ENGLISH RENDERINGS

OF

THIRU ARUTPA

(Selected Verses)

BY

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PUBLISHERS:
NACHIMUTHU INDUSTRIAL ASSOCIATION
POLLACHI, MADRAS STATE.

SPONSORED BY:
ARUL JOTHI RAMALINGA MISSION,
MADRAS (1966)

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Publisher’s Note

These English renderings are by Sri. A. Balakrishna Pillai whose life mission had been to get himself immersed in the limitless verses of Arutpa. He had edited and brought out already the available songs and prose writings in twelve volumes. The renderings have been done by him without losing the content, spirit or the mellifluous lucidity of the original.

It is hoped that this book would appeal to the intellect of the English knowing people of the world as well as those of the other States in this country as it would introduce them to the treasures of the thoughts of this great Saint of Tamil Nadu. Incidentally those of us, who revive our interests and delve deeper into the other verses in the original.

This book might also serve to make known more widely and still more intensively that Saint Ramalinga was a divine soul who poured his yearnings into thousands of poetic songs of celestial love.

The publishers wish to express their heartfelt thanks to Hon. Sri. M. Bhaktavatsalam, Chief Minister, Madras for having released the book on the memorable occasion of the Centenary Celebrations of Samarasa Sanmarga Satya Sangam.

We wish to convey our thanks to Mrs. Ananda Devi, daughter of Sri A. Balakrishna Pillai who preserved and gave the manuscript for publications.

We are grateful to Sri V.M. Ghatikachalam, Secretary, Arul Jothi Ramalinga Mission, who did all the preliminary work in bringing out this book.

Madras
25th March, 1966

N. Mahalingam
Director
Nachimuthu Industrial Association
And President
ARUL JOTHI RAMALINGA MISSION
Arul Jothi Ramalingam
A Short Sketch on his life and Teachings
By Sri. N. GIRIDHARI PRASAD B.A., B.L., P.P.(D.I.P.)

The Nineteenth Century was a remarkable period in the history of our country in that it produced some of the greatest figures who moulded and shaped the destiny of the country. In this century was born Chidambaram Ramalinga Swamigal, popularly known as “Arutpragasa Vallalar”. He was a spiritual giant and he spoke in a language intelligible to the most common man. It was a period when the British power was in its full zenith and inferiority complex had come to stay in the Indian way of living. Great masters arose in the North simultaneously to check this tendency and to guide Indians in the natural path. Bhagwan Ramakrishna and his worthy disciple Swamy Vivekananda were followed by the Father of the Indian Nation, Mahatma Gandhi and there was a remarkable upheaval both in the spiritual and the political fields. The great Aurobindo Ghosh migrated from the North to the South and the great Indian poet, Rabindranath Tagore had flooded the country with patriotic songs couched in a touching language urging Indians to certain ways of action. In such a period entered the great MAHATHMA Ramalinga Swamigal as the pre-cursor of the coming age.

He was of a jumble origin born in the year 1823, on the fifth October to devout parents in the spiritual soil of South Arcot. Surcharged with the grace of Nataraja at Chidambaram, he grew into promising adolescence singing songs of scintillating devotion to Nataraja and Muruga thus prompting devotees travelling in the traditional path to realms of ecstasy.

He was unlettered. His brother Sabapathy Pillai appealed to him to learn the worldly lessons from a neighbouring master, but our great child pleaded inability and declined to assimilate the bread-winning education.

His brother Sabapathy Pillai was a bit excited at the attitude of his brother and chided him not to enter the house until he took to the three ‘R’s’ and instructed his wife not to admit Ramalingam until he mended his ways. Ramalingam was a child of less than nine years and he was wandering in the streets of Madras when his devoted sister-in-law took compassion on this Divine Child and stealthily fed him at odd hours when her husband was absent from the house. On one of these days fell the annual death anniversary of his father. Ramalingam as usual entered
the house through the back-door and was taking the food separately preserved for him. Sabapathy Pillai’s wife, a very compassionate and good natured lady, was touched and moved at the pitiable plight of Vallalar and with tears in her eyes pleaded to him with all affection and motherly love to take up to studies of the three ‘R’s’. Our child saint was moved by the pleadings of this great lady and promised to learn the lessons of wisdom, not through a human medium but through the grace of Lord Muruga, the presiding deity of Thanikachalam at Thiruttani. At his request a separate room was provided, a full size mirror was installed in front a lighted Kuthu-vilakku. Our boy-saint sat in front of the mirror and the light and got inspiration from the Lord of Thanikachalam and sang the first song on the glory of Lord Muruga.

Vallalar had a mortal existence of over fifty years and shuffled his physical coil in the year of grace, 1874 on 30th January. During the short span of fifty years he had left a legacy, remarkable legacy, of Indian thought to echo forever. He had founded the Samarasam Sudha Sanmarga Sathya Sangam is the Association of elevated souls who have deliberately vouched to a definite way of living. It is here that the ideas of Vallalar are propagated and his universal message made to reach the different corners of the globe. Vallalar was not satisfied with merely preaching dry philosophy. To a starving and suffering man God comes in the form of food and service. He said that no philosophy and no religion should be preached to the starving and suffering millions. He, therefore, wanted to give a practical shape to his philosophical and spiritual ideas. He founded the Dharmasalai where the fire lit in the year of 1867 on 22nd May is still burning with greater glow.

Any hungry man is treated to food with great affection and the message of Vallalar to practice ‘Jeevakarunya’, is given a practical shape. The dharmalsala is for the satisfaction of the physical needs but the Sathya Gnanasabai is for the fulfillment of the spiritual needs, Constructed in a vast expanse of 80 acres of land in an octagonal shaped structure, this temple of universal love does not possess an idol but is covered by seven ‘Thirasis’ (Screens) otherwise known as layers of ignorance. The human soul now on its march in search of God-head, must discriminately and devotedly transcend the inhibiting ‘Mayas’ and eventually enter the portals of surpassing bliss of Ananda in direct communion. Here, there is no worship of a personal God and all distinctions of high and low, the lettered and the unlettered, the rich and the poor, are obliterated and all
are in the divine presence of one unseen power in transcendental effulgence (after the seven layers of ignorance are removed). Thus Vallalar has given us three great Institutions for our emancipation in the social, the physical and the spiritual fields.

Now, let us just parenthetically skip over his great teachings. Vallalar believed in universal brother-hood, Divinity of man and the Unity of God-head. He felt very strongly that the religions as they existed in the 19th Century studded and super-imposed by unhealthy superstitions and meaningless ritualism were more to the detriment of man than to homogeneous living. He felt that if religion divided man and man, promoted ill-feeling, resulting in murders and massacres which we had witnessed in recent past, it is better to do away with religions and establish a society untainted by the corrupting influence of Pseudo-religions.

His great writings both in prose and poetry are now available in convenient volumes and contain about 7,000 poems divided into six "Thirumurai's" by his very worthy disciple, the late Thozhuvur Velayutha Mudaliar. The first five-"Thirumurai's" were published in his life time and contain poems in edification of the different deities of the Hindu pantheon. His poems couched in ten simplest of language have appealed to the common man in South India and even today they are sung in all the villages of South-India with deep reverence. In the earlier "Thirumurais" he has often followed the devotional path of the four 'Saiva Kuravas' but this did not fully please him. He had grown into vast spiritual dimensions and had now transcended the frontiers of every religion and entered into the presence of the one Universal Power. There is a marked and striking contrast between his writings upto the fifth "Thirumurai" and his sixth Thirumurai is preeminently esoteric for the select few in search of the Supreme. The very language differs. Thoughts soar very high and often he speaks in the first person with authority. He feels and says that he had new been commissioned by the great Lord Nataraja to spread the message of Samarasa Sudha Sanmargam. He feels that a man is not born merely to perish, die and dis-integrate and that immortality and deathlessness are his birth-rights.

His message will live till eternity and posterity will record him as the moulder of human history and destiny. May the light of Ramalingam guide us all to fraternal love and disinterested service!
A Short Life Sketch
of
Sri. A. Balakrishnan, B.A., M.L.,

"Life is Earnest—Life is Real—Death is not its End or Goal"

These words sum up the ideal that has permeated and perfumed
the mind of Sri. A. Balakrishnan, B.A., M.L., whose life sketch I have been
asked to write. Most of us get away from this world without realising
what we are intended for. We often think that by making a little money,
we have lived our life. Most of us are deaf to the call of the divine within
us. We fail to act from a higher plane and let life fritter away without a
meaning. Far, far different from this common run had been the life of
Sri. A. Balakrishnan. He had seen vivissitudes, chances and changes in life
as any other had done. But these had never disturbed his equanimity nor
interfered with his sense of dedication to the cause of Arutpa, which had
been his life long passion. His ardour for that life-mission of his was so
abundant, so spontaneous, so daring and so full of surprise that in spite of
his failing health, he could work at it till 12.30 p.m. on that fateful day
when his soul fled its mortal remains to find its much-needed rest at the
feet of the Lord!

Born on 19-10-1890 in the little hamlet of Sellampattu about 14
miles from Kallakuruchi in the South Arcot District of the Madras State,
he lost his father when he was yet a babe. His house had been the
frequent resort of several Sadhus, notable amongst them being
Arappakotai Swamigal, and true to the family tradition, his mother
Srimathi Chinnammal possessed in her abundant patience, goodwill, and
love for this noble task of feeding them, no matter when they came, by
night or by day. After the death of his father, A. Balakrishnan came
under the loving care of his elder brother Sri. A. Duraiswami Pillai who
spared himself no pains in looking after his education first at Kallakuruchi
then at Dindivanam and finally at the Pachaiyappa’s College at Madras.
After taking his degree, he was employed in the same College as a
lecturer. It was during this period of his life that he wrote in Tamil two
books, viz., Vijakarunyam and " " (Matter and Shadow), which were later
prescribed as textbooks for the S.S.L.C and for B.A. respectively. He
also added to his fund of knowledge by reading widely and spending his
weekend hours with eminent scholars at Madras.
Several long hours he had also spent in the company of Sri Narayana Guru of Kerala and Sri Ramana Maharshi of Tiruvannamalai. He joined the Law College and did his B.L. Degree, finally taking his M.L. He wrote a treatise on Hindu Marriage Reform, and was later employed as an Assistant Professor in the Law College. Some time later, he entered the services of the Hindu Religious Endowment Board, where he worked for several years as its Secretary, and retired from there as its Commissioner.

It was after his retirement that he took up the work of re-editing 'ARUTPA', and completed it in 12 volumes in Tamil. He had spent long hours in comparing notes with the original writings of Sri Ramalinga Swamigal and in printing them without mistakes with foot-notes and a running commentary, with separate prefacs for each volume. The books speak for themselves about his perseverance and toil, which none but he was capable of producing with such perfection.

Next, came his longing for spreading the message and teachings of Sri Ramalinga Swamigal in lands outside India. With this object he had been translating several stanzas in 'ARUTPA' into English. He had hardly finished about 150 stanzas when he was suddenly called away from this world at the age of 70 by a heart attack on August 31, 1960, leaving behind him his only daughter Srimathi B. Ananda Devi.

It is a matter of relief and satisfaction that the work left incomplete by this great mind and soul, has now been taken up and continued by Arul Jothi Ramalinga Mission. I heartily wish the Mission all success in their noble endeavor!

Madras
5th April, 1963

(Sd.) S. Jayaraman
Headmaster,
Singaram Pillai High School,
Villivakkam.
FOREWORD
By
Dr. T.M.P MAHADEVAN, M.A., Ph.D.,
Director,
Centre for Advanced Study in Philosophy,
University of Madras, Madras – 5.

The late Sri. A. Balakrishna Pillai had only one passion in life: that was to make known to the world the greatness of Saint Ramalingam through the publication of his writings. After long study and patient research, and fighting against heavy odds, he brought out scholarly editions of the Saint’s works, classifying them under convenient heads. Towards the close of his earthly career, he was engaged in translating into English select verses from “ARUTPA”, the Collected Poems of the Master, graceful in form as well as content. He had completed the translation and had also made the preliminary arrangements for its publication. But before he could see the fulfilment of his last wish, he passed away. It is as a worthy tribute to the late Sri. A. Balakrishna Pillai’s labour of love that Sri. N. Mahalingam, noted for his devotion to Saint Ramalingam’s universal Mission, has come forward to publish the present Anthology.

Saint Ramalingam’s poems have a soul moving and heart warming character about them; they transport the reader to a dimension of existence- the genuinely spiritual - with which he is not ordinarily acquainted. The average man’s world is a sordid arena of claims and counterclaims, hopes and disappointments, desires and hatreds. The Saint lifts us from this Slough of Despond to the Sunny Heights of Spirituality, where supreme Peace and unexcelable Happiness prevail. Having reached those heights himself through devotion and mystic intuition, he beckons us to follow his trail and gain the Beatitude and thus be saved from repeated births and deaths.

What one has to do in order to realize the Beatitude is to make one’s life God-centered. It does not matter in which form or make God is worshipped. What matters is that He should be worshipped. The true tradition of Hinduism is that the Most High bears a myriad forms and names. It is the same Reality that is called by any number of names: Brahma, Vishnu, Rudra, Para Sakti, Para Brahman, Arhat, Buddha etc. To
the question whether it would be proper for one to give to God the names that are current in other religious, our Saint replies:

"Behold! Not only these names, but all the names of the propounders of the later creeds also are only His names. Whilst He has been called the madman, what names thinkest thou, will not suit Him?

Lo! Not only the names of the Devas of later creeds, Thy name and my name too are His names". (p. 35)

The religion Universal is what all the seers and saints teach for the benefit of the entire humanity without distinctions of caste and colour, clime and country. Narrow creeds and exclusive faiths have only succeeded in turning the minds of men away from the true God head. One has necessarily to adopt a particular mode of approach to the Divine; but what one has to avoid is the spirit of fanaticism and dogmatism which thrives by making exclusive claims. The end, as Saint Ramalingam reminds us, is unity; and this cannot be achieved by stressing diversity and difference. What the Saint exhorts us to do is to aim at the plenary unity with Reality which is “without the distinction of one and two”, to strive for “diving deep into that flood of beatitude”, to “dissolve and become That”.

The path of universal compassion is what one should follow in order to reach the goal. The seers love all because they behold the same Godhead in all. The pure and great souls have for their form and substance compassion itself; they see all lives as their own; they have no antipathy towards any one; they rejoice in the welfare of all. Saint Ramalingam’s compassion knew no bounds. He could not bear the sight of even a single mouth going without a meal. When he saw the plants wither, his mind ached. The least suffering of even the lowliest and the last evoked a sympathetic chord in his heart. He was the incarnation of Mahakaruna (profound compassion). “Do you not hear”, he asks us, “that compassion towards all living beings is the one universal way of attaining Him?“

Truth and love, thus, constitute the message of Saint Ramalingam. He translated his message into dynamic action at Vadalur by building a Temple of Light; by establishing a Society of the good, and by providing
for the feeding of the hungry and the poor. May this Anthology, which is being published on the occasion of the Centenary of the foundation of\nSamarasa-Sudha-Sanmarga Satya Sangam serve as the torch-bearer to those who can read English, of the world-saving gospel of the Bard of Sweetness and Light.

Madras

19th March, 1966

T.M.P. Mahadevan
Letters of Appreciation

I have had the privilege of begin associated with Mr. A. Balakrishnan in his work of translation. I have scrutinized each item carefully for any defect in the English and any term, which would not be clearly understood by Western readers.

I consider that they would appeal not only to his non-Tamil speaking Indian readers but also to readers on both sides of the Atlantic, who would enter more deeply into an understanding and appreciation of Hindu spirituality as expressed by the author whose works he has so painstakingly collected over many years of study.

Madras  
5th July, 1960  
Rev. Ian Calvert  
Chaplain

To my great astonishment and satisfaction I saw your article on “Sri Ramalinga Swami” in the Airmail Edition of “The Hindu” received this week. My friends and I read it many times and enjoyed the English version very much. Once in a month, I am asked to speak in Church Adult School Gathering about Indian culture and religion. This week the concept of God according to Sri Ramaling Swamigal was my theme, and I used your English verses in my talk. The gathering appreciated it very much, and asked me to read it for a second time. The average American is a regular church-goer and the priest has asked me whether I could visit the school every week or at least once in fifteen days. I am anxiously waiting for further articles and I hope you have taken up the English rendering in right earnest. I am of the humble opinion that there is no one else eminently suited for this purpose.

United States of America  
15th May, 1960  
Dr. M. Ranganathan, B.Sc, University of Tennessee

The preservation of the Text, uncontaminated, is indeed the major task but it is not the whole of it. It ought not to be a close preserve of any one. The light cannot be hidden under a bushel. The universal message of he poet should become available to all those who yearn for it. I had the good fortune-nay, the spiritual happiness-of reading through
Mr. A. Balakrishnan's translation of Ramalinga's poems into English; our familiarity with Tamil makes us blind and deaf to the beauties of these poems which therefore come with all the joy and wonder of revelation in a translation. The translation thus become a microscope and a telescope to bring within our vision the infinity and the infinitesimal. His life long study of Ramalinga within the true perspective of the historical march of Tamil and philosophy makes his translation much more precious than a commentary. May I therefore appeal to him to offer his choicest fruits to the hungry world? A study of these translations in an International Language may start a chain of translation into other language ultimately bringing more and more students and devotees to drink at the original fountain of Tamil.

Madras T.P. Meenakshi Sundaram, B.A., M.O.L.
9th July, 1956 Head of Department of Tamil
Annamalai University

I am greatly impressed by your charming English renderings of some of the Immortal Poems of Ramalinga Swamigal. You are able to imprison in them the aroma and the lilt of the Original.

I heartily congratulate you on your remarkable achievement. May God give you strength to persist in this noble endeavor!

Madras R.S. Desikan, M.A., L.T.,
4th July, 1960 Department of English (Retd.)
Presidency College.

I must thank you for affording me the joy and privilege of looking through your English renderings of the Arutpa of Sri Ramalinga Swamigal. May I say that I admire the precision, forcefulness and faithfulness of your rendering very much indeed. Translation, from Tamil to English or for that matter, from one language to any other, of poetry and more especially of poetry, which is born of spiritual intuition, within a particular religious school, is always impossible. But you have succeeded far beyond what one would have dared to expect and I hope your devoted labours in the field will reap a rich harvest of public appreciation. I particularly hope that these renderings will be published both here and
abroad so that your renderings of Arutpa may open the eyes of the seekers in the West to the continuing vitality of our religious tradition.

Madras
7th July, 1960
Prof. S. Ramaswamy Iyer, M.A., L.T.,
Department of English
Presidency College.

The translation is natural and pleasing and the appeal to the heart is profound. Though to one well acquainted with the mellifluous Tamil of Adigal, it may fall rather flat to the ear, still what best one could do for Adigal's verses in a foreign tongue has been done by you and none else, I think, can do it at present as well as you have done.

Madras
4th July, 1960
R. Balakrishnan, B.A., L.T.,
Editor, Southern Languages Book Trust and Translator of Ancient Tamil classics to English.
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HIS DIVINE FAMILY

My Lord!
Thou, the Companion of my mother’s womb!
Thou, the Amirtha of my melting heart!
Thou, the Light of mine eyes!
Thou, the Delight of my thoughts!
Thou, the Beauty of my form!
Thou, the Kinsman of my life!
Thou, the Bliss of my feelings!
Thou, the Ineffable Master who alone owns me!
Thou, the God who, in utter compassion, bestowed the Supreme Siddhi of Perfect Wisdom on me, Whilst yet a boy playing in the street!

By the Light of Thy Grace, O my mother, I thus announce by the word of my mouth as if by the beat of a thousand drums:

O ye, men, women, children, and myriads and myriads of lives all the world over! The time is come for all of us to live and breathe in intimate union with our Lord and Master as the loving members of His Divine Family.
IS IT ONLY THE TONGUE THAT SINGS?

3253

My Teacher! I bow to Thee in awe and reverence.
Whilst I am daily singing Thy Divine Songs-songs full of honeyed sweetness,
I wholly forget myself.

Is it only the tongue that sings?
No. Never, never the tongue alone!
My whole frame sings.
My whole mind sings.
My whole life sings.
Indeed, the godly life within me also sings.

This is what happens to me, O my Teacher magnificent, whilst I am daily singing Thy divine songs-songs full of honeyed sweetness.

I bow to Thee in awe and reverence, O my Teacher full of Compassion all Thine own!
Brother Mine own!

Your devotees ever sing of your Divine glory in harmonious verses. Your devotees ever bow to you in awe and reverence.

Ever looking at your transcendental beauty, with joy filled eyes, with satiated mind overflowing with happiness, your devotees dance in ecstatic joy.

Thinking of your glorious mercy, your devotees ever pray to you O our dear mother!

Mother! Mother! But O my Brother! A great sinner that I am, I am being thrown out hither and thither by my treacherous mind.

Ah! Wretched me! What is to happen to me? Pray do come to my rescue, Brother mine own! Do come to my rescue, I pray.
I may be looking at my Lord;
I may be thinking of Him;
I may be reading of Him;
I may step aside and be listening while others are reading about Him;
I may be yearning for Him within;
I may be drawing Him nearer to me;
I may hold Him fast;
I may throw my arms around him;
My Lord is as sweet to me as the sweetest honey.

O Thou, the fragrant fruit that ripened while yet on the tree!
O Thou, the Amirtha of grace that enlightens the eternal Truth,
Effulgence and Bliss!

O Thou, the Redeemer to whom the seers ever bow in adoration!
O Thou, the master player who plays his everlasting play abiding in the hearts of all!
Pray, deign to accept your servant's faltering words of praise.
THOU ART THE LOVER WHO STOLE MY HEART

My Lord!

Thou art the spreading Tree that relieves the midsummer heat by its green branches.
Thou art the endearing shade of the leafy Tree.
Thou art the delightful Water that springs forth in cool brooks.
Thou art the sweet scented flower that blooms amidst the gladsome waters.

Thou art the gentle refreshing breeze that steals over the balcony.
Thou art the bliss that is born of the soft breeze.
Thou art the great End of all Bliss.
Thou art the Lover who didst steal my heart and wed me while yet a child in play.
Thou art the Ruler of endless worlds, abiding in the hearts of all his subjects.

Be gracious, O my Lord, and deign to wear my loving garland of eternal praise.
“Even if I forget him, He, my lover, will not forget me”
Such is my trust; and that is why I am carefree.
Yet, till this moment,

I forgot the heavens,
I forgot the heavenly beings,
I forgot the great Vishnu and Brahma,
I forgot our mighty Rudras,
I forgot my body,
I forgot my life,
I forgot my feelings and all,
Indeed I forgot all the world.

But, in truth, I never knew my Lord! How to forget Thee for a moment.
O my mother! Do not look upon me as a child that has been weaned from Thee.
Pray, come to my aid and deign to feed me with Thy Glorious milk of grace.
THE SWEETNESS OF THY WORDS IN PRAISE OF OUR LORD NEVER SURFEITS

My Master! Master of sacred words, gem like in praise of our Lord!
Indeed, my Master who, transformed, commingled with the Lord!
Whilst I sing Thy song supreme,
Whilst I lose myself in Thy song supreme,

Its sweetness never surfeits.
It is like the sweetness of the juice of rare sugarcane;
It is like the sweetness of the honey dropped from the comb;
It is like the sweetness of the freshdrawn milk;
It is like the tender sweetness of the fully ripe fruit;
It is like all these sweetness mingled in one.
Its sweetness has become one with my frame.
Its sweetness has become one with my soul.
Indeed, my Master who hast become one with our Lord!
The sweetness of Thy words in praise of our Lord never surfeits.
THOU ART THE TRANSCENDENT GOD THAT IS LOVE AND LOVE ALONE

My Lord!

Thou art the great Himalaya that is yet within the grasp of the hand of love.
Thou art the mighty monarch that yet abides I the humblest hut of love.
Thou art the all-in-all that stays yet entangled in the net of love.
Thou art the deathless Amirtha that yet lies at ease in the palm of love.

Thou art the encompassing sea that is still contained in the pitcher of love.
Thou art the pervasive intelligence that is yet secured within the life of love.
Thou art the glorious effulgence that is yet imprisoned within the atom of love.
O Thou art the transcendent God that is Love and Love alone.
THOU ART THE EFFULENT, BLISSFUL AND EVER EXISTING

2128 பாங்காளியம் சைலியியர் தவிலிய வரும்
மார்ககாள் சிலியியம் பெரும் போட்டு
காந்தகாள் தூச்சாளிய சூத்து. நிலவு
நூற்றாண்டானத் தமது கிளைப்பிள்ளையான வரும் வரும்
மார்கா சிலியியம் கையாளிய சூத்து
மார்கா பாங்காளிய சைலியியம் பொருள்
சாந்தாப் பாங்காளிய வைனோ செலுத்
தூச்சாளிய அமர்ப்பிய சூத்து.

"We are the fittest for the task and we will find Him out."
So resolved the myriads of age long scriptures.
Each one sang by itself in search of Him;
Each one exclaimed; "He is here! He is there!"
Each one ran hither and thither to get a glimpse of Him;
Each one became weary and exhausted;
Each one continued and still continued its search for Him;
Each one extended and still extended its hand to grasp Him in vain

But lo! Both the uttermost and inmost expanse went on receding and still receding, concealing and still concealing.

My Lord! Such is Thine august presence.
Thou art the sea of transcendent happiness.
Thou art the immanent, everywhere.
Thou art the effulgent, blissful, and ever-existing
Thou art the most glorious grace.
Thou art the One without an equal.
My Lord! I bow to Thee in awe and reverence.
O God! I can never bear the sight of the wretched play of the treacherous mind.

I despised my residence;
I despise my riches;
I threw away the whole range of my attachments.
I surrendered to Thee my life, my body, and all that was mine
I became bewitched by Thy Grace.
And ever I endeavor to seek refuge in Thee.

Wouldst Thou never think of lifting me to Thy protection?
I, a poor sinner, do not know Thy will.
I am wearied by my constant imploring of Thee
O Thou, the loving consort of Grace!
The time is come for Thee to bestow on Thy humblest of servants the supreme Amritha suffused with Divine purity.
I WILL NEVER FORGET THE HALLOWED NAME OF OUR LORD

820 எவன் கருப்பகச யோகன் நாயியன்
சிவன் தன்னை யோகன் நாயியன்
நுட்ப சத்திக்கை தெளிப்பு நாயியன்
நூலா நூலா நூலா நாயியன்
நூலா சூட்டிய தெளிப்பு நாயியன்

cannot forget the body which harbours it,

Even if the mother forgets

Even if a scholar forgets the arts and sciences he with difficulty
acquired at the feet of his master

Even if the eyes forget to flink to avert harm to them,
I will never forget the hallowed name of our Lord shining forth from the
inmost depths of the hearts of seers.

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Not merely a single arrow, but all the five were aimed at her by the deity of love. But for her intense desire to attain Divine Grace, She would indeed have given up her life.

She has absolutely no worldly love; in Union with the Godhead, she has been overwhelmed with flood of bliss of the One without a second and become one with it.

Still if there is to be an assurance as to her creed and her birth, Her creed, her birth, and her all are of the infinite Godhead, the one without a second.

O Lord Who dancest in Thine infinite mercy in the heart of all creation? Is she, the poor mad lover, acceptable to Thee? Pray deign to whisper a syllable of acceptance.
My Lord!
Thou ever danceth in mercy in the heart of all the shining worlds.
Will Thy tired feet rest upon the bowed head of Thy little servant?
Will I with my form and content get ever the enduring obstacle of maya in this earth?

Getting ever the enduring obstacle of maya, will I attain the shape and substance of perfect wisdom?
Will the flood of transcendental Ananda bubble ever and overflow all that exists, erasing the difference in and out?

Will Reality be submerged in that flood of Ananda without the distinction of one and two?
Will I dive deep in that flood of beatitude?
Diving deep in that flood of beatitude, will I dissolve and become That?
I, thy poor servant, do not know, my lord, what Thy will be.
NOT KNOWING THE TRUTH, I FALTER IN MY STEPS

Alas! The sages who have been longing for ages past are yet to know the ultimate.
Still, I a poor soul, have come to know the ultimate a little by the mercy of the Lord, my preceptor

Having come to know the ultimate, I resolved to be ever contemplating that Form of the One without an equal that form of Infinite Beauty and Glory
I resolved too not to be seen by the World.
But I who so resolved and remained in my little corner unknown to any, have been dragged into the open and exposed to the gaze of the world.

Is this, my Lord, an act of your inherent mercy?
Or is this the act of the enduring dark maya?
Not knowing the truth, I falter in my steps.
O Lord! Who dancest in the heart of all Creation!
Deign to save me, I pray.
Connoisseurs of taste love to produce sweets of the greatest delicacy,
Extracting fruit by fruit its juice, they strain it first, then mix together, adding sugar and powdered candy more and more.

Then fragrant honey of the highest grade then blend with fresh milk of the cow and pure water of the tender coconut.

Sprinkling the whole with pounded pulse, they mix it with the sweet scented ghee above a gentle flame, then set aside to cool into a delicate sweet of the finest quality.

Thou, my Lord, or fresh ambrosia far sweeter than this sweet. Thou spreadest bliss and expellest misery by Thy merciful dance in the heart of reality.

My Lord! Pray deign to accept the garland of my flattering words bathed in love for Thy Lotus Feet.
THESE ARE ALL THE PLAYFUL MIRACLES OF MY CONSORT

My Sister!
Thou askest the sacred name my Consort Who is the One without an equal, Whose glorious grace overflows everything and Who is ever dancing in the heart of Reality.

I will call Him the Arhat, the Buddha, and the like;
I will call Him Brahma;
I will call Him Narayana;
I will call Him Rudra;
I will call Him Siva, the beginning;
I will call Him Sadasiva;
I will call Him Sakti and Siva;
I will call Him the Beyond;
I will call Him the Brahman;
I will call Him the Brahman, the High;
I will call Him the Brahman, the Beyond;
I will call Him Thuriyar, which the sanctified soul attains;
I will call Him Siva, the Beyond.
Pray take heed, my sister! These are all the playful miracles of my Consort.
THE NAME AND MY NAME TOO ARE HIS NAMES

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My Sister!
Thou askest me if it be proper for my Consort who is dancing in the heart of Reality, to be called the Arhat, the Buddha, and the like.

Behold! Not only these names, but all the names of the propounders of later creeds also are only His names.

Whilst He has been called the madman, what names, thinkest thou, will not suit Him?
Lo! Not only the names of the Devas of later creeds, Thy name and my name too are His names.

Indeed, the names of all the living beings are only His names.
My sister, pray, listen: It will be clear to thee only when thou hast witnessed the dance in perfect wisdom of my Consort in the heart of all lives.
IT IS A WONDER OF WONDRES

My Lord!
It is a wonder of wonders!
When I looked at Thy haloed feet, they dazzled me with the brilliance of countless suns.
But when I clasped them, they were soft as the cool rays of countless moons.
Whilst I contemplate and lose myself in them, they taste as sweet as honey mingled with milk.

When thou, my Lord, hast mercifully rested then on my bowed head, my entire being, both body and soul, is plunged in deathles Amritha.
Thou, for the sake of Thy poor servant, hast given pain to those lotus Feet and walked here in eternal glory and blessed me with Thy grace.

O Lord! Who dancest in the heart of Reality!
Wonder of wonders is this great grace of Thine conferred on Thy poor servant.
Infinitely happy am I indeed!
For I am at the merciful Feet of my Lord, Who has removed my sorrows
and vouch safed me refuge, Dwelling in the inmost heart of Reality.

He taught me the way to open the door and see Him at the heart of
things.
The songs of those who do not seek His omnipresence receives He not,
But mine He deigns to accept the songs of his poor faltering servant.

And those who, as rule of life ahimsa make, taking no life not eating flesh,
Their songs too He accepts.
Despite my shortcomings and faults me does He not reject. How glad am
I!
For I am at the merciful Feet of the Lord Who has removed my sorrow
and found me refuge.
I have crossed the seas of darkness and evil,
I have reached the shore of light and truth,
I have seen that which is to be seen,
The doors of the Temple of Reality have been opened to me,
And I have seen the wonderful sights Within,
I have tasted Amirtha, which dispels all weaknesses and imperfections.

By the light of God's Grace I have learnt all and cleared all doubts and questionings.
I have attained the Form and substance of Eternal Wisdom.
I have reached the state of deathlessness.
My body, mind, and soul are in ecstatic joy.
I am filled with Perfection, with Reality as it exists,

Having overcome all ignorance, weakness, and evil, all the siddhis have come to abide in me.
Lo! All these are the blessings of the Grace of the Lord Who dances in infinite mercy in the heart of Reality.
My Lord!
Thou art the unique Amirtha of Grace that converts the immature into mature souls.
Thou are the Deity ever present before my eyes.
Thou art the wonderful Presence full of delight.
Thou art the Mount of gracious glory.
Thou art my father who is like unto all mothers rolled into one.
Thou art the one supreme Lord without a second.

When I think of Thy greatness, I begin to scan and by greatness,
All my mouth is sweetened.
All my mind is sweetened,
All my intelligence is sweetened,

How am I there fore to vice the consuming bliss born of that sweetness?
O Light Divine surrounded by the bliss of grace conferred upon the pure in heart!
O mighty Lord standing forth in the heart of the domain of Thuiya!
O Lord my Preceptor dwelling in the centre of creation with Thy ineffable grace of glory!
THE TIME IS COME FOR THE COMING OF THE LORD OF GRACE

My Sister,
The time is come for the coming for the Lord of Grace.
Hasten to light the myriads upon myriads of beautiful lamps.
In lighting them use, I pray thee, only clear, fresh, cow’s ghee.
For aught else may mar the wondrous complexion of my Lord.

Sister!
Do not ask “There is no darkness; it is only morning; and why should lights be lit? ”
But see, lighting is only an auspicious symbol of the coming of my Lord.
Listen, sister mine;
Do not be confused; be clear in your mind;
An infinite number of moons, suns, and fiery flames together cannot come anywhere near the brilliance of my Lord.
My Sister!
You say, “Tell me about your Lord.”
My Lord is Energy infinite and variegated.
He spoke, as if all to me, in words that brought sweetness to my whole being.

My Sister!
You ask me, “How sweet were the words of the Lords?” Let me try to tell you.
You select the most delicious fruits of choice mango, jack and plantain.
You take their juice, strain, and mix them.
You add the fragrant juice extracted from the core of the sugarcane,
You pour cows milk in it.
You mingle with it fresh honey from the comb.
You blend all in the purest Amritha.
And now, my sister, you taste the purest Amritha so blended.
The words that the Lord spoke to me were as sweet to my whole being as the Amritha so blended to your palate.

My Sister!
You say, “Tell me of your Lord’s greatness.”
It is true that having spoken all to me in word that were sweetness to my whole being, the Lord espoused me, and I have become one with Him.
But do you think I can recount His Greatness?
No, my sister! It is utterly beyond me, one as I am with my Lord, to recount His infinite and unsearchable greatness.

Lo! The Form of my Lord is Energy infinite and variegated.
Listen, My Sister!

Myriads of atoms spring from out of the sandals of the flower like Feet of my Lord that dance in the heart of creation.

Some atoms become crores upon crores of great Rudras, the Mahadevas. Some others become crores upon crores of Brahmases seated on a lotus. Still some others become crores upon crores of Indras, Kings of the Devas.

Becoming such overlords as Rudras, Narayanas, Brahmases, and Indras, they perform the cosmic functions of creation, preservation, and destruction.

My Sister! If such is the greatness of the atoms that spring from the sandals of the flower like Feet of my Lord, who can grasp and speak about the infinite and unutterable greatness of those Holly Feet?
Listen, denizens of the earth!
The time is imminent for the coming of my father, the Supreme Lord, the one without a Second. And this is the truth.

The Lord gave me sweet ambrosia and my mind rejoices as over a sweet fragrant fruit.
The Lord transformed this human body of mine into the deathless body of eternal Truth.
No wonder the sages in all the seven worlds are wondering at gracious miracle wrought by my Lord.

The Lord has given me all powers of perfection.
Now is the time for my Lord to establish me in the ultimate happiness of Sivanandam.
5450 காட்டையில் பூமியில் காலும் என்றா
காட்டையில் பூமியில் காலகுதியா ஐதா
காட்டையில் பூமியில் காலகுதியா ஐதா
தென்றுவிட்டே என்றாவிட்டே ஐதா
தென்றுவிட்டே என்றாவிட்டே ஐதா
நூழலை என்றாவிட்டே ஐதா
நூழலை என்றாவிட்டே ஐதா
நூழலை என்றாவிட்டே ஐதா

I prayed for an eternal, enduring, and prayerful existence, indissolvable either by the action of wind of earth, sky, fire, or water, sun, moon or stars, indissolvable either by action of death and disease, murderous weapons or planets, indissolvable either by the violent action of other entities of forces.

My Lord hastened to grant me this.
O dwellers on this earth, do not think lightly of these books thus granted me.
Do come this way, the way of my Father, the way of the glorious Lord of Light.
My Lord!
The gentle ambrosial moon is sending forth its cool rays.  
The flowers of the garden amidst cool waters are emitting their fragrance around.

The whispering southern breeze is gently wafted  
With sweet music over the marble country-yard, made charming by the pleasant rays of the moon, while cool rose-water is sprinkled from above.  
To crown all, like a chaste wife a Goddess is ministering the pure Amirtha of her loving kindness.

This is rare happiness, indeed!
Lo! Even this happiness pales into insignificance and is seen to be of no consequence, beside the bliss that Thou, Lord of Lords, hast vouchsafed to me, Thy poor servant, out of Thy bounteous mercy, spreading before my eyes like a stram of ambrosia to seep through my body as a life-giving stream.
My Lord!
Devotees fervently sing the praise of Thy flower like Feet with words of sweet harmony.
May this sinner not see the beauty of those flower like Feet before the evil eye blots out the vision.
But perhaps that is why thou wouldst not show me the beauty of those Feet even in my dreams.

O Lord, is this too Thy Grace?
Thou Light of wisdom unapproachable even by the mighty devas of the heavens,
Thou apple of my eye,
Thou seed of ultimate liberation,
Thou Lord of the holy sanctuary at Thanika with cool gardens all around.
My Lord!
Would I not approach in joy the mount at holy Thanikai?
Approaching would I not see the beauty of Thy presence granting my eyes' desire?
Seeing it, would I not, my Lord, take it in both hands and consume it?
Enjoying Thy Presence, would I not dance with joyous tears and rejoice before Thee?
My Lord! Dancing with joyous tears would not this sinner sing praises as his mouth desired!
My Mother!
In the night of Maya, in the interior of my house, the thieves of sense entered, awoke the slave of mind, tempted him to betray his master, put out the light of reason, shattered all the safes of my true being, and are plundering all the treasures of wisdom contained therein.

Trembling and greatly agitated, O my mother! I am ever calling upon Thee in faith.
Dost thou not hear my plaintive calls for help?
Is there no justice?
Is there no law to protect the innocent?
Is there no law to punish wrong doors?
Is there no bounteous grace?
Alas! What is now left me to do?

O loving Consort of the Lord Who, being the end of all the searching scriptures, dwelleth in the heart of creation.

O mother that hast graciously given birth to all the worlds and all that they contain!

O pure Ananda the beloved of the Lord beyond!
DEIGN TO GRANT ME THE MIND THAT WOULD NEVER FORGET THINE HOLY FEET

My Lord!
I may take any birth among the myriads of lives.
I may escape being born at all.
I may enjoy life on earth or in heaven.
I may be afflicted with sorrow.
I may be prosperous.
I may be suffer adversity.
I may be wise.
I may be a simpleton.
I may acquire any of the good or the evil of the world.
I may lose any of the good or the evil of the World.
I am be, forsooth, indifferent to all these.
But I have one boon to ask of Thee, My Lord!
Deign to grant me, O Lord! Only the mind that would never forget Thy Holy Feet.
O Thou, the Physician that curest the cosmic disease of sorrows and pains by the elixir of Thy loving Grace!

O Thou, the Lord That dwellest in glory in the heart of Reality!
O Thou, the Lord of glorious Wisdom and Grace!
O thou, the Lord Whose Lotus Feet are the Refute of all!
Deign to grant me the mind that would never forget Thy Holy Feet.
My Lord!
There will be much water. There will be clouds and rain. There will be fertile lands and produce.
There will be knowledge, prayers, and wisdom.
There will be fruitful means to the End.
There will be strength of mind.
There will be township, residence, and name.
There will be gems, jewels, and cloths.
There will be charity.
There will be food for eating with satisfaction.
There will be mind suffused with peace.
There will be prosperity.
There will be chariots, elephants, and horses.
There will be other blessings of life.
All these will be, my Lord! Where there is devotion to Thy Feet strewn over with ever fresh and fragrant the kadamba flowers of prayer.
O Lord Skand! Manifest in the divine halo of the Holy Temple dedicated to Thee in beautiful Chennai.
O Lord of purity and grace, O Lord of yogic beneficence, O Lord of glory that grants bliss to all seers!
My Lord!
In early spring on an evening midst cool gardens by flowering ponds and tanks and a marble pavement reflecting the rays of the moon,
On a beautiful royal coach thereon, overhung with jasmin and mulai creepers,
And the full moon shedding its milky rays around with soft and gently breezes wafted there,

Whilst a full-stringed veena speaks in sweet and loving words to the angel of a chaste spouse,
The happiness of a just and virtuous monarch rejoicing in this wise is bliss akin to the shade of Thy Holy Feet bestowed upon Thy servants.
O Lord, the Physician of at Velur, the joy of Ulaganatha, the Prince of austerity and learning, beloved of this world surrounded by the bounteous seas, Who curest forever the cosmic disease of Thy devotees!
My lords!
Those without the least antipathy to others, but in their inmost being wish others well, rejoicing them.

They are Thy seers;
Their minds, O Lord, with purest knowledge blest, are Thine abode, and there my Lord doth dance.

And this my kind earns deeply to serve those wondrous seers.
Those pure and great souls-who become solely the form and substance of compassion itself,

Who see all lives as their own, who follow the way of wisdom and purity,

Who render everlasting justice as the Absolute Reality Itself, and who enjoy virtuous peace in their inmost being-

Sages declare that words uttered by those pure and great souls are the words that form the beginning and the end of all Vedas and Agamas, revealing Divine Grace.
Whosoever sees all lives as the effulgent abode of my Lord,
Whosoever is compassionate and relieves the suffering and sorrows of living beings,

I have come to know, my Lord, that all the activities of those beautiful souls are the activities of Divine Grace.
I have come to know too that their blessed souls are free from sorrow and suffering,

And they are Thy loving devotees.
My Lord! My mouth earnestly longs to utter the praise of those loving devotees.
And I yearn to serve them and rejoice.
THE SUN OF THE GLORY OF COMPASSION AND GRACE IS RISING INTO VIEW

O my brothers and sisters of the world!
It is dawning in the east.
The Sun of the Glory of compassion and Grace is coming into view
The lotus of my heart is blooming in joy.
The evil of my mind is losing its grip.
The partisan quarrels and discords arising from castes, ashramas, sects, and dogmas are ceasing to be.

Those who have long poured over many a false treatise have lost their faith, their speech and vocal power of noisy debate, Hark, my brothers and sisters!

Do you not hear the unending roll of the drums of the Divine Spirit of the Supreme Lord, the one without an equal, and relaize the Truth?

Do you not hear that compassion towards all living beings is the one universal way of attaining Him?
ALL THESE BLESSINGS ARE THINE EFFULGENT FEET

My Lord! All I have studied, all I head,
All the resultant feelings, the proper end I pursued,
My life, my joy, my dignity, my excellence.
The fresh, pure, food I eat, the truthful life I lead,
The right basis of my living - all these blessings,

I have come to know, my Lord, are the gift of Thine Effulgent Feet
dancing in the heart of creation and Thy Supreme Self abiding in the
souls of seers.
IT IS ALL HIMSELF

He has become I,
He has become Himself.
He has become I and Himself.
He has become the Sweet Honey of Intimate Union.
He stands sweet as fresh and pure food.
He has become infinite space.
He dances in the glorious heart of Divine Wisdom.
He has become the Lord of the Universe.
It is all Himself, the Lord, who lovingly abides in my humble self.
When I saw the eternal Presence of My Lord both in and outside myself,

I rejoiced over it.

I have fed myself with the amritha of compassion,

I have enjoyed the higher existence

Indeed, I have attained the Holy Deathless Form.
When I saw the effulgent abode of my Lord,
I bowed to it in awe and reverence,
And I sang its praises.
My body and mind trembled for pure joy with hair standing on end.

I rejoiced with my whole mind.
That Divine Vision is ever present to me.
I dance in ecstasy.
I sing.
I have attained the Form of Love.
I long for my Lord’s Grace.
I think and my Lord presents me with all the ideas.

I eat and my Lord feeds and ever feeds me with food.

Lo! Forbearing all my evil, my Lord dances in mercy in the heart of Reality.
The Lord who is infinite in immanence and transcedence has gladly taken me as his servant in the heart of Reality still searched after by the age-long Vedas and Agamas.

He will not now abandon me for any of my faults. 
The Lord deigned to bless me;

He gave Himself to me, 
Lo, He became one with me.
The Universal Religion has taken possession of the hearts of men and women of this world.

They are singing it in harmonious verses.

They are reading it everywhere.

And they are praising it in loving kindness.

The one effulgent Divinity of the universe is seen to fill and overwhelm the minds of all.

All the multifarious conflicting sects and dogmas have ceased to be and are dead and gone forever.
My Sister!

You say, “The Blissful Lord of this universe has raised His leg in order to dance”

I say, “The Lord has raised His leg in order to bless me and rest it in my bowed head.”

My Sister!
To whom shall we resort in this wide world to submit our dispute for decision?
MAY PERSONS OF UNIVERSAL VISION REIGN OVER THIS EARTHLY KINGDOM!

My Lord!

May the sceptre devoid of compassion wholly vanish from the face of the earth!

May persons of universal vision in search of God’s Grace reign over this earthly kingdom!

May the good and the pure attain the ends they seek!

May all desire the best for others and live in harmony with them.
Thou art forever good.

Thou lovest me and art ready to speak the good word for me.

Thou has brought me up.

Pure One, I am the son Thou didst beget. So feel? As I draw nigh to thee.
O my Mind! It has spread across the heavens. In the vast stretches joy grows and grows. We see It with our eyes and rejoice.

In the Assembly we think of It as God, and write down our thoughts, Then thinking on them again and again, we feast on them and rejoice. We share them with those who yearn for them, till the voice of song is heard throughout the world forever and ever.
My Lord!

In the effulgent heart of the universe there arises the honey of divine bliss, which I pray may be granted to me now.

If Thou, my Lord, will not grant it to me now, my life, which needs the body for its support, will expire!
And Thou shalt have to bear the blame for it!

Pray deign to tell me, my Lord, if Thou desirest me, Thy poor servant or the blame of having brought about my death.
My Lord!
Thou hast removed all the veils that surrounded me
Thou hast shown me all the wonderous things that were hidden from me.

Thou hast given me the ripe fruit of joy that the wonder of the vast spaces above bestow.

Thou hast discovered to me all the blissful states of existence which are beyond the sea of sorrow and pain.

Thou hast so given liberation to Thy poor servant,
O King, O Master, O Mother, O Father, Thou art my sole Refuge.
My Lord!

Thou art honey.
Thou art food.
Thou art Lord of the effulgent universe.
Thou art the Light divine that enters the bodily frame of austere sages.
Thou art the Ultimate Experience.
Thou art the Universal Life within my life.
Thou art the Magician who makest me into Thyself.

Thou Supreme Lord, my Teacher, my Mother, and my Father Thou art my Sole Refuge.
My Lord!

I searched for Truth.
Thou hast granted me the End of all my searching
Thou art the supreme Amrithat that bestows true life,
The supreme overlord in the universe of Light.

Thou art the light that fills my eyes, my Brother, my Teacher, my Father
in whom I find my Refuge.
My Father!
Thy Grace is transcendent.
The great sages,
The Vedic scriptures,
The Agamic Scriptures,

Heavenly Beings,
Austere men,
And others of great excellence
All those do not seem to apprehend the truth of Thy grace.

How am I a poor sinner to know It?
Where am I to enter?
Is it open at all to one of my imperfections?
My Lord! Thou who art the harmony of all opposites!
Pray deign to tell me whether I can call any experience my own.
O Lord, who dancest in the heart of creation!

I have come to know from the inmost of my being that Thou art my Lord too.

Since that moment Thou hast been my Mother, my Father, my Teacher, my Friend, and my King.

Since that moment I have never had any idea whatever of approaching anyone else.

This, O my God, Thou knowest well.
I will not say it is the result of any meritorious action of my own.

The blessings of my life were bestowed on me by the Priceless Gem that was placed in my hand on the occasion of my entering the Assembly Hall.

Here I stand in Light while still in this mortal body.

Tell me who else could have brought about so great a change but our King.
My Lord! My body, my life, my passions all these have I already willingly given to Thee as Thine Own.

I have nothing else to be called mine own.

You have borne all my evils, and as if this were not enough favour to a man of straw like me, Thou hast become one with me, and made me even as Thou art.

Alas! There is nothing left for me to give to Thee for this signal favour.
THE LORD HAS EMERGED INTO MY VIEW

Behold!
True speech has come into being.
True light has dawned.
True vision has come to stay.

Supreme cosmic energy has risen in my being.
The Lord, the One without an equal, has emerged in my view.
Beatitude has suffused my being,
Corroding evil has gone forever,
Low imperfection is ended,

The poor fleshy body has vanished,
The wretched wrinkling of the skin has gone and with it
The growing grey of the hair
The dark veils that encased my soul have been shed.
I DESIRE TO RELIEVE ALL LIVING BEINGS FROM SORROWS AND PAIN

My Father!
Whatsoever is permanent and indestructible,
I desire to attain.
I desire to sing Thy praises with love and affection.

Singing Thy praises, I desire to dance with joy.
I desire to relieve all living beings in the world of sorrow and pain.
I desire to give all living beings in the world happiness and joy.

My Father, Who dwellest in the heart of the universe!
Pray vouchsafe to that what passes not away.
Alas! Even to a famishing child, the hard-hearted rich, even if they give a morsel of food, would not add another morsel to it.

They are apprehensive that a second morsel of food, if given to a famishing child, would reduce their capital for producing the next crop.

This is the way they accumulate wealth.

But what happens? How is the accumulated wealth spent for the festivals of ghosts and evil spirits, for the feasts of flesh-food, for the purchase of medicine and elixirs, for funeral ceremonies of persons who died emaciated for want of food and for paying off the taxes and rates levied by tyrannical rulers who inflict nothing but terror and oppression.

Alas! Alas! Such is the hard-heartedness of the rich that defeats itself
The daughter who I bore is aggrieved.

She is trembling, and excited in body and mind. She reproaches herself. She repines: "Alas! I have not done any meritorious acts."
She asks herself, "What is the proper thing for me to do?"
She cries, "My God! My God! I do not know what is happening"
She is despondent and weeps saying:

"Alas! The Lord, my lover, Who dances in the light has no affection of me, has deserted me."
My dear mother!

What dost thou experience when our Lord of Grace deigns to bless Thee?

"Doest Thou not know it?"

My dear daughter!

It is the Bliss of the holy dance of our Lord that I experience whilst I am conscious as well as unconscious.
"My dear mother!

What dost thou experience when thou understandest what thou by understandest?

My dear daughter!

It is the Form and substance of the Grace of our Lord that I experience whilst

I am in and also whilst I am not in samadhi."
My angel of a daughter is full of ecstasy.  
She cries in joy:

"The glorious Lord of Grace who is ever bestowing his encompassing compassion and who is beyond the reach of the vision of even the austere sages - He has already come to abide in my heart, Mother dear! It is a wonder! What may be the austerity I have ever performed!"

"I have partaken of the choice food of pure Amritha and attained the Form of existence which is beyond destruction of my kind."

"Behold! It is so excellent! I have come to be endowed with the medicine of Divine wisdom that cures Disease and Death, with the gem of gems tha destroys corruption and with perfect mantra that realises itself."

My daughter is full of ecstasy and cries in joy.  
"It is all the grace of the Lord, my lover."
My Master
Thou danceth for ever in the splendent heart of things amidst energy infinite and variegated.
Do not Thy feet need rest?
My Lord!
Thou danceth for ever and ever in the heart of creations so as to bestow bliss on Thy loving devotees.
Do not Thy feet need rest, O Lord of Blissful Form!
O Lord of Virtue!
Thou danceth in the heart of lives forever ad ever to the joy of Thy own true devotees.
Do not Thy glorious feet need rest?
O rare Ambrosia!
Thou danceth forever and ever in the hearts of lives so as to spread bliss all around.
My Amritha!
Do not Thine feet need rest?
O Lord of Lords!
Thou danceth for ever and ever bestowing happiness for all.
Do not Thy flowery feet need rest?
My Lord!

Thou danceth for ever and ever removing the sorrows and pains of your loving servants and bestowing happiness on them.
Do not Thy holy feet need rest?

Lord of Effulgence!
In the heart of the Beyond,
Thou danceth Thy supreme dance for ever and ever.
Do not Thy holy form need rest?
O Divine Glory!
Thou danceth for ever and ever for the permanence and prosperity of Purity and Holiness.
Do not Thy holy feet need rest?
My Mother!
You lovingly mingled
The milk of coconut kernal,
Cow’s milk,
Boiled syrup of sugar,
Fully ripe plantain fruit,
Cow’s ghee and fragrant honey together and added juicy slices of the golden jack fruit,
Mango fruit and some other carefully chosen fruits.
You called the mixture the supreme Amritha full of your grace and gave it smilingly to your poor son.

Behold! My mother’s Eternal kindness.
Destroying my sorrows and pain,
Transforming me into the effulgence, the Be-all and end all,
Saying that it will bestow the Beyond on me,
My father lovingly gave me one supreme Fruit.
In trembling joy I, the humblest son of my father, partook of It.
How am I going to describe It’s sweetness!
Alas! Alas! My life sweetened.
My life sweetened.
My sense sweetened.
My Mind, My intelligence,
My will and my individual;
All sweetened, scotching the birth nexus.
All the many many realities of the spirit in me, one by one sweetened joyously.
Behold! My Father’s Eternal kindness!
My Lord!

What may be the great austerity I a poor woman, have ever performed!

Alas! Alas! What can I think! What can I say!
Thou hast melted my body and mind like wax
Thou hast rejoiced me
Thou hast shown me, my lover Thy supreme effulgent Form

I cried one day playfully to Thee
“My Lord! Why doest thou not show mercy to me today?”
Whilst the sound of my words is still ringing
Even as a cow rejoiceth over her calf,
Thou hast hastened and took me in thine Embrace,

My Lord! Such is Thy supreme gracious Glory!
The proverb that son is like unto the father
It is true indeed.

Our Father,
Our Lord,
The God who creates, maintains, mystifies, clarifies and redeems,
The Divine Dancer who dances forever in and out of creation,

He who, owning my sonship, redeemed me,
The overlord who is the Be-all and end all,
The one who represents all the great virtues.
The Lord of eternal Effulgence.

My own Father,
Lo! His sacred, nature is mine by right.
O Brothers and sisters!
It is time you bear in mind this truth.
THAT THE TENDER SEEDLINGS OF THE UNIVERSAL RELIGION MAY GROW

5426 ஆண்டுகள் கொண்ட நிலவிய பிறிப்பு
நண்பாளர் வருவான அனிதைகள்
நேர்ந்தவாக கைது கொள்ளாவர் ஆனாரும்
நிலவியம் வருவாதவர் நேர்ந்தவார்
பிறியால் பாலுக்கின் கருவியம் கல்கின
நிலவியம் வருவாதவர் நேர்ந்தவார்
பிறியால் குறுக்கக் பூர்வ்வகா கால்கம்
பாலுக்கின் கருவியம் கால்கம்
பாலுக்கின் பூர்வ்வகா பால்கின்.

My Lord!

I have realised that all living beings are the sacred mansions where Thou, the Supreme Lord, dankest forever.
I have got rid of all evils and imperfections.
I have attained all prosperity.
I have come to know the One that is beyond the natural forces and their functions.
I have been overcome in ecstasy with hair on end and with mind lost in joy.

That the tender seedlings of the universal religion, the religion, the religion of the One
Supreme Beyond, may grow,
That the Divine Beings may rejoice,
I, Thy poor servant sing songs of Thee, the One Universal Lord without an equal.
Lord of the Universe!

O Thy name I swear
I will never leave Thee,

And thou too will never leave me.
We will go together for ever and ever,

And we will rejoice in ministering pure happiness to the world.
I, through my slender beneficent and truthful compassion,

Thou, through Thy limitless, ever bounteous and glorious grace.
Behold what the Lord has done for His poor servant!

The supreme gracious Glory is shining from my inmost being.

The mighty darkening veils around me have fallen to pieces and disappeared.

The massive dark excrescences in my being have all been removed.

The great miracles of purity and compassion have come to abide in me.
THY SUPERB NATURE IS KNOWN ONLY TO THY GRACE

Lord of the Beyond!
Men of austerity are ever
Trying to understand feeling after Thee;
They are ever doing so; apprehending Thee;
They catch but a glimpse of Thee
Through the experience of seers-

They become wearied and stand amazed at Thy superb transcendence and immanence.
The superb nature is know only through Thy Grace, which is part of Thee,
Can I, Thy poor servant, ever hope to apprehend and even in smallest matter speak about Thee?

This only I say that Thou are the Lord, my Preceptor. Who lovingly broughtest and gavest into my hands a Divine Gift.
O Preceptor full of wisdom!
O God, the one without a second, who art all in all!
O apple of my eyes!
O the permanent,
O the great Fund of compassion who danceth in the heart of effulgent justice,

It is a wonder that Thou, who art the Beyond, didst walk on earth on behalf of this wretch
What can I speak about it?

Is the austerity of myself, a strong hearted fellow, great? No, Never!
The supreme character of Thy grace is great, indeed.

My Lord!
This moment is auspicious for Thy giving.
WHAT NAME AM I TO GIVE THEE?

Bounteous Lord!
Thou hast swept away all the mighty obstacles to my redemption.
Thou hast bestowed Thy glorious Grace on me.

May I call Thee the Mother who bore me?
May I call Thee my own Father?
May I call Thee my true Preceptor who is full of excellence?
May I call Thee my God?

What name am I to give Thee?
In what way am I to praise Thee?
In what way am I to praise Thee?
Alas! Alas! I do not know What to say.
THOU CAMEST BEFORE ME

In early days, I got worried and lost hope.

Alas! Then Thou camest before me and badest me cheer up. From that day onword, I have been overwhelmed with joy.

My Father!
My Preceptor!
My Lord!

This day, Thou hast freed me from all sorrows, obstacles and fear. What austerity to attain did I perform this great of Bliss?
MAY I LIKEN Thy PURE GRACE TO THE LOVE OF MY MOTHER

My Lord!
I was all along indulging in talking slander and in levity.
I knocked about here and there wasting my time.
I was like an unca red-for and harassed dog grabbing for food, day in and day out, amidst filth.

Alas! Thou hast placed this dog on a precious throne and hast crowned it with a crown of brilliant gems.

O Thou, the Glory that sustains all things!
O Thou, the Effulgence that the seers adore!
May I liken Thy pure Grace to the love of my mother?
Lo! Even a mother’s love is but a faint reflection of The supreme Grace of glorious Grace.
THOU HAST LOVINGLY TAKEN ME AS THINE OWN SERVANT

All seeing Lord!

Thou hast come down to me,
Thou hast destroyed all the dross in me,
And Thou hast lovingly taken me as Thine own servant.

May I call Thee, the peak of pure intelligence?
May I call Thee, the good canoe that carried me to the shore of infinite Effulgence?
May I call Thee, the bar of gold that shines in the casket of Grace?

O, what am I to call Thee, my Lord, Who dancest in the loving heart of things?
THOU CANST NOT AFFORD TO KEEP STILL FROM THIS MOMENT

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My Lord!

Thou abidest in the loving heart of creation.
I swear on Thy Holy Feet, there is nothin of mine own to be done.
I cannot move a straw of my own accord.

From this moment onwards,
Thou, Thyself hast to do, by whatsoever means, all the loving deeds;
Thou, Thyself hast to protect me:

It is Thy obligation
I have surrendered to Thee, my entire being,
I have expressed my total inability.

My Brother!
Thou darest not keep still from this moment.
MY FATHER! THOU THYSELF SEESEST THE TRUTH

My Lord!
There are those who lay it down that prior work causes subsequent result.
These words have no place in my understanding, in this world of Bliss.

Hence,
O Lord Who art all-in-all!
O Lord Who abidest in the Loving heart of Creation!

It is Thy obligation to protect me and bestow Thy gracious glory on me
I have expressed my total inability to do anything, of my own accord.

My father! Thou Thyself seest the Truth.
My Lord!
Thou hast initiated me into the secret of being ever wakeful without sleep.
And Thou hast owned me as Thy servant.

O Lover! Thou hast never left me;
And Thou hast become one with my life.
Thou hast come forward to redeem me!

It is now too late for Thee to go back.
Thou must hasten to come here.
If Thou delayest in coming here, my mind is quite unable to bear it,

O Lord of lords! Thy gracious mind knowest this story of mine all too well.
Lord of the effulgent Universe!

It is my nature to be doing what is evil. 
It is Thy nature to forbear and treat me as good.

There is, now, no more praise for this poor servant to offer to Thee. 
Pray deign to hasten, my Lord, to calm the mind of Thy poor servant, 
remove him of sorrows and fear and fear and bestow Thy Gracious Glory.

My Lord! Today is just the Time.
My Lord!

This moment is auspicious for Thy giving.
In this moment, deign to bestow on me the unique, gracious and supreme effulgence,

This is one way to redeem me.
If this way of redeeming is too good for me, see, there is a second way open to thee.

My Lord! In this moment gladly take away my body and life.
I agree to either way.

And Thy Holy feet is witness to what I have said.
And my heart is only too well-known to Thy Heart.
O my mother! My Father! My Teacher! My King.
Both formless and inform, thou hast taken Thy abode in me.
ADORÉ ONLY OUR LORD WHO IS ALL-IN-ALL

O you, Who yearn for God-experience.

Bowing to your feet, your little servant would speak to you.
Deign to listen.

Take me as one among you, in the search of God-experience.
Adore only our Lord Who is all in all.

Uttering all sorts of dogmas, do not get involved and bewildered like low wrangling sectarians.

The Lord Beyond, the perfect, the pure Bliss is the One without an equal.
Be pleased to come nearer and apprehend this Truth.
In His hallowed Name and on my honour, do I declare this Truth.
IT IS A PITY, INDEED

Some have forgotten to drink the milk of yoga, the milk of Grace, the milk of Divine Bliss.

It is pity, indeed!
But what happens to them?
Their story is this:

When they were young, they drank their mothers' milk, lay down in their beds and cried for more.

When they grew older, it became natural to them, owing to sloth, to drink the fermented juice which, creating insanity, destroyed their reason.

Alas! Alas! They would not pray to the Lord of Lords, Who bestows His Grace for the mere asking.
O ye, Men and Women of the world!

The transient nest of worms made of concentrated excrecence.
By the experience of the Lord beyond who is effulgence itself

Is transformed into an eternal entity of effulgence
It is true!
It is true indeed!
DO UNDERSTAND AND KEEP THIS TRUTH IN MIND

O ye brothers and sisters of the world!
Do understand and keep this Truth in mind:

There is only one God without an equal, whether with form or without form or both with form and without form

Is anything gained by holding that there are two Gods, three Gods, or five Gods?

By so holding you only confound yourselves and deny yourselves the experience of the Lord Beyond.

You may as well say that there are two or more lives in one body!
O ye brothers and sisters of the world!
Do understand and keep this Truth in mind.
HOW WOULD YOU KNOW THE SPLENDOUR OF THE
DANCE OF OUR LORD

O ye men and women of the world!
You do not cherish goodwill to one another.
You do not speak kindly to one another.
You do not perceive the basis of your being.
You do not pause to apprehend what the end to be accomplished is.
You do not care to know what the way to it is.
You do not understand why you find yourselves in this body.
You do not know what justice and mercy mean.
How would you know the splendor of the dance our

Lord in the heart of all creation, removing the veils of Illusion, Ignorance
and Evil?
Indeed, you know how to quarrel.
You know how to deceive.
You know only too well how to do what is evil.
You know well enough how to fill up the gaping crater of a stomach with
ever-increasing food and drink.
You know ver well how to eat to you heart's content scented salad, meat,
fried nuts, boiled vegetables, sweetened broth and other endless
preparations.

O ye men and women of the world!
How would you know the splendor of the dance of our Lord in the heart of
all creation, removing the veils of Illusion, Ignorance, and Evil!
O ye Men and women who debate in discord!

Do listen to one word
Before the sun of your life sets,

Do think about and pray to the Lord who dances in the heart of the Universe of Grace

Without harbouring any thought of your evil speech and action
The Lord will, indeed, redeem you,

Do I speak an untruth?
Never! Never will I speak an untruth!

As you are my kith and kin and blood of my blood,
I only long to share with you the veritable Good.
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O ye Men and Women of the world!
Do bear in mind the truth of this experience
Sleep, sorrow, fear and obstacle have gone forever,

Despair Evil, Illusion, Ignorance and Darkness have been scared and left me forever Divine prosperity, Divine grace

Intelligence, Divine Love, Divine Deathless Body and Divine Bliss and Divine courage have come to abide in me to the full.

O ye Men and Women of the world!
Do bear in mind the Truth of this experience.
O ye Men and Women of the world!

Do come this way
The supreme gracious glory, which has neither beginning nor middle nor end, has filled my mind in mercy.

And I have become an eternal being.
And I will establish ye in the broad day light of the one supreme ever existing.

Lord beyond, removing from you the excrescences of caste, dogmas and sect.

The Truth is spoken
O ye Men and Women of the world!
Do come quick this way.
My Lord who danceth in glory dispelling ignorance, illusion and evil,
Ever trained in mind in the way of hard-hearted whilst sweet tongued
little creatures;

I have hardened my heart like steel.
Am I ever going to give food and relieve the corroding hunger of these
poor people?

Alas!
Here I stand powerless even to move a straw;
My Lord! Pray, Deign to relieve the hunger of these poor people.
I CAN NO LONGER BEAR THIS HARROWING SIGHT AND SOUND

My Father!
Supreme Glory full of Grace!
I can no longer bear the sight of the depressed, sorrowful and painful faces of people around me.
In the Holy name of Thy Grace, I pray to thee.
I can no longer bear to hear the cruel words of callous people uttered in levity all around me.

O my Father!
In Thy name, in Thy Glorious name, I pray to Thee, I can no longer bear this harrowing sight and sound.
My Teacher!
I learnt from Thee that the knowledge is knowledge of deathlessness;
I therefore aspired to be a Devotee of Thy wonderous effulgent Universe.

My Teacher!
Howsoever is Thy will towards me, Pray, Deign to do so.
My loving Teacher!

I learnt from Thee that the Refuge is Thy glorious feet.
I do not therefore need any other help.
O my Mind! I have no boots on.

I have no white shirt on.
I have neither good wearing cloth.
I have no work.
I have no money on hand.
I have no fat body.
I have no residence;
I have neither any other excellence;

Nor doest Thou want to see ceremonies of marriage.
O my Mind! Howsoever wilt thou approach the festive house of marriage?
O king of the effulgent universe!
O rare Divine Medicine!
O Blissful Honey!
O Feast of Grace!
O Lord who danceth in the heart of things!
O meritorious monarch!
O Bounteous one whom all sages sing!
O maiden of the Himalays!
O shy peacock!
O sweet and gentle faced Ambrosia!
O young cuckoo!
O Blissful creeper!
O young maid of graceful steps!
O wonderous honey!
O slender Hind of beauteous posture!
THOU ART THE EVER LOVING MOTHER

O Lord!
Thou art the food, which banishes hunger!
Thou art the great king who has no enemy!
Thou art the Existence beyond speech!
Thou art the Bliss that baffles expression!
Thou art the great Indestructible!
Thou art the ever-loving mother!

O glorious Lord!
Thou dancest in the heart of things, removing ignorance and evil.
THOU ART THE GLORIOUS END OF ALL SCRIPTURES

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O Lord!

Thou art the limitless space suffused with grace!
Thou art the infinite existence filling all space!
Thou art That which is encompassing That!
Thou art the taste in honey!
Thou art the understanding that dispels ignorance!
Thou art the light of inspiration!

O Lord!
Thou art the Glorious End of all scriptures.
Deign to come my Lord!
In the primordial sacred sound of Om,
In the middle of dead night,

Thou hast transformed me into an existence in form and in formless.
And Thou hast destroyed the death in me forever.
My Lord! Pray deign to come.

Deign to come my Lord!

Becoming true Ambrosial food, Thou hast been protecting my life.

Thou art the Blissful Existence.
Thou art dancing the dance of Redemption.

My Lord! Pray Deign to come.
Deign to come my Lord.

Thou hast removed all the dangers to me.  
Thou hast lit the lamp of Thy Grace in me.  
Thou hast destroyed the I in me.

My Lord! Pray deign to come.

Deign to come my Lord.

Thou hast bestowed on me all powers of purity.  
Thou hast removed sloth and sleep from me.  
Thou hast owned me as Thine own.

My Lord! Pray deign to come.
Deign to come my Lord.

Thou springeth from my heart like a fountain both day and night.
Thou ever tasteth like sweet ambrosia.
I can no longer bear the separation from you.

My Lord! Pray deign to come.

Deign to come my Lord.

Thou hast shown me the Bliss of the other world.
And thou hast bestowed it on me in this world itself.
And Thou evè abideth in my heart.

My Lord! Pray deign to come.
Deign to come my Lord.

Thou hast taught me the truth
"What exists, exists"
"And it should be experienced"
Thou art the bounteous giver of Bliss.

My Lord! Pray deign to come.

Deign to come my Lord.

I will not sleep or die like the worldly,
Sleep in me hast been vanquished.
Death in me hast been destroyed.

My Lord! Pray deign to come.
Deign to come my Lord.

Thou art all Forms
Thou art all formlessness.
Thou art both form and formlessness.
Thou art not any of these.
Thou art ever bounteous.

My Lord! Pray deign to come.

Deign to come my Lord.

I will no longer eat, dress and go about hither and thither.
I long for the food of Amritha.
Give me that food, My Lord.

My Lord! Pray deign to come.
Deign to come my Lord.

Wheresoever is the need to tell thee what is in my mind? 
Thou art thedweller in my Mind. 
Thou art beyond mind and speech. 

My Lord! Pray deign to come.

Deign to come my Lord. 

Thou taught me that all sects are partial and false. 
Deign to come here and now my Lord. 
Thou gaveth the true experience. 

My Lord! Pray deign to come.
Deign to come my Lord.

The Lord Beyond is one
The real path that straight away leads to the intimate experience of the Lord Beyond is only one.

So doust They say, My Lord.
Thou standest for eternal good for ever.

My Lord! Pray deign to come.

Deign to come my Lord.

In my oneness with Thee hast bestowed on me the experiences of the Earth below and the heavens above.
Thou art the Universal.
Thou art the almighty.

My Lord! Pray deign to come.
Deign to come my Lord.

Thou hast inspired a desire in me for the primordial sound.
Thou hast produced in me the evanescent sound of inspiration too.
Thou hast sundered all "myself and mine"

My Lord! Pray deign to come.

Deign to come my Lord.

Thou art the apple of my eyes.
The sea of my desire to see Thee is bubbling over, out of all bounds,
It is to see Thee that my body persists.

My Lord! Pray deign to come.
Deign to come my Lord.

I long to see and embrace Thee
Unless I see and embrace Thee

My Love will be out of bounds and run riot.
Thou art the very apple of my eyes.
Thou art the Glory of my life.

My Lord! Pray deign to come.

Deign to come my Lord.

I long to embrace Thee.
Embracing Thee, I long to become one with Them.
Thou art The great cause.
Thou art the unique perfection.

My Lord! Pray deign to come.
THOU HAST REMOVED ALL DOUBTS

Deign to come my Lord.

I was in doubt.
Thou hast removed all doubts.
The world bears witness to it.
Thou art the dance in the hearts of ever truthful sages.

My Lord! Pray deign to come.

Deign to come my Lord.

Why should there be thousands of pages of learning?
'The Truthful Word is only one'.
So sayest Thou, calling me to Thy side.
Thou hast not equal.

My Lord! Pray deign to come.
Deign to come my Lord.

“There is a state of supreme Peace.”
“It is the end of yoga”
Thus sayest Thou in intimacy to me.
Thy Form has no end.

My Lord! Pray deign to come.
THOU HAST MADE A SUCCESS OF ME

Deign to come, my Lord!

I was climbing up and climbing down.
Thou hast prevented me from climbing down.
Thou hast made me climb up.
Thou hast made a success of me.

My Lord, pray deign to come.
THIS BODY WAS ROTTEN TO THE CORE

4409 அன்னம் இலயமிழ் மரைந்து விளக்கியிருந்த
நூற்றாண்டு ஆக்கிரமிப்பு மார்க்கு
சித்தர் ஆக்கிரமிப்பு மார்க்கு.

Deign to come my Lord.

This body was rotten to the core.
In Thy Grace, Thou hast transformed it into a glorious excellence.
Bestow all bounteous energies, my Lord!

My Lord! Pray deign to come.
My Lord!

Deign to come and embrace me
Lord of the beautiful effulgent universe!
Pray, Deign to come and embrace me,

O Lord of the eternal Divine Form!
Deign to come and embrace me.

O Lord who is all in all!
Deign to come and embrace me.

O Lord of the eternal effulgence!
Deign to come and embrace me.

O Lord who is good to all!
Deign to come and embrace me.

O Lord who is mine own!
Pray deign to come and embrace me.
ALL MY SORROWS AND PAINS HAVE VANISHED

Sisters!
Do play and sing of the Lord’s Grace.
I have seen our Father.
All my sorrows and pains have vanished.

My mind is full of joy.
The Lord has bestowed on me all bounteous energies.

Sister!
Do play and sing of the Lord’s Grace.
I HAVE BEEN FREED FROM EVERY OBSTACLE

Sisters!
Do play and sing of the Lord’s Grace.

I have seen our Father.
He has bestowed on me the Divine Gift of deathlessness.
I rejoice over it.
I have been freed from every obstacle

Sister!
Do play and sing of the Lord’s Grace.

My Lord has freed me from bondage
My Lord has given me Divine Wisdom.
I have become the Lord’s chosen.

Sister!
Do play and sing of the Lord’s Grace.
Sisters!
Do play and sing of the Lord’s Grace.

The darkness of my mind has disappeared.
There is now an inner light shining forth
I have taken the pure Ambrosia
I have tasted its enduring sweetness.

Sister!
Do play and sing of the Lord’s Grace.

The veils around me have been torn of pieces.
The effulgent sun has arisen.
The glorious Light of Grace has shone forth.
My prayer has been answered.

Sister!
Do play and sing of the Lord’s Grace.
My Lord!

It is wonderous how unique is the harmony between Thee and myself.

This harmony is so supremely unique that I wonder whether such a harmony will happen to others in this world.

My Lord!

There was an unparalleled column of great height.  
As I climbed up slowly, it became narrowed like a thread.  
I was stunned and overwhelmed with despair and sorrow.

Thou hast dispelled my despair and sorrow and raised and placed me at the very end.

It is wonderous my Lord! How unique is the harmony between Thee and myself.
When I think of the way in which Thou hast owned me.

My heart melts like wax.
The flood of bliss has swallowed me and spread all around.

When I think of it over and over again,
Mind, Life and body all sweeten.

When I perchance think myself separate from Thee,
My soul is agonised.

It is wonderous, My Lord! How unique is the harmony between Thee and myself.
My Lord!

Whensoever I think of Thy Supreme Grace, my body is thrilled.
Like one who has banished hunger by sumptuous food.
My Love to Thee is full to the brim.

The saying of the Great that love alone abides is gone out of experience.

For on me who had no trace of Love to Thee Thou hast bestowed Thy grace.

It is wonderous My Lord! How unique is the harmony between Thee and myself.
My Lord!

When I think and ever think of Thee, My thought is sweetened. My Mind shuddres of going not to you but to others.

Thou hast removed my sorrows and redeemed me. Shall I call Thee mother?

My mother! I am without love to Thee; Had I love to Thy Holy feet in my past births?

It is wonderous My Lord! How unique is the harmony between Thee and myself.
MY FATHER! WOULDEST THOU COME TODAY TO GIVE THYSELF TO ME

My Mother!

If I forget Thee, will there be life in my body?

Will my mind ever think of others and not think of Thee?
I gave myself to Thee and hast taken myself to Thee.

What may be the purpose?
My Mother! Wouldst Thou come today to give Thyself to me?

How wonderful, my Lord this harmony between Thee and me!
THERE IS NOWHERE ANY TO GIVE ME REFUGE EXCEPT THYSELF

My Father!

There is nowhere for me to seek refuge except in thee.

Alas! There is nowhere for me to find Grace except in thee.

Nowhere in this universal does any bear rule expect Thyself

I am not drawn to anyone in the world except to thee.

How wonderful, my Lord this harmony between Thee and me!
ARE NOT MY BODY, MY LIFE AND MY POSSESSIONS THINE OWN?

My Mother!

Are not my body, my life and my possessions Thine own?

Am I to say today "Mother, take these?"

I think of Thy tender care of me for Thy shelter while I was still young.

When I do so, my eyes fill with blissful tears, bathing my body.

How wonderful, my Lord this harmony between Thee and me.
My King!

Unquenchable desire to embrace Thee bubbles over in me.
My life still hovers in the hope that I will embrace Thee.

My hands quickly lengthen to take hold of Thy Holy, fragrant flowery Feet.

Whosoever I take hold of Thy Holy Feet, joy overwhelms me.

It is wonderous, my Lord! How unique is the harmony Thee and myself.
My Lord!

The compassion that Thou hast for my poor self;

Whensoever I ask of Thee for cosmic powers, Thou hast given them to me.

Thou art more beneficial to me than my own life. Thou wilt not abandon me taking heed of the evil deeds I indulge in.

It is wounderous, my Lord! How unique is the harmony between Thee and myself.
My Sister!
Come let us play the ball.

My sister! May thou be blessed! Do listen to me ever.
My Lord has made me the gift of deathlessness.
I looked towards the glorious East where the mighty red ball of a flame swiftly comes into view.

I will endure forever and ever play the blessed cosmic play.

Sister! If thou desireth it, do come here and take a vow, put sacred bangle on Thy hand in the name of the Lord’s grace eternal and play the ball.

See the supreme gracious glory my sister and play the ball.
My sister come let us play the ball.
I HAVE COME TO LEARN THE WISDOM OF DEATHLESSNESS

My Sister! Come let us play at ball.

The four Vedas, the Agamas, and all the Sastras do not become our own wisdom, but remain only outside ourselve as our wisdom for the market.

By experiencing the Absolute, the Lord Beyond, I have come to learn the wisdom of deathlessness.

And I have come towards the End, where the Lord abides in mercy to all.

My Sister! If you long for deathlessness forever, do not say this and that,

But, beholding the Supreme Gracious Glory, play at ball.
THY FORM DIVINE MELTS EVEN THE HARD ROCK OF MY MIND

My Lord!
Thine Eyes are filled with endless compassion within and without, bubbling over and overflowing,

Being the sole refuge of all the myriads and myriads of lives,
And producing in them the state of bliss, suffused with purity;

Thy mouth utters words of Amritha full of wisdom and enlightenment in eternal Ananda dhara;

And Thy Form Divine melts even the hard rock of my mind filled with all impurities, imperfections and evils, cleaning it through and through.

My Lord! I ever bow to Thee in eternal gratitude.
THOU ART THE PROTECTING FATHER AND THOU ART
THE PROTECTING MOTHER TOO

My Lord!
In this world below, when a father beats an unruly son, the mother runs
 to his protection, throws her arms around her son and clasps him to her
bosom:

And when a mother beats an unruly son, the father holds his son by his
hand and shields him from the anger of the mother.

But to me, the remorseful Sinner, thou who art ever dancing in mercy in
the hearts of all lives, with Thy ineffable Form of Energy infinite and
variegated Thou art the protecting Father, and Thou art the protecting
Mother, too.

So, I beseech Thee Who art both Father and Mother to me, to cease
beating me, who can no longer bear the anguish of it, but give me refuge
in the effulgent shade of Thy Holy Feet.
WE WILL LIVE THE LIFE SUPREME

O! my brothers and sisters of the World!
Be pleased to come this way to our Lord.

Let us ever think of Him;
Let us ever feel His ineffable presence;
Let us ever melt through and through;
We shall be filled and over-filled with love-divine, ever bathed in the fountain of tears welling from eyes suffused with Ananda:

We will all pray to Him in ecstatic joy as our rightful Lord, as our Master
Who dances the dance of perfect compassion, as our bounteous Treasure, as our Gracious Amritha.

Hark, We will live the Life Supreme, Which knows no death.
In truth, I am not indulging in fancy, nor am I harbouring any untruth.

Lo! God is my Witness! What I say is Truth absolute.
The Time is come to follow Him into His uttermost and inmost Chambers, effulgent, blissful, and eternal.
THE LORD IS NOW COMING TO THE OPEN

In castes, in philosophical dogmas, in the conflicting ceremonials of sectarian practices, in the noisy debates of Sastras, in the wars of Gotras-

Pinning your Faith in these differences, distinctions, and quarrels from times immemorial, you men and women of the world! Are restless and tossed about hither and thither.

Let me tell you, my brothers and sisters, it does not become you, loving and intelligent souls that you are, to be so restless and tossed about hither and thither and ruined ignominiously.

To establish you in Eternal Justice, in the very heart of the Reality of Effulgent and Blissful Existence,

The One without an equal, the Lord who takes his endearing abode in the inner sanctuary of all lives, is now coming to the open and into the board day light of our experience and will play his unique game of Glory and Grace.

It is therefore time for you to turn this way. And I do call you all, men and women of the world, in the name of our Lord and Master, to your ineffable Destiny of Perfection.
THESE ARE MY DESIRES, DESIRES BORN OF THY GRACE

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My Lord!
Be forever glorified and grant this prayer to thine humble servant:

To attain the whole form and substance of Compassion,
To relieve fear, pain, and sorrows of suffering beings,
To give all beings peace, happiness, and truth,
To so relieve and give in Thy name and by Thine inseparable Grace,
To help the world forward in the way of Life which knows not even the name of meat and slaughter,

To sing Thy Glory and Effulgence,
To sing of Thee Who hast Thine abode in the inmost chambers of all lives and Who, in Bliss Divine, dancest there for ever and ever, as their Be-all and End-all,

Th pray day and night and night and day to Thee and to Thine inherent Grace,
These, verily, these are my desires, desires born of Thy Grace;

_O God who art our mother!_
Be forever glorified and grant this prayer to Thine humble servant.