

Kandar Alankaram
The ornament to Kanda(Skanda)

By
Swami Arunagirinathar

Translated in to English By,

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Transliteration in to English

By

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This great poetic work was written by Sanit Arunagiri nathar, the author of Thirupugazh, which is considered as one of the greatest poem collections praising Lord Subrahmanya. I am quoting from Wikipedia article about him.

“Arunagiri was born in Thiruvannamalai, a town in Tamil Nadu. His father died soon after his birth and his mother and sister brought him up in the rich cultural and religious traditions. Legends claim that Arunagiri was attracted to the pleasures of the flesh and spent his youth in pursuing a life of debauchery. He used to get money from his sister each time to go to devadasi's. His sister always give whatever she earned to make his brother happy. One day he demanded money from his sister, but unfortunately she had no money. She was very sad and said, "Oh brother, I am sorry that there is no money to give you today." Arunagirinathar shouted how its possible and he wanted money now to have pleasure. His sister then said "Brother, if you need to have pleasure then please come sleep with me, tomorrow I will get you the money somehow". Hearing that, Arunagirinathar felt how self centered and selfish he was. He decided to end his life, went to the temple hit his head in all the pillars and steps, begging for forgiveness. Then he leaped from the tower of Thiruvannamalai temple. He was however miraculously saved from the death by Lord Muruga who also transformed him to a holy saint instantaneously"^[1].

Arunagiri sang his first devotional song and thereafter decided to spend the rest of his life singing in praise of the god. He was a devotee of Lord Muruga and worshipped the God at Vedapureeswarar temple at the sacred place known as Cheyyar on the banks of the Cheyyar River .

His fame got the jealousy of chief minister of the Kingdom. He claimed Arunagirinathar as a false saint and not a true devotee of Lord Subramaniya. So the king arranged a public gathering and asked Arunagiri to show Lord Subrahmanya to others also. Arunagiri started singing songs towards Lord Muruga and soon after Lord Muruga appeared in a stone pillar in the form of child. He was so bright as equal to hundred of suns and the people were unable to see this with their ordinary eyes. Due to this everybody lost their eyes including the king and ministers. It was suggested that bringing the Parijatha flower could only get sights back to the people. Arunagirinathar is said to have entered the body of a

parrot in order to fetch the parijatha flower. His enemy Sambandan burnt his body & hence Arunagirinathar settled himself on the temple tower in the form of the parrot and sang his famous Kantharanubhuthi. There is a form of a parrot in one of the sthubs (Kili Gopuram), testifying to this story."

It is clear from this great work that this great saint was equally proficient in Sanskrit and Tamil. Most of the parts are very difficult to translate. I have wholly depended on the tamil translation by Sri Pi.Ra.Natarajan published by Shakunthala publications, Madras and the one available in <http://nayanmars.netne.net/> for doing my translation of Sri Kanthar Alankaaram

One of my young friends, Sri Elano Kadhivel has done the transliteration. It is much more scientific than the normal transliteration that I do.

Kaapu
(Protective Verse)

Adal arunnai thiru gopurathe antha vaayillukku
vada arugil sendru kandu kondean varuvaar thalaiyil
thada-pada enapadu kuttudan sarkkarai moikkiya kai
kadathada kumba kallithrukku illaya kallithrinaiye

In Thiruvannamalai , which grants salvation just by its thought?
Inside the pretty inner Gopuram sits lord Ganesa facing north,
With his trunk for eating food, exuberance, and broad forehead,
Receiving the hits with clenched palm on one's forehead ,
Creating the sounds of Thada and Pada and also the jaggery,
And I salute his younger brother, who is the elephant of wisdom.

Text

Paethrai thavam satrum illaatha ennai prapanjam ennum
saethrai kazhiya vazhi vitta-vaa sengchadaa adavi Mel
Aat-trai paniyai ithazhiyai thumbaiyai ambuliyin
Keethrai punaidha perumaan kumaran krupaakarane

Oh God who showed me the way out of the mire of worldly illusion,
Which tried to stick to me , who does not have holiness for getting salvation?
Oh merciful Lord who is the darling son of Lord Shiva,
Who holds the holy river Ganges and snake in his red forest like matted hair,
And who also wears the Thumbai flower and the single crescent of the moon.

azhiththu pirakka otta ayil velan kaviyai anbaal
yezhuthu pizhai arra karkinrrileer yeri moondathu enna
vizhiththu pugai yezha pong-gum vem kooththran vidum kayithraal
kazhuththil surukkittu izhukkum anrO kavi karrkinrathe

Oh people , who waste their time by not learning without mistakes,
The prayers addressed to Lord Muruga , which are capable of,
Destroying bad fate and avoids you being born to another mother, know that,
At the time of your death when the angry Yama with smoke filled eyes,
Rolls them and puts the noose in the rope of his in your neck to take out your life,
Without any benefit , possibly you would start learning them.

2

Thaeranni ittu puram eritth-haan magan sem kaiyil vel
Koor-anni ittu anuvaagi kiraunjam kulaindhu arakkar
Naeranni ittu vaLLai-ndha kadakam neLLin-thathu soor
Paeranni kettathu dhaevae-ndhira lokam pizhaththa-thuvE

When the sharp Vel from the hands of Muruga,
Son of him who went in a decorated great chariot,
And destroyed the three cities , just by his laugh,
Split in to powder the mountain called Krouncha,
And destroyed the great formation of the army of asuras,
It managed to save the land of Indra, king of devas.

3

Oo-ra vottaar onrrai unna vottaar malar-yittu una-thaal
Saera-vottaar aivar seivathu yen yaan senru dhevar uyya
Sora nittooranai sooranai kaar udal SOri kakka
koora kattaari ittu Oar imai pOthinil konrra-vanE

Oh Lord Muruga, who along with his army killed within a second ,
The very bad Soorapadma , with your sharp Velayudha,
Which made blood ooze out of his very black body?
So that the devas of heaven are saved,
Please tell me what shall be done by me because,
My mind prevents my five senses not think of your lotus like feet,
Nor think about your holy names , nor worship your feet with flowers.

4

thiru-ntha bhuvanangkaL iin-rra pon-paavai thirumulaippaal
aru-nthi saravaNa poon-thottil YERi arruvar konggai
virumbi kadal azha kunrru azha soor azha vimmi azhum
kuru-ndhai kurrinji kizhavan enru Oo-dhum kuvalayamEy

After drinking the milk of Uma who looks like a golden doll,
And who gave birth to the entire world and its beings,
After climbing and swinging in the floral cradle of Saravana stream,

After drinking the breast milk of the six Karthiga ladies,
Who cries and made cry the sea, Krouncha Mountain and Soorapadma,
Can this world calls you the old man** of Kurinchi* land?

5

* Mountainous land. ** The honourable lord

perum paim-punath-thinuL sithrae-nal kaakkinRa paedhai konggai
virumbum kumaranai mei anbinaal mella mella uLLa
arumbum thani paramaanandham thith-thiththu aRintha-vandro
karumbum thuvarth-thu sen-thaenum puLith aRa kaith-thathuvE

When we slowly and slowly start loving that Kumara,
Who likes the breasts of the girl who guards the maize fields,
WE would get in our mind the divine and great pleasure,
And as soon I tasted the sweetness that is spread by the great pleasure,
Suddenly to me the sweet sugarcane was salty and sweet honey bitter.

6

saLaththil piNi-pattu asattu kriyaikkull thavikkum endran
uLaththil piramaththai thavirppaai avunar uraththu uthira
kuLaththil kudhith-thum kuLith-thum kaLithum kudi-thum vetrik
kaLaththil serukki kazhudhu aada vel-thotta kaavalanE

Oh guard who has the Vel, in the war with Soorapadma,
In the tank of blood oozing out of the chests of ghosts and asuras,
You jumped, drowned and drank and encouraged the devas,
To play in the battle field by sending your Vel,
And so please help me to remove the trance of ignorance,
In me , who is living in this world full of dishonesty and lies,
Which have tied me by foolish deeds and which make me sad.

7

oLiyil viLai-ndha uyar-jnaana pootharaththu uchchi-yin mEl
aLiyil viLai-nthathu oru aana-ntha thaenai anaadhi-yil
veLiyil viLai-ndha veRum paazhai pethra veRum thaniyai
theLiya viLambiya vaa mugam aaRudai dhEsikanE

Oh teacher with six faces , what shall I tell about your kindness,
Which taught me the honey of happiness which was made by you,
In your top peak of your wisdom , mixed with your graceful pity,
And made me , who was living in empty solitude , clear my thoughts.

8

thean endrum paagu endrum uvamikka oNaatha mozhi dheiva vaLLi
kOn anRu enakku upadhEsith-thathu onRu uNdu kooRa-vat-thro
vaan-anRu kaal-anRu thee-anRu neer-anRu maNNum-anRu
thaan-anRu naan-anRu asaree-ri-anRu saree-ri-anRE

There is one truth taught to me by the royal lord of Valli,

Whose sweet words cannot be compared either to honey or syrup.
That great truth cannot be described by any words ,
And which is not the five spirits of earth, water, fire, air and sky,
And which is neither he nor me, which has shape and also does not have shape.

9

sollugaik-killai yenRu ellaam izha-ndhu summaa irukkum
ellai-yul sella enai vitta-vaa igal vElan alla
kolliyai sErkkinRa solliyai kal-varai kovvai sevvaai
valliyai pul-kinRa maal-varai thOL aNNal vallabamEy

Words from the mouth cannot describe the greatness of the Lord,
Who has with him the very powerful victorious Vel,
And who with his mountain like shoulders hugs the goddess Valli,
Who sweetly murmurs in his ears the song set to music of the mountain,
And who has reddish mouth resembling the Kovvai fruit.
That Lord in his position of stability bereft of all desires,
Taught me with his grace all that which can be told.

10

kusai-negizhaa vetRi-vElOn avuNar kudar-kuzhambak
kasai-yidu vaasi visai koNda vaahana peelee-in koththu
asai-padu kaal pattu asai-ndhathu mEru adiyida yeN
thisai varai thooL-patta ath-thooL-in vaari thidar pattadhE

The God Velayudha who has a bright dazzle and a Victorious Vel.
Rides on a peacock* which runs faster than the horse, who churns the guts of Asuras
Due to speed generated because of its stirrup which is tightly held ,
And which is constantly beaten by the whip,
And the wind generated by the movement of the wings of that peacock
Moves the Meru Mountain and the marching steps of that peacock,
Powers the mountains in all eight directions which sprayed dust,
And which turned even the oceans in to hills of dust.

11

* Peacock is the steed of Lord Kandha .Some say that is Indra and others say that it is Soorapadma with whom he waged war. It is believed that the Vel split Soorapadma in to two and one part became the Peacock and the other a Cock , which occupied the flag standard of Muruga.

padai-patta vElavan paal-va-ndha vaagai padhaa-kai yennun
thadai-patta sEval siRaku adik-koL-La saladhi kizhin-thu
udai-pattathu aNda kadaa-ka-mum udhir-nthathu udu-padalam
idai-pat-ta kunRamum maa-mEru veRpum idi-patta-vE

The cock ,which came in a submissive state to Lord Muruga,
Who has the great power of exterminating the army of his enemies,
Made his flag be called as a victorious flag by one and all,

And became capable of destroying problems created by his enemies.
Flapped its wings and due to this the oceans were torn asunder,
The sky and the horizon broke and all the mountains along,
With the mount Meru in the middle were powdered in to dust.

12

oruvarai pang-gin udaiyaaL kumaaran-udai maNi-sEr
thiru-varai kiN-kiNi Oo-sai-pada thiduk-kitta arakkar
veru-vara thikku sevidu-pattu ettu veRpum kanaka
paruvarai kunRum adhir-nthana dheavar bayam ket-ta-thE

The young son of the Goddess who has the God as her half,
Wore a bell in his pretty waist and the sound “kling klang” from that bell,
Created great fear in the heart of all asuras , made every one deaf,
And the eight mountains with golden Meru in the middle ,
Which touched the skies trembled because of it,
And these events removed the fear from the mind of Devas.

13

kup-paasa vaazhk-kaiyul kooth-thaadum aivaril kot-pu-adai-ntha
ip-paasa nen-janai ii-dERRu-vaai iru naanku veRpum
ap-paadhiyaai vizha MaEru-vum kulungga viNNaarum uyya
sappaaNi kottiya kai aaRi-raNdu udai shaNmuganE

Oh God with six heads , the thunderous clap of your twelve hands,
Broke the eight mountains in eight directions in to pieces,
Made the mount Meru tremble and saved the devas,
Oh God please take me , who dances with the idea that life in earth is everything,
And who wanders all around due the confusion created by the trance,
In to your grace and save me from these delusions.

14

thaavadi Oo-ttum mayililum dhEavar thalaiyilum en
paa-adi yEttilum pattathu-anRO padi maavali paal
moovadi kaettu anRu moodhu-aNda kooda mugadu mutta
sEvadi neettum perumaan marugan than sit-thra-adiyE

Oh nephew of the God, who begged for three steps of earth from Mahabali ,
And took the superior form and his steps touched the highest mountains,
Your small steps touch the peacock rushing towards the battlefield,
And the heads of devas as well as the book of poems that I wrote.

15

thadung-kkOL manaththai vidung-kkOL veguLiyai dhaanam enRum
idung-kkOL iru-ntha-padi irung-kkOL ezhu paarum uyya
kodum kOba soorudan kunRam thiRakka thoLaikka vai-vEl
vidung-kOn aruL va-nthu thaanE umakku veLip-padumEy

Oh people of the world, don't allow your mind to wander as it likes,

Completely leave out the very harmful anger, give charity to the poor,
And firmly establish yourself in these three different good aspects,
And if you do so the grace of Lord Muruga, who with great anger sent his sharp Vel,
On Soorapadma and also broke the Krouncha mountain to save the world,
Would come of its own so that you would be able to see it. 16

vEdha-aagama chithra vElaa-yudhan vet-chi pooththa thaNdai
paa-dhaara-vi-ndham araNaaga allum pagalum illaa
soo-thaa-nadhu at-thra veLikkE oLiththu summaa-irukka
pOdhaai ini maname theriyaadhu oru pootharkkumEy

Oh my heart, the lotus like feet of, he holds the Vel, which wears the anklets,
Praised by the Vedas and Agamas, seems to have opened like a flower,
For the sake of protecting me and you be silent and hide from all beings,
In the space of divine wisdom where night, day and deceit are not thee. 17

vaiyil kadhira vadivElOnai vaazhththi vaRi-njarkku enRum
noiyin piLavuv-aLa-vEnum pagir-minkal nung-gatku inggan
veiyiRku odhungga udhavaa udambin veRu-nizhal POI
kaiyil poruLum udhavaadhu kaan um kadai vazhikkE

Like the shadow of the body which does not even provide shade during torrid heat,
When you are about to die, the assets that you have will be of no help,
And so salute the Lord Muruga who has the shining and sharp Vel,
And also share the broken rice that you have with the poor, always. 18

sonna kiraun-ja giri-uduruvith thoLaiththa vEl
manna kadambin malar-maalai maarba mau-naththai ut-thru
ninnai uNar-ndhu uNar-ndhu ellaam orung-giya nir-guNam poonndu
ennai maRa-ndhiru-ndhean iRa-nthu vittadhu iv-vudambE

Oh Lord who made a hole with his Vel on the golden Krouncha Mountain,
Oh king, who wears the garland of Kadamba flowers over his chest,
When I realized you with my real wisdom and got in to a state of no properties*,
I forgot myself completely and this body was completely dead. 19
* Beyond Sathwa, Rajas and Thamas

kOzhi kodiyan adi paNiyaamal kuvala-yaththae
vaazha karudhum madhiyili-kaaL unggal val-vinai nO-i
Uzhil peru-vali uNna-ot-taathu ungaL aththam ellaam
aazha pudhaththi vaiththaal varumO num adip-piRagE

Oh foolish one who think that they can live in this great world,
Without worshipping the feet of he who has cock in his flag,
Due to your great mistake, the disease caused by the powerful fate,
Will not allow you to enjoy all the wealth that you have earned,

And even if you bury that wealth deep, will it ever follow you?

20

maraNNa piramaadham namakku-illai-yaam enRum vaaith-tha thunnai
kiranNa kalaabiyum vElum uNdE kiNkiNi muguLa
saraNNa pirathaapa sasidhEvi manggalya tha-ndhu
rakshaa-baraNa krupaakara jnaanaa-kara sura bhaaSkaranE

Oh God , who has lotus like feet adorned by jingling anklets,
Oh merciful one who saved the husband of Devi Sasi from death,
Oh personification of wisdom who shines like the Sun God,
The fate of death is not for me , because I have got to myself,
Your peacock with dazzling feathers as well as your Vel.

21

moii-thaar aNi-kuzhal vaLLiyai vEttavan muth-thamizhaal
vai-thaarai-yum anggu vaazha vaip-pOn veyya vaaraNam pOl
kai-thaan irupadhu udai-yaan thalai paththum kaththarikka
ei-thaan marugan umaiyaaL baya-ndha ilang-chiyamEy

The God who married Valli who wears flowers,
In her pretty hair around which bees fly,
The god who is the nephew of Lord Rama,
Who cut off the ten heads of Ravana,
Who resembled an exuberant elephant,
And the God who is the stream of Goddess Parvathi,
Would be present and bless the one with happiness,
Even if ill is told of him in the three Tamils*.

22

*Three main parts of Tamil are writing, music and drama

dheivath thirumalai senggOtil vaazhum sezhum-sudare
vai-vaiththa vER-padai vaana-vanE maRavEn unai naan
ai-varkku idam peRak kaal iraNdu Oo-tti adhil iraNdu
kai-vaiththa veedu kulaiyum munnE va-ndhu kaath-tharuLae

Oh lustrous light living in the Godly mountain of Thiruchengodu**.
Oh God who holds the Vel as his weapon, I would never forget you,
Please do come and save me before this house having five organs*,
Built on the foundation of two legs with two hands, perishes.

23

* Body, tongue, eyes, ears and nose.

** Temple town in Namakkal district

kinnam kuRiththu adiyean sevi nee anRu kEtkas sonna
kunnam kuRichchi veLi-yaakki vittadhu kO-du-kuzhal
sinnam kuRikka kuRing-chik kizhavar siRumi-thanai
munnam kuRich-chi-yil senRu kalyaaNam muyanRavanae

Oh God who married the daughter of the chieftain of the mountain,

In Mountainous area known as Vallimalai* , when horn , flute and drums were played,
You decided to remove my sorrow and secretly told in my ears ,
The secret that made me realize and this truth was made known to me in this small place
24

* Situated in North Arcot district near Walaja.

DhaNdaa-yudhamum thiri-soolamum vizhath thaakki unnaith
thiNdaada vetti vizha viduvEn senthil vElanakku
thoNdaagiya en avi-rOdha jnaana sudar vaal
kaN-dhaai adaa an-dhakaav vandhu paar saththru en kaikkku ettavE

Oh God of death , if you dare come near my arms,
See the sword of wisdom with me, who am a servant,
Of the Lord holding the Vel of Thiruchendur*,
And I would make you fall down after cutting you ,
With your weapons known as Dandayudha and trident.
*The only famous temple of Muruga in the sea shore.

25

neela sikaNdiyil yERum piraan en-dha nEraththilum
kOLak kuRaththi-yudan varuvaan guru-naathan sonna
seelaththai meLLa theLi-ndhu aRivaar siva yOgikaLae
kaalaththai venRu-iruppaar, marippaar veRum karmikaLE

Whenever I think of him at any time , the Lord Muruga.
Would come before me riding on a blue peacock,
Accompanied with the pretty tribal girl , Valli,
And the truth that he gives as advice to me as teacher ,
Would be clear to very learned yogis slowly and after thought,
And others would do meaningless acts and embrace death.

26

Oo-laiyum thoo-tharum kaNdu thiNdaadal ozhiththu enakku
kaalaiyum maalaiyum mun-niR-kumE ka-ndhavEL marung-gil
sElaiyum kattiya see-raa-vum kaiyil siva-ndha sech-chai
maalaiyum sEval padhaa-kaiyum thOgaiyum vaagaiyumEy

The Skanda wearing the yellow silk in his waist,
With small sharp sword, with red flowers ornamenting his hands,
With the flag with cock on it , with his peacock steed,
And with his Vel which denotes victory,
Would stand before me in the morning as well as evening.
And would remove the fear of the letter of death,
As well as the fear of the messengers of death from me

27

vEIE viLanggum kai-yaan seiya thaaLi-nil veezh-ndhu iRaing-chi
maale koLa ing-ngan kaaN-bathu-al-laal mana vaakku seya-laale
adaithaRku aridhaai aru-uvuruvaagi onRu

pOIE irukkum poruLai yev-vaaRu pugal-vadhuvE

Except for falling at the reddish feet of the God with Vel,
And beseeching him and falling totally in love with him,
It is not possible to praise Him , who is beyond the reach,
And beyond the state of having form and not having a form,
But is having the unified form, by our mind, words and action.

28

kadath-thil kuRaththi piraan aruLaal kalang-gaatha sith-tha
thidath-thil puNai-yena yaan kada-ndhaen chithra maathar alkul
padaththil kazhuththil pazhuth-tha sev-vaail paNai-yil un-dhi
thadaththil thanaththil kidakkum vem-kaama samudhthiramEy

I crossed the horrible sea of passion which is spread amply,
In the private parts resembling the open head of a cobra,
In the neck , in the lips which resemble the reddish fruits,
In the shoulders resembling bamboo, in the belly button,
And in the breasts of the very pretty prostitutes,
Due to the grace of the Lord of the tribal girl Valli,
Who lives in the slopes of the Valli Mountain,
Using the boat of the strong and very stable mind.

29

paal enbadhu mozhi panju-enbadhu padham paavaiyaR kaN
sEl enbadhu-aaga thiriginRa nee sen-dhilOn thirukkai
vEl en-kilai koththra mayooram en-kilai vetchi thaNdai
kaal en-kilai manamE eng-nganane muththi kaaNbadhuvE

Oh mind, you wander and spend your time in describing the ladies as,
Milk like words, soft cotton like feet and fish like eyes,
But not the Vel in the hands of Lord of Thiruchendur,
Nor his peacock steed with wholesome victory as its feathers,
Nor the red flowers that he holds nor his lotus like red feet,
Wearing anklets and how can you ever attain salvation?

30

pokkak-kudilil pugu-dhaa vagai puNdaree-kath-thinum
sekkas siva-ndha kazhal veedu thandhu-arul sin-dhu ven-dhu
sokku thaRi-pat-tu eRi-pat-tu udhiram kumu-kumu-ena
kakka giri uruva kathirvEl thot-ta kaavalanE

Oh Lord who was the guardian , who dried the entire bubbling ocean ,
And made the hiding Soorapadma in the form of a mango tree,
Make horrible and very loud sounds and loose his balance,
And who broke the tree in to two causing blood to gush out with sound,
And who also sent your Vel to break the Krouncha Mountain which was helping him,
And who thus saved the devas, please give me your feet more reddish than lotus,
So that I would not enter this body which is a lie and get sweet salvation.

31

kiLaith-thu puRap-pat-ta soor maarbudan giri Uu-duruva
thoLaith-thu puRap-pat-ta vEl ka-ndhanae thuRan-thOr uLath-thai
vaLaith-thu pidith-thu pathaik-ka pathaikka vadhaik-kum kaN-Naarku
iLaith-thu thavikkinRa ennai en-naaL van-dhu rat-chippaiyE

Oh Skanda, , who with his Vel bored the chest of Soorapadma,
Who waged a war along with his relatives and the mountain,
When will you ever save me who is wandering defeated,
From the pretty eyed prostitutes, who are trying to do,
Sinful acts by trying to catch the minds of sages who have left everything ? 32

mudi-yaap-piRavik-kadalil pukaar muzhu-dhum kedukkum
midiyaal padiyil vidhanap-padaar vetri vEl-perumaan
adiyaarkku nalla perumaaL avuNar kulam adangga
podiyaak-kiya perumaaL thiru-naamam pugala-bavarE

Those who with devotion sing and praise the name of the Lord of the victorious Vel,
Who does all that is only good to his devotees who bow at his feet,
And who completely destroyed the crowds of Asuras in the battle field,
Would not get in the clutches of the limitless sea of birth,
And also would not become sad affected by the disease of all soiling poverty. 33

pot-taa-ga veRpaip poru-dha kandhaa thappip pOnadhu on-RaRku
et-taadha jnaana kalai tharuvaai irung-kaama vidaaip
pat-taar uyi-raith thirugip parugip pasi thaNikkum
kat-taari vEl vizhiyaar valaik-kE manam kattuNdadhE

Oh God Skanda who fought with Krouncha mountain till you bored it,
My mind was tied in the net of the sight of the Prostitutes with long eye,
Which would steal the souls of those who are hit with the thirst of passion,
And which is like a spear and I request you please bless me with that divine knowledge,
Which cannot be reached by any one and not at all by me,
As I have completely lost my good conduct and character. 34

path-thith-thooRai-yil izhi-ndhu aana-ndha-vaari padi-vadha-naal
budhdhi tharanggama theLivadhu enRO ponggu vem-kurudhi
meth-thi kuthi koLLa vem-sooranai vitta suttiiyE
kuththi tharan-koNdu amaraavathi koNda kotRRa-vanE

Oh King who made a hole in the forehead of cruel Sura Padma ,
Which made him lose all his strength and also made,
Hot blood flow in the battle field and helped the devas,
To regain their town of Amaravathi from him,
When will I be able get down in the ghats of devotion,
And take bath in the sea of divine happiness and bliss,

And as a result my waves of wisdom clears my confused mind?

35

suzhith-O-dum aat-RRin perukku-aanadhu selvam thunbam inbam
kazhithu O-duginRadhu ek-kaalam nenj-sE karik-kO-ttu muththaik
kozhithu O-dum kaaviri senggOdan en-kilai kunRam ettum
kizhithu O-dum vEl en-kilai engganE muth-thi kittu-vadhE

Oh mind , the wealth like a fast river with lot of whirl pools,
Runs without any botheration of the joy and sorrows of life,
And when will you want to know the wisdom of equality of joy and sorrow?
You have not offered prayers to the God at Thiruchengode,
Near which runs Cauvery taking with it the gems loosened,
From the tusk of the very big black elephant and you also ,
Have not praised the Vel which broke open the eight mountains?
And when this is so, how can you ever get salvation?

36

kandu-uNda solli-yar melli-yar kaamak kalavik kaL-Lai
moNdu-uNdu ayar-kinum vEl maRavaen mudhu-kooLi thiraL
duN-duN du-du-du-du doo-doo du-du-du-du duNdu-duNdu
diN diN ena kotti aada vem-soor konRa raavuth-thanE

Even if I have amply drunk the alcohol of passionate love making,
Offered by the prostitutes who speak words sweeter than sugar candy,
And become tired and weak, I would not ever forget your Vel even for a second,
Oh soldier on the horseback who killed Soorapadma accompanied,
By old ghosts who dance with sounds made from their drums,
Such as Dun, Dun, Dudu Dudu, Dundu Dundu and Din , Din.

37

naaL en seyum vinai-thaan en seyum enai naadi van-dha
kOL en seyum kodum kootRRu en seyum kumarEsar iru
thaaLum silabum sadhang-gaiyum thaNdaiyum ShaNmukamum
thOLum kadambum enakku munnE van-dhu thOnRidinE

If God Kumara's two feet, the anklet worn by them, the belt of bells worn by them,
His six faces, his shoulders and his Kadamba garland appear before me, then,
What would inauspicious days do to me? What would my bad fate be able to do to me ?
What would the cruel God of death be able to do to me and what would,
The nine planets that search for me be able to do to me?

38

udhith-thu aang-gu uzhal-vadhum saa-vadhum theerth-thu enai unnil onRaa
vidhith-thu aaNdu aruL tharum kaalam uNdO veRpu nat-tu uraga
pathith-thaambu vaanggi ninRu am-baram pam-baram pattu uzhal
madhith-thaan thiru-marugaa mayil yERiya maaNikkamEy

Oh nephew of the God who churned the ocean of milk like a top ,
With the Mandara mountain, tying it with the great serpent Vasuki,

Oh precious gem riding on a peacock, would I get a time when,
I would get rid of birth, a life of illusion full of suffering and death,
And make me one with you and merge me with you and get your grace?

39

sEl-pat-tu azhin-dhadhu sen-dhoor vayal-pozhil thEan-kadambin
maal-pat-tu azhin-dhadhu poong-kodiyaar manam maa-mayilOn
vEl-pat-tu azhin-dhadhu vElai-yum soora-num veRpum avan
kaal-pat-tu azhin-dhadhu ing-gu en thalai mEl ayan kai-yezhuth-thE

The field filled orchards of Thiruchendur were destroyed by the Chel fishes in tanks,
The mind of tender creeper like maidens were destroyed because they wished for,
The honey dripping garlands of Kadamba flowers which were worn by the lord,
The sea, the Krouncha mountain and Soorapadma were destroyed by his Vel,
And the fate writings on my head were destroyed by the touch of the feet of the Lord. 40

paalE anaiya mozhiyaar-tham inbaththai pat-RRi-enRum
maale koNdu uyyum vagai aRiyEn malar-ththaaL arul-vaai
kaale miga uNdu kaale ilaadha kaNa-paNath-thin
mElE thuyil koLLu maalOn maruga sev-vElavanE

Oh Nephew of Lord Vishnu who sleeps on Adhishesha,
Who eats only air and does not have any legs whatsoever,
Oh God who holds the red Vel, I was in a perennial trance,
Dreaming on the sweet milk like pleasure given by ladies,
And did not any method of salvation and so please,
Give me your lotus like feet and also bless me.

41

niNam kaat-tum kot-tilai vitu oru veedu eidhi niRka niRkum
guNam kaat-ti aaNda guru-dhEsikan am-kuRa siRu-maan
paNam kaat-tum al-kurkku urugum kumaran padhaam-puyaththai
vaNang-gaa-thalai van-dhu idhu enggE enakku ing-ngan vaait-thadhuvE

How did I get to have a head which does not bow to feet of Skanda,
Who as a teacher took me in to his folds, blessed me,
With the perennial pleasure of salvation after leaving,
This house of mine built by only flesh and also bones,
And also of the one who melts in front of the snake like,
Private parts of Valli who was a daughter of a Kaurava tribe.?

42

kavi-yaal kadal adain-thOn marugO-nai kaNa-paNa-kaN
sevi-yaal paNi aNi kOmaan maganai thiRal arakkar
puvi-aarpa ezha-thot-ta pOrvEl muruganaip-pORRi anbaal
kuviaak karang-gaL van-dhu enggE enakku ing-ngan koodi-yavE

How did I get a hand which does not salute with love,
Him who was the nephew of the one who built a dam in the sea with monkey army,

And who is the son of Lord Shiva whose only ornaments are snake,
And who was the Muruga who destroyed the very strong asuras,
Who made such horrible noise that the world shouted in fear?

43

thOlaal suvar vaiththu naalaaRu kaalil sumath-thi iru
kaalaal ezhuppi vaLai-mudhuku Oot-ti kai naatRRi narampaal
Aark-kaiyittu thasai koNdu mEi-ndha agam pirin-dhaal
vElaal giri thoLaith-thOn iru thaaL-anRi vERu illaiyE

There is no other help available other than the feet of him ,
Who bore a hole in the mountain, when the soul moves away.
From the body made of walls made of skin, based on ten vayus*,
Which was made to stand on two legs , supported with the curved back,,
With two hands hanging on both sides , tied up with ropes called the nerves,
And which has been well covered with muscular flesh.

44

*Prana, Apana, samana, udhana ,vyana, naga ,koorma, kirakara, devadatha and
Dhananjaya.

oru boodharum aRiyaa thani-veettil urai uNarvu-atRRu
iru boodha veettil iraa-mal enRaan iru kOttu oru kaip
poru boodharam urith-thu yE-kaa-sam-itta puraa-ndha-kaRku
guru boodha vElavan nit-toora soora kula-andhakanE

The Muruga who was the teacher to the god with fully open hairs,
Who took the hide of the mountain like elephant with one trunk and two tusks,
And wore it as a dress for himself and also burnt the three cities,
The Muruga who has the holy Vel as weapon and was the god of death,
To the Soorapadma and clan of asuras told me not live in body with five bhuthas,
But asked me to live in a house which no man knows without words and senses.

45

nee-yaana jnaana vinO-dham thanai enRu nee aruL-vaai
sE-yaana vEl kandhanae sendhilaai chithra maadhar al-kul
thO-yaa urugip parugi perugi thuvaLum indha
maayaa vinO-dha manO dhukka-maanadhu maai-vadhaR-kE

Oh god who is a baby(red?) , who lives in the town of Thiruchendur,
When would you grant me the state of completely merging with you,
So that I get rid of the mental sorrow due to the play of illusion created by.
Drowning , melting , ebbing and twisting in the private parts of a pretty woman?

46

paththi-thirumugam-aaRudan panniru thOL-kaLumaai
thith-thithu-irukkum amudhu kaNdaen seyana-maaNdu-adangga
puththik-kamalaththu urugip-perugip buvanam ye-tRi
thaththi karai puraLum paramaa-nandha saagaraththE

When my actions became mute and died,

When my mind melted in the lotus like wisdom and ebbed,
And when that flood of waters pushed aside my desires,
In the great sea of divine wisdom , which was touching both shores,
I saw he well arranged six faces along with twelve shoulders,
Which was the divine nectar which was extremely sweet.

47

buththiyai vaanggi nin paadhaam-puyaththil pugatti anbaai
muththiyai vaangga aRikin-Rilaen mudhusoor nadungga
saththiyai vaangga tharamO kuvadu thavidu pada
kuththiya kaang-gEyanE vinai-yERku en kuRith-thanaiyE

Oh Son of Ganges, who pierced and powdered the Krouncha mountain.
I do not know any way , to control my mind and drive it to your lotus feet,
With love and get salvation granted to me and would you send your Vel at me,
Similar to the time when you send it and made Soorapadma greatly tremble,
And destroy my pride and lift up me, who was involved in sinful acts.

48

sooril giriyl kadhivEl yeRi-ndhavan thoNdar kuzhaam
saaril gathi-yanRi vERu-ilai kaaN thaNdu thaavadi pOi
thEriL kariyil pariyl tharibavar selvam ellaam
neeril poRi enRu aRiyaadha paavi nedu nenjamEy

Oh pitiable mind, which does not know that the wealth of great kings,
Roaming with their armies riding on Chariot, elephant, horse and on foot,
Would one day will vanish like the letters written on the water,
If you depend and salute the group of devotees of Muruga,
Who threw is shining Vel on the Krouncha mountain and Soorapadma,
You can get protection and definitely not through any other means.

49

padikkum thirup-pugazh pOtRRuvan kootRRuvan paasath-thinaal
pidikkum pozhudhu van-dhu anjal enbaai perum paambi-ninRu
nadikkum piraan marugaa kodum sooran nadungga veRpai
idikkum kalaaba thani mayil ERum iraavuth-thanE

Oh nephew of the great Vishnu, who danced on the head of the snake,
Oh hero, who rode on the peacock and,
Made Soora tremble by destroying the mountain,
I would praise and read the poem of your holy fame ,
Which is being read by the greatly learned ones ,
And so when god of death comes and drags me by his rope,
Appear before me and tell to me “Do not be afraid.”

50

malai-yaaRu kooRu-yezha vEl-vaangi-naanai vaNangi-ampil
nilaiyaana maa-thavam sei-kumin nummai thEdi-varun
tholaiyaa vazhikku pothi-sORum ut-trra thuNaiyun-kandeer
ilaiyaa-yinum venthatu yE-thaayinum pagir-inthu yEtrra-varkkeE

If you bow with devotion , the God who split the mountain in to six pieces,
And give at least leafy vegetables or anything cooked to those who beg,
Then for your long journey which is bound to come to you,
Packed food and company to look after you would be provided, see. 51

sika-raathri kooR-itta vElum sem sEvalum senthamizhaal
pakar-aar-vam ee paNi paasa sang-kraamam paNaa-makuta
nikaram at-samam pat-sa pat-chi thurangam nirupa kumaara
guha raat-chasa pat-sa vit-sOpa theera guNa thunganE

Oh God who rides on a peacock , which is capable,
Of taming a snake which is battle efficient and capable,
Oh Kumara, Oh Guha, Oh God who constantly hates Asuras.
Oh Shanmuga who broke the Krouncha mountain with peaks,
Please bless me with capability to sing about ,
Your Vel and flag with cock in the pure Tamil language. 52

vEt-ich-chi kongai virumpum kumaranai mei-angepinaal
paadi kasinthu-uLLa pOthE kooda-thavar paatha-kaththaal
thEdi puthaiththu thiruttill kotuththu thikaithu iLaiththu
vaadi kilE-siththu vaazh-naaLai veeNukku maaip-pavarE

Those who do not sing and melt with real love,
The Kumara who likes the breasts of Valli-the huntress,
And give wealth to those who beg, when they have it,
Would bury the wealth they earned through sinful means,
Or loose it to thieves and would get confused,
Would loose weight and would waste their life in sorrow. 53

saakaikkum meendu piRakkaikkum anRi thaLar-intha-varkum ondru
eekaiku enai vithith-thaai ilai-yE yilankaa-purikku
pOkaikku nee-vazhi kaat-tu-enRu pO-oik-kadal theek-koLuntha
vaagai silai vaLaith-thOn marugaa mayil vaahananE

Oh Nephew of Rama who ordered the sea to show way to Lanka,
And became angry when not shown the way and bent,
His bow with an intention of setting fire to the sea,
Oh God , who rides on a peacock, you made me,
To die and to be born again and not for giving,
Alms to those who are poor and downtrodden? 54

aan-gaa-ramum adang-kaar odung-kaar para-maananthath-thE
thEan-gaar ninaippum maRappum aRaar thinai pO-thaLavum
Onkaarathu uLL-oLl-kuLLE murugan uruvan-kandu
thoon-gaar thozhumpu-seiyaar en-seivaar yama thootharukkE

When the emissaries of God of death comes,
What will those who do not bury their egotism do,
What will those who do not control themselves do,
What will those who do not dwell in divine happiness do,
What will those who always dwell on thought and forgetfulness do,
What will those who do not for at least for a small time dwell and sleep,
In the glow of the sound of “Om” and see the lord there do,
And those who do not do service to Lord Muruga do? 55

kizhiyum-padi adal kunRu-yerin-thOn kavi kEttu-urugi
izhiyum kavi katri-daathu irrupeer yeri vaai naraga
kuzhiyum thuyarum vidaaip-pada kUtrruvan Uruku sellum
vazhiyum thuyarum paga-reer paga-reer maRantha-varkkE

Please enjoy the sweet poems on him who tore the mountain,
And do not learn the poems and spend your time,.
Tell this rule to those ignorant ones who forget,
The hell hole with raging fire , the pains that one has to undergo there,
And the thirst and the pain one has to suffer on the way to place of God of death. 56

poru-pidiyum kaLiRum viLai-yaadum puna siRu-maan
tharu-pidi kaavala shaNmuka vaa-vena saattri-niththam
iru-pidi sOru kondu-ittu undu iru vinaiyOm iRanthaal
oru-pidi saamparun kaaNaathu maaya udampu-ithuvE

Oh mind, please tell the name of Shanmuga , who is the Lord of Valli,
Who was born to a very small deer in the hill slopes,
Where the male elephants play with the female elephants,
And daily give at least one fist of rice to those who want it,
And then eat whatever rice is remaining because,
This body which is an illusion will not even be,
A fist of ash , when it is burnt after death. 57

net-trraa pasum kathir sevv-Enal kaakkinRa neela-vaLLi
mut-trraa thanath-thirku iniya piraan ikku mullai-yudan
pat-trraak-kaiyum vendhu sangraama vELum pada-vizhiyaal
Saet-trraarku iniyavan DhEvEndhra lOka sikaa-maNiyE

Oh God who is the greatest in the world of Devas,
Oh darling of him who burnt the God of love,
Who is an expert in war fare and waged ,
A war with the arrows made of flowers like jasmine,
Oh God who owns the breasts of the blue Valli ,
Who looks after the field of Thinai with immature pods. 58

pongu-aara vElaiyil vElai-vittOn-arul pOla-udhava
yengaa-yinum varum yER-pavarku ittadhu idaamal vaiththa
van-gaa-ramum ungaL singaara veedum madanthai-yarun
sangaatha-mO kedu-veer uyir pOm ath-thani vazhikke

Oh those of you who perish , If you help ,
Those who come and beg from you like,
The grace of Lord Muruga who sent his Vel,
At the roaring sound making ocean with gems,
Would come in search of you but would,
The gold saved without giving any alms,
The ornamental house of yours and your pretty wife,
Come as a help to you in the way after your death?

59

sinthik-kilEan ninRu SE-vikilEan thandai sit-rradiyai
vanthik-kilEan onRum vaazhththu-kilEan mayil vaahananai
santhik-kilEan poi-yai nindhik-kilEan uNmai saathi-kkilEan
pundhi kilEa-samun kaaya kilEa-samum pOkku-thaRke

For getting rid of worries of the mind and tiresomeness of body,
I did not think of Muruga, neither I did , stand and salute him,
I did not salute the soft feet wearing anklets . nor did I praise him,
I did not go and meet the God who rides on peacock,
I did not find fault with lying , nor support telling the truth.

60

varai at-tRru avuNar siram at-tRru vaaridhi vattra-settra
purai attra vElavan pOthith-thavaa panja-boothamum at-tRru
urai at-tRru unarvu at-tRru udal at-tRru upaayam at-tRru
karai at-tRru iruL at-tRru enadhu at-tRru irukum ak-kaatchi-yathEy

The holder of the Vel who destroyed the mountain with his Vel,
Who cut off the heads of the evil Asuras,
And who in his anger dried the entire sea,
Taught me all that is needed
For removing the ills which can be brought about by five bhuthas,
And for silencing voice, for deadening the senses,
And for removing the feeling of the body and its actions,
And for removing the sensibility of the soul, and removing all tricks,
And for removing the end and putting an end to ignorance,
And For removing the selfish feeling that everything is mine.

61

aalukku aNikalam vendalai maalai akilam-unda
maalukku aNikalam thaN-am thuzhaai mayil yERum aiyar
kaalukku aNikalam vaanOr mudiyun kadampum kai-yil
vElukku aNikalam vElaiyum sooranum mEruvumEy

The ornament for Lord Shiva sitting under the stone Banyan tree,
Is the white bone garland made with the skulls,
The ornament for Lord Vishnu , who swallowed the earth,
Is the pleasantly scented garland made of Thulasi leaves,
The ornament for the feet of the lord who rides the peacock,
Are the heads of the bowing devas and the garland of Kadamba flowers,
And the ornament for the Vel is its state of destruction of sea, Soorapadma and Meru. 62

paadhi thiru-uvuru pachchai enRavarkku than paavanai-yai
pOthiththa naadhanai pOr vElanai chenRu pO-ttrri-yuyya
sOthiththa mei-anbu poi-yO azhuthu thozhuthu urugi
saathitha puththi vanthu yengE yenakku inggan santhith-thathEy

Will the tested devotion for reaching and completely attaining,
The Lord who taught the Lord who shared his body with the goddess,
And God who fought battles with his Vel, prove to be false,
And how did I get the wisdom which I got by crying and praising him? 63

pat-ti kadaavil varum anthakaa unai paar aRiya
vet-ti puRan kandu alaadhu vidEan vei-ya sooranai po-Oi
mut-ti porutha sev-vEL perumaan thiru munbu ninRaEn
kat-ti puRappadu adaa saththi vaaL enRan kaiyathuvE

Oh Lord of death who rides on the buffalo with its evil thoughts,
I would cut you and drive you away showing your back in front of the world,
For I am standing before the lord with red Vel who killed Soorapadma,
Go away with your arms for I am having the sword of wisdom in my hand. 64

vet-tum kadaa misai thOnRum vem-kootrran vidun kayittraal
kat-tum pozhuthu vidu-vikka vEandum karaa-salangaL
ettum kula-kiri yettum vit-tu Oo-ta et-taatha veLi
mattum puthaiya virikkum kalaaba mayoo-raththanE

Oh God who rides on the peacock, whose dance with its feathers,
Touching up to the sky and which is much beyond our sight,
Makes the eight mountain like elephants and eight mountains move,
Please do come when the god of death riding on the Buffalo,
Which can cut you tries to bind me with his rope. 65

neerk-kumizhikku nigar enpar yaakkai nil-laathu selvam
paarkkum idathu antha min pOlum enpar pasiththu vandhE
yE-Rkum avarkku ida enn timer eng-kEanum yezhunthu-iruppar
vEl-kumaranidam anbu-ilaathavar jnaana migavu-nanRE

They say that this body is similar to the bubbles in water,
And when we study well we see wealth is like the streak of lightning,

And so we say that those who may away when some one with hunger,
Approaches and asks for alms are those who are not having devotion.
Towards Lord Kumara with his Vel, and their wisdom , indeed is great!

66

peRuthaRku aRIya piRaviyai pet-trru nin sitr-radiyai
kuRugi paNinthu peRa katRRiIEan matha kumbam kampam
thaRu-kaN siRu-kaN sangraama sayilam sarasa-valli
iRuga thazhuvum kada-kaa-sala panniru puyanE

Oh God with mountain like twelve arms ornamented with armlets,
Who gets joy in tightly embracing the very pretty Devayanai,
Who has dear to Iravatha who has fluid of exhuberation,
Pillar like legs, pot like forehead, movement, fearlessness and warring instincts,
Even though I have been born as a man, which is difficult to obtain,
I have not learnt method of getting salvation by meditating and saluting your feet. 67

saadum samara thani-vEl murugan saraNath-thilae
Oo-dum karuth-thai iruththa vallaarkku ugam pO-oi sakam pO-oi
paadum kavuri pavuri kondaada pasupathi nindru
aadum pozhuthu paramaai irukkum athee-thaththiE

Those who are able to concentrate their thoughts on the feet of Muruga,
Whose Vel is ever ready for battle and which kills the floating thoughts,
Would loose sense of timing and the sense of attraction to this world,
And would immerse themselves in divine thought of the dance of Shiva,
With goddess Parvathi keeping the tune and singing herself. 68

thanthaikku mun-nam thani-jnaana vaaL onRu saathithu aruL
kandha swaami yenai thEtRRiya pinnar kaalan vembi
vandhu ip-pozhuthu en-na seiya-laam saththi vaaL onRinaal
sintha thuNip-pan thaNip-parun kOpa ith-ri soolath-thaiyE

After the God Skanda , who educated his father with the sword of wisdom ,
And educated and encouraged me, what can the angry God of death do to me,
For if he comes angrily at me, using only the sword of strength of wisdom,
I would cut his anger , which is like a trident very easily. 69

vizhikkuth-thuNai thiru-men-malarp-paathangaL meimmai-kunRaa
mozhikkuth-thuNai murugaa-enum naamangaL munbu seitha
pazhikkuth-thuNai avan panniru thOLum bayantha thani
vazhikkuth-thuNai vadi-vElum sengOdan mayoo-ramumEy

Help for my eyes are his holy tender feet,
Help for my true words are his names “Muruga, Muruga”,
Help for the sins that I earlier committed are his twelve shoulders,
And help for my fearsome lonely way are ,

His Vel and the peacock of the Lord of Thiruchengode.

70

thuruththi yenum-padi kumbiththu vaayuvai sutrri-muRithu
aruththi udampai oRukkil en-naam siva yOkam ennum
kuruththai aRinthu mugam-aaRu-udai-guru-naathan sonna
karuththai manath-thil iruthungaL kaNdeer muththi kai-kanda-thEy

Oh Yogis what have you achieved by drawing breath inside,
Like bellows and not allow it to go outside and also,
By living a sad life without any desires whatsoever?
Understanding the soft germination like Shiva Yoga,
By using your wisdom, and keeping the teachings ,
Of the teacher who has six faces and by serving him,
Without any doubt you would get salvation.

71

sEnthanai kandhanai sengOttu veRpanai sen-sudar-vEl
vEnthanai sen-thamizh-nool-virith-thOnai viLangu-vaLLi
kaanthanai kantha-kadambanai kaar-mayil vaahananai
saan-thuNaip pO-thum maRavaatha-varkku oru thaazhu-illaiyE

For those who think of Lord Skanda,
Who has a red coloured body,
Who is in the mountain of Thiruchengode,
Who is the kin having shining red Vel,
Who gave interpretation to pure Tamil books,
Who is the consort of the pretty Valli,
Who wears the Kadamba garland with sweet smell,
And who is the one who rides on a peacock,
Till their death, there would be no problems.

72

pOk-kum varavum iravum pagalum puRam-pum uLLum
vaak-kum vadi-vum mudivum illaatha onRu vanthu-vanthu
thaakkum manOlayam thanE tharum enai-than-vasaththae
aak-kum aRumugavaa sol-lo-Naadhu intha aanandha-mEy

Oh God with six faces, frequently I am dashed at like waves,
By a thing, which does not have either birth or death,
Which does not have either night or day,
Which does not have either inside or outside,
Which does not have speech, form and end,
And that gives me one concentrated mind,
Destroys the feeling of me and mine,
And makes me as a part of itself and the happiness,
Of this state has to be only experienced not described.

73

araap-punai vENiyan sEi-arul vEndum avizhintha anbaal

kuraap-punai thandaiyan thaaL thozha vEndun kodiya aivar
paraakku aRa vEndum manamum pathaippu-aRal vEndum-enRaal
raap-pagal at-trra idath-thae irukkai yeLidhu allavE

I need the grace of the baby of Him who wears a snake in his hair,
I need to salute with love the feet adorned with anklets and kura flowers,
With the imbibed feeling of myself, mine and the great pride,
And also I should be able remove the attraction of five senses,
And also not get worried, and all this cannot be achieved,
Unless we are in a state where night and day are not there.

74

padikkin-Rillai pazhanith thiru naamam padippavar-thaaL
mudikkin-Rillai murugaa en-kilai musi-yaamal ittu
midikkin-Rillai para-maanantham mER-koLa vimmi-vimmi
nadikkin-Rillai nenja-mey than-jam yEthu namakku-iniyE

Oh mind, you do not repeat the name of the holy town Pazhani.
You do not take the feet on your head of those who do like that,
You do not chant the name of Muruga,
You do not with give alms to the poor with a mind that does not get bored,,
And you do not dance with glee at the eternal and divine joy,
And where can there be protection, for me and you?

75

kO-daatha vEdhanukku yaan seitha kut-tram yen kunRu-erantha
thaa-daaLane then thaNigaik kumara-nin thandai-am-thaaL
soodaatha sennyum naadaatha-kaNNun thozhaa-tha-kaiyum
paadaatha-naavum enakkae therinthu padaith-thana-nE

Oh great valorous Hero, who destroyed the mountain,
Oh Lord Kumara who lives in the pretty Thiruthani,
What harm have I done to Brahma who never falters in justice?
Why did he create me with the head that does not bow at your pretty feet?
Why did create me with eyes that do not see you, hands that do not salute you,
And with tongue that does not sing you, knowingly?

76

sEl-vaangu kaNNiyar vaNNa payOtharam sEra-eNNi
maal-vaangi yEngi mayang-gaamal veLLi malai yenavE
kaal-vaangi niRkum kaLittraan kizhath-thi kazhuth-thil-kattu
nool-vaangidaathu anRu vEl-vaangi poon-kazhal nOkku nenjE

Oh mind, without an intention of caressing the breast
Of pretty maidens with fish like eyes,
And without being enchanted with passion,
Desire the pretty and holy feet of Lord Muruga,
Who helped to preserve the mangalya of Indra's wife,
Who is the master of Iravatha who has mountain like legs,

By sending the Vel to kill the asuras.

77

koor-konda vElanai pOtrraamal yEt-rram-kondu-aduveer-kaaL
pore-konda kaalan umaik-kondu pOm-anRu pooN-panavun
thaar-konda maa-dharum maaLigai-yum paNa-saaLikaiyum
aar-kondu pOvarai aiyo keduveer num aRivinmaiye

Oh men who do not praise Lord Muruga with the sharp Vel,
And spend all your time dancing and praising yourselves,
When the war veteran Yama the God of death comes to take away your soul,
Would the dresses, jewels, wife who decorates herself with flowers,
And bags of money be taken along with you ?
Alas, you are destroying yourselves, what to do?

78

pandhu-adum mangaiyar sem-kayal paarvaiyil pat-tu-uzhalum
sintha-aakulam thanaith theerththu aruL-vaai seiya vEl-murugaa
konthaar kadampu pudai-soozh thiruth-thaNi kunRil-nirkum
kandhaa iLang-kumaraa amaraavathi kaavalanE

Oh Muruga with a red Vel, Oh Kandha of hill of Thiruthani,
Which is full of Kadamba trees , with large flower bunches,
Oh young Kumara, Oh king guardian of Amaravathi, city of devas,
Please cure my mental confusion , because of my being caught,
In the fish like eyes of maidens playing ball, and shower your grace.

79

maakaththai mut-ti varun nedun koottravan-vanthaal en-munneE
thOgaip puraviyil thOnri nir-paai suththa niththa muththith
thyaaga poruppai ith-thripuran antha-ganai ith-thri-yampakanai
paagaththil vaikkum parama kalyaaNi than baalakanE

Oh son of the divine Parvathi who does only good and who keeps on her right,
Lord Shiva , who blesses pure and perennial salvation to his devotees,
Who burnt the three cities and who has three eyes,
When the God of death with a form touching the sky comes,
Please come in your brightly winged peacock and save me.

80

thaa-raa kaNam-enun thaai-maar aRuvar tharum-mulaip-paal
aaraathu-umai-mulaip-paal-unda baalan araiyil kat-tum
seeraavum kaiyil siRu-vaaLum vElum-en sinthai-yavae
vaaraathu akal-anthakaa vantha pOthu-uyir vaanguvanE

Oh God of death, since my mind is perennially full of the thought of Muruga,
Who not getting satiated by drinking milk from the six mothers of the group of stars,
Also drank the milk of Goddess Parvathi , to get satiated,
And his long sword worn on his hips, small sword held in his hands,
And the Vel , please do not come near me and go away,

And if you come I would even take your soul away.

81

thagat-til sivantha kadampaiyum nenjaiyum thaaL-iNaikkE
pugattip paNiyap paNithu-arulaai-punda-ree-kan anda
mugattaip piLanthu vaLarnthu-indhra lOgaththai mut-ta-etti
pagat-til poruthitta nit-toora soora bayanganE

After breaking open the sky of the land of Brahma who sits on his lotus,
After catching hold of the world of Indra , you who fought like a he elephant,
And were extremely fearsome to Soorapadma who was ruling it like a tyrant,
Please order the red flowered Kadamba flowers and my mind to suit your holy feet.

82

thEn-giya andath-thu imaiyOr siRai-vida sittradikke
poong-kazhal kattum perumaan kalaaba puravi-misai
thaangi natap-pa muRinthathu sooran thaLan-thanivEl
vaangi anup-pidak kunRangaL ettum vaLi-vittavE

For Saving the confused devas , from their imprisonment,
The Muruga who was wearing victorious rings on his tender feet,
Rode on his peacock with very pretty feathers and destroyed Soorapadma,
And using his Vel with its matchless glitter broke the eight hills .How do I describe it? 83

mai-varun kandath-thar maintha-kandhaa-enRu vaazhththum intha
kai-varun thondu anRi mat-trru ariyEn kattru kalviyum pO-oi
paivarum kELum pathiyum kathaRap pazhagi niRkum
aivarum kai-vittu mei-vidum pOthu-un-adaikkalamEy

I do not know any other service to you other than ,
Singing, “Long live Kanda, the son of the God with black neck,”.
When I forget all that I have learnt and when the relations,
And people of my city cry loudly and when the five senses,
Which have been with me for long have deserted me,
For me no one would give me succour than you.

84

kaattil kuRaththi piraan pathath-thEy karuththaip-pugattin
veettil puguthal miga-yeLi-thEy vizhi naasi vaiththu
mootti kapaala moolaa-dhaaram nEr anda moochai-yuLLE
Oo-ttip pidiththu-engum Oo-daamal saathikkum yOgikaLE

Oh great yogis who practice and perfect the action,
Where their eye sight concentrated on the tip of their nose,
Where the air they breath tries to reach the Mooladhara,
Where they breath slow and mind is kept under strict leash,
Better than that would be would be sending your mind,
Towards the feet of the Lord, who is consort of the forest Kurathi girl.

85

vElaayuthan sangu sakraayuthan virinj-san aRiyaa
soola-ayuthan thantha kandha swaami sudark-kudumik
kaal aayuthak kodi-yOn aruLaaya kavasam undu-en
paal aayutham varumO yamanOdu pagaik-kinumEy

I am wearing the armour of the total divine grace of,
The God named Kandaswami who is the son of Lord Shiva,
Whose trident is not visible to Vishnu with conch and wheel as weapons,
As well as to Lord Brahma and who holds the Vel as a weapon,
Who has hair on his head resembling a burning ball of fire,
And who has in his flag a cock whose only weapon is his leg,
And so even if I become the enemy of God of death,
Would his weapons become effective against me?

86

kumaraa saraNam saraNam enRu andar kuzhaam thu-thik-kum
amaraa-vathiyil perumaan thirumugam aaRum kanda
thama-raagi vaigum thaniyaana jnaana thapO-thanarkku ingu
ema-raasan vitta kadai yedu vanthu-ini yen-seiyumEy

To those peerless sages, who live as his people ,
And ho salute the six faces which are dripping with mercy,
In the town of Amaravathi, where the devas,
Sing , “Oh Good Kumara, we submit to you”,
What will the last letter of the God of death,
Informing their death, now do to them.

87

vaNangith-thuthikka aRiyaa manitharudan iNangik
Gunam-ketta thut-tanai yeedu-Etrruvaai kodiyum-kazhugum
piNangath thu-Nan-gai alagai kondaadap pisithar tham-vaai
niNan-kakka vikrama vElaa-yutham thot-ta nirmalanE

Oh holy one who by sending his Vel, made crows and hawks fight,
Who made the ghosts dance in the battle field among the corpses,
And who made blood to gush out of the mouths of bad Asuras,
When would give salvation to this debased human being,
Who mixed with men who did not think of you with love,
And who did not utter your holy names with devotion?

88

pangE-rugan enaip pat-tO-laiyil idap pandu-thaLai
than-kaalil-it-tathu-aRinthila-nO thani vEl-eduththu
pOngu Oo-dham vaai-vida pon-nam silambu pulamba-varum
eng-kOn aRiyin ini naan-muganukku iru-vilangE

How dare the God who sits on the lotus include me,, a devotee of Muruga,
In the book of fate among the list of people to be born again?

Does he not remember the time when his legs were chained by Kanda?
Had this be known to my lord who used his Vel ,
To make the ocean ebbing with tides shout in sorrow,
And also to make the golden coloured Krouncha mountain weep,
He would then definitely chain Lord Brahma for the second time.

89

maalOn maruganai man-Raadi mainthanai vaana-varkku
mElaana thEvanai mei-jnaana thei-vaththai mEy-thiniyil
sElaar vayal-pozhil sengodanai senRu kandu-thozha
naalaayiram-kaN padaiththila-nE antha naan-muganE

Alas the four headed Brahma did not give me four thousand eyes,
For seeing the nephew of Lord Vishnu and the son of Lord who dances,
For seeing the great God of devas and the God of real divine wisdom,
And the Velava of Thiruchengode , which is full of farms with chel fishes and gardens.
90

karu-maan maruganai sem-maan magaLai kaLavu-kondu
varum-maa kulavanai sEval-kaik kOLanai vaanam-uuya
porum maa-vinai set-trra pOr-vElanaik kannip pooga-mudan
tharu-maa maruvu seng-gOtanai vaazhththukai saala-nanRE

It is a very good and pleasant act to praise
And pray the nephew of the black Vishnu,
Who is the leader of hunters who married
The daughter of the red deer in a non ritual manner,
Who holds the flag with the cock in his hands,
Who is the one who saved the devas,
By Killing Soorapadma who took the form of a mango tree
Who armed himself with Vel , which is suitable for war,
,And who is the Velava of Thiruchengode
With lots of young betel nut and mango trees.

91

thondar-kaNdu andi moNdu undu irukkum suththa jnaanam-enum
thandai-am pundari-gam tharuvaai sanda thandam vem-soor
mandalam kondu paNdu andar andam kondu mandi-minda
kandu-uruNdu andar viNdu Oo-daamal vEl-thotta kaavalanE

Oh God ,who is the saviour who used his Vel,
And stopped and saved the devas ,
From Soorapadma who had with him,
All anger , Dandayudha and cruelty,
And conquered the earth as well as heaven,
Making the devas fall and roll with fear ,
Please give me your lotus like feet with anklets,
With the honey of real wisdom dripping from it

Which is neared , smelt and by your devotees.

92

maN-kamazhum undhi thirumaal valampuri Oo-sai antha
viN-kamazh sOlaiyum vaavi-yum kEttathu vEl-eduththu
thiN-giri sintha viLai-yaadum piLLaith thiru-araiyil
kiN-kiNi Oo-sai pathi-naalu ula-gamum kEttathuvE

While the sound of the right spheroid conch of lord Vishnu
With the scent of the soil and Who created Lord Brahma from his belly,
Was heard in all scented gardens and ponds in the heaven,
The jingling sound made by the bells tied to the pretty waist,
Of the young Kumara who powdered strong mountains with his Vel,
Was heard in all the corners the fourteen different worlds.

93

theLLiya yE-nalil kiLLaiyai kaLLas siRumi yenum
vaLLiyai vEttavan thaaL vEt-tilai siRu vaLLai-thaLLi
thuLLiya kendaiyai thondaiyai thOdhaka sollai-nalla
veLLiya niththala vith-thaara mooralai vEtta-nenjE

Oh mind which is attracted by the eyes of pretty ladies,
Resembling the fish which jumps moving the tender plants in the pond,
Which is attracted by the lips of ladies which resemble the red guava,
Which is attracted by untrue and deceitful words of women,
And which is attracted by their smile and pretty pearl like teeth,
Why are you not attracted by the pretty feet of Lord Muruga,
Who was attracted by Valli who was guarding the fields of corn,
And who was a mind stealer and had very pretty speech.

94

yaan-thaan-enum-sol irandum ket-taal anRi yaavarukkum
thOnRaathu saththiyam thollai peru-nilam soo-karamaai
keen-Raan marugan murugan krubaakaran kELviyinaal
saanRu-aarum attra thani veLikaE vanthu santhip-pathE

The truth will not be known to any one in this world,
Unless they loose the feeling of “I, and “me” from themselves,
And Oh Lord Muruga, who is the nephew of God Vishnu,
Who dug this earth by taking the form of a boar to see Shiva’s feet,
Oh Lord Muruga who himself is the doer of mercy,
The proof of hearing your teachings is meeting you,
In the incomparable and broad area where no one is there.

95

thadam-kot-trram vEL-mayilE idar theera thani-vidil-nee
vadakkil girikku ap-puRaththu-nin thOgaiyil vat-tam-ittu
kadaR-ku ap-puRaththum kadhirkku ap-puRaththum kanaka-sakra
thidarkku ap-puRaththum thisaik-ku ap-puRaththum thirikuvaiyE

Oh famous and victorious peacock belonging to Lord Muruga,
If you are permitted to redress the sorrows of the world alone,
You would open your wings in a circular fashion and ,
Go beyond the great Meru mountain in the far north,
Go beyond all the oceans as well as beyond sun light,
And also beyond the eight directions and save the souls.

96

sElil thikazh vayal sen-gOdai veRpan sezhum kalapi
aaliththu ananthan paNaa-mudi thaakka athirnthu-athirnthu
kaalil kidappana maaNikka raasiyum kaasiniyai
paalikkum maayanum sakraa-yudhamum paNilamumEy

When the exuberant peacock of lord of Thiruchengode,
Which is surrounded by fiends where Chel fishes play,
Shouted and hit against the head of Adhishesha,
That great snake trembled and beneath the legs of the peacock,
Were lots of Manikhya gems, the Lord Vishnu ,
Who looks after the world and his holy wheel and conch.

97

kathi-thanai onRai-yum kaaN-kinRi-IEen kandha vEl-murugaa
nathi-thanai anna-poi vaazhvil anbaai naram-paal pothintha
pothi-thanai-yum kondu thindaatu-maaRu enai pOdhavitta
vidhi-thanai nondhu-nondhu ingE yenRan manam vEkinRathEy

Oh Kanda , Oh Muruga with the Vel, I do not foresee,
Any method for attaining salvation , from in this temporary life,
As I got attracted and was carrying the body of mine,
Which is but a packet tied by the bones and suffered,
And my mind is burning now with the pain due to sorrow,
Because of the fate which made me to be born in this world.

98

kaavik kamalak kazhaludan sErththu enaik kaa-ththu-arulaai
thaavik kula-mayil vaahananE thuNai yEthum-indri
thaavip padarak kozhu-kombu ilaatha thanik-kodi-pOI
paavith thani-manan thaLLaadi vaadip pathaik-kinRathEy

Oh Lord who rides on the peacock with great feathers,
Without any company my mind , which is like,
The climber which does not have and branches to climb,
Is tottering , wilting and undergoing lot of suffering,
And so merge me by merging me with your feet,
Which are like the red lotus and save me.

99

edu-thalai sat-trrum karu-thEnaip pO-tham ilEnai-anbaal
keduthal ilaath-thoNdaril koottiya-vaa kiraunja veRpai
adu-thalai saathiththa vEION piRavi aRa ich-siRai

viduthalai patta-dhu vittadhu paasa vinai-vilangE

The God of the Vel who completed the destruction,
Of the Krouncha mountain, in a manner which is strange,
Put me , who never thought of giving anything to the needy,
In the company of those of his devotees , who were very pure,
And because of that this body got freedom from the sorrow of birth,
And the rope of attachment which tied my body was also cut.

100

The use of this book

salam-kaaNum vEndhar thamakkum anjaar yaman sandaikku-anjaar
thulangaa-naragak-kuzhi aNugaar thutta-nOi-aNugaar
kalangaar pulikkum karadikkum yaanaikkum kandhan-nan-nool
alankaara noot-trruL oru-kavi thaan katru-aRinthavarE

He who reads and understands, at least one stanza out of hundred
From the good book on Kanda called Kandar Alankaram,
Would not be afraid of angry kings nor the fight with God of death,
Would not be afraid of the horrible hell hole nor to bad diseases,
Would not be afraid of tigers nor bears nor elephants.

Note: Some versions carry seven more stanzas but these do not belong to Kandhar Alankaram as the poet himself has told about one hundred stanzas of the book.