

ANDAL tiruppAvai



(Set to tune by SangIta BhooshaNam
BrahmaSri Kumaramangalam Srinivasaraghavan)

[Text Translation based on Commentaries of Purvacharyas by SRI SRIRAMA BHARATI]

A Sangeeta upanyAsam

By

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taniyangaL

nllAtunga stanagiritaTI suptamudbOdhya krushNam
 pArArthyam svam SrutiSataSiras-siddhamadhyApayantI
 svOcchishTAyAm srajinigaLitam yA balAtkrtya bhunktE
 gOdA tasyai nama idam idam bhUya EvAstu bhUyah : |
 [ParAsara bhaTTar]

annavayal puduvai ANDAL*
 arangaRkup pannu tiruppAvai palpadiyam*
 innisaiyAl pADikkoDuttAL naRpAmAlai*
 pUmAlai sUDikkoDuttaLaiccollu*
 sUDikkoDutta sudarkkoDiyE!*
 tolpAvai pADi aruLavalla palvaLaiyAy!*
 nADinI vEnkaTavaRkennai vidi enRa immATTRam*
 nAngkaDavA vaNNamE nalgu

sUDikkoDutta suDarkkoDiyE! Tol pAvai
 pADi aruLa valla palvaLayAi! nADi nee
 vEnkatavaRku ennai viDhi enRa immATTRam
 nAm kaDavA vaNNamE nalgu
 [uyyakkOnDAr]

mArgazhi tingaL – rEvagupti – Adi

1) mArgazhi tingaL madi niRainda nannALAl
 nIrADappOduvIr pOduminOr nErizhayIr
 sIr malgum AyppADi selvacciRumIrgAL
 kUrvEl koDuntozhilan nandagOpan kumaran
 ErArnda kaNNi yaSOdai iLam singam
 kArmEniccengaN kadir madiyampOl mugattAn
 nArAyaNanE namakke paRai taruvAn
 pArOr pugazhappaDindElOr empAvAy

In the month of Margazhi of auspicious bright moon day, bejewelled girls who would join us for the bath! – come along. Graceful-girls-of-Ayppadi cowherd clan, Sweet-little-ones! Narayana is the son of Nandagopa renowned for his sharp spear and fierce deed; he is the darling-child, lion-cub of beautiful-eyed Yashoda. Our dark-hued, lotus-eyed, radiant moon-faced lord alone will grant us our boons. Girls come assemble, and win the world's praise.

vaiyattu vAzhvIrgAL ! – Bilahari – Adi

2) vaiyattu vAzhvIrgAL ! nAmumnam pAvaikku
 seyyum kirIsaigaL kELIrO - pArkkaDalul
 payyatuyinRa paramanaDi pADi
 neyyuNNOm pAluNNOm nATkAIE nIrADi
 maiyiTTezhudOm malariTTu nAm muDiyOm
 seyyAdana ceyyOm tIkkuRaLai cenROdOm
 ayyamum piccayum Andanaiyum kaikATTi
 uyyumARENNi ugandElOr empAvAy

O People-of-the-world, pray hear about the vows we undertake. Singing the praise of the lord who sleeps in the Ocean of Milk, we shall abstain from milk and Ghee, and bathe before dawn. We shall not line our eyes with collyrium, nor adorn our hair with flowers. Refraining from forbidden acts, avoiding evil tales, we shall give alms and charity in full measure, and pray for the elevation of spirit. Let us rejoice.

Ongi ulagaLanda – aTANA – M chApu

3) Ongi ulagaLanda uttaman pEr pADi
 nAngaL nam pAvaikkuccATRi nIrADinAl
 tInginRi nADellAm tingaL mummAri peydu
 Ongu peRuncennelUDu kayal ugaLa
 pUnkuvalaippOdil poRivanDu kaNpaDuppa
 tEngAdE pukkirundu sIrta mulai paTRi
 vAnga - kuDam niraikkum vaLLal perum pasukkaL
 nIngAda selvam niRaindeElOr empAvAy

Praise him who measured the three worlds in two strides; our winter's vow will bring joy to us. The monsoons shall not fail this fertile land, but bring forth golden beads of paddy. In the still waters where seedlings are planted, tiny fish will jump and dance enchanted. Lotus buds will sway and rock the dreamy bees to sleep. The udders of our cows so grand shall scarce be held in our milking hand. Abiding wealth shall be ours, come!

Azhi mazhaikkaNNA ! – SooryA – K chApu

4) Azhi mazhaikkaNNA ! onRu nI kai karavEl
 AzhiyuL pukku mugandu koDArttERi
 Uzhi mudalvan uruvampOl mey kaRuttu
 pAzhayan tOLuDai padmanAbhan kaiyil
 AzhipOl minni valampuripOl ninRadirndu
 tAzhAdE shArngam udaitta saramazhaippOl
 vAzha ulaginil peydiDAy - nAngaLum
 mArgazhi nIrADa magizhndElOr empAvAy

O Dark-rain-cloud! Dear-as-Krishna! Pray reveal yourself in full measure. Enter the deep ocean, gorge yourself, roar and ascend high; darken like the hue of the primeaval Lord Padmanabha, strike lightning like the resplendent discus on his mighty shoulder, roar with thunder like the great conch in his hand, come pouring down on us like arrows cast from his Sarnga bow, that we too may live, and enjoy the bath-festival of Margazhi.

mAyanai mannu – kEdAragauLa – Adi

5) mAyanai, mannu vaDamadurai maindanai,
tUya perunIr yamunaittuRaivanai,
Ayar kulattinil tOnRum aNi viLakkai,
tAyai kuDal viLakkam seyda dAmOdaranaI,
tUyOmAy vandu nAm tUmalar tUvittozhudu
vAyinAl pADi manattinAl sindikka
pOya pizhaiyum pugutaruvAn ninRanavum
tIyinil tUsAgum ceppElOr empAvAy

If we come pure and strew fresh flowers, with songs on our lips and feeling in our hearts, and offer praise with joined hands to our Lord Damodara, --the prince of Northern Mathura who haunts the clean banks of the great river Yamuna, who was born as the light of the cowherd clan, and who was the jewel of his mother's womb, -- then he will forgive our past misdeeds, and even what remains will disappear like cotton unto fire. So come, let us praise him!

puLLum silambinakAN – SahAnA – M chApu

6) puLLum silambinakAN puLLaraiyan kOyilil
veLLai viLi sangin pEraravam kET'TilaiyO
piLLAy! ezhundirAy pEymulai nanjuNDu
kaLLaccakaTam kalakkazhiyakkAlOCCI
veLLattaravil tuyil amarnda vittinai
uLLattuk koNDu munivargaLum yOgigaLum
meLLa ezhundu HariyenRa pEraravam
uLLam pugundu kuLirndElOr empAvAy

Look, the birds have begun their morning song. Child, arise! Do you not hear the great booming sound of the snow-white conch in the temple of Vishnu, King of the birds? He who drained the ogress Putana's poisoned breasts, and kicked the cart that ran amuck, lies reclining in the Milk Ocean. Sages and Yogis hold him in their hearts and gently rise, uttering 'Hari', the deep sound that enters our hearts and makes us rejoice!

kIsu kIsenRengum – dhanyAsi - rUpakam

7) kIsu kIsenRengum AnaiccAttan - kalandu
pEsina pEccaravam kET'TilaiyO pEyp peNNE
kAsum piRappum kalakalappak kai pErttu
vAsa naRum kuzhal Aycciyar - mattinAl

Osai paDutta tayir aravam kET'TilaiyO
 nAyakap peNN piLLAy! nArAyaNan mUrTi
 kEsavanaip pADavum nI kET'TE kiDattiyO
 tEsam uDaiyAy! tiRavElOr empAvAy

Devilish girl! Do you not hear the screeching sounds of grey-birds chattering loudly? Do you not hear the churning sound from the butterpail of fragrant-haired milkmaids, their bangles and charms jingling merrily as they churn? O Nobly-born girl, do you still lie in bed listening while we stand and sing the praises of Narayana, Kesava? Bright girl! Open the door, quick!

kIzhvAnam – Ananda bhairavi – Adi

8) kIzhvAnam veLLENRerumai siru vIDu
 mEyvAn parandana kAN mikkuLLa piLLaigaLum
 pOvAn pOginRAraip pOgAmal kAttu - unnai
 kUvuvAn vandu ninROm - kODukalam uDaiya
 pAvAy! EzhundirAy pADip paRai koNDu
 mAvAy piLandAnai mallarai mAT'Tiya
 dEvAdi dEvanai senRu nAm sEvittAl
 AvA! venRARAyndaruLElOr empAvAy

The Eastern horizon whitens, water buffaloes wander out to graze the dew-tipped morning grass. The other girls were keen to go; we made them wait, and came to call you. Dainty girl, wake up and join our chorus. The lord of gods ripped the horse's jaws and killed the wrestlers. If we go and approach him with our prayers, he will listen in attention, and bestow his grace.

tUmaNi mADattu – GauDa malhAr – Adi

9) tUmaNi mADattu suTRum viLakkeriya
 dUpam kamazhattuyil aNaimEl kaNvaLarum
 mAmAn magaLE! maNikkadavam tAL tiRavAy
 mAmIr! avaLai ezhuppIrO - un magaLdAn
 UmayO anRicceviDO anandalO
 Emapperuntuyil mandirap paTTALO
 mAmAyan mAdhavan vaikuntan enRenRu
 nAmam palavum navinRElOr empAvAy

O Cousin sleeping in a sparkling hall on a soft bed with lamps glowing and incense wafting all around! Pray unlatch your belled door. My good Aunt, pray wake your daughter. Is she mute, or deaf, or fatigued or has a spell been cast on her? Let us chant "Wonder lord!", "Madhava!", "Vaikunta-dweller!", and many such names! Come, join us!

nOTRuccuvarkkam – bhImpalAsi – k chApu

10) nOTRuccuvarkkam puguginRa ammanAy
 mATRamum tArArO vAsal tiRavAdAr

nATTRat tuzhAy muDi nArAyaNan nammAl
 pOTRap paRai tarum puNNiyanAl paNDorunAL
 kUTRattin vAyvindhanda kumbakaraNanum
 tOTRum unakkE peruntuyil dAn tandAnO
 ATTRa anandal uDaiyAy! arungalame
 tETRamAy vandu tiRavElOr empAvAy

O Cousin entering high heaven through vows, will you not answer, nor open the doors? In the days of yore, the demon-king Kumbhakarna fell into the jaws of death through our blessed boon giver, Narayana, who wears the fragrant Tulasi on his crown. But did the demon then transfer his sleep to you? O Rare-gem of immense stupor! Come quickly, open the door!

kaTRukkaRavai – Ranjani – M chApu

11) kaTRukkaRavaikkaNangaL pala kaRandu
 seTRAr tiRal azhiya senRu ceruceyyum
 kuTRam onRillAda kOvalar tam poRkoDiyE
 puTRaravalgul punamayilE ! pOdarAy
 suTRattuttOzhimAr ellArum vandu nin
 muTRam pugundu mugilvaNNan pEr pADa
 siTRAdE pEsAdE selva peNDATTi nI
 eTRukkuRangum poruLElOr empAvAy

O Golden bower of the faultless Kovalar folk who milk many herds of cows, and battle victoriously in wars. O Snake-slim-waisted peacock-damsel! Come join us. The neighborhood's playmates have all gathered in your portico to sing the names of the cloud-bued lord. You lie, not moving, not speaking. O wealth-favored girl, what sense does this make? Come quickly!

kanaittiLam – vasantA – rUpakam

12) kanaittiLang-kaTRerumai kanRukkirangi
 ninaittu mulai vazhiyE ninRu pAl sOra
 nanaittillam sERakkum naRcelvan tangAy
 panittalai vIzha nin vAsaR kaDai paTRI
 sinattinAl ten ilangaikkOmAnai seTRA
 manattukkiniyAnai pADavum nI vAy tiRavAy
 inittAn ezhundirAy Idenna pEr uRakkam
 anaittillattArum aRindElOr empAvAy

O Sister of a fortune-favored cowherd who owns cows with boundless compassion, that pour milk from their udders, at the very thought of their calves, slushing the cowshed! We stand at your doorstep with dew dropping on our heads. Come open your mouth and sing the praise of the lord dear to our heart, who in anger slew the demon-king of Lanka. At least now, wake up, why this heavy sleep? People in the neighborhood know about you now!

puLLin vAy – kApi – k chApu

13) puLLin vAy kINDAnaip pollA arakkanai
 kiLLik kaLaindAnai kIrttimai pADippOy
 piLLaigaL ellArum pAvaikkaLam pukkar
 veLLi ezhundu vyAzham uRangiTRu
 puLLum silambina kAN pOdarik kaNNinAy
 kuLLak kuLirak kuDaindu nIrADAdE
 paLLikkiDattiyO pAvAy! nI nannALAI
 kaLLam tavarndu kalandElOr empAvAy

All the little ones have reached the place of worship singing the praise of the lord who killed the demon Ravana and ripped the beaks of the demon-bird Bakasura. The morning-star has risen and the evening-star has set. O Maiden with eyes that excel the lotus bud, do you still lie in bed instead of immersing yourself in the cool waters on this auspicious day? Give up your shamelessness and join us.

ungaL puzhaikkaDai – neelAmbari – Adi

14) ungaL puzhaikkaDai tOTTattu vAviyuL
 sengazhunIr vAy negizhndAmbal vAy kUmbina kAN
 sengaRpoDikkUrai veNpaR tavattavar
 tangaL tirukkOyiR sangiDuvAn pOdandar
 engalai munnam ezhupuvAn vAy pEsum
 nangAy! ezhundirAy nANAdAy! nAvuDaiyAy
 sangoDu cakkaram Endum taDakkaiyan
 pangayakkaNNAnai pADElOr empAvAy

The white lily blossoms of the night have closed. The red lotus blossoms in the garden pond have opened. The sacred temple ascetic with white teeth and russet cloth has gone to blow the temple conch. Wake up, Shameless-girl-with-brazen-tongue; you spoke of waking us early! Come, sing the praise of the lotus-eyed lord who bears the discus and the conch on lofty hands.

elle iLankiLiyE! – simhEndra madhyamam – K chApu

15) elle! iLankiLiyE! innam uRangudiyO
 sil enRazhaiyEnmin nangaimIr! pOdaruginRen
 vallai un kaTTuraigaL paNDEyun vAyaRidum
 vallIrgaL nIngaLE nAnEdAn AyiDuga
 ollai nI pOdAy unakkenna vERuDaiyai
 ellArum pOndArO pOndAr pOndeNNikkoL
 vallAnai konRAnai mATRArAi mATRazhikka
 vallAnai mAyanai pADElOr empAvAy

"What is this, Pretty Parrot! Are you still sleeping?"

"Do not use icy words, Sisters, I am coming."

"You are the harsh tongued one, we have known you long enough."

"Oh, your words are stronger still, just leave me alone!"

"Why this aloofness, come join us quickly."

"Has everyone come?"

"Everyone has come, count for yourself!"

"Let us all join in chorus and sing of the lord who killed the strong elephant Kuvalayapida in rut, and the demon king Kamsa."

nAyakanAy ninRa – sindhubhairavi – Adi

16) nAyakanAy ninRa nandagOpanuDaiya
kOyil kAppAnE! koDitOnRum tOraNa
vAyil kAppAnE! maNikkadavam tAL tiRavAy
Ayar siRumiyarOmukku aRai paRai
mAyan maNivaNNan nennalE vAynErndAn
tUyOmAy vandOm tuyilezhappADuvAn
vAyAl munnam munnam mATRAde ammA nI
nEya nilaikkadavam nIkkeIOr empAvAy

O Gate-keeper, open the doors decked with bells, gateway to the mansions of our lord Nandagopa where festoons and flags fly high. Yesterday our gem-bued lord gave a promise to see us. We have come pure of heart to sing his revellie. Pray do not turn us away. O Noble One, unlatch the great front-door and let us enter.

ambaramE – sAmA – Adi

17) ambaramE taNNIrE sORE aRam seyyum
emperumAn nandagOpAlA! ezhundirAy
kombanArkkellAm kozhundE! kulaviLakke
emperumATTi yaSOdAy! aRivuRAy
ambaram UDaRuttongi ulagaLanda
umbar kOmAnE! uRangAdezhundirAy
sempoR kazhalaDiccelvA baladEvA!
umbiyum nIyum uRangEIOr empAvAy

O Lord who gives us food, water and shelter, pray wake up! Lady Yashoda, light-and-fragrance of the cowherd-clan, wake up. O King-of-celestials, who ripped through space and spanned the worlds; O pure-golden-feet, our wealth, Baladeva! We pray that you and your brother sleep no longer.

undu mada kaLiTRan – HindOLam – rUpakam

18) undu mada kaLiTRan ODAda tOL valiyan
 nandagOpAlan marumagaLE! nappinnAy!
 gandam kamazhum kuzhali! kaDai tiRavAy
 vandengum kOzhi azhaittanakAN mAdavippandalmEl
 palkAl kuyil inangaL kUvina kAN
 pandAr virali! un maittunan pEr pADa
 sentAmaraikaiyAl sIrAr vaLai olippa
 vandu tiRavAy magizhndElOr empAvAy

Open the door, Nappinnai, Daughter-in-law of the mighty Nandagopala who has big elephants. O Lady with fragrant locks, look, the cock crows; birds of many feathers chirp sweetly, on the Madavi bower. O Lady with ball-clasping slender fingers, pray come and open the door with your lotus-hands, your jeweled bangles jingling softly, that we may sing your husband's praise, with pleasure.

kuttu viLakkeriya – gambhIra nATa – Adi

19) kuttu viLakkeriya kOTTukkAl kaTTilmEl
 mettenRa panja sayanattin mEl ERi
 kottalar pUnkuzhal nappinnai kongai mEl
 vaittukkiDanda malar mArbA! vAy tiRavAy!
 maittaDankaNNinAy! nIyun maNALanai
 ettanai pOdum tuyilezha oTTAY kAN!
 ettanai Elum pirivATRagillAyAl
 tattuvam anRu tagavElOr empAvAy

Speak, O Lord sleeping in a room with a lamp of oil burning softly, on a soft cotton mattress over an ornate bed, resting the flower-coiffured Nappinnai's breasts on your flower-chest! Look, O Collyrium-anointed wide-eyed Lady Nappinnai, you do not let your spouse rise even for a moment. Your unwillingness to part with him, even once, is neither fair nor just.

muppattu mUvar – chArukEsi – K chApu

20) muppattu mUvar amararkku mun senRu
 kappam tavirkkum kaliyE! tuyil ezhAy
 seppam uDaiyAy! tiRal uDaiyAy seTRArkku
 veppam koDukkum vimalA! tuyil ezhAy
 seppenna men mulai sevvAy siRu marungul
 nappinnai nangAy! tiruvE! tuyil ezhAy

ukkamum taTToliyum tandun maNALanai
ippOdE emmai nIrATTElOr empAvAy

Wake up, O Warrior who leads the hosts of thirty-three celestials and allays their fears! Wake up, O Strong One, Mighty One, Pure One, who strikes terror in the hearts of the evil! Wake up, O full-breasted Lady Nappinnai with slender waist and coral lips! Give us your fan and your mirror, and let us attend on your husband now.

ETRa kalangaL – kAmbhOji – M chApu

21) ETRa kalangaL edir pongi mIdaLippa
mATRAdE pAl soriyum vaLLal perum pasukkaL
ATRappaDaittAn maganE! aRivuRAy
UTRam uDaiyAy! periyAy! ulaginil
tOTRamAy ninRa suDarE! tuyil ezhAy
mATRAR unakku vali tolaundun vAsaRkaN
ATRAdu vandun aDipaNiyumApOIE
pOTRiyAm vandOm pugazhndElOr empAvAy

Wake up, O Son-of-the-cowherd-chief, who bears prized cows that pour milk incessantly into canisters over-flowing. Wake up, O Strong One, O Great One, who stands like a beacon to the world. We stand at your door like vassals who accept defeat and come to pay homage to you. We come praising you: Glory be to your feet.

angaN mA nyAlattu – SankarAbharaNam – K chApu

22) angaN mA nyAlattarasar abhimAna
pangamAy vandu nin paLLikkaTTil kIzhE
sangam iruppArpOl vandu talaippeydOm
kinkiNivAycceyda tAmaraiPPUppOIE
senkaN siRucciRidE emmEl vizhiyAvO
tingaLum Adittianum ezhundARpOl
angaN iraNDum koNDengaLmEl nOkkudiyEl
engaLmEl sApam izhindElOr empAvAy

Like the great kings of the wide world, who came in hordes and stood humbly at your bedstead, we have come to you. May your lotus bud-like eyes open slowly on us, forming like the mouth of dancer's ankle-bells. May the gaze of your two eyes fall upon us, like the Sun and the Moon risen together. May the curse on us be lifted.

mAri malai – Arabhi - Adi

23) mAri malai muzhainjil mannikkiDanduRangum
 sIriya singam aRivuTRuttI vizhittu
 vEri mayir ponga eppADum pErndudaRi
 mUri nimirndu muzhangippuRappaTTu
 pOdarumA pOIE nI pUvaippU vaNNA un
 kOyil ninRinganE pOndaruLikkOppuDaiya
 sIriya singAsanattirundu yAm vanda
kAriyam ArAyndaruLElOr empAvAy

O Dark-kaya-hued Lord! Pray come out of your sleeping chamber and grace us, - like a fierce lion that lay sleeping, hidden in the cavernous mountain-den, waking now with fiery eyes, raising its mane and shaking all over, then yawning, stretching its back, and stepping out. Ascend your majestic lion-throne and inquire of us the purpose of our visit. Grace us.

anRu ivvulagam – kAnaDA – K chApu

24) anRivvulagam aLandAy aDi pOTRi
 senRanguttennilangai seTRAy tiRal pOTRi
 ponRaccakaTam udaittAy pugazh pOTRi
 kanRu kuNilA eRindAy kazhal pOTRi
 kunRu kuDaiyAy eDuttAy guNam pOTRi
 venRu pagai keDukkum nin kaiyil vEl pOTRi
 enRenRun sEvagamE EtthippaRai koLvAn
 inRu yAm vandOm irangElOr empAvAy

*Glory be to your feet that spanned the Earth as Vamana.
 Glory be to your strength that destroyed Lanka as Kodanda Rama.
 Glory be to your fame that smote the bedevilled cart as Krishna in the cradle.
 Glory be to your feet that threw and killed the demon-calfVatsasura.
 Glory be to your merit that held the mountain Govardhana as an umbrella.
 Glory be to your spear that overcomes all evil.
 Praising you always humbly we have come to you for boons.
 Bestow your compassion on us.*

orutti maganAi – Kharaharapriya – Adi

25) orutti maganAippiRandu Or iravil
 orutti maganAi oLittu vaLara
 tarukkilAn AgittAn tIngu ninainda
 karuttai pizhaippittukkanjan vayiTRil
 neruppenna ninRa neDumAlE unnai
 aruttittu vandOm paRai tarudiyAgil
 tiruttakka selvamum sEvagamum yAm pADi
 varuttamum tIrndu magizhndElOr empAvAy

O Lord who took birth in anonymity as Devaki's child, and overnight grew up incognito as Yashoda's child, -- you who upset the despot king Kamsa's plans and kindled fire in his abdomen, --you are our master. We have come to pay respects to you. Grant us your favor of measureless wealth and blessed service, that we may end our sorrow and rejoice.

mAlE! maNivaNNA! – kuntalavarALi – Adi

26) mAlE! maNivaNNA! mArgazhi nIr ADuvAn
 mElaiyAr seyvanagaL vENDuvana kETTiyEl
 jnyAlattai ellAm naDunga muralvana
 pAlanna vaNNattun pAncacanniyamE
 pOlvana sangangaL pOyppADuDaiyanavE
 sAlapperum paRaiyE pallANDisaippArE
 kOla viLakke koDiyE vidAnamE
 Alin ilaiyAy! aruLElOr empAvAy

Gem hued lord who slept as a child on a fig leaf during Pralaya, the great deluge! We have performed the Margazhi rites as our elders decreed. Now bear what we want: conches like your milk-white Panchajanya which reverberates through all creation with its booming sound, a big wide drum, and singers who sing Pallandu, a bright lamp, festoons and flags, -- O Lord, grant us these.

kUDArAi vellum – bEgaDa – M chApu

27) kUDArAi vellum sIr gOvindA! undannai
 pADippaRaikoNDu yAm peRu sammAnam
 nADu pugazhum parisinAl nanRAga
 sUDagamE tOLvaLaiyE tODE sevippUvE
 pADagamE enRanaiya palkalanum yAm aNivOm
 ADai uDuppOm adan pinnE pARsORu
 mUDA ney peydu muzhangai vazhivAra
 kUDi irundu kuLirndElOr empAvAy

O Govinda who brings disparate hearts together! See what fortunes we have gained by singing your praise everywhere: Jewels of world-fame – Sudakam-bangles. Tolvalai-amulets, Todu-ear-rings, Sevippu ear-tops, Patakam-anklets and many others that we delight in wearing; clothes and finery, then sweet milk-food served with Glee that flows down the elbow: together we shall sit and enjoy these, in peace.

kaRavaigaL pin senRu – nAga gAndhAri – Adi

28) kaRavaigaL pin senRu kANam sErnduNbOm
 aRivonRum illAda Aykkulattu untannai
 piRavi peRuntanai puNNiyam yAm uDaiyOm
 kuRai onRum illAda gOvinda untannODuuRavEl
 namakkingu ozhikka ozhiyAdu
 aRiyAda piLLaigaLOm anbinAl untannai
 siRupEr azhaittanavum sIRiyaruLAdE
 iRaivA nI tArAy paRaiyElOr empAvAy

Let us follow the cows into the forest and eat together while they graze. We are privileged to have you born among us simple cowherd-folk. O Faultless Govinda! Our bond with you is eternal. Artless children that we are, out of love we call you petty names; pray do not be angry with us. O Lord, grant us our boons.

siTRam siRukaIE – yamunA kalyANi – M chApu

29) siTRam siRukaIE vandunnai sEvittu – un
 poTRamarai aDiyE pOTRum poruL kELAy
 peTRam mEyttuNNum kulattil piRandu nI
 kuTREval engalLai koLLAmal pOgAdu
 iTraippaRai koLvAn anRu kAN gOvinda!
 eTRaikkuM EzhEzh piRavikkum undannODuTROmEyAvOm
 unakkE nAm ATceyvOm
 maTRai nam kAmangaL mATRElOr empAvAy

Govinda! In the wee hours of the morning we have come to worship you and praise your golden lotus-feet; pray hear our purpose. You were born in the cowherd-clan, now you cannot refuse to accept our service to you. Know that these goods are not what we came for. Through seven lives and forever we would be close to you, and serve you alone. And if our desires be different, you must change them.

vangakkaDal kaDainda – SuruTTi – Adi

30) vangakkaDal kaDainda mAdhavanaikkEsavanai
tingaL tirumugattu sEyizhaiyAr senRiRainji
angappaRai koNDavATRAi aNi puduvai
painkamalattaN teriyal baTTarpirAn kOdai sonna
sangattamizh mAlai muppadum tappAmE
ingipparisuraippAr IriraNDu mAl varaittOL
senkaN tirumugattu selvattirumAlAI
engum tiruvaruL peTRinpuRuvar empAvAy

This is a garland of thirty songs of faultless Sangam Tamil on how the moon-faced bejewelled maidens praised the lord and got their boons, sung by Vishnuchittan's (Pattarbiran) daughter Kodai, Goda, of lotus-wafting cool-watered Puduvai fame; by the grace of the mighty-four armed, beautiful-eyed, gracious-faced Tirumal, those who sing it with joy shall find eternal bliss everywhere.

kOdai piRanda oor kOvindan vaazhumoor

sOdi maNi maaDam tOnRumoor
needyAl nalla pattar vaazhum (oor)
naanmaRaigal Odumoor
villiputtoor vEdakkOnoor
paadagangaL teerkkum paraman aDi kaaTTum
vEdam anaittukum vittAagum
kOdai tamizh aiyaindum aindum
aRiyaada maaniDarai vaiyam sumappadu vambu.

tiruvaaDip poorattu JegattudittAaL vaazhiyE

tiruppaavai muppadum cheppinaaL vaazhiyE
periyaazhvaar petRedutta peN piLLai vaazhiyE
perumpUdhUr maamunikkup pinnaanaaL vaazhiyE
oru nooTRu naaRpattu moonRuraittaL vaazhiyE
uyararangaRkE kaNNiyugandaLittaL vaazhiyE
maruvaarum tirumalli vaLa naaDi vaazhiyE
vaNpuduvai nagark kOdai malarp padangaL vaazhiyE

ANDAL tiruvaDigaLE S*araNam