

# Ayyappa Suprabatham

By

Kaviyur M.V.Narayana Iyer

(Translated in free verse from Malayalam by P.R.Ramachander)

This great book was written and published in 1991 by the author with devotion so that the devotees going to the annual pilgrimage to Sabari mala can sing the story and fame our Lord on their way to the sannidhanam. He has dedicated the book to Thakkad Sastha. The first six verses though written in Malayalam are full of tough Sanskrit words And the rest of the sthothra in mellifluous Malayalam. The transliteration given in English is given , with a full realization that English script is very inadequate to picturise the difficult Malayalam script.

Esaana Vishnu Sambhootha,  
Pratha Sandhya Pravarthathe,  
Uthishta Kanana vasa,  
Kathavyam Loka Sangraham.

Essence of Easwara and Vishnu,  
The dawn has awaken in the east.  
Please awake, the dweller of forests,  
And do thine job of care of us all.

Uthishto uthishta bhoothesa,  
Uthishta mahishi hara,  
Uthishta dharmam rakshaswa,  
Kaler dosha mapakaru.

Awake and awake the God of us all,  
Awake the slayer of Mahishi,  
Awake, Take care of Dharma,  
So that sin vanishes from this world.

Sahyadhri thunga srungeshu,  
Ballarkaruna rasmaya,  
Pasya kumkuma varnani,  
Kurvanthi divasagame.

In the peaks of western ghats,  
The baby sun's orange glow,  
Has reached and made it saffron.  
Heralding the birth of the day.

Utphulla suma sourabhyam,  
Samvahan gandha vaahanam,  
Prasaarayathi sarvathra,  
Twad yasamsi vasajjana.

**The beauty of the forest has awoken,  
Carrying the incense of sandal divine,  
Spreading all over the world,  
Thine grace to bless us all.**

Jitha nidhrosi bhagawan,  
Jithendriya maha mune,  
Uthishta dhyana nidhraya,  
Sruyathe thava kathamrutham.

**Awake from sleep my Lord,  
He who is a victor of senses,  
And sage non-compare,  
Awake from this spiritual slumber,  
And hear thine nectar story divine.**

Hemantha santhra hima shubhra dhukoola ramyam,  
Sandhyam upaasya nadha pushkaraneesu poorvaam,  
Aasthaya mandala thapa soojana padanthi,  
Sree bhootha Natha Bhagawan thava suprabhatham.

**Dew filled, snow filled holy hours,  
To worship the birth of the holy dawn,  
To bathe in thine holy streams for ever,  
King of souls, Oh my Lord, To you a holy and a pleasant morn.**

Samsara dukha madhil veenuzhalunna marthyarkku,  
Anandavum duritha santhiyum eguvaanayi,  
Kaamariyaam Vishnuvil , Shivannu jathanaya,  
Sree bhootha Natha Bhagawan thava suprabhatham.

**To bestow happiness and to console those,  
Who suffer in this sea of sorrow filled world,  
You were born, To Easwara the killer of desires,  
And to the great Lord Vishnu divine,  
King of souls, Oh my Lord, To you a holy and a pleasant morn.**

Aa divya jatha sisuvin paripalanathil,

Thalparya methu miyaladhe pithakkal kattil,  
Thalli kalangna mathi mohana chit swaroopa,  
Sree bhootha Natha Bhagawan thava suprabhatham.

**Unable to nurture their divine babe,  
Those fathers threw their divine tot,  
In the mid of forest, Oh picture of holy soul,  
King of souls, Oh my Lord, To you a holy and a pleasant morn.**

Vettakku van vana mananjoru Pandalesan,  
Daivechayal avide yethi vidarna kannal,  
Kori kudichu mani kanchana kanthirase,  
Sree bhootha Natha Bhagawan thava suprabhatham.

**In search of fruitful hunt by the grace of God,  
Drew the king of Pandala, in deep dark forests dense,  
And drank with soulful eyes, thine divine luster,  
Brighter than all the diamonds ever known,  
King of souls, Oh my Lord, To you a holy and a pleasant morn.**

Ambodu kungine eduthadha therilethi,  
Kottaramethi nijadhara karambujathil,  
Arpicha neramoru punchiri thoogi ninna,  
Sree bhootha Natha Bhagawan thava suprabhatham.

**Rushed he in soulful haste, in his chariot great,  
To his dear darling queen, in his palace fine,  
The king with divine babe in his arms,  
Who was full of happiness since,  
King of souls, Oh my Lord, To you a holy and a pleasant morn.**

Santhana labdhi ithu Daiva niyogamennu,  
Santhoshamarnnu nrupanum, nrupa pathni thanum,  
Ponkunjinneki kuthugal Mani kanta namam,  
Sree bhootha Natha Bhagawan thava suprabhatham.

**The babe was a blessing in their childless life,  
The king and queen thought him as a divine gift,  
And named him with all love-Manikandan,  
King of souls, Oh my Lord, To you a holy and a pleasant morn.**

Aarum kothikkum azhagum mani kandan enna,  
Perum manogna mani bhooshana kanthi vaaypum,  
Parin asesha mathi modha miyathidunnu,  
Sree bhootha Natha Bhagawan thava suprabhatham.

**A handsome mien, the entire world yearned,  
With a holy stone around his neck,  
And with a luster, none in the world dreamed,  
Grew the holy babe,  
King of souls, Oh my Lord, To you a holy and a pleasant morn.**

Randayi vayassu mani kandannu Ragni pethittu,  
Undayi nalloru anujan nava pallavam pol,  
Athambiyothu pala leelagal kaati ninna,  
Sree bhootha Natha Bhagawan thava suprabhatham.

**When this divine child was two,  
The queen mother gave him a kid brother,  
To care and to play and to love,  
King of souls, Oh my Lord, To you a holy and a pleasant morn.**

Bhoo palannu ishtamadhikam Mani kandanne than,  
Ragnikku thande maganil peruthaam mamathwam,  
Vyathyasa methum ariyathe valarnnu vanna,  
Sree bhootha Natha Bhagawan thava suprabhatham.

**The king loved Manikandan more,  
But the queen like all mothers,  
Loved her own child most,  
And both little ones knew not this,  
King of souls, Oh my Lord, To you a holy and a pleasant morn.**

Naal thorum ingane kalichu valanna raja,  
Dhanikku madhara jana valikkum,  
Swargeeyamayi oru anubhoothi pagarnna deva,  
Sree bhootha Natha Bhagawan thava suprabhatham.

**Day in and day out, the little ones played,  
And made the hearts of palace glow,  
And one and all of the great kingdom beamed,  
And bathed in thine divine glow,  
King of souls, Oh my Lord, To you a holy and a pleasant morn.**

Desathile pramukha pandithare varuthi,  
Balarkku nalgi kula vidhyagal Pandalesan,  
Aayodhanathil athi naipuniyum varuthi,  
Sree bhootha Natha Bhagawan thava suprabhatham.

**Called the king the pundits great,  
And made both his babes number one,**

**In all the crafts, arts and games the world ever knew,  
King of souls, Oh my Lord, To you a holy and a pleasant morn.**

Yellam thiganna magane yuva rajanakki,  
Vazhikkuvan arachanullil uracha neram,  
Dharangal Handha! Kali keru yuranju ninnal,  
Sree bhootha Natha Bhagawan thava suprabhatham.

**The day came marching very soon,  
When the king wanted to crown,  
His perfect divine son the crown prince,  
But alas, the queen was full of misery and ire,  
King of souls, Oh my Lord, To you a holy and a pleasant morn.**

Kattil kidannavannu rajyamaho vichithram,  
Swantham kumarane yozhikku vathendu nyayam,  
Evam parangnu chilar eshani kooti polum,  
Sree bhootha Natha Bhagawan thava suprabhatham.

**To this child left in the forest by some unknown,  
What justice is to give the kingdom fine,  
Than to his natural born son,  
Some wagging tongues needled the queen,  
King of souls, Oh my Lord, To you a holy and a pleasant morn.**

Dur manthri ekanadha ragni yodothu koodi,  
Bhoopande vanchitham udachu thakakuvanayi,  
Chindichurachu chila gooda nayangal ravil,  
Sree bhootha Natha Bhagawan thava suprabhatham.

**The irate queen soon had a consul,  
Of a crooked minister great,  
And together hatched they a plan in the morn,  
To crush to dust, the plans of the king,  
King of souls, Oh my Lord, To you a holy and a pleasant morn.**

Pithennu Ragni nija sayyayil veenurundal,  
Ayyo iyethndu thala vedana ethra theevram,  
Vayye sahippathudu ini yennu paranju kenal,  
Sree bhootha Natha Bhagawan thava suprabhatham.

**In the morrow, rolled the queen in her sweet quilt soft,  
“How can I bear this head ache great “, she moaned and cried,  
“No, I will die of this pain than suffer”,  
King of souls, Oh my Lord, To you a holy and a pleasant morn.**

Vannan bhishagwaran alladhi koorma bhudhi,  
Chonnan aneka parisodhanagalkku sesham,  
“Rogam samipadhinnu vyagra payassu venam,”  
Sree bhootha Natha Bhagawan thava suprabhatham.

**Came there a great doctor, with sharpest brain,  
And did he several tests great and hard,  
And told he that this ache has only one cure,  
The fresh milk from the tigress wild,  
King of souls, Oh my Lord, To you a holy and a pleasant morn.**

Sthambichu ninnu nrupanum Nrupa manthrimaarum,  
Sevichu ninna nija bruthyarum onnu pole,  
Chindichurachu chila sandhwana vaaku chonna,  
Sree bhootha Natha Bhagawan thava suprabhatham.

**Stood like pillars strong the king and his court fine,  
And those aids of the palace fine,  
Consoled the king with words sweet,  
And there was no answer at sight to the problem great,  
King of souls, Oh my Lord, To you a holy and a pleasant morn.**

Ottum vishadam arudu achannu , gnan idha poyi,  
Kattil kadannu puli dhugdham eduthu poraam.  
Villum samgalum eduthudane thiricha,  
Sree bhootha Natha Bhagawan thava suprabhatham.

**“My papa should never be sad”, said the divine babe,  
“I will bring the tigress milk from the forests dense”,  
And took he his bows and arrows and left,  
King of souls, Oh my Lord, To you a holy and a pleasant morn.**

Pimbe ayacha padayaligal kattil ethum.  
Mumbe oru eetha nari than mudugil kareri,  
Sambranthi ulavakki aduthu vanna,  
Sree bhootha Natha Bhagawan thava suprabhatham.

**Ere the soldiers for help could reach the forest dense,  
Returned he riding a tigress which had a cub,  
And with fear and wonder in all the on looking crowd,  
King of souls, Oh my Lord, To you a holy and a pleasant morn.**

Ayyo vilichu janam okke virandu panju,  
Kayyode nee puliye vittayakkuga unni yennu,  
Chollichu ragniyude chembu theliyicha balan,  
Sree bhootha Natha Bhagawan thava suprabhatham.

**“Oh God Oh God” shouted the hysteric crowd,  
“Leave now, our little babe this tigress now,”  
Told the queen and her fake drama was known,  
King of souls, Oh my Lord, To you a holy and a pleasant morn.**

Sathyam grahichu nrupan aa mani kandane than,  
Hruthode cherthu punarunnathu kandu ragni,  
Paschathappichu atheeva krutharthanaaya,  
Sree bhootha Natha Bhagawan thava suprabhatham.

**The truth was known to the king now,  
And embraced he his son divine,  
And the queen felt tears seep,  
And craved the pardon of her son again and again,  
King of souls, Oh my Lord, To you a holy and a pleasant morn.**

Balannu vegam abishega maham nadathan,  
Maapodu koodi prangu ragni,  
Kai koopi ninnu urachu sakshaal,  
Sree bhootha Natha Bhagawan thava suprabhatham.

**“Crown my babe with the greatest haste”  
Begged the queen with remorse great,  
But with folded hands told the little boy, the divine truth,  
King of souls, Oh my Lord, To you a holy and a pleasant morn.**

Mathavu enikku ariya mohiniyaya Vishnu,  
Thathan maheswaran atheendriya nashta moorthi,  
Evam parangu nija roopam eduthu kaatum,  
Sree bhootha Natha Bhagawan thava suprabhatham.

**“My mother was Vishnu divine,  
When he was the charmer Mohini, the great,  
And my father was Shiva, the fierce who had conquered all his senses,  
And is God the great,”  
Quoth he and showed them his real self,  
King of souls, Oh my Lord, To you a holy and a pleasant morn.**

Pamba nadhi karayilulla vanandarathil,  
ThungadriyammSabari mala than sirassil,  
Vaasam kamingu aruluga ennorapeksha cheyda,  
Sree bhootha Natha Bhagawan thava suprabhatham.

**In the dense forest in the banks of Pamba,  
By the side of Thunga the mountain which is Sabarigiri,**

**Live thou as God, requested the king thine father,  
King of souls, Oh my Lord, To you a holy and a pleasant morn.**

Kshethram paninju Mani kandane aanayichittu,  
Aagoshamodatha prathishtayum nadathi,  
Kootinnu kittiyoru vavarum othu vazhum,  
Sree bhootha Natha Bhagawan thava suprabhatham.

**Built they a temple great ,  
And lead Manikandan to the spot,  
With happiness and in festive spirit,  
And lived he there with his pal, Vavar the great,  
King of souls, Oh my Lord, To you a holy and a pleasant morn.**

Poojarimare niyamichu, adinokke vendum,  
Vasthukkalum dhanavum ekiya Pandalesan,  
“muttathe vannidumennu” kaniju chonna,  
Sree bhootha Natha Bhagawan thava suprabhatham.

**Priests for the temple came,  
And the king gave the holy of holies lot of wealth,  
So that it would be a place of worship great.  
And pleaded he with his son “ You should come here without fail”  
King of souls, Oh my Lord, To you a holy and a pleasant morn.**

Brhmadhi devar muni mararodu chernu vannu,  
Chonnaraho Mahishi yenna pisachi thande,  
Samhara thandavam athu kadanam kadoram,  
Sree bhootha Natha Bhagawan thava suprabhatham.

**Brahma and all the gods and sages came,  
Told him of Mahishi the ogress and her,  
Death dance painful, sorrowful,  
King of souls, Oh my Lord, To you a holy and a pleasant morn.**

Villum sarangalum eduthu udane purapettu,  
Aa dushta moorthiye ethithu vadicha neram,  
Pettenu oru sundari vannu chonnal,  
Sree bhootha Natha Bhagawan thava suprabhatham.

**With bows and arrows he started to kill,  
And when death was too near for her,  
Came a beautiful woman and told,  
King of souls, Oh my Lord, To you a holy and a pleasant morn.**

Kelkenam ende katha, Gnan oru deva naari,



Sapathinaal Mahishi enna pisachi yayeen,  
Moksham labichu thava thadanam elka moolam,  
Sree bhootha Natha Bhagawan thava suprabhatham.

**Please hear my story, Lord,  
I am an angel of heaven,  
By curse I became Mahishi the ogress,  
And today my curse got over by your beatings , Lord,  
King of souls, Oh my Lord, To you a holy and a pleasant morn.**  
Swargathilekku Mahishikini poga vayya,  
Prathippu nin mahishi pada bhaga deyam,  
Ee vakku kettu daya thoniya dharma deesan,  
Sree bhootha Natha Bhagawan thava suprabhatham.

**“Heaven has closed its door on me Oh Lord,”, told she,  
And she wanted to be by his side forever.  
Hearing the prayer dipped in pathos,  
The Lord of pity, took pity on her,  
King of souls, Oh my Lord, To you a holy and a pleasant morn.**

Nissangananaham enikku vivahamilla,  
Salsangammatte Maliga purathu ammayayi nee,  
Nee en sameepa malayil kudi kondu kolga,  
Sree bhootha Natha Bhagawan thava suprabhatham.

**“Having left all that attachments, I will not marry”, he told,  
“But you be Maliga Purathamma,,  
And be near my hill in another hill.”  
King of souls, Oh my Lord, To you a holy and a pleasant morn.**

Kaattala vesham eduthu Erumeli thannil,  
Bhaktharkku pada bala meguvadinnu Haa, nee,  
Thalathinnu anga varumothu petta thullum,  
Sree bhootha Natha Bhagawan thava suprabhatham.

**You as a hunter in Erumeli,  
Bless your devotees, stength of feet,  
And Ha, You dance with them,  
And keep to their beat during the holy Petta Thullal,  
King of souls, Oh my Lord, To you a holy and a pleasant morn.**

Papangalellam Iru mudikkagame orukki,  
Pujakku venda vibhavangal um Othu ketti,  
Randum chumannu mala keru varunnu gnangal,  
Sree bhootha Natha Bhagawan thava suprabhatham.

**All the sins we bundle in the Eru Mudi and come,  
With all that we need for a prayer thine,  
And with both the mudis we climb the mount and come,  
King of souls, Oh my Lord, To you a holy and a pleasant morn.**

Uchathiloru saranam vili kondu himsra,  
Jandukkale yagale aakki vanam kadannu,  
Suryodaythil azhutha nadhi yethi nilpu,  
Sree bhootha Natha Bhagawan thava suprabhatham.

**With our loud shouts of Saranam,  
We drive away the wild animals and come,  
And stand on the shores of Azhutha in the dawn,  
King of souls, Oh my Lord, To you a holy and a pleasant morn.**

Snamam kazhinju avide ninnu oru kalleduthu,  
Kunnil kareri ayavidittu pratheegamayi,  
Mokshathinnu vazhi kattugayayi bakthar,  
Sree bhootha Natha Bhagawan thava suprabhatham.

**After our bath, we throw pebbles,  
Having climbed your steep hills,  
And be ready to show the path to heaven,  
King of souls, Oh my Lord, To you a holy and a pleasant morn.**

Kattaneye , kaduvaye bayamilla bakthar,  
Etham bayam karimalakku kayathamathre,  
Kethathilum kadina dushkaramanirakkam.,  
Sree bhootha Natha Bhagawan thava suprabhatham.

**They do not fear elephant wild nor the tiger big,  
But the climb to Karimala steep,  
The descent much fearfull than the climb,  
King of souls, Oh my Lord, To you a holy and a pleasant morn.**

Pamba nadhi kulur jalam anusmarichu,  
Thumbam vedinju valuthayi vanam kadannu,  
Pamba nadhi karayilethi samaswasichu,  
Sree bhootha Natha Bhagawan thava suprabhatham.

**In their hearts is the cold waters of Pamba,  
Forsaking all,crossing deep forests,  
They take rest in the shores of Pamba,  
King of souls, Oh my Lord, To you a holy and a pleasant morn.**

Pambasarasthadamaho sukha vasa kendram,  
Pamba sarassu bhuvana thraya punya theertham,  
Pamba vilakku nayanothsava divya drusyam,  
Sree bhootha Natha Bhagawan thava suprabhatham.

**The shores of Pamba are a holiday retreat,  
The water of Pamba is holy in all the three worlds,  
The lamps of Pamba are a feast to the eyes,  
King of souls, Oh my Lord, To you a holy and a pleasant morn.**

Snam kazhinju , pithru tharpanavum nadathi,  
Kettum chumannu , saranam viliyodu koodi,  
Keeridenam sabari maamala neeli sylam,  
Sree bhootha Natha Bhagawan thava suprabhatham

**After a bath and a worship of our forefathers great,  
Carrying the bundle in the head and with Saranam call in the mouth,  
Climb we must the neeli mount of Sabari ghats,  
King of souls, Oh my Lord, To you a holy and a pleasant morn.**

Sree rama dasa gana nayagare vanangi,  
Nere chavutti mala varunna neram,  
Ayyappa bhakthar ariyilla oru sada daham,  
Sree bhootha Natha Bhagawan thava suprabhatham

**After the prayer of Rama and Ganapathi,  
When their feet touches the holy mountain thine,  
Ayyappa devotees neither know hunger nor thirst,  
King of souls, Oh my Lord, To you a holy and a pleasant morn.**

Sugreeva baligal idanju madandarayi,  
Taanyonya vairamodu erinja sila samooam,  
Otere undathu vazhikkava thandidenam,  
Sree bhootha Natha Bhagawan thava suprabhatham

**When Sugreeva and Bali fought, blinded by hate,  
The stones they threw are strewn,  
On all the way in thine mountain great,  
King of souls, Oh my Lord, To you a holy and a pleasant morn.**

Paaram kidachu mala yeri yalpa dhooram,  
Poyaal sugam sabari peedam adingal etham,  
Sree rama leena sabari sthuthi moksha margam,  
Sree bhootha Natha Bhagawan thava suprabhatham

**Gasping for breath, when they walk on thine mount,  
They reach the seat of Sabari and hear,**

**The path to heaven of Sabari the great,  
And her love for Rama the great,  
King of souls, Oh my Lord, To you a holy and a pleasant morn.**

Aappol mudalkku thudare thudare sravikkam,  
Ayyappa sannidhiyile vedi nadha gosham,  
Kootinna poopamadhil sugandham,  
Sree bhootha Natha Bhagawan thava suprabhatham

**From then they hear the hear again and again,  
The sound of fireworks, in the Ayappas shrine,  
And the heady smell from the kitchen fine,  
King of souls, Oh my Lord, To you a holy and a pleasant morn.**

Aswatha vedugalil ambugal kuthi bhakthya,  
Chuthi kadannu jana sanjayam mothu chernaal,  
Kootathil ozhugi sannidhi thannil etham,  
Sree bhootha Natha Bhagawan thava suprabhatham

**After sending arrows on the banyan tree with devotion,  
Crossing and moving with the crowd,  
And floating with the crowd, we reach in front of the God,  
King of souls, Oh my Lord, To you a holy and a pleasant morn.**

Ponnil podinja pathinettu padikku thazhe,  
Kanneeril mungi udalil pulagam nirakke,  
Anjadhe yappadigal kerum adrusya shakthya,  
Sree bhootha Natha Bhagawan thava suprabhatham

**Below the eighteen steps divine, packed in gold,  
Drowned in tears with all the zest in them,  
Fearless they climb by the unseen power,  
King of souls, Oh my Lord, To you a holy and a pleasant morn.**

Swara dwajathi nnarigetheriyunna chooda,  
Kkunnindeya kanaka kanthiyil akshi chimmi,  
Thikki thirakki bhagawal thiru mumbil etham,  
Sree bhootha Natha Bhagawan thava suprabhatham

**From near the golden flag  
And the blinding light, Of the burning hill  
Fighting with the crowd, they reach the God,  
King of souls, Oh my Lord, To you a holy and a pleasant morn.**

Aa divya vighrahamaho nayanabhi ramam,  
Aa punya darsanamaho purusowkhya dhamam,

Ayyappa nama saranam vili shanthi mandram,  
Sree bhootha Natha Bhagawan thava suprabhatham

**The holy idol, a feast to the eye,  
The holy sight, a travel to the heaven,  
Ayyapa Saranam call a manthra to chant for peace,  
King of souls, Oh my Lord, To you a holy and a pleasant morn.**

Nin sannidhanam anavor akhilam samanmaar,  
Swameedhi sambhodhana cheru markkum,  
Ennalla swami mayame vibhavangal ellam,  
Sree bhootha Natha Bhagawan thava suprabhatham

**In front of you all the world is same,  
Every one is called God,  
And all that round you is God,  
King of souls, Oh my Lord, To you a holy and a pleasant morn.**

Jadhi jirukku , madha bhedhamonnumilla,  
Sadhkkalam dhanigarum bhagavannu thulyam,  
Veshathilum sakala bakthanmar onnu pole,  
Sree bhootha Natha Bhagawan thava suprabhatham

**The madness of caste and religion is not there,  
There is no one who is rich or poor,  
And all are dressed alike,  
King of souls, Oh my Lord, To you a holy and a pleasant morn.**

Ee vannamulla sama bhavanayangu vere,  
Adhvaitha that twam asi padamakki,  
Lokathilee nava madam pracharippikku vanayi,  
Sree bhoothanadha charanou saranam prapadhye,

**Taking this new hope of sameness divine,  
Making Advaita Tatvamasi as a lesson,  
To tell all the world of this new creed,  
King of souls, I fall at your feet.**

Sree bhoothanadha saranam mende ayyappa,  
Kali yuga varadha saranam ende ayyappa,  
Vavuru swami sranam ende ayyappa,  
Sabari gireesa saranam ende ayyappa.

**Lord of souls, Saranam my Ayyappa,  
The saviour during Kali,Saranam my Ayyappa,  
Vavuru God, Saranam my Ayyappa**

**Lord of Sabari mountain, Saranam my Ayyappa.**

## **Mangalam**

Mangalam shiva puthraaya, Mohini putha mangalam,  
Mangalam pandalesaya, Loka nadhaya mangalam,  
Mangalam sadhoo sevyaya, bhaktha dasaya mangalam,  
Mangalam deva devaaya, sarva bhoomaya mangalam.

**Let everything be good, Son of Siva,  
Let everything be good, son of Mohini,  
Let everything be good, Lord of Pandala,  
Let everything be good, Lord of the world,  
Let everything be good, the Saviour of the poor,  
Let everything be good, the servant of devotees,  
Let everything be good, God of Gods,  
Let everything be good, The supreme being.**

**Swamiye saranam ayyappa  
Shubham.**

**[Return to the Top](#)**

