kesava, O lord of celestials, you are the medicine to cure my despair!  
O Sridhara, you shot an arrow piercing seven dense trees!  
O lord of many great acts and many names, I call and swoon calling you!

7. My lord, Tirumal, wearing the fragrant Tulasi garland,  
My Krishna, you release devotees from weed-like mortal bondage.  
Alas! when even great minds fail to understand him,  
I of lowly intellect weep to see him, what greater folly than this?

8. Lord who then swallowed the seven worlds, and brought them out again,  
What wonder, that you took birth as a child, Krishna,  
And ate butter by stealth, leaving not a trace behind!  
Was it expellent medicine for a little earth that had remained inside you?

9. The peerless lord of celestials, our lord and protector is spouse of Sri;  
A beautiful great form compassionate like a mother to all creation.  
Innocently as a child he suckled from the poisoned breast  
Of the fierce demoness Putana, and drank her life to the bones.

10. The Vaikuntha lord of effulgent knowledge, beyond size and shape and situation,  
Pervades all things and beings, as the indwelling spirit of all.  
Driving out my twin Karmas, he cut asunder my Maya-bonds,  
Then made me place my heart in him, faithfully.

11. This decad of the thousand songs of Kurugur Satakopan  
Praised by musicians, devotees and poets, alike  
Fondly addresses the lord of wonders, full of grace.  
Those who sing it will never suffer on earth.
1. Seekers of infinite joy,
   Do not give up!
   Sing of the faultless lord,
   Offering flowers, incense and pure water.

2. The cool fragrant Tulasi-wearing lord
   Is the lord spoken of in the Vedas.
   Wholeheartedness in devotion, alone
   Is the qualification to serve him.

3. The lord is beyond like and dislike.
   My heart never parts from him,
   My tongue forever sings of him,
   My body dances like a ghoul!

4. My body dances like a ghoul,
   Worships and serves the lord,
   Repository of all virtues
   That celestials argue and rave about!

5. The lord is not attracted, not repelled,
   Enjoys neither hatred nor friendship.
   Pleased by abstinence and steady devotion,
   He is ambrosia to the devotees.
6. The lord is sweeter than ambrosia.
   He gave ambrosia to the gods.
   He reclines in the deep ocean
   With a radiant discus in hand.

7. He cut asunder the heads and arms
   Of the island Lanka’s king.
   Bow your heads before him
   And swim across the ocean of time.

8. Surrender, O devotees, and worship him.
   The heavy Karmas in your path
   Standing as obstacles will vanish
   And abiding wealth will be yours.

9. He breaks the two-fold Karmas
   And grants the highest fruit.
   The great celebrated lord
   Is peerless spouse of Lakshmi!

10. The beautiful bridegroom Madhava
    In the bat of an eyelid
    Will purge us of our Karmas;
    His banner bears the fierce Garuda!

11. This decad of the faultless thousand
    By pure-hearted Satakopan
    Addressing the perfect Madhava
    Secures freedom from rebirth.
I. 7. Piravittuyar

1. They who renounce all and enter into thought
Seeking enlightenment and freedom from travails of rebirth
Do relentlessly contemplate in their hearts
The feet of the pure discus-bearing lord.

2. The lord of infinite virtues, beyond reach of person and place
Is our darling child of the cowherd clan.
He is the medicine and the wealth of devotees.
He will not allow the power of senses to ruin them.

3. I drank deep from the ambrosia of my sweet lord,
Wonder lord, gem-hued lord, darling child of the cowherd clan
Who took their beating all for stealing butter!
Broken are the cords of ignorance that bound me to rebirth.

4. Oh! How shall I give up my adorable lord now?
He drove out ignorance and entered my heart fully.
The root and stock of all the omniscient celestials,
He gave me his radiant self-light and glorious virtues.

5. The lord who appeared before the cowherd girls like Puck
And played mischief with them, is my light and soul.
He has entered into me and made me live again,
Oh! How can I leave him now?
6. He lifted the earth from the deluge waters.
   He pierced an arrow through seven trees, what wonder!
   The lord who wears the fragrant Tulasi on his crown
   Has entered into my heart, will I ever let him go?

7. I did not decide to hold him in my heart.
   He came of his own and occupied me fully.
   He has blended himself into my very flesh and breath.
   Will he decide to forsake me now?

8. The lord is first cause of the ancient celestials,
   He enjoys the bliss of union with Nappinningai’s bamboo
   shoulders.
   Even if he desires to forsake me now,
   My heart is so good, he has not the power to leave and
   go.

9. The lord who gave ambrosia to the gods,
   Is my darling-child of the cowherd clan.
   My soul has blended my being into him.
   How can the thought of separation arise again?

10. My lord is one who leaves if left, if restrained he stays.
    My lord is hard to reach, my lord is easy to reach.
    Let us sing and praise his infinite glory,
    And enjoy his union, ceaselessly, night and day.

11. This decad of the thousand sweet songs
    By Kurugur Satakopan, on attaining the lord
    Who wears the nectared Tulasi crown humming with bees
    Provides a cure for sickness and disease.
1. Our own lord
   Wears cool Tulasi,
   Rides the bird,
   Lives with eternals.

2. Though lord of all,
   He too took birth.
   As red-eyed Krishna
   He tore Kesin's jaws.

3. Always dear as eye
   To celestials and mortals
   He rules over Vengadam
   Where gods vie to serve.

4. Forever I shall praise
   The lord who stood
   Holding a mountain high
   That revealed his glory.

5. Without a doubt
   The lord who stole butter,
   And ate from both hands,
   Is blended in me.

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6. Blending into my soul,
   He bears my good.
   As a charming lad
   He measured the earth.

7. He swallowed the seven worlds.
   He slew seven bulls.
   His cool resort
   Is my consciousness.

8. For love of me,
   He became the cowherd,
   And the fish,
   And the boar too.

9. Our lord
   Who appeared in all forms
   Bears a discus and conch
   On beautiful hands.

10. My lord, master
    Who measured the earth
    Is praised by the Vedas
    Like waves of the ocean.

11. This decad by Satakopan
    In the thousand songs
    Sings the glories
    Of the ocean-hued lord.
1. The lord is first cause of all things and being everywhere. He contains all in himself, then makes them again and protects them.

My lord, my ambrosia, my sweet taste is spouse of Lakshmi

He has entered my surroundings.

2. The lord of many wonders, is Kesava, my lord. Who killed the rutted elephant, came as boar and lifted the earth.

He reclines in the deep ocean mystifying celestials.

He is near me now.

3. Faultless lord of infinite glory, first cause of the celestials. Dark gem-hued lord of lotus-red eyes, peerless spouse of Lakshmi,

He delights in riding the Garuda bird of fierce wings.

Giving me the bliss of union, he has entered into me!

4. Three queens Bhu, Sri and Nila love to be seated with him.

The worlds that he rules are also three. Lord more wonderous than the ocean, He swallowed them all and slept as a child floating on a fig leaf.

He has risen to my lap now.

5. The wonderous lord instantly created by his will Siva, Indra, Brahma and all other gods and all the worlds. He is my darling child Krishna who suckled from Putana’s poison breast.

My lord is now risen in my bosom.
6. The lord in my bosom is the body and spirit of all, Pure, enchanting and deceitful; wind and fire too are him. Lord afar and lord near, whom none can reach through thought, He has ascended my shoulders; who can know this wonder?

7. He is an icon of radiant light, brilliance beyond comparison. On his shoulders, over his chest, and on his crown and radiant feet, He wears a garland of woven Tulasi flowers My lord becoming dearer day by day, is on my tongue now.

8. In the wisdom of all arts blossoming from the tongue, He is their letter and spirit; protector and destroyer too are him. Petal-soft, four armed lord with battle-fierce discus and conch, The lotus-eyes lord is in my eyes.

9. He created the lotus-born Brahma and the forehead-eye Siva He created the pure gods and all their worlds. I see the lotus-eyes lord in my eyes, he too sees me clearly. He is in my forehead.

10. The crescent-crown Siva, the four-faced Brahma, Indra and all the other gods Place his lotus feet on their heads and worship him. The Tulasi-crown Krishna, my lord protecting me from my forehead Has risen over my head!

11. This decad of the thousand songs by Kurugur Satakopan Addressing Krishna, lord of gods, with love Will abidingly secure his holy lotus feet To those who sing it to the lord, with feeling.
1. I saw in my eyes my dark gem-hued lord
   Resplendent with war-waging discus and conch.
   He came as a tiny dwarf then strode the earth with great feet.
   O how he grew and became worshipped by the seven worlds!

2. My lord unfolds himself as earth, water, fire, wind and sky.
   Whenever I worship him with love,
   He enters into my eyes and fills my mind.
   What more do I want?

3. Worship O heart, the cool lotus-eyes lord!
   On his chest he bears the lotus-dame Lakshmi
   Whose hips are slender as a snake or a twig.
   He is the lord of my father, his father and the forefathers before him.

4. My lord is the prince who married the lotus-dame Lakshmi.
   Good, good, O heart! With your help coming,
   What can we not do? Now what do we lack?
   Henceforth, in vicissitudes, hold on to him relentlessly.

5. Now you too have seen the lord O heart!
   He swallowed the seven worlds, and measured them in three steps.
   See our actions have now borne fruit instantly,
   Without a mediating thought!

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6. The gem-hued lord protects all the world
   Like father and mother.
   When you and I stand before him thus, O heart!,
   He shall not let us enter sickness anymore, just see!

7. O, the sinner that I am that I dare to make love to,
   And speak of as my father and my lord
   That lord whom celestials contemplate upon
   And fortunately call their father and their lord!

8. Even as I hear the name "Sri-Narayana",
   Tears well in my eyes, and I ask "Where?"
   What wonder! Relentlessly by day and night,
   He stays on with me as my faithful friend.

9. The resplendent lord is the cause of the celestials above
   He resides in Southern Kurungudi,
   As an icon shining subtly like molten gold.
   Oh! with what words can I forget him?

10. I know not what is remembering or forgetting,
    And, lest I forget, he has entered my heart.
    My lord of gem hue and lotus eyes,
    Now how can I ever forget him?

11. This decad of the thousand songs
    In service rendered by Kurugur Satakopaṇ
    Addresses the gem-hued lord, one without a peer.
    Those who learn it will attain pure knowledge.
II. 2. Tinnan Vidu

1. My lord who bestows heaven and all else
   Is beyond thought. He swallowed the earth and sky.
   He is my Krishna, dear as eyes to us.
   Other than him, there is no doer, this is certain.

2. The great lion of the cowherd clan,
   Ended Siva's woe when he came pleading.
   Who can rid the misery of the seven worlds
   And protect them too? Alas, must I answer this?

3. The bull rider, the lotus-born and the lotus dame
   Reside on his person, inseparably, whom celestials worship.
   Rising over the sky, he took the earth and all.
   Can there be a god greater than him?

4. My lord created Brahma on the lotus-navel,
   He created the gods and beings of the worlds.
   Other than him, my Krishna,
   Is there a lord worthy of worship with flowers?

5. My lord of befitting wealth and lotus eyes
   By his own cause did create
   The exalted gods and all things and beings.
   Who can praise a lord of greater glory?
6. All things, all beings and all the worlds
He contains them within him with ease.
Icon of eternal effulgence reclining on the ocean.
He alone is my lord!

7. My lord has a great strong belly.
He ate the seven worlds and slept on a fig leaf.
Who can understand the mysteries
Of his dark unfathomable will?

8. By his will, he made the gods and all things.
He contains the three worlds and protects them.
And lends them his permanace.
Who but our wonder-lord can do this?

9. He mingled and merged himself into the universe.
He made Brahma the creator on his lotus-navel.
He made Indra and the gods, and all the worlds.
He is Krishna, our lord, protector of all.

10. Even the bull-rider Siva, four-faced Brahma, Indra,
And all the gods look up to the bird-riding lord,
They worship his feet, and call "Prankster lord!
You made the seven worlds and all of us appear in you!"

11. This decad of the thousand songs
In praise of the dancer lord who took the earth
Appears in the words of Kurugur Satakopan.
Those who recite it with devotion shall have no want.
1. Good for you, O heart, reside in this flesh!
   Through your grace I and my lord Madhusudana
   Have mingled into one inseparably,
   As sweetly as milk and honey, sugarcane juice and butter.

2. O great wonder lord, who has no peer or superior!
   Close to all things and beings, you are my life, you are
   my father, my friend, teaching me what I do not know.
   My father, my friend, teaching me what I do not know.
   I will never know what you have done for me.

3. My years of innocence were steeped in the Maya of delusion.
   You crept into my heart and planted the love for devotion.
   Like an innocent child you came and asked:
   "Three steps of earth, O Great Bali", and deceived him!

4. In exchange for your great favour of mingling with my heart
   I gave you my heart; now how can I ever retrieve it?
   Lord who swallowed the seven worlds! You are the soul in my heart.
   Who am I? What is my heart? You gave and you took what is yours.

5. Lord beyond the ken of intellect, sweet liberation,
   Ambrosia for compassionate souls, untouched by the ocean!
   You came as a boar and lifted the universe on your tusker teeth.
   O, my forlorn life's cause, I have now attained your feet.
6. O, rare antidote for misdeeds, O, medicine for devotion!
   Inseparable from the hearts of seers,
   The halos which light their souls,
   I have attained the lord long ago! He cut the nose of
   Surpanakha.

7. O sweet timbre of the well-tuned Yal (harp) string!
   O pure joy attained by the many sages!
   O sugarcane juice, ambrosia, dark-hued lord, my Krishna!
   Without you, I too am not; I pray you take heed of me.

8. The penance of many ages through control of senses
   I have attained here in a few days, as a mere child’s play.
   Crossing the pain of existence, I have become a lover of
   the lord
   Who stole milk and butter from the high-hung pot.

9. The peerless lord of celestials, great and pure,
   Is my lord, Krishna, who wears the cool nectared Tulasi.
   Immersing myself deep in the ocean of his goodness,
   I drank from it and rejoiced, ending my weed-like miseries.

10. He is a radiant body of light; the earth and sky are his.
    He bears the radiant conch and discus, and protects us all.
    Pleasure, vices and the fourfold pains departing
    When, O! When will I join his band of devotees!

11. This decad of the well-arranged thousand songs
    Uttered with feeling by Kurugur Satakopan
    Is addressed to the lord who angered, destroyed Lanka.
    Devotees, come and join the band, and sing and dance
    with us!
1. Singing and dancing endlessly,
   This bright forehead girl calls
   'Narasimha'! and looks everywhere:
   Then tears welling, she swoons.

2. Desirous of seeing you,
   This bright maiden faints.
   Lord who destroyed Bana's arms.
   Qh! You are heartless indeed.

3. Like wax in fire she melts for you:
   Lord who destroyed Lanka's demon-haunted
   You do not let your compassion rise.
   Alas! What can I do?

4. Her breath is hot, her heart is troubled.
   With beseeching hands and tears,
   'O destroyer of Lanka'. she calls,
   Then 'O rider of the bird!' softly.

5. She raves madly night and day,
   Her beautiful eyes with tears;
   Alas! You do not give her your Tulasi,
   Great indeed is your compassion, O great one!
6. "O compassionate one!" she calls,  
Then "Most loving lord", softly.  
"My soul's ambrosia" she sighs,  
Then stands and melts into tears.

7. Her heart is dry, her soul is parched.  
"Dear as my eyes, lord!" she calls,  
Then, "Lord reclining in the ocean".  
Oh, the deceit my clever one has fallen to!

8. "Oh, deceiver!" she calls and joins her hands.  
Hotly she sighs, with a heavy heart she cries  
"Oh my destroyer of the powerful Kamsa".  
Alas, the suffering she takes to see you!

9. Night or day, she knows not when;  
"Dew blossom Tulasi" she says.  
O lord with powerful radiant discus,  
Pray what have you in store for her?

10. This poor girl stands night and day  
With tears welling in her eyes.  
O lord who destroyed Lanka's fabulous wealth,  
Pray spare her innocent looks at least!

11. This decad of the poetic thousand songs  
Sung by benevolent Satakopan  
Addressing the Lord Vamana eternal,  
Is a worthy garland on his feet.
II. 5. Andamattu

1. In a beautiful spot he made love to me, and blended with my soul.
   My lord bears a garland, crown, conch and discus, threads and necklace.
   His eyes are like lakes with lotus, coral lips like lotus flowers.
   His hands are like red lotus, his feet like red gold.

2. He made good love to me, not a place untouched.
   His body has a great lustre, the lotus dame sits on his chest.
   Brahma sits on his lotus-navel, and Siva in a corner, too.
   His eyes are like red lotuses, his hands like lotus flowers.

3. The lord who made love to me has a frame like a lustrous mountain.
   His coral lips and red eyes, his hands and feet like lotuses.
   All the seven worlds are contained in his frame;
   Not a thing lies outside h.m.

4. The lord is himself all, his frame is like a huge dark gem.
   His eyes and feet and hands are like freshly opened lotus flowers.
   Every moment, every day, every month, every year, every age,
   Age after age, my unsatiating ambrosia flows freshly just then.

5. My Krishna of dark gem hue, my tall-garland ambrosia,
   A high radiant crown, thread and many other ornaments on him
   Made love to such an insignificant thing as me.
   Red corals do not speak his lips, nor lotus steal his eyes, hands or feet.
6. My lord reclines on a serpent; let me count his many ways. His ornaments are many, his names are many. His lustrous forms are many, their sensations too are many. Through seeing, eating, touching, hearing and smelling, he pleases me.

7. The cool blossomed Tulasi garland lord, that angry bull, wears a crown; He reclines in the milk ocean on a hooded serpent couch. He killed seven bulls to win the bamboo shouldered Nappinnai. He pierced seven dense dew-dripping trees for Sita's love.

8. My lord, that angry bull that wears the gold crown and Tulasi, Has four beautiful arms and infinite virtues. Heedless of my lowliness, he made love to me. I have no words that describe him; what shall I say, tell me.

9. My lord of infinite goodness, my good ambrosia, Is the rare bliss of liberation, sweet as the fragrant lotus flower. My lord of black gem lustre, my soul's keeper, Is neither male nor female. Oh, how shall I speak of him?

10. My lord is neither male nor female nor eunuch. My lord can not be seen; he is not, nor non-existent. He takes the form by which you wish to see him, but is not it. Describing my lord is a veritable riddle indeed.

11. This decad of the perfect Andadi of thousand songs By Kurugur Satakopan addressing the lord Gopala, Lord indescribable as one, lord who danced with pots, Secures Vaikuntha for those who can recite it.

http://acharya.org
II. 6. Vaikunda

1. Gem-hued lord Vaikuntha, my wickedly beautiful dwarf! Lord eternal residing in me sweetly, at all times and forever! O Kunda blossom giving relief to devotees and woe to the Asuras, Know that I have you firmly held in me!

2. My lord of lotus eyes who swallowed all within a trice, Containing all the worlds in himself, has entered me. An unquivering flame of effulgent knowledge, He is my ambrosia trapped inside me!

3. My lord of lotus eyes, wearing sweet fragrant Tulasi flowers, Is a mountain of gold, praised even by the celestials. He lets us approach him with praise and worship through song. He lets us think of him and dance in joy, what generosity!

4. O my generous lord and father, O my emerald mountain! You gave me yourself to think on, and sing and dance in joy. Your effulgent glory has cured me of my sickness. Now that I am saved, how can I ever let you go?

5. My lord reclining on the hooded snake in the milk-ocean, Engaging in yogic thought! Constantly I thought of you; Destroying my ageless Karmas, I did save myself. Now that I am in your service, will I ever let you go?
6. O my springing lion-man that tore apart the hefty chest
   Of evil thinking Hiranya! Thinking of you constantly
   I did sing and dance my great exalted songs in praise
   of you.
   Now my age-o'd Karmas are destroyed by the root,
   what can I not do?

7. What is beyond me now, when the lord who swallowed
   the seven worlds
   Hath happily entered my lonely heart and does not leave?
   All my kin through seven generations before and after
   Have been saved from the torment of endless hell.

8. Through countless cycles of birth and death I have found
   your feet.
   My heart is consoled and bathed in a flood of endless joy.
   O lord who rides the Garuda bird raising clouds of dust
   Chasing out the Asura clans, pray do not part from me.

9. My lord standing on the cool Vengadam hill, destroyer of
   Lanka!
   My lord you shot a mighty shaft uprooting seven trees.
   My lord of celestials, ambrosia, lord of cool Tulasi flowers,
   My prince, you mingled into me, now whither can you go?

10. My lord of eternal glory, great lord of the three worlds!
    My lord of fragrant Tulasi flowers, king of the cool
    Vengadam hill!
    Through future, past and present, my father, mother and
    my life!
    Now that I have found you, will I ever let you go?

11. This decad of the thoughtful thousand songs
    By southern city Kurugur's Maran Satakopan,
    Is for the lord of lotus eyes, Krishna wearing fragrant
    Tulasi.
    Those who sing it will be devotees of Kesava.

http://acharya.org
II. 7. Kesavan Tamar

1. Through chanting, KESAVA my lord and master, lord of celestials,
   My lotus-eyes Krishna, my black-gem lord, Narayana,
   My kin through seven generations before and after me
   Have become devotees, what wonder! Lo, what fulfilment!

2. NARAYANA is the master of all the worlds, extolled by the Vedas:
   He is the cause, effect, and the act of all, my master.
   He stands worshipped by Lakshmi and all the celestials.
   He is Madhava, my lord, who broke the tusk of the elephant.

3. For merely saying MADHAVA, he entered into me, saying:
   "Henceforth and forever, I shall stay and protect you".
   My lotus-eyes mountain-hued ambrosia, my perfect sugar candy,
   My master, my Govinda is the destroyer of my endless Karmas.

4. For dancing, singing GOVINDA, Gopala and many more names,
   He made me pure and took me into his service.
   My clever lord Vishnu rid me of my past misdeeds,
   Then made me love him through now and seven lives.

5. My lord VISHNU wears a radiant crown.
   My Madhu-foe has red lotus feet, and radiant hands and eyes.
   His frame is dark and radiant like a beautiful mountain.
   His conch and discus bear the radiance of the moon and sun.

6. Isaid MADHUSUDANA is my sole refuge, then ceased acting:
   And only worshipped him through song and dance.
   Through many lives in every age he came before me and showered his grace.
   This has been my blessing, through Trivikrama, my master.

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7. Chanting TRIVIKRAMA and other names, I thought of my lord
With red lotus eyes, and coral lips, and bright crystal hue.
O my great lord who came as dwarf! Through countless ages
You made my heart serve and worship your lotus feet.

8. Singing VAMANA, O my gem-hued lord of lotus eyes,
O father of Kama (Pradyumna), and such others, I worshipped you.
You made me pure of heart, and rid me of my birth pains.
O my Sridhara, what can I do for you?

9. For chanting SRIDHARA, my lotus-eyes lord and such others, night and day
Prating madly, depressed, with tears in my eyes and breathing hotly,
You did rid my store of Karmas, and give me joy.
Then planted yourself in my heart for all times, my Hrishikesa.

10. Have good sense, O heart! Learn well and worship him,
Chanting HRISHIKESA, my lord, you burnt the demons' Lanka,
O my lord and master, lord of celestials and such.
Not even through oversight must you stop chanting Padmanabha.

11. PADMANABHA is the mighty one, higher than the highest.
He is my Kalpa tree, he made me his and himself mine,
He is my ambrosia, dark as the rain cloud, in Vengadam.
The lord of high celestials too is my lord Damodara.

12. Can even those who worship DAMODARA, know his greatness?
He is the first cause, and the swallower of the universe.
Can even Brahma or Siva through steady contemplation Fathom his greatness, when they are but a part of him?

13. This group of songs bearing the names of the lord
From the thousand songs by Kurugur Satakopan
Is for Krishna, gem-hued lord of celestials
Those who can sing it will attain the lord's feet.
1. My lord pervading all things reclines on a serpent couch
   With a perfectly matching lotus dame.
   The lord who made Brahma, Siva and all else
   Is the life-buoy for the drowning.

2. My lord wearing cool Tulasi flowers,
   Saviour of the elephant in distress!
   Blending with him alone is liberation
   From birth and all other miseries.

3. From the lotus that grew on his navel
   Arose Brahma the creator, then Siva the destroyer.
   With graceful Lakshmi sitting on his chest,
   He lies in a milk-ocean everywhere.

4. If you wish to go beyond the five senses
   And enter the land of endless good,
   Learn to sing the glories of the lord
   Who destroys all Asuras by the score.

5. The lord of gods, my holy one,
   Beyond the cycles of misery-birth,
   Came as tortoise, fish and men.
   He shall come as Kalki too!
6. When Arjuna worshipped the lord's feet,
   He saw the flowers borne on Siva's head.
   Now must I speak of the glories
   Of the lord who measured the earth?

7. Lying, sitting, standing lord, he came as a boar.
   Diving deep he lifted dame earth safely on his shoulders.
   He swallows the universe, then brings it out again.
   Who can fathom all these deeds?

8. Who can fathom my Krishna lord, and by what means?
   He swallowed the universe whole, all in one gulp.
   In all things and beings and in the eight quarters,
   He pervades all, even the high heaven.

9. When the young lad said Krishna is everywhere,
   The father swore "not here" and smote a pillar.
   Then instantly my lord appeared, what wonder!
   As a fierce man-lion and destroyed the king.

10. The root and cause of all is he,
    Filling heaven, earth and hell.
    He pervades the high seat,
    Gods and demons and mortals.

11. This decad of the thousand songs
    By Valudian of bee humming groves
    Is for Krishna, lord with lotus eyes.
    Those who sing it will rule over heaven and earth.
II. 9. Emma

1. My lord, who ended Gajendra's woes.
   I seek no heaven for myself
   Grant me your red-lotus feet
   To wear on my head, quick!

2. O my dark effulgent lord,
   Here is all ask for all times;
   Grant me the hands of knowledge
   To grasp your precious lotus feet.

3. O Krishna, lord wielding the discus,
   Guarding me against evil deeds,
   Grant that I may praise your feet forever,
   Even when a lump of phlegm chokes my throat.

4. My lord resides in my heart forever,
   Saying, serve me alone at all times.
   He has taken me as his own.
   This indeed is my great blessing.

5. Whether or not I find liberation
   Or go to heaven or hell on dying,
   I will joyously remember my deathless lord
   Who came in his many forms on earth.

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6. O lord blossom of radiant joy
   Pervading celestials mortals and things.
   Come that we may worship you joyously
   With sweeter thoughts and words and deeds.

7. My lord you are sweet to my heart
   You do not give me enough of yourself.
   Come that I may be firmly bound
   To the soles of your lotus feet.

8. O sweet fruit enjoyed by Vedic seers!
   If you would be my master
   And blend with me at all times,
   I shall seek nothing else from you.

9. Not knowing my true self
   I though I was my own.
   Radiant lord worshipped by celestials
   Me and what is mine are yours!

10. Lord who killed the seven bulls
    And destroyed bautiful Lanka!
    Bind me quickly to your golden feet
    And permanently, or I shall not live.

11. This decad of the everlasting thousand
    By eager Satakapan of Kurugur city
    Addressing the invincible discus lord
    Will secure liberation for those who sing it.
II. 10. Kilaroli

1. Ere the radiance of youth fades
   It is easy and wise to visit
   The radiant lord of Maliruncolai
   In temple amid fertile groves.

2. Ignoring sweet calls of young maidens
   It is wise to rise and worship
   The thundering discus lord of Maliruncolai
   In his temple kissed by the moon.

3. Futile are these Karmas too, O heart!
   Go by the Maliruncolai temple hill
   Where the cloud hued lord resides
   In grace within enchanting groves.

4. The lord who lifted the mountain
   Lives gracefully in Maliruncolai
   Where rain clouds pass kneeling low.
   He breaks the cords of Karmas strong, so join him.

5. The lord of discus in Maliruncolai
   Amid groves and sweet water lakes
   Destroys evil by the power of his will.
   Reaching that hill is our only Karma.
6. Think and do not stoop to lowly acts.
The lord who stole butter lives in Maliruncolai
In groves amid sporting does and fawns.
Thinking of his worship is the only good.

7. Think well and do not sink into hell.
The lord who lifted the earth from waters
Lives in the temple at peaceful Maliruncolai.
Living with him worshipfully is the only good.

8. Rather than roam and waste your breath
It is best to stay and worship the lord
Who roamed after the grazing cows
And lives in Maliruncolai worshipped by celestials.

9. Think what is fit and do not sink into evil.
The lord who dried Putana’s breasts
Lives in Maliruncolai amid groves with youthful elephants.
Seek his worship there as the only good.

10. Seek the good and give up knavery and falsehood.
The lord who revealed the Vedas lives in Maliruncolai
Amid fresh blossoms and peacock pairs.
Entering into his worship is the only good.

11. These words of advice by a pure heart
In Kurugur Satakopan’s decad of thousand songs
Addressing the willful creator of the universe
Will secure the lord’s feet when the end comes.
1. Is the radiance of your face blossomed into radiant crown?
   Is the radiance of your lotus feet blossomed into lotus stand?
   Is the radiance of your golden frame transformed into robes and ornaments over you, O tell me lord!

2. The lotus flower is no match to your eyes and limbs.
   Burnished gold is no match to your radiant face,
   All the praise the worlds may heap on you
   Do but naught to compliment your grace.

3. Effulgent lord most high who made the universe!
   Another effulgent lord as you I do not see.
   So with nothing to compare you by
   I fall back mute O, Govinda my lord!

4. This world does not see the radiance of your frame.
   You distracted men with thoughts and let them roam,
   While yourself enjoying the thought of cool Tulasi.
   Lord, does not the world stand to lose by this?

5. Lord of natural radiance through past, present and future
   Exceeding that obtained by the hardest penance!
   You stand above guarding the universe.
   How can I ever praise you fully?
6. Even the scriptures and whatever else the worlds read
   Do but speak of your glory, only in part.
   Lord of Tulasi crown and lotus chest!
   O how can I praise you enough?

7. What though your praise-singers be many?
   Lord who willed Brahma the maker and Siva too!
   Even if they and the hordes of gods do stand and sing
   Your effulgent glory can come to no end.

8. O constant lord of perfect radiant frame!
   Lord of perfect knowledge, O whole being!
   If the king of celestials were to sing your praise,
   The radiance of your lotus feet will never diminish.

9. O lord, you came riding on the Garuda bird
   And saved the devotee elephant with your discus.
   What if all your devotees attained knowledge,
   Would that still diminish your glory?

10. Radiant lotus lord extolled by the Vedas,
    You ate, made, remade, lifted, and strode the earth!
    Even if Siva, Brahma and Indra stand and worship,
    Does your wonder ever diminish?

11. Singing this decad of the perfect thousand songs
    By Satakopan of Kurugur where godly men reside
    Addressing the wonder lord extolled by the Vedas
    Will break the cords of rebirth and secure heaven.
III. 2. Munnirnalam

1. O cloud-hued lord, you made this earth and water. This body you gave me then drags on painfully. O, when will I cut my Karmas by the root, When end this wretched life and join you?

2. O my Vamana who measured the wide earth! Fallen am I in Maya suffering countless rebirth. Cutting the endless Karmas that follow me doggedly When will I find your lovely lotus feet?

3. O lord who steered the chariot in the battlefield, Smiting death to the wicked in the Bharata war! Pray tell me the way I may join your feet, Cutting asunder my bodily connexions.

4. Lord of infinite knowledge light Pervading all with no loss or gain! Pray come and tell me how I may cut My lowly ways and find your lotus feet.

5. My lord of Kaya blossom hue, you seem to come. My radiant lord, but never stay! O how now can I ever join you, If you do not stay and strengthen me?
6. Then I had not the power to discern
And lost myself in trivial pleasures.
Lord who made these countless thousand souls!
O when will I reach your golden feet?

7. O heart of mine bereft of true knowledge,
You suffer endless Karmic rebirth.
O when will we join our knowledge lord,
The radiant Krishna who lives in all forever?

8. O lord eternal Krishna my glory flood!
Alas I have not ceased my lowly Karmas
Nor relentlessly worshipped your lotus feet.
Krishna, I call! O where can I see you?

9. I stand and call from deep in my Karmic tomb
And flounder through many dismal paths,
Then my lord did keep the cows and walk the earth.
O where can I find him now?

10. The pall of affliction so strong over me
As if the god of death came throwing his noose
Is over now for I have in my heart
My Krishna lord of knowledge and eternal life.

11. This decad of perfect thousand songs is
By Satakopan of Kurujur where sweet cuckoos haunt
Addressing the lord who contains all the worlds and souls.
This will rid the soul of its enveloping flesh.

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III. 3. **Olivil Kalam**

1. At all times and forever by his side
   We must perform stintless service
   To the graceful lord of streaming Vengadam
   Our father's father's father.

2. The lord of Vengadam hill
   Of cloud hue and eternal glory
   Is worshipped with flowers
   By Indra and all celestials.

3. The cool springs Vengadam lord
   Of countless glories
   Has beautiful lotus eyes
   Black gem hue and coral lips.

4. Does it behove his glory
   To be praised by me?
   Lowly and meritless,
   Yet I have his love!

5. The glorious Vengadam lord
   Is the nectar of Vedas
   First cause of all.
   Can he be praised?
6. Those who serve him
   Even only by lip
   Are rid of past Karmas
   And relieved of future ones.

7. The dark Vengadam lord
   Worshipped by Indra and all celestials
   With flowers incense lamp and water
   Gives us tranquil liberation,

8. The wonder lord who stopped rains,
   Who measured the earth
   Has come to stay in Vengadam.
   Worshipping him destroys Karmas.

9. In their hearts and speech
   Those who place the lotus feet
   Of the cowherd lord in Vengadam
   Shall end their four miseries.

10. Before your numbered days are spent
    Before old age saps your strength
    Reach for the lotus feet of Vengadam
    The lord on hooded serpent bed.

11. Singing this decad of thousand
    By peerless Kurugur Satakopan
    On the lord who strode the earth
    Wins the life of praise for all.
III. 4. Pukaluna

1. How shall I address my Krishna, as one worthy of worship?
   As peerless good earth, or as wide cool ocean?
   Or as fire or wind or expansive space?
   Or as the sun or moon or universe prevailing all?

2. How shall I address my Krishna, I do not know.
   As the many mountains, or as the good rains?
   As the bright stars, or as the art of poetry?
   As the sentient soul, or as the lord of lotus eyes?

3. Shall I call my flawless gem lord of lotus eyes?
   Or coral lips or lord with radiant feet?
   Or dark hued lord of red radiant crown?
   Or bearer of disc and conch or Lakshmi-mole on chest?

4. My blameless lord was there when all else was naught.
   Shall I call him flawless gem, or dazzling gold and pearls?
   Or a brilliant diamond, or a lamp of eternal glory?
   Or radiant first cause, the good first person?

5. Shall I call my blameless Acyuta great lord?
   Or the ocean ambrosia, medicine for devotees' ills?
   Or a candy sweet as that, or the six-tasting foods?
   Or sweet or honey or butter or fruit or milk?
6. Shall I call my Krishna lord of celestials or wonder lord?
   Or milk or the substance of the Vedas four?
   Or truth of the scriptures, or music of the Upanishads?
   Or the fruit of great Karmas, or more than any of these?

7. Shall I call my gem-hued radiant lord
   The lord of celestials or their ecstatic enjoyments?
   Or their ends or endless wealth?
   Or eternal heaven or timeless liberation?

8. Shall I call my Krishna a rare gem of radiance?
   Or crescent-bearing Siva, or four-faced creator Brahma?
   Or lord worshipped by them, or lord who made them?
   My lord of happy grace wears the nectared Tulasi garland.

9. My lord who is in all things and beings is beyond understanding.
   He is Krishna, lord who swallowed all and remade all in sport.
   He churned ambrosia from the ocean and gave it to the gods.
   He is Acyuta, Ananta, Govinda, reclining on a serpent couch.

10. He is beyond the senses, a body of consciousness.
    He is the form in all things and life in all beings.
    At all times and places yet apart from them all.
    If you can attain detachment, you can reach him too.

11. This decad of the sweet thousand songs
    By flower-groved Kurugur's Satakopan
    Addressing the lord of Tulasi garlands
    Provides liberation and the company of celestials.
1. Pray tell, O people of the ocean-girdled earth!
What are they who cannot sing and dance in joy
The glories of the dark hued lord who saved the elephant
From the jaws of the crocodile in the lotus tank?

2. Praising the lord who gives woe to the mighty Asuras,
Fiends who mince and eat mortals on earth,
Those who cannot sing on top throat and dance in ecstasy
Must forever suffer the throes of Karmic birth.

3. Those who do not dance and touch the earth with their heads
Repeatedly uttering the praises of our lord
Who stopped a hailstorm with a mountain
Must forever suffer stormy hell as their only retreat.

4. Sing the praise of Sridhara of coral lips
Who killed seven bulls for love of Nappinnai.
Dance with hands over head, dignity be blown.
Or else what use this birth amid saintly men?

5. The lord of Vedas left his radiant Vaikuntha
And came as a mortal to protect the innocent from Kamsa’s tyranny.
Other than singing and dancing his praise through every street
What is there to learn before scholars, are they men?
6. The birthless lord who took birth reclines in the ocean.
   Sweet as fruit and nectar, sugar and honey and ambrosia,
   He is the living, the non-living, and all else.
   Those who praise him, sing and dance, attain total knowledge.

7. The radiant lord unleashed a terrible army
   Over the unfair hundred and granted victory to the five.
   Of what use to the good world are men who build up their biceps
   If they do not melt their hearts, dance and sing and praise?

8. Our lord resides in Vengadam of cool water springs.
   Rave his name incessantly and be called a mad man
   Roam through towns and hamlets, let the world mock at you.
   Jump and dance in ecstasy, and be worshipped by celestials.

9. The lord worshipped by celestials is lord of all creation.
   For all other than those who have reached him forever
   Through yogic penance and see him in their hearts,
   Dancing and singing his praise is the only Karma.

10. He is the Karmas their fruit and their cause,
    My lord of gem hue and lotus eyes, lord of celestials.
    With oneness of heart, melting inside, dance and sing.
    Lose your pride and shame, and rave his praise like mad.

11. This decad of the thousand songs
    On Acyuta, lord who corrects devotees and accepts them
    Is by Satakopan of fertile Kurugur fields.
    Those who sing it will win over strong Karmas.
III. 6. Seiya Tamaraí

1. Hear ye all about the lord of lotus eyes, swallower of the universe!
   He became the effulgent knowledge
   That made the earth, sky, men, gods, and all else,
   Then also became the effulgent lord of three faces.

2. So praise the lord of lotus eyes, redeemer of Karmas.
   He lies in the deep ocean, worshipped by celestials.
   Lord of Brahma, Siva and Indra, he destroys our Karmas.
   He did wield a mighty bow and burn Lanka to dust.

3. Set your heart on praising him retentlessly night and day.
   He reclines on a serpent couch, gem hued lord in deep ocean.
   He is the effulgent lord worshipped by celestials,
   The beautiful pot dancer who played Rasa with the Gopis!

4. When the great Indra himself, Brahma and Siva too roam
   about contemplating his radiant lotus feet
   What can a person of my nature say
   About the grace of the lord, so let it be.

5. My lord Krishna of dark hue, lotus eyes, dark locks and radiant crown
   Is the blowing wind and sky and hard earth,
   And the rolling ocean, burning fire, the orbs and the gods.
   Mortals and the things everywhere are also him, the lord of gods.
6. Through seven lives I have none save my Krishna
Who is smell and form and taste and sound and touch.
Birthless deathless lotus eyes lord, he came as a big lion
And gave refuge to the child-devotee at his feet.

7. Through seven lives my heart's nectar, my soul's companion
My radiant lamp and black gem, pot dancer
Is the fruit enjoyed by good celestials and sages.
Worship him with pure heart, your woes will instantly disappear.

8. He is the wicked Karmas of pain and pleasure, and
   beyond them too.
He stands above as lord effulgent, and makes and
   swallows all the worlds.
He is the potent medicine against the hordes of death.
Save him who came as Dasaratha's son I have no refuge.

9. The lord of radiant gods worshipped by Indra, Brahma
   and Siva
Is father, mother, self and yet apart from all of them.
O people, do not fall into fear and confusion calling this or that,
My dark hued lord appears as however the heart seeks him.

10. The ocean hued Krishna, black gem of celestials, my soul
Is the radiant lord reclining on a hooded serpent.
He then did drive the chariot in war for the five against the hundred,
O when will these eyes of mine see his victorious feet!

11. This decad of the Pann-based thousand songs
By sweet bowered Valudi land's Kurugur Satakopan
Extoll the invisible lord sweet to the heart.
Learn it O people and become his devotees!
1. The lord of lotus eyes and effulgent radiance
   Lord sweet to the heart reclines in the milk ocean.
   Those who worship him, whoever they may be
   Are my masters, through seven lives, just see.

2. My lord and master, discus bearing lord
   My gem hued radiance has four mighty shoulders.
   Those who worship him with hands and feet
   Are my masters forever, just see!

3. My lord of fragrant Tulasi crown and golden discus
   Is the lord of celestials and of mortals.
   Those who serve his devotees are my masters
   Through every blessed life, just see!

4. My lord wears a necklace, waist-belt and yellow robes,
   A splendid golden thread, golden crown and many ornaments.
   Those who serve the servants of his devotees
   Are my masters through every life, just see!

5. My lord came to the aid of celestials
   Gave them ambrosia from the ocean of milk.
   Those who praise those who praise him, are my masters
   Through this and all my lives, just see!
6. My effulgent lord of gem hue and nectared Tulasi
   Protects all with a discus in hand.
   Those who bear him in their hearts
   Are my masters through every life, just see!

7. He comes to devotees' aid through life after life
   Gives them his nature, and takes them unto his feet.
   Those who praise those who praise his eternal glory
   Shall be my trusted masters forever, just see!

8. The trusted lord and maker of the worlds with Lakshmi
   Is incomprehensible even to the great celestials.
   Whoever praises him, even from the lowest Kumbi hell
   Is my master through every life, just see!

9. What though a person be of lowly birth,
   Even a Candala of the lowly Candalas,
   If he be a devotee of my discus-bearing gem lord,
   His servant's servant shall be my master, just see!

10. My lord swallowed the earth and slept as a child
    Floating on a fig leaf in the deluge waters.
    The servant of the servant of the servant,
    Of the servant of the servant of the Lord is my master.

11. This decad of the thousand songs on the devotees
    Of the lord who aided the five against the hundred
    Are by Kurugur city's Satakopan.
    Those who sing it will end Karmic life.
1. O lord higher than the celestials you churned the ocean! 
   Lord of mountain hue, you bear the Garuda banner. 
   Your feet are worshipped in the three worlds. 
   O my heart lies yearning for you.

2. O my refuge living in the citadel of my heart! 
   Lord who killed the Lanka king, 
   Lord who came as a dwarf and took the earth, 
   My tongue incessantly praises you.

3. O lord of celestials blessing this tongue with words! 
   Protector of the cowherd clan, in the hamlets of the Gopis, 
   You ate butter by stealth, then flashed a crescent moon smile! 
   My hands forever yearn to feel you.

4. O lord who lies reclining on a serpent couch 
   I worship you with both hands, tirelessly. 
   My eyes crave to see your form 
   And keep you in their gaze forever.

5. Vying with my craving eyes 
   My ears perk up in attention 
   And yearn to hear the sweet rustle of Garuda wings 
   When the earth-master Vamana comes riding on his bird.
6. O lord who holds a golden discus! 
While my ears feed on songs of your praise 
With fruity words dipped in the seasoned honey of music 
My soul tirelessly craves for your company.

7. O my master, ambrosia of my soul. 
I call you forever with grief in my heart. 
Lord of radiant discus, come riding on the Garuda bird. 
Alas, wicked me! You do not show your beautiful form.

8. O my beautiful lord of lotus eyes, and hue dark as collyrium, 
O good one breaking my heart! 
O bearer of the past, present and future, 
When, O when, will I see you to my fill?

9. O wicked lord who begged three steps and took the earth, 
O lord who destroyed Kamsa, and rides the Garuda bird. 
O lord who cut asunder the thousand arms of Banal 
When, O when, will I join you?

10. O lord who entered between dense Marudu trees! 
Singing your praise with my songs, 
I weep to see your lotus feet alone. 
How long must I remain here, alas!

11. This decad of the well-made thousand songs 
By wealthy Kurugur city's Satakopan 
Addresses the lord who measured the earth. 
Those who sing it will ascend heaven.
III 9 Sonnal Virodham

1. 'Tis hard to say this but say it I must, so listen.
Since the lord of bees-humming Vengadam hill
Is my lord and father and my mother,
I refuse to sing my sweet songs on anyone else.

2. What use singing the praise of these mortals
Who esteem themselves and their wealth as great.
When the lord of celestials, Krishna, my father
Resides in Kurungudi surrounded by fertile fields.

3. O sweet poets of heavenly excellence.
When the lord of celestials, our lord
Is there to show the way for all times,
You stoop to sing a mortal's praise, what use?

4. O poets who sing the glories of transient men!
What do you get, and how long does it last?
Praise the lord of radiant crown,
Making you his own, he will provide for all your lives.

5. O great poets wasting your mastery over words
In praising vile useless trash as great fortune!
Come and praise the benevolent lord most perfect.
He shall provide for your needs without diminishing.

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6. Come, poets! Exert your body and hands and live. Nobody is rich on this wide earth, we have seen. Let each praise his chosen god with poetry. It will all reach my Tirumal of radiant crown.

7. The limitless lord of great munificence alone, Bearing a thousand names is worthy of my praise. I cannot utter blatant lies over mortals saying: Your shoulders are like mountains, your hands like the rain clouds.

8. The lord of great limitless glories Is the spouse of bamboo-shoulders Nappinnai, My heart longs to cast this frame and reach his feet. So what can I sing about mortal man?

9. I was not born to sing in praise of mortal man. The generous discus lord of great virtues is my subject. He gives me all for here and hereafter, And even the charge of Indra's kingdom.

10. The lord made many worlds for sweet liberation Considering the needs of all beings That spend long days of journey in this body. Being his poet forever, can I sing of another?

11. This decad of the perfect thousand songs By famous Kurugur city's Satakopan Addressing Krishna, glorious lord of celestials, Gives freedom from rebirth to those who can sing it.
III. 10 Canmam Palapala

1. The Garuda riding lord with conch and discus, bow, mace and dagger, Did appear through many births in this fair world To rid the world benevolently of clannish Asuras. I have the fortune of praising him and lack nothing.

2. The lord of radiant gem hue, my Krishna does Yoga On serpent bed in deep ocean with closed lotus eyes. Riding the red-beaked Garuda he came and destroyed foes. I sing and dance his praise, and freed am I from want.

3. The lord of the three worlds, sweet as a sugarcube Milk and fruit and honey, sugarcane, ambrosia Enjoys his creation endlessly at all times. I have become his devotee, and have not a care left.

4. The lord who rides the Garuda wields the golden discus. Protecting the good, he fought many wars On mighty Bana, Siva, Kumara and Agni. Praising him "O Acyuta, Hari, Gopalal" I have no despair.

5. With ease on the same day in the same moment He drove the chariot with Arjuna and the Brahmin Beyond all these and entered his glorious world And gave the Brahmin his son; so end despair and praise him.

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6. Without the slightest blemish on his natural radiance
   The lord appeared in mortal form on this wretched earth,
   Performing many mighty tasks, and established his divinity.
   Praising the mountain of glory, Krishna, I am freed of 
despair.

7. Through his many tricks of Maya he made the Karmas
   Of pleasure and pain, the worlds and countless souls,
   The lowly hell and sweet heaven.
   All this is his cosmic Lila, so end despair and praise him.

8. Pure delight beyond measure, beautiful radiance, spreading,
   Krishna the doer of all, delights in the glances of Lakshmi,
   Lord of boundless knowledge, he is self-illumined.
   Praising his feet, I am freed of despair.

9. The lord of Tulasi garland, radiant form of total knowledge
   By his wonderous glory appears in many famous spots, and
   sports on earth,
   Then swallows in a trice Siva, Brahma, and all else.
   Praising his feet, I have overcome despair.

10. The first cause lord of effulgent knowledge, pervader
   of all
   Stands as a formless being unknown to the five senses.
   He is the radiant Krishna, effulgent icon, the orbs and the
   elements.
   I have attained him, and overcome my pall.

11. This decade of the thousand songs are
   By Kurugur Satakopan on perfect Kesava,
   Who gives his glory praised by town and country
   And grants liberation and world sovereignty forever.
IV. 1. Orunayakam

1. Contemplate, quick, the feet of Tirunarayana and rise! 
   For, monarchs who rule the world as one empire 
   Do one day go begging, scorned by all the world, 
   Leg bitten by black bitch, bowl broken, and shamed.

2. Come quick and join the feet of the lord with radiant crown! 
   They who ruled the world with vassa's paying tribute 
   Have one day left their harem for others to enjoy their queens, 
   And spent their days in misery under the blazing forest sun.

3. Quick, think of the fragrant Tulasi crowned Krishna's feet. 
   They who ruled with great kettledrums beating in their porticos 
   Over kings who touched their feet with their heads, 
   Do one day become pulverised to dust.

4. Begun to count, more numerous than the sand grains on the dunes 
   Are the kings that have ruled and left the earth over ages. 
   Save their forts razed to the ground, nothing do we see of them. 
   Worship the feet of the lord who killed the rut-elephant.

5. They who enjoyed sweet union with coiffured nymphs 
   Who vied with each other for favours on soft cool flower beds 
   Do now roam dangling a loin-cloth, scorned and laughed at by all. 
   Live by uttering the name of the lord of radiant gem-hue.
6. Those who lived well did but live like bubbles in a mighty
   shower. Those who lived from then to now are naught.
   If you wish to live well and remain,
   Serve the lord who reclines in the deep ocean.

7. After feasting well on six-tasty meals
   They would feast again, cajoled by sweet-tongued
   nymphs
   Now they go begging from house to house for a morsel.
   So recall the glories of our Tulasi-crowned lord.

8. Even good benign kings of canopied fame,
   Who make generous grants and win the world
   And rule in fragrant happiness must one day fall.
   Learn the names of the serpent-couch lord, for
   permanence.

9. Even those who cut attachments, tame their senses,
   And mortify their bodies till weeds grow on them,
   Are still left without a goal; they enjoy heaven, and
   return.
   Reach for the Garuda-banner lord, there is no return.

10. Seers who contemplate on consciousness, giving up all
   else,
    Do attain the heaven of Atman but memory remains,
    And brings them back to passion, then there is no
    liberation.
    Hold on to the feet of the deathless lord, that alone is
    liberation.

11. This decad of the beautiful thousand songs,
    By Satakopan of dense flower-groved Kurugur,
    Is addressed to the feet of Krishna, sole refuge.
    Those who learn it shall live free from despair.
IV. 2. Balanai

1. Alas, my frail daughter swoons
   Asking for the cool Tulasi from the feet of the lord
   Who swallowed the seven worlds with ease,
   And slept as a child on a fig leaf.

2. O the vicious noose trapping my daughter!
   She asks for the fragrant Tulasi from the feet of the lord
   Who shamelessly played amorous sports
   With cowherd girls of tendril-thin waists.

3. O the heavy pall My daughter cries
   For the golden hued Tulasi garland
   Adorning the lotus feet of the lord
   Whose praise is sung by Vedic seers and celestials.

4. My sinful daughter of broad shoulders
   Prates only of the golden Tulasi garland
   On the radiant feet of the lord
   Who is praised by raving philosophers.

5. My pretty daughter weakens day by day,
   Thinking of the cool Tulasi garland on the feet
   Of the lord who killed seven bulls for Nappinnai's hand,
   The cowherd prince who danced with pots.

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6. My daughter has become mad repeating her desire
For the golden Tulasi on the feet of the lord
Who took the form of a boar in the beginning of creation
To lift beautiful earth-dame from deluge waters.

7. O ladies of radiant forehead!
My foolish daughter pines away
For the cool fragrant Tulasi garland on the feet of the lord
Who bears the lotus-dame Lakshmi on his chest.

8. O ladies, what shall I do?
She covets only the fragrance-wafting Tulasi garland
On the feet of the lord who gutted Lanka with arrows,
For the love of beautiful Sita.

9. O ladies, you too have brought up daughters with love.
How shall I describe my poor one’s plight?
She prates about conch and discus, and Tulasi
On and on, by day and by night, what shall I do!

10. What shall I do, O ladies? My foolish tender one
Does not heed my words, nor obey my commands.
She withers for the Tulasi garland from the jewelled
  Krishna’s feet,
As her only proper ornament for her gold-girdled breasts.

11. This decad of the thousand beautiful songs
By Satakopan of beautiful Kurugur city,
Is addressed to Krishna’s feet, the cure for love-sickness.
Those who can recite it will be fitting company for
  celestials.
IV. 3. Kovai Vayal

1. O lord who battled a horde of bulls for coral-lipped
   (Nappinnai),
   Who killed Lanka’s king with arrows and the rutted
   elephant with his tusk.
   I have not worshipped thee with fragrant flowers and
   water;
   My heart is the sandal paste for thy cool flower-like face.

2. For my lord, who swallowed the universe, then made it
   My heart is sandal paste, my poem a fitting garland
   And also his radiant vestment.
   My folded hands are his big radiant jewels.

3. You became the one, the two, the three, and the many,
   Then the five elements, the twin orbs, and all the souls.
   O Narayana! Then you mounted a serpent and slept
   in the ocean!
   Fitting your being into my body, my soul has overcome
   sorrow.

4. O chief of the cowherd clan, O Madhava, O Vamana
   Destroyer of poison-breasted demoness (Putana),
   I do not timely worship you with fresh flower garlands,
   My life is a garland worthy of being wrapped on your
   crown.

5. For Krishna, my lord, who bears the wheel of time,
   My life is the perfect garland, my love his radiant crown.
   His countless jewels and even his vestments are my love.
   Even his praise the three worlds sing is my love.
6. I cry and call out O bearer of the wheel of time and white conch, Narayana who swallowed the universe, then made it. Even if nothing happens to you Your tinkling lotus-feet become my head's ornaments.

7. O lovely dwarf who extended tinkling feet and took the earth, O lord who stands as refuge for those who come with folded hands, I do not worship you with fragrant flowers and water. Yet your mysterious radiance stands guard over my soul.

8. Filling the seven fair worlds, You became them all. O icon of brilliant knowledge, borne by my soul! My soul is yours, your soul is mine; how can I say how?

9. I am not fit to describe your infinite glory-flood. When will I reach its banks? I swoon with love. O indifferent lord of faultless effulgence! Great and good celestials stand and sing your praise; I too sang.

10. Even if sing his praise, and all the seven worlds join, And the lord began to sing too, would we come to an end? Sweet like milk, honey, sugar and ambrosial I too sang that I may rejoice.

11. This decad of the faultless thousand songs By Satakopan of Kurugur with lotus fields Is addressed to the feet of Krishna, sole refuge. Those who sing it will rejoice here and rule over heaven.
1. O ladies with raining bangles, what can I do? He has made my daughter love-sick. She caresses the earth and says “This is Vamana’s earth” She points to the sky and says “That is his Vaikuntha”. Her heart’s grief overflows from her eyes; “Ocean-hued lord!” she sighs.

2. She folds her bangled hands and says “The lord sleeps in the ocean”. She points to the red sun and says “There is Sridhara’s form”. With tears welling, she swoons, then only says “Narayana”. Ladies! I can scarcely understand my godly fawn’s deeds.

3. She fondles the known red fire unhurt and says “This is Acyuta”. She fondles the blowing cold wind and says “Here comes Govinda”. Woe is me, she smells strongly of Tulasi flowers. The things my bangled fawn does these days!

4. She points to the radiant moon and says “Gem-hued lord”. She looks at a standing mountain and calls “Come, my lord,”. She sees a pouring rain and dances “Narayana has come”. When did he cast such spells on my tender one?

5. She hugs a tender chubby calf and says “Govinda has grazed these”. She goes after a young snake and says “There goes Govinda’s bed”. Woe is me, I know not where this will end, The spells that the lord has cast on my tender daughter!
6. Seeing in acrobat dance on a pot, she runs to him saying "That is Govinda alright". Hearing a stray flute melody, she runs out saying "Here comes Govinda". Seeing tempting milkmaids' butter, she says "The butter he ate!". Such is her madness for the lord who drank Putana's breasts.

7. Her madness rises, and she says "All this is Krishna's creation". Seeing men wearing mud on their forehead she runs saying "The lord's devotees". Seeing fragrant Tulasi flowers, she says "This is Narayana's garland". This precious girl is obsessed with the lord, in her madness and out of it.

8. Seeing wealthy nobles, she says "I have seen my Tirumal". Seeing a shapely rainbow she dances saying "Vamana measured the earth". All temples with icons are her ocean-hued Krishna's temples. Through fear and fatigue she seeks his feet, without a break.

9. Seeing saintly men she says eagerly "Lord who swallowed the universe". Seeing dark laden clouds she calls "Krishna!" and tries to fly. Seeing herds of cattle, she says "The lord is there among them" and follows. My hard-begotten daughter is afflicted to tears by the lord.

10. She swoons, and stares blankly into the distance, and sweats. Tears fall like rain; she sighs hotly and weakly calls "Krishna", and "Come my lord". Woe is me, what shall I do? My daughter is smitten by a maddening love-sickness.

11. This decad of the thousand songs, is addressed by Kurugur Satakopan to benevolent Krishna. Those who learn it as good words will end misery, Enter Vaikuntha, and reign worshipped by all.
IV. 5. **Virrirundelulagum**

1. My lord who tore the horse (Kesin's) jaws sits in command
   Over the seven worlds in eternal good, and rules patiently.
   He wears on his crown the garland of poems that I have
   sung in joy,
   Praising him with folded hands; now what do I lack for
   seven lives?

2. He bears on his chest the dark-eyed lotus dame (Lakshmi)
   Lord of celestials, he has beautiful large red eyes.
   I have the fortune of singing his praise with soft articulated
   words,
   Thereby destroying the strange world's deathly miseries.

3. Our Acyuta, flower-eyes lord, bearer of highest good,
   Resides in the farthest limit of eternal joy.
   Lord of celestials without end, I have attained him
   through song
   Praising him now I am in the farthest limit of eternal joy.

4. He rides the beautiful winged Garuda and bears the
   powerful discus.
   My lord loves and cares for devotees who stand and
   worship him.
   With my tongue I have sung his praise and attained him.
   The way the spirit moves my soul, I do not understand!

5. The lord of celestials who unfolds all meanings,
   My lord who patiently discloses all his good ways,
   Burns to dust all sickness and sin, like cinders before a
   wind.
   I have attained him singing his praise, with woven words
   of poetry.
10. He wears a patch of white mud over his dark forehead, Lord of celestials, he has large beautiful lake-like eyes. With fitting words, woven into a garland of poems, I have praised him. From now on and forever, is there anything beyond my reach?

7. Unto himself without a peer or a superior, He bears all the worlds, who stopped the rains with a mountain. I have the fortune of singing his praise with a garland of poems, Of songs he wears on his crown, what more do we want?

8. Lord of earthlings and celestials, he is sweet To the lotus lady Lakshmi and to us alike. His feet are borne on a lotus; I have sung his praise with poems. Now who in the wide world can equal me?

9. In heaven and the worlds above, on earth and the worlds below, He stands without fail, his strong hand holds the curved conch. He is lord of the celestials, pot-dancer; I have sung his praise. Now can there ever be one equal to me?

10. He swallowed and brought out, measured and raised the universe. Standing apart and enjoying his beautiful creation, He lies, stands, and sits over it in full majesty. I have sung his praise through songs which are manna to devotees.

11. This decad of the thousand sweet songs, By Karimaran Satakopan of cool-groved Kurugur city, Is addressed to the lord of incessantly raining Vengadam. By this, the lady of unfading lotus will end all despair.
4.6. Tirppparai

1. Ladies! We have examined well this bright forehead girl, And diagnosed her good malaise; her heart yearns for the charioteer Who then commanded the army in fierce battle, and secured victory for the five (Pandavas.) How now can we seek a medicine man?

2. You have not understood her sickness; this is great divinity Not some mean god for whom you dance incongruously. Say clearly and sweetly into her ears "Conch and discus" She will immediately recover, just see!

3. Look here, ladies! Do not go and do something wild, throwing flesh and toddy, Heed not this strange gypsy's words of advice. Praise the lord who wears the Tulasi crown. That alone will cure this girl's malaise as well.

4. Listening to some wierd hag's words, you throw black food, And red food, on the altar, what use? Recite the names Of the Lord who in a trice swallowed and made the worlds. You will surely get your daughter back.

! . This fierce dancing is no way to get her back, alas! Her large lotus eyes and coral lips do pale in fear. Chant the names of the lord who killed the rutted elephant,
And smear white mud, her fever will subside.

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6. O ladies dancing like possessed, know that this will not avail:
Her fever will only increase and not subside.
Apply the dust from the feet of devotees.
Other than this, there is no cure for her spirits,

7. To cure her spirits, you sacrifice a goat and pour toddy,
Strike your hands and shake your shoulders, what use ladies?
Like watching the donkey’s lips twitch while grains disappear!
Listen, go seek the Vedic seers and devotees of the lord, now.

8. You mix and pour toddy with wasteful words and sinful deeds
And dance to loud music in a frenzy Oh!, this is lowly.
With the help of Vedic seers, worship the auspicious feet Of the lord of celestials, that will cure this girl’s malaise.

9. I cannot stand and witness your heaping hollow praises
On some lowly god, and wastefully dance to cheap music.
Praise the feet of Krishna with taste and discrimination,
That alone is cure for this disease, and tonic for seven lives to come.

10. O ladies, do not shake your shoulders and vent your passions.
This girl will not respond to a god other than Krishna.
Praise the king of Dwaraka, lord revered by the Vedas.
This girl will recover and dance in ecstatic worship.

11. This decad of the faultless thousand, on hysteria,
Was sung by world-famous Kurugur city’s Satakopan,
Freed of sickness, worshipping, dancing, and seeing the gem-lord.
Those who can dance and sing these lines will overcome depression of spirits.
1. I stand with hands joined over my head and call incessantly, "O lord who swallowed the universe, icon of knowledge, Narayana"

And many other names; you do not show yourself nor call me unto you.
Alas, I am a wretched low-born, great indeed are my misdeeds!

2. I stand and call out night and day "O benevolent lord, Faultless uncontainable flood of joy, O lord who measured the earth"

And many such names, alas you do not come.
Vicious lord, grant that my eyes may see you!

3. I call, pouring my heart in tears, my lord! "Lord who took the earth in one leap, Damodara", and many such.
Alas! how many dark indelible acts I must have done; You do not even say, "Sinner" when I come to see you.

4. My lord of superior golden hue, excellence whom the gods Even through penance cannot see, thus and thus I cry Shamelessly here of what use, Alas! I am a lowly self. Yo do not come before my eyes and show your lotus face.

5. My father, bearer of sharp discus, mighty one who churned the ocean, Will it ever happen that I see you with your four arms? All the time with tears, my life drying bit by bit, I keep looking,
Lord, come right now to this hapless self.
6. Everyday, everywhere, and in all beings you stand,
   In my body, in my soul, and in all things without exception,
   I think and think, look and look, and try to see you in
   my soul.
   Alas, I have a loose tongue but no faculty!

7. Lord of fragrant Tulasi garland, in the depth of my soul
   I see you as an icon of pure knowledge.
   Losing myself in thought and recovering time and again,
   Through birth and death I have held you high, and over-
   come despair.

8. When I see you I shall pour flowers on your feet with glee
   Brought from the eight quarters, praise and praise again.
   And all we devotees will sing and dance in joy.
   O lord of Tulasi garland, won’t you come down to earth?

9. I have no good-will, no riches, no power over my senses,
   Nor steadfast devotion to worship you with flowers;
   I have a sinful heart, O sinful me, I search!
   Where can I find you, O lord of discus-conch?

10. Tears welling, feeling low, I roam and look around
    Alas I do not see my lord of discus-conch coming.
    With proper mind’s eye I shall see and enjoy
    The great icon of pure knowledge, light of the Vedas.

11. This decad of the perfect thousand Tamil songs,
    Sung by Satakopan of dense mansioned Kurugur city,
    Is addressed with embracing love to lotus-eyes Krishna.
    Those who can sing and dance with love will ascend
    heaven.
1. The offensive well-armed lord has it all arranged
   To destroy clanish Asuras by the score.
   The bull-rider (Siva), quarter-faced (Brahma) and
   lotus-dame (Lakshmi) reign in his peerless frame.
   If he does not desire my spotless beauty, we have
   nothing to lose.

2. The gem-hued lord with mountain shoulders bears the
   fierce discus.
   The peerless lotus dame Lakshmi resides on his chest,
   He has taken me into his service fully.
   If he does not desire my frail heart, we have nothing to
   lose.

3. The great lord who sleeps on the hooded bed has
   mountain shoulders.
   He is the child wonder who drank from the breasts
   Of the demoness who came disguised as a fond mother.
   If he does not desire my comeliness, we have nothing to
   lose.

4. The lord bears pearl necklaces, dyed red robes, milk-pail a
   and grazing staff.
   He deftly subdued seven fierce bulls for the joy of
   embracing
   The breasts of comely Nappinnai with slender bamboo
   shoulders.
   If he does not desire my pink cheeks, we have nothing to
   lose.

5. The lord of exceeding perfection bears the fragrant Tulasí
   crown.
   For the sake of sweet-tongued beautiful Sita in
   confinement
   He burnt the fierce demon Ravana's ocean-girdled city.
   If he does not desire my mind, we have nothing to lose.
6. That thinking men in the wide world may know,  
The great figure of knowledge expounded the paths to truth.  
He appeared as a clever dwarf and took the earth in three strides.  
If he does not desire my youth, we have nothing to lose.

7. He burst forth as a fierce lion-form exuding immense radiance,  
And tore apart the radiant Hiranya’s wide chest with great relish,  
He bears the resplendent discus and conch.  
If he does not desire my jewelled bangles, we have nothing to lose.

8. The lord of great fame then did blow with his curved conch  
A great booming sound which destroyed the rebellious (Kauravas).  
The three gods praised that the world’s misery had ended.  
If he does not desire my jewelled belt, we have nothing to lose.

9. The lord who cut asunder the shoulders of mighty Bana.  
Father of slender-waisted jewel-belted nymph (Usha),  
Lies on a serpent engaged in Yoga, ensuring all the world’s good.  
If he does not desire my body, we have nothing to lose.

10. He cut to pieces with joy many huge-bodied Asura clans,  
And laid them like lifeless rocks; the matted hair Siva  
With torrential Ganga reigns in solitude on his right side.  
If he does not desire my life, we have nothing to lose.

11. This decad of the faultless thousand songs on the lord of the universe,  
By Satakopan of Kurugur city,  
Is addressed to the lord who ate curds and butter.  
Those who sing it will cut asunder birth and attain heaven.
IV. 9. Nannadar

1. Strangers laugh and good relatives weep
Over countless miseries the world heaps; what ways are these?
Lord with beautiful eyes who churned the ocean!
Tell me quick the path to your feet, or give me death.

2. Kith and kin heap destruction and death,
Cheat each other, fall and weep: what ways are these?
O lord on serpent couch, I see no way for myself.
Heed my prayer, find a way and call me unto you, quick!

3. Gaity, friendship, kith and kin and bountiful wealth,
Flower-tressed women and house-hold all depart at death.
Ocean hued lord, I cannot bear this world, what ways are these?
Do not treat me as in the past; pray call me to your service, quick!

4. Great wealth kindles a raging fire of desire,
Then wraps a cover of darkness all around.
Benevolent gem-hued lord, what ways are these?
Wean me by your grace, and grant me your feet.

5. In the world that blossomed from the deluge waters,
All beings suffer the pain of birth, death, disease and age
And after that, hell; what ways are these?
Gem hued lord, pray do not forsake me, take me there!
6. They forsake, chain, beat, kill and eat.
Who ever realizes the truth, what ways are these?
Lord of Tulasi crown, my ambrosia; sinner that I am,
You changed me and took my service; now call me to your feet.

7. When you are yourself the sentient and the insentient
In all this world, existing for no other reason,
Beyond disease, age, birth, death, and misery.
Pray do not show me the wicked world; call me, you must!

8. You show yourself and vanish,
You make the world, and with it, earth, water, fire, air
and sky.
May I cross the great sphere, abode of the gods,
And reach your radiant high feet, O, when will that be!

9. Lord on serpent couch, you make even gods roam
without redemption,
I too know this. Shearing me of my desires,
You have made me bear your feet and roam.
I now see I am inseparable from your rare lotus feet!

10. I have seen the pleasures of seeing, hearing, touch, smell
and taste,
And the limited joy of heaven unattainable through the senses,
Only you and the fair bangled Lakshmi are permanent.
What wonder my lord, I have attained your lotus feet.

11. This decad of the thousand pure Tamil songs,
By prosperous Kurugur city’s Satakopan,
Is addressed to the feet of effulgent Narayana, Kesava.
Recited with humility, it will secure the lord’s feet.
IV. 10. Onrum Tevum

1. Then, when none of the gods, worlds, beings, and aught else existed, He made Brahma, with him the gods, worlds and all the beings. In fair Kurugur where jewelled houses rise like mountains He stands as Adipiran, then what other god do you seek?

2. O men of the world! Then he created you and the gods you worship. With unending goodness and fame, he resides willingly in Kurugur Temple surrounded by balcony palaces. Sing and dance and praise him, roaming everywhere.

3. All the gods and all the words he made, in a trice swallowed, Then hid, then issued, then traversed, then shifted all, now speak! O men of the world! Knowing this, you still do not understand. Other than his form in Kurugur, worshipped by the gods, there is no lord.

4. He is the monarch of Siva, Brahma and the other gods you speak of. See this for yourself in Kapala Moksha, How does it help the Linga-worshippers to speak ill of the lord Who resides in radiant Kurugur city surrounded by walls?

5. Look, all ye who quote the Linga-Purana, Jainas and Bauddhas! Instead of arguing endlessly, praise the lord who stands in Kurugur Where tall ears of corn blow gently in the wind like whisks: He is you and all your gods, this is no lie.
6. You who desolately worship lowly gods have been relegated to this, Because if all attain liberation, there will be no world, This is the sport of the clever lord of Kurugur city Where golden paddy and lotus flowers abound; figure this out and run!

7. Running tirelessly, taking numerous births, worshipping lesser gods, You have tried so many paths to truth; now become servants Of Adimurti, lord of Kurugur whom celestials stand in hordes and worship. The beautiful Garuda dances on his banner.

8. Then it was Narayana’s grace which protected Markandeya When he took refuge in the naked-god (Siva), When the great Adipiran stands in Kurugur city Surrounded by stork-white Pandanus hedges, what other lord do you praise?

9. The six expounded doctrines and those like them Cannot fathom him; thus he sits, as Adipiran In Kurugur surrounded by beautiful fields. If you seek liberation, bear him in your heart.

10. He contains within his faultless frame all gods, worlds and all else, He resides in fertile Kurugur where paddy and sugarcane grow tall. He came as a dwarf, he danced with an array of pots. Service to him alone is fit and proper.

11. This decad of the faultless thousand songs, Sung with love by Kurugur city’s Maran Satakopan Addresses Adipiran, lord of discus and Makula flower garlands. Those who recite this have access to the other Vaikuntha, city of no return.
1. Uttering "Holder of bright discus," "My gem-hued lord"
   And many such shallow praises, I have roamed and danced,
   And attained the truth; who can oppose what fortune
   favours?
   My lord, Krishna, if you leave me now, can I bear it?

2. I only said lies like "Oh, you entered the Marudu trees,
   My uncut gem, my sweet ambrosia, sweet as honey!"
   Lo, my lord himself has become me.
   The sky and earth and all else are within me!

3. I uttered in lip-service, while inside was something else,
   A few lies like "Benevolent lord, gem-hued lord" and
   such others.
   Shedding my deceiving nature, I have seen you, and
   found liberation.
   Lord reclining in the ocean, now what other refuge do I
   have?

4. Though I say words like "What other refuge do I have,"
   Rogue that I am, I have not the power to wean my soul
   from the world
   Strengthen my heart, dry my tears, and move closer to you.
   My Krishna, rid me of my dross and call me unto you.

5. Krishna, lord of celestials, dark-gem, ambrosial delight!
   I have reached you, yet not attained you; between us you
   have placed a body,
   Tied me to it securely with strong cords of Karma, covered
   the wound neatly.
   And cast me out into this deceptive wide world.
6. Dark hued lord, you have embraced me all over! My strong Karmas of repeated miserable births have ceased. I have seen to my satisfaction your four radiant shoulders. Your red lips and lotus eyes, and the discus of cause-effect in your hands.

7. The lord of discus, overlord, where does he belong, who am I? Simply calling “Saviour of the elephant” with hands my over head, I have become his true lover; he too has become mine. However strong the sin, when his grace comes, it shall come, just see!

8. The lord worshipped by celestials and monarchs Has come this day and occupied my lowly heart. Henceforth, my mother, my father, my children, My wealth, my fish-eyed women are all he.

9. Like a ship caught in stormy ocean calling out in distress, I stood shivering in the ocean of birth and called. With exceeding grace and divinity, conch and discus in hand, He heard me and came to me, and became one with me.

10. Seeing that he had a faithful servant in me, he came elated. Of his own sweet grace, he became one with me. The dark lord who was fish and tortoise and man-lion, Dwarf and wild boar, shall come again as Kalki, just see!

11. This decad of the thousand pure Tamil songs, By Satakopan of Kurugur surrounded by bullock-ploughed fields, Addresses the dark hued lord of lotus-red eyes. Those who sing it shall rise and attain his lotus feet.
1. Hail! Hail! Hail! Gone is the curse of existence, hell has relented. Yama has no work here anymore; even Kali shall end, just see! The ocean-hued lord's spirits have descended on earth in hordes. We have seen them singing and dancing everywhere.

2. We have seen visions sweet to the eyes, yes we have seen! Come devotees all, worship, praise and shout in joy. The spirits of Tulasi crowned Madhava are roaming the earth, They are seen standing, singing Pann-s and dancing everywhere.

3. The rolling age of Kali is ending, the gods have also entered. The golden age of Krita begins, and joy floods the land. The spirits of my ocean-hued lord have come singing songs. They have densely packed the earth and occupied every nook.

4. All the heretic schools are being cleared like weeds; The spirits of our mighty ocean-reclining lord Are singing many many songs; lying, sitting, standing, Walking, flying, dancing, they are performing plays.

5. The lord's spirits have miraculously entered the earth. They stand everywhere, their acts alone occupy my vision. Have no doubt, devotees, if there are Asuras and Rakshasas among you, There is no escape; their days will end in death.
6. The discus-lord's devotees have come to stay,
To rid the world of soul-consuming disease, war, hunger
and evil.
They have spread everywhere, singing in mirth and
dancing in ecstacy.
Cease thought, devotees, go worship them and be saved.

7. Know that your fond gods can save you only through his grace;
Markandeya is proof.
Have no doubt, there is no god other than Krishna,
All that exist are his forms, so worship him alone.

8. He is the lord of gods, himself becoming the gods in all the worlds.
It is he who accepts the offering you make to your gods.
The spirits of the mole-chested lord have filled the earth singing songs
So shed hatred; love, worship and liberate yourselves.

9. The world has become filled with devotees and holy men
Who lovingly worship Acyuta, unfailing in the path of knowledge,
With full flowers, incense, lamp, sandal, water and Vedic mantras,
You too join in loving worship, and liberate yourselves.

10. In all the great worlds, all the dense hordes of gods,
And even Siva, Brahma, Indra and others stand and worship Krishna.
Devotees, if you can join them in loving worship,
There shall be nothing of the age of Kali.

11. This decad of the famous thousand songs,
Sung by Karimaran Satakopan of Kurugur surrounded by happy fields,
Addressed to the wonder-lord, radiant Krishna, destroyer of Kali,
Will cleanse devotees' hearts.
V. 3. Masarucodi

1. I sought my ever-radiant faultless first-lord,
   My red-lipped spotless mountain-gem.
How long ago I became impassioned and slipped into
   madness
What harm can the world’s slanderous gossip do, Sakhi?

2. My red lotus-eyes lord has possessed me,
   I have lost the red in my cheeks, my frame has waned,
My red lips and black eyes have lost their charm.
Now what can the world’s gossip do to us, Sakhi?

3. The red-lipped lord who sucked the life out of Putana’s breasts
   And stopped the speeding chariot with his foot has possessed me.
Night and day I prate of nothing save him.
What can the world’s gossip do to us, Sakhi?

4. The dark-cloud lord planted seeds of love in my heart.
The world’s gossip made good manure; my mother’s words
   Poured water over the fields. Now my passion swells like the sea.
Tell me Sakhi, is our Krishna mean?

5. May be the lord is selfish, wicked and far away.
   May be he is a world grabber and hard to understand.
Pity, my wicked heart still longs for him alone, what can mother do?
O Sakhi, you have a slender waist, but a frail heart!

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6. Whatever mother may do, whatever the world may say, Sakhis, henceforth you have no love from me. For, I am caught in the drag-net of my gem-hued lord, King of Dwaraka, Vasudeva, the ancient lord of celestials.

7. The lord who caught me in his dragnet, called my good heart unto him,
Reclines in the deep ocean with discus in hand.
O Saksi with broad jewelled hips, will we ever see him with these eyes,
And worship him in the presence of these fair ladies?

8. The lord drank the demoness’s breasts, stopped the chariot
Entered the Marudu trees, ripped the bird’s beak, and killed the rutted elephant.
He has a clear smile and coral lips.
O when will we reach him and put these ladies to shame?

9. The lord who stole my shame and called my heart unto him
Resides over celestials in high heaven.
By him, I swear, let the world heap slander,
Acting unbridled, I now ascend the Palmyra stalk (Madal).

10. After we have ridden the Palmyra stalk through every street,
Without feminine grace, while the world raves,
Making women speak unspeakable slander,
We shall wear the soothing Tulasi flowers from the discus Lord.

11. This decad of the replete Andadi of thousand songs,
By Satakopan of fragrant bowered Kurugur,
Is addressed to Krishna dark as the roaring seas.
Those who sing it will find Vaikuntha wherever they live.
1. The populace sleeps. the world is pitch-darkness.  
The waters have calmed, night stretches into eternity.  
The lord who swallowed the earth sleeps on a serpent couch.  
He comes not, alas! Who can save my sinful soul now?

2. A ghastly pall engulfs the sea, earth and sky  
Stretching into one sinister night.  
My golden hued Krishna does not come, alas!  
O sinful heart, you too are not with me; who can save me anymore?

3. See, you are not with me, O heart!  
The long night stretches into an aeon.  
My Kakutstha wielding the scorching bow does not come.  
Sinner, born as a female, I know not how to end my life.

4. The radiant sun too has hid himself,  
Unable to bear the sight of a maiden in distress.  
My black bull, lord with large eyes and red lips  
Does not come; who can cure my love-sickness?

5. Who inquires of me? My mother and my Sakhis  
Sleep through the night never asking what happened.  
My dark-hued Krishna too does not come.  
Wicked me, my name will tell tales and not let me die!
6. An incurable love-sickness torments my soul.
   An aeon of darkness hangs over my sunken eyes.
   My discus lord eternal too does not come.
   Who on earth can save this soul?

7. The sky is filled with dense powdered pitch.
   The long night stretches like an aeon.
   The lord of spotless conch and discus does not appear.
   Yea gods! what shall I do? My acts are wicked as fire.

8. A single night stretches into seven aeons, ye gods!
   Hanging over my person and thinning my soul.
   Alas! My Krishna with discus does not come.
   The cool spring-breeze scorches like fire; what shall I do?

9. Darkness packed with fine pitch scorches like fire.
   The beautiful tall chariot of the sun does not appear, alas.
   The wealthy lord of lotus eyes too does not come, alas.
   Who can cure my heart's malady? Alas, I stand and melt.

10. Like me, the wide sky too melts
    Passing into fine droplets into the night.
    The world sleeps tight, alas, not once saying:
    The lord who measured the earth then shall not come.

11. This decade of the colourful radiant Andadi of thousand songs
    By Satakopan of Kurugur surrounded by excellent groves,
    Is addressed to the lord who did yoga like one sleeping;
    Singing this will secure heaven after death.
V. 5. Ennanayo

1. After seeing the beautiful lord at Tirukkurungudi,

   My heart yearns for his conch and his discus,
   His lotus eyes, and his peerless coral lips.
   How now, ladies, that you blame me?

2. Look through my heart’s eyes; do not blame me.
   After seeing the lord in palm-groved Tirukkurungudi,
   His sacred thread, his ear ornaments, his mole chest
   His beautiful jewels and his four arms stand before me everywhere.

3. Mother, you blame me saying, “She stands, she falters,

   she swoons”.
   Ever since, I saw the lord in tall-mansioned Tirukkurungudi,
   His victorious bow, mace, dagger, discus and conch
   Appear before me everywhere, never leaving my eyes and heart.

4. Mother, you blame me for tears that swell endlessly in my eyes,
   After I saw the lord at nectar-groved Tirukkurungudi,
   His beautiful garland of Tulasi flowers, his golden crown
   His face, his silken threads and belt haunt my wretched self.

5. Mother, you blame me saying “She stands and stares,

   she swoons”.
   After I saw the lord of great fame in Tirukkurungudi,
   His glowing coral lips, his long eyebrows, his perfect lotus eyes
   Have possessed my wretched soul!
6. After seeing the lord of cool-groved Tirukkurungudi,
   His beautiful slender nose, his lotus eyes, his coral lips,
   His blue frame, and his four shoulders, have filled my
   heart.
   My mother lets none see my saying "She will bring
   further blame on our fair name."

7. After seeing the lord of exceeding fame in Tirukkurungudi,
   His beautiful golden form of exceeding radiance has
   filled my heart.
   He stands everywhere wielding a discus in his beautiful
   hand,
   My mother says, "She is a great scourge on our fair
   house-hold".

8. Ladies, you blame me saying "She buries her face in her
   hands, she swoons"
   After seeing the lord in Tirukkurungudi surrounded by tall
   houses,
   His red lotus eyes, his hips, his slender waist, his face,
   His long dark tresses, and his broad shoulders stand
   before my sinful self.

9. Mothers, and Sak his, you blame me saying, "You are a
   disgrace".
   After I saw the lord in Tirukkurungudi of strongly built
   houses,
   His tall crown and his countless jewels leave not my heart,
   They are sweet as milk and sugar.

10. My mother lets no one see me, saying "She is growing
    amorous day by day".
    After seeing the lord of abiding fame in Tirukkurungudi,
    A radiant form flooding effulgence appears in my heart,
    Worshipped by hordes of celestials, hard for anyone's
    understanding.

11. This decad of the thousand well-known songs,
    By fair Kurugur Satakopan on the lord of Tirukkurungudi,
    The incomprehensible discus-bearer, is sung with flowers.
    Those who sing with understanding will unite with Vishnu
    while on earth.
1. My daughter roams the earth reciting: "I made this earth. I am the earth and the ocean; it was I who took the earth. It was I who lifted the earth; it was I who swallowed the earth".

Has the lord possessed her? O people, how can I make you understand?

2. My daughter recites, "I cannot be understood. I am that understanding. I generate understanding."

Has the understanding lord descended on her? O understanding people, what can I say?

3. The things my possessed daughter says! "All the earth is me!

All the sky is me; all the fire is me
All the air is me; all the ocean is me,"

Has the all-seeing lord entered her? O witnesses of the world, what shall I say?

4. The things my red-lipped daughter does! "All that is done is me;

All that remains undone is me; all that has been done is also me.

I enjoy the fruit of all action; motivation too is me."

Has the lotus eyes lord gotten her? Fair people of the world, what can I say?

5. "Unfailingly I rule over the earth," my daughter says, then "Unfailingly I lifted the mountain, killed the Asuras, Then showing my might, protected the five. The ocean too was churned by me."

Has the ocean-hued lord taken her? O severe people of the world, what can I say?
6. My vel-eyed daughter prates “I am the chief of the cowherd clan. It was I who grazed the calves, it was I who lifted the mountain, It was I who protected the cattle; it was I who killed the seven bulls.” Has the lord of celestials possessed her? O severe people what can I say?

7. The things my fond daughter prates: “I have no friends,” she says, Then “All here are my friends” and, “It is who make bonds. It is I who breaks bonds; the bond between friends too is me”. Has the peerless lord possessed her? O friendly people of the world, what can I say?

8. The things my tender sapling says! “Speak ye of three-eyed lord? He is me; the four headed lord is me, the celestials too are me. The lord of celestials is me; the sages too are but me”. Has the cloud-hued lord taken her? O talkative people of the world, what can I say?

9. My wicked tender daughter prates, “I have no wickedness of any kind,” Then “I am the wickedness of deeds, I am the redeemer of wickedness, I am the door of wicked deeds, I am the destroyer of wicked Lanka”. Has the Garuda-riding lord gotten her? O wicked people of the world, what can I say?

10. My beautiful coiffured daughter raves,” Beautiful heaven is me. The ugly hell too is me; the effulgent liberation is me, The beautiful souls are all me, the beautiful first-cause too is me,” Has the cloud-hued lord taken her? O beautiful people of the world, what can I say?

11. This decad of the garland of thousand choicest Tamil songs By fertile Valudi (Pandya) kingdom Kurugur’s Satakopan Addresses the lord who is consort of Sri, Bhu, and Nila Those who can sing it will serve his devotees with great wealth.
1. I have not done penances, I have no subtle intelligence, Yet no more can I bear to be separated from you even for a moment. Lord who resides in fertile Srivaramangalanagar Where red lotus and paddy abound, am I one too many for you there?

2. Lord who destroyed Lanka, I am neither here nor there, Fallen in the desire to see you, I stand nowhere. Lord of discus and conch residing in Srivaramangalanagar Where the moon caresses tall mansions, grace this forlorn self.

3. O dark-hued lord of Vaikuntha with discus and Garuda banner, You made a person of this insignificant self, and took me into your service. O lord of Srivaramangalanagar, where many learned Vedic seers live, You have graced me from there, I know not how to repay you!

4. Then you did battle for the five (Pandavas) against the Kauravas And reduce the foes to ashes; lord who lifted the earth, You have come to reside in Srivaramangalanagar amid learned seers Who perform Vedic sacrifices incessantly; I only call to join you there.

5. O dark-hued lord who enters into every bit and parcel, And performs many magical acts, is it possible for me to call you? O lord of Srivaramangalanagar where godly men perform Vedic sacrifices, You are accessible to worship, I too have seen this.
6. O dark effulgent Vaikuntha lord who came as a boar
   and lifted the earth,
My father, my Krishna, ever my master, great heavenly hill,
Whom the folk of Srivaramangalanagar worship amid
   sweet mango groves.
Pray come, that I too may worship you!

7. O lord of celestials, through grace, you have entered my
   heart,
O lord of eternal glory, first cause of the universe,
Father, mother, swallower of the seven worlds, resident
   of Srivaramangalanagar,
Where godly men perform Vedic sacrifice endlessly, pray
   do not forsake me.

8. Those wicked magical senses that you gave will forsake
   me, I know them well.
Even you do forsake and dump me into quagmire, just see!
O resident of Srivaramangalanagar where tall mansions
   shine,
Lord who ripped the bird's beak, you are hard to reach.

9. Lord who ripped the bird's beak, entered the Marudu trees,
And killed the seven bulls, gem-hue radiance, my wicked
   wonder-lord!
Clear minds versed in the Vedas live in cool
   Srivaramangalanagar.
My lord living in their midst, pray show me the path to
   liberation.

10. Lord celestial, wearing cool fragrant Tulasi crown,
Resident of cool Srivaramangalanagar where sugarcane
   and paddy grow tall,
You have given me your feet as my sole refuge and path.
I have nothing to give in return, my soul too is yours.

11. This decad of the thousand on the lord of
   Srivaramangalanagar,
By Satakopan of Kurugur surrounded by groves of happy
   flowers,
Addresses the feet of Daivanayaka, Narayana,
   Trivikrama.
Those who can sing it will forever be sweet as ambrosia
   to celestials.
V. 8. Aravamude

1. Insatiable ambrosia! First lord! My body melts in love for you.
   You make me flow like restless water.
   I see your resplendent from in Tirukkudandai,
   Reclining amid fertile waters, fanned by whisks of golden paddy.

2. My lord, my ruler, my pure icon, my beautiful black bull!
   You take any beautiful form at will.
   Reclining amid Tirukkudandai waters filled with large lotuses,
   Your dreamy eyes liken those flowers! O what can I do?

3. What can I do? What would you have me do? Who else can protect me?
   O lord reclining in Kudandai surrounded by stone walls,
   I seek redress with none save you; pray see that I lead
   The remaining days of my life holding on to your feet.

4. O lord of glory exceeding the grasp of ever-learning seers!
   Infinite lord, your frame contains all the worlds.
   Lord reclining in Kudandai surrounded by men of exceeding goodness,
   Desirous of seeing you, I look at the sky disturbed, then weep and pray.

5. I weep and pray, I dance and sing, and praise you forever,
   I look away and hang my head in shame for my deeds.
   O lotus eyes lord reclining in fertile Kudandai fields,
   Pray show this repentent self the way to your lotus feet.
6. O lord of celestials reclining in Kudandai surrounded by men of everlasting glory, O music of the Yal (harp), ambrosial delight, fruit of knowledge, O king of lions, rid me of my Karmas, and find a way, you must. I long to reach you, how long must I remain here filling a bottomless pit?

7. O king of lions, golden radiance, red-eyed dark cloud lord! Dazzling coral mountain, my lord of four shoulders, lord in Kudandai, Through your grace, you made me your bonded serf. Now give me your protection and rid me of my birth, no more I can bear.

8. O great wonder-lord reclining in Kudandai armed with a sharp discus Whether you end my despair or not, you are my sole refuge. When the body languishes and my life comes to an end, Grant that I may hold on to your feet without end.

9. Lord sweetly binding me to your feet, O king of motionless gods, Lord reclining in Kudandai amid sparkling gems, great first-causel Lord praised by all the worlds, Pray come, that I may see you.

10. O formless lord that takes wonderful forms at will! Insatiable ambrosia, delight of my heart, resident of Kudandai. You protect me, ending all my endless Karmas. Having become your servant, must I still suffer?

11. This decad of the thousand songs, sweeter than flute’s melody, Is sung by Kurugur Satakopan who found refuge at the feet of Krishna, Who drank the demoness’s breasts and dried her life to the bones, Those who sing it flawlessly will be adored by fawn-eyed dames.
V. 9. Maneinokku

1. O fawn-eyed friends, this wretched self wanes day by day. The lord resides in Tiruvallaval, where areca trees touch the sky, In nectared fragrance-wafting jasmine gardens and honey-dripping fruit orchards.
Alas! when will this devotee self reach his feet?

2. O Sakhis, why do you disappoint me thus? The lord stands in Tiruvallaval where soft winds waft the fragrance Of golden fresh Punnaï, Magil and Madavi flowers. Alas! When will we take the dust of his feet on our heads?

3. O flower-coiffured friends! Woe is me, I become thin. The lord resides in cool Tiruvallaval amid fragrant smoke Risen from the Vedic altar, where Saman chants rise like the roaring sea. Alas! When will we see his feet without interruption?

4. O Sakhis! Why do you hurt me thus endlessly? The lord reclines in Tiruvallaval on hooded snake amid tall mansions Nesting in the bowers of betel and areca, jackfruit, coconut and plantain. His well-being alone is our good.

5. O good-natured Sakhis! The smoke from the good Brahmins’ Vedic sacrifices Clouds the sky in Tiruvallaval; the sweet ambrosia, That fruit, that sugar candy has stolen my well-being. Alas!, When will my eyes see that radiant form?
6. O berry-lipped Sakhis! The lord who came as a beautiful dwarf
Resides in fertile Tiruvallaval where trees grow tall and dense
In groves where fresh breeze blows and bees make music like harp-strings.
Alas! When will this unfortunate self see his blossomed lotus-feet?

7. Good doll-Sakhis! The lord, our master who swallowed the universe,
Resides in Tiruvallaval, where lotus and water-lily grow tall in large water tanks,
And reach the radiant faces and eyes of the womanfolk.
Alas! When will we worship his feet with flowers everyday?

8. O radiant forehead Sakhis! The lord who strode the earth
Resides in Tiruvallaval amid marshy fields abounding in flowers
Where sugarcanes sway sweetly and golden paddy ripens filling the quarters.
Alas, when will we worship his feet everyday without end?

9. The lord of abiding grace and spinning discus
Resides in Tiruvallaval amid cool groves,
Where young bumblebees drink nectar and hum like the flute and Yal.
When will we worship his form and restore our slipped bangles?

10. Sakhis! The earth and heaven know the abiding grace
Of Narayana residing in the good city of Tiruvallaval,
Our lord praised high by many thousand devotees.
Will it be our fortune to chant his names with love?

11. This decad of the thousand songs, on peaceful Tiruvallaval
Sung by Kurugur Satakopan with knowledge and understanding
Addresses the lord of thousand names,
Those who sing it will excel in this world.
1. The wonders of your birth, your boyhood, and your exploits
   In the great Bharata war, showing your strength to the
   five (Pandavas)
   These haunt my heart again and again and consume my soul.
   O effulgent lord, most high, when will I join you?

2. Your killing the bulls for Nappinnai's hand, ripping the jaws
   Of monstrous horse, your Rasa-Krida with sweet coiffured
   Gopis,
   Are hard to describe as thus or thus, your many acts
   thin me.
   O first cause of the universe, when will I join you?

3. Your radiance, as a child sucking Putana's poisoned breasts,
   Your valour, as a boy, destroying the chariot with
   lotus-foot.
   Then your standing in fear, with tears in your eyes,
   when your mother
   Took the stick hearing that you stole butter—these melt my
   heart.

4. Entering stealthily into the cities of Asuras disguised,
   Striking terror in their hearts, destroying them by the score,
   Then the mat-haired Siva entering into your person
   indistinguishably.
   These enter my heart, melt and drink soul.

5. Your wonderful acts, of eating food-offerings kept for Indra
   Then holding aloft the mountain to stop the angry rains,
   Your creating the world, then swallowing, bringing out,
   Measuring and marrying dame Earth, melt my heart like
   wax in a fire.
Countless are your visible and invisible wonderous deeds!
In standing, in sitting, and in reclining.
I think and think, yet cannot ever comprehend you.
O radiant lord who swallowed the earth, show this sinner a way.

I faint at the thought of the things you do to me
Standing as radiance amidst darkness, truth amidst non-being,
My gem-hued lord, grace your presence just one day,
That my eyes may take in your form deeply, and fill me.

Whenever I hear about your beautiful reclining form,
The red lotus ravel and Brahma on it, your entering his wombs
In your great acts of creation, and your peerless domain over all,
My heart melts and tears flood my eyes, what shall I do?

Whenever I hear of how you begged for three feet of land
Then stood up and took the earth and sky and ocean in two strides
And how you achieved your ends, my heart melts for you alone.
O this wicked Karmic self, when will I ever join you?

The way you joined in the churning of the ocean, for Amrita,
The tricks you played to help the Devas, leaving out the Asuras,
These enter my heart and melt my soul.
O lord on poisonous snake-couch, tell me how I may seek you.

This decad of Andadi of thousand songs is sung
By Kurugur Satakopan worshipping everyday with single mind
The feet of the serpent couch lord as sole refuge.
Those who can sing it will enjoy high Vaikuntha forever.
VI. 1. Vaikal

1. O flocking egrets picking worms in my flowery marshes!
   My berry lipped lord with discus in hand
   Resides in beautiful prosperous Vandur, where paddy grows tall.
   Go tell him with folded hands my sad tale of love.

2. O dark egret searching for worms, with love-bird companion!
   Our lord who swallowed all the worlds
   Resides in cool Tiruvanvandur resonant with the chant of Vedic hymns.
   Go fall at his feet, and tell him of my lowly plight.

3. O flocking feathered friends, grazing in the fields!
   The berry-lipped lord with a spinning discus
   Lives in Tiruvanvandur with enormous wealth,
   Go worship him with reverence, and tell him my woes.

4. O twin swans, forever enjoying a dip and in company!
   The ancient lord of celestials, my ocean hued Krishna
   Resides in Tiruvanvandur amid Vedic echoes.
   Pray tell him that a maiden is pining for him.

5. O twin swans, who know how to make peace after fighting
   My lord wearing a Tulasi garland on his crown
   Resides in Tiruvanvandur where conches lie on high dunes,
   Go see him with folded hands and pray for me also.
O Punnai-dwelling koels, I pray you please!
The lord of gods with a discus in his radiant hand
Resides in Tiruvanvandur where fish jump in watered
fields.
Go ask him for a reply, and rid me of my swoon.

O beautiful parrot, go this once, then speak your good
words!
Flower groves and red shores surround Tiruvanvandur.
The lord has a dark hue, red lips, eyes and feet.
Discus and conch are his identification marks.

O beautiful Puvai bird, meet my lord and come back to me!
He lives in Vandur filled with Punnai, Serundi, Nalal,
Kurukkatti and Magil flowers.
He has large lotus eyes and a tall, radiant crown
Four mighty shoulders, and a dark cloud hue.

O dainty swans dallying over flowers, worship his feet!
My lord resides in Vandur where conches herald the morn-
My Krishna, the ancient lord is swift.
Pray talk to him alone, and tell him of my plight.

O fragrant bees, I pray you because you are different!
On the northern banks of Pampa is Tiruvanvandur,
The lord who burnt to dust the high-walled Lanka
Resides there; pray tell him I too exist.

This decad of the thousand songs
By Kurugur Satakapan
On the lord who came and took the earth
Will win the hearts of damsels.
1. Thin waisted damsels will worship your grace, I fear what may follow.

O lord who destroyed the fortress of Lanka!
I know your tricks, what can you do with them now?
Sir, return my balls and leave!

2. Go Sir! Your lotus eyes and coral smile hurt and make us faint.

Alas, this is the fruit of our penance!
Lovely young damsels, strutting like peacocks will worship your grace,
Go send your cows that-a-ways, and play your flute by them.

3. Go away, Sir. And tell your stories to innocent ones.
Your coral lips and lotus eyes are a curse today.
Wonder who that slender bamboo shoulders damsel will be,
With the fortune of receiving your grace today!

4. Then you swallowed the worlds and slept; your wonders even gods do not,
So how can we understand?
You know how to graze your cows where Vel-eyed damsels play sand-castles
Then do not bother us, I pray!

5. O Sir, do not lie! Men and gods know your deceits.
Lord of radiant discus, let me teach you something.
Exuberant sweet tongued damsels will always worship your grace.
Pray do not play with our dumb mynahs and parrots.
6. No use pretending to repent, pray do not play with our dolls.
   We are familiar with these favours, we do not deserve them.
   There are many fair damsels worthy of queenship.
   Sir, do not ascend our fold, this is unbecoming childishness.

7. Pray do not snatch our dolls, O perfect lord who took the earth and seas!
   You tell us lies and play with us, a fault is a fault even by you.
   If my brothers hear of this one day, they will take the rod
   And spare you not for justice or for mercy.

8. O lord of radiant knowledge and countless glories,
   Making all things so different yet like one!
   When friends are calling and I go, alas, you stop and dry us
   What will the unfriendly not say?

9. To melt our heart with love and trap us in your lotus-snare,
   You destroyed with your feet, the sand castles that we made
   And took the food we laid; you did not only stand and watch,
   With your radiant smile, alas! we are not fortunate.

10. O lord of radiant crown and axe that destroyed kings,
    O lord who made the universe, lord of radiant hue.
    Today you have appeared and uplifted the cowherd clan.
    Alas we cowherd girls are pained!

1. This decad of the thousand songs
   By Kurugur Satakopan
   On the lord who stole butter
   Will end all poverty.
VI. 3. Nalkuravum

1. I see the lord everywhere, he appears in many ways
   As poverty and plenty, as heaven and as hell,
   As bitter feud and friendship, as poison and medicine.
   He is my master living with affluent people in Vinnakar.

2. As pleasure and pain, as confusion and clear thought,
   As punishment and forgiveness, as light and shade.
   The lord my master is hard to understand.
   He resides in Vinnakar, surrounded by clear waters.

3. As cities and villages, as knowledge and ignorance,
   As the brilliant orbs and darkness, as earth and wide sky.
   The lord resides in Tiruvinnakar, surrounded by mansions.
   Other than his grace, we have no refuge.

4. Good and bad Karmas, union and separation,
   Memory and amnesia, reality and illusion, these he is
   and he is not.
   Krishna, the lord of Vinnakar, is surrounded by mansions.
   Other than him there is no doer, witness ye all!

5. The doer is the colours fair, red, black and white,
   Truth and falsehood, youth and age, newness and oldness.
   The lord in Tiruvinnakar is fortified by walls.
   See, he laid this garden world and all the good in it.
6. These three worlds and yet not them, pleasance and anger, The lotus dame, and wretched dame, praise and weighty blame, The lord of Tiruvinnakar, worshipped by the gods Is a radiant lotus form that lives in my heart.

7. A body of exceeding radiance, a body full of filth, Hiding now and coming then, constant yet deceiving. He resides in Vinnakar worshipped by the gods, Other than his lotus feet, we have no refuge.

8. The permanent refuge of gods, the ghastly death of Asuras Protecting all the worlds below his feet and yet not thus. Refuge of the southern quarter, lord of Vinnakar, Is my refuge, O my father, lord and Krishna, master!

9. The lord and father is my mother and my foster mother. Golden father, gem-hued father, pearly father, father! He resides in Vinnakar with golden walls around, Peerless lord he gave me the shade of his golden feet.

10. Shade and sunlight, small and bigness, long and shortness Walking, standing, other things and yet not any of them, The lord resides in Vinnakar with sweetly humming bees, His feet alone protect us all, O see the truth in this!

11. This decad of thousand songs by Kurugur Satakopan Addresses the lord of Vinnakar who grew before our eyes When he came begging as a lad then said “Behold, O Bali”. Those who sing it straight will be as Gurus to the gods.
VI. 4. Kuravai

1. Night and day I sing the wonderful exploits of my lord Krishna.
   His blending with the Gopis in Rasa, his lifting the mount.
   His dancing on the hooded snake, and many many more.
   Now what do I lack?

2. He went grazing cows, playing sweet melodies on his flute,
   He locked himself in the embrace of beautiful coiffured Nappinnai.
   When I recall these and many wonders of my Krishna,
   my heart melts.
   Lovingly my time is spent, now what in the world can match me?

3. The lord killed heavy wrestlers, and the mountain-like rut-elephant.
   I recall the stories of his grazing cows in the forest,
   And weep to hear the exploits of my effulgent gem-lord.
   Enjoyably my time is spent, now what on earth can ever hurt me?

4. Oh, how he wept when Yasodha tied him to the grinding stone!
   He drank from the poisoned breasts of Putana and dried her to the bones.
   He destroyed the chariot with his foot, my heart melts to think of him.
   So lovingly my days are spent, now what on earth do I need?

5. He was born in answer to the god’s prayers, as child to Devaki.
   Then left her in the darkness of night weeping and entered Nanda’s home.
   He grew up incognito and performed miracles, then killed Kamsa.
   Now have the fortune of his praise, who in the world is my enemy?
6. Ripping the beak of the Baka-bird, then killing seven bulls, 
   Destroying the tall Kurundu trees, these and other wonders 
   My lord performed when he came and strode the wide 
   earth. 
   I am blest to sing these night and day, no despair have I. 

7. Compassionately he took birth in this filthy mortal world. 
   Taking forms as he chose to, he gave vent to his anger. 
   My lord and father wears a crown of Tulasi flower garland 
   My heart remembers him in wonder; who in the world 
   can equal me? 

8. Wonder-struck were earth and sky to witness the great war 
   He then cut asunder the thousand arms of mighty Bana. 
   As dwarf he came and took the earth, by walking three 
   good steps. 
   My heart can see them all; now what can trouble me? 

9. Crossing seven turbid oceans and the mountains tall, 
   The wonder of his driving over the end of seven worlds, 
   These and many other wonders of the lord of discus-conch 
   Whoever can speak to me, can he be my enemy? 

10. To rid the burden of the world, he did wage a war, 
    And showed indeed his wonder-form, routing and killing 
    armies. 
    Then left and entered his own dear resort in the sky. 
    Through worshipping his feet alone, another master 
    I have not. 

11. This decad of the thousand songs by Kurugur Satakopan 
    On the feet of Kesava lord of seven worlds, 
    Who lifted them and strode on them, being them and not 
    them, 
    Those who sing and dance along are blameless devotees.
VI. 5. Tuvalin Mamani

1. O ladies, pray leave this girl alone, you have no love anymore. Her dark lotus eyes brim with tears, haltingly she murmurs “Beautiful conch and discus, large lotus eyes”. Spotless jewel mansions rise in Tulaivillimangalam.

2. You took this sweet soft-spoken girl to Tulaivillimangalam. Gay with festival sounds, then abandoned her heartlessly. She lies like one possessed, her lips forming “Devadevapiran”. Her eyes well with tears, she falls and then melts, alas!

3. You took this sweetly chirping girl to Tulaivillimangalam. Filled with cool green bowers, then abandoned her heartlessly. She now stands with tear-filled eyes and only mutters incoherently About grazing cattle, measuring the earth and reclining on waters.

4. After going to Tulaivillimangalam, where Vedic seers throng, She has lost her self-control, and becomes possessed, see! “Dark-hued lord” she keeps on calling, rising in her joy. Then greatly pleased beyond measure she drops into a swoon.

5. O ladies you took this soft radiant girl to Tulaivillimangalam And showed her the lord of lotus eyes and jewel-stealing radiance. From that day on, she is in this mood, lost in thought. She looks that way and bows, with tears falling like rain.
6. On the northern banks of cool Porunal is wealthy
   Tulaivillimangalam.
   Where sugarcane, paddy and lotus grow tall all around.
   Since that day this girl looks but that-a-ways night and day
   And only mutters the names of the gem-hued lord.

7. O ladies, this peacock-fair fawn has slipped out of your hands.
   She refuses to hear any words save "Tulaivillimangalam".
   His symbols and his names alone are on her lips unfailingly.
   Alas! Is this the fruit of her past or the tricks of the lord?

8. On the northern banks on Porunal in prosperous
   Tulaivillimangalam,
   He lives in plenty amid Vedic chanters and Lakshmi-like ladies.
   From the day this dark-eyed fawn worshipped him, everyday
   She only says Aravindalocana patiently. then falls and weeps.

9. Ever since this girl learnt the town's name, she weeps and speaks disjointedly.
   "O, Manivanna!" she calls, with a cry that makes a tree melt.
   "The lord who ripped the horse's jaws lives in Tulaivillimangalam".
   She says, then joins her hands in silent prayer.

10. Is she Nappinnai, or Bhu-devi or Lakshmi? I wonder!
    What a miraculous birth she has taken! She calls "O, lord!
    You came to live permanently standing and sitting in Tulaivillimangalam".
    She bows her head and only yearns to hear the name of that town.

11. This decad of Tamil songs from the pure thousand
    On the lord of Tulaivillimangalam by Kurugur Satakopan
    Who attained the lord as his father and mother in thought, word and deed,
    Will secure service to the lord for those who sing it.
VI. 6. Malukku

1. My coiffured fair daughter has lost her bangles
   For the groom of beautiful red lotus eyes,
   Who came as a dwarf and measured the earth,
   The lord of dark cloud hue.

2. My beautiful daughter has lost the pink in her cheeks
   For the conch-bow-dagger-mace-discus wielder,
   Lord of red lotus eyes and coral lips,
   Who wears honey-dripping Tulasi flowers on his crown.

3. My high-coiffured daughter has lost her grace
   For the dark-hued lord, the trickster
   Who swallowed the worlds with his small mouth
   And bears a spinning discus in hand.

4. My wide-hipped daughter has lost her manners
   For the lord who created the powerful Brahma,
   The bachelor groom who measured the wide earth
   And went as messenger for the ruling kings.

5. My well-coiffured daughter has lost her mind
   For the lord who gave the good Vedas,
   Who came as boar and lifted the earth,
   My lord who sleeps on clear waters.

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6. My bow-eyed tender daughter has lost her body
   For the lord of Kalpa tree-like shoulders
   Who wears a beautiful crown of radiant gold
   His hands are like freshly blossomed lotuses.

7. My fair daughter has lost her ornaments
   For the lord who wears many good ornaments
   And reclines on a hooded couch,
   Krishna, his hands and feet are red!

8. My fragrant-tressed daughter has lost her beauty
   To the lord who singly uprooted Kurundu trees,
   Groom who stopped the speeding chariot.
   Child who drank the demoness' milk and killed her.

9. My soft-breasted jewel girl has lost her radiance
   To the lord who came as beautiful groom,
   My Kakuthstha lord who looks a perfect hero,
   And rises high like a dark radiant mountain.

10. My intelligent daughter has lost her all
    To the beautiful tall crowned Tulasi blossom lord
    Whose wonder shoulders matched the wrestlers.
    He stands in all the things that are.

11. This beautiful radiant decad of the thousand
    By beautiful radiant Kurugur's Satakopan
    On the beautiful radiant Vengadam lord
    Gives beautiful radiant celestials' joy.
VI. 7. Unnumsuru

1. With tears in her eyes my tender fawn would say:
   "My food and drink, the betel I need are all my Krishna." Enquiring about his town of fame and fortune on earth, I am sure she has found her way to Tirukkolur.

2. Throwing her grace to the winds, like herself
   Making the town and country prate his names and symbols
   My tender fawn must have reached Tirukkolur of fertile fields.
   Alas, hapless me! Tell me, O mynahs! Will she return?

3. Her mynahs, parrots, ball and toys, her flower boxes
   Were all the lord for her; she used to call them by his names.
   Alas! My doll is now in fertile Tirukkolur itself.
   With raining eyes and twitching lips, what would she be doing?

4. What now? Will the wags and neighbourhood folk
   Call this an act of shamelessness or of high conduct?
   Alas, my tender fawn decided to leave wagging her hips
   For Tirrukkolur where he lives with abundant wealth!

5. My little goddess gave up her toys and faded day by day.
   Now she is with her beloved in Tirukkolur
   Amid flower gardens, water tanks and in his temple.
   I wonder how she enjoys herself today!

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6. My little fawn is of no use to me anymore, she has left and gone
to Tirukkolur where he stands as a Tilaka to the south.
Would she be standing and swooning with tears in her eyes
Waiting to see her lord's auspicious eyes and red lips?

7. With tears overflowing and heart longing,
Night and day she would call, "Ancient lord!"
Now to Tirukkolur where he lies amid riches, alas!
How she would have reached, with creeping steps and
a shrunken frame.

8. Resting her hands on her waist, dragging herself painfully,
Did she walk with a seething heart and eyes brimming with tears
To reach the lord of lotus dame in Tirukkolur?
Alas, my daughter has forsaken me for her love!

9. All the good things she had, she would keep for her Krishna
Now casting all aside, she has left home, and walked
All the way to Tirukkolur, with people showering slander.
Alas! She had no thought for us.

10. O gods! I cannot understand, how my tender fawn
Who would never for a moment leave her Aravindalocana,
Could leave and go on her own, all the way to Kolur.
Alas, she never thought of the slander brought on the household!

11. This decade of the thousand songs
By bowered Kurugur's Satakopan
On Vaittamanidi, lord of Tirukkolur,
Will secure the rule of golden earth.
VI. 8. Ponnulakaliro

1. May you rule the golden world and the earth, O birds! This hapless lover beseeches you, My Krishna who made the worlds has stolen my weal-being Pray go and tell him of my plight.

2. O my parrots, before Vel-eyed damsels I swear, I will give you sweet butter-filled pudding from my hands. Pray seek my discus-bearing lord of berry lips, Tell him of my love and come back to me quickly.

3. O gregarious bees, go drink the nectar from the Tulasi flowers Worn by the lord who steered the chariot For the Pandavas against the great army in war. Come back quickly and blow sweetly over my coiffure flowers.

4. Take note O bumble bees! If you wish to sip my Mullai flowers, Go seek the lord who played me false and deserted me. He wears the fragrant Tulasi on his crown. Tell him, not this the way to treat a lover.

5. O parrots, I brought you up; now let me teach you something. The lord came riding on his Garuda and stole my wicked heart. He has red eyes and lips, a dark hue and rises like a Kalpa tree. Go seek him anywhere, then say to him “This is the proper way”.

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6. O little mynahs that this wicked self brought up,
   My sparkling chested dark lord Krishna
   Will not deny you the Tulasi on his radiant lotus feet.
   Go to him and speak the words I taught, reciting them
   all the way.

7. O my dolls! Would you not go to Madhusudana who
   ripped the horse's jaws,
   Deliver my message, and end my sorry plight?
   My lord is dark like Puvai flowers, has eyes like lotus
   blooms.
   He is the discus lord who stands as everyone and
   everything.

8. O perfect-winged white egret, pray help me!
   How many ages must I suffer thus, bereft of my lover?
   Go see the heedless lord, of spotless hue and radiant
   crown,
   And say that this maiden sees not anyone save him.

9. O flock of geese searching for worms floating over water!
   Hapless me, other than him, I have no protector,
   Go see the monsoon-cloud Krishna, lord of celestials,
   Come back and recite to me his words incessantly.

10. O beautiful swans resting amidst lotus flowers in the
    water,
    Your bright spouses, you and all you kin!
    Go see my Lakshmi-chested lord in his chambers and
    tell him:
    "This maiden is this and this" then come back and tell
    me what he says.

11. This decad of the thousand revelations
    Of fragrant groved Kurugur's Satakopan
    On the feet of Madhusudana, with choicest words
    Will make the heart melt like fine sand in water.
1. You became the radiant orbs, Siva and Brahma, Earth, water, fire wind and wide sky. Will you not come to this wicked self one day, With conch and discus in hand, heaven and earth rejoicing?

2. You came and showed your strength on earth as Vamana, O wonder lord who took the earth and sky! Pray come and walk this earth again one day And let me touch and see you, and dance in joy.

3. O lord who protects all through every age, We see you walking, standing, sitting and lying. O lord with beautiful lotus dame Lakshmi, How many days must I live in separation?

4. You twisted, mangled and destroyed the Asuras You stopped a devil-chariot with your foot. Pray appear in the sky at least one day, Surrounded by Brahma, Siva, Indra and all the gods.

5. You sit in the sky, stand on the hill, sleep in the ocean, Walk on the plains; in all these O lord, you are present hidden. O lord existing in countless other worlds as well, blending in me, Will you still hide yourself from me?
With one step you strode the earth and ocean.

With one step you spread and took the worlds above.

O lord, how many days must I yearn to see you?

I melt like wax in a fire and roam the earth, alas!

You are the Karmic selves roaming the earth.

You are the soul of the world itself.

You are the formless ten spheres and spirit beyond.

Pray grace this tiny self of infinite ignorance.

O soul of the mortals, pray grace this ignorant self.

My fragrant icon lord of infinite radiance!

Will you still keep away and kill me with your tricks?

Alas, my soul which knows nothing else is afflicted!

My soul is afflicted by pleasures that the senses heap,

Would you still destroy me with distractions?

Has the time not come for me to be united

To your lotus feet that grew and strode the earth?

For many ages that do not shrink or stretch or end,

Even if I were to attain the infinite pleasures of the self,

Alas! On reflection, will that ever match, my lord,

Even a short while of service to you without returns?

This decad of the thousand revelations

Of devotee’s devotee’s devotee Satakopan

On the lord beyond sight, thought and feeling

Will secure the feet of the lord who swallowed the earth.
VI. 10. Ulakamunda

1. O lord of eternal glory who swallowed the earth!
O great icon of effulgent knowledge, my soul's master!
You stand like a Tilaka for the earth in Vengadam.
Pray decree that this bonded serf reaches your lotus feet.

2. O lord of celestials bearing a fierce discus in hand
That cuts, pulverises and grinds the wicked Asura clans!
O lord of Vengadam with tanks that brim with lotuses like fire!
Grace that this love-brimming servant joins your lotus feet.

3. O lord celestials, beautiful cloud-hued natural grace
O ambrosial wonder lord, entering sweetly into feeling!
O lord of Vengadam where rivulets wash gems, pearls and gold!
My lord, inquire of me and grant me your lotus feet.

4. O lord of lotus-dame Lakshmi who rained fire-arrows
Ending the days of heartless Asuras who troubled the earth!
O lord of Vengadam adored by gods, Asuras and Munis!
Pray show this lowly self the way to your lotus feet.

5. O deft archer who pierced an arrow through seven trees!
O first lord who entered between two Marudu trees!
O lord of Vengadam where elephants resemble dark clouds
O wielder of heavy Sarnga-bow, when will I reach your feet?

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6. O lord of Vengadam whom celestials worship everyday,  
   Through thought and word and deed, and through praise!  
   I long to see your lotus feet that spanned the earth.  
   O when will the day be when I join you inseparably?

7. O lord of celestials, my ambrosia, sitting for the love of me  
   O lord of Garuda banner, lord of beautiful berry lips!  
   O lord of Vengadam, cure for the weeds of Karma,  
   I cannot rest for even a moment without seeing your lotus feet.

8. Alas, undeservingly I crave and grieve for your lotus feet!  
   The blue-throated Siva, four-faced Brahma, subtle-mind Indra  
   And many fish-eyed damsels surround you desiringly forever.  
   O lord of Vengadam, pray come as you did then, and bewitch me!

9. You seem to come but do not come, and come when you only seem to.  
   My soul's ambrosia, my lord with lotus eyes, coral lips and four arms!  
   O lord of Vengadam, where brilliant gems turn night into day!  
   Alas, I cannot bear to leave your feet even for a moment!

10. O lord who bears the inseparable lotus dame on the chest!  
    O my master of matchless fame bearing the three worlds,  
    O lord of Vengadam desired by celestials and great sages!  
    This refugeless self has found his refuge, sitting at your feet.

11. This decad of the complete thousand songs  
    By Kurugur Satakopan on Vengadam lord  
    Who gives refuge to devotees at his feet,  
    Will secure the joy of Vaikuntha forever.
VII. 1. Unnilaviya

1. O lord countless good, lord of the three worlds, 
   worshipped by celestials!
   Through the five senses borne on this body, you heap
   miseries on me. 
   You are still intent on torturing me, separating me from
   your lotus feet.
   O my sweet ambrosia, my father my master!

2. You have made five tyrant kings rule me, shooting pain
   night and day.
   O sugarcane sap, my dark hued lord, protector of the
   earth and ocean;
   O bearer of the lightning discus, O this sinner’s Vedic lord;
   See you have made sure I do not reach your lotus feet!

3. You have made these five senses stand and obstruct
   my path with mines.
   You are the first cause, you made this universe, then
   spanned and lifted it.
   Lord of tall radiant crown, this servant’s own
   Madhusudana!
   Alas; what have you achieved by not letting me join
   your feet?

4. You planted these five senses like snares around me
   leaving no escape
   You placed all things and beings without exception in
   your person,
   Then slept as a child floating on a fig-leaf; O the manna
   for my Karmas!
   See, you have made me incapable of joining your lotus
   feet.

5. These five senses whirl me in a giant wheel causing me
   incurable sicknesses.
   O lord of celestials, you routed the wicked Asura clan;
   O lord of radiant discus now who will be my medicine?
   Alas, you are like the executioner who seals the front,
   back and sides.
These five senses afflict even the celestials who serve your worship. What can they not do to an earthling, more so when you have left me? O great lord, you are in music, in poetry and in Bhakti. I see you in my eyes, my heart and my speech; pray speak a word to me!

These fickle senses cannot stick to one path or goal. My sweet ambrosial lord, you churned the ocean with Devas and Asuras With a snake rolled around a mountain placed in the deep. Alas, how will I ever control my senses if your grace is not forthcoming?

The five senses you gave can deceive anyone as sweet ambrosia. My mother! My Krishna! My lord of celestials! Grant that I may be rid of timeless Maya, root and all, That I may contemplate, sing and worship your symbols and forms.

These five senses can fell even the gods into the pit of sin. My Krishna, my radiant effulgence, you made this earth, And all the worlds, the standing, the moving, and the things. Grant the destruction of the five, their strength and all, pray heed me.

O lord you churned the ocean and took ambrosia for the gods, I wish to sing your glory and melt with love over your lotus-feet. Instead you made me carry this log and lift a heavy burden These five drag me in stormy directions, and beat me painfully, Oh!

This decad of the thousand songs, By the devotee's devotee's devotee Satakopan of Kurugur On the lord of three qualities, of making, keeping and breaking, Will end the Karmas of those who sing it night and day.
VII. 2. **Kangulum**

1. She knows no sleep through night and day, she doles out tears by the handful. She folds her hands and says “discus” then “lotus-lord” and swoons. “How can I live without you?” she weeps then feels the earth.

What have you done to my girl, O Ranga lying on joyful waters?

2. “What do you, my lotus lord” she asks with tears in her eyes.

Then “what shall I do, Ranga?” she weeps with hot and heavy sighs.

“Oh, my Karmas!” she laments “Come O dark lord, is this proper?”

Then you made and lifted the earth; how is it going to end for her?

3. Shamelessly she calls “gem lord”, then sighs and stares into the sky.

“O my one who destroyed Asuras!”, and then starts to weep.

“O my Krishna, Kakuthsth)ha, come and let me see you here.”

What have you done to her, O Ranga surrounded by walls?

4. She remains as she is placed, rises, falls and folds her hands.

‘Woe, this love’ she says then swoons, “Ocean lord, invisible”.

Then “Orbed discus lord’ she says, ‘please come’, on and on, then faints.

What do you intend for her, O perfect Ranga, lord on waters?

5. She thinks and faints and recovers, with folded hands utters “In Vengadam”, Bows that-a-ways with tears like rain, says “Come I prithee”, such and swoons.

O lord who tore Hiranya’s chest, rare ambrosia who churned the ocean, You infatuated a strong maiden, now make her join your feet.

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6. "O lord who stole and took my heart, O red-lip gem-hue lord!"
   "O lord lying in Rangam, girdled by cool waters!"
   "O celestial lord with dagger, discus mace and bow and conch!"
   Grace this girl, O lord on serpent, my Karmas are to blame, alas!

7. "Lord who made both pain and pleasure, loved even by the loveless!"
   "Lord bearing the wheel of time, ocean-lord reclining!"
   "O my Krishna, sacred water in Srirangam's cool fish-waters!"
   My tender princess lies on earth, her large eyes raining tears.

8. "O lord of gods you lifted a mount to protect the cows!"
   She weeps and folds her hands and sighs hotly as would dry her soul.
   "O lord, how can I see you?" then stands and looks up staringly.
   O! what can I do for my precious daughter, O Ranga?

9. "My soul!" she calls and "O spouse of dame earth, lifted on your tusk!"
   "My lord of lotus dame Lakshmi, resting on your chest!"
   "Beloved lord of cowherd dame, you took her with seven bulls!"
   I cannot decipher her end, O Ranga in temple of the south!

10. Calling "I know not an end for myself O lord of worlds!"
    "O matted-hair Konrai Siva, O the four-faced Brahma!"
    "O king of great celestials, lord of wide Srirangam!"
    Becoming a refugee my daughter has attained his feet.

11. This decad of thousand songs by Satakopan of Kurugur,
    Through grace attained at his feet in groves of Porunal waters.
    Addressing the good lord of hue like raincloud,
    Will secure a life of joy, hallowed by good celestials.
VII. 3. Vellaiccuri

1. How shall I explain O ladies, alas, you do not see the way
   My lotus lord with discus and conch rides away the
   Garuda in my heart.
   He is there in Tirupperai of joy, where Vedic chants and
   festive sounds
   And sounds of merry children playing never subside,
   so thither shall I go.

2. O Sakhis of fragrant tresses, O ladies, O people of the
   neighbourhood!
   I cannot stop this galloping heart, it is not in my bridle,
   alas!
   Night and day it runs after the coral lips lord of celestials,
   Krishna,
   Who sits amid honey-dripping groves surrounded by cool
   fertile fields.

3. O friends, my heart has lost its shame and reserve to the
   lord
   Who sits in Tirupperai, where festivals continue for days
   and months.
   How can I forget his tall radiant crown, conch and discus,
   And the lotus eyes and coral lips that I have enjoyed
   so long?

4. Why blame me, O ladies? Lost in the boom of his
   wonderful conch,
   I bade my heart, "Sir, go retrieve my lost lustre from the
   lord in Tirupperai!"
   Where he sits amid Vedic chants that rise like the ocean
   eternally.
   Alas! He too remained there, now whose help have I for
   doing what?

5. I lost my femininity to my Krishna who stopped a speeding
   chariot,
   Who drank the demoness' breasts and went between
   dense Marudu trees,
   And threw a calf against the berry tree; ladies, come
   forward, quick!
   No use blaming me now; show me the way to Tirupperai
   of fruit-laden groves.
6. Save time and show me there, my love swells like the ocean!
   My cloud-hue lord appears before me, but not within my grasp.
   He sits on earth in Tirrupperai amid large water tanks,
   With endless Vedic chants, whisked by fertile ears of paddy.

7. My heart longingly enters Tirrupperai where the lord resides
   He destroyed the walled city of Lanka girdled by the ocean.
   Alas! I do not see my heart return, now whose company have I, O Sakhis!
   None to call him back either; whose help for doing what, alas!

8. For the very reason that all gather and join hands with 
   my lord
   In heaping blame over me, my love grows, O Sakhis!
   If I were to tell you how, it would exceed the earth and sky
   I must go then to my lord and join him in Tirrupperai lapped by waters.

9. I must go my Sakhis; O ladies pray do not stop me, of what use is this?
   I have no contentment of heart anymore.
   My lord of dark ocean-hue, lord who swallowed the earth and ocean
   Resides in Tirrupperai surrounded by fertile fields.

10. I will search town and country, I have no shame, O Sakhis
    The lord in Tirrupperai is surrounded by mountain-like jewel mansions
    He is Makara-Nedun-Kulai-Kadan, wearing Makara ear rings.
    Discus lord who killed a hundred, how long ago he stole my heart!

11. This decad of thousand songs by Kurugur Satakopan,
    On the lord of Tirrupperai who takes many forms and names
    Through countless ages every time to protect the world
    Will secure the golden feet of the discus lord,
1. The discus grew, conch and bow too grew,  
The earth resounded, "Hail!", the mace and dagger grew.  
The world became a bubble, his foot reached the head.  
Oh, how my father strode the earth, heralding an age!

2. What sounds arose when my father churned for ambrosia,  
Rivers lashing water backwards over mountains,  
The ocean swirling waves back and forth,  
A snake twisted on a mountain grated the earth!

3. The seven plains stood firmly in place  
The seven mountains stood firmly in place  
The seven oceans stood firmly in place,  
When my father lifted the earth with his fork-teeth!

4. The day disappeared, earth and water disappeared,  
Sky and stars disappeared, fire and wind disappeared,  
Mountains and plains disappeared, the radiant orbs disappeared  
The day my father feasted on the universe with relish!

5. Oh! The sounds of well-fed wrestlers being crushed;  
The jitters of the manly warrior kings,  
And the praise that the wakeful celestials showered  
When my father took charge of the glorious Bharata war!
6. When the day waned into twilight
   A form like a lion exploded from a rock
   And blood spewed high like a fountain every way
   When my father came and killed the wicked Asura.

7. Arrows grinding against countless heavy arrows,
   Corpses by the hundreds heaped like mountains,
   Oceans of blood flowing like rivers everywhere,
   Oh, how my father destroyed Lanka to dust!

8. The cock-bannered god ran away, know ye!
   Then the burning fire-god ran away,
   Then the three-eyed god too ran away,
   When my father cut the strong shoulders of Bana.

9. Beginning with water, earth, fire, wind, and sky,
   And the mountains and the radiant orbs and all else,
   Then even the rains, the gods, the living, and others,
   How my father made the first universe!

10. Grazing herds came and all animals crouched under,
    The great tanks overflowed with gurgling waters.
    The entire cowherd clan found a shelter
    When my father lifted a mount and stopped bad rains!

11. This decad of the sweet thousand songs
    Is the word of grateful Satakpan
    In word and deed to devotees of the lord.
    Reciting it with love bestows success
VII. 5. Karpar

1. In the blessed Ayodhya, land created by Brahma, Down to the meanest grass and insect without exception He gives the exalted place to all the sentient and the insentient. So would a scholar learn a name other than that of Rama?

2. For the sake of humanity, Narayana took birth and walked on earth Suffering countless miseries, then destroyed the plague of Rakshasas. Then he gave the kingdom to Vibhishana, and liberation to all. Knowing this would mortals be devotees of anyone else?

3. Sisupala the arch-enemy of Krishna would utter lowly words of abuse Such as would blister the ears, yet he attained the lord's feet. Knowing those who know this well, Would anyone listen to any but Kesava's praise?

4. In the hoary past when none of these things existed, He made the waters, then the four-faced Brahma, Then hid all these within himself. Contemplating these wonders, will scientists think of anyone else?

5. The lord then came as a beautiful boar, And in a trice lifted on his fork teeth The earth that was submerged in deep deluge waters. Knowing this, would seekers seek any other than his feet?
6. Afflicted by the generous Bali king,
The gods in hordes petitioned to the lord,
Who then came as a mendicant boy.
Knowing these wonderous deeds, will anyone not be
Kesava’s devotee?

7. The fragrant garland-decked Markandeya prayed for life.
The mat-hair Siva took him in and showed himself as an example,
The lord then took him unto himself.
Contemplating this, will anyone seek other than Krishna?

8. The Asura king Hiranya with the power of penance
Afflicted the gods.
The lord then came as a lion and showed his wonder.
Knowing this, will knowers learn other than the lord’s names?

9. Destroying the hundred who cheated in dice,
And securing victory for the good five,
The lord drove a chariot, in a battle that the world spoke about.
Knowing this, will anyone seek any but the lord?

10. He removes and destroys by the root great miseries
Of Maya-birth, sickness, old age and death,
Then takes all unto his good feet.
Knowing this will any wise one not be a devotee of the lord?

11. This decad of the lucid thousand songs
By Kurugur Satakopan on Krishna,
Who gives joy to those who stand and worship,
Will bequeath clear thought to all who recite it.
VII. 6. Pamaru

1. O great lotus navel that created the worlds;
   O great lotus feet that strode the earth!
   O lord of lotus eyes, protector of this forlorn self!
   O lord of lotus hands, when will I join you?

2. Alas, When am I to join your red lotus feet,
   Worthily worshipped by Siva and Brahma?
   O lord who stands as earth, fire, water, wind and sky,
   O my dancer lord who protected the cows under a mount!

3. Lifting a mountain, you stopped a hailstorm.
   My lord of cool Tulasi crown, my lord of Konrai Siva,
   My four faced lord Brahma, lord of praiseworthy name!
   If indeed you are my soul's soul, pray where am I to meet you?

4. Where am I to meet you, you are the three worlds fair.
   The three-eyed Siva is you, the lord Brahma too is you.
   The thunderbolt Indra and all the other gods are you.
   O my Gopala, wearing honey-dripping cool Tulasi crown!

5. My Gopala, my uncut black-gem lord!
   In your lotus-navel is spread the three worlds.
   In the midst of your effulgent radiance,
   How is this soul to see and attain you?

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6. I know not how to see the lord with Lakshmi on his chest
   He looks like a brilliant gem, flooding blue effulgence,
   His feet and hands, lips and eyes, chest and navel
   Are like sparks of dazzling red blowing everywhere.

7. My lord of Lakshmi on his chest, is lord with Parvati
   on his half.
   And lord with Sarasvati on his face, and lord of Indrani too.
   He lifted the earth, burnt the three cities, subdued his
   senses
   And rules the celestials' world; alas, I do not see him!

8. Like horses before a Yali, like foxes before a lion,
   The demons howled and left their haunts, and went into
   hiding
   When the Garuda lord killed the fierce Mali
   And stacked bodies like mountains; Oh, can we not see
   him too?

9. Can we see him too, O heart? He destroyed the demon clan
   Of deathly might and wickedness,
   And gave the kingdom to the younger brother,
   Then himself ruled like a lion among gods in abounding
   glory.

10. He took birth in cowherd clan, did many wonderous deeds,
    Killed Kamsa, befriended the Pandavas, and destroyed
    armies.
    Full of patient goodness, he shall by his grace
    Give us the precious ascent to Vaikuntha, Haril

11. This decade of the thousand songs
    By Kurugur Satakopan on the discus lord
    Who came as a lion and tore the bowels of Asura,
    Will secure the whisk and service of fair damsels.
1. Are they two gods of death, come to eat the souls of females
Or are they the beautiful eyes of the ocean-hued lord,
I know not.
All around they appear, like day-fresh lotus flowers,
Oh, see!
O sinful me! Sakhis! Ladies! What shall I do?

2. What use punishing me with nudges and abuse, O ladies?
Is it a tendril or stem of a grown Kalpa creeper, I know not.
The beautiful nose of the thief-lord enters my soul
Strongly like a radiant lamp hanging from a chain.

3. Is it a beautiful berry fruit, the sins of my wicked self?
Or is it a grown coral branch of beauty, I know not.
The radiant lips of my dark hued lord come
And appear before me everywhere, sweet to my soul.

4. Is it the dark bow directed on sweet damsels,
The sugarcane of blessed Madana?
The eyebrows of my Krishna, father of Madana
Stand everywhere and kill me, alas!

5. Is it a flash of lightning, striking fire everywhere?
Or is it a beautiful string of pearls burning my soul,
I know not.
The radiant smile of my lord who lifted the mount kills me
Alas, ladies! I know not where to escape.
6. Are they sprigs with dangling Makara fish
That make damsels and Asuras fear and ask “Where”?
The ornamented ears of the lord resting on a hooded snake
Kill me relentlessly see, O ladies!

7. I know not how to show this ladies!
Is it the waxing crescent moon, alas, is there no poison for lovers?
The forehead of my lord with broad shoulders
Has taken my soul and killed me relentlessly.

8. The beautiful face of Krishna has taken my soul!
His lotus eyes, tendril nose, coral lips, bow eyebrows,
Pearly teeth, ornament ears and crescent-marked forehead
Stand like a radiant circle of brilliance.

9. Are they radiant sunrays that have soaked up the dark
of night?
No, they are the dark radiant tresses of the lord,
Fragrant with fresh Tulasi blossoms, taking in my soul.
Alas! you do not know this, ladies, and abuse me.

10. Ladies, you stand around me with rough hands
And abuse me for standing in the porch.
My heart is set on the gem-hued lord whose radiance
Spreads everywhere; what do you want of me?

11. This decad of the powerful thousand songs
By Kurugur Satakopan on Krishna
Who is hard to see for even the celestials,
Will secure the world of celestials forever.
1. O wonderous lord, Vamana, Madhusudana, tell me. 
   You stand as earth, fire, water, sky and wind, 
   As mother, father, children and relatives 
   As all else and as you; what do these mean?

2. Beautiful Tulasi crowned lord Acyuta, pray tell me. 
   You are the moon, sun, stars and darkness, 
   Thundering rain, great fame and blame, 
   The sinister eyed god of death too is you; what wonders 
   are these?

3. Beautiful discus lord on chariot, pray speak. 
   The many countless ages, and moving within them 
   The countless myriad objects, transient or not; 
   Wonderously you stand as these, what mischiefs are 
   these?

4. Honey-dripping lotus lord, pray give me an answer. 
   Being and non-being, permanent and impermanent, 
   You lie in the deep ocean on hooded snake, 
   And will these many things, what designs are these?

5. Fragrant Tulasi blossom lord pray tell! 
   You rid me of desires and took me as your own, 
   Body, breath, birth and death are you. 
   The many wonderous acts are yours, what deceptions 
   are these?
6. O deceiving dwarf, pray tell, that I may understand.
Ignorance and knowledge, hot and cold,
Wonders and trivia, victories and Karmas,
Usefulness and waste are you, what travails are these?

7. O hardships! My Krishna, lord of tall crown, tell me.
The afflicting pride, insolence and love,
The afflicting desires, the heavy, the still, the moving,
You made these and caused me grief, what games are these?

8. O Krishna ruling me! What mischief you are filled with!
You make it hard for anyone to see and speak of you as such,
Then you made the three worlds, and became them.
You are within me, and without, what ways are these?

You are the hands and feet and all the limbs,
Taste and form and touch; sound and smell too are you.
Begin to think, there is no end to your subtle nature.

10. Your are the form and formless spoken of in the Vedas,
Subtlety inseparable from the gross reality.
O my Acyuta of Tulasi garland chest!
Whatever one attributes to you, that you are indeed!

11. This decad of the thousand radiant songs
By Kurugur Satakopan on Hari,
Who cannot be described as this or that,
Will make devotees of those who recite it.
VII. 9. Enraikkum

1. Oh how shall I sing of my radiant first cause lord?
   Day by day he makes me rise higher and higher.
   Each day he makes me his own
   And sings through me his praise in Tamil verse.

2. Today he has rendered my sweet soul countworthy.
   Making it appear like
   I was singing with words mine,
   He with words his, has sung his praise, what wonder!

3. He entered my speech and made me acknowledge him.
   He sings his own songs of praise
   Through the words of pure-hearted devotees.
   How can I forget the first-cause lord in my speech?

4. Can I forget my father who through me
   Has sung songs in his own praise?
   He liberates me from boundless sin
   And roams about ensuring my well-being.

5. He made me his, and through me
   Sang sweet songs that the worlds praise.
   I only uttered empty words,
   While he filled them with meaning.
6. My lord of Vaikuntha has preferred
   To blend with me and sing his praise.
   He did not choose for this
   Great poets of worthy words and merit.

7. When shall I know to my fill
   The lord who destroyed my Karmas?
   He made me his and through my words
   Has sung his songs on Vaikuntha.

8. The lord of discus made me his
   Gave me excellence and sang his sweet songs.
   Even if I mix and drink the whole earth
   Will my thirst for singing ever quench?

9. Even if I drink through past and future,
   Will that quench my thirst for singing his glory?
   He favoured me by making mindless me his,
   And with my tongue he sang his moving songs.

10. What can I give in return for his favour
    Of singing with my tongue, I wonder!
    The songs in his praise are so moving,
    In this or another world no such thing exists.

11. This decad of the thousand songs
    By Kurugur Satakopan who saw the lord
    In every place here and there,
    Gives joy, whichever way sung.
1. When will the day be when I ambulate with folded hands
The lord who dearly resides in Tiruvaranvilai amid groves?
He is our lord who rules us sweetly spreading happiness
Over the seven worlds, with lotus-dame on his chest.

2. He came as a dwarf and grew tall; dispelling doubts
He grew and measured the earth under his two feet
He resides in Tiruvaranvilai, where festooned mansions
touch the sky.
When will I worship him with fresh water and folded hands?

3. Oh, when will I worship him
Instead of seeing him ride away on his Garuda?
He is Govinda, Madhusudana, Narahari, residing in
Tiruvaranvilai,
Surrounded by gardens chanting Vedas four, the five
and the six texts.

4. Will I ever contemplate without end from here
The lotus feet of the beautiful Krishna?
The glorious lord of worlds was born in Mathura.
He resides in Tiruvaranvilai amid sugarcane and paddy.

5. Through contemplation and worship of his feet forever,
If we sing his boundless praise, our Karmas will all vanish.
He resides in Tiruvaranvilai amid mansions and tall walls,
The friend of many great devotees of yore.
6. Contemplate his frame, devotees! Our Karmas will vanish. He is within me at all times, praised by my heart. He then fought and won battles to wed his Rukmini. He resides in Tiruvaranvilai, city of great fame.

7. The city of Tiruvaranvilai is surrounded by gardens, He resides there as Krishna, lord of celestials. In the yore he entered Bana's fortress, while Siva then had fled, And cut asunder the Asura's thousand arms, he is our only refuge.

8. The tusker standing in deep waters lifting his trunk wailed: "Other than you O Krishna, I have no refuge!" The lord who ended his misery then, lives in Varanvilai. Go around him in worship, our Karmas will all vanish.

9. Even if my Karmas leave and I ascend heaven, My thoughts will still be "When will I praise and worship him?" With proper deeds and proper heart and proper words alone, O when will I go around Tiruvaranvilai!

10. I have resigned myself to the lord who lives in Varanvilai, Where devotees worship with thought, word and deed. The lord Tevapiran knows my heart to the core. He knows that I nurture no other secret desires.

11. This decad of the holy thousand songs By saintly heart Kurugur Satakopan On dedicating himself to the holy one's feet, Will secure the worship of celestials and their spouses.
VIII. 1. Tevimaravar

1. Your spouses Sri and Bhu command, and all the celestials serve.
   The blessed three worlds your domain, the forms you will are yours
   O gem lord with lotus eyes and coral lips that hurt me!
   O my soul, ambrosia, lord who churned the ocean, bless me with your vision.

2. I wish only to see you, tears flood my eyes.
   Make me love in every way, and prate your names, alas!
   Show yourself to me lord, Rama, Krishna, kalpa-fruit!
   Lord who lifted the earth from waters, you are devotees' ambrosia.

3. Sweet child, O dear as life to chieftain Nandagopa!
   O chubby elephant calf, joy of Yasodha, deep ocean!
   You tore apart the wide chest of wicked Hiranya with claws.
   If you do not appear again, how will devotees believe in you?

4. O lord who released a terrible army on earth in the war!
   O celestials' ambrosia, poison to the Asuras, dear as my soul!
   Then I too may doubt that you appear before devotees,
   In forms that they worship, and accept their offerings.

5. O great soul that made, ate, remade, lifted and measured the earth!
   O glorious soul who made the ocean, sleeps on it,
   churned, parted and bridged it!
   O the oversoul, what gods are to man, you are to the gods.
   O soul of all the worlds, where can I come and meet you?
6. You are the formless and the souls, and the wakeful celestials.
You are the seven worlds and the gods therein, and their deeds.
If there is anything beyond space, that too is you
So where can I go from here to meet you, my lord?

7. O lord who embraced Nappinnai’s tender bamboo shoulders,
Lord sweet as fresh milk and freshly churned butter!
Lord sweet as ocean’s ambrosia, past, present and future!
Alas, I too may begin to doubt that you are all these!

8. O my wedding prince with glories that break my sinful heart!
O lord who rides the fierce Garuda, smiting death to the wicked Asuras!
Lord reclining in the deep ocean on thousand-hooded serpent,
My words and deeds and I are you, I know not how to worship.

9. If it is true that I am you and heaven and hell are also you,
Then what does it matter that I enter sweet heaven or hell?
And yet my lord, the thought of hell does frighten me.
Lord residing in sweet heaven, pray grant me your feet.

10. Effulgent lord of thousand arms and thousand heads,
Thousand lotus eyes and feet and thousand names
For the gift of your feet to this destitute, my lord and father!
I give my priceless life to you, embrace you to my heart.

11. By this decad of the thousand songs
Of great Kurugur city’s Satakpan
On the lord of Brahma, Rudra, celestials, bards,
Lord of the universe, O devotees, attain liberation.
2. Nangal Varivalai

1. O fair bangled Sakhis, I am shamed by our wicked one.
I look for words to answer, I find none to face you with.
My bangles have slipped, my colour has faded, my
breasts are sagging, I faint!
Alas I went after the Vengadam lord who rides the firec- 
eyed Garuda bird!

2. O Sakhis who are good at going to him and getting your
favourites.
Alas! My wicked self has no words to unburden my woes
on you!
If ever that rogue with comely lotus eyes our lord, is
seen again.
How I shall long to receive from him my lost bangles and
my lustre!

3. It is time that will end, not me, just wait and see.
I have borne heaps of slander, now what use in shying,
O fair Sakhis!
I will wait as long as I have to, but get my bangles and
my radiance
From the dark hued effulgent lord, my Krishna who took
them.

4. The wonder-dancer lives to the west of southern Kalandai
in groved mansions.
Deft spinner of war discus, he rode away on his dancing
Garuda mount.
Filled with desire I followed, my bangles fell, my heart
and all then left me.
I stand shamed before bangled friends, now what can
I lose, O Sakhis?

5. The lord has an effulgence that traps all like moth unto a
candle.
Through countless ages, great seers have thought of him
and failed.
Are we the first to desire the discus wielder and make him
come into our midst?
Tell me O Sakhis; are your words now proper?
6. The radiant lord beyond words, is hard to attain even by celestials. Be that as it may, he stole my hue, and denied me his pollen-laden Tulasi. To whom can I address my grievances now, O Sakhis! Alas, he sleeps with large lotus eyes in Kulandai amid fertile groves.

7. He has deserted me without a trace, and made me prate his many names. O flower-coiffured ladies, my fair Sakhis! What shall I do? Though many years may pass, see him I will, I swear. You may take it that we have nothing in common henceforth!

8. Out, out my pet mynahs, parrots, my koels and my peacocks! He has stolen my health, wealth, heart and all else to the last. He resides in fair Vaikuntha, in milk ocean and on Vengadam hill. Till my last remaining passions leave me, he will not see me, so out!

9. The lord of celestials is not the one to show himself easily. He came as a sweet boy, then grew and took the earth, sky and all. He has beautiful shoulders of exceeding radiance and mischief. To him I have lost my dignity and shame, so what can I lose, O Sakhis!

10. My heart left me saying "not thine anymore" and joined the lotus feet of the lord who came walking like a huge dark mountain With radiant sun-like discus and moon-white conch in hands. O my fair bangled Sakhis, now what can I do?

11. This faultless decad of the Andadi of thousand songs is By Kurugur Satakopan who gave up all passions for Krishna's feet, Those who can sing this to the glorious Krishna lord Will become faultless and attain everything on earth and in heaven.
VIII. 3. Angumingum

1. Lord bearing conch and discus, with lotus dame,
   And earth-dame and Nappinnai blending in you!
   Gods and Asuras everywhere worship you
   And seek refuge in you but never fathom you.

2. Without ever learning the Vedic texts,
   We have cut attachments and destroyed the four woes,
   By simply serving the radiant discus lord
   Who is our fortress of strength.

3. Alas, nobody comes here bearing his conch and discus,
   Nobody comes following him with his dagger and bow,
   I look out for him everyday on this earth,
   To serve and worship him but see him not, alas!

4. O lord who swallowed the earth as a morsel
   And slept as a child, floating on a fig leaf!
   Alas, time stretches like a dark age
   And I drown in the desire to see your frame.

5. O lord lying still in beautiful Kolur and Pulingudi,
   What makes you sleep so soundly?
   Are you weary from the battle of Lanka
   Or from walking over the earth and sky?
6. **Being the lord of gods, he receives their homage.**
   He wields a beautiful conch and discus, look!
   He destroys the pall of existence,
   He will come and light my heart with his gem-hue.

7. **The lord resides in Paricaram with Lakshmi on his chest.**
   Pilgrims come and go but alas, none to say to him:
   “A devotee waits there longing for a chance
   To go out with you bearing your conch and discus”.

8. **Lord of discus who strode the seven mountains,**
   The seven oceans and the seven worlds in one step!
   O when will you consider and grant me
   The joy of serving your lotus feet?

9. **My love overflowing, I call out:**
   “O first lord, time, my gem-hued master,
   Who is Mal, Brahma and Siva!
   Who can comprehend his glory?

10. **The clear-sighted Munis can only see the shore.**
    The great eternal celestials only stand and worship.
    How can we ever fully praise the lord
    Who churned the deep ocean, pray tell!

11. **This decad of the beautiful thousand songs**
    By tall mansioned Kurugur city’s Satakopan
    Addressing the lord who destroys birth
    Will secure freedom from rebirth.
VIII. 4. Varkada

1. The mountain-like tusker rolled, overflowing with strong drink. The creeping mahout was killed, the display-wrestlers routed. The petrified kings on balconies turned and fled and Kamsa's head was crushed, When our lord of Tiruccengunrur came as the victorious cowherd lad!

2. Our sweet destination is Tiruccengunrur where fish dance enchanted. In nectar-sweet waters of Tiruccirraru surrounding our first-lord. He is the lord who takes forms to create, protect and destroy the world. Other than him our ambrosia and master, who can be my refuge?

3. My lord eternal came and measured the earth and sky. He rules over me, destroying my past Karmas by the root. He stands in Tiruccengunrur, jewel of the south, on Tiruccirraru. I cannot think of a refuge other than his lotus feet.

4. Then he came as Vamana, his frame did grow and cover the earth. My beautiful gem-hued lord then also churned the ocean. In Tiruccengunrur, where plantain, areca and coconut line the sky, He appears in true form, standing; his feet are my refuge.

5. Any other refuge is not different from him who is all. This is true, but even then my heart seeks none but him. Hence his abode in tall mansioned Tiruccengunrur is my refuge, Where the fragrant smoke of Vedic sacrifice clouds the sky.
6. I have found my refuge, my soul, in tall mansioned Tiruccengunrur. Here he resides amid three thousand devotees, Siva and Brahma. He is father and mother to celestials and the sages, Reclining in the deep ocean, not knowing his own nature.

7. I see the lustrous lord standing in Tiruccengunrur With lotus eyes, feet and hands, lotus navel, lotus chest, Coral lips and red garments, and auspicious red crown; His radiant form with ornaments and weapons five fills my heart.

8. The lord in my thoughts resides in Tiruccengunrur. Worshipped by sages and celestials, refuge of devotees, He gives death to the Asuras, I know not how to praise him. He is the creator, protector, and the destroyer of the three worlds.

9. The lord who is these is himself Brahma, Siva and Indra too. He fills all the worlds, and is himself all of them. He resides in Tiruccengunrur, no words can praise him, With generous nobles, scholars, craftsmen and devotees.

10. The eternal lord graces all by becoming all of them. I have attained forever the lord who is Siva and Brahma too. He resides in Tiruccengunrur on the banks of Tiruccirraru, Inspiring three thousand Vedic seers and devotees of high merit.

11. This decad of the thousand songs By Kurugur Satakopan on the lotus-navel lord Sweet as honey, milk, sugar and sap. Those who sing will end this drama and attain heaven.
1. Vamana, my love! Your frame is a cool lotus pond—
   Your eyes and hands and feet like full lotus blossoms,
   Your radiant lips like their buds, your body like the dark leaves!
   O wonderful dancer, will you not spend a day with me?

2. With faltering steps I roam the good earth in shame,
   I call and look everywhere, with parched lips and parched eyes.
   Alas, will you not come one day showing your dark frame and glistening hair
   Like a young mountain with a black sun rising on its peaks?

3. O lord of radiant coiffure, lord of fragrant garland,
   O rain-cloud lord, I despair and weep for you calling.
   Alas, I see you not, with your befitting ear-rings,
   Your coral lips, your four arms and slender waist!

4. Your coral lips and dew-fresh lotus eyes and radiant form
   Have occupied my heart, I cannot say how, O lord.
   I see you reclining in the milk ocean
   Like a dark rain-cloud on a snow-capped mountain pass.

5. O dark cloud lord who swallowed the round earth and waters,
   I cannot describe the effulgence of your radiant feet.
   They are like two young suns of infinite light shining in my heart.
   Now how can the darkness of evil ever approach me?
6. O my Krishna, dear as my eyes, lord of the universe, my master!
O cloud hued lord, O pot dancer, my lord, I am calling you.
Come from the sky, or come from the earth, or from the ocean,
Or from wherever else, but come you must, and show me your lotus feet.

7. Come before me or else call me into your presence,
That I may serve the lotus feet that strode the earth.
O dark lord resembling a black sun of infinite lustre
With glowing red spots of cool lotus eyes, lips, feet and hands!

8. Everytime I see dark flocking clouds my heart melts, saying
This is how my lord appears, and day by day I die.
O lord who drove the chariot for the godly five
In war against the wicked hundred, come now, is this fair?

9. I weep and call in despair, O lord of lightning discus;
O lord of Garuda banner! Alas, what indeed does he intend?
Did he not appear in the beautiful groves of Mathura
And rid the world of its miseries?

10. O lord who came and fought the great Bharata war!
Lord who is earth, fire, sky, wind, water and all else!
Lord invisible as the butter in fresh milk!
Alas, where can I see you?

11. This decad of the beautiful thousand songs is
By Kurugur Satakopan asking the lord:
O where can I see you, sweet Tulasi garland lord?
Those who sing it will enjoy bliss here and now.
1. Night and day worshipped with joy,
   He gives us grace and all else.
The lord of Tulasi blossoms crown
   Lives with lucky ones in Tirukkadidanam.

2. Look! The lord has linked my thoughts
   To Tirukkadidanam, and lives in both.
   'Tis he who showered arrows then
   And destroyed the pride-filled Rakshasas.

3. The lord was one then two then become three,
   Then mingled himself into all, sweet to my heart.
The wonder lord resides in Tirukkadidanam
   With dame of lotus, Lakshmi on his chest.

4. The wonder lord that cut my wicked Karmas
   Has made my loving heart his cool abode.
   In Tirukkadidanam amid radiant gods,
   He lives in the midst of fragrant groves.

5. The lord who lives in godly Tirukkadidanam
   Has also made his temple in my heart.
   'Tis he the wonderful dancer with pots
   That's worshipped by all the temple gods.

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6. The lord of Lilas, Madhusudana
   Destroyed my woes to the end.
   He lives in cool fragrant Tirukkadidanam.
   Worshipping him will end woes, just see!

7. The lotus feet of Govinda in Kadidanam
   Who measured the earth, sky and all
   Are worshipped by earthlings and gods.
   Place him in your heart and end your woes.

8. The lord has many good city resorts
   In the sky, on earth and in the ocean.
   Yet he has chosen this my heart
   And Tirukkadidanam as his abodes.

9. The lord who lives in many good resorts
   Is chief of cowherd clan and eternal.
   He resides in godly company
   In Tirukkadidanam, what wonder!

10. The wonder lord Narayana, Hari
    Is Vamana residing in my heart.
    The sound of Vedic chanting blows
    Through Kalpa groves in Tirukkadidanam.

11. This decad of the thousand songs, sweet as milk and honey
    By Kurugur city’s Satakopan
    On Tirumal in good Tirukkadidanam
    Will secure Vaikuntha, and elevation of spirit.
I worshipped and called for many days fervently,
And prayed that I be heard and bound to his feet.
Lo, the beautiful Vamana noticed me,
He stole into my heart and made it his.

All the while he stood watch over my lowly self,
Destroying the reckless five that ruled my heart.
What more grace can there be from the lord,
He graced the elephant in distress!

He resides in me dispelling darkness.
More than this, what grace can there be?
More precious than the three worlds,
What strange wonder, this?

The lion of celestials, Gopala my lord
Shall deceive me no more with his tricks.
He placed his pure radiance within me.
His grace shines in all the worlds!

The radiant lord praised by all the worlds.
Like a radiant mountain gem he came
And stood in my heart.
Does anything else matter now?
6. If he gave me something else of value,
   Then whom would he give himself to?
   He stands in me like a mountain gem with coral lips,
   And lotus chest and limbs and eyes, and lotus navel.

7. With lotus navel, coral lips and pearl-white teeth,
   Wearing radiant ear-rings, and of exceeding effulgence,
   He stands before me, Oh! with a smile I could embrace.
   He stays in my heart, a greater grace I know not.

8. The lord graces for nothing those whom he chooses.
   A greater grace I know not.
   Containing the three worlds in himself
   He has come to stay in my small heart.

9. The lord who contains the three worlds
   And all beings and celestials
   Stands as one forever unchanging.
   I have him in my heart forever!

10. I have placed in the recess of my heart
    The lord who sleeps on a hooded serpent
    Deep in the cool ocean of milk,
    I shall never tire of contemplating him.

11. This decad of the thousand songs
    By Satakopan of Kurugur city
    Addressing the lord on hooded couch
    Will secure his feet cutting rebirth.
1. Someone stands within me with large red eyes and ripe coral lips; pearly white teeth and radiant dangling eartops shaped like fish; dark as the rain-cloud he wears a radiant crown, has four arms, and holds a beautiful bow, discus, conch, mace and dagger.

2. The lord in my heart is also in my body and in the world and beyond; celestial lord beyond pain and pleasure, he defies all definition. The celestials' body of knowledge, the glory of eternal joy. He is the nature of pure fragrant dew-fresh flowers.

3. To attain by his grace that celestial body of knowledge, I placed him in my heart, that too is his sweet grace. He made me realise that consciousness, life, body and possessions are all useless, then became myself.

4. The lord who became me was there before all things and beings. The first cause who cleaved and became himself, Brahma and Siva, sweet as honey, milk and sugarcane juice, he stands in my consciousness in my life, and in my body; I have realised him.

5. I have realised the permanent one, whose nature is so subtle, he cannot be spoken of as this or that, much less be seen. Becoming finer and finer till nothing remains attached, he transcends good and bad, and transcends all knowledge.
6. Go well beyond knowledge, and break the limit of the senses.
   Contemplate the great endless continuum, repeatedly.
   Shed attachments and go beyond pain and pleasure.
   That liberation, then and there, is the only one there is.

7. Knowing this, with no attachments, empty yourself,
   For that indeed is liberation, and the joy of heaven.
   Not knowing this, those who tire and ask "what is liberation"?
   "Where lies joy?" will only tire and tire again.

8. Kith and kin will hover around and wail "He is going!"
   Weep and fall and clutch your feet, as you depart.
   Inspite of pity and rising madness, if you can but go
   And join the lord in your heart, that is well done!

9. 'Tis well that we join him then, but till such time as that
   The garuda-banner lord is lord and soul is soul, so mind!
   'Tis not hard to see men wandering in self-made heavens.
   Such Yogis are on earth, they have been and will be!

10. My lord who is, by 'is' and 'is not', has revealed himself.
    My lord has come to stay with me and destroyed forever
    Growth and decay like the moon waxing and waning,
    Knowledge and nescience like sunlight and shade.

11. This decad of the thousand songs by Satakopan
    Blessed by the lord who destroys knowledge and nescience
    The gem hued lord who is Brahma, Siva and Indra
    Secures his lotus feet for those who sing it.
VIII. 9. Karumanikka

1. What can I do, my ladies! She utters not a word
   Save the names of the sweet lord of Kuttanattu Tirupuliyur,
Who stands like a mountain of gem with ponds of lotus thickets on it—
His chest, lips, eyes, navel, hands, feet and vestments!

2. My dear ladies, what shall I do? She sings in praise
   Of the crown and necklace and radiant ornaments
   "Like the bright sun on Meru, like the stars in the sky"
   Which the lord wears in Punnai-groved sweet Puliyur.

3. Night and day she sings and stands in praise
   Of the bright mansioned Puliyur's grandeur,
   Like the ocean catching fire lashing balls of hooping fire,
   His fiery weapons are impatient to destroy the Asuras.

4. Coupled bullocks plough the fertile fields in Kuttanadu
   Where groves and plantations grow tall to speak of his wealth
   Who swallowed and remade the worlds, lord of celestials.
   This bright dame speaks to none, save of his glories.

5. The jewels and the dress she wears, the joy in her face,
   Ever wondered where they came from? Oh, it is unthinkable!
   In the cool Puliyur tank, where a large lotus blooms,
   She immersed herself in the grace of the lord of the worlds!

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6. There is clear proof that the slender one
   Has received the favours and the grace of the lord.
   Her lips have acquired the red hue of Areca fruit
   That grows in Tiruppuliyyur graced by the lord.

7. Betel creepers with tender leaves embrace Areca
   trunks there,
   Cool breeze blows over ripe plantain fruit in Tiruppuliyyur
   And wafts the fragrance over caressing coconut leaves,
   This young one has attained the feet of the affluent
   Krishna there.

8. How can I make you understand, O ladies!
   Good scholars of the Sanskrit Vedas feed the fire
   Whose smoke clouds the land of celestials in cool Puliyur,
   Where the lord reclines; she only prates his names forever.

9. Night and day she speaks only of the cloud-hued lord
   Who resides in Tiruppuliyyur surrounded by fertile fields,
   Where alligator ponds are aflame with red lotus blooms,
   And sounds of fragrant music rise with Vedic chants
   incessantly.

10. Or else why does her person waft the fragrance of Tulasi?
    She surely has received the favours of the Puliyur lord,
    Who stands as a beacon in the southern Kuttanadu,
    Amid beautiful jewelled mansions rising by the score.

11. This decad of the beautiful thousand songs
    By Satakopan, devotee of the devotees of the lord
    Who is master of the three worlds
    Will secure the lord's feet for those who recite it.
I only thought I would serve the lord,
Lo, my evil Karmas disappeared instantly without a hitch!
Come to think, other than serving his devotees,
Can there be a greater wealth in the three worlds?

The wealth of the three words and the enjoyment of one’s self,
Put together, will it equal the joy I have here and now,
Through serving the selfless devotees
Of the cloud-hued lord’s lotus feet?

Is it proper for me to join the lotus feet
Of the beautiful dwarf with lotus eyes
Who extended his small frame and took the worlds,
When his devotees, great humble men, my masters, roam the earth?

My lord of coral lips and red lotus eyes
Swallowed and remade the earth; his glories I sing.
With fit flowers in my hands, I worship his grace.
His form is in my heart, so what do I lack here?

Were I blest with service to his lotus feet,
Were I to enjoy his swirling flood of heavenly radiance,
Would that compare with birth, albeit in this lowly body
Where I sit and enjoy his names in the flood of sweet poetry?
6. The wealth of the three worlds, or even liberation,
   Will it compare with the joy of singing his eternal glories?
   He destroyed the rutted elephant with ringed fist,
   He destroys hideous Asuras, riding the Garuda bird.

7. Rather than attain the lotus feet of the great lord,
   The lord of exceeding glories, eternal, self-made seed
   From which sprouted all the three worlds,
   I only wish to enjoy sweet union with his devotees
   forever.

8. He made the cool ocean, and spread on it his peerless form.
   Of countless heads, hands and feet like a Kalpa forest
   Growing wild over a gem mountain, radiant like a thousand suns.
   I only long for the sweet company of his band of devotees.

9. The lord has the power to destroy the Karmas of his devotees.
   With his conch, discus, bow, mace, dagger and other weapons.
   He is youthful, and love-god Kama's father.
   I only wish to serve the servants of his devotees.

10. Through life after life, in every age after age,
    I only wish to be born in the family of bonded serfs
    Of my masters, the servants of the servants of the lord,
    Who has a Kaya hue, four shoulders, and wields a discus.

11. This good decad of the thousand songs
    By Kurugur Satakopan addressing Krishna,
    Lord of blue lotus hue, filling the universe,
    Will secure a happy domestic life for those who sing it.
1. Wife and children, friends and relatives
   Have no love save for what they see you have.
The lord who swallowed eight quarters, heaven hell
   and all else,
Is our only road to freedom, worship alone is fit.

2. Friends and relatives give you their time
   But sup your wealth like leeches till it only lasts.
Seek the prince who shot through seven trees, oasis of
   freedom.
Other than him, there is no way, this is certain.

3. Seeing you walk with wealth they will come forward to
   wish you.
Seeing you in poverty not one will ask what happened.
The lord was born in Mathura to destroy wicked Asuras.
Love and serve him, other than him there really is no
   refuge.

4. Those who have been placed as trustees of your wealth
   Will behave like petty moneylenders in bad days, what
   use?
Need we dilate on this, the only wisdom that there is
   Lies in praising the lord of Mathura, our only hope and
   refuge.

5. Those who enjoyed sweet union with pampered parrot-
   like dames
Will also experience something else later.
The lord of Mathura destroyed many frightening Asuras.
So wait on for his servitude, the only joy there is.
6. There is no joy that is certain, alas! not realising this, 
   How many men have come since yore and passed away in 
   vain.

   Praise the lord who took birth in ancient Mathura city. 
   Other than this there is nothing, in short.

7. There is nothing else, I have said so have no doubt. 
   For all beings on earth, even thinking of him will do. 
   At least in learning his names there is nothing wrong, 
   alas!

   So recite the names of the perfect cowherd lad of 
   Mathura.

8. A lifetime spent in worshipping the feet of Krishna is 
   good.
   Alas, there could be nothing greater than singing his 
   praise.

   The lord was born in northern Mathura city to protect 
   us,—
   Pure hearted devotees who desire him alone.

9. Those who pursue limited ends as if the infinite is not, 
   They only waste away their lives, alas!
   Like tearing away their ears and losing the ornament. 
   So take refuge in tall banner-mansioned Mathura city’s 
   lord.

10. There is no refuge other than Krishna, ‘tis certain. 
    To prove it he took birth in Mathura and rid the world’s 
    burden.

    Consider any thing as yours, then sacrifice it to him, 
    For have no doubt devotees, all is by his grace.

11. This decad of the faultless thousand songs 
    Is by Kurugur Satakopan who took refuge 
    At the feet of garland-chested Krishna. 
    Those who sing it will be our eternal masters.
IX. 2. Pandai Nalale

1. From the days of yore, through your grace and lotus lady’s grace.
   We have thronged your temple and served you in many ways as bonded serfs.
   Pray look at us with your lotus eyes, and part your silent lips,
   O lord reclining in Tiruppulingudi surrounded by surging Porunal waters!

2. Through generations as bonded serfs, we have served your golden feet,
   Never transgressing the limits of your holy domain.
   May your lotus feet that measured the earth decorate our heads one day,
   O lord reclining in Tiruppulingudi surrounded by golden walls and fertile fields!

3. You lie sleeping day after day, how long, till your body sores!
   Hear, O lord, your bonded serfs of unbroken service petition to you:
   Pray open your lotus eyes and wake, and be seated with your dame Lakshmi.
   May the three worlds gather and worship you, O lord reclining in Tiruppulingudi!

4. Lying in Pulingudi, sitting in Varagunamangai, standing in Vaikundam,
   You enter my heart and clear my thoughts, lord such is your grace!
   May the three worlds also see you, and may we shout and dance in joy,
   Pray come and show your cloud-hue form, and let us see your coral lips reddening!

5. Pray come and stand before me, your coral lips reddening.
   Flashing a smile of dazzling pearls, your lotus eyes half closing!
   O lord reclining in Pulingudi in cool waters where conch and corals abound!
   Did you not come riding the Garuda bird to save the leg-bitten elephant?
6. Like a dark cloud on a golden peak you came riding the angry bird.

Stood and fought a fierce battle and killed Mali and Sumali.

Angry lord with radiant crown, lord in happy fields of Pulingudi.

With conch and other terrible weapons, you do end our woes!

7. O lord of celestials too, you destroy our woes and rule us.

O lord reclining in cool Pulingudi waters amid fire-like lotus blooms.

Come and sit before us one day, that we may rejoice and express our hearts,

That your devotees may enjoy the commotion, that this foolish world too may see.

8. May the whole world rise and worship your feet, vying with each other.

To praise with all the love in their hearts and power in their speech!

O lord of noon mansioned Tiruppulingudi, lord of Srivaikundam.

Come before our eyes one day, choose a niche and sit with us.

9. Choose a niche and sit here too, praised by all the worlds.

That we devotees may hover and sip the nectar of your fresh blossom face.

O lord of fertile Tiruppulingudi where fish dance with golden paddy,

Lord who routed Asuras by the score, wielding mighty fierce weapons!

10. O lord wielding mighty fierce weapons, lord who destroyed Devas' woes.

Lord of happy fields Pulingudi, my ambrosia who destroys terrible Asuras!

The peerless lotus dame Lakshmi and earth dame press your lotus feet.

That I too may press your feet, come to me or call me to yourself!

11. This decad of the sweet songs.

By gushing Porunal's Valudi land Satakopan.

Addressing the lord who churned the ocean.

Will secure the feet of the lord when sung.
IX. 3. Orayiramai

1. Protecting the seven worlds in a thousand ways,
The peerless lord has a thousand names.
Lord of dark rain-cloud hue,
He is our own lord Narayana.

2. He made the wide earth and lifted it.
He swallowed, remade and measured it.
He (Brahma), he (Indra) and he (Siva) too are he.
He is all else too, we have seen.

3. The Vedic texts have revealed Hari
As the substance of consciousness.
All thinking men worship him
As the cure for all ills.

4. Extolled by hordes of celestials
As the soma of their bliss,
The dark Krishna is our liberation.
Note O heart, so never leave him.

5. The lord of fragrant Tulasi garland
Is one without a second, experience him.
I beg you, O heart, pray take heed:
Never let him leave you.
6. Joy is the lotus-dame’s embrace.  
   Hard is the constant war with Asuras.  
   Churning is the ocean’s ambrosia.  
   Breaking is my heart united with him.

7. My heart hankers night and day  
   For one vision of Vaikuntha  
   Where dwells the lord  
   Who tore the wide chest with nails.

8. Destroying pairs of opposites  
   He liberates from rebirth  
   Who resides in Vengadam  
   Where gods worship him.

9. Lord of glory on serpent couch!  
   Worshipping you with flowers and water,  
   Lamp and incense is superfluous,  
   I know not how to serve your feet.

10. Brahma sits on your lotus-navel.  
    Siva occupies your right side.  
    Celestials stand around and worship.  
    Can I ever praise you fully?

11. This decad of the thousand songs  
    By fair Kurugur’s Satakopan  
    On the lord of great virtues  
    Will secure high Vaikuntha.
IX. 4. Maiyar

1. Lord who wears on his chest
   The dame with dark eyes!
   Lord of conch and discus,
   My eyes pine to see you.

2. Lord, desirous of seeing you,
   My heart speaks countless thoughts,
   "I refuse to leave you", I call,
   Alas, he evades gods and sages!

3. Like a low dog wagging its tail
   I call with heart melting,
   Then you protected herds with a hill!
   I fear your grace has missed me.

4. Lord confounding gods and Asuras,
   You came as Narasimha!
   Fittingly I have surrendered myself,
   But fear for what lies ahead.

5. The lord of gods came then as lion,
   He made Brahma too.
   He reclines on hooded serpent,
   My heart seeks his feet.
6. Longing to see you,  
   I contemplate your form.  
   Peerless lord of Vaikuntha;  
   My heart rejoices in you.

7. Lord who came as Narasimha  
   And tore apart the wide chest,  
   You live in the core of my heart,  
   My heart rejoices in you.

8. I have seen my Krishna lord,  
   He stands beyond the six schools  
   The subtle cause of all the world,  
   He is the womb of even gods!

9. I see the lord before myself  
   My heart has sung his songs.  
   Delightful to devotees!  
   My Karmic bonds are broken.

10. The lord who bears the Garuda banner  
   Keeps me as his servant.  
   His feet once strode the earth and all.  
   What wonder, I have found him!

11. This decad of the thousand songs  
    By Kurugur Satakopan  
    For lord who killed the rutted elephant  
    Grants the lord himself.
9. 5. Innuyir

1. O lady cuckoo birds, what have you against me?
   Must you and your mates come here and sweetly call?
   Alas, you do not call my Krishna to come,
   Need you try so hard to take my life?

2. O lady herons! How sadly you and your mates converse!
   Alas, you need not have tried so hard.
   The trickster Govinda is no true lover, that is it.
   Now my life is already in his hands.

3. My life is in his hands O lady herons!
   Need you go around me with your coquetish walks and jibes?
   My sinner self has done no penance to survive;
   How can I stand and hear your piteous calls?

4. The trickster Krishna does not heed your calls,
   Pray do not take the upper register, O peahen and peacock.
   My heart and speech and deeds are all there with him,
   My soul and body flounder somewhere between!

5. O my perching mynahs, do not cajole!
   I have nothing to do with you anymore.
   The lord of Sri then took the earth by trick,
   He has planned it well to rob my life as well.

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6. O puerile parrot, I brought you up so well.
   Do not start your sweet prattle now.
   Your beak and feathers take my mind to my Rama lord again,
   He enjoyed union with me then deserted me!

7. O dark lightning clouds, you remind me of Krishna,
   My lord who enjoyed my company, then deserted me.
   Pray do not show his lotus eyes and lips, his dark hue;
   Your form is like death to my soul.

8. O foolish koels! I pleaded with you not to sing
   My Krishna’s names, alas, you have killed me.
   I gave you curds and rice and sweet pudding, and taught you to speak.
   Good reward for my labours, O benevolent birds!

9. Do not hum O bumble bees, your music drills into my wound.
   My lord Krishna of dark hue and large eyes
   Like a lotus blossom in a large lake,
   Comes to me only to rob my life from me.

10. I desired union with the Vaikuntha lord knowingly.
    This jewel body has learnt to slip away bit by bit.
    Now what use flocking around me O good water egrets?
    May joy descend and reign everywhere!

11. This decad of the thousand songs
    By Kurugur Satakopan blest with lasting poetry
    On the lord who reigns in joy everywhere
    Will melt the hearts of all.
1. My heart melts, more than I can bear.
   My love surges when I recall his wonders.
   Alas, what can I, a mere devotee, do?
   He lives in Turukkatkarai abounding in lotus blooms:

2. In every thought and every word my heart fails.
   Even when I sing your praise, my soul melts.
   My lord and father living in lake-abounding Katkarai
   I cannot think of how I may serve you.

3. Through goodness he deceived my heart and entered it.
   Then became my soul, hurt and took my life.
   My dark hued lord and father lives in Katkarai.
   His deceits I do not understand.

4. The lord who contains all the worlds
   Is contained in them.
   I cannot understand how he fancied
   A lowly soul as mine!

5. Pretending to shower grace he entered into me,
   And in a trice he swallowed me, body and soul.
   Oh, the tricks of my dark hued Krishna lord!
   He lives in fertile groved Katkarai.
6. My Krishna’s tricks appear to me as truths.
This chaff of my soul which he sucked and threw aside
Wakes up to reality, then weeps day and night:
“My Krishna, my Krishna” and worships him at Katkarai.

7. Worshipping my Krishna at Katkarai,
My love-sickness grows; I think and then weep.
He came and took me lovingly into his service,
But my soul diminishes day by day, alas!

8. He did not come to take my service, but eat my soul!
Day by day, bit by bit, he eats my all.
My rain-cloud lord at Katkarai
Came not for service but to torture my soul!

9. My dark hued lord at Katkarai
Has lotus eyes and coral lips
Four arms and a godly radiance.
Which other soul does he torture as mine?

10. “If ever I see him, I will gobble him”
I thought; but before I could,
He deceived me and hastily drank my all.
My dark lord of Katkarai is smart!

11. This decad of the thousand songs
By Satakopan of ivy-walled Kurugur
On the lord who killed Kamsa
Will destroy the mirage-world, just see!
IX. 7. Enkanal

1. O good egret searching for worm in my garden mire
   Go to Tirumulikkkam as my messenger
   To my pot-dancer lord who wears the fragrant Tulasi
   Then you and all your kin may place your feet on my head.

2. O lovebird herons flocking with your mates and kin!
   I am spurned by him and scorned by my kin, what use living?
   Go ask my lord who lives in Tirumulikkalam with his retinue:
   Are we not fit company for him?

3. O flocking storks and herons searching for worms in my lake,
   The lord resides in cool Mulikkalam, his limbs and eyes like lotus,
   His dark hue like lotus leaves; go ask him:
   Are we not fit company for him?

4. O beautiful clouds blowing towards prosperous Mulikkalam!
   Go as messengers to my beautiful lord,
   And ask him to show himself to this wicked self.
   Why, would he strip you of his lustre and drive you from his sky?

5. O radiant clouds spinning in the sky with a fiery lightning hoop!
   The heart of this wicked self is the Vaikuntha
   Of the radiant lord who resides in Tirumulikkkalam.
   Convey this to my lord, whose coiffure drips with nectar.

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6. O sweet-lipped bumble bees, go as my messengers
To the lord who keeps his dame on his chest,
In Mulikkalam surrounded by nectar-dripping flower groves.
Repeat my words “Radiant jewels and silk clothes” to him.

7. The infamous lord of lotus eyes and coral lips
Who left my ill-fated arms and took my silk and jewels with him
Resides in Tirumulikkalam, O forest hens!
See him one day and speak a good word in my behalf.

8. O bumble bees and beetles feeding over large flowers,
Speak in my favour to the lord, your words sweet to the heart.
He resides in Mulikkalam, fortified by high walls.
He has the hue of Kaya flowers, and wears Tulasi blossoms.

9. O tender water egret! The lord wears a Tulasi crown
And wields a golden discus in Mulikkalam.
My jewel-worthy breasts have paled, tears flood my lotus eyes.
Tell him that his keeping away from me is just not right.

10. O soft gaited swan-pair feeding in my lake!
You enjoy amorous company; my lord is in Mulikkalam.
My body has become thin, my waistband has slipped.
My life is departing, go tell him this is not right.

11. This decad of the thousand songs
By prosperous Kurugur’s Satakopan
Praising with sweet words the lord
At Mulikkalam, will cure sickness.
1. For those who keep him in their hearts
   And contemplate on him,
   The lord in Tirunavai effaces Karmas.
   Alas! How can I reach him?

2. The lord in Tirunavai
   Is spouse of lotus dame Lakshmi
   And Vel-eyed slender Nappinnai.
   Oh! when will I attain him?

3. I weep with thoughts of nothing else
   Except when I will reach him
   In Tirunavai where perfectly
   He resides in good company.

4. Lord of Vel-eyed Nappinnai
   In Tirunavai amid groves!
   I know not how long I must stay
   Doing deeds of no return.

5. The spouse of lotus-dame and earth,
   Dear as eye to gods and men
   Has made his home in Tirunavai.
   O when will these eyes feast on him?
6. O when will my eyes see you here
And rejoice in pure love?
My lord who is king of cowherd clan
Now living in Navai!

7. You took the earth from Bali king
O Tirumal, lord of Devas!
My friend living in Tirunavai,
Take me as your servant.

8. Make me worthy of your feet
Or else forsake this servant.
The lord of Navai in my heart
Dispelling all my doubts!

9. Eternally invisible
To Devas and to sages
The lord of Navai by his will,
Now who can be with him?

10. My heart is disturbed
With thoughts of impending union
Alas, I call my gem-hued lord
Who lives in fragrant Navai.

11. This decad of the thousand songs
By Kurugur Satakopan
Is for the lord of Navai fair;
Now sing it and rule the earth.
IX. 9. Mallikai

1. The jasmine-wafting breeze, the beautiful Kurinci strains, 
   The setting sun and the good red clouds all do kill me, 
   The lord of lotus eyes, our lion of the cowherd clan has 
   forsaken us. 
   We know not where to go from here taking these breasts 
   and shoulders he enjoyed.

2. Alas this forlorn self has no place to go escaping the 
   sounds of cattle-bells, 
   The breeze and the reed-flute, the evening sun, cool 
   sandal, Mullai flowers and Pancama. 
   The lord who made, lifted, and measured the earth struck 
   death to the Asuras. 
   Alas, my Gopala, protector does not come; how now 
   shall I hold on to my life?

3. The wicked rogue, that youthful lion our lord does not 
   come alas! Oh! 
   He enjoyed our supple breasts and shaking hips in 
   consummate union, 
   Then cast us aside and left, how now shall I hold on to 
   my life? Alas! 
   Oh, his lotus eyes and red lips and dark tresses remain to 
   torment my sinful heart.

4. Alas, a great big beetle came on Garuda wings, fed on 
   this flower’s femininity and left. 
   Now the cool breeze blows hot and scorches my sinful 
   heart. 
   Even the cool moon so desirable and the soft bed of 
   flowers feel hot. 
   Alas, my heart too is no companion; more than this 
   I cannot bear!

5. My heart is no companion, how now can I save my life, 
   alas! 
   Dusk has set in, the cattle are returning. 
   Our cowherd’s flute melody sweetly haunts! Alas, he has 
   a heart of stone. 
   My trusted companions are dying before me, and the time 
   for his grace is far.
6. The time for his grace is far, other than him I seek none, alas!
My life may not stay on that long, for dusk has come but not my heart.
My lord with Brahma, Siva and Lakshmi on his side dries my soul, O ladies!
Now where to go and what to do? What can I say and how?

7. To whom can I say this, O ladies? Alas, my heart remains with the thief!
The overpowering cool breeze to softly kill the soul, armed with the fragrance
Of bright incence, cool sandal paste, and fresh jasmine flowers
Comes blowing over me, with strains of Pancama on the Yal.

8. The cool fragrant breeze, and the fading red clouds
Are more wicked than that Krishna who played tricks on me and left.
Now the sweet Pancama he plays on his flute for Gopis in his favour
With honey-jasmine garlands and cool sandal paste,
is more than I can bear.

9. The flute melody he plays to the Gopis is alone enough to kill me.
His beautiful red eyes darting messages between the words of his song
Then making a sad face and pretending to be hurt, alas, alas!
These are more than I can bear; evening has come but not my lord.

10. Evening has come, but not my lord, now how can I live?
Oh, alas!
Cowbells are jingling, flute melodies float in the air,
Bumblebees drink deep from Mullai, Jasmine and Karumugai flowers,
The ocean rents the air with its roaring waves, alas, alas!

11. This decad of the thousand sweet songs
By Kurugur city's Satakopan
Recalls the wail of a Gopi separated from the lord.
Devotees, sing this well and rule the earth.
IX. 10. Malai Nanni

1. End your despair, rise and worship the lord
   With lotus flowers on his feet morning and evening.
   He lives in Tirukkannapuram washed by the sea
   Who slept on a fig leaf in the waters.

2. Strew nectared flowers and worship him everyday.
   Keep him in your heart always O devotees!
   The lord resides in Kannapuram where walls touch the stars,
   Beside fertile fields and tanks filled with crabs.

3. Congregate O devotees, and worship the lord
   With fresh unfading flowers
   He resides in Kannapuram with bee-humming groves,
   He shall end your desairs individually.

4. Worship with fresh honeyed blossoms
   The spouse of dame Nappinnai,
   In Kannapuram where walls touch the sky,
   He who resides willingly, shall grant us refuge.

5. He gives refuge to all who seek him,
   And Vaikuntha upon death.
   He lives for the love of devotees
   In Kannapuram with high walls.

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6. Friend of all who seek his feet,  
   He resides in Kannapuram.  
   He tore the radiant chest with nails,  
   The abiding friend of seekers.

7. He is true to all who seek with love  
   And false to those who worship outwardly.  
   In Kannapuram surrounded by fields with fish,  
   He is close to those who keep him in their hearts.

8. He is close to those who seek his feet,  
   And frees them from birth and death.  
   So worship everyday his feet,  
   The lord in Kannapuram with jewelled walls.

9. Worship him and end diseases.  
   Karmas will not bind, so what do we lack?  
   Vedic seers prefer the lord in Kannapuram.  
   Those who attain him have no despair.

10. I have no despair, now what do I lack?  
    The lotus dame Lakshmi sits on his chest  
    In Kannapuram surrounded by jewel walls.  
    Praise him and never let despair come near you.

11. O people who seek liberation from Karmic despair!  
    Sing and dance this decad of thousand songs  
    By high mansioned Kurugur's Satakopan,  
    And worship the feet of Kannapuram lord.
X. 1. Talatamarai

1. Lotus blossoms high in the lakes of fertile Tirumogur
   Where willingly the lord resides subduing all the Asuras
   The lord of lovely rain-cloud hue with four arms and
   curly locks,
   Lotus eyes and coral lips, is the only refuge I have.

2. The lord in Tirumogur, where good Vedic sāvers live,
   Has a thousand names and wears a good Tulasi garland
   crown.
   No refuge other than him through every birth have I,
   The shadow of his lotus feet is a lake of all goodness.

3. The four-head Brahma, Siva and all the gods worship,
   And seek his protection as their only refuge.
   Victoriously he does roam protecting the worlds.
   Good if we too can reach him in his Tirumogur.

4. Come devotees! Let us go and worship at Mogur
   The lord who sleeps on milky ocean on the hooded
   serpent.
   Gods and sages constantly approach him with their
   praise.
   Worship him for all their needs and seek his protection.

5. Come devotees let us go around the temple dear,
   In Tirumogur where he resides, first cause of all.
   Sugarcane and paddy grow tall and ripe in fields,
   Come then let us dance in joy, for he measured the
   earth!
6. Gopala the pot-dancer is deadly to the Asuras,
And sweet to us his devotees, and gods and seers as well.

Cool and fertile groves and fields are all around
The lotus feet of lord excepting, we have no refuge.

7. We have no refuge; he made the wide and cool expanse,
Then filling it with water, made the gods and ancient seers;
Then made the worlds and went to live in happy Tirumogur.
When we go around him once, our woes will run away.

8. Woes will run away, come quick and worship, 0 devotees!
The lord of thousand names is also lake of compassion.
He resides in Tirumogur with lakes and lovely groves.
He was born as Dasaratha-Rama to destroy Lanka.

9. The lovely lake-and-grove Tirumogur is now close at hand.
Here resides the warrior lord with four strong shoulders.
He overpowers Asuras, and we have attained him,
The lord with lake and lotus feet, eyes and coral lips!

10. Good celestials, fearing wicked Asuras seek him
Who takes the desired form in which you seek him and protects you.
The lord in Tirumogur is our fortress forever,
0 my people! Come then let us prate his names in joy!

11. This decad of the thousand songs by Kurugur Satakopan,
Is on the lord of Tirumogur, the pot-dancer lord.
So worship him with this decad and sing of him in joy,
For, those who can will end their miseries, this is certain.
2. **Kedumidar**

1. All our obstacles will vanish on uttering the name Kesava. The wicked Yama’s messengers too shall not come near. So let us go anon to Anantapuranagar, of happy fields, Where the lord reclines on his venomous serpent couch.

2. If we go now, despair will not bother us for seven lives. Mansions rise like mountains in Anantapuranagar, Kurundu, Cerundi and Punnai flowers spread their fragrance, Celestial city for those who take his one name in the thousand.

3. The lord who swallowed and remade the universe reclines In cool Anantapuranagar, his mount Guruda his banner. If you firmly join him there, all your woes will vanish. So just recite his one name, from among the thousand.

4. Speak without fear, he befriends all and reclines there In Anantapuranagar surrounded by fragrant bowers and fields. By the side of the ocean, they worship him there, With flowers and method, how fortunate they are!

5. Those who seek the lord’s feet in fragrant Anantapuranagar, And worship him with holy water and fresh flowers And contemplate his name, we know and say with certainty, Will end this life and become celestial.
6. The lord reclining in Anantapur Nagar is lord of celestials, Whom the first of them (Visvaksena) worships, and others serve. O my people, listen to me, we too must go and join them. It is Govinda who ended the woes of Subrahmanya's father.

7. Our great lord Govinda is also destroyer and creator, Of the worlds, souls, gods and all else. He reclines in Anantapuram by fertile fields and fish-jumping waters. Even sweeping the yard there will undo all our Karmas.

8. The beautiful radiant Anantapuram, they say, is adopted By the father of Kama himself, to undo our Karmas. Get set to see the lord's feet reclining on hooded couch. O devotees among us, this is my last call.

9. My period of notice too has ended, just see! The fragrant groved Anantapuram is full of auspicious signs, With freshly culled fragrant flowers and incense, Worship Vamana's feet, your woes will end without a trace.

10. All woes will themselves vanish, when we utter 'Madhava. The lord resides in golden walled Anantapur Nagar. Those who worship him with sandal paste and lamp, And incense and fresh lotus petals, will attain eternal glory.

11. This decad of the thousand songs by Kurugur Satakopan On the lord of eternal glory at Anantapur Nagar Will secure the embrace of soft slender shoulders Of well-ornamented women in the celestial world.
1. My slender bamboo shoulders droop, the love-bird koels call, Oh!
   These flocking peacocks dance, heedless of my loneliness, Oh!
   O Krishna, you took your cows to graze, you are heartless, alas!
   You kill us with your lotus eyes, the day stretches into eternity.

2. Everytime you held my firm breasts, a flood of joy swelled,
   Swept my mind and broke the sky, then left me like a dream, alas!
   Desire has seeped into my every pore, more than I can bear,
   O Krishna, you are heartless, you leave and go after your cows, alas!

3. My hot breath is drying my soul, alas I shall die, no companions!
   I may not live to see the dalliance of your dark frame again, Oh!
   Tears do not stop from these fish-eyes, the day does not pass.
   Curse our lowly birth as cowherd-girls, this solitude must die.

4. O Govinda, you do not think of our pangs of loneliness, alas!
   You desire only your cows, cast us aside and go after them.
   Your false words like sweet poison running from your ripe berry lips
   Have penetrated my every pore, and kill me everytime I think!

5. O Krishna, you spend all day grazing your cows, your apologies kill me, alas!
   The inebriate evening comes wafting the fragrance of unfolding jasmincs.
   Come, make our breasts fragrant with the Mullai flowers on your chest!
   Give us your lips! Place your jewel hand on this lowly head, alas!

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6. Quick, your jewel hand, O Krishna, alas, my femininity cannot bear! In the midst of that act, other damsels will grab your feet! Alas, your grazing cows is a shattering blow that dries my soul; Tears do not stop from these eyes, my heart does not stop too.

7. Our heart melts like wax in fire, our belt has loosened, bangles dropped. Our clear eyes form pearly tears, our breasts have paled, shoulders droop. O gem-hued lord, you walk hurting your lotus soft feet, Grazing lovely cows! What if Asuras fell upon you there?

8. O my heart sinks! Pray do not go, what if Asuras fell upon you? Wetness and desire swell inside me for union, O Krishna, do not slip away! Displaying your bewitching lotus eyes and lips, hands! and yellow robes, Pray enjoy sweet union with these young cowherd girls of shrivelled hips too!

9. Everytime you enjoy sweet union with good cowherd girls and overcome your misery, Our femininity rises uncontrolled, we enjoy it even more, alas! Pray do not go after your cows, hordes of Asuras are sent by Kamsa. If you get caught, atrocities may happen, take heed, alas, Oh!

10. Wicked Asuras sent by Kamsa roam and disturb Rishis, take heed, Oh! You like going alone; you do not care for Balarama or his company. Alas, my feelings scorch my soul, O my Krishna! Our cowherd lord of coral lips, you prefer grazing cows to Vaikuntha;

11. This decad of the thousand songs by Porunal’s Kurugur Satakopan Addresses the cowherd lord of coral lips, spouse of Sri With the words of a young Gopi pleading not to go grazing cows. Those who sing it will attain the benefit she attained.
IX. 4. Sarve

1. Damodara's feet are the means to devotion.
The dark-hued discus lord of lotus eyes
Stands as water, earth, sky, fire and air.
His glory is sung by the great celestials.

2. Lord glorious even to heavenly celestials,
Hard to see for those who do not love him,
Lord of lotus eyes with Sri-dame on his chest,
He rules forever beyond pairs of opposites.

3. The discus lord rules, now who can bring us harm?
We have overcome the pains of rebirth, never to return.
I have seen and placed on my head the feet
Of the spouse of fish-eyed dame Nappinnai.

4. The lord who slept on a fig leaf,
Worshipped by celestials, stands on a hill
And in my heart, his feet are on my head.
He is inseparable from me, I am convinced.

5. He cannot leave my heart I am convinced.
The discus lord is full of mischief in him.
He makes falsehood appear real to those who do not see him.
For us who love him dearly, he appears reclining.
6. Mat-haired Siva with his crescent moon
   Occupies a part of the serpent-couch lord
   Who graces all who meditate on him.
   I worship him in my heart.

7. Worship O heart the greatest good!
   Diseases will not come close, birth too will cease.
   The lord of gem-hue radiance bears a golden discus.
   He is Madhusudana, lord who rules us.

8. The discus lord is beyond the ken of gods.
   The timeless lord and creator, he grazed cows.
   On his broad shoulders he lifted a mountain.
   Praise his feet without fail, O good heart.

9. I trod the path of relentless service
   And worshipped as taught by him in yore,
   And saw his radiant lotus feet.
   Instantly, my Karmas have vanished.

10. Madhava is lord of gods praised in every quarter.
    His feet are adored by his devotees everywhere.
    Fix your heart on him and worship everyday
    With incense, lamp, fresh flowers and water.

11. This decad of the thousand songs
    By Valudi land's Kurugur Satakopan
    On the lord of celestials, wrestling shoulders
    Offers shelter at his feet to those who sing it.
1. Those who seek
Krishna’s feet,
Meditate on the name;
Narayana is the Mantra.

2. Narayana, our lord
Spouse of dame earth
Killer of rutted elephant
Is his own cause.

3. He made the universe,
He lifted it,
He swallowed and remade,
He is the protector.

4. The ruler reclines
On serpent in the ocean.
Strew flowers on his feet
And worship everyday.

5. Worship every day,
With fresh flowers
And sing his name,
Liberation is here.
6. The Kaya-hued lord
Resides in Vengadam.
He is Madhava,
Who drank Putana’s breasts.

7. If you can sing
Madhava’s names,
No harm will come,
Nor sin attain you.

8. Free of faults
He who sings
The cloud-lord’s names
Will live like the gods.

9. He evades the gods
And gives himself
To devotees
Ending their Karmas.

10. Karmas in hordes
Will flee in fear.
Strew lotus flowers
And contemplate on him.

11. This of the thousand
By Kurugur Satakopan
Will secure for devotees
The grace of the lord.

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X. 6. Arul Peruvar

1. The lord of discus resides in Tiruvattaru, Waiting to be commanded by his devotees. No more do I seek birth in this dark world. Dispel all doubts O heart, and worship him.

2. Singing songs and worshipping Kesava at Tiruvattaru, We have ended Karmic attachments and worldly connections. And attained the feet of Narayana Who cuts rebirth, do you hear, O frail heart?

3. We have attained Narayana reciting his many names. He has come on earth today, in Vattaru of great wealth And hastens to give us Vaikuntha at our command. O my heart, these are not happening by our leave!

4. The lord in Vattaru tore Hiranya’s wide chest with nails; He battled for the Pandavas in the terrible Bharata war. He resides in my heart, gracing me with great Tamil verse. O good heart! Our graceful lord is indeed good to us.

5. The lord of Vattaru gave me the path of liberation. At his behest, I have his feet on my head. The lord wears honey-dripping Tulasi and rides the Garuda O my heart, now you may laugh at hell.

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6. My lotus eyes lord will never leave my heart.
The lord on Vattaru hill reclines on a serpent.
He destroyed the rutted elephant by the tusk.
His tinkling lotus feet are on my head.

7. We have attained the feet of our lord Govinda
Who lives in Vattaru surrounded by jewelled mansions
Like a Tilaka for the ocean-girdled south.
My person wafts the fragrance of the Tulasi from his feet.

8. The lord of radiant crown and fragrant Tulasi garland
Lord of discus gaining victory wherever he wills
Is the lord of mountain-hue radiance in Vattaru.
What did I do to deserve his grace, I cannot understand.

9. The jewel lord reclines in cool Vattaru,
On his radiant chest he bears the lotus dame.
Riding the worthy Garuda, he destroyed many Asuras.
He resides in my heart forever of his own accord.

10. The lord in Vattaru reclines on a hooded serpent.
He came then as lion and tore Hiranya’s chest.
He broke my cords of rebirth and made me his own,
Granting favours such as I have never had before.

11. This decad of the thousand songs
By Kurugur Satakopan on Vattaru lord
Who shows us his feet and averts the disaster of hell
Are sweet words which will not satiate even gods.
1. O sweet-tongued poets, be on your guard when you sing
   The Tirumaliruncolai lord is a wicked trickster.
   He entered my heart and soul as a wonder-poet, then
   ate them,
   Became them, and filled me without my knowing.

2. Becoming myself he became the worlds and souls and
   filled them!
   Then himself too became this me and praised himself.
   Sweet as honey, milk and sugarcane sap, my lord of
   Maliruncolai,
   He became all these after devouring my soul.

3. My lord resides in Maliruncolai,
   Devouring me he entered my wonderous speech,
   Then made me all himself, how great is his grace!
   I fold my hands in worship, need I say more?

4. Becoming the worlds and all the souls in it,
   He mingles into my body inseparably.
   He surveyed the earth and chose Maliruncolai.
   He shall not forsake us, our enemies shall die.

5. The warring Asuras are dead, the good Devas have
   flourished.
   The seers who contemplate the unknown are also rejoicing
   My lord who sang his own praise in Pann-based songs
   through me
   Stands in Maliruncolai, singing the auspicious Teneka.
6. The lord of Maliruncolai devours all the worlds,
   My loving master also then protects them through ages.
The lord of Sri invisible even to Siva and Brahma
   Lovingly gave me his graceful feet to worship.

7. The lord in Maliruncolai, mountain gem that opened me
   Is worshipped even by the lords Siva and Brahma;
The king of gods and gods themselves do also worship him
   And seers of great enlightenment always seek his grace.

8. Maliruncolai hill, milk-ocean, my head!
   Exalted Vaikuntha, cool Vengadam hill my body!
   Great mysterious, my life, thought, word and deed!
The timeless lord my creator he does not leave these ever-

9. The ocean-hued lord of Maliruncolai is our master,
   Cosmic lord supreme through age after age,
   Who creates, protects and destroys all in himself.
   Live, O heart! Hold on to him, and let this body-life die.

10. O my lord of Maliruncolai, my protector and self!
    These five sensory fields, sensory organs, motor organs,
    These five elements, and the five envelopes of the soul
    Are all part of your cosmic Lila, pray let them die!

11. This delightful decad of the thousand songs
    By Satakopan of honey-dripping Kurugur groves
    On the destruction of Mahat, Ahankara, Manas, and the
    five (senses)
    Addresses Maliruncolai lord who himself became me.
X. 8. Tirumaliruncolai

1. Even as I uttered Tirumaliruncolai,
The lord entered and filled my heart.
On the southern banks of Kaveri washed by precious gems
The lord and spouse of Sri resides in Ten-Tirupper.

2. The lord residing in Tirupper has come to me today,
Entered and filled my heart, never to leave.
He devoured the seven worlds, clouds, hills and seas
Who is contained inside me, tightly held.

3. I held him, destroyed rebirth and overcame diseases
And diverted myself from the lure of household life.
Tirupper is gaily lit with festoons on mansions.
Attaining his feet is an easy task for me, just see,

4. My eyes rejoice to see him so easily.
With lightness of heart, I too rejoice.
Tirupper has groves around with sweet parrots,
The lord there will give us his clear Vaikuntha.

5. The lord of Tirupper with nectared groves
Who grants us the high is inside me today.
He has entered this cage of flesh
And is himself clearing the path of obstacles.
6. The lord of Tirupper, lord in Maliruncolai
   Has come to stay and fill my heart forever.
   Tasting the cool ambrosia of liberation,
   I rejoice to my satisfaction!

7. With surging love my heart has reached the last word.
   My lord of Tirupper surrounded by bee-humming groves
   Remains in my eyes for me to rejoice forever.
   Relishing this taste, now what do I lack hereafter?

8. The lord beyond the intellect is inside my eyes.
   He is the subtle essence of the seven Svaras.
   The lord of Tirupper is surrounded by jewel mansions,
   He swells and fills my heart today.

9. The lord residing in Tirupper with mountain-like mansions,
   Today has made a person of me, sitting in my heart.
   Why had he left me to wander so long?
   I begin to wonder, pray let him answer.

10. I have rendered joyful service and attained your feet.
    My lord, this is all I ask for.
    No more shall miseries besiege the devotees of the lord
    In Tirupper where many Vedic scholars live.

11. This decadel of the thousand songs
    By Satakapan of Kurugur where good men live,
    On the lord of Ten-Tirupper surrounded by happy fields
    Will secure for devotees the radiant Vaikuntha.
1. Clouds in the sky played horns like heralds, 
   Waves in the ocean clapped and danced. 
   The seven continents stood with gifts 
   To see the devotee homeward-bound.

2. The rain cloud filled gold pots in the sky, 
   The oceans stood and cheered in joy. 
   The mountains made festoons for him, 
   The good world curtsied low.

3. When they saw the devotee coming, 
   Flowers were rained and incence lit. 
   Singing bards on either side 
   Showed the way to Vaikuntha.

4. All the way the gods made resorts, 
   Moon and Sun then lit the path. 
   Thundering drums like ocean rolled 
   To see the devotee coming.

5. Gods came out to see and welcome 
   The lord's devotee coming. 
   Kinnaras and Garudas sang 
   While Vedic seers made offerings.
6. Incense rose with offerings,  
   Bugles, conches rent the air.  
   "Rule the sky, O devotee!"  
   The Vel-eyed dames cheered.

7. Marut and Vasus joined in worship  
   Damsels cheered in joy  
   To see the serf of Gopala  
   On his journey home.

8. Gods in rows teamed to see  
   The lord's devotee coming,  
   Then climbed on festooned temple walls  
   To see him enter Vaikuntha.

9. As the devotee entered  
   The bards were overjoyed.  
   The gods in the temple bowed  
   And offered him their seats.

10. Vedic sirs, praising fortune  
    Washed the devotee's feet,  
    While moon-faced dames greeted him  
    With lamp and saffron-water.

11. The devotee then stood and faced  
    The lord in his jewel-Mandapa.  
    Reciting this decad by Maran  
    Makes a person bard.
X. 10. Muniye

1. O bard, Brahma, Siva, my wicked coral-lipped lotus eyes lord,
   My black uncut gem!
   The soul of this forlorn self, at last you have come to me.
   Now I shall not let you go, pray do not play your tricks again.

2. Pray do not trick me, I swear upon the fair lady of lotus
   Residing on your chest, and upon you, take note!
   You openly made love and blended into my soul.
   Alas, now you must come and call me unto you.

3. O the first cause stock of the lotus navel Brahma,
   Siva, Indra and all the gods who worship you!
   Other than you I have no staff to lean my soul upon.
   My uncut gem lord, come and call me, alas!

4. O dark expanse of space, and all that is inside it!
   You are the sky, the light, the gods and all else.
   You are the first cause of gods and men.
   Alas, you have left me to bear my burden alone.

5. If you forsake and let me wander, with whom do I and
   what?
   Alas, what is left of me, what am I?
   Lord! You drank my soul like a hot red iron dropped in
   water.
   You are my ambrosia, still.

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6. My ambrosia lord, my life and soul!
   You have drunk me insatiably, keep on drinking me.
   Kaya-hued lord with lotus eyes and coral lips,
   O the perfect match for lotus dame, O my love!

7. O my love, you became the love of lotus dame!
   Appearing like a blue mountain lifting two crescent moons
   You came as a boar and took the earth between your
   tusker teeth,
   O lord who churned the ocean, how can I let you go now?

8. Will I let you go, my own sweet over-soul?
   You are the endless Karmas, their fruit and the enjoyer.
   Like a huge black hole you have entered the three worlds!
   And hidden yourself completely, O my first seed!

9. O first-cause seed for all the worlds, the first-cause you!
   When will I come and join you?
   O first cause continuum here, there and everywhere!
   Surrounding me, wide, deep, tall, and endless!

10. O great expanse, wide, deep, tall, and endless!
    Expanding bigger than that, O radiant flower!
    Expanding bigger than that, O radiant knowledge-bliss!
    Expanding bigger than that, you have mingled into me!

11. This consummate decad of the adorable thousand songs
    On the lord who appears as Hari, Brahma and Siva
    Is by Kurugur Satakopan who found his liberation.
    Those who know this will be born in high.
Sweeter to me than the Lord
Who was fettered to the grindstone
Is the blessed Saint of Kurugur;
His name makes my mouth water!

I uttered his name and found great joy,
And sought his lovely lotus-feet as truth.
Now another lord I know not;
Singing his songs I roam the streets.

I roam but everywhere see
The dark lovely frame of the Kurugur saint,
Who deemed me worthy of his grace.
This is my great fortune indeed.

Worthy scholars full of wisdom
Had declared me worthless, yet
Like father and mother in one
He made me his own, Satakopan my lord.

Then I coveted other’s wealth,
Courted lovely damsels.
Now I have the love, what more?
Of the golden Kurugur city lord.
Henceforth and through seven lives
That I may sing his praise, he hath graced me.
He that rules the great city of Kurugur
Shall never fail me, just see!

Having spotted me, the dark framed saint
Purged me of my past misdeeds.
I shall let the eight quarters know
The abiding grace of the speaker of pure Tamil.

For those who value grace,
He graced the Tamil Vedas, see!
He sang for us a thousand sweet hymns,
That is the greatest grace in this world.

He put great truths of the Vedas
Into simple songs and placed them in my heart.
Great seer Satakopan’s all-pervading love
Is the reward for my surrender to him.

The useless and the worthless he will repair,
And put to good use every soul.
O lord of Kurugur where sweet cuckoos haunt,
I only seek to deserve your abiding love.

To those who seek refuge,
Madhurakavi, as friend has this to say:
Seek refuge in the lord of Kurugur,
For believe me, Vaikuntha is here!
Selected Writings by the Author for Background Reading


5. Vadivalagu Poetry in Bhakti literature *ibid*, p. 14-17


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