

Ā Pādapadmattil

Malayalam

**ā pādapadmattil chērnn-irikkām kaṇṇāorupādu
prēma-kāvyam rachikkām**

I will remain close to your lotus feet, O Krishna, and compose countless melodies of love.

**ā prēma-bhaktiyil ozhukām ozhuki ā -
kāvya-yamunayāyi ñān māriḍām**

Carried by the currents of my devotion, I will flow endlessly—becoming a Yamuna of poems.

**ā pādapadmattil chērnn-irikkām kaṇṇāorupādu
prēma-kāvyam rachikkām**

I will remain close to your lotus feet, O Krishna, and compose countless melodies of love.

**ā prēma-muraļiyil gānam utirttu ñān - chērnnirikkām
chuṇḍil gītam ākām**

I will remain near you, a song in your flute of love. I will become a song on your lips, a melodious flow of love, O Krishna.

**ā prēma saṅgīta dhārayākām kaṇṇā - śruti�āy
nityavum chērnnirikkām**

I will remain ever with you, as the finest of tunes.

**ā pādapadmattil chērnn-irikkām kaṇṇāorupādu
prēma-kāvyam rachikkām**

I will remain close to your lotus feet, O Krishna, and compose countless melodies of love.

**tālamāy īnamāy gānamāy tīrnniḍāmninnilāy dhyāna
nimagnayākām**

I shall become rhythm, melody, and song. I shall merge with you in meditation,

**ođuvil ā bhakti tan ārdratayil kaṇṇānirmala
prēmānubhūti ākām**

and in the tenderness of devotion, I shall become the pure ecstasy of divine love.

**ā pādapadmattil chērnn-irikkām kaṇṇāorupāḍu
prēma-kāvyam rachikkām**

I will remain close to your lotus feet, O Krishna, and compose countless melodies of love.

**svaramāy layamāy chērnnaliyām kaṇṇāparamārtha
satyamē ninnil ākām**

*I shall dissolve in you as the notes of tender rhythm. I shall become one with you,
the Ultimate Truth.*

**ñānilla ēkamām tatvam ākām kaṇṇā - satyamāy
svatvamāy sattayākām**

No longer will I exist, Krishna—I shall become the One Truth, the very essence of love.

**ā pādapadmattil chērnn-irikkām kaṇṇāorupāḍu
prēma-kāvyam rachikkām**

I will remain close to your lotus feet, O Krishna, and compose countless melodies of love.

Abhayamāy Amṛtamāy

Malayalam

abhayamāy amṛtamāymanassil uṇarum mantramāy

As the refuge, as the nectar of immortality, as the mantra that arises in the mind,

karuṇayāy snēhamāy ammayuṇḍueṅgum iruḷakatṭum neyttiriyāy ammayuṇḍu

*as compassion and love, as the flame that dispels darkness all around -
Mother is there.*

tēnmalarāy veṇṇilavāykanalaṇakkum tennalāy

As a flower brimming with nectar, as silver moonlight, as the breeze that puts out the embers of pain,

gītamāy nādamāy ammayuṇḍuennum praṇavamām ōmkāramāy ammayuṇḍu ammayuṇḍu

*as a melodious song, as the essence of sound, as the primordial syllable om -
Mother is there.*

vānavillāy mēghamāyazhalakatṭum pūmazhayāy

As a rainbow, as a rain-cloud, as a shower of flowers that dispels our sorrow,

gītamāy, nādamāy, ammayuṇḍuennum matiyil teļiyum jñānamāy ammayuṇḍuammayuṇḍu

as a melodious song, as the essence of sound, as wisdom that shines within the mind – Mother is there.

kālamāy prakṛtiyāy puṇyamēkum gangayāy

As time, as nature, as the purifying Ganga,

nityamāy satyamāy ammayuṇḍuennum aruma-makkaḷkk-īśvariyāyammayuṇḍu ammayuṇḍu

as eternity and truth, as the divine Goddess for her darling children – Mother is there

Ādiparāśakti Ambikē

Malayalam

ādiparāśakti ambikē

Mother! You are the primordial cosmic energy, the Supreme Goddess.

ādiparāśakti ambikēkāttu-kollēṇamē ūṅgaļe

Mother! You are the primordial cosmic energy, the Supreme Goddess. Protect us,

samasta-aparādham poruttu nīvasikkēṇam ullil karuṇāmayi

forgive our faults and misdeeds, and abide within us, O compassionate one.

avyāja-karuṇā mūrttiyāyiulakatte pōṭriḍum jaganmayi

You have manifested as all of creation, sustaining the world through your boundless grace.

kalmaṣam tīrttu mūvulakineullāsa-bharitam ākkum kāli nī

O Kali, you purge the impurities of the three worlds and revive them with joy and divine strength.

īrēzh-ulakaṅgaļ okkeyumlīlā-vinōdini nin kēli-raṅgam

O One who delights in your cosmic play! The fourteen worlds are your playground

nin icchayillāt-orāṇuvumēulak-eṅgum calikkilla atu satyam

—without your will, not even a single atom stirs.

atu satyam... atu satyam... atu satyam...

This alone is the eternal truth.

nin kr̥pa ēttu maruvīḍunnasukṛtikalkk-atonnē sāyūjyam

Those blessed to live in your grace find therein their ultimate liberation,

**ā mahākāruṇya-sindhuvil allōsaccidānandamām
parama-satyam**

for the supreme truth—existence, consciousness, and bliss—dwells in the vast ocean of your compassion.

parama-satyam... parama-satyam...

O Supreme Truth!

Ādimātastava Caraṇa-Rēṇu

Sanskrit

**ādimātastava caraṇa-rēṇumāyā
prapañcikādhāra-rēṇu**

O Primordial Mother! This vast universe of illusion was born from the dust of your lotus feet.

ālōkajīvīnām āśraya-hētukālimātastava caraṇa-rēṇu

O Mother Kali! All beings, on earth and in the heavens seek refuge in that sacred dust.

**sakalānām akhilādhi vyādhihāriihapara jīvitāmaya
hāriṇi**

It destroys mental afflictions and cures the deepest diseases. It wipes away sorrow from every heart, of all beings on heaven and earth.

**iḥapara lōkaika lābhakārimama mātuḥ pāvana
pādarēṇu**

O Divine Mother! The dust from your feet bestows merit upon both heaven and earth.

kālikē karuṇāmayijagadāśraye līlāmayi

O Kali, embodiment of compassion... Refuge of the whole world, playful One...

**ādinātha purā sṛjanakālēāśritam khalu tava
caraṇa-rēṇu**

Even Brahma, the creator, took the dust from your lotus feet to create this universe.

āśraya hīnayā ēkālambamāśrayēham sadā jñāna-rēṇu

I am helpless with no one to call my own but you. I take refuge in the dust of your feet, seeking the light of true knowledge.

**anarhayām mayi tava divyarēṇuanukṣanam pātaya
karuṇāmayi**

I am unworthy but if even a speck of that dust touches me, O Compassionate One, all the impurities in my heart will be destroyed.

**alamalam tadalam tvad caraṇarēṇuhṛṇmalanāśāya
sakalāśrayē**

In that sacred dust, O Mother, I take refuge to purify this heart of mine.

kālikē karuṇāmayijagadāśraye līlāmaya

O Kali, embodiment of compassion... Refuge of the whole world, playful One...

Ādiyum Antavum Āyorammē

Malayalam

ādiyum antavum āyorammēādimātāvāya kāli mātē

Mother Kali! You are the origin of this universe—without beginning or end.

**dēvakalum vēda-vāñmayavumninne tiraññu
tałarnniđunnu**

Even the gods cannot fathom you, and the Vedas cannot grasp your essence.

**kārunya-rūpiṇi kālimātēkālāti-varttiyām
prēma-sattēkālāti-varttiyām prēma-sattē**

Mother Kali! You are the embodiment of compassion—the unchanging essence of divine love that transcends all time.

**āgamam colli nī nāriyallanaranalla mrgamalla
vihagamalla**

The Vedas declare, “You are neither man nor woman, neither bird nor beast.”

**onnu mātram nān ariññiđunnunī ende amma āñenna
satyam**

But deep within my heart, I know this truth—you are my true Mother.

**amma ninnāñkē vasiccoru nāljivitam enna kināvu
kañdu**

Once, I was a child, safe in your lap. Then I dreamt of this world,

**māyayāl ninde kaiviñt-uzhannumārgam ariyāte
ambarannu**

and in that sleep—lost in Maya’s spell—I let go of your loving hands. Now I wander, unable to find my way back home.

eñkilum ammayōd-onnu cērum ennuētum ariyilla ende ammē

I do not know the way to merge into you,

**eñkilum ammayōd-onnu cērānenn-udyamam nān
vediyukilla**

but I will never give up the effort to become one with my Mother!

**onnuñđ-uṛapp-enikk-innu tāyēen vili kēṭtu nī ḍōdi
ettum**

Of one thing I am certain, Mother—when you hear my call, you will come running.

**ende karam grahicc-umma veykkumenne nin māṛōḍu
cērttu vaykkum**

You will take my hand, cover me with kisses, hold me close in your embrace, and never let me go.

Āgaka... Sāgipō

Telugu

āgaka... sāgipō munduku sāgipō

Don't stop... keep moving forward

**tānokaṭī talichēnu daivamokaṭī chēsēnu - dēvamu
talichēnu nīvokkaṭī chēsēnu**

I intended one thing, but God did another; God willed one thing, but I chose another

**tappu evaridi oppu evaridiō manujā... jīvita
payanamidi**

*Who can say with certainty what's right or wrong?
O human...
this life is a journey*

āgaka... sāgipō munduku sāgipō

Don't stop... keep moving forward

**talapulu phaliñcaka daivamunu dūsiñchēratalachēdī
jaragaka maniṣinī tappupat̄terū**

Some blame God when desires go unfulfilled. Some blame human error when wishes don't come true

**tappulu ennaku oppulu ennakuō manujā... anitya
jīvitamidi**

Count not the rights, nor the wrongs. O human... life is impermanent

āgaka... sāgipō munduku sāgipō

Don't stop... keep moving forward

**ēdī kākunnā āgaka sāgipōendaradḍukunnā munduku
sāgipō**

Even when nothing works out, keep moving on. Even when others stand in your way, press forward

**annī mana mañchikē āgaka sāgipō ammē nī balam
mundukū sāgipō**

All things unfold for your good... don't pause, just go. The Divine Mother is your strength—walk ahead

Ajñāna Tamassil Mayaṅgunna

Malayalam

**ajñāna tamassil mayaṅgunna makkalkkukāvalālāy
amma kāttirippū**

Mother remains a vigilant guardian of her children, who slumber in dark ignorance.

**enn-uṇarnnīḍum ī makkal ennorttammakāruṇya
mūrtiyāy kāttirippū**

With boundless compassion, she waits, wondering when they will awaken.

**uṇarān maḍikkunnu makkal innum
bhūvilmōhāndhakāravum pēriḍunnu**

Her children are reluctant to awaken, burdened by the darkness of delusion.

**kai nīṭti māṛōḍu chērtt-aṇaykkumbōzhummanam
etra dūreykk-akaṭṭīḍunnu**

*Even as she reaches out and draws us to her bosom,
our mind pulls us far away.*

**ajñāna tamassil mayaṅgunna makkalkkukāvalālāy
amma kāttirippū**

Mother remains a vigilant guardian of her children, who slumber in dark ignorance.

**māyā-marīchika tēdi alayunnusatyamat-onninē
tēdiḍāte**

Wandering in pursuit of mirages, we do not seek the One Truth.

**enn-uṇarnnīḍum ī makkal tan hṛdayaṅgalenonnu
chērum ā... padatāratil**

When will her children awaken in their hearts? When will they merge with her lotus feet?

**ajñāna tamassil mayaṅgunna makkalkkukāvalālāy
amma kāttirippū**

Mother remains a vigilant guardian of her children, who slumber in dark ignorance.

Ākāśa-Mēlāppil

Malayalam

**ākāśa-mēlāppil kārmēgha-tuṇḍonnupeyyuvānāyi
vitumbi nilpū**

In the sky above, a dark rain cloud waits eagerly to pour down as rain.

**āzhi tan tīrattum ammayām
kārmēghamvātsalya-varṣavumāy kāttirippū**

By the sea, the radiant Mother, dark as a rain cloud, waits to shower tender compassion.

**tantanam tintōm taka taka tantanam tintōmtantanam
tintōm taka taka tantanam tintōm**

Traditional music

**ākāśa-mēlāppil minnunna minnalilmālōkar-ellām
bhayappedavē**

People tremble in fear at the brilliant lightning streaks that flash across the sky,

**ammayām kārmēghakkaṇ
kaḍākṣikkavēmālōkarkk-ellām ul̄ppuḷakam**

but when touched by the brilliance of Mother's glance, their hearts overflow with joy.

**tantanam tintōm taka taka tantanam tintōmtantanam
tintōm taka taka tantanam tintōm**

Traditional music

**ākāśa-mēlāppil poṭṭi puṛappedummēgha-nādaṅgalāl
ñetṭi viraykkavē**

People tremble in fear at the thunderclaps that echo across the sky.

**āzhi tan tīratte kārmēgha-tuṇḍindecuṇḍilāy kāṇām
orindra-dhanussu**

But when they behold the rainbow-like smile upon Mother's lips—she who shines with the radiant beauty of a dark rain cloud...

**tantanam tintōm taka taka tantanam tintōmtantanam
tintōm taka taka tantanam tintōm**

Traditional music

**āru kaṇḍālum akam kuḷirkkum pinneā savidhattilāy
cērnn-aṇayum**

...their minds are soothed and refreshed, and they come to her abode.

**āzhi tan tīrattu samsāra-vahniyilātapippōrk-ellām
ātma-śānti**

By the sea, in Mother's compassionate presence, all who are scorched by the fire of samsara find serenity of mind.

amma tan sannidhi ātma-śānti

in Mother's compassionate presence, all who are scorched by the fire of samsara find serenity of mind.

Akatāril Enne Ņān Ārāññu Cellavē

Malayalam

akatāril enne Ņān Ārāññu cellavēalivārnnu mařayunnit-antaraṅgam

When I turn within, seeking to know who I am, the mind and all its sorrows dissolve in the peace of experiencing the true Self.

azhalokke nizhal-pōle atulita śāntiyilariviñde telimayil akanniđunnu

When I turn within, seeking to know who I am, the mind and all its sorrows dissolve in the peace of experiencing the true Self.

ārōrum illāte paital karaññ-ennālammayā cāratt-añañña-pōle

Just as a mother will rush to comfort a crying child who has no one else,

ātmānubhūtiyil azhivilla nōkkukilariyuvān akatār-oruňgiđēñam

the Self reveals itself when the mind longs deeply for its bliss. The bliss of the Self is ever-full and never diminishes.

ařiyuvān akatār-oruňgiđēñam

the Self reveals itself when the mind longs deeply for its bliss. The bliss of the Self is ever-full and never diminishes.

alivuļļil niřayaňam akatāru piđayaňamaham atin sattayil ninniđēñam

We must cultivate compassion for all beings, maintain an unquenchable thirst for truth, and keep the awareness of “I” anchored in its true source.

abhimāna-dhanam ellām ađarāđi veđiyaňamātmāvin tatvattil ninniđēñam

We must conquer prideful ego, and stand firmly established in the Atman, our true essence.

ātmāvin tatvattil ninniđēñam

We must conquer prideful ego, and stand firmly established in the Atman, our true essence.

Akatāril Nombaram Azhalāy Eriyumbōl

Malayalam

**akatāril nombaram azhalāy eriyumbōlanutāpa-cinta
nirāññidumbōl**

Sorrow smoulders within my heart, and regret fills all my thoughts.

**akaneñcu pilarunna viñgalum
pēriinn-ēkānta-pathikanāy alayunnu ñān**

My heart is torn apart by pain, as I wander on—a lonely traveller.

**añayukillē ammēañayukillē? / ī alayunna jīvane
puñarukillē?**

Mother! Won't you draw near to this wandering soul and embrace him as your own?

**bhuvanavum bhūtādhi-nāthanum
pañiyunnabhaya-lēśam ēlātta bhāgya-sōbha**

The embodiment of pure consciousness, the refuge of all and worshipped by every being in this world,

**abhayakaram nītti ānandam ēkilumakalattil eñgō
alayunnu ñān**

waits to grant me shelter and bliss—yet I stray far away from you.

**karuñaykk-oratirilla karał aliññ-akhilarkkumamṛtēki
ozhukum ā viñgañga tan**

From heaven, you flowed with boundless grace as the divine Ganga, bestowing ambrosia upon all,

**mađiyil vīñatil oru kañamāy aliyātevijanamām
marubhuvil alayunnu ñān**

everywhere. Yet instead of merging into you like a drop, I wander through a barren, arid desert.

**aham onnu mātram pakaramāy vāñgi tanakhilavum
nalkuvān vembum amma**

You long to grant me an empire of bliss in exchange for my ego, yet I still resist.

**alivōdu mēvumbōl atinottu
nīṅguvānarutāttat-innende bhāgya-dōṣam**

How unfortunate I am—unable to surrender, unable to offer my ego at your feet.

**aṇayukillē ammē aṇayukillē? īalayunna jīvane
puṇarukillē?**

Will you not take away the pain I bear—the pain of a child wandering in deep despair?

**atidūram atidīnam alayum ī paitalinaṇayātta
nōvonn-akattukillē?**

Won't you embrace this distressed son of yours and ease the anguish in his heart?

Ālakālam Ēttru Kātta Nīlakanṭhanē2025

Tamil

**ālakālam ēttru kātta nīlakanṭhanēādiśakti pāti
nirkkum ammaiyyappanē**

O Blue-Throated One, who held the deadly poison in your throat! O Father who stands united with the Primordial Shakti!

**ālamaram kīzhamarnta jñānadēśikāāgamaṅkal
vāzhttukindra tāyumānavā**

O Guru of wisdom, who sat beneath the banyan tree! O One whom the scriptures praise as both Mother and Father!

**ullāmatu nilayillāmal ōdi alayumēulla śakti
payanillāmal virayamākumē**

The mind, without steadiness, runs and wanders aimlessly; its inner power, without purpose, is wasted away.

**untanatu nāmarūpam dhyānam seyyavēullāmatu
amaitiyāki āttal ōmkumē**

But by meditating on your name and form, the mind becomes peaceful and its strength grows.

**ullakkullē unnaikkāṇum bhakti perukavēulakeṅkum
unnaikāṇum pēṛu vāykkumē**

As devotion grows to see you within the heart, the good fortune to see you everywhere in the world arises.

**ullatellām nīyendruṇarum jñānam
tōṇḍrumēulakattin sēvai untan sēvayākumē**

Knowledge dawns, realizing that all that exists is only you, and serving the world becomes service to you.

**īśā paramēśā girivāsā azhakēśānēśā aruṇēśā jagadīśā
amṛtēśā**

Lord, supreme lord, dweller of the mountain, lord of beauty, beloved lord, lord of arunachala, lord of the universe, lord of immortality...

Aḷavillā Ānanda Vadivāna Ammā

Tamil

**aḷavillā ānanda vadivāna ammāazhivillā ānandam
aruḷvāy ammā**

*O Mother, embodiment of boundless bliss, bestow your eternal bliss upon me,
O Mother.*

**ariyāmal nān seytapizhai kāttaruḷvāyēanbōdu enai
untanpadam cērttaruḷvāyē**

*Please forgive the mistakes I have made unknowingly, and with love, bless me
to take refuge at your feet.*

**jagam yāvum āzhkindra mahārāṇi nīyēen manamāla
maṛantāyō mahākāli tāyē**

*You are the great Queen who permeates the entire universe—have you
forgotten to reign over my heart, O Mother Mahakali?*

**madam koṇdu adaṅkāmalalaipāyum manattai –
unpadam koṇdu sīrākkumkalaiyai nān arindēn**

*I have come to understand the art by which the restless, pride-filled, and
unrestrained mind can be transformed and sanctified—by anchoring it at
your sacred feet.*

**ulakattār ariyāta poruļai nān ariyaunnaruļalē
ariyāmai iruļ yāvum nīṅga**

*By your grace, O Mother, may I come to know that truth which the people of
the world do not perceive; let the darkness of ignorance be dispelled entirely.*

**vazhi-seytāy ammā unmahimai nān pāda –
nīsariseytāy kuṛayāvummaṛaint-ōdipōga**

*You have shown me the path so I may sing of your glory—and you have made
all my shortcomings disappear without a trace.*

Amba Tan Padatārin Dhūlikal Nannāy

Malayalam

**amba tan padatārin dhūlikal nannāyen śirassinkal
patiyēṇam ennum**

Mother! May the dust of your lotus feet, which leads one to the supreme goal, adorn my head each day.

**abhaya-pradamā hastaṅgaḥ ennilanugraha-varṣam
coriyēṇam ennum**

May your divine hands of refuge ever shower their blessings upon me.

ammē... bhakti-gamyē... prēma-rūpē... jagad-vandyē...

Mother, you are attained only through devotion; your very form is love, and the universe bows in worship before you.

**ātma-viśvāsamāy ā mandahāsamantaraṅgattil
nirayēṇam ennum**

May your smile fill my heart with faith in my true Self.

**aviratam ennil ā ṭṛkkaṇ-kadākṣamiruḷ nīkki mārgam
tēliykkēṇam ennum**

May the glance of your eyes dispel all darkness and ever illumine my path.

ammē... bhakti-gamyē... prēma-rūpē... jagad-vandyē...

Mother, you are attained only through devotion; your very form is love, and the universe bows in worship before you.

**avidutte mozhimuttu-mālakal
ennilhṛdayattin-alaṅkāram ākaṇam ennum**

May the garland of your words ever adorn my heart.

**amma tan jīvita-sandēśam endekarmaṅgaḥ
ujvalippikkēṇam ennum**

O Mother, may the message of your life shine forth and make my every action worthy.

ammē... bhakti-gamyē... prēma-rūpē... jagad-vandyē...

Mother, you are attained only through devotion; your very form is love, and the universe bows in worship before you.

Amba Tava Cāru-Śyāma-Varnṇattil

Malayalam

**amba tava cāru-śyāma-varṇṇattilsamyutamākā
varṇṇaṅgaḥ uṇḍō**

Mother, is there a colour that does not merge into your beautiful dark hue?

**ambarē śvētavarṇṇē tāvakēpratiphaliccidā varṇṇam
onnuṇḍō**

Is there any shade in all creation that is not reflected in the pure white of your saree? You embrace and include all beings in this world.

**amba tava madhura-vāṇī sāntvanamaruliḍā
dīna-hṛdayam atuṇḍō**

Do your sweet words not bring solace, even to those burdened by deep sorrow?

**avabōdham ēki tava vācavīcivīthi teḥiykkā hṛdayam
onnuṇḍō**

Do your words of guidance not touch even the hardest of hearts, opening the way for the light of awareness to arise?

**amba tava cāru-śyāma-varṇṇattilsamyutamākā
varṇṇaṅgaḥ uṇḍō**

Mother, is there a colour that does not merge into your beautiful dark hue?

**amba-padamalar-sēvayil
viḍarānatajana-mānasa-malarukaḥ uṇḍō**

Do not the heart-lotuses of the humble blossom when they serve your lotus feet?

**mandahāsābha tingum vadānattālāndhyam akalātta
mānasam uṇḍō**

Does not the radiance of your smile not dispel the darkness in every human heart?

**amba tava cāru-śyāma-varṇṇattilsamyutamākā
varṇṇaṅgaḥ uṇḍō**

Mother, is there a colour that does not merge into your beautiful dark hue?

**amba karuṇā-kaḍākṣa-vīcikalāruṇidā
bhāgya-śṛṅgam-atuṇḍō**

Mother, does not your compassionate glance bestow the highest fortune?

**antar-prasādam tāvakamaruṇāsantōṣattin prāsādam
unḍō**

Is the joy we receive by pleasing your divine heart not beyond all measure?

Ambādi Paitalē

Malayalam

**ambādi paitalē cāyurāṅgūnīlakkārvarṇṇane
cāyurāṅgū**

Krishna, the darling child of Ambadi, go to sleep. Kanna, my baby, hued like the dark blue clouds, close your eyes and rest.

**añcita rāvit neñcilāy cērnnoruambilī pālāzhī
venmayāñō**

Does your body shine with the radiance of the silvery moon, the same moon that the night holds close to her heart?

**kuvalaya-pūvu viñarnnu cirikkumbōlcinni
ozhukunna bhaṅgi āñō...**

Does your smile have the enchanting beauty of the blue water lily as it blooms and smiles at the world?

**ambādi paitalē cāyurāṅgūnīlakkārvarṇṇane
cāyurāṅgū**

Krishna, the darling child of Ambadi, go to sleep. Kanna, my baby, hued like the dark blue clouds, close your eyes and rest.

**ambādi paitalē ninnu ciñungātepūmetta-mēl onnu
cāyurāṅgū**

Krishna, child of Ambadi, stop resisting now. Come to your soft bed, soft as a flower, and go to sleep.

**nalmayil piliyum ḍakkužhal atumnāle pularkāle
ēkiḍām ñān**

In the morning, I shall give you a fresh peacock feather and your beloved flute.

**mañña-pizhiññullā paṭṭ-onnuḍuppikkāmañjanam
kondu nin kaññ-ezhutām**

I will clothe you in bright yellow silk robes and line your eyes with dark collyrium.

**ambādi paitalē cāyurāṅgūnīlakkārvarṇṇane
cāyurāṅgū**

Krishna, the darling child of Ambadi, go to sleep. Kanna, my baby, hued like the dark blue clouds, close your eyes and rest.

**ponmaṇi kiṅgiṇi kāltaṭayum pinne nalla valakaṭum
cērtt-orukkām**

Mother shall adorn you with anklets, with golden bells that softly tinkle. I shall dress you in many bangles to grace your little arms

**nal kanakāmbaram tuṭasi-katirkkulacērttoru
mālayum cārtti tarām**

I will place on your body a garland woven with kanakambara flowers, the color of the rosy dawn, and leaves of the sacred basil.

**nanpezhum veṇṇa niṛaccu ñān nalkidāmnalmizhi
cimmi nī cāyuraṅgū**

I shall feed you fresh, nourishing butter. Now close your eyes, my sweet child, and go to sleep.

**rārīram rārīram rārōrārīram rārīram rārōrārīram
rārīram rārīrārōrārīram rārīram rārīrārō**

(Words of a lullaby)

Ambikē Jagadambikē Mama

Malayalam

ambikē jagadambikē mamaśaraṇam ēku padāmbujē

O Mother, divine Mother of the Universe, grant me refuge at your sacred feet.

snēha-masṛṇa-lōlamām tiru-mizhiyiṇa ennil patiyanē

Let your gaze, overflowing with love, fall upon me.

bhōga-lālasa talpara cittambhrāntamāy alaññīḍavē

My mind, ever chasing after sensual pleasures, roams like a lunatic.

**en̄gane mama mānasam gurōr-aṅghri-padmē
uracciḍum**

O Mother, how can I turn it toward you and anchor it at the feet of the Guru?

śōka-vivaśamām hṛttadattilāśā-dīpam telikkanē

Please light the lamp of hope in my heart, which is heavy with sorrow.

**varaṇḍ-uṇaṅgum en hṛdaya-vāḍiyilsnēhamāri
pozhikkkanē**

Come, like a shower of love, to the parched garden of my heart.

svasthayalloru nālīlum ihabaddha-paravaśa āṇu ñān

Because my mind is entangled in so many bonds, I do not experience any peace at all.

śrīpadāmbujam ēkam āśrayammuktam ākkukī jīvanē

Your sacred feet are my only hope—please liberate this soul.

Ambujam Viḍaruvatum Nōkki Ninnoren

Malayalam

**ambujam viḍaruvatum nōkki ninnorenūllu tellonnu
piḍaññu**

I watched the lotus blossom, and my heart stirred with a deep longing

**ennu viḍarum en cinta tan ḥjassālamba
tannāsyāmbujavum**

*. When will the lotus-face of my Mother bloom in the light and life-energy of
my every thought?*

**bhṛngamatin madhu nukaruvatum nōkkinnoren
mānasam tēṅgi**

I watched the honeybee drink its nectar, and my heart sobbed with sorrow.

**ennakatāril madhuvennu niṛayumambayām bhṛngam
aṇayum**

*When will sweet nectar fill this heart of mine, and you, Mother, come like the
bee to sip its essence?*

**ambudhiyil nadi vilayippatum nōkkinnoren
hṛdayam vitumbi**

I watched the river merge with the sea, and my soul wept with grief.

**enn-aṇaññīḍum ī jīvitadhārayum amṛtāmbudhiyil
vilinam**

When will the stream of this life flow into the ocean of immortality?

Amē Ramakāḍā

Gujarati

amē ramakāḍā, mādi tārā hāthanā

We are toys, O mother, in your hands.

tu ramāḍē tēm ramiyēkyārēka sāpa nē siḍi

However you make us play, so we play. Sometimes it is snakes and ladders,

kyārēka santā kūkuḍitō pachi kaṭhappūtlī tayi rahiyē

sometimes it is blind man's buff, and we just remain as wooden puppets.

amē ramakāḍā, mādi tārā hāthanā

We are toys, O mother, in your hands.

sāpa nē siḍi mātārā nāmnī siḍi par jāiyē... dūr dūr

In snakes and ladders, on the ladder of your name we reach great heights

tyā āvi pahōṇcē aham nō sāp

but then comes the serpent of ego,

mārē ḍaṇkh ēvō, amē dhaḍ dhaḍ paḍiyē

striking us so hard that we fall down with a thud

amē ramakāḍā, mādi tārā hāthanā

We are toys, O mother, in your hands.

santā kūkaḍi mātu rahē antar mā, śōdhiyē tanē... dūr dūr

In blind man's buff, you remain within, yet we search for you far and wide

bhaṭkē mana ēvū, na valē vāliyē

This wandering mind does not turn inward, however much we try.

havē śū kahiyē, kēm karinē tanē pāmīē...

What can we say now, how can we ever reach you? We are toys...

amē ramakāḍā, mādi tārā hāthanā

We are toys, O mother, in your hands.

**upāy ēk j pāmvānō tanēkaṭhappūtlī tārā hāthanī bani
rahēvū**

The only way to attain you is to become the puppet in your hands,

jīvana dōr māri sōmpī tārā hāthamā

giving the string of my life into your keeping.

tu ramādē tēm ramiyētu nacāvē tēm nāciyē

O Mother, however you make us play, so we play. However you make us dance, so we dance.

Ami Que Recherches-Tu

French

Ami que recherches-tu En ce monde éphémère ?

Friend, what are you seeking in this fleeting world?

Veux-tu les plaisirs sans fin Qui ne mèneront à rien

Do you desire endless pleasures that lead nowhere,

Tant de peines et regrets Pour en arriver là Toujours insatisfait

with so many pains and regrets only to arrive at that point, always left unsatisfied?

Ami que recherches-tu En ce monde éphémère ?

Friend, what are you seeking in this fleeting world?

Richesse et réputation Ne sont que disillusionments

Wealth and reputation are but delusions,

Car tout passe à jamais Comme les jours et les nuits Et les vagues de l'océan

for everything passes away forever, like the days and nights, like the waves of the ocean.

Si tu recherches la paix Si tu veux la vérité

If you seek peace, if you long for truth,

Unis ton cœur à la Mère Qui soutient l'Univers

unite your heart with the Mother who upholds the universe.

Chante son nom... jai jagadambē mā

Sing her name, glory to the mother of the Universe!

Implore sa grâce... jai jagadambē mā

implore her grace, —glory to the mother of the Universe!

Sers tout les êtres... jai jagadambē mā

serve all beings—glory to the mother of the Universe!

jai jagadamba mā... jai jagadamba mā...

glory to the mother of the Universe!

Ammā Ammā Ammā En Ammā

Tamil

ammā ammā ammā en ammā ammā...

Mother, O my Mother...

un pādattil oru pūvāy nān irundāl

if I could be just a flower at your feet,

**unnai maṭṭum piḍittu nirpēn ammā undan aḍikalil
śaraṇaḍaiyvēn**

I would cling to you alone and never let go. I would surrender at your feet,

ammā ammā ammā en ammā ammā...

Mother... O my Mother...

**nīennai eduttu pārppāyā ammāunnuḍan sērttu
aṇaiyppāyā**

Will you take me into your arms and hold me close, Mother?

**un nāmam en nāvil japittu tudittukāttiruppēn ammā
kāttiruppēn**

*Will you embrace me and keep me near? I will go on chanting your name
with deep devotion, waiting for you, Mother...*

anda nannālai vēṇḍi kāttiruppēn

I will wait, I will wait for that blessed day to come.

**ammā ammā ammā en ammāammā varuvāy anbai
taruvāy**

Mother, O my Mother, come to me and give me your love.

ammā ammā ammā en ammā ammā...

Mother, my Mother...

**un anbin naṛumaṇam anubhavittu
ammāellōriḍamum parappavēṇḍum**

*Let me experience the fragrance of your love, Mother, and may I spread that
fragrance to all beings everywhere*

**anda ānandattil nī sirikka sirikkakāttiruppēn ammā
kāttiruppēn**

—seeing that, you will smile and laugh in blissful joy...

anda nannālai vēṇḍi kāttiruppēn

Mother, I will wait, I will wait for that blessed day to come.

Amma Ēkīdām Uṇṇī Ninakkinnu

Malayalam

**amma ēkīdām uṇṇī ninakkinnuūṣmaļa-vātsalya
kṣīram**

Child, Mother will feed you milk—warm with her tenderness.

**nannāyitu kaḍaññīḍukil pontidumjñānamām
tūnavanītam**

If you churn it with care, the butter of fresh knowledge will rise.

**ennāl atin mumpu śuddham ākkīdaṇammānasamām
ninde pātram**

But before Mother feeds you her milk, you must purify the vessel of your heart.

**allāykil amma pakarunna kṣīravumārkum illāteyām
vyarttham**

Otherwise, the milk she gives will be wasted—of no benefit to anyone.

**ullām parakkeyā kṣīram ozhukaṇamuṇṇi-manam
kuḷirkkēṇam**

The milk should flow fully into your heart. Child, your mind must be fresh and still.

**uṛatairāyatil upadēśam cēraṇamulayāte
kāttukollēṇam**

Mother's words of wisdom must be mixed with the curd starter, and kept undisturbed, without wavering.

**prēmattin pāśattāl bandhicc-ātmavicārattin mattu
tiriccāl**

If love is the bond, and self-inquiry the churner,

**mananamām mathanattāl, ponti varum
veṇṇanukarnnīḍām sarvarkkum ēkām**

then—when churned with meditation—the butter will rise. You can enjoy it and share it with all.

Amma En Bōdha-Nilāvāyitā Amma En Jīvita-Saṅgītamāy

Malayalam

**amma en ātma-tuḍippumāy
amma en śvāsa-niśvāsamāy**

the heart beat of my soul—Mother is my very breath

**amma en kāvya-vasantamāyammayā kulir-tūkum
pūntennalāy**

Mother is the springtime of my poetry, the breeze scented with blossoms.

**ammayā bhakti tan hima-varṣamāy - ammayā
prēmattin pēmāriyāy**

Mother is the celestial snowfall of devotion, the torrent of divine love.

**ammayā kanivūṛum pulariyāy - ammayā kṛpa tūkum
sūryanāy**

Mother is the dawn that pours forth compassion, the sun that radiates grace.

**ammayā prabhayārnna hr̥daya-vānil - ammayāy
sarvavum uṇmayāy**

In the luminous sky of the heart, she becomes the very essence of all existence.

Ammā Nī Pōgum

Tamil

ammā nī pōgum iḍam ellām konḍāṭṭamunai nādi vandōmē vaṇḍāṭṭam

Mother, wherever you go, that place turns into a celebration. We come in search of you, like a swarm of bees.

vāzhkkaiyilē vandu sērum tiṇḍāṭṭamunnaruḷāl paṛandiḍumē pañjāṭṭam

Life may bring its challenges, but in your grace, they disperse like wisps of cotton in the breeze.

ammā nī pōgum iḍam ellām konḍāṭṭamunai nādi vandōmē vaṇḍāṭṭam

Mother, wherever you go, that place turns into a celebration. We come in search of you, like a swarm of bees.

aruḷmāri vazhaṅgiḍum un anbukkaramkarumāri paṇindōmē undan padam

Mother, your loving hands shower us with grace. Goddess Karumari, we bow before your sacred feet.

vinaigaļai aṛuthiḍum undan sūlam - piṇigaļai tīrttiḍum padamalar darśanam

Your trident will eradicate our past karmas, the vision of your holy feet will heal our ailments.

ammā nī pōgum iḍam ellām konḍāṭṭamunai nādi vandōmē vaṇḍāṭṭam

Mother, wherever you go, that place turns into a celebration. We come in search of you, like a swarm of bees.

pūmālai eđuttu vandōm pārāmmā - pāmālai tođuttu vandōm kēļammā

Please accept the flower garlands we have brought as offerings. Please listen to the song we have composed in your honor.

tēnāga inittiḍum un pērāmmā - tiraḷāga unai vanaṅgum ūrāmmā

Your name is as sweet as honey. A great gathering of people will come together to worship you.

ammā nī pōgum idam ellām koṇḍāṭṭamunai nādi vandōmē vaṇḍāṭṭam

Mother, wherever you go, that place turns into a celebration. We come in search of you, like a swarm of bees.

kāliyammā nī irukka kavalaiyillaidēviyin śaktikku ellaiyillai

Goddess Kali, we have no worries when you are by our side. O Devi, your power knows no limits.

sūliyammanin anbirkō pañjamillainīyanḍri emakku vēru thañjamillai

Goddess Sooli, your love is abundant and unwavering. Mother, we have no other refuge but you.

ammā nī pōgum idam ellām koṇḍāṭṭamunai nādi vandōmē vaṇḍāṭṭam

Mother, wherever you go, that place turns into a celebration. We come in search of you, like a swarm of bees.

ōm śaktiyē ōmkāriyē mahākāliyē tirisūliyē

O Powerful Goddess, essence of the sacred sound ‘Om’, Great Kali who wields the trident!

Amma Ninna Neralinalli

Kannada

**amma ninna neralinalliprēma-bhakti
viśvāsadallininna kr̥peyalli bālalunityōtsava jīvana
nityōtsava**

Mother, in your shadow, in love, devotion, and faith, to live in your grace is a life of eternal celebration, a life of eternal festival.

**āśapāśagaļu nīgibandhanagaļu cūrāgibhaktibhāva
dvandāgalunityōtsava jīvana nityotsava**

Hopes and attachments dissolve in you, bonds are broken, feelings of devotion overcome dualities — a life of eternal celebration, a life of eternal festival.

**amma ninna neralinalliprēma-bhakti
viśvāsadallininna kr̥peyalli bālalunityōtsava jīvana
nityōtsava**

Mother, in your shadow, in love, devotion, and faith, to live in your grace is a life of eternal celebration, a life of eternal festival.

**nī tōrida dāriyalliñānemba bhāva nīgininnontige
ontāgalunityōtsava jīvana nityōtsava**

On the path you have shown, if, shedding the sense of 'I', we move forward and become one with you — life will become an eternal celebration.

**amma ninna neralinalliprēma-bhakti
viśvāsadallininna kr̥peyalli bālalunityōtsava jīvana
nityōtsava**

Mother, in your shadow, in love, devotion, and faith, to live in your grace is a life of eternal celebration, a life of eternal festival.

Ammā Yē Mērī Jīvan Savāri

Hindi

ammā yē mērī jīvan savāritērē hi dar pē rōk lēnā

Mother, you are the one who has shaped my life. Keep me at your doorstep,

kahīn yē – āgē na bat̄ jāēkabhi yē – pīchē na muṭ pāē

so I may go no further ahead, nor ever fall behind.

tērī caraṇōn sē bāndh lēnā

Bind me to your holy feet.

janam janam kī kāthin ḍagar sē tērī dar par ātē hain̄

From the difficult paths of many lifetimes, we have come to your door.

caraṇōn mein̄ tērē ṭhahar milē jabdukh-sāgar tar pāte hain̄

When we find rest at your feet, we are able to cross the ocean of sorrow.

māyāpāś kī bandhan khōlsab visrā kē ammā bōl

Undo the bonds of the net of illusion, and forgetting everything, call out—Mother,

**ammā ammā cāmuṇḍēśvari māammā ammā
cintapūrṇī mā**

Mother Chamundeshwari, Mother, Mother Chintapurni.

tērī caraṇōn mē sthān dēnātērī caraṇōn sē bāndh lēnā

Give me a place at your feet, bind me to your holy feet.

ammā yē mērī jīvan savāritērē hi dar pē rōk lēnā

Mother, you are the one who has shaped my life. Keep me at your doorstep,

sāñj ḍhaṭe ham pañcī lautēammā-vṛks̄ mein̄ ātē hain̄

When evening falls, we birds return and come to rest in the Mother-tree.

śākhā-śākhā nīṭ banākar sukh-śānti kō pātē hain̄

From branch to branch we make our nests, and find comfort and peace.

saccidānanda apnē mein ghōl sab visrā kē ammā bōl

Dissolve me into your own being of existence, consciousness, and bliss; and forgetting everything, call out—Mother,

ammā ammā hē baglā dēviammā ammā harsiddhi dēvi

Mother Bagla Devi, Mother, Mother Harsiddhi Devi.

tērī caraṇōṁ mein sthān dēnā tērī caraṇōṁ sē bāndh lēnā

Give me a place at your feet, bind me to your holy feet.

ammā yē mērī jīvan savāritērē hi dar pē rōk lēnā

Mother, you are the one who has shaped my life. Keep me at your doorstep,

ammā ammā cāmuṇḍēśvari māammā ammā cintpūrṇi mā

Mother, Mother Chamundeshwari, Mother, Mother Chintapurni,

ammā ammā hē baglā dēvīammā ammā harsiddhi dēvī

Mother, Mother Bagla Devi, Mother, Mother Harsiddhi Devi

tērī caraṇōṁ mein sthān dēnātērī caraṇōṁ sē bāndh lēnā

—give me a place at your feet, bind me to your holy feet.

Ammana Pādake

Kannada

ammana pādake śaraṇādallibhayavēthake manavē

O mind, why fear when you have taken refuge at Mother's feet?

**trilōka māteyu baliyalli iruvāganalidādu manavēnīnu
kuṇidādu manavē**

The Mother of the three worlds dwells within you. Rejoice and dance with delight, O mind.

indriyagalige nī adiyālagadeātmadi mere manavē

O mind, revel in the self and do not become a slave to the senses.

**amma nammellara karahiṭidiruvāgacinte yēke
manavēamma nodane naļi naļi manavē**

When Mother holds us all in her care, why should you worry? Dance in joy with the divine Mother, O mind.

**amma nannamma śaraṇu śaraṇu ammaamba
jagadamba nī manadali nelesamma**

Mother, my own Mother—you are my refuge. O Mother of the universe, come and dwell within my heart.

jīvana rathada lagāmanu nīnuammage kođumanavē

O mind, place the reins of the chariot of life in Mother's hands.

**karma niratanāgu dṛḍhamanadi nīphalava
apēkṣisadesadā naļi naļidādu manavē**

Perform your duties with a firm and steady heart, yet without craving the fruits of your actions. O mind, always dance with joy.

**amma nannamma śaraṇu śaraṇu ammaamba
jagadamba nī manadali nelesamma**

Mother, my own Mother—you are my refuge. O Mother of the universe, come and dwell within my heart.

Ammē Kaniññēkū

Malayalam

**ammē kaniññēkū prēma-bhaktiprahļādan tan
niṣkaṇka bhakti**

Mother, with compassion, grant me loving devotion—the innocent love of Prahla,

**nin divyapāda-smaraṇāmṛtam
nukarnn-unmattayāyiḍum dhanya-bhakti**

the love that becomes ecstatic in the sweet nectar of remembrance of your divine feet.

**māntalir uṇdu rasikkum kuyil eṅgāntēḍumō
pavizhapputtētu nālum?**

Does a koel, feasting on the nectar of tender mango shoots, go in search of coral reefs?

**nin cāru-pādāmbuja-tēn bhujikkukilen manam
tēḍumō lōka-bhōgam?**

If I can drink the honey of your lovely lotus feet, why would my mind wander after worldly pleasures?

en manam tēḍumō lōka-bhōgam?

why would my mind wander after worldly pleasures?

**ammē kaniññēkū prēma-bhaktiprahļādan tan
niṣkaṇka bhakti**

Mother, with compassion, grant me loving devotion—the innocent love of Prahla,

**sūrya-tējassināl nēṭṭam entandhanilśaṅkhu-nādattāl
badhiranilum**

What use is the sun's radiance to the blind, or the conch's sound to the deaf?

**sadgurō nin pāda-bhakti ezhāykil enjīvitam ā vidham
arttha-śūnyam**

O Satguru, if I do not attain love for your divine feet, my life will remain empty and without meaning.

jīvitam ā vidham arttha-śūnyam

my life will remain empty and without meaning.

**ammē kaniññēkū prēma-bhaktiprahļādan tan
niṣkaļaṇka bhakti**

Mother, with compassion, grant me loving devotion—the innocent love of Prahla,

**nin divyapāda-smaraṇāmṛtam
nukarnn-unmattayāyiḍum dhanya-bhakti**

the love that becomes ecstatic in the sweet nectar of remembrance of your divine feet.

Ammē En Hṛdayattin Spandanam

Malayalam

**ammē en hṛdayattin spandanam okkeyumnin
pādadhvanikal allē?**

Mother! Aren't my heartbeats the sound of your footsteps?

**nī ende snēhavum śaktiyum śāntiyumprāṇande
madhuravum allē – ammēprāṇande madhuravum
allē?**

Aren't you my love, my strength, my peace — the sweetness in every breath I take? Aren't you the very essence of my life?

**nin nāma-jāpanam nin gītālāpanamnī nādabrahmam
tānallē**

Aren't you the sound that rises when I chant your mantra and sing your hymns? Are you not the N?da Brahma, the eternal sound behind all creation?

**nin divya-rūpam kaṇḍ-en mizhikal
niṛayumbōlkaṇṭīril minnuvatum nī allēā kaṇṭīril
minnuvatum nī allē**

When tears fill my eyes at the sight of your divine form, isn't it you who shines through those very tears?

**iruḷ mūḍum en manam teļiyippū nī
sadāśubhacintā-dipti parattunnu**

You illumine the darkness in my heart, kindling within me pure and auspicious thoughts.

**bhayam ellām ozhiyunnu manam maunam ākunnuen
cinta nin cinta ākumbōl – ammēen cinta nin cinta
ākumbōl**

When my mind is filled with thoughts of you, all fear dissolves, and a profound silence fills my heart.

**en ḥrō ciriyāyum nisvārttha-kṛtiyāyum karuṇāmṛtam
nī coriyunnu**

You pour your compassion into every smile of mine, into every action born of selfless love.

**amṛtāmbikē ḡān aṛiyāte nī ennenin karmōpādhiyāy
māttunnu – ḡānnin kayyil nimittamāy māṛunnu**

O Immortal Mother Ambika, without my knowing, you make me your instrument, and through me, perform actions that benefit the world.

Ammē En Priya Tāyē

Malayalam

ammē en priya tāyē itā nintirusannidhiyil ñān...

My dearest Mother, here I stand in your divine presence.

**ninniccha pōl ende vēśavum pūrṇamāyādānitā ñān
tozhunnēn...ādānitā ñān tozhunnēn...**

I pray, let me play my role fully and perfectly, according to your will. I pray, let me fulfil my role to perfection.

ammā... ammā... ammā... ammā...

O Mother...

āśā vaśamvadayāy ñānvṛthā lakṣyam illāte alaññū

I wandered, aimlessly without purpose, enslaved by countless desires.

**nin vazhiyālē nī ende āāśā-śataṅgal arukkū...ammē
āśā-śataṅgal arukkū**

Mother, in your own way, cut away the deep-rooted cravings within me.

ammā... ammā... ammā... ammā...

O Mother...

ninnilekk-ullēn prayāṇamtaḍuttīḍunnu māyāviṣaṅgaḥ

The poison of illusion clouds my path, and blocks my efforts to reach the luminous sky of inner consciousness.

**nin divyadyōvil ettānāy kaḍākṣikkūnī en
mānasatte...ammē nī en mānasatte...**

Mother! let your loving glance fall on me each day, and bless my heart to reach you within me.

ammā... ammā... ammā... ammā...

O Mother...

sarvam sadā nalkum ammēñān āśayōḍiṅgitā nilpū

Mother, you who always grant what we seek, I wait expectantly before you,

**satyam entenn-ařiññīđān namikkunnuñān nin munnil
ennum...ammē ñān nin munnil ennum...**

seeking the eternal truth, I stand before you in prayer.

ammā... ammā... ammā... ammā...

O Mother...

**yōgya allen nirunnālum mākal
kēzhunni tātma-dṛṣṭikkāy**

This daughter, though unworthy, longs deeply for self-realisation.

**nin kṛpayākum abhayam atilcērkkēṇam enne
ennenum...ammē cērkkēṇam enne ennenum**

*Grant me your grace, your shelter, and lead me to the abode of fearlessness.
Mother, grant me the grace to merge forever in you.*

ammā... ammā... ammā... ammā...

O Mother...

Ammē Nin Kaṇṭil Viriyum

Malayalam

**ammē nin kaṇṭil viriyumkāruṇya-pūnilāvuentē ī
kuññin manassilevēdana tan iruḷ nikkīlā**

Mother! Compassion blooms in your eyes, Radiant as the cool, silvery moonlight. Why then does it not dispel the darkness of sorrow in this child's heart?

snēhattin kaḍalallē nītīrattil ñān nilkkunnu

Are you not the boundless ocean of love? I stand waiting upon your shore.

oru tulḷi prēmajalam nīkanivōde nalkaṇam ammē

Mother! In your compassion, grant me a single drop of your love.

ammaykku makkal ellāmtulyar ennōrttīdunnu

I remember that to you, all children are equal.

amma tan prēma-nilāvilaliyānāy mōhikkunnu

Mother! I long to dissolve into the moonlight of your love.

Ammē Nin Pālināyi

Malayalam

ammē nin pālināyietra nālāy kotikkunnu

O Mother how many days have I longed for your milk?

**prēmappāl nukarnnīḍān koti ērunnuammē koti
ērunnu ammē koti ērunnu**

The yearning to drink the milk of divine love is grows ever stronger, O Mother.

prēmam ennāl bhaktiyallēbhaktiyō nal prēmavum

Is divine love not devotion, and is devotion not pure love?

**onnāy chērnnīḍumbōljñāna gaṅga ozhukīḍumammē...
jñāna gaṅga ozhukīḍum**

*When the two unite as one,
the Ganga of knowledge will flow, O Mother, the Ganga of knowledge will flow.*

**pāl aṅgane palat-uṇḍujñāna-pālum sēva-pālum
pinn-ammiñña-pālum**

There are many kinds of milk—the milk of knowledge, the milk of seva, and then a mothers own breast milk.

ellām onnāy chērnnālamma tan prēma-pālallō

When all of these come together, they become Mother's milk of divine love.

**vinayavum elima tan viḷanilamāyālsarvatum
ammayāy viḷaṅgum allō**

If we become the field where humility is the harvest, then everything will shine forth as Mother.

**ā maḍittaṭṭilāy kēzhum ī kuññineprēmappāl ūṭti
uṛakkukillēammē prēmappāl ūṭti uṛakkukillē**

Won't you gather this crying child into your lap, and lull me to sleep with the milk of your love?

Ammē Nin Ponniṭam Paitalallē

Malayalam

**ammē nin ponniṭam paitalallēenne nin kaiyāl
talōḍukillē**

Mother, am I not your tender little one? Will you not gather me into your arms and caress me with your loving hands?

**nin maḍittaṭṭil pāḍi uṛakki nitya-śānti
kaniññ-ēkukillē**

Will you not place me on your lap and sing me a lullaby, granting me eternal peace?

**ānanda-dhāmattil ninnōḍoppamkaliccu ciriccu ñān
nr̄ttam āḍum**

When will that sacred day dawn, when I may laugh and play with you, dancing in the abode of bliss where you are eternally enthroned?

**pūṇya-dinam tāyē ennu varumjanmam itennu
saphalam ākum**

When will that blessed day come, when the purpose of my life is fulfilled?

ammē amṛtēśvarī...dēvī dayāmayī...

O Mother, immortal Goddess... Devi, Compassionate One...

**yuddha-kaṭamām en manassilpōrāḍidān kālī śakti
nalkū**

O Kali! Grant me the strength to fight the battle within my mind, to conquer the dark forces of negative tendencies.

**nin cēlattumbin piḍi viḍātesanmārggē tuḍarān śakti
nalkū**

Give me the strength to cling to the hem of your saree and never let go—to walk steadfastly on the path of virtue you have shown.

ammē amṛtēśvarī...dēvī dayāmayī...

O Mother, immortal Goddess... Devi, Compassionate One...

**ādhikāl ellām akattiḍunna ninmandasmitam atil
ennaliyum?**

When will I dissolve into your beautiful smile? That smile which dispels the suffering of all who meditate upon it?

**nin snēha-sindhuvil ennu cērumennu ñān ammayil
vannu cērum?**

When will I plunge into the ocean of your love and become one with it? When, O Mother, will I reach and merge into you?

ammē amṛtēśvarī...dēvī dayāmayī...

O Mother, immortal Goddess... Devi, Compassionate One...

Ananta-Varṇini Ānanda-Pūraṇi

Malayalam

**ananta-varṇini ānanda-pūraṇi ananta mukhamulla
anantane pōl**

O Devi, blissful and praised in countless ways, if you become my mind, O Eternal One,

**ananta-gānaṅgaḥ arppikkām ninakkāyanaśvarē nī en
manamāy tīrukil**

I will offer you countless songs, boundless as Ananta, the thousand-headed serpent on which Vishnu rests.

**śakti-pradāyini śakti-rūpē ennilśaṅkiyāt-onnu
śayikkum ennākilō**

O Embodiment and Source of strength, if you would dwell in me,

**śakti-svarūpē nin śaktiyāl āśa tanśākhakaḥ niścayam
naśiccu pōyēne**

with your strength, the roots of desire in me will be uprooted.

**śata-kōti brahmāṇḍa pūrakē nī ennilsvanamāy vannu
layiccīdum eñkilo**

If you, who creates innumerable worlds, merge into me as the divine notes of music,

**sapta-svaraṅgaḥālāl nin svana-yuktamāystutikalāyiram
nirgatam āyēnē**

then a thousand hymns of praise will arise from me as the seven notes blend with your voice.

**niyati tan nigūḍha niyōgattāl nistulēnī en svaramāy
māṛumō?**

By fate's mysterious ways: peerless Nistula, be my voice;

**niścalē nī en manamāy tīrumō?nirmalē nī en tanuvil
layikkumō?**

tranquil Nischala, be my mind; pure Nirmala, be my body.

**nī en tanuvāy nī en manamāynī ennil svanamāy
teliññiñukil**

If you become my body, my mind, and my voice,

**nin stuti-gānaṅgaḥ anavadhi ninnilozhuki ozhuki
layiccēnē**

then many hymns in your glory will be born, flow, and be offered back to you.

ammē, ozhuki ozhuki layiccēne

Mother, they will flow and be offered back to you.

Annai Enḍrālē Azhakallavā

Tamil

**annai enḍrālē azhakallavāazhakinai pōdriḍum
ulakallavā**

Isn't it beautiful just to say "Mother"? Doesn't the whole world praise that beauty?

**akhilattai ālum dēviyai kavarumazhakō akattin
azhakallavā**

The beauty that draws the Goddess who rules the entire universe is the beauty within the heart!

**kaṇkalukkazhaku kanivallavākaikaṇkalukkazhaku
koḍaiyallavā**

Isn't compassion the beauty of the eyes? Isn't generosity the beauty of the hands?

**annaiyai vaṇaṇki padamalar vaiykkummanamalar
pūjaykku azhakallavā**

Isn't it the flower of the heart, offered prayerfully at Mother's lotus feet, that makes the worship beautiful?

**anpukku sutantiram azhakallavāarivukku
adakkamum azhakallavā**

Isn't freedom the beauty of love? Isn't humility the beauty of knowledge?

**anpinil vaḷarntu ahantai turantaadiyavar ulakukku
azhakallavā**

Those who grow in love and are free of ego — aren't they the true beauty of the world?

maṇiyē maṇi oliyē arumaṛaiyin parimalamē

O precious gem, radiant light, fragrance of the sacred Vedas,

niṛai azhakē umayavalē piṛapparukkum pēramudē

perfect beauty, Goddess Uma, nectar that ends the cycle of birth!

Anpuḍan Aṇaittiḍum Un Kaikal

Tamil

**anpuḍan aṇaittiḍum un kaikalarumaruntu un tiruvāy
mozhikal**

Your hands embrace us lovingly. Your sacred words are the rarest medicine.

**annai umayē tañcam adaintōmakalaṭṭum em mana
kavalaikal**

O Mother Uma, we have taken refuge in you—may all the burdens of our minds be removed forever.

**āṛutal mozhikaļukkaļavum uṇḍō?tīrtta
tīvinaikaļukk-ellai uṇḍō?**

Is there any measure to your words of comfort? Is there any limit to the sorrows you have dispelled?

**vāñcaiyudan emmai valarttiḍuvāyvāḍum ullasumayai
akadriḍuvāy**

With love, you nurture us and lift the burden from our weary hearts.

**kađalaiviđa āzham un anbubhūmiyinum peritu un
pořumai**

Deeper than the ocean is your love. Greater than the earth is your patience;

vānatte pōlē un ullamvāzhvitu tāyun tāl śaranam

as vast as the sky is your heart. O Mother, we take refuge at your feet.

Antaryāmiyām Amṛtāmbikē

Malayalam

**antaryāmiyām amṛtāmbikē enantaraṅgattin
pontamburuvil**

O Ambika, indweller of my heart, will you play melodies of yearning on the golden tamburu within me?

**nombara-rāgaṅgal śruti cērttu mīṭumōkambaṅgal
sarvam akattiḍumō anpōḍ-ambuja-pādattil
cērttiḍumō**

O Ambika, indweller of my heart, will you play melodies of yearning on the golden tamburu within me? Will you remove all my desires and draw me lovingly to your lotus feet?

**padapadma-rēṇukkal mama hr̥tsarassitilpariśuddhi
tan pūrṇata ēkīḍumbōḷ**

When the radiant rays from your lotus feet purify the lake of my heart,

**bhaktipriyē prēmabhakti niṛaññ-ennilmukti tan
mārgam prakāśiccidillēen dukhaṅgal sarvam
śamiccidillē**

O lover of devotion, will not pure love overflow within me, and the path to liberation shine bright? Will not my sorrows vanish?

**akhila-carācaram niṛayum caitanyam ‘ambika tān’
ennariyum parāvidya**

Mother, will you bless me with the highest knowledge—that you, O Ambika, are the pure consciousness pervading the entire universe?

**anugrahicc-ennil pakarnnīḍumō ammēamṛtapadattil
aṇaccīḍumō ñāntava hr̥dayattil layiccīḍumō**

Will you not grant me refuge at your lotus feet? Won’t I merge into your heart?

Ārāy Kāṇēṇam Ārāy Bhajikkēṇam

Malayalam

**ārāy kāṇēṇam ārāy bhajikkēṇam māṭr-rūpam pūṇḍen
guruvāyo**

In what form should I behold you and worship you? As my Guru, who has taken the form of the Mother?

**śrī viṭhala-smaraṇa ēkum śyāmayāyōatō prāṇanum
prāṇan en śyāmanāyō?**

Or as Kali, who reminds me of Sri Vithala, sharing the same dark hue? Or as Sri Krishna, the very life of my life?

ārāy kāṇēṇam...

In what form should I behold you?

**kārmēgha-varṇattil māttamilla tellum
kusṛti-kuṛumbilum māttamilla**

The color of dark rain clouds has not changed—the mischief remains the same.

**karivanḍu pōlullor-älakaṅgalum pinne ellām ariyum
mr̥du-smēravum**

Krishna, Kali, and my Mother all share the same curly locks, dancing like black bees upon their brows, and the same all-knowing, tender smile.

ārāy kāṇēṇam...

In what form should I behold you?

**pādam piṇaccu ninnēre kazhaññatō paramaśivan
tirumāril vaccu**

When I see Mother Kali standing with her feet upon Lord Shiva's chest, it feels to me as though it is Krishna, resting his feet—tired from standing long with legs crossed.

**nāvu nīṭṭunnatu rudhirattinalla en hṛdayattil ūṛum
navanītattināy**

And when I see Mother Kali with her tongue out, I don't feel she is thirsting for blood; I feel it is Lord Krishna, eager to lick up the fresh butter filling my heart.

ārāy kāṇēṇam...

In what form should I behold you?

muḍiyil tirukiya mayilppili vīṇatō makudattin maṛayil nī oliccu vaccō?

Has the peacock feather fallen from your hair, or have you hidden it behind Mother Kali's crown?

enikku kāṇām krṣṇā ā pīli innum nin vaśya-saundaryattin niṛappakiṭṭāy

You may try to hide it, to conceal who you are, but even today, as I gaze upon Mother Kali, I see your peacock feather—adding color to her bewitching beauty.

ārāy kāṇēṇam...

In what form should I behold you?

āvōlam māṭr-vātsalyam uṇdeṅkilum ā prēmam entē nī oliccu vaccū?

You are showering us with overwhelming love in the form of Mother—but why are you hiding the boundless love you once gave the gopis?

oru vaṭṭam kūḍi nin vṛndāvanam viḍān maḍiyārnnō jananiyāy nī lasippū?

Are you reveling here as Mother because you cannot bear to leave Vrindavan again?

prēmam rahasyamāy eṅkilum ivalkku nalkū kaṇṇā rahasyamāy tanne ṇān oliccu vekkām

Krishna, give me that same love, even if in secret. I will treasure it within, hidden from all. Give me that love without anyone knowing—I will conceal it deep in my heart, where no one can see.

ārāy kāṇēṇam ārāy bhajikkēṇam? kāliyō krṣṇanō collukammē?

Tell me, Mother—whom should I see you as and worship: Kali or Krishna?"

'janma-janmaṅgalāy nin sakhan krṣṇanāyum ninnile nīyāyum ariññu koṅka'ennennōḍ-annamma mozhiññ-uṇartti

Mother replied, "See me as your Krishna—the one who has been with you in every birth, the one who dwells within you as the You in you."

**vṛndāvanēśā kṛṣṇā harē...rādhā-priyaṅkarā syāmā
harē...**

Krishna! Lord of Vrindavan, grant me refuge... Beloved of Radha,

**amṛtapurēśā prāṇēśā harē...mama hr̥daya-nivāsā
amṛtēśā harē...**

*Lord of Amritapuri, Lord of my life who dwells within my heart—grant me
refuge...*

Ardiente Es El Llanto

Spanish

Ardiente es el llanto del alma que clama / por unas gotitas de amor infinito

The soul's cry blazes with yearning for a few drops of infinite love.

y es dulce presencia la madre divina /

The Divine Mother is a sweet presence

misterio brillante susurro de paz

—a shining mystery, a whisper of peace.

llenas de gozo llenas de amor, amma /amma... amma... amma... amma...

You fill me with joy, you fill me with love, Mother. You fill me with joy, you fill me with love.

se quema la flama y perfuma el camino de aquel que te busca en profundo silencio

The flame burns and perfumes the path of the one who seeks you in deep silence.

y es dulce presencia la madre divina / misterio brillante susurro de paz

The Divine Mother is a sweet presence—a shining mystery, a whisper of peace.

Arivanu Nīduva Śivane

Kannada

arivanu nīduva śivanemareveya nīgisu śivane

O Shiva, giver of knowledge, remove our forgetfulness.

mīralu itimiti gaṇanellāsanmati samyama nīdu

Grant us awareness and patience, so we may go beyond our limitations.

balāḍhya buddhi miduḷallivivēkavilla manadalli

There is great intelligence in the brain, but no discrimination within.

sakkare guḍdava mādiṭetinnuva iruveyu nānāde

I piled up a heap of sugar granules—then became the ant that consumed it.

**dhyānakkendu kaṇṇumucci kuḷidecinteya kūpadi
muḷugikeṭṭe**

I sat with eyes closed to meditate, but fell into the well of endless thoughts.

**satsaṅga gaṅgeyali mindubandēvāsane maṇṇali
horalāḍide**

I bathed in the Ganga of satsang, but once out, I rolled again in the sand of vasanas.

śivanē haranējñāna-dāyaka guruvē

O Shiva, O Hara! O Guru, bestower of true knowledge!

Arivinde Amṛtēkum

Malayalam

**ařivinde amṛtēkum abhirāma-gēhamariviñde śruti
cērnu viđarunna svapnam**

The heart is a home, delighting in the gift of self-realization—a dream that blossoms in the rhythmic beat of compassion.

**ariyāt-oranubhūti utirunna kalpamatimōhanam
divya-sukṛtam ī kṣētram**

It abides in divine exultation, in a bliss yet unknown. The temple of the heart is sacred and serene, a radiant abode of auspiciousness.

**ulakinde ađivēru tirayunna dharmamuñarvinde
śrīgaṅgal uñarunna maunam**

Its dharma is to seek the source of all creation. In silence, it ascends to the summit of awareness.

**madhura-gītattinde taralām oru tālamaviratam
oranubhūta dhanyam ī kṣētram**

When the heart dissolves into that stillness, life becomes a melody—a rhythm of magnanimity. The sacred temple of the heart abides in constant bliss.

**uyiril oru suragaṅga ozhukunna
yāmammahita-snēhattinde mṛḍulam oru spandam**

The heavenly Ganga flows through the body when the heart rests in deep silence. It feels the soft throbbing of renewal—of divine love.

**nityatā-bōdhattil amarunna
cittamtirayađicc-uñarunnor-arṇṇava-kṣētram**

Immersed in the knowledge of eternal truth, the heart becomes an ocean, awakened by tumultuous waves of bliss.

**hṛdayam oru kṣētramatil oru
suddīpamañayātt-oruñma tanteļivuttā bōdham**

The heart is a sacred temple, where an eternal flame burns bright—a clear and steady awareness of a truth that never dies.

Āruṇḍu Bandhukkal

Malayalam

**āruṇḍu bandhukkal āruṇḍu mitraṅgalennammē nī
ozhiññ-ī ulakil**

O Mother, in this world, who else do I have as my kin or friend but you?

**en-manam eppōzhum ennum ariyunnor-ālambanam
mattorēdatt-ammē?ālambanam mattorēdatt-ammē?**

Where else can I find support or shelter, other than in you, who knows my heart at all times?

**iruḷum veṭṭicavum ī ulakil kāṭṭitannōru śakti
enn-ammayalle?**

Mother, are you not the primordial power revealed to me both in darkness and light?

**ikkāṇum vānavum nakṣatra-jālavumen kaṇṭil
teḍiyiccat-ammayalle?**

Do not the skies above and the clusters of stars clearly show your form to my eyes?

**āruṇḍu bandhukkal āruṇḍu mitraṅgalennammē nī
ozhiññ-ī ulakil**

O Mother, in this world, who else do I have as my kin or friend but you?

**kārmukil nīle kanakkunna mānattevellī-nakṣatram
enn-ammayalle**

Mother, are you not the shining star in the sky where dark rain clouds gather?

**kālatt-uṇarunna kaṇṭil prakāśamāytazhukum
prabhākaran ammayalle?**

Are you not the luminous sun that caresses my eyes as I awaken in the morning?

**āruṇḍu bandhukkal āruṇḍu mitraṅgalennammē nī
ozhiññ-ī ulakil**

O Mother, in this world, who else do I have as my kin or friend but you?

**jīvita-vīthiyil iḍam valam kāvalāyoppam ennum
enikk-ammayalle**

Mother, on the path of life, are you not there to guard me to my left and my right?

**duriṭakkayattil āzhum mumbe kai pidicc-enne
rakṣikkaṇē amṛtēśvarī**

O Amriteswari, before I sink into the depths of suffering, take my hand and rescue me.

**āruṇḍu bandhukkal āruṇḍu mitraṅgalennammē nī
ozhiññ-ī ulakil**

O Mother, in this world, who else do I have as my kin or friend but you?

Auf Der Langen Reise

German

Auf der langen Reise auf dem Weg des Lebens

On the long journey along the path of life,

eine tiefe Sehnsucht liess die Seele rufen

a deep longing made the soul cry out

Amma... Amma... Amma... Amma...

—O Mother, Mother...

Sanft in deinen Armen an deiner Lotus Wange

Gently in your arms, against your lotus-like cheek,

umschliesst mich deine Liebe ein Moment der Ewigkeit

your love enfolds me in a moment that feels like eternity

Amma... Amma... Amma... Amma...

—O Mother, Mother...

Geborgenheit, Vertrauen mein Herz von dir getragen

Comforted and trusting, my heart—carried by you—

singt stetig deinen Name niemehr getrennt von dir

sings your name without ceasing, never again apart from you

Amma... Amma... Amma... Amma...

—O Mother, Mother...

Wie tausend kleine Sterne am Nachthimmel erstrahlen

Like a thousand little stars shining in the night sky,

funkeln deine Augen die meinen Weg erhellen

your eyes sparkle and illuminate my path

Amma... Amma... Amma... Amma...

—*O Mother, Mother...*

Āyē Haiṇ Mayyā Tērē Dvār

Hindi

**āyē haiṇ mayyā tērē dvār āj śērāvāli - māthā ṭhēknē
aur caḍhānē tujhē lāl cunarī**

We have come to your doorstep today, O Mother Sherawali, to bow our heads in reverence and offer you a red shawl.

kartī hai sab kī abhilāṣā pūrījananī hai tū sārē jag kī

You fulfill the wishes of all who seek you, for you are the Mother and creator of the entire universe.

**kartī hai mā tū sab kō svīkārapnātī hai binā kōyi bhēd
bhāv**

O Mother, you accept everyone and make them your own without showing any discrimination.

**hō kē lācār mā... jō āyē tērē dvār - lauṭ jātē haiṇ vō
pāke śānti apār**

Those who come to your door in helplessness return filled with immense peace, for you turn no one away.

**jay mātā kī jaykārōṇ sē gūñjē - tērā divya darbār kā
kaṇ kaṇ**

Chants of “Victory to the Mother!” echo through every particle of your divine court.

**bhaktajan śraddhā aur prēm sē ātē haiṇ - karnē
mayyā tujhē sādar naman**

Devotees arrive with faith and love in their hearts, O Mother, to offer you their heartfelt reverence.

jay mātā kī jay mātā kī jay mātā kī

Victory to Mother!

Āyiram Nāvuṇḍ-Ennālum

Malayalam

**āyiram nāvuṇḍ-ennālum ārāl vāzhttiḍān āvum ī
rūpam?nīrada-syāmaṭa-rūpam enamma nin kōmaṭa
rūpam**

Even if we spoke with a thousand tongues, how could we ever praise your glory enough? Who could truly describe the dark blue splendour of your form—the wondrous beauty of my Mother?

**taṅkattiṅkaṭ tikavil-aṇiññō amma nin
ponmukhaśrī?tan kallōlam adiyaṛa vaccō nin
kolusinnu kāyal?**

Does the silvery full moon borrow the radiance of your face? Do the gentle waves echo the soft chime of your tinkling anklets?

nin kaṇṇiṇa tan azhaku pakarnnō cāru-nīlōlpalaṅgal?

Do the blue lotuses take on the beauty of your eyes, O Mother?

**nitya-saundaryamē nin kazhalkkīzhil viśvam ennum
namippūammē viśvam ennum namippū...**

Eternally beautiful one, the universe bows at your feet! Mother, the whole universe offers its reverence.

**cantam cintum naṛumulla nin divya-gandham
kavarṇōmandam vīśum... kuḷir pavanānum nin
kara-sparśam ēṭtō?**

Do the fragrant jasmine flowers steal your divine scent? Does the softly moving breeze imitate the tenderness of your touch?

anticcōppāy citari vitari nin kuṛikkunkumamō

Is it your sindoor that spreads across the sky as the purple hue of dusk?

**nitya-saundaryamē nin kazhalkkīzhil viśvam ennum
namippūammē viśvam ennum namippū...**

Eternally beautiful one, the universe bows at your feet! Mother, the whole universe offers its reverence.

**kārmukil nin rucira tanuvin śyāma-varṇam
pakarnnōpāḍum kōkilam kaṭṭeḍuttō nin bhāva pīyūṣa
gītam?**

*Do the rainclouds borrow their dark hue from the splendour of your form?
Did the singing koel steal from you its ambrosial songs of love and longing?*

**mōdam cērkkān pularoļi ḍorttō nin
madhusmēra-pūram**

Does the dawn wear your lovely smile to awaken joy in every heart?

**nitya-saundaryamē nin kazhalkkīzhil viśvam ennum
namippūammē viśvam ennum namippū...**

Eternally beautiful one, the universe bows at your feet! Mother, the whole universe offers its reverence.

**hṛdayēśvari bhuvana-sundarī...paramēśvari
patita-pāvanī...**

Mother Amriteswari, beauty of this world, supreme goddess, purifier of the fallen,

**śruti-bōdhini sujana-pālinī...mana-mōhini
sukha-dāyini jaya jaya tripura-sundari...**

the one revealed through the Vedas, protector of the virtuous, enchantress of our hearts, bestower of bliss... Victory to Tripura Sundari, the highest form of the Great Goddess!

Teyyō Tinantō Āzhakka Mūzhakkam

Malayalam

**teyyō tinantō tinantinantō takateyyō tinantō
tinantinantō...teyyō tinantō tinantinantō...
takateyyattinantinam tintinam tō...**

(joyful chorus)

**āzhakka mūzhakkam ādiqunnē – takauḷlakam ellām
kuḷirttiḍunnē**

O Supreme Self, you have taken away the deep sorrows in my heart and illumined the truth within.

ullile nīṭtal oḍukkiyiṭṭu – takauṇmayat-ullil aruṇiyillē

My inner self is immersed in bliss, your grace has calmed the burning pain in my heart.

**ullam niṛacculla puñciriyyāl – takauṇlu niṛaccamma
tannatillē**

Mother, your radiant, beautiful smile has overwhelmed my heart with joy.

**ānanda pālamṛt-ūṭtiyillē – takaāzhipōl-anpatu
nalkiyillē**

You clasped me to your bosom and fed me the milk of ambrosial bliss. You immersed me in the ocean of your compassion.

ullilāy nanma vitaccatillē takauṇlam ulakināy ēkiyillē

You planted the seeds of goodness in me, you taught me to serve you without selfishness.

**kaṇṇunir oppi mukarnnatillē – takakaṇṇinum
kaṇṇatu nalkiyillē**

You wiped my tears and kissed me, and opened my inner eye.

ullil iruļu nī māṭṭiyillē – takauṇlil poruļāy udiccatillē

You removed the darkness of ignorance in me. You rose in my heart as the Supreme Self,

iṅguyir-okkeyum ūṭṭiyillē – takaī ulakinnu nī pōṭṭiyillē

as the sun of self-realization. You create, sustain, and destroy this universe, and will be praised forever.

vāzhvitu vāzhāte pōkayillēūzhiyil nin nāmamuḷla kālam

My life will reach its fulfilment before it ends, as long as your divine name is heard in this world.

ammayāy acchanāy iśvaranāy takauḷlil veļiccamāy kāttiḍunnu

You live in me as both father and mother, as God, as the bright light within.

ākāśa-vāyuvum-agniyumāy – takasiddhiyāy buddhiyāy sadgatiyāy

Mother is everything to her children: the five great elements, the mind, the great powers, the way and the goal.

amma ī makkalkku sarvamallē – takaammayallāt-ini onnumillē

For her children, on earth and in heaven, there is no one else but Mother.

iruḷil udikkunna tāramallēhṛdayattil eriyunna dipamallē

When darkness covers our life, Mother becomes the bright star in the sky; she is the lamp shining within our heart.

piriyillā jīvan poliyum vare ariyēṇam ammē en ullam ennum

Mother, as long as I live, I will not leave you Mother, always know my heart and dwell within it.

Azhavum Āriyēn Añugavum Āriyēn

Tamil

**azhavum āriyēn añugavum āriyēnvañañgum
muñaiyum nān āriyēn**

I do not know how to cry for you, nor how to draw near you.

uñarvē inđri ut̄tru nōkkumennai pārppāy ponnammā

I do not even know the proper way to worship you. I simply gaze at you alone—will you look upon me, darling Mother?

**munvinai niñainta bhāram sumantorubālannuñdu
ennuñlil – piñcubālannuñdu ennuñlil**

Carrying the heavy burden of past karma, a little child lives within me

**anbai pozhibāy piñlai kāppāytīvinai azhippāy
ponnammā**

—yes, a tender child dwells within. Shower this child with your love, protect it, and keep all evil away, darling Mother.

**kotikkum kaliyil tavitta ennaikaiyil eđutta
ponnammā – ennaikaiyil eđutta ponnammā**

From this scorching Kali Yuga, you lifted me up—O darling Mother,

ippōtennai āđavaittuāzham pārppatēn ennamā

you gathered me into your arms. Then why now do you test the strength of my mind by immersing me in your divine play?

**ulakai mañantāl tannai mañantālninaivu tirumbum
enpāyē – iñraininaivu tirumbum enpāyē**

If one forgets the world, if one forgets oneself, it is said the mind will turn back to God.

amaiti taruvāy teñlivum taruvāyvīđu sērppāy en tāyē

Dear Mother, grant me peace, grant me clarity of mind, and take me to my true abode.

Āzhiyil Vīṇu Pōyammē Kadanamām

Malayalam

**āzhiyil vīṇu pōyammē kadanamāmāzhiyil āṇḍu pōy
ennē manamāzhiyil vīṇu pōyammē**

Mother! My mind has fallen into the ocean of sorrow—it has sunk deep into its shadowy depths.

**rāgādi-vairikal narttanam āḍīmāyā-mōham enne piḍi
muṛukkī**

Likes and dislikes, aversions and attachments—these inner enemies dance wildly in my heart.

**samsāra-mōham enne valicc-iṛukkī ammē
valicc-iṛukkī**

This world, steeped in delusion and allure, has bound me tightly in its chains.

**janmaṅgal etrayō kozhiññu vīṇu dēvinin mṛdu mizhi
ennil paticcīḍuvān**

Countless lives I wandered, until I gained this precious birth.

**māyāndhakāram enne taḷarttiyallōgurupadam
aṇayuvān vaikiyallō**

*And then, O Devi! Your tender glance fell upon me. Yet the darkness of ignorance left me weary
I reached the Guru's feet too late.*

**antamillāt-ōḍi enn-antaraṅgamkāṇunnat-ellām ñān
satyamāy ninaccu**

My mind chased after all it saw, desiring everything, mistaking it for truth.

**eṇkilum amba tan vātsalya-dugdhamenikkāy ammē nī
karuti veccu**

Even so, Mother, you reserved for me the milk of your tenderness.

**amma tan pādaṅgal nitya satyamanpināy ammē ñān
koticciḍunnu**

Your sacred feet are the eternal truth. I yearn for your boundless love.

**ā divya-rūpam en hṛttīl nīrayuvāṅkāruṇyam ēkān kai
tozhunnēn**

With folded palms, I pray: May your divine form fill my heart, and may your grace descend upon me.

Barsē Badariyā

Hindi

barsē badariyā sāvan kīsāvan kī man bhāvan kī

The clouds of the monsoon are pouring, the rains of Sawan bring delight to the heart.

**sāvan mein umāngyō mērō manvājhanak sunī hari
āvan kī**

In the month of Sawan my heart overflows with joy, for I hear the tinkling sound that tells of Hari's coming.

**umaḍ ghumad cāhuṇ dēs sē āyōdāminī dhamkē jhar
lāvan kī**

From all directions the clouds have gathered and rolled in, lightning flashing as showers descend.

**nanhē nanhē būndan mēghā barsēśītal pavan
suhāvan kī**

Tiny drops fall as the clouds rain down, and a cool, gentle breeze soothes the air.

mīrā kē prabhu giridhar nāgarānand maṅgal gāvan kī

For Meera's Lord, Giridhar Nagar, songs of joy and auspicious celebration are sung.

Beloved Amma, Divine Mother

English

**beloved amma, divine mother sitting with you, there
is no other**

I write ‘ōm’ in the cloudsI bow down to the stars

and I kiss the moon.I pray to you, amma.

**no more harm to nature’s lifethe world needs to
survive**

everywhere life needs our carenot to perish, be aware

our prayers and respectto all lives on earth

love longs to flowto set all things aglow

let us rise in unitypeacefully in harmony

let us rise in unitythe world is family

Bhajē Viśva-Vandyam Jaganmāṭr-Rūpam

Malayalam

**bhajē viśva-vandyam jaganmāṭr-rūpambhajē
vēda-vēdyam bhavāmbōdhi-pōtam**

Mother! We worship you, the mother of this universe. You are the essence of the Vedas, the great ship that carries us across the ocean of Samsara.

**tamaghnōjvalam citprakāśam
svarūpamanantāmṛtānanda-sandāna-rūpam**

Meditation on your divine form destroys the darkness of ignorance in our heart, and the brilliant light of consciousness shines forth. Your divine form grants immortal bliss!

anantāmṛtānanda-sandāna-rūpam

Your divine form grants immortal bliss!

**manasām nabhassin mazhakkōlin-ettumtamassāṇḍa
samsāra-kālāmbudāṅgal**

The sky of the mind is veiled by the dark, poisonous clouds of samsara.

**ahassālumārkkām śubhāsōpamam
ninkadakkan-kaḍākṣam labhikkyān bhajikkām**

I pray for a glance from your divine eyes—like the radiant sun rising in all its glory, reigning over the heavens to dispel the clouds.

**paṭaykkunn-anaṅgan madāndhāntaraṅgēperuttulla
rāgādi-vairi-vrajatte**

Defeat the enemies of attachment and aversion with your sword of knowledge.

**turattīdu nī jñānamām vāl uyarttimarttādu nin
tērttaḍam hṛttaḍam mē**

Dance in joy within my heart, the floor of your chariot.

**bhajē viśva-vandyam jaganmāṭr-rūpambhajē
vēda-vēdyam bhavāmbōdhi-pōtam**

Mother! We worship you, the mother of this universe. You are the essence of the Vedas, the great ship that carries us across the ocean of Samsara.

**tamaghnojvalam citprakāśam
svarūpamanantāmṛtānanda-sandāna-rūpam**

Meditation on your divine form destroys the darkness of ignorance in our heart, and the brilliant light of consciousness shines forth. Your divine form grants immortal bliss!

anantāmṛtānanda-sandāna-rūpam

Your divine form grants immortal bliss!

**ninakkāy orukkī sadā cittavādītiru sparśam
ēlkkaññahō! tellu vādī**

The garden of my mind is ever prepared, awaiting your arrival. Yet it gently wilted beneath the heat, longing for the touch of your divine feet.

**ninaykkāt-irikkē sudhā-varṣam
ēkikaniññ-āgamicc-āgamōdyāna kēkī**

Then you blessed me with ambrosial rains and appeared compassionately—a magnificent peacock dancing in my heart, the garden of the Vedas.

**muzhaṅgum hṛdantattil nin mantram ennālcuruṅgum
calatcitta-vṛttipravāham**

When your mantra constantly resounds in my heart, thoughts subside, and the mind turns inward.

**oḍuṅgum bhavadbhāram ennum manassilviṅgum
śivē nin prasannāsyā-bimbam**

All the sorrows of the world are destroyed, O Shive, most auspicious one, and your radiant face shines within my heart.

**bhajē viśva-vandyam jaganmāṭr-rūpambhajē
vēda-vēdyam bhavāmbōdhi-pōtam**

Mother! We worship you, the mother of this universe. You are the essence of the Vedas, the great ship that carries us across the ocean of Samsara.

**tamaghnojvalam citprakāśam
svarūpamanantāmṛtānanda-sandāna-rūpam**

Meditation on your divine form destroys the darkness of ignorance in our heart, and the brilliant light of consciousness shines forth. Your divine form grants immortal bliss!

anantāmṛtānanda-sandāna-rūpam

Your divine form grants immortal bliss!

**smarikkāvu nin rūpa-nāmaṅgaḥ ennumjvalikkāvu
hrnnālam ennum ninakkāy**

May I always remember your name and form. Let the flame of this life burn brightly for you alone.

**patikkāvu nin kālkkal en
jīva-puśpamjaniykkātini-saccidānandam uṇṇān**

And in the end, may the flower of my heart fall in worship at your divine feet. May this jiva transcend the cycle of birth and death, and realize truth, consciousness and bliss.

**jagatsāla-vittē param sarvaśaktēsadā sadrasa-tēn
nukarnnulla ṣṛptē**

You are the seed of the tree of this universe, the embodiment of supreme cosmic energy.

**śiva-śakti yuktē viļaṅgende
cittēcidānanda-mādhūrya-sattē namastē**

You are the union of Shiva and Shakti, ever content, sipping the nectar of the supreme absolute. You are the very essence of blissful consciousness, O Mother, dwell resplendent in my heart forever.

**bhajē viśva-vandyam jaganmāṭr-rūpambhajē
vēda-vēdyam bhavāmbōdhi-pōtam**

Mother! We worship you, the mother of this universe. You are the essence of the Vedas, the great ship that carries us across the ocean of Samsara.

**tamaghnojvalam citprakāśam
svarūpamanantāmṛtānanda-sandāna-rūpam**

Meditation on your divine form destroys the darkness of ignorance in our heart, and the brilliant light of consciousness shines forth. Your divine form grants immortal bliss!

anantāmṛtānanda-sandāna-rūpam

Your divine form grants immortal bliss!

Bhavakānanāgniyil Bhavabhītayāyi

Malayalam

**bhavakānanāgniyil bhavabhītayāyi ūnbhavatāriṇī
ninde padam aṇaññū**

Afraid of the roaring fires in this wild forest of the world, I came to you, O Bhavatarini

**bhavarōga-timirattinn-amaram ūn tēdiammē nin
pariśuddha-padam aṇaññūend-ammē nin
pariśuddha-padam aṇaññū**

—you who ferry us across the ocean of samsara. Seeking the medicine to cure the blindness caused by worldly illusion, O Mother, I came to your divine feet! My Mother, I reached the refuge of your sacred feet.

**amṛtatvam aṇayunna vazhikāṭṭān ī pārilammē nī
enyē ār-anyamāyī**

In this world, who else is there but you to lead us on the path to immortality?

**kāṇunnill-avaniyil mattill-abhayamāynin kazhalenyē
dayāvāridhēnin kazhalenyē dayāvāridhē**

I see no one else to take refuge in—nothing but your lotus feet. O ocean of compassion, only your lotus feet are my refuge.

**kadanam oru koṇukāttāy irambīḍunnūsadayam nī
rakṣaykkāy vannīdaṇē**

Sorrow comes roaring like a typhoon—please come and rescue me!

**azhalinde tīnāḷam ālunnu cuṭtilumnin
nāma-rūpāmṛtam auṣadhamnin nāma-rūpāmṛtam
auṣadham**

Flaming burdens close in from every side. The only healing is your immortal name and form.

**ambikē kārunya-vārirāśē sāntvanam ēkān
aṇaññīdaṇē**

O Mother Ambika, boundless sea of compassion, come and comfort this aching heart.

**ātmārpaṇattinde kāvya-sūnaṅgaḥālkōrttōru hāram
aniyiccidāmkōrttōru hāram aniyiccidām**

*I shall weave for you a garland of verses, each flower blossoming from the
surrender of my self. With that garland, O Mother, I shall adorn you.*

Bhavābdhi-Tāriṇī

Sanskrit

bhavābdhi-tāriṇī bhavāni

bhadrakālikēhimādri-nandinī mahēśi mahiṣa-mardinī

O Bhavani, Bhadrakali, who ferries us across the ocean of samsara, daughter of Himavan, supreme goddess, slayer of the demon Mahishasura.

**sudhābdhi-vāsinī surēśi-sundarāmbikējanārdanārcitē
jaya trilōka-nāyikē**

Dweller in the ocean of nectar, adored by all celestial beings, Mother Tripurasundari, sovereign of the three worlds, worshipped by Mahavishnu, victory to you!

jay durgē jay kāli jay māta bhavāni

Mother Durga, Devi, Kali, Bhavani—victory to you!

jay jay mā... jay jay mā... jay jay mā...

O Mother, victory to you!

samasta-pālinī sarōja-lōcanē rame

You who protect and sustain all life, lotus-eyed Devi Lakshmi,

manōjñā-bhāsiṇī mahālayaṅkari śivē

speaker of noble and melodious words, with tender, wide eyes; Into whom the universe dissolves,

niśeśa-śēkharē nirākṛtē nirāmayē

who is the absolute truth, who wears the crescent moon upon your brow, formless, sorrowless,

mrgēndra-vāhanē dinēśa-kōti-bhāsvarē

rider of the mighty lion, blazing with the brilliance of a hundred thousand suns...

dinēśa-kōti-bhāsvarē

blazing with the brilliance of a hundred thousand suns...

jay durgē jay kāli jay māta bhavāni

Mother Durga, Devi, Kali, Bhavani—victory to you!

jay jay mā... jay jay mā... jay jay mā...

O Mother, victory to you!

karātta-pustakē kavitva-śakti-dāyikē

Holder of the sacred book, granter of poetic skill,

dayārdra-mānasē jaganmayē caturbhujē

compassionate one who pervades the universe, four-armed,

manōvinōdini viśāla-lōcanē śubhē

who delights our mind, with long lotus eyes, auspicious One

bhayārtti-nāśini bhajē tavāṁghrim ambikē

who delights our mind, with long lotus eyes, destroyer of fear, O Mother Ambika,

bhajē tavāṁghrim ambikē

we worship your lotus feet.

jay durgē jay kāli jay māta bhavāni

Mother Durga, Devi, Kali, Bhavani—victory to you!

jay jay mā... jay jay mā... jay jay mā...

O Mother, victory to you!

Bhavābdhiyil Muṅgum Mānavan Ennum

Malayalam

**bhavābdhiyil muṅgum mānavan ennum onnē
parihārambhaṅgā-cēraṇam antaḥ-karaṇam ūrē
mahatādhāram**

The only salvation for one drowning in the ocean of Samsara is for the mind to take refuge in a realized soul.

**bhayāśakaḷ pōkkum bhakti uṇarttum
bhāgya-vidhātārambhēṣāy cērkkum manamē nin
vazhi mantram bhavatāram gurumantram
bhavatāram**

This refuge dispels all fear, awakens devotion, and brings fortune. Let the mind attune itself to the mantra, the mantra that ferries us across the ocean of samsara. This is the Guru Mantra.

**kaitavam ērum manamē ninavukaḷ ariyaṇam
atunēramkaitava mattavan ut्तavan ākān vāram
japavāram**

O mind, weighed down by suffering and falsehood, remember to chant the mantra—so that the One, untouched by sorrow and deceit, may become your heart's dearest.

**kāzhcaykk-oppam kāzhcapāḍin olitūkām
nitarāmkālam kaṭayāt-ētum manamē vāram
japavāramgurumantram bhavatāram**

Let your vision be illumined, even as countless sights pass before you. Do not waste this precious time, Chant the mantra. Chant the Guru Mantra—the one that ferries us across the ocean of Samsara.

**yātoru guruvaruḷ nalamāy jīvita-taruvē
pōttunnuyātonnāl iyulakin kathayatu
curuļazhiv-ākunnu**

The Guru, whose words are the fertile ground from which the plant of life grows—through whom this world is created and its story revealed.

**yātoru naukayil manavazhi tāṇḍīṭṭ-uṇmayil
ettunnuyātonnē atu sadguru mantram āzhi
kaḍattunnugurumantram bhavatāram**

*The boat that carries the mind toward eternal truth is the Satguru's mantra.
It is the Guru Mantra that ferries us across the ocean of Samsara.*

Bhāvanāgamya En Amma Ennākilum

Malayalam

**bhāvanāgamya en amma ennākilumbhāvanayil nān
āzhnn-iṛāṅgi**

*It is said that the Mother cannot be reached through imagination, yet I
plunged deep into visualizations of her in my heart,*

**śyāma-sundari tan bhāvaṅgaḥ endemānasa-śilayil
kotti vaccu**

sculpting her image and her many moods and emotions.

śyāma-sundarī... ende śyāma-sundarī...

O my dark and beautiful Mother!

**kusṛtiyāl ādunna kuṛunirakaḥ tazhuki talōdi nān
otukki veccu**

I gently arranged the dark curls that danced upon her brow,

**annēram amma tan mizhikal raṇḍumen
antaraṅgattilekk-āzhnnu patiññu**

and in that tender moment, her eyes gazed deep into my being.

**ammayōḍ-ī vidham bhāvuccu bhāvuccuennātma
kathakal nān pañku veccu**

I imagined myself sharing the stories of my life with her,

**amma tan bhāvanayil antaraṅgamamma tan
kēlī-vihāramāyi**

and as I pictured her in my heart, it became her sacred playground.

Bhuvanaika-Sundarā

Malayalam

bhuvanaika-sundarā aṇayuvān vaikunnōmama pāṇipādaṅgal taḷarnnīdunnu

*O Lord, the only beauty in the universe, why do you delay in coming to me?
My hands and feet grow weary,*

śravaṇa-nayanaṅgalil kūriruļ cūzhunnuvirahānalakkanal ullil eriyunnu

*darkness engulfs my eyes and ears, and my heart smoulders in the
unbearable pain of separation from you.*

śōkārdra-rāgam orāyiram varumō nīhṛdaya-vēṇuvitil śruti mīṭtiḍām

*Will a thousand melodies of sorrow come to me? I shall play them upon the
veena of my heart.*

panthāvenyē śatam cintāgōvṛndam vṛndāraṇyam enn-akamitil mēyciḍām

*My thoughts, like a hundred herds of cows, will wander through my
heart—now the forest of Vrindavan.*

satvaram en manōratham itil aṇayū nīhastam itu nīṭti nilkkunnu ñān

*Come swiftly in the chariot of my heart. Like Rukmini, I stand with
outstretched hand, waiting for you to lift me up.*

hṛttitin sandēśam ettiyillē ennemukti tan dhāmam aṇaccīḍillē

*Has the message of my yearning heart not yet reached you? You who dwell in
every heart, you who are ever tender toward your devotees—will you not
carry me to your abode of liberation?*

Bōdhimaram

Tamil

**bōdhimaram nī ammā buddhanāga mārūvōmjāti
mata bhēdam inđri samattuvam kuřuvōm**

You are the Bodhi tree, O Mother; through you we transform into Buddhas. With your grace there are no distinctions of caste or creed, and equality naturally arises.

pāti īnta śivanuđan pakkamulla pārvati

You are Parvati, ever by the side of Shiva, and the mother of both Murugan and Ganesha;

bālamurukan aiñkaranum un pārvaiyil ađakkamē

all of them are contained within the radiance of your glance.

ādinārāyañanuđan aiśvarya-lakṣmi

Together with Adi Narayana and with Lakshmi who bestows prosperity,

añda-carācaram ellām untan ullil ađakkamē

the entire universe is contained within you.

ammā... añdacarācaram ellāmuntan ullil ađakkamē

O Mother, the entire universe is contained within you.

vēdi konda brahmanum vīñai mīt̄um vāñiyum

Brahma who spoke the Vedas, Saraswati who plays the veena,

vēdam kūřum tatvamum untan vākkil ađakkamē

and the truths declared by the Vedas themselves are all encompassed and contained within your words.

**anbumikka karañkaļai karuñai poñkum
kañkaļaiammā un tiruvađiyai akhilam ellām
vañañkumē**

O Mother, the entire universe worships your hands that are filled with love, your eyes that overflow with compassion, and your holy feet.

**ammā... ammā un tiruvadīyaiakhilam ellām
vanaṅkumē**

O Mother, the entire universe worships your holy feet.

Ardiente Es El Llanto

Spanish

Ardiente es el llanto del alma que clama / por unas gotitas de amor infinito

The soul's cry blazes with yearning for a few drops of infinite love.

y es dulce presencia la madre divina /

The Divine Mother is a sweet presence

misterio brillante susurro de paz

—a shining mystery, a whisper of peace.

llenas de gozo llenas de amor, amma /amma... amma... amma... amma...

You fill me with joy, you fill me with love, Mother. You fill me with joy, you fill me with love.

se quema la flama y perfuma el camino de aquel que te busca en profundo silencio

The flame burns and perfumes the path of the one who seeks you in deep silence.

y es dulce presencia la madre divina / misterio brillante susurro de paz

The Divine Mother is a sweet presence—a shining mystery, a whisper of peace.

Cāriḍārilla Nān Ennaka Vātil

Malayalam

**cāriḍārilla nān ennaka vātilāśayōḍ-ennum nin
āgamattināy**

I do not close the doors of my heart—each day, I wait in longing for your arrival.

**āmōdamōḍ-en manavīṇā-tantrikalānanda-rāgam
utirkukayāy vīṇḍumprēmāśru-gānam
pozhikkukayāyi**

The veena of my mind plays joyful melodies, overflowing with songs of love and yearning.

**ennile nān enna bhāvam akannu pōyikāṇunnat-ennu
nān ā māṭr-caitanyam**

When will this ego dissolve? When will I behold the pure consciousness of the Mother within?

**ennullil ēri nī vannu
telikkumōsarvacarācara-sīmayattā bōdham**

Will you come and dwell in my heart, filling me with the awareness that sees no separation among beings?

**ānanda-nṛttam caviṭti nī en hṛttilarivinde
advaita-prabha parattīḍumō**

Will you dance in bliss within me, radiating the light of non-dual knowledge?

**sapta-varṇaṅgale onnākki
māttunnaprēma-prapañcattil ātmabhāvam**

You are the true Self of this universe of love, transforming the seven hues of the rainbow into the brilliance of pure white light.

**harita-varṇābhāmām prakṛti tannullil
ninn-uyarunn-itamma tan praṇava-dhvani**

Mother's Omkara echoes from within Nature decked in countless shades of green.

**ōrō aṇuvilum teṇiyunn-itamma
tanparamārtha-tatvatin nityabhāvam**

In every atom, your eternal essence shines forth revealing you as the Supreme Reality that pervades all.

Cembaṭṭ-Aṇiññorā

Malayalam

**cembaṭṭ-aṇiññorā sandhyābhrattilminni jvalicca
nakṣatramē**

Mother, you shine like a brilliant star in the evening sky, which has the colour of crimson silk.

**bhrāntikaḷ nīkki nin kāntiyil uttūṅga śānti-dhāmattil
cērnnīdaṭṭe...**

Dispel my ignorance with the radiance of your beauty, and lift me into your abode of eternal peace.

ammē dēvī... ammē dēvī...

O Mother, Devi...

**vēda-vēdāntaṅgal pādi
pukazhttunnaśāśvata-satya-svarūpiṇiyē**

Mother, you are the embodiment of the eternal truth sung in the Vedas.

māyē jaganmōhana-rūpiṇinīyē gati bhava-sāgarattil

You are the divine illusion, enchanting the universe with your unfathomable beauty. You alone are my path—only you can carry me across the vast ocean of birth and death.

ammē dēvī... ammē dēvī...

O Mother, Devi...

**ammē nin ḥagamam kāṅkṣiccirikkavēniranilāvoli
ettiyappōl**

Mother, when this child of yours waited for you with longing, you appeared, resplendent, like the soft glow of moonlight.

**mizhiyākum tālattil niṛa-dīpam ēnti ñān aṇayunnu
ammē nin sannidhiyil**

In the ceremonial plate of my eyes, I have lit an oil lamp and come into your presence.

ammē dēvī... ammē dēvī...

O Mother, Devi...

**prēma-prasūnamē nin prēma-gaṅgayilaliññiḍān
ulkarutt-ēkīḍumō?**

You are the flower of love, will you grant me the courage to dissolve into the sacred Ganga of your love?

**oru mōham ennum ī jīvanil piḍayunnunin
pāda-padmattil cērnnīḍuvān**

There is but one desire in my life: my heart burns with deep anguish to merge into your lotus feet.

ammē dēvī... ammē dēvī...

O Mother, Devi...

Cēru Purañdorī Jīvane

Malayalam

cēru purañdorī jīvanecēlotta karaṅgal nīt̄ti

Who stretched out her lovely arms to draw close this life, stained with countless impurities?

cāratt-aṇaccat-ārōkṛpa tūki kaḍāksiccat-ārō

Who looked upon me with eyes full of pure compassion?

tēnmāriyāy tūven-śalabhamāyitūvenṇilāvāy tennalāyi

Whenever I thought of you, who came to me as fresh rain showers, as a pure white butterfly, as the silvery moonlight?

**ninaykkunna nēram en akamalarilnīravāy uṇarvāy
viḷaṅgunnat-ārō?**

Who shines resplendent within me as a surge of fresh, new energy?

**ennilum ninnilum eṅgum
niṛayunnanavyānubhūtiyām ende ammē**

You are the one who appears as the very life-energy within me, and you are the one who pervades all of creation. Mother! You are the ever-new experience of bliss.

**nī allātonnilla enn-aṛiññīḍilummōhāndhatayil
mayaṅgunnu ñān**

Though I understand with my intellect that you alone exist as the non-dual reality, I remain caught in the darkness of illusion, unable to directly experience that oneness.

mōhāndhatayil mayaṅgunnu ñān

I remain caught in the darkness of illusion, unable to directly experience that oneness.

**niṛabhakti ēki nirmalam ākki enmanatārilāy
vasicciḍuk-ammē**

Fill me with devotion. Make me pure and reside in the lotus of my heart, O Mother.

ā bhakti-dhārayil muṅgi en jīvan ā padatāriṇa pūkiḍatṭe

Let me be immersed in the currents of your devotion and carried to your sacred lotus feet.

ā padatāriṇa pūkiḍatṭe

Let me carried to your sacred lotus feet.

Chētuletti Mrokkutunnā

Telugu

cētuletti mrokkutunnā karuṇāmaya śarvāṇīnī¹
padamula viḍuvanammā śrī mātā jagajjanani

With folded hands, I bow to You, O compassionate Goddess Parvati. I shall never leave Your feet, O Śrī Mātā, Mother of the Universe.

hṛdaya mandirāna ninu darśimpa
kōrutunnāntaraṅga kavāṭamū terucukonuṭa
lēdamma

In the temple of my heart, I long to behold You, but the inner door will not open, O Mother.

viṣayādula murikicēri bigisina cittappu
bīgamuśuddha parici teracu teruvu, nī kr̥pakē
sādhyam ammā

My mind, stained and swollen with worldly desires, is unable to unlock that sacred gate. Only Your grace can cleanse and open it, O compassionate one.

sadbhāvana kusumālanu nī pūjaku
kōyabōtēvyatirēka śaktūlanē kanṭakālu guccēnammā

I tried to pluck the flowers of goodness to offer in your worship, O Mother, but the dark shades of ego pricked me like thorns.

āturapadi naḍuvabōtē trōva tappi cīkaṭilōmāyaterala
musugulōna bandinai pōtinammā

When I walked forward in anxious haste, I stumble and fell in the darkness, bound by the illusions of this world.

ajñānapu penu cīkaṭi samsārapu
kāraḍaviariṣaḍvargapu mṛgamula ākasmika
penudādi

In the pitch darkness of ignorance, as I wander through the dense forest of worldly life, I am ambushed by the six wild beasts—the inner enemies.

viṣayādula eḍārilō santōṣapu eṇḍamāvi -
kāla-bhramaṇa paridhilōna janimṛta valayāvṛti

Lost in the desert of desires, where true happiness always shimmers like a distance mirage, I find myself trapped within the vicious cycle of birth and death, bound by the illusion of time.

dāṭalēka vēḍutunnā nī caraṇame śaraṇamanidāricūpi dariki cērcu dayāmayī viśvajanani

Unable to find a way out, I seek refuge in Your feet, O compassionate Mother, embodiment of compassion! By your grace, show me the right path and lead me to liberation.

Cinmaya-Rūpiṇi Kanmaṣa-Nāśini

Sanskrit

**cinmaya-rūpiṇi kanmaṣa-nāśinitava padayugalam
vandē**

Embodyment of Supreme Consciousness, destroyer of all sorrow, I humbly prostrate at your lotus feet!

mānasa-vāsini mōhanivāriṇisarasija-lōcanē vandē

You dwell within our hearts, removing all desire — with your long, wide, and lovely eyes, like lotus petals in full bloom.

śubha-sandāyini svara-mandākiniabhayam dēhi dēvi

O Giver of all auspiciousness, sacred Ganga of music, O Devi, grant me refuge at your feet!

abhayam dēhi dēvi

O Devi, grant me refuge at your feet!

**himagiri-nandini sakala-nirañjanibhuvana-vimōhini
mātē**

Daughter of Himavan, who delights his heart and enchants the entire universe

bhuvana-vimōhini mātē

who delights his heart and enchants the entire universe

**budhajana-pūjite madabhaya-varjiteśivadē varadē
mātē**

— worshipped by the virtuous, destroyer of fear and jealousy, bestower of the supreme state — O Mother Ambika, Creator of this universe, I bow to you!

śivadē varadē mātē

bestower of the supreme state — O Mother Ambika, Creator of this universe, I bow to you!

ambikē jagadambikē...

O Mother, Mother of the World...

Dari Nīvu Dāri Nīvu

Telugu

dari nīvu dāri nīvu dāri lōni tōdu nīvū

You are the goal, you are the path, you are my only companion on the journey.

dāri cūpē dyuti nīvu mati nīvuammā... ammā...

You are the light and wisdom that reveals the way, O Mother!

dari nīvu dāri nīvu dāri lōni tōdu nīvū

You are the goal, you are the path, you are my only companion on the journey.

dārikiruvaipu manōhara drsyāluāhlādāparicē sundara vanālu

On both sides of the path lie enchanting scenes-delightful gardens that bring joy.

māyalō munigī nilicina vēlalōdyuti nīvu mati nīvu dhṛti nīvu ammā

When I falter in my journey, ensnared by this illusion (maya), you are the light, you are the wisdom, you are the strength and courage, O Mother!

gati evaru mari nā śaranāgati nīvu ammā

Who else is my guide but you? You are my refuge at all times, O Mother!

ettaina koṇḍalu lōtaina lōyalubhīkara mrgālunna ciṭṭaḍavulennō

The journey is filled with towering mountains and deep valleys, with terrifying wild beasts lurking in dense forests.

gāḍhāndhakāramulō naḍicē vēlalōdyuti nīvu mati nīvu dhṛti nīvu ammā

When I walk through profound darkness, you are the light, you are the wisdom, you are the strength, O Mother!

gati evaru mari nā śaranāgati nīvu ammā

Who else is my guide but you? You are my refuge at all times, O Mother!

**velugu nīḍala āṭala naḍumaāpada lennainā aḍḍu
lennainā**

Through the play of light and shadow, through every obstacle and challenge

**dārilo nilavaka munduku naḍipēdyuti nīvu mati nīvu
dhṛti nīvu ammā**

—who else leads me forward without stopping? You are the light, you are the wisdom, you are the courage, O Mother!

gati evaru mari nā śaranāgati nīvu ammā

Who else is my guide but you? You are my refuge at all times, O Mother!

Dēkhā Thā Pēhlī Bār

Hindi

dēkhā thā pēhlī bār usē mainē dēkhā thā pēhlī bār

I saw him for the first time, I had seen him for the very first time

vō jamunā kī rāh mēin

there, on the path by the Yamuna.

bāl ghūṅgar vālē thēik muralī thī un hāthōn mēin

His hair curled in ringlets, a flute held gently in his hands,

mōr pañkh baithī sir pē aur ghuṅgurū thī pāōn pē

a peacock feather rested on his head, and anklets adorned his feet.

dēkhā thā pēhlī bār usē mainē dēkhā thā pēhlī bār

I saw him for the first time, I had seen him for the very first time

aur āñkhēn milī... hāyē/aur āñkhēn milī un āñkhōn sēdil khō baithī usī pal mēin/us matvālī muskān mēin

And then our eyes met... oh! My eyes met his—in that very moment, I lost my heart to that intoxicating smile.

dil kī bāt khul gayī akhiyōn mēin - kis ghūṅghat mē chipāūn is dil ko maiñ

The secret of my heart unfolded in my eyes. How can I hide this heart in any veil?

mērī kālī āñkhēn ban gayīn hai nīlē usē dēkh dēkh kē

My dark eyes have turned blue—from gazing at him, again and again.

ab kahān sē ā rahī hai yē bāñsurī kī dhunyē pāyal kī jhan jhan/

Now, where is this tune of the flute coming from? This tinkling of anklets—

mērē dil kī dhañkan hai uskī pāyal kī jhan jhanhar āh mērī hai uskī bāñsurī kī dhun

my heartbeat is the sound of his anklets, every breath of mine echoes the melody of his flute.

**ab lāj chōḍ kē gā mērē man – harī madhur nām kī
dhun**

*Now, casting aside all shame, sing, O my heart, the melody of the sweet name
of Hari.*

**mēra dil pukārē harī harī... harī harimērī āh sunātī
harī harī... harī harī**

*My heart calls out,
"Hari Hari..." My breaths echo, "Hari Hari..."*

harī harī harī harī

Dhim Dhimi Takadhimī

Malayalam

**dhim dhimi takadhimī dhim dhimi takadhimikālikē
śrī bhadrakālikē**

(*Blissful dance beats*)

O Kalika! Most auspicious and powerful Kali,

**dhim dhimi takadhimī dhim dhimi
takadhimikaitozhunnēn bhadrakālikē**

(*Blissful dance beats*)

I fold my palms in reverence to the dark and gracious Sri Bhadrakali.

**tāraka-pūkkalāl śōbhikkum
kārkuntalvīṇāṅg-azhiññ-aṅg-ulaññiḍunnu**

*Your long, heavy locks of black hair, gleaming with stars, flow wildly,
dancing and swaying on their own.*

**duṣṭarkku kālaśarppaṅgalāy tōnnikkumbhadrē nin
kārkuntal kaitozhunnēn**

*To the cruel, they appear as black serpents of destruction. Bhadre! O gentle
and graceful one, I fold my palms in adoration to your dark tresses.*

**dhim dhimi takadhimī dhim dhimi
takadhiminaḍanam āḍū bhadrakālikē**

Dance, O Bhadrakali!

**dhim dhimi takadhimī dhim dhimi
takadhimikaitozhum aḍiyane kāttiḍane**

Protect those who stand with folded palms and pray to you.

**śatru-samhārattin-ādhāramāy mēvumträkkaṇu
śōbhippū nin lalāḍē**

On your brow shines the third eye that destroys your enemies.

**makkalil tettu kāṇumbōl
vaḷayunnapurikakkodikalum kaitozhunnēn**

*I join my palms in adoration to your beautiful, curved eyebrows—those that
arch in warning when you see a fault in your children.*

**mūvulakattinum pakalum
nilāvumāysūrya-candranmārām mizhiyinakaḷ**

Your eyes are the brilliant sun and the radiant moon, bestowing day and night upon the three worlds.

**tettēttu paṛayunna makkalil kāruṇyamcoriyumā
mizhikalum kaitozhunnēn**

I fold my palms in adoration to Your gentle gaze, which showers compassion upon Your children as they confess their wrongdoing.

**dhim dhimi takadhimi dhim dhimi
takadhiminaḍanam āḍū kālabhairavī**

Dance, O terrifying Kala Bhairavi, guardian of time and destroyer of all negativities.

**dhim dhimi takadhimi dhim dhimi
takadhimikaitozhunnēn tripurasundarī**

I fold my palms in adoration of Tripurasundari, the Supreme Goddess, the embodiment of beauty.

**añcukall-okkum nin mūkkile
mūkkuttipañca-bhūtaṅgalāy śōbhikkunnu**

The five jewels that adorn your nose shine as the five great elements from which the universe emerges.

**pañca-bhūtaṅgalakkum dhātriyāy mēvunnabhadrē nin
nāsika kaitozhunnēn**

You reign as the protective Mother from whom the five elements, arise. O auspicious One, I fold my palms in adoration to your nose, small and delicate like a flower bud.

**mūvulakattinum ādhāramām bhadrēmukkan̄nan nin
pāda-dāsanāyī**

Shiva, the three-eyed Lord and the substratum of the three worlds, serves at Your feet!

**pallivāl ēnti nī nr̄ttam caviṭṭumbōlñān ennabhāvam
ariññidunnu**

As You dance, sword of sovereignty in hand, You cut away the ego within us.

**dhim dhimi takadhimi dhim dhimi takadhimita
takia dhi takia tittom**

(Blissful dancing to the accompaniment of drum beats)

**dhim dhimi takadhimi dhim dhimi takadhimitaka
takia taka takia tittom**

(Blissful dancing to the accompaniment of drum beats)

**dhim dhimi takadhimi dhim dhimi takadhimita
takia dhi takia tittomdhim dhimi takadhimi dhim
dhimi takadhimitaka takia taka takia tittom**

(Blissful dancing to the accompaniment of drum beats)

Did You Hear My Call

English

**did you hear my call
my cry, my prayer**

**I have searched for you
everywhere**

waxing and waning the moon knows my plight

weeks turn to months you are nowhere in sight

giridhāri... vanamāli...

the blue of the moon makes my eyes fill with tears

I've cried for your darshan for so many years

giridhāri... vanamāli...

Dinkar Candā Bhū Jaladhi Nadiyā

Hindi

dinkar candā bhū jaladhi nadiyāsunō sab inkī vāṇī

All of you please listen to what The sun, the moon, the earth, the ocean, and the rivers have to say.

prēm aman se jiyē jag meiñhar mānav har prāṇī

Let every human being and creature live in this world with Love and peace.

nisvārth prēm sē hamman vacan nirmal karēn

With Selfless Love let us purify our mind and speech.

mānav meiñ mādhav kō dēkh karā ō ham niśkām sēvā karēn

Seeing the divine presence of Madhava (God) in every human being, let us engage in service without any desire for personal gain — dedicating our work for the welfare of all.

sṛṣṭi kā na karēn śoṣaṇbhū mā kō pūjēn har dam

We should not exploit creation. Instead, we must always worship and care for Mother Earth.

mukt karō is jag kōyuddh rōg pīḍā sē bhagavan

O Lord, free this world from war, disease, and suffering so that peace and well-being may flourish everywhere.

vasudhaiva kuṭumbakam vicārjīvan meiñ sākār karēn ham

“The World is One Family” – let us make this concept a reality in our life.

bhinnatā bhūl kē śraddhā sē gāyēṛsiyōn kā yē mantr milkē ham

Forgetting our divisions and differences, let us sing this mantra of the sages together, with deep faith and unity in our hearts.

ōm lōkāḥ samastāḥ sukhinō bhavantu

May all beings in all the worlds be happy and be at peace.

Divine Painter

English

Divine Painter please paint within me Lessons of wisdom, pearls of the sea

**Oh Devi your beauty shines bright and strong
You show us through nature how to be One**

**I feel in my soul soaring free
the bird that you painted within me**

The bird glides beyond thoughts and clouds of the mind

Attachment and sorrow fall far behind

A lake lies motionlessly,a lake that you painted within me.

May I dissolve in this deep still lake

Reflecting the perfect beauty of your face.

Divine Painter please paint within me Lessons of wisdom, pearls of the sea

Oh Devi your beauty shines bright and strong. You show us through nature how to be One.

Isha vasya idam sarvamPainter brush and canvas are one

Durgē Duḥkha-Nivāriṇī Bhavatāriṇī Amṛtēśvarī

Malayalam

**durgē duḥkha-nivāriṇī bhavatāriṇī amṛtēśvarīā
ṭrkkaraṅgaṭil etti nityamām ātma-nirvṛti kaivarān**

O Durga, dispeller of sorrow, you who ferry us across the ocean of samsara, goddess of immortal bliss—let me reach your divine arms and revel in the Self.

**śuddha-bhakti vivēka buddhikal nalki nī
kaniyēṇamēātma-bōdhattin paḍavukaṭ kēri ninnil
vilayiccīḍuvān**

Be compassionate; grant me pure devotion and a discerning intellect, that I may ascend the steps to the summit of Self-realization.

**triśūla-pāṇini en hṛdantam ninnil āṇu
nirantaramśāradē tava prābhavam
trimūrttikałkkum appuṛam**

O Trident-bearing One, my heart is ever immersed in you. O Śāradā, your splendour surpasses even the glory of the three great Gods.

**vāzhttiyillē strōtra-mālakaṭ tīrttu śaṅkaran
ambikēkāttiḍēṇam īśvarī ī kuññine bhuvanēśvarī**

Ādi Śaṅkara sang your praises in countless hymns—protect this child, O Mother Ambikā, Goddess of the universe.

**talliḍallē māya tann-atighōramām vipinattil nīende
kai piḍicc-ennum tāvaka cārē cērttu piḍiykkanē**

Do not cast me into the dark jungle of illusion. Hold my hand, hold me close to you and never let me go.

**citta-vṛttikal pāññiḍunn-atibhrāntamāy cennāya pōl
abhayam nin tiru pāda-yugaṭam avaniyil paramēśvarī**

Thoughts hound me like mad wolves; O Supreme Goddess, your divine feet are my only refuge in this world.

**ninne mātram mati enikkī pāril āśrayam
ēkuvānnirāśrayam ī janmam ammē nī veḍiññāl
niṣphalam**

You alone are all I need; you alone can grant me refuge in this world. If you abandon me, my life will be futile, with no one left to grant me shelter.

**abhayam ammē kuññu-laļitaykk-abhayam
prēma-svarūpiṇīsvīkarichiḍu ennē bhagavatī kālikē
karuṇāmayī**

*Give refuge to little Lalitha, O Essence of Love—accept me, O Goddess Kali,
most compassionate of all.*

Dvāpara-Yugattinde

Malayalam

**dvāpara-yugattinde ātmāvil ninnorunūpura-nādam
uṇarnnuvallō**

From the soul of the Dwapara Yuga arose the rhythmic tinkling of anklets,

**karṇa-pīyūṣamām ā nāda-lahariyōrādha tan
kālcilamboli āyirunnu**

*The enchanting sound, sweet as nectar to the ears, came from the anklets
adorning Radha's feet.*

rādha tan kālcilamboli āyirunnu

*The enchanting sound, sweet as nectar to the ears, came from the anklets
adorning Radha's feet.*

**dvāpara-yugattinde ātmāvil ninnorunūpura-nādam
uṇarnnuvallō**

From the soul of the Dwapara Yuga arose the rhythmic tinkling of anklets,

**viraha-tāpattil urukum en mānasatantriyl utirunnu
krṣṇa-nāmam**

*Krishna, your name rises from the strings of my mind, burning in the anguish
of separation.*

**madhuram alleñkilum avidunnen gītatteazhalin
naivēdyamāy kai-kollumō?**

Though my song lacks sweetness, will you accept it as an offering of sorrow?

**dvāpara-yugattinde ātmāvil ninnorunūpura-nādam
uṇarnnuvallō**

From the soul of the Dwapara Yuga arose the rhythmic tinkling of anklets,

**manatāril oru ceṛu mani-dīpam ēntimarataka-syāma
ñān kāttirippū**

*O one with the dark radiance of an emerald, I wait for you, with a small lamp
glowing in my heart.*

**oru nōkku kāṇuvān mizhikal̄kku munnil nīoru
divya-kāntiyāy varumō kr̄ṣṇā?**

Will I behold you, Krishna, will you appear before my eyes in your resplendent divinity?

**dvāpara-yugattinde ātmāvil ninnorunūpura-nādam
uṇarnnuvallō**

From the soul of the Dwapara Yuga arose the rhythmic tinkling of anklets,

Eda Lōtula

Telugu

**eda lōtula koluvu tīra īśaputra! kadalī
rāvāprāṇavaṇāda sudhalu ponga vakratuṇḍa
kanarāvā**

O Ganesh, Son of Lord Shiva, please enter the depths of my heart and make it your palace. O Lord with the curved trunk, as you appear before me, the nectar of the sound ‘Om’ overflows.

**toli pūjalu andukoni ādipūjya gaṇēśā - vighnamula
parihariñcu kāryasiddhi dāyakā**

O Lord Ganesh, receiver of the first worship! You remove all obstacles and grant success.

**mōdakālū svīkariñci mōdamosagu
vighnēśābuddhi-siddhulonagūrci mukti nosagu
bhakta-varada**

O Lord Vighnesha, you accept our offerings of modakas and bless us with happiness. O bestower of boons, you grant wisdom and knowledge, and lead us to liberation.

**svāmi! viśvāntarātmā praṇava-svarūpāvidyā
jñānādhinātha gauri putra gajānanā**

O Lord with the elephant face, son of Gauri! You are the soul of the universe, the embodiment of the primordial sound ‘Om,’ and the source of knowledge and wisdom.

**pādāśrita ahaṅkāra mūṣika-vāhana dēvāsakalēndriya
cōdakā śakti dvāra samrakṣakā**

O Lord, the ego that surrenders at your lotus feet becomes the mouse on which you ride. You are the master of the senses and the guardian of the gateways of Shakti.

**mūlādhāra cakravarti mūla gaṇapatipraṇati prāṇati
prāṇati prāṇati śaraṇu vēḍiti**

O Moola Ganapati, ruler of the Muladhara, I bow to you and seek refuge at your feet.

Ēlayya Ēlayya Taka

Malayalam

**ēlayya ēlayya taka ēlayya taka ēlayyaēlayya ēlayya
taka ēlayya taka ēlayya**

A rhythmic chorus of joy

**pūntiṅkaḷ mānattudicca pōlenn-uṇṇikkaṇṇanō
ēzhazhakupūñcēla ñoriññ-uḍuttiṭugōkkale
mēkkānāy gōpabālan**

My baby Krishna is as radiant as the full moon in the sky, as dazzling as the colors of the rainbow. The young cowherd boy ties on his yellow raiment, ready to lead the cows into the forest.

**ēlayya ēlayya taka ēlayya taka ēlayyaēlayya ēlayya
taka ēlayya taka ēlayya**

A rhythmic chorus of joy

**kālikkōl-eḍutta nērattuamma yaśōda mozhiññu
kaṇṇāennuṇṇī ponnuṇṇī nīveyilattu vādi
naḍakkarutē**

As he lifts his herding stick to depart, Mother Yashoda calls out: “Krishna, my darling, my golden child—do not wander out in the heat of the midday sun.”

**ēlayya ēlayya taka ēlayya taka ēlayyaēlayya ēlayya
taka ēlayya taka ēlayya**

A rhythmic chorus of joy

**kaṇṇanō pāloli puñcirionnaṅg-eṛiññu koḍuttu
cemmeammaye vāri puñarnniṭukaviṭil orumma
koḍuttu melle**

Krishna gave his mother a tender smile, embraced her warmly, and placed a gentle kiss on her cheek.

**ēlayya ēlayya taka ēlayya taka ēlayyaēlayya ēlayya
taka ēlayya taka ēlayya**

A rhythmic chorus of joy

**illammē veyilu kaṇḍālīkaṇṇanum telloru
pēdiyāṇēammēde kaṇṇane ellārumkaṛumban ennum
viḷikkunnundē**

“Mother,” he said, “even I feel a little afraid of the midday sun. After all, everyone calls your Krishna ‘the dark one...’”

**ēlayya ēlayya taka ēlayya taka ēlayyaēlayya ēlayya
taka ēlayya taka ēlayya**

A rhythmic chorus of joy

**uṇṇīde vāḍiya pūmukhamtellaṅg-uyartti yaśōda
melleennuṇṇi kaṇṇande mēnikkupattaramāṭṭulla
kāntiyāṇē**

*Yashoda gently lifted her Krishna and gazed tenderly at his despondent face.
“My child,” she said softly, “your body shines like molten gold.”*

**ēlayya ēlayya taka ēlayya taka ēlayyaēlayya ēlayya
taka ēlayya taka ēlayya**

A rhythmic chorus of joy

**tāmara italin-okkumnīṇḍidam peṭṭa mizhi
azhakummullappū moṭṭine vellunnakānti ezhum
naṛum puñciriyum**

Your eyes are long and lovely, like the petals of a blooming lotus, and when you smile, your teeth resemble fresh jasmine flowers.”

**ēlayya ēlayya taka ēlayya taka ēlayyaēlayya ēlayya
taka ēlayya taka ēlayya**

A rhythmic chorus of joy

**nettiye śōbhanam ākkumkarivaṇdu pōlulla
alakaṅgaļumammaykku vātsalyam
tōnnikkumkusṛtikuṭṭan ḣnende kaṇṇan**

“Dark curls decorate your brow like playful black bees in flight. My Krishna, your mischief only deepens my tenderness.

**ēlayya ēlayya taka ēlayya taka ēlayyaēlayya ēlayya
taka ēlayya taka ēlayya**

A rhythmic chorus of joy

**ennuṇṇī ponnuṇṇī nīammēde kuṭṭikkurūmban
āṇēennuṇṇī ponnuṇṇī nīammēde taṅkattidambāṇē**

You are my very own child, my darling one—Mother’s little one, full of delightful mischief. You are my festive vision of the Divine, crafted in gold.”

**ēlayya ēlayya taka ēlayya taka ēlayyaēlayya ēlayya
taka ēlayya taka ēlayya**

A rhythmic chorus of joy

En Hṛdayavīṇā Mīṭṭāttat-Entu Nī

Malayalam

**en hṛdayavīṇā mīṭṭāttat-entu nī - cintakalil śruti
cērkkāttat-entu nī**

O Mother, why do you not play upon the veena of my heart? Why do you not tune the strings of my thoughts?

**tantrikal ellām turumbiccatinālōvīṇayitinnoru
maṇvīṇayatinālō**

Is it that the chords have rusted with time? Or is it because I'm like a veena made of clay?

ammē hṛdayāmbikē... ennil kṛpa tūkaṇē

O Mother, who dwells within the heart... please shower your grace upon me

**en manōvēdiyil āḍāttatentu nī - mōhana-nṛttam
ceytīḍātat-entu nī**

Why do you not dance upon the stage of my mind, O Mother? Why withhold your wondrous, blissful dance?

**vēdika svayamādi ulayunnatinālōoru tari iḍamatil
illāttatinālō**

Is it because the stage is shaky and unsteady—or is there simply no room left for you within it?

ammē hṛdayāmbikē... ennil kṛpa tūkaṇē

O Mother, who dwells within the heart... please shower your grace upon me

**en jīvasyandanam teļikkāttatentu nīśārathiyāyi
tuṇaykkāttatentu nī**

Why do you not guide the chariot of my life, O Mother? Why do you not offer me support as the charioteer?

**indriyāśvaṅgal patham tettiyatinałōmanassām
kaḍiññān nin kaiviṭṭatinālō**

Is it because the horses of my senses have strayed down errant paths? Or because the reins of my mind slipped away from your hands?

ammē hṛdayāmbikē... ennil kṛpa tūkaṇē

O Mother, who dwells within the heart... please shower your grace upon me

En Manass-Amma Tan Pūvādi Ākki

Malayalam

**en manass-amma tan pūvādi ākkiennammē
atilēkk-ezhunnallanē**

Mother! Make my mind a garden of flowers, and dwell within it as your sacred abode.

**amma tan puñciri-pūnilāvil kuļicc-encitta-mālinyam
nīngidānē**

Let the impurities of my thoughts dissolve, bathed in the moonlight of your radiant smile.

**ajñānam ākunna māyayil peṭu ñānkanṇunīr-āzhiyil
muṅgi ammē**

Mother, I am lost in ignorance, ensnared by your divine illusion, drowning in a sea of sorrow and tears.

**ammayām sūryan udicc-uyarnnilleňkili janmam
ammē vṛthāvil ākum**

If you, the divine sun, do not rise within my heart, this life will have been lived in vain.

**satya-svarūpiṇi sūrya-tējasviniammē en hṛttīl
viļaṅgēṇamē**

Mother, you are the embodiment of truth, the brilliance of the sun.

**kāruṇya-tīrttham pozhicc-en
hṛdayattiljñāna-prakāśam teļikkēṇamē**

Come, illumine the depths of my heart; let the holy waters of compassion flow within and awaken the radiant light of true knowledge.

**tāvaka nāmamām tōni tuzhaññu ñānsamsāra-sāgarē
nīngidunnu**

Mother, I row the boat of your sacred name across the ocean of samsara.

**kāttīlum kōlīlum peṭt-uzhannīdāteśrīpāda-padmattil
cērttīdaṇē**

O Mother, do not let me be swept away by tempests and fierce winds. Guide me safely to the haven of your lotus feet.

Engine Ñān Ařiyum

Malayalam

eṅgine ñān ařiyum ennammayeeṅgine ñān ařiyum

How will I know Mother, how will I know my Mother?

**ini etra dūram tāñdañam ñān ennammayil
cērnnīdānennammayil cērnnīdān**

How much further must I go before I reach Her?

**palavidha cintā vāsana tankođumkāttīl en manam
uzhařunnu**

My mind is tossed in the wild storm of countless thoughts and desires.

**kaividāt-ivane kākkēñamētava hṛdayattil cērttīđanē
tava hṛdayattil cērttīđanē**

O Mother, please do not let go—watch over me and draw me close to your heart.

**ēka lakṣyam end-amme mātrammattoru lakṣyavum
ill-enikku**

You alone are my one true goal, O Mother—I have no other aim.

**ennamma tan śrīcarañattilcērkkañē ammē śrī
laļitēcērkkañē ammē śrī laļitē**

Keep me at your sacred feet forever, O Mother Lalita.

Enta Citramu Enta Vairudhyamu

Telugu

enta citramu enta vairudhyamunī tatvamu mahādēvā

O Mahadeva, Lord of lords—what a wonder! How beautifully the opposites are woven into your being.

enta vicitramu enta vaividhyamunī rūpamu kāmēśā

O Kamesha, Conqueror of all desires), what a wonder! How distinctly the many facets shine through your form.

hara ḍōm... śiva ḍōm... hara ḍōm... śiva ḍōm...

**bhasmam pulimina smaśānavāśīmaṅgalamiccē
śubhamkarā**

You dwell in a graveyard, smeared with ash, yet you bestow auspiciousness—O giver of all that is good.

viṣamu trāgina nīlakanṭhākṛpa kuripiñcē karuṇākarā

You have consumed poison, O blue-throated Lord, yet you shower grace—you are the embodiment of compassion.

hara ḍōm... śiva ḍōm... hara ḍōm... śiva ḍōm...

**maunamutōnē jñānamicccitiviakṣaramicccina
ḍamarūḍharā**

By sounding your damaru, you gave the world letters and words—yet you taught Self-knowledge through silence.

**sarvavyāpi nīvu cidambarēśāviśvacalanamaina
naṭarājā**

You are all-pervading, the infinite space of pure consciousness—yet you are the dancing universe, the Lord of the cosmic dance.

hara ḍōm... śiva ḍōm... hara ḍōm... śiva ḍōm...

Ētō Ētō Tēḍukirēn

Tamil

ētō ētō tēḍukirēn nīetirvantapōtō ḍōḍukirēn

I keep searching for something, yet when you come before me, I run away.

tīdō nandrō teriyāmal sinatīyinil cikki vāḍukirēn

Unable to discern right from wrong, I get caught in the fire of anger and wither away.

tēdi kizhikkumbōtinilē nāltēyntaṅkupōna nilayarintēn

While searching in vain, I realized that time was slipping away.

pādi kiṇarai tāṇḍitṭān śivan pādattin perumai uṇarndiṭṭēn

Only after crossing half the well of life did I come to understand the greatness of Lord Shiva's feet.

ētō ētō tēḍukirēn nīetirvantapōtō ḍōḍukirēn

I keep searching for something, yet when you come before me, I run away.

kaṇkal teriyumbōtinilē akakaṇṇil śivane kāṇāmal

Even if one's external eyes are intact, if one cannot behold the Lord with the inner eye,

maṇṇil vanta pativukku śiva mahimai yāvum viḷaṅkiḍumō

can merely being born into this world lead to an understanding of Lord Shiva's greatness?

ētō ētō tēḍukirēn nīetirvantapōtō ḍōḍukirēn

I keep searching for something, yet when you come before me, I run away.

śivanē uyirkal anaittumena encintaikkul oliyāy varavēṇḍum

May the thought that Lord Shiva is everything shine as a light within my mind.

**yamanē vanṭu nindrālum śivan aḍiyai maṛavā manam
vēṇḍum**

Even if Yama himself stands before me, may my mind never forget Shiva's feet.

ētō ētō tēḍukirēn nīetirvantapōtō ḍōḍukirēn

I keep searching for something, yet when you come before me, I run away.

śivanē cidambaranē aḍiyārkkum aḍiyōnē

O Shiva, Lord of Chidambaram, you are devoted to your devotees.

haranē guruparanē perum piṇitirkkum perumānē

O Hara, supreme Guru, O Lord who removes our deepest afflictions...

Ētō Kāvyattin-Ārō Madhuramāy Īnam Pakarunna Pōle

Malayalam

**ētō kāvyattin-ārō madhuramāy īnam pakarunna
pōleārō madhurita-svaralayamoḍ-atālapicciḍunna
pōle**

Like one who sets a lovely tune to a poem another has penned, like one who sings the melody with sweetness

**jīvita-kāvyam racippat-ārō īnam ēkuvatum
ārōśrutilayamoḍu madhuramāyi ālapicciḍuvat-ārō**

—who wrote the poem of our life? Who set it to music? And who sang it into being as a sweet song?

**ētō kāvyattin-ārō madhuramāy īnam pakarunna
pōleārō madhurita-svaralayamoḍ-atālapicciḍunna
pōle**

Like one who sets a lovely tune to a poem another has penned, like one who sings the melody with sweetness

**jīvita-kāvyam racippat-ārō īnam ēkuvatum
ārōśrutilayamoḍu madhuramāyi ālapicciḍuvat-ārō**

—who wrote the poem of our life? Who set it to music? And who sang it into being as a sweet song?

**ētō vipinē maṛaññoru śilaye ārō kāṇmatu pōleārō
kaṇḍ-eḍutta śilayil ninnum śilpam racippatu pōle**

Like one who discovers a stone hidden deep in the forest, and another who carves from it a beautiful sculpture

**jīva-śilaye kāṇmatum ārō śilpam racippatum
ārōprāṇa-caitanyam ēkiyā śilpam divyamāy
tīrkuvat-ārō**

—who transformed it into an idol divine by breathing life into the stone?

**ētō pāzhmulantaṇḍ-onnil ārō dvāraṅgaḷ ēkiya pōleārō
adharam aṇaccatil ninnum gānaṅgaḷ ūtiya pōle**

Like one who carves holes into a hollow bamboo reed, and another who lifts it to his lips and draws forth sweet melodies

**pāzhmana-muļantañdil dvāraṅgaļ ēki vēnu
menayuvat-ārōnādam-anādi uṇarttiyatil
svara-mādhuri tūkuvat-ārō**

who pierced the reed and shaped it into a flute? Who awakened the primal music within, and poured it forth as song?

**jīvita-kāvyālāpa-vinōdinī nāda-rūpiṇī
vandanammānasa-muralī-vādinī prāṇa-rūpiṇī amba!
vandanam**

*Salutations to the One who sings the song of life, the very essence of music.
Salutations to the Mother who plays the flute of our heart and is the breath of our lives;*

**jīva-śilayatil śilpam racicciḍum viśva-śilpinī
vandanamprēma-svarūpiṇī sadguru-rūpiṇī
viśva-sākṣiṇī vandanam**

*salutations to the Universal Sculptor who transforms living stone into forms.
Salutations to the essence of love, the form of the Satguru, the all-pervasive witness of this universe.*

Etra Janmattile Puṇyamō Ņān Innen

Malayalam

**etra janmattile puṇyamō Ņān innenamma tan
tiru-rūpam kāṇumār-āyatu**

In this life, I have beheld your divine form-the fruit of worthy deeds from previous lives.

**ētētu janmattil ceyta tapassō Ņāntāvaka sannidhi
pūkumār-āyatu**

Through penance performed over many births, O Mother, I have been led to your sacred abode.

**karmatin tōni tuzhaññu Ņān ennendeammayām
divya-lakṣyattil aṇaññiḍum?**

But when, O Mother, will I reach the final shore, rowing the boat of karma across this vast ocean of life?

**śuddhamām bhakti ennil niṛaññ-ennu Ņānamma tan
divyamām pādattil cērnniḍum?**

When will pure and unwavering love arise within me, to carry me to your lotus feet?

**aham enna bōdham ennullil
niṛayunnuvō? ammayilēkkullā dūram ērunnuvō?**

I worry-has ego taken root in my heart? Is it what keeps me distant from you?

**avidutte tiru kr̄pa tūki nin kuññineā
mađitaṭtilēkk-etticcu kollanē**

O Divine Mother, shower me with your grace and draw this child close into your loving lap.

**ammē bhagavati dēvi mahēśvarikaitozhām kaitozhām
ānanda-dhāmamē**

O Devi, O Bhagavati, blissful and compassionate, I offer my heart in prayer with folded palms.

Etra Nālāy Ende Ammaye Kāṇātē

Malayalam

**etra nālāy ende ammaye kāṇātē kuññumanassen
vitumbī**

Mother! My child's heart has been weeping for so long, unable to behold you.

**pūñcēla-tumbil piḍiccu naḍanna nāl ḍortt-enmizhikal
tuḷumbī...**

My eyes overflow with tears when I remember my childhood—how I held on to your saree as I walked.

ammē... ammē... ḍortt-en mizhikal tuḷumbī

Those memories fill my heart and eyes with longing, and I weep.

**ēre nāl vērppetṭirunna tan
paitalincārattēkk-aṇayunna ammaye pōl**

Mother, when a mother sees her child after a long time, she comes running eagerly and clasps the child to her heart.

**vembal-ārnn-ōdi vann-enne ā mārttaṭṭilvāri puṇarum
ennōrttū**

I, too, hope that when my Mother sees me after so long, you will come running to embrace me.

mōha-tēnmalar ennil viḍarnnu

That hope has bloomed in my heart like fresh, fragrant flowers.

**vārttiṅkaṭ tālam eḍuttori rāvil ñānammaye
ōrttōrtt-irippū**

Tonight, beneath the full moon shining in all her glory, bathed in cool,

**candana sīṭaḷa candrika chāyayil
ammayekāttāṅgirippū... kaṇṇīr-puzhayil
kuḷiccaṅgirippū...**

fragrant sandal-scented light, I wait for you. I am immersed in a river of my own tears, waiting with longing for you.

**vārutta tūmaṇam vazhiyum endamma tan
pūmēnitazhukiyō tennal?**

Did a gentle breeze touch the fragrant body of my Mother?

**pūntēnin tulipōl eṅgu ninnō kuḷirpaintennal enne
puṇarnnu**

*For from somewhere, like a fresh dewdrop, a soft wind carrying your scent
came and embraced me.*

atendamma tan karam āyirunnu

That breeze became my Mother's arms—and she embraced me.

Etrayā Maunattin-Āzham

Malayalam

**etrayā maunattin-āzham ariyīla - ariyāte manavum
ēkāntamāyi**

I do not know the depths of silence, yet the mind grew still on its own.

**niśśabda cittattil ānandam etrayō - mūkamāy layam
ārnnu niścalatvam**

In the silence of the heart, great bliss abides—silent, still, and merged in oneness.

**ā mauna-vīthiyil mozhikal marayunnōēkānta-cittattil
vilayiccuvō**

Did I forget words on this path of silence? Or did they dissolve into my silent heart?

**evidēyō uṇma tan vērukal tēḍavē amṛta tīratt-onnu
cērnn-aṇaññō**

In seeking the roots of eternal truth, did I arrive at the shores of immortality?

**amma tan makkalkku vazhi-viḷakk-ākavē -
nistula-śānti pakarnniḍunnō?**

Mother—the guiding star of her children—will she grant us matchless peace?

**ariyīla eṇkilum nukarunnu ḡānum ā -
amṛta-kṛpā-varṣa-dhārayullil**

I do not know, yet within me flows the stream of her ambrosial grace.

Etrayō Janmam Alaññu Tiriññu Ñān

Malayalam

**etrayō janmam alaññu tiriññu ñānī janmam nin tiru
munnil etti**

I wandered aimlessly through many lifetimes, until in this birth, I arrived at your divine presence.

**amma tan māhātmyam ariññidān
ākātejanma-janmaṅgaļ kazhiññu pōyi**

Life after life went by without knowing Mother's glory.

**ādyamāy nin tiru sannidhi pūkavēniścalayāy nōkki
ninnu pōyi**

But when I first entered your sacred abode, I stood transfixed, gazing at you

**āru nī ennōrttu śaṅkiccu nilkavēṭrkkaikalāl enne nī
puṇarnnu**

wondering who you truly were. Then, you reached out and embraced me with infinite tenderness.

**ā nimiṣattil en antaraṅgam collikēvalam mānuṣa
śaktiyalla**

In that moment, a voice rose within me: "This is not a mere human being,

**en manam tēṅgumbōļ niṛayunna
kaṇṇulllaādiparāśakti ammayennu**

this is Adi Parashakti, the Supreme Primordial Mother, whose eyes well up with tears when my heart weeps."

**onnum mozhiyuvān ākāten mizhiyōramniṛaññu
kaviññ-ozhukiyallō**

Unable to utter a word, my eyes overflowed with tears.

**vēpathu-gātriyāy ñān naḍannīḍavēen hṛdayam nī
varannīlayō**

As I stepped away, my body trembling, you gently stole my heart.

ā divya-kāntika śakti enne ninnīlēykkāyi nayiccīlayō

The divine magnetism of your love drew me back to you.

**ninde parīkṣāṇam tāṅgīḍuvānī kuññin-ākumō
jagadīśvarī**

O Goddess, creator of the universe, will this child of yours have the strength to endure your tests?

**ā divya-snēham nukarnnīḍuvānārum kotikkillē
jagadambikē**

O Mother, who would not long to dissolve into the ocean of your boundless love?

**ninne ariyuvān nin snēham ariyuvāninn-enikkāvumō
jagadambikē**

O Jagadambika! Will I be able to know you now? Will I ever truly realize your love?

Etrayō Janmamāy Ammayōḍottu Ñān

Malayalam

**etrayō janmamāy ammayōḍottu ñānvasikkunnu
ennirunnālum**

I have lived with you, O Mother, through countless lifetimes,

ennu ñān ninne ariyum – ammēengane ninne ariyum

yet how do I truly know you, Mother? How will I ever realize you?

**kāruṇyam tūkum ā nōṭṭam en kaṇṭilētimirattāl ñān
kāṇunnilla**

Blinded by the cataract of ignorance, I fail to see your compassionate glance.

**ñān karayumbōl āśvasippikkum āmadhura-vākkukal
ñān kēlkkunnilla**

Deafened by my own cries, I do not hear your sweet words of comfort.

**kāliḍāri vīzhumbōl kaittāngāy nīettunnatum ñān
ariyunnila**

I do not realize that you come to support me, as my steps falter and I stumble.

**ōrō aṇuvilum nin caitanyattemūḍhayāya ñān innum
ariyunnila**

*Ignorant as I am, even now I fail to see that it is your divine consciousness
which pervades every atom of this universe.*

**ambikē nin tiru caraṇattil śaraṇam adayumbōl innu
ariññiḍunnu**

O Mother, today as I surrender at your lotus feet, I realize

**niṛadīpamāy nī ennīl uṇḍāyirunnuniṛadīpamāy
ennum nayiccirunnu**

*you were always within my heart, a radiant lamp, illuminating my path with
your eternal light.*

Evaru UnnaRu ?

Telugu

**evaru unnaṛu ? iṅkevaru unnaṛu? viśvamulo,
nīvutappa evaru unnaṛu? svapnamulo, nīvutappa
evaru unnaṛu?**

Who is there? Who else is there? In this whole universe, who is there except you? Even in dream, who is there except you?

puṇḍulu enno unna, saṛam madhuvu kāda-

There may be countless flowers, but their essence is nectar, isn't it?

bommalu mannu kāda, nagalu kanakam kāda-

Are dolls anything but clay, ornaments anything but gold,

alalu kaḍali kāda, jīvulu cidaṭma kāda-

waves anything but the ocean, and living beings anything but consciousness?

cidaṭma nīve ayite, anta unnadi nīve

If you are that very consciousness, then all that exists is truly none other than you alone.

bandhalu tolagi pova, dehamu kali poda-

Don't relationships wither away? Isn't the body ultimately reduced to ashes?

āstulu karigi pova, jagamu, māruṭa ledā-

Don't possessions slip away, and isn't this world ever changing?

terapai bommalu annī, manasu kalpanalannī

All these appear like images on a screen—mere projections of the mind.

viśvam svapnam ayite, anta unnadi nīve

If the entire universe is but a dream, then all that exists is truly none other than you alone.

Ghanasāndram ī Rātri

Malayalam

**ghanasāndram ī rātri mūlunnu mūkamāyghanaśyāma
-vēṇugānam...ghanaśyāma-vēṇugānam**

The deep silence of the lovely night softly hums the melodies of Krishna's flute.

**vanamulla tūkunnu vrajabālan aṇiyunnavanamāla
tan sugandham...vanamāla tan sugandham**

The wild jasmine's fragrance stirs memories in Radha's heart of the garland of forest flowers worn by her beloved.

**akalattil eṅgō pāḍīdunnu rākkuyilsukhadamām
nīlāmbari**

From afar, the Koel's soothing songs drift through the air,

**pakaram āvillonnum śyāmande prēmattinmakaranda
-mādhurikku...makaranda-mādhurikku**

yet none of these can match the sweetness of the dark-hued Krishna's love.

**vidhurayām rādha tan vyathayārnna
mizhikalōmathuraye nōkki nilppū**

Radha's eyes, filled with sorrow, gaze longingly towards the path that leads from Madhura.

**pathikar āreñkilum pakarumō kaññandevyatha
nīkkum vāñmadhuramvyatha nīkkum vāñmadhuram**

Will some traveller come along that path bearing stories of Krishna, or a tender message to ease the pain in her aching heart?

Tintaka Tintaka Tārō Taka Tintaka Tārō (Gōlōka-Pālakan Kaṇṇan)

Malayalam

**tintaka tintaka tārō taka tintaka tārōtintaka tintaka
tintaka tintakatintaka tintaka tārō**

Chorus of exultation

**gōlōka-pālakan kaṇṇan annugōkkale mēykkān
iṛāṅgiārum koticcu pōyiḍum
tasyabālaka-sundara-rūpam**

Krishna, the youthful guardian of Gokul, sets out to graze the cows in the forest. His radiant form, so enchanting, draws every heart to him.

**cēlotta vārmuḍi ketṭil orucēṇutṭa pīli tirukitun̄gi
kiḍakkunnu tellu atilcūḍiya mullappū-māla**

A peacock feather adorns his hair-knot, from which a jasmine garland gracefully cascades.

**tintaka tintaka tārō taka tintaka tārōtintaka tintaka
tintaka tintakatintaka tintaka tārō**

Chorus of exultation

**pītāmbara-paṭṭu cutṭi atil mīte aramaṇi
cārttigōkulam pāḍi uṇarttum nallakōlakkuzhalum
tiruki**

A yellow cloth adorns his waist, over which a delicate belt of tiny bells softly tinkles. Tucked within it lies his cherished flute, whose melodies awaken and gladden every heart in Gokula.

**śrīvatsa vakṣasil ninnumveriṭṭu
pōkāt-iriykkānpādupeṭṭ-oṭṭiyiriykkum tavanalla
pulinakha-māla**

Around his neck clings a tiger-claw necklace, struggling to remain upon the chest that bears the Śrīvatsa mark—the symbol of his divine glory.

**tintaka tintaka tārō taka tintaka tārōtintaka tintaka
tintaka tintakatintaka tintaka tārō**

Chorus of exultation

**ādi-kalīykkunnu māril mōḍikūṭṭum ēre
vanamālakayyil oru kālikkōlum – maṛukayyil
kalīykkuvān pantum**

Garlands of wildflowers sway upon his chest, enhancing the beauty of his form. In one hand he holds a herding staff, in the other, a ball for play.

**uccaykk-amṛtēttināyi – ceṛupātrattil nalla pāl
cōrumkūṭṭukārkk-ēkuvānāyi – mattupātraṅgalil
naṛuveṇṇa**

For lunch, he carries a small pot of milk rice in other pots, fresh butter for friends he adores.

**tintaka tintaka tārō taka tintaka tārōtintaka tintaka
tintaka tintakatintaka tintaka tārō**

Chorus of exultation

**centāmara-pūkkaḷ vellum nindeentalir-pādaṅgaḷ
pārilmintunnu sōbhayāl ullām ennum antastham
āyiriyykkēṇam**

*Krishna, even red lotuses must bow before the beauty of your sacred feet.
May my heart dive deep into the light that radiates from them.*

**kāruṇya-vāridhē krṣṇā – tavakālkal arppiykkunni
janmamātāvaka kāruṇya-varṣamennil ēkaṇam
prēma-piyūṣam**

Krishna, O ocean of compassion, I lay my life at your lotus feet. By your grace alone, may I be blessed with the nectar of your love.

**tintaka tintaka tārō taka tintaka tārōtintaka tintaka
tintaka tintakatintaka tintaka tārō**

Chorus of exultation

Gōpikal Ellārum Ottu Cērnnu

Malayalam

gōpikal ellārum ottu cērnnukaṇnane kāṇānāy kāttu ninnu

All the gopis gathered together, waiting eagerly to see Krishna.

kaṇṇanu pīṭham orukki hṛttilkaṇṇanil tanne layiccidānāy

In their hearts, they prepared a throne for him, longing to dissolve into him and dance in his joy.

rāsakēlikkāyi vannu kaṇṇanāmōdattōd-aṅgādiyallō

Krishna came to play the rasa leela and danced in supreme delight.

tanne maṁannōrī gōpikal tanullile pīṭhattil cennirunnu

Forgetting himself, he went and sat upon the throne that the gopis had prepared in their hearts.

kṛṣṇa harē jaya kṛṣṇa harērādhā manōharā kṛṣṇa harēkṛṣṇa harē jaya kṛṣṇa harēgopikā vallabhā jaya kṛṣṇa harē

Krishna, victory to you, O beautiful one, beloved of Radha, victory to you! Lord of the gopis, victory to you!

ullil iḍam piḍicc-ende kaṇṇanvarṇṇa-prabhayil udicc-uyarnnu

Now my Krishna dwells within me, his radiance illumines my heart.

kaṇṇande cuṭtinum pūkkalām tīrttu ḡānkaṇṇin-ānandam pakarnnu kaṇṇan

I spread a carpet of flowers around him, his divine form is a feast for my eyes.

ānanda-cinmayan ullil ākegopikal ānanda-magnarāyi

When the gopis beheld Krishna, the very form of bliss and pure consciousness, within their hearts,

**ennenum gōpikałkk-utsavamāykaṇṇanil ennum
uṇarnnirunnu**

life itself became a festival for them, and their hearts completely merged in him.

Hara-Hara Śaṅkara Śiva-Śiva Śaṅkara

Malayalam

**hara-hara śaṅkara śiva-śiva śaṅkarasundara-rūpa
surēśa harēhara-hara śaṅkara śiva-śiva
śaṅkarasundara-rūpa surēśa harē**

O Lord Shiva, O Hara, beautiful in form, Lord of the gods!

**candrakalā-dhara gaṅgā-dhara hara tava caraṇam
anayunn-aḍiyān**

The one who wears a sliver of the moon and the holy Ganga in his hair, bless me by granting refuge at your lotus feet.

**pārvati-patayē paramēśvaranē ārjita
pāpavināśa-harēārjita pāpavināśa-harē**

O consort of Devi Parvati, Supreme Lord, you who compassionately destroy the sins of countless lifetimes.

**hara-hara śaṅkara śiva-śiva śaṅkarasundara-rūpa
surēśa harēhara-hara śaṅkara śiva-śiva
śaṅkarasundara-rūpa surēśa harē**

O Lord Shiva, O Hara, beautiful in form, Lord of the gods!

**bhasma-vibhūṣita vakṣa-sthalavumcandrōdbhāsita
tiru śirassum**

Sacred ash is smeared across your upper body, your face is aglow with the radiance of the moon nestled in your matted locks.

**nētra-trayavum vyāghrāmbaravum ānandāmṛta tava
rūpamānandāmṛta tava rūpam**

Your third eye is the mark of ultimate knowledge, your leopard-skin waistcloth, a symbol of supreme detachment. Your divine form fills me with ambrosial bliss.

**hara-hara śaṅkara śiva-śiva śaṅkarasundara-rūpa
surēśa harēhara-hara śaṅkara śiva-śiva
śaṅkarasundara-rūpa surēśa harē**

O Lord Shiva, O Hara, beautiful in form, Lord of the gods!

**tirukandharattil kapālamālātiru jaṭayil ozhukiḍum
bhāgīrathī**

Around your neck hangs a garland of skulls, a symbol of dispassion, while the pure Bhagirathi flows down from your crown,

**tiṅgi-ñeriññoru ceñcaḍa naḍuvilpuñciri tūkum
matilēkhayumpuñciri tūkum matilēkhayum**

having descended from the heavens into your matted hair. The crescent moon smiles gently between your thick, tangled locks.

**hara-hara śaṅkara śiva-śiva śaṅkarasundara-rūpa
surēśa harēhara-hara śaṅkara śiva-śiva
śaṅkarasundara-rūpa surēśa harē**

O Lord Shiva, O Hara, beautiful in form, Lord of the gods!

**garaḷam uṇdu kaṛutta gaṭatte keṭṭi puṇarum phaṇi
gaṇavum**

Snakes coil around your throat, turned blue from swallowing dreadful poison to save the world in your boundless compassion.

**caḍula tāṇḍava narttana nāthācuḍala priyanē mām
pāhicuḍala priyanē mām pāhi**

O Lord Shiva! You dance the great Tandava—Lord of the cremation ground, protect me, I seek your grace.

Haravādyam Utirkkunnu Āditālam

Malayalam

haravādyam utirkkunnu āditālamatil anugamicciḍum praṇava-mantram

The primal rhythm arises from Hara's damaru; with each new beat, the pranava mantra resounds.

prakambanam ākunnu prapañcam ellāmśivapādam aṇayunnu pañcabāṇan

Its sacred sound reverberates through all creation, and Kamadeva surrenders at Shiva's feet.

tirujaḍayil aḍarunna gaṅgayil nīrādiपāpa-vimuktarāyi jīvakōdi

Millions of jīvas, bathing in the waters that pour from Gaṅgā enshrined in your matted locks, are cleansed of all sin,

ṭrkkaṇ kadākṣattāl uṇarunnuuḷtaḍam puṇarunna ātmabōdham

and a loving glance from your third eye awakens the blissful Self within.

naṭarāja-naḍanattil ādittimirkkilumnisvanāy mēvunnu viśvanāthan

Though he dances with boundless, ecstatic grace, the Lord of the Universe remains perfectly detached.

kālakkūḍattin viṣam svīkaricciḍumtyagarājan śivan nīlakanṭhan

He drank the dark Kālakūṭa poison to protect all life, becoming the blue-throated one — the king of sacrifice.

pañca-bhūtaṅgalāl pañcōpacāraṅgaḥmānasa-vilvattāl arccanayum

By offering the five adorations with the five great elements, and worshipping with the heart's bilva leaf,

mṛtyuñjaya-mantram avirāmam ura ceytuēṛidām ānanda-śrīngamādiḍām ānanda-naḍanam

by chanting the Mṛtyuñjaya mantra without end, we can ascend to the pinnacle of bliss — we can dance the sacred dance of divine delight.

tāṇḍavam śiva-tāṇḍavamparipāvanam śiva-tāṇḍavam

Śiva dances the Tāṇḍava, the sacred rhythm of the cosmos.

Hē Lakṣmi Nr̥simha

Hindi

hē lakṣmi nr̥simha karuṇākā karālamba

O Lakshmi Narasimha, ocean of compassion and strength, extend your mighty hand to lift up the downtrodden and helpless.

dīnōn kō dō apnē kar kā ālamba

Let your protective grace be the support that steadies those who falter.

sansār kī laharōn meiṇ ḍūbā yē mankr̥pā-dṛṣṭi sē dō mujhkō jīvan

This mind, tossed and submerged in the waves of worldly life, longs to live again through your merciful gaze.

nāth kr̥pā nidhi, caranōn meiṇ śaran

Lord, treasure-house of grace, I surrender at your feet.

bhav sē pār karō, dō karāvalamba

Carry me across the ocean of becoming—give me your hand to hold, and let it be my support.

hē lakṣmi nr̥simha...

O Lakshmi Narasimha!

jalatē hūē bhay kē van meiṇ khadātērāhi nām bas sahārā baḍā

I stand amidst the burning forest of fear, surrounded on all sides—your name alone is the strength I cling to.

bhakta-vatsal tu trātā bhava-sāgar

O protector of your devotees, savior across the sea of worldly existence,

dīna-bandhu mērē dō karāvalamba

friend of the forlorn, reach out and steady me with your hand.

hē lakṣmi nr̥simha...

O Lakshmi Narasimha!

**hiranyakaśipu kō mārā bankē tukālprahlād kē liyē
āyā bankē ḫāl**

You brought death to the demon Hiranyakashipu and became a shield and refuge for Prahlad.

vaisē hi mujhkō bhī thāmō prabhō

In the same way, grasp me also, O Lord

hē nṛsimha dēva dō karāvalamba

—Narasimha Deva, offer me your supporting hand.

hē lakṣmi nṛsimha...

O Lakshmi Narasimha!

**māyā kē bandhan mein jakaṭā hūāajñān mein ḫubā
bhramit aur thakā**

*Bound tightly in the snares of illusion, drowned in ignorance, lost and weary,
I wander.*

satya aur sēvā kā bhāv jagā dē

Awaken in me the spirit of truth and selfless service.

hē jaga prabhō ab dō karāvalamba

O Lord of the universe, now grant me the support of your hand.

Hē Manavē Ele Manavē

Kannada

hē manavē ele manavē bhajisu pāṇḍuraṅganā

O mind, my mind! Worship Panduranga,

pāpa rāsi nāśa gaiva prēma puṇya dhāmanā

the destroyer of sins piled high, the abode of love and merit.

duriṭava dūra gaiva dēvakī kandanā

He is the son of Devaki, who removes all suffering.

hariṿā kaṇṇīra oresi poreva punītana

He wipes away the streaming tears of his devotees, and embraces the pure.

pārumādi bhava-sāgara pālipa paramātmana

He is the supreme one who helps us cross the ocean of worldly existence and protects.

yāva bhēda bhāvavilladē bhaktigolipa bhūpana

Without any sense of division, He accepts all devotees—the King who welcomes all.

viṭhala... pāṇḍuraṅga... viṭhala... pāṇḍuraṅga...

Oh Krishna

bāla kattalalli bēlaku tōrabaruva mādhavā

O Madhava, you are the one who reveals light in the darkness of life.

hagalu iruḷu ninna nenapu nīrajākṣa nirguṇā

O lotus-eyed, attributeless one, we remember you day and night.

bhajipe ninna ananta divya nāma nārāyaṇā

O Narayana, we chant your infinite divine names.

kṣamisi namma salahu dīna-bandhu śrī adhōkṣajā

O Adhokshaja, friend of the humble, forgive us and protect us.

viṭhala... pāṇḍuraṅga... viṭhala... pāṇḍuraṅga...

Oh Krishna

prēmadi karedoḍane baruva paṇḍarī-nāthanē

O Lord of Pandharpur, you come when called with love.

moreya kēli varava nīdi uddharipa upēndranē

O Upendra, you hear our prayers, grant boons, and uplift us.

niṣṭheyinda dhyānisidare gōcaripa nirañjana

O stainless one, if meditated upon with steady devotion, you grant your vision.

janana-maraṇadinda mukti nīdu hē janārdana

O Janardana, you grant liberation from birth and death.

viṭhala... pāṇḍuraṅga... viṭhala... pāṇḍuraṅga...

Oh Krishna

**pāṇḍuraṅga pāṇḍuraṅga viṭhala viṭhala
pāṇḍuraṅga...**

Oh Krishna

Hē Nīlōmaṇi Hē Jogonnātho

Odia

**hē nīlōmaṇi hē jogonnāthoākhi podilē tōrō chūṭṭē
samsārō**

O Blue Jewel, O Jagannatha, with just one glance from you, the bondage of this world is broken.

**nīlāccōlo moṇi hē prabhu cokkā ākhi tōrōtōrē dēkhilē
mottē śrīhari chūṭṭi jībō janmōcakr**

O Jewel of Nilachala, O Lord, with your wide round eyes, if you look upon me just once, O Srihari, I shall be freed from the cycle of birth.

**subhra saṅkhu dhōri madhur tānnorētumē bhaktō
rakhyākārī hē madhōbō**

Holding a pure white conch, with melody resounding, O Madhava! You are the protector of your devotees.

nīlōmēghō sorīro kṛpādhārā odhōrē

Your body has the hue of a dark raincloud, and kindness flows from your lips.

**jībō jōgattō tumō antardṛṣṭirē – sabojībō jōgattō tumō
antardṛṣṭirē**

All living beings and this entire world dwell within your inner vision.

**nirākārō rūpē tumē dhōricōprēmō ānandō madhur
līlā tumē raccūchō**

You are formless, yet you assume a form. You create sweet and blissful divine plays, filled with love.

hāttō gōdōnō thāyī prabhū seyī rūpē

O Lord, though without hands or feet, in that very form,

jōgattorō sab līlā tumē kōruccō

you enact all the divine play of this world.

**dāsī hōyī tumō guṇō gāvūchitumō pādōdhyāno
sadākōri cāhūchī**

Becoming your humble servant, I sing your glories. I wish always to meditate upon your sacred feet.

cāhūni svargō na mōkhyōrō sthānō

I desire neither a place in heaven or liberation.

**cāhūnci tumōkku prabhū ēhi nibēdonōcāhūnci
tumōkku prabhū ēhi nibēdonō**

O Lord, I long only for you — this is my heartfelt prayer.

nīlō mādhōbhō bhakta vatsalo jagannāthō joy joy

*You are the dark-blue Madhava, the compassionate Lord of devotees —
Jagannatha.*

jōgattarō pālana hārō biśvanāthō joy joy

You are the protector and sustainer of the universe — the Lord of all worlds.

Hō Kē Simha Savār Mā

Hindi

**hō kē simha savār māaṣṭa bhujāōñ vāli māāyī hai
dēkhō durgā mābarsānē prēm apār**

Mounted on a lion, the eight-armed Mother comes. Look, goddess Durga has arrived! She has come to shower boundless love.

**bōlō mātārāṇī kī jay jaybōlō mahārāṇī kī jay jaybōlō
mahādēvi kī jay jaybōlō mahākāli kī jay jay**

Say: Victory to Mother, victory to the supreme Queen, victory to the great Goddess, victory to the mighty Kali!

**mā kī ārati utārōprēm bharā rūp nihārōman mēñ mā
kī chabi kō dēkhōdhyān magn hō jāvō**

Let us wave a lamp in front of Mother. Behold her form, full of love. Envision her image in your mind and become absorbed in meditation.

**lagātī mā māmtā sē galēbarsātī hai sudhā sab pējīvan
sab kā savārnējag mein āyī mayyā**

She embraces everyone with motherly affection, she showers nectar on all. To beautify everyone's life, Mother has come into the world.

Hō Kē Simha Savār Mā

Hindi

**hō kē simha savār māaṣṭa bhujāōñ vāli māāyī hai
dēkhō durgā mābarsānē prēm apār**

Mounted on a lion, the eight-armed Mother comes. Look, goddess Durga has arrived! She has come to shower boundless love.

**bōlō mātārāṇī kī jay jaybōlō mahārāṇī kī jay jaybōlō
mahādēvi kī jay jaybōlō mahākāli kī jay jay**

Say: Victory to Mother, victory to the supreme Queen, victory to the great Goddess, victory to the mighty Kali!

**mā kī ārati utārōprēm bharā rūp nihārōman mēñ mā
kī chabi kō dēkhōdhyān magn hō jāvō**

Perform Mother's arati. Behold her form, full of love. Envision her image in your mind and become absorbed in meditation.

**lagātī mā māmtā sē galēbarsātī hai sudhā sab pējīvan
sab kā savārnējag mein āyī mayyā**

Mother embraces with affection, she showers nectar on all. To uplift everyone's life, Mother has come into the world.

Hṛdaya-Mandirattile

Malayalam

**hṛdaya-mandirattile kamala maṇḍapattil nānammē
ninakkāyi pīṭham iṭṭu**

Mother! In the lotus mandapa of my heart, a seat awaits you.

**citta-vṛndāvanattil viḍarnna nanmalarālēammē
ninakkāyi māla tīrttū**

I have woven a garland of pure blossoms, flowering in the Vrindavan of my mind.

**hṛdaya-mandirattile kamala maṇḍapattil nānammē
ninakkāyi pīṭham iṭṭu**

Mother! In the lotus mandapa of my heart, a seat awaits you.

**manassu nannāy mathiccu kaḍaññu nān
eduttoruprēmattin naṛuvenṇa karutivaccū**

Churning the depths of my heart, I beheld you—the one eternal truth; from that vision arose the fresh, fragrant butter of devotion, kept aside only for you.

**puzha pōle ozhukum ī mizhi-jalam ammē
ninkazhalinā kazhukān nān orukki vaccu...kazhalinā
kazhukān nān orukki vaccu**

And the river of tears that streamed from my eyes, I have preserved to wash your lotus feet.

**jaya jaya śaṅkari śambhu-priyē...jaya jaya gauri
gaṇēśa-priyē...**

Victory to Shankari, beloved of Lord Shiva! Victory to Gauri, Mother of Ganesh!

**jaya jaya śrī girirāja-sutē...jaya jaya dēvi
dayā-nidhiyē...**

Victory to the daughter of Himavan, the king of mountains! Victory to Devi, treasure house of compassion!

**tava pādamalariṇa hṛdayattil patiññorānimisattil
ellām nān maṛannu pōyi**

The moment your lotus feet entered my heart, all else was forgotten.

**prēma-payōdhiyil āñđu pōyenne nīkaram nīt̄ti
bōdha-karaykk-añaccu...karam nīt̄ti
bōdha-karaykk-añaccu**

I sank deep into the boundless ocean of love, till you stretched forth your hands of grace, lifting me gently to the radiant shore of supreme consciousness.

Hṛdayāravindē Padarēṇu Tūki

Malayalam

hṛdayāravindē padarēṇu tūki - maruvuvān amba nī vannaṇayū

O Mother Saraswati, will you come to dwell in the lotus of my heart, blessing it with the dust of your holy feet?

vīṇāpāṇī māmaka mānasamaṇvīṇa pāṇiyāl tazhukū... tazhukū...

Gently caress the veena of my mind with your soft hands.

kṣaṇam itil mama kṣaṇam kaikkondīkṣaṇa-vīciyāl nī kr̥pa coriyū

In this moment, accept my call and shower your grace upon my fleeting mind through the rays of your divine glance.

kṣaram ī jagattil nāda-brahmattinakṣarātmikē dhvani utirkkū

O eternal Goddess, in this perishable world spread the resonance of the primordial sound.

śruti mīṭṭuvān en cintātantrikaaltıava lālanam nukarnniḍumbōl

When the strings of my mind drink in your tender affection, to tune the melody,

anādiyām nāda-taraṅgaṅgaśapta-svarādi utirttiḍatṭe

may the beginningless waves of sound pour forth as the seven notes of music.

Hṛdayattil Ennum Orāmantraṇam

Malayalam

**hṛdayattil ennum orāmantraṇam – śuddhaprēmattin
madhuramām madhu-mantraṇam**

There is always a sacred calling within my heart — a calling of love, a calling so sweet,

**ātma-tatvattinde sphuraṇam
utirttiḍumvātsalya-pīyūṣa-rasa-mantraṇam**

a calling of tenderness, a calling that pulses with the knowledge of the true Self.

**amma tannōmal karalālanamkaiśōra-bhāvam
uṇarttiḍumbōl**

Mother's tender caress, so gentle, awakens my childlike heart;

**mañjima vazhiyumā
mandasmēramuṇarttunnat-ātmāvin dīprabhāvam**

her smile, aglow with divine grace, illuminates the depths of my inner self.

**amma tan ārdramām ālōkanamhṛttil uyarttunnu
varṇṇavīci**

Her tender glances awaken within me a wondrous path of myriad colors,

**ā varṇṇavīci tan dīpta-kāntiunṇarttunnu
svasvarūpa-avabōdham**

and the radiance of that luminous trail brings me insight into my true self.

Hṛdayattil Innu Rāsa-Kēli

Malayalam

hṛdayattil innu rāsa-kēli hṛdayēśvarande naḍana-kēli

Within my heart, the rasa dance begins—it becomes the stage for the divine play of Krishna, the Lord of my heart.

en muralīka tānē uṇarunnuennile ūñānum inn-uṇarnnu

My flute awakens on its own, and with it, my true Self—one with the Lord—awakens too.

jagadīśvarā kṛṣṇā guru-pavanēśvarā

O Krishna, Lord of the universe, beloved Lord of Guruvayoor!

paikkalum ṛtukkalum pūkkalum nōkkunnukaṇṇande nisvana-muralī-gānam

The calves, the seasons, and the blossoms gaze in wonder, searching for the source of Krishna's flute song.

vismaya-līlakāl āḍunna mādhavanvismaya-pūramī vr̥ndāvanam

Madhavan plays his wondrous, divine games, and all of Vrindavan is steeped in enchantment.

māyayām yavanika mātti nī eppōzhum māyāte nilkkumō kaṇṇan-uṇṇī

O my beloved Krishna, will you lift the veil of illusion from my mind and remain forever unveiled in the temple of my heart?

ōrttu bhajikkām cittattil sarvadā samasta-śānti nī nalkiḍaṇē...

With all my mind, heart, and intellect, I shall worship you. O compassionate Lord, please grant peace to all beings, for all time.

Hṛdayattin Tālīl Nān

Malayalam

**hṛdayattin tālīl nān aśru-kaṇaṅgalālezhutiya
sandēśam eṅgu pōyi?**

Krishna! Where has the message I wrote with teardrops on the pages of my heart gone?

**kaṇṇā ninakkāy nān nimiṣaṅgaḥ
yugam-ākkikāttirikkunnatu maṛannu pōyō?**

Have you forgotten that I am waiting for you, each moment stretching into an aeon?

**virahattin nombarām nī ariññīḍukilvṛndāvanatte
vediññīḍumō?**

Would you have ever left Vrindavan, Krishna, if you truly knew the agony of separation that I now endure?

**piḍayunnor-ōrmakaṭil eriyānī rādhaykkuvirahāgni
nalki nī eṅgu pōyi?**

Where have you gone, leaving Radha to bear the searing anguish of love's longing?

**kaṇṇinnu kaṇṇāya kaṇṇan illāttoruvṛndāvanattil
inn-andhakāram**

Without you—the inner eye of our self—Vrindavan lies cloaked in darkness.

**nī mandahāsattin pūnilā-pāloliennī vrajattinn-iruḷ
nīkkiḍum?**

When will the radiant bloom of your smile once more bathe this land in light?

**nī divya-līlakaṭil dhanyamāy tīrttorīpuṇya-dēśattinde
vīthikaṭil**

Krishna, in this sacred land where you once played your divine leela,

**ā divya-madhuramām smaraṇayilūḍ-ennumkaṇṇane
tēdi naḍakkum en mānasam**

my heart—immersed in your sweet and sacred memories—wanders ceaselessly in search of you.

I Was Lost In The Darkness2025(English)

English

I was lost in the darknessIn the shadows of ignorance

Nowhere to go, I looked upon youYou lit the fire in me

Amma Amma Amma AmmaI see the truth I long for

I was lost in the parched worldCraving for peace of mind

Stuck in the desert, I looked upon youYou showered love on me

Amma Amma Amma AmmaI feel the love I long for

I was lost in the lifeless worldCaught in the grasp of fear

Searching for life, I looked upon youYou breathed life into me

Amma Amma Amma Amma

In The Misty Mountains Is Our Mahadeva

English

In the misty mountains Is our Mahadeva

Eyes closed and heart openSilently protecting us

**tam taka dhimi tam taka dhimiom namah
shivayaDance in my heart Nataraja**

As soon as you wakeEarth begins to shake

Will I get a chanceTo see your holy dance

You dance and you chantridant in your hand

God of the three worldsYou are beyond words

**tam taka dhimi tam taka dhimiom namah
shivayaDance in my heart Nataraja**

Cosmic and divineYou rise and you shine

Let me be your NandiTo carry you with me

**tam taka dhimi tam taka dhimiom namah
shivayaDance in my heart Nataraja**

O NeelakanthaO Mahadeva

When I hear your drumMy heart beats in your rhythm

Imbakkuṭattil Nīnta Ānandamē

Tamil

imbakkulattil nīnta ānandamē tumbakkuḍattil uzhala tuyaramē

To swim in the pond of happiness is delightful, to be caught in even a small pot of trouble is sorrowful.

**imbamō tumbamō tuḷinēramē –
aruḷkaḍalētumbasumaiyil nāḍum unpādamē**

Whether joy or sorrow, all is fleeting. Ocean of grace, Your lotus feet are my only refuge when I am overwhelmed by troubles.

**sarvaśaktiyē paramporulēgarvamakattri
aravaṇaippāyē**

O all-powerful, supreme Mother, free me from the grip of ego and gather me into your embrace!

poy kōpam koṇḍa pōtummey unnai nāḍivanta pōtum

Even if I pretend to be angry, complaining that you don't look at me, in reality I seek you.

**maiyal koṇḍāyē ennuḷlamtaiyalāka piṇaiyumē
ānandam**

You have captured my heart, I remain bound to you in bliss.

**muļlaittuvi tumbam vitaippēnōmullaippū
tūviyimbam peruvēnō**

Will I scatter thorns of harshness and cause pain, or will I shower flowers of kindness and spread joy?

**muļ malar māyayāl uzhalvēnōmuļ nīkki tāyaruļ
peruvēnō**

Will I remain caught in the whirlpool of thorns and flowers? O Mother, will I be able to let go of the thorns and become worthy of your grace?

Iniyum Uṇḍēre Dinaṅgaļ Enikk

Malayalam

**iniyum uṇḍēre dinaṅgaļ enikk-ennuanudinam
collunnor-en manassē**

Each day, my mind reminds me that I still have a long life to live.

**ařiyumō jīvande avadhiyī bhūmiyilavivēka-rūpanām
nī mozhiyū**

But O mind, you are the very embodiment of ignorance—how can you possibly know the lifespan of this jiva on earth?

**kuḍilata nī nin svarūpam ākki jīva-gati ēre
yātanāpūrṇam ākki**

You have made deception your very nature and filled my path with suffering.

**dharmaṛttha-kāma-mōkṣaṅgaļ vidūramāmsvapnam
ākki, kālam vyartham ākki**

A life of dharma—meant to bring prosperity, the fulfilment of desires, and ultimate liberation—you have turned into a distant, fading dream. You have squandered all my time.

**paṛayuka nī etra mānava-janmaṅgaļpatitam ākki
pāram viphalam ākki**

Tell me—how many lifetimes have you wasted, dragging me down?

**paṛayuka sārthakam ākēṇḍ-orījanmamitu nī
tulaykkuvān mōhippatō?**

Will you ruin this one too—this life, meant for the realization of my true Self

**oru nođi nī onnu tiriyükille nindevikala-svabhāvam
vediyukille**

Will you not turn inward, even for a moment? Cast aside this contrary nature of yours.

**sahajāvabōdhattil aliyukille?
svātma-sukha-makarandam nukarukille?**

Will you not merge into your true essence—pure awareness? Will you not taste the nectar of infinite bliss?

Innende Katha Keļkkān Veṇṇayum Uṇḍidān

Malayalam

**innende katha kelkkān veṇṇayum uṇḍidānennōmal
kaṇṇane kāttirunnuñān kāttirunnu**

I wait expectantly for Krishna, hoping he will come to hear my stories and eat the fresh butter I've lovingly set aside for him.

**pīlittirumuḍi cūḍiḍum uṇṇikkāykācciya pālum ñān
karuti vaccu – ennarikil vaccu**

He will come—with a peacock feather tucked into the knot of his hair, my beautiful Krishna. I've boiled milk and kept it warm nearby, waiting with longing in my heart.

**ōda-kuzhalumāy ōdi aṇaññīḍumambādi-kaṇṇanō
entu bhaṅgientu bhaṅgi**

When he comes running, flute in hand, he is so very beautiful to behold

**vaśyamām puñciri kārvarṇṇa niṛamēni vēṇḍilla vēṛini
nī tanne mati ini**

—his smile so alluring, his body the color of storm-laden clouds. I need nothing, no one else. I want only you, my Krishna!

**ōrkkuvān ottiri kāraṇam kaṇḍu ñānkaṇṇane kāṇāykil
tāṅgumō ñān ini**

I find endless reasons to remember you. But how will my heart bear it, if I can no longer see you?

**entu ñān nalkēṇam ennuṇṇi kaṇṇanāy?en manam
ponnākki nalkīḍum ñān ini**

What more can I give you, my beloved Krishna? I shall purify my mind and offer it to you.

**vanamāla ninakkāyi kōrttu vaccu atilenneyum
nannāyi cērttu vaccu**

I have strung a garland of wildflowers for you—and with it, I've strung my heart.

kārmukil varṇṇā varuka en kaṇṇānanda-mukundā harē gōpabālā

*Come, my Krishna, cloud-hued one! Come, protector of the world,
embodiment of bliss—come, O son of Nanda!*

Innu Ñān Pūjaykk-Irikkumbōl

Malayalam

innu ñān pūjaykk-irikkumbōl en manah - kōvilil oru prārthana udicc-uyarnnu

Today, as I sat to worship you, a prayer arose in the temple of my heart:

**muzhuvan brahmāñḍavum niṛam-ārnna
pūjā-puṣpaṅgale pōle sōbha ārnṇīdaṭṭe**

May the entire cosmos become like many-colored flowers of offering,

**sugandham parattunna candanattiri pōleorumayude
sugandham parattiḍaṭṭe**

and like fragrant incense, may all beings spread the scent of oneness.

**ārati taṭṭile niścala-dīpam pōle - ēvarkkum manam
niścalam ākaṭṭe**

Like the steady flame upon the arati plate, may every mind become calm and unmoving.

**taṭṭil niṛaññu nilkkum eṇṇa pōle sadā - brahmāñḍam
muzhuvan maṅgaḷam niṛayaṭṭe**

Like the oil that fills the lamp, may well-being fill the entire cosmos.

trppādaṅgalil vīṇu kiḍakkunnapūvinde itaḍukaṭ pōle

Like each petal that blissfully falls at Your divine feet, may all beings in the universe offer daily worship.

**brahmāñḍaṅgalile jīvajālaṅgaṭ ellāmnityōpāsana
ceyyumār-ākaṭṭe**

Like each petal that blissfully falls at Your divine feet, may all beings in the universe offer daily worship.

**śānti samādhānam ānandam āhlādam -
śaṅkhu-pūraṇam pōle pakarumār-ākaṭṭe**

Let peace and joy spread in every direction. Like the sound that rises when the conch is blown,

**hṛdayaṅgaḥil ninnum ḫmkāra-nādam - maṇi-nādam
pōle muzhaṅgumār-ākaṭṭe**

may the sacred Omkara resound in every heart like a bell.

karppūra dīpam katti amarnn-onnumillāte āyatu pōle

Like camphor that burns itself into nothingness,

**nammal paraspārpaṇamāyi śūnyatayilonnāyi
tīrumār-āyiḍaṭṭē**

let us offer ourselves to one another and dissolve into Oneness

**onnāya nammal guruvin
trppādaṅgaḥilpavitratayārnna prasādamāy tīraṭṭe**

When we become One, let us be a pure offering at the Guru's lotus feet.

**ī prārtthanayil sadguru trptanāyēvarilum kṛpa
coriyumār-ākaṭṭe**

May the Sadguru be pleased with this prayer and bestow Her grace upon all.

lōkāḥ samastāḥ sukhinō bhavantu

May all beings in all the worlds be happy.

Iruļ Māri Teliyānāy

Malayalam

**iruļ māri teļiyānāyitaļ ullam viriyānāyini
entenn-arulidān kaniyēñamē... ammē... tuṇa ēkaṇē...**

For the darkness to dispel and the light to shine within my mind, for the flower of my heart to blossom — Mother, shower me with your grace and tell me what I must do... Mother, be with me always.

**vazhi ēre alaññu pōy...karakāñāt-ulaññu pōy...mizhi
tūki karakērān iđayākkaṇē...**

I have wandered long in the ocean of samsara, unable to see the shore, battered by the waves. Won't you glance at me with compassion, so that I may reach the shore?

**matimōham vaļarunnu gativēgam
kurayunnunarajanma-guṇam ēki gati ēkaṇē**

I am sinking deeper into delusion, and my journey is slowing down. Make this human birth worthwhile by leading me towards you.

**iruļ māri teļiyānāyitaļ ullam viriyānāyini
entenn-arulidān kaniyēñamē... ammē... tuṇa ēkaṇē...**

For the darkness to dispel and the light to shine within my mind, for the flower of my heart to blossom — Mother, shower me with your grace and tell me what I must do... Mother, be with me always.

**hṛdivīṇa śruti cērān parabhakti-layam
ākānnirayēñam mama manassil padam ēkaṇē**

Fill my heart with your presence, so that the vīṇā of my heart may attune itself to supreme devotion and dissolve in it. Grant me the refuge of your lotus feet.

**taṇal tēdi alayunnu, poruļ tēdi ettunnuvaram aruļi
mama hṛttīl viļaṅgīdaṇē...**

I wander in search of your life-giving shade; I come seeking the highest truth. Bless me, Mother, and make my heart your home.

**iruļ māri teļiyānāyitaļ ullam viriyānāyini
entenn-arulidān kaniyēñamē... ammē... tuṇa ēkaṇē...**

For the darkness to dispel and the light to shine within my mind, for the flower of my heart to blossom — Mother, shower me with your grace and tell me what I must do... Mother, be with me always.

ammē... tuṇa ēkanē

Mother, be with me always.

Is Duniyā Kō Kabtak

Hindi

**is duniyā kō kabtak manvātū apnī kehlāyēgāīśvar
kötū bhul na jānāant samay pachtāyēgā**

O Man, how long will you go on claiming this world as yours? If you forget the Lord, in the end, you will have to repent.

**māyā kē har jālmēn phaskarek din aisā āyēgāgharvālē
aur dhan dōlata sabyahī paḍā rah jāyēgā**

Trapped in the snare of maya, a day surely will come when family, wealth and riches—all will be left behind.

**karle tū sat karm rē manvājaplē abtō rām kā
nāmdharm sē karlē har ek karm tūbanjāyē jīvan
sārthak**

O Man, chant the name of Rama and engage in good deeds. Let every action be guided by dharma, and your life will become truly meaningful.

**marjānē par tū tō manvākuch bhī nālē jāyēgājō ab tak
tū karm kiyāhēuskā phal sāth āyēgā**

O Man, when you die, nothing will go along with you. Only the deeds you've done so far will follow and bear their due.

rām rām rām siyā rām rām rām

Oh Ram, Sita Ram

Jagadambikē Jagadōdhāriṇī Mā

Malayalam

**jagadambikē jagadōdhāriṇī māṇitya-kanyē
viśvapālakī**

Mother of the world, upholder of the universe, the immaculate One, sovereign of all creation.

**nin pāda-dhūliyil smṛtikal layippūmanvantaraṅgalum
cerū tariyāyi**

The Vedas merge into the dust of your sacred feet, and countless eons shrink to a single grain of sand.

**niṛayunnu nāda-brahmavum ārdramāyśruti cērunnu
nin mozhiyil**

The primal sound of Om, which pervades the cosmos, finds its voice in your words.

ādunnu līlāmōdattāltēdunnu tyāga-tapasvikale

This world is your blissful, divine play. You seek the renunciates who live in disciplined devotion.

ārttaṭṭahāsattōḍ-ennumnṛttam- caviṭṭi ramikkunnu

You dance in joy, your laughter echoing in thunderous delight.

ēkākini... sṛṣṭi-pālini... nī

You, who dwell in solitude, sustain all of creation.

jay mā... jay mā... jay mā... jay mā...

Victory to Mother

**jagadambikē jagadōdhāriṇī māṇitya-kanyē
viśvapālakī**

Mother of the world, upholder of the universe, the immaculate One, sovereign of all creation.

**ēkāntatayil kēzhumī jīvaneoru kuḷirkāttāy nī
tazhukidillē?**

Will you not come as a cool and soothing breeze, to caress this soul crying out in lonely solitude?

**eriyunna smaraṇa tan kanalāzhiyil nīoru
kulir-mazhayāy peyyukillē?**

Will you not pour down as gentle, healing rain upon the ocean of smoldering embers—embers of your memory that burn and sear within me?

ādhikku nitya-virāmam nīmāyakal nīkkum śūlattāl

You bring an end to suffering, once and for all. With your spear, you pierce through divine illusions.

**koyyunna-ahantaye vālttalayālcērkkunnu jīvane
nityapadam**

With your sword, you cut down ego's pride, and merge the wandering souls into your lotus feet.

vātsalyamayi... varadāyini... nī

You are the tender, compassionate one, the benevolent mother who blesses all beings.

jay mā... jay mā... jay mā... jay mā...

Victory to Mother

Jagadīśvarī Mā... Paramēśvarī Mā...

Malayalam

**jagadīśvarī mā... paramēśvarī mā...bhuvanēśvarī
mā... lalitēśvarī mā...**

*Mother, Goddess who created this universe, supreme Goddess... Mother,
source of all creation, O playful and radiant Lalita...*

ambē mā... ambē mā... ambē mā...

O Mother...

**nin tiru nāmam uraykkān... śivēnin pādabhaktiyil
tēngān**

*O Shive - Supreme Consciousness, O Devi, will you grant me the grace to
chant your sacred names, to weep in the ecstasy of love at your divine feet?*

tval kr̄pa ēkumō dēvī...citpadamē citkalayē cinmayiyē

*You are the energy of consciousness that pervades all beings, the rhythm of
life, the breath of vitality. You are the blissful, divine awareness.*

vēdavum nī... nādavum nī... brahmavum nī...

You are the Vedas, the primal sound Omkara – You are the absolute truth.

ambē mā... ambē mā... ambē mā...

Oh Mother

**ādiyum antavum nīyē... tāyē...nī tanne nī tanne
satyam**

Mother! You are the beginning and the end, you are Truth itself.

**tval padam ēkumō dēvī...brahma-rūpē... viṣṇu-rūpē...
rudra-rūpē...**

*Devi, will you bless me with the grace of your sacred feet? You are Brahma,
Vishnu, and Rudra — the powers of creation, preservation, and dissolution.*

bhakti ēkū... mukti ēkū... jñāna-dātrī...

Bestower of supreme knowledge, grant me devotion, grant me liberation.

ambē mā... ambē mā... ambē mā...

Oh Mother

Jāgō Jāgō Rē Manvā

Hindi

jāgō jāgō rē manvājāgō jāgō rē manvā

Awaken, awaken, O human.

bhōg kī nindrā sē ab jāgōmāyā kē is chal kō pēhcānō

Rise now from the slumber of worldly pleasures. Recognize the deceit of maya.

ab dēr nā karnā jāgō jāgō rē manvā

Do not delay any longer — awaken, O human!

jīvan yē ghaṭtā jāyē har ik kṣaṇ

Life is diminishing with every passing moment.

man kī tṛṣṇā kō bujhāyejag pē tan man dhan luṭāye

The endless thirst of the mind only consumes itself, while body, mind, and wealth are scattered and wasted upon the world.

rē manvā dēkh lē tērā jīvan kitnā sār hīn

O mind, look carefully and see how empty and meaningless your life has become.

dēr huyī ab sambhal jā tērēātma-bhāv kō tū jagā

It is already late—gather yourself now and awaken your true inner self.

jāgō rē jāgō jāgō...jāgō... jāgō... jāgō... jāgō...

Awaken, O human, awaken...

māyā tujhē bhaṭkāyē har ik pal

Maya misleads you at every moment.

sōnē kē piñjrē meiñ bandhacēt sā pañchī hai tū

You are like a bird trapped in a golden cage, unconscious of your own freedom.

jān jā jāg jāyē kaidēn tērā ghar nahīn

Know this, and wake up. These prisons are not your true home.

jñān bhakti kē pañkh lagākarbhar uḍān vivēk saṅg

Fasten to yourself the wings of knowledge and devotion, and with the company of wisdom, take flight.

jāgō rē jāgō jāgō...jāgō... jāgō... jāgō... jāgō...

Awaken, O human, awaken...

Jāgo Bañsi Vālē

Hindi

jāgo bañsi vālē lalanā jāgō mōrē pyārē... jāgō mōrē
pyārē...lalanā jāgō mōrē pyārē...

Wake up, O bearer of the flute—wake up, my beloved. Wake up, my dear one; O beloved, please awaken now.

**rajnī bītī bhōr bhayō hai ghar ghar khulē kivādgōpī
dahī mathat suniyat hainkaṅganā ke jhanakār**

The night has passed and dawn has arrived; the doors of every home are opening. The gopis are busy churning curds, and the sweet sound of their bangles is echoing through the air.

**uṭhō lāl jī bhōr bhayō haisūr nar ṭhāḍē dvārēgvāl bāl
sab karat kolāhaljay jay śabd ucārē**

Rise, O Beloved, morning has come. Gods and sages are standing at your door, and the cowherd boys are making joyful noise, loudly chanting shouts of victory.

**mākhan rōṭī hāth mein linhigauvan kē rakhvālēmīrā
kē prabhu giridhar nāgarsaraṇ āyā kō tārē**

You take butter and flatbread in your hand, protector of the cows. You are Meera's Lord, Giridhar Nagar—the one who delivers all who come to you for refuge.

Jalabindu Tannilum Mazhavil Tirkkum

Malayalam

**jalabindu tannilum mazhavil
tirkkumsakalakalā-dēvatayām ammē**

O Mother, Goddess of all arts, who paints a rainbow in a raindrop

**en hṛdayāśruvil karuṇāṁśu tūki nin -
prēma-varṇaṅgal teļicciḍumō**

—will you let your compassion fall upon the tears welling from my heart, and reveal your radiant hues of love?

**cippikalkk-ullil muttukal amba nīśilpa-cāturyattāl
tīrttiḍunnu**

Mother, with deft hands you craft pearls from seashells —

**cippiyām hṛttitil nin śilpa-cāturyambhakti tan
muttukal vārṭṭiḍumō**

will you, with the same sculptor's grace, shape pearls of devotion within the fragile shell of my heart?

**mazhamukil kāṇke naḍam āḍīḍān - mayilinu
śikṣaṇam ēkiya dēvī**

O Devi! You taught the peacock to dance beneath rain-laden skies

**azhalmukil ennil niṛayumbōl nin - karuṇā-mayūram
naḍanam āḍīḍumō**

—when the clouds of sorrow gather in my heart, will the peacock of your compassion dance within me?

**mayilin pīliyil varṇaṅgal cēloducāliccu cērttiḍum
citrakārī**

Divine Artist, who brushed the peacock's plumes with colors so rare

**vairūpyam ārnnor-en ulkkałattiṅkalumsārūpyam
ārnna nin rūpam racikkumō**

—my heart is disfigured; will you paint your eternal, true form within me?

Janimṛti Cakram Palatum Uruṇḍu

Malayalam

**janimṛti cakram palatum uruṇḍujaniyuđe lakṣyam
itariyāte**

*Having wandered through countless cycles of birth and death, without
knowing life's true purpose,*

jananī nin tiru kṛpayāl ađiyantava ṭrppadiyil itāyetti

by your grace, O Mother, this child has reached your sacred doorstep.

pala janmārjita karmattinbhāṇḍam pēri valaññu ñān

*Burdened by the weight of countless karmas across lifetimes, I have suffered
deeply.*

kanivōd-ađiyānu nalkiđañējñānappālām tava bhikṣa

*O Mother, in your compassion, grant this one the alms of your milk of
wisdom!*

pakaram eniykk-inn-ēkānāypala janmārjita vāsanaka]

*All I have to offer in return are the vasanas I have gathered over countless
lifetimes.*

**dayayārnn-aviđunn-aruļaņamēamṛtatvattin
aruļmozhikal**

*O Mother, shower your mercy upon me and bless me with your words that
grant immortality.*

karuṇārdra nayanattālkatiroli viśīdu mama hṛttī

With the light of your compassionate gaze, illumine my heart.

**ā nayanārkābhayil viđaraṭtehṛdaya-sarōjam mama
jananī**

In the radiance of your eyes, may the lotus of my heart bloom, O my Mother.

Jani-Mṛti Sulinīrd Tikkondē Yān

Malayalam

jani-mṛti sulinīrd tikkondē yāndik teriyande untude yān

I am caught in the whirlpool of birth and death, lost without any direction.

sarvalōkōg ādhāra īre sarvēśvarākaruṇēdīd kāpule enna viśvēśvarā

O Lord —You are the substratum of all the worlds. O Lord of the Universe, please protect me with your compassion.

samsāra-bandhanōdu mugyūji duḥkha

Worldly bondage always leads to endless sorrow.

sukha malebillada lekkanē kṣaṇika

Pleasures, like a rainbow of desires, are momentary and fleeting.

hṛdayaguḍitī jñāna-dīpōnu beḍagāle

Please light the lamp of knowledge in the shrine of my heart

cirantana āyina sādiq īre naḍapāle

—help me walk the path of eternal truth.

kālada pōyya kaiyyiḍd enna jārondu uṇdu

The sands of time are slipping through my hands, my life is drifting away.

baduku kalpāvuna pāṭhōṇu teriyare uṇdu

I have still got to learn the many lessons that life teaches us.

malti puṇya oñje yeñkalna beri barupuṇdu

Only the acts of merit become our true and lasting wealth.

kōpa tāpa buḍudu malpuga śiva dhyānōnu

Let me dissolve my anger and sorrow by meditating on Shiva.

karmada kara dinjanaga pōdu multu

When the pot of our deeds is full, the consequences can no longer be delayed.

ill āsti baṅgārn mūlē buḍudu

At the time of death, we must leave behind our house, wealth, gold, and all possessions.

nireḥādu īr kāpule enna karuṇāmayane

O Compassionate One, protect me under your shelter

mōkṣa korudu kāpule īr muktēśvarane

—grant me liberation, O Mukteshvara...

viśvēśvarā... sarvēśvarā...jagadīśvarā... yajñēśvarā...

Salutations to Lord Shiva, the supreme ruler of all worlds, the entire universe and the controller of all sacrifices.

Jaya Śiva Śaṅkara Mahēśanē

Kannada

jaya śiva śaṅkara mahēśanēkaruṇēya toru sadāśivanē

Hail Śaṅkara, the great Lord! O Sadāśiva, have mercy on us.

**bhava samsāradi baṭalī toṭaliderakṣaṇa nīḍu
jaṭhādharanē**

We are exhausted by the struggles in the ocean of transmigration and are about to drown. O Lord with matted hair, please protect us.

**śivāya namah ūṁ, śivāya namah ūṁ, ūṁ namah
śivāya**

Salutations to the auspicious one!

**candrana śiradali muḍidiruvē parama gaṅgēyanu
dharisiruvē**

A crescent moon adorns Your head. The supreme Ganges springs from Your locks.

kāmēśwara kātyāyanī patīnīnē namage sadā gati

O master of passion and Lord of Goddess Kātyāyinī, You are always our refuge.

**śivāya namah ūṁ, śivāya namah ūṁ, ūṁ namah
śivāya**

Salutations to the auspicious one!

mṛtyu bhayava nī nivārisuprēma bhakti dayapālisu

O Lord, please dispel the fear of death. Bestow on us love and devotion.

abhaya nīdemage rudrēśanēpādakeraguvē pālākṣanē

Lord Śiva, please protect us. We surrender to your holy feet.

**śivāya namah ūṁ, śivāya namah ūṁ, ūṁ namah
śivāya**

Salutations to the auspicious one!

Jhūlat Rādhā Saṅg

Hindi

jhūlat rādhā saṅg giridhar jhūlat rādhā saṅg

Giridhar is swinging together with Radha.

abīr gulālkī dhūm macāyībhar pichkārī raṅg giridhar

He stirs up clouds of colored powders, and with the water-sprayer, Giridhar sprays colors.

lāl bhayī bṛndāvan jamunākēsar cūvat raṅg giridhar

The Yamuna of Vrindavan has turned crimson, as Giridhar sprinkles saffron colors.

**nācat tāl ādhār surabhardhīmī dhīmī bājē mṛdaṅg
giridhar**

The melodies and rhythms give support to the dance, while the mridanga softly resounds, played by Giridhar.

**mīrā kē prabhu giridhar nāgarcaran-kamalkū daṅg
giridhar**

Giridhar, the Lord of Mira, the noble one, fills hearts with wonder through his lotus feet.

Jō Tum Tōdō Piyā

Hindi

jō tum tōdō piyāmaiñ nāhi tōdūñ rē

Beloved, even if you break with me, I will not break with you.

tōrī prīt tōdu kṛṣṇākaun saṅg jōdū

O Kṛṣṇa, if I were to break my love with you, with whom else could I ever be joined?

**tum bhayē taruvar maiñ bhāyī pañciyātum bhayē
sarōvar maiñ bhāyī macchiyā ā...**

You are the tree, and I am the bird dwelling upon it; you are the lake, and I am the fish within it.

**tum bhayē girivar maiñ bhāyī cārātum bhayē candā
maiñ bhāyī cakōrā**

You are the great mountain, and I am but the grass upon it; you are the moon, and I am the cakora bird who gazes unceasingly at you.

**ham bhayē mōti prabhujī tum bhayē dhāgātum bhayē
sōnā ham bhayē suhāgā**

You are the pearl, O Lord, and I am the thread that holds it; you are the gold, and I am the ornament formed upon it.

**māī mīra kē prabhu vraj kē vāsīsunō hē gōpāl sunō hē
gōpāl**

You are the Lord of Mira, the dweller of Vraja. Listen, O Gopala, listen, O Gopala!

tum mēre ṭhākūr maiñ tēri dāsi...maiñ tēri dāsi...

You are my master, and I am your servant...

Jump Into The River Of Love

English

**Jump into the river of love
Swim through the waves of life,**

Amma, guide me to the ocean, Bliss, eternal light.

Jai Amma... Jai Amma... Jai Amma... My Amma! Jai Amma... Jai Amma... Jai Amma... My Amma!

Teach me how to swim Through happiness and strife,

Floating on the raft of grace I offer you my life.

Jai Amma... Jai Amma... Jai Amma... My Amma! Jai Amma... Jai Amma... Jai Amma... My Amma!

Looking at the river, See not the separate shores,

“I” and “you” merge into Love We’re one, forever more.

Jai Amma... Jai Amma... Jai Amma... My Amma! Jai Amma... Jai Amma... Jai Amma... My Amma!

Kahiyō Rē Prabhu

Braj Bhasha

**kahiyō rē prabhu āvan kīāvan kī man bhāvan kīkōī
kahiyō rē prabhu āvan kī**

Someone, please say that the Lord is coming—coming, the one who pleases my heart. Someone, please say that the Lord is coming.

āp na āve likh nahī bejevān paḍī lalcāvan kī

He does not come, nor does he send a letter, only the breeze brings a hint of longing.

**ye do nainā kahā nahī mānēnadiyā bahē jaisē sāvan
kīāvan kī man bhāvan kī**

These two eyes do not listen—they flow like rivers in the monsoon. Coming, the one who pleases my heart.

kām karō kacu vas nahī mērōpankh nahī uḍ jāvan kī

I cannot work; I have no control—like a bird with no wings that longs to fly.

**mīrā kahe prabhu kab rē milō gēcērī bhayī hu tērē
dāman kīāvan kī man bhāvan kī**

Meera says, “O Lord, when will you meet me? I have become a servant of the edge of your garment.” Coming, the one who pleases my heart.

Kaitozhunnēn Ŋān Sakhē...

Malayalam

kaitozhunnēn Ŋān sakhē... kṛṣṇā...kaitozhunnēn Ŋān sakhē...

O Krishna — my soul's companion, I pray with folded palms.

nirmala-prēmattin dhvanikal uṇarnnu

A music of pure love has arisen inside me;

śāntamāy enmanam niścala nadipōl

my mind has become a still river.

vannīdu en sakhē... en manatāril

My soul's companion, come and dwell in my mind!

kṛṣṇā... harē... jaya...kṛṣṇā... harē... jaya...kṛṣṇā... harē... jaya...kṛṣṇā... harē...

Victory to you, O Krishna!

**muļantaṇḍil ūṛunna madhurita gānam
enhṛdaya-tantrikalil āzhnn-iṛaṅgi**

The melody from your flute entered the depths of my heart; in that blissful music,

**ā nāda-lahariyil ennātma-bōdhamārdramāy ennil
layiccirunnu**

I merged into the awareness of my true self.

**janma-janmāntara puṇyaṅgalālen manatāril
vann-udiccu**

O Bhagavan, by the merit gained from many past lives, you now shine brightly within me.

**ā prēma-vāridhiyil āṇḍu pōy en
manamprema-svarūpamāy tīrnniḍaṭṭē**

Let my mind sink into the ocean of your love and be formed into love itself.

Kaise Dharuṇ Maiṇ Dhīrprabhuji

Hindi

kaise dharuṇ maiṇ dhīrprabhuji kaise dharuṇ maiṇ dhīrprabhuji prabhuji prabhuji kaise dharuṇ maiṇ dhīr

How can I remain courageous, O Lord, how can I remain courageous?

bīt rahī hai yū hī umariyājyū añjali-gat nīrkaise dharuṇ maiṇ dhīr prabhuji kaise dharuṇ maiṇ dhīr

Life is slipping away just like that, like water through cupped hands. How can I remain courageous, O Lord, how can I remain courageous?

jap tap dhyān kiyā nā jāyēsāth nā dēvē śarīrkaise dharuṇ maiṇ dhīr prabhuji kaise dharuṇ maiṇ dhīr

I can't manage chants, penance, or meditation, even the body does not support me. How can I remain courageous, O Lord, how can I remain courageous?

man na māne bāt ye merīvo to hai viṣayōṇ kā mītkaise dharuṇ maiṇ dhīr prabhuji kaise dharuṇ maiṇ dhīr

My mind won't listen to me, it is a friend of the senses. How can I remain courageous, O Lord, how can I remain courageous?

kaise dekhūṇ tujh kō bhītarparde na pāvūṇ cīrkaise dharuṇ maiṇ dhīr prabhuji kaise dharuṇ maiṇ dhīr

How can I see You within, when I cannot tear through the veils? How can I remain courageous, O Lord, how can I remain courageous?

maiṇ terī apnī hūṇ tō phirkyōṇ dētē virahā-pīrkaise dharuṇ maiṇ dhīr prabhuji kaise dharuṇ maiṇ dhīr

If I truly belong to You, why then do You give me the pain of separation? How can I remain courageous, O Lord, how can I remain courageous?

Kālccilambaṅgu Dhariccuḷḷōl 2025

Malayalam

**kālccilambaṅgu dhariccuḷḷōlkāṛazhakinde
niṛamullōlkārmukil vēni aṇiññullōlkāttīḍuk-ammē
karimkālī**

She who wears heavy, tinkling anklets; she of radiant, dusky beauty, with dark, wavy hair like rain-laden clouds—protect us, O Mother, fierce and mighty Kali!

**tintaka tintaka tintaka tōm tintaka tintaka tintaka
tōm tintaka tintaka tintaka tōm tintaka tintaka
tintaka tōm**

Dance steps of exultation

**dārika-nigraham ceytavalḍaksande yajñam
muḍiccavalḍākṣāyaṇi ennu pēruḷḷōlkāttīḍuk-ammē
karimkālī**

She who slew the demon Darika, who shattered Daksha's prideful yajna, who is known as Dakshayani—protect us, O Mother, fierce and dark Kali!

**raktabījane vadhiccavalraktattil aṅgu
nīrādiyōlraktēśvariyāyi vāzhunnōlkāttīḍuk-ammē
karimkālī**

She who slew the demon Raktabīja, who bathed in the torrent of his blood, who reigns supreme as Rakteswari—protect us, O Mother, fierce and dark Kali!

**tintaka tintaka tintaka tōm tintaka tintaka tintaka
tōm tintaka tintaka tintaka tōm tintaka tintaka
tintaka tōm**

Dance steps of exultation

**nīṇdu viḍarnna mizhiyullōltāraka-ratnam
dhariccuḷḷōlpauruṣam ārnna
tējassullōlkāttīḍuk-ammē karimkālī**

She whose eyes are long and wide; who wears the stars as her ornaments; who embodies the vital force of Purusha, the Supreme Being—protect us, O Mother, fierce and dark Kali!

**cembaññiccārind-azhakullōlcembaratti-māla
cārttiyōlcembat̄tu cēla aṇiññullōlkāttīḍuk-ammē
karimkālī**

She whose lovely hue resembles rosy red lac; who wears a garland of red hibiscus; who is draped in garments of deepest red—protect us, O Mother, fierce and dark Kali!

**tintaka tintaka tintaka tōm tintaka tintaka tintaka
tōm tintaka tintaka tintaka tōm tintaka tintaka
tintaka tōm**

Dance steps of exultation

**kaṇṇīru kaṇḍāl aliyunnōlmāṭrvātsalyam
curattunnōlbhakta-janaṅgaṇe pālippōlkāttīḍuk-ammē
karimkālī**

She who melts at the sight of our tears; from whom flows the milk of motherly tenderness; who ever protects her devotees—protect us, O Mother, fierce and dark Kali!

**tintaka tintaka tintaka tōm tintaka tintaka tintaka
tōm tintaka tintaka tintaka tōm tintaka tintaka
tintaka tōm**

Dance steps of exultation

Kālacakram Suzhalgiṛatu

Tamil

kālacakram suzhalgiṛatukālan kālađi kēṭkiṛatu

The wheel of time keeps turning, and the footsteps of the Lord of Death draw near.

unatu vāzhkkai muđiyum munnē - uñmayai uñarntiđu māniđanē

Before your life comes to an end, O Man, awaken to the Truth.

nētru iruntavar iñđru illaieñđrumiruppavar yārumillai

Those who were here yesterday are no longer with us; no one lives forever.

guruvin vākkai ēttru teļintujñānum peruvīr māniđarē

O Man, realize the supreme truth by listening to, reflecting on, and internalizing the Guru's words.

kālacakram suzhalgiṛatukālan kālađi kēṭkiṛatu

The wheel of time keeps turning, and the footsteps of the Lord of Death draw near.

unatu vāzhkkai muđiyum munnē - uñmayai uñarntiđu māniđanē

Before your life comes to an end, O Man, awaken to the Truth.

vāzhkaiyenbatu iřaivan varam - vāzhti pañintiđa ariya taruňam

Human life is a divine gift—a rare opportunity to pray and surrender to God.

mařayum mumbē mařaporuļ uñarntiđunīrākum munnē uñmayai arñtiđu

*O Man, before you depart from this world, grasp the essence of the Vedas.
Before you turn to ashes, seek to understand the Truth.*

kālacakram suzhalgiṛatukālan kālađi kēṭkiṛatu

The wheel of time keeps turning, and the footsteps of the Lord of Death draw near.

**unatu vāzhkkai muḍiyum munnē - uṇmayai uṇarntiḍu
māniḍanē**

Before your life comes to an end, O Man, awaken to the Truth.

**nālaiyenpatō nammiḍamillaiindru maṭṭumē
niccayamānatu**

Tomorrow is not in our hands; all we truly have is today.

**ēn piṛantōm enpataiyarintālpiṛavippayanai peruvāy
manitā**

O Man, if you come to understand the reason for your birth, you will fulfill the true purpose of this life.

kālacakram suzhalgiṛatukālan kālađi kēṭkiṛatu

The wheel of time keeps turning, and the footsteps of the Lord of Death draw near.

**unatu vāzhkkai muḍiyum munnē - uṇmayai uṇarntiḍu
māniḍanē**

Before your life comes to an end, O Man, awaken to the Truth.

Kāladaṅgaļ Kozhiññu Tīrnnu

Malayalam

**kāladaṅgaļ kozhiññu tīrnnuvarṣavum vasantavum
pōy maraññu**

The days, like petals of time, have fallen one by one. Many springs and summers have slipped away,

**manatāril nin divya-citraṅgaļ cāliccupadayātra
ceyyunna śaraṇārtthan ñān**

yet still I paint your divine form in my heart with the colours of longing and love. I continue my journey on foot, a refugee seeking shelter in you.

**svārttha-mōhaṅgaļ tyajicc-ende
cittilprēma-simhāsanam ñān orukkām**

I shall renounce all selfish desires and prepare a throne of love for you within my heart.

**citariya svapna-kaṇaṅgaļ koruttormāla ninakkāy
karuti vaykkām**

From the shreds of my scattered dreams, I shall weave a garland for you.

**ī janma-sandhyayil iruļunna vīthiyiliniyum taļarnnu
ñān mizhi-kūmbaṇō**

The evening of my life has come, and the path ahead grows dim. Must I close my eyes in weariness and wait through yet another day?

**vattiyōren mizhi-cālil orittiriānanda-bāşpam
niṛacciḍumō?**

The channels of my eyes have run dry — all my tears have long been wept. Won't you fill them now with tears of bliss?

**nī ennīl uṇarāte vēṇḍini pularikalpūkkalum
puzhakalum pūntennalum**

I no longer long for another dawn; what meaning have flowers, rivers, or the fragrant breeze, if you do not awaken within me?

**nī varum nālināy kāttirippū ammēkālikē dēvī
kr̥pā-varṣiṇī**

Mother, I wait for the day you will come. O Kalika, most compassionate Devi, shower your grace upon me!

Kālamām Cuḍalayil

Malayalam

**kālamām cuḍalayil vīñ-aḍiññucāramāyīḍum
manuṣya-janmam**

Human life will one day turn to ashes in the pyre of time.

**vetṭi piḍikkuvān neṭṭōṭṭamōḍavēōrppatillārumī
nityasatyam**

Yet, when we set out to conquer the world through force and power, we forget this eternal truth.

**śāntiykku vēṇḍī āṇōṭṭūm eṅgumpakṣe
viṭṭuvīzhcaykk-oru bhāvamilla**

We are all running behind peace, but we refuse to make any concessions.

**svārtthavum kāmavum nān enna
bhāvavumkaivediññāl śānti tēḍidēṇḍa**

If we can let go of selfishness, endless desires, and ego, there will be no need to search for peace outside.

**kālamām cuḍalayil vīñ-aḍiññucāramāyīḍum
manuṣya-janmam**

Human life will one day turn to ashes in the pyre of time.

**ūzhi iłłakki madiccu konḍu ēṛeūttam paṛaññu
naḍannīḍilum**

One may control the world and go around boasting of power,

**ullile uñmaye tēḍuka allātēśāntiykku mattu vazhikal
illa**

yet there is no path to peace other than to seek the truth within.

**ānanda-sāramāy ullil viḷaṅgumammaye kan
turannonnu kāṇu**

Open your eyes and behold the Mother who resides within as the eternal truth, as the very embodiment of bliss.

**ātma-tatvam pakarṇīḍunn-orā jaga-dambaye
darśiccu śānti nēḍām**

Let us seek the darshan of the Universal Mother, who leads us to self-knowledge and grants true peace.

Kaḷavēṇu-Ānām Kēlkke

Malayalam

**kaḷavēṇu-gānam kēlkke – kaṇṇankarimukil-varṇṇam
smṛtiyil teļiññu**

When I heard the melody flowing from the Lord's flute, his form, dark as the monsoon rain clouds, shone vividly in my heart.

**kadanaṅgaḥ ḍittumā kara-calanaṅgaḥ enkaraḥin vēṇuve
tazhuki uṇartti**

His graceful movements, which dissolve all sorrow, caressed awake the flute of my heart.

**kaḷavēṇu-gānam kēlkke – kaṇṇankarimukil-varṇṇam
smṛtiyil teļiññu**

When I heard the melody flowing from the Lord's flute, his form, dark as the monsoon rain clouds, shone vividly in my heart.

**tan sugandham tēdi alayunna mān
pōlesnēhattin-ulakil nān alaññiḍāte**

Like the kasturi deer, wandering the forests in search of fragrance that lies hidden within its own being, I too, should not roam the world seeking love.

**gōpyamāy nī ennum akatāril
karutīḍumgōpikā-prēmam ennil uṇarttīḍumō?**

O Krishna, the love that the gopikas bear for you, that you treasure in secret within your own heart will you not awaken that same love within me?

kṛṣṇā... harē... kṛṣṇā...

Oh Krishna

**jīvtamām ghōra-saṅgara-bhūmiyilmamatayāl jīvan
uzhanniḍave**

This life is a terrible battlefield. So that my mind does not sink into the sorrow of worldly attachment,

**nī annu pārthan-uṇarttiya gīta tansārārtham ennil
teliccīḍumō?**

O Lord, reveal to me the essence of the Gita that you once spoke to Arjuna, which enlightened him.

kṛṣṇā... harē... kṛṣṇā...

Oh Krishna

Kālikē Unnađi Nān Pañintēn

Tamil

**kālikē unnađi nān pañintēnkālam ellām ennai
kāttiđuvāy**

O Kalika, I bow at your feet. Be with me through all time, guiding and protecting me.

**karppakamē ennīl kanintaruļakāliyāy iñgu nī
avatarittāy**

O source of all nourishment and grace, you manifested here as Kali, out of compassion for people such as me.

**andhacarācaram añattilum viļaṅgumarputa jōtiyē
kālikē**

O wondrous light that shines within all that moves and does not move, even in the tiniest atom — O Kalika!

**paramanin mārbinil patam patittāyun kōpam tañiññu
nī śāntamāyāy**

You placed your foot upon the chest of the supreme. Your anger calmed, and you became calm.

śānti svarūpiṇi kālikēsatya-svarūpiṇi kālikē

O Kalika, embodiment of peace... O Kalika, embodiment of truth...

**kāmattaiyum kāla-pāśattaiyumaruttu nī nilayāṇa
vāzhvalippāy**

You destroy desire and the noose of death, and for us to reach the highest goal.

**ařiyāmai enum sirattai aruttiđavējñānattin vālinai
ēnti nindrāy**

To sever the head of ignorance, you raised the sword of true knowledge and stood radiant and fierce.

jñāna-svarūpiṇi kālikēamṛta-svarūpiṇi kālikē

O Kalika, embodiment of wisdom... O Kalika, embodiment of immortality...

**kāliyē tiruśūliyē karai kaḍattiḍa
vantāykaruṇai-mazhai pozhintu ennai kāttiḍavantāy**

O Kali, O sacred trident-wielder! You came to help me cross this vast shoreless world. Pouring down showers of compassion, you came to guide and protect me.

**ānanda naḍanam ādi vanniḍuvāyēakhilattai kāttiḍa
nī viṛaintiḍuvāyē**

Dance the blissful dance and burn away all impurity — spread forth and illuminate the entire universe!

**kāli kāli kāli kāli kāli mādharmattin ādhāram nī
ammā**

Mother Kali! You are the very foundation of dharma, O Mother.

kāli mā ellām nī ammā

Kali Ma, you are everything, O Mother!

Kāliya Kaigalu Nīla

Kannada

kāliya kaigalu nīla – nannammakāliya kaigalu nīla

My mother Kali has very long arms,

baļasalu īleyanu iđiyāgiporeyalu pakṣimṛgādiporeyalu vṛkṣalatādi

*long enough to embrace the whole world, to protect the birds and animals,
the trees and creepers.*

kāliya kālu padapadmakāliya kālu padapadma

Mother Kali's arms are beautiful and soft as lotus flowers.

kāmēśa aideyanu meṭṭiha āpādake nānigō poḍamaḍuve/ā pādake nānigō poḍamaḍuve

I bow down to those sacred feet that stand upon Lord Shiva's chest.

kāliya kaigalanēka – nannammakāliya kaigalanēka

My Mother Kali has countless arms,

kādalu rākṣasa duṣṭarannuporayalu akkare makkaļannu/porayalu akkare makkaļannu

*My Mother Kali has countless arms, to destroy evil demons and protect her
darling children.*

kāṇuva ellava nōduvalu – kālikāṇada ellava kāṇuvalu

Our Mother Kali sees all—both the outer world and the unseen inner realms.

laya sthiti udbhava kāraṇakartalēkāraṇa kāraki kāli amma/kāli mahākāli jaya kāli mahākāli

*Mother Kali is the source of creation, preservation and destruction. She is the
divine power that gives form to all that exists.*

kāli mahākāli jaya kāli mahākāli

O Kali, Great Kali, victory to you!

Kaṇpārammā Enai Kaṇpārammā

Tamil

**kaṇpārammā enai kaṇpārammā – kaḍaikaṇṇälē un
makanai kaṇpārammā**

O Mother, cast your glance on me—cast a sidelong glance upon your son.

**dēvarkalum unai sūzhntu pōt̄riḍum pōtudēviyē nān
bhaktiyindri uzhaluvatēnō?**

Even the gods surround you and sing your praises—O Devi, am I to wander without devotion?

**tēḍuminta pāmaranum tuṇayat̄tavanō?dēvi
tiruppādam sērum nalgati uṇḍō?**

Can this ignorant one who seeks you truly be without support? Do I not have the grace to reach your holy feet, O Devi?

**kaṇpārammā enai kaṇpārammā – kaḍaikaṇṇälē un
makanai kaṇpārammā**

O Mother, cast your glance on me—cast a sidelong glance upon your son.

**katiravan pōl samamāka kāṇpaval nīyēkatiroliye
parappiḍa ēn tāmatam tāyē**

You are the one who looks upon all equally, like the sun—O Mother, why then delay in showering your rays of light on me?

**kuṛayētum illāta pūraṇi nīyēkuṛayētum pārāmal
aravaṇaippāyē**

You are the perfect One, lacking nothing, will you not overlook my shortcomings and take me in your arms?

**kaṇpārammā enai kaṇpārammā – kaḍaikaṇṇälē un
makanai kaṇpārammā**

O Mother, cast your glance on me—cast a sidelong glance upon your son.

**pāva puṇyam pārāta unnaruḷālēpāvikūḍa puṇṇiyanāy
māriḍuvānē**

Your grace doesn't discriminate between sin and merit—By it, even the sinner turns saint.

**nīyē en manam ellām niṛaintiḍuvāyēnin karuṇai
mazhaiyil enai nanaittiḍuvāyē**

Please Mother, fill my heart—Soak me, O Mother, in the rain of your compassion.

**kaṇpārammā enai kaṇpārammā – kaḍaikanṇālē un
makanai kaṇpārammā**

O Mother, cast your glance on me—cast a sidelong glance upon your son.

**jaya jaya śaṅkari jaya abhayaṅkari
ōmkārēśvariyējaya śiva śāmbhavi triśūladhāriṇi
ādiśakti niyē**

Victory to Shankari! Victory to you, O giver of fearlessness, Goddess of the primordial syllable ‘om’. Victory to You, consort of Shiva, bearer of the trident, the primal power!

Kāṇān Kotikkayāṇ-Ullām

Malayalam

kāṇān kotikkayāṇ-ullām – ammēkāttu ninnīḍumō kālam

Mother, my soul aches for a glimpse of you... Will time not pause and wait?

kātōram ettunnat-uṇḍō – enkātara-chitta vilāpam

Does the silent cry of my grieving heart reach your ears?

**maṇṭōni māññīḍum munbē - māṭṛtīram
aṇāññīḍān-āmō?**

Before this clay boat dissolves, will it reach the divine mother's shore?

**ālamba-tantuvāy onnē – prāṇatantriyyil
prēma-saṅgītam**

Its only thread of support is this song of love, strung upon my very breath.

**paṇkiḍāten snēham ellām – ennum - nin
nērkk-ozhukukayāṇ-ammē**

Mother, I pour out my love to you completely—not a drop do I spare for another.

**eṇkilum nī enikk-ēkum – prēma - bhikṣakku
tulyamat-uṇḍō?**

*Yet can all I offer compare to even the smallest trace of your divine love,
given to me as mere alms?*

**tulyamāyīḍāṇam snēham – tammilennumē
prēma-svarūpē**

*May the love we share remain ever equal,
O embodiment of love.*

**alleṇkil valyapaṇk-enum –
ammēninnōd-enikkāyīḍēṇam**

But, Mother, if one must receive more, let my love for you be the greater.

**kalppāntakālam varēkkum – ennil katti nilkkēṇam ī
prēmam**

Let this flame of love stay ablaze within me till the end of time.

alleṅkil ājvāla pulki – ḡānumprēma-svarūpi ākēṇam

Else, may I merge into that very flame and become the very embodiment of Love!

Kānana Kūriruļ Patti Vaļarnnoru

Malayalam

**kānana kūriruļ patti vaļarnnorupāzhmuļaňkāt̄til
ninnuttu patikkayāl**

A tiny bamboo seed flew in the wind from a grove deep in the shadows of the dark forest.

**cettamuļayari kāt̄tēt̄tu nīngavēnin prēma-vādiyil
vīnatō bhāgyamāy**

By great good fortune, the wind carried it and placed it gently in your love-filled garden.

**kaṇṇā mukiloli-varṇṇā... kaṇṇā
mazhamukil-varṇṇā...**

O Krishna, dark as a rain-laden cloud!

**gatakarma-anusārattin tāpavumsatkarma-sārattāl
pōṣaṇavum**

It grew, enduring the heat of past misdeeds and drawing nourishment from the fruits of virtue.

**uṇaňgi taļirttu vādi kiļirkkavēyatnānusāram āyallō
kriyāphalam**

It wilted in the heat and sprouted with grace, understanding that it was experiencing the fruits of its actions.

kaṇṇā mukiloli varṇṇā... kaṇṇā mazhamukil-varṇṇā...

O Krishna, dark as a rain-laden cloud!

**varṣam-ozhiňñu teļiňñoru vādiyilveňnilāvetti
pūntennalumāy itā**

The rains passed, and the garden bloomed. The fragrant breeze danced in, and moonlight poured down.

**pušpa-phalaňgalāl tiňgi-kuniyavēsapta-svaraňgal
utirrtitā kaṇnanum**

When fruits and flowers filled the garden, Krishna arrived, playing the seven melodious notes on his flute.

kaṇṇā mukiloļi varṇṇā... kaṇṇā mazhamukil-varṇṇā...

O Krishna, dark as a rain-laden cloud!

**pūkkaļum illāte kāykaļum illāteoṭṭoru
śītaļa-chāyayum illāte**

The bamboo reed stood quietly aside in a far garden nook, no fruits, no flowers, no shade to offer.

**vādi tan kōnil otuṅgi ninnīḍavēkātilāy-ettītā
kaṇṇande vākkukal**

Yet from its lonely corner, it heard Krishna's voice.

kaṇṇā mukiloļi varṇṇā... kaṇṇā mazhamukil-varṇṇā...

O Krishna, dark as a rain-laden cloud!

**kaṇṇanāl connoru kaṇṇande
vēṇuvinkātara-kathanam kātōrttu nilkkavē**

It listened as Krishna spoke tenderly of the flute he held, born of yearning and love.

**ulkāmb-ařiyāte artthiccu
pāzhmanamkaṇṇanōḍ-onnāy cērnnīḍumō prāṇan**

A deep longing stirred in the reed's heart, and it prayed, 'Krishna, will I too be held to your lips? Will this life also merge into yours?'

kaṇṇā mukiloļi varṇṇā... kaṇṇā mazhamukil-varṇṇā...

O Krishna, dark as a rain-laden cloud!

Kaṅgaḷ Unnai Tēḍum

Tamil

kaṅgaḷ unnai tēḍumkālkaḷ tēḍi ḍōḍum

The eyes search for you, the feet run in search of you. Grant me the boon

**ōḍum manamumē oduṇki unnaiyēnāḍum varamum
vēṇḍum**

so that my ever-restless mind may become still and seeks only you.

gōpiyarkaḷ kūḍagōpālan nīyum āḍa

When you, the cowherd boy, dances with the gopis, it becomes a divine dance

āḍum līlaiyāka – orukōḍi piṛavi vēṇḍum

— I wish for a crore births just to witness it.

ulakam teriyavillai – oru tavamum purintatillai

I did not know the ways of the world, nor did I perform any penance;

kaṇṇan nāmam sonnēnmanakavalai ētum illai

I simply uttered Krishna's name, and now there is no worry in my mind at all.

kadalaipōla vāzhvum – atannađuvil tānē nānum

Life is like the ocean - and in its midst, I too drift;

kaṇṇan ninaivu ondrē – ennaikarayil sērkkum ḍōḍum

only the thought of Krishna is the boat that carries me safely to shore.

Kaṇṇā Nin Kārvēṇikkeṭṭil Lasiccīḍum

Malayalam

**kaṇṇā nin kārvēṇikkeṭṭil lasiccīḍumpīliyāy enne nī
cērttīḍumō?**

Krishna, will you make me the joyous peacock plume that dances in your dark hair knot?

**pavizham pōl śōbhikkum
madhurādharattilemaṇimuralikayāy māttīḍumō?**

Will you shape me into the flute that rests upon your lips, glowing red like coral? Will you make me your flute?

maṇimuralikayāy māttīḍumō?

Will you make me your flute?

**tirumēni cūḍunna pūkkaḷ koruttuvanamālayāy
enne māttīḍumō?**

Will you weave me into a garland of forest blooms to grace your sacred, radiant form?

**vṛndāvanattine dhanyam ākkīḍunnapādam puñarum
cilambākkumō?**

Will you make me the anklet that clasps your feet—the feet that sanctify Vrindavan? Will you make me your anklet?

pādam puñarum cilambākkumō?

Will you make me your anklet?

**tāmara-mizhikal
virikkunnor-azhakārnnaṁazhavillāy enne nī
māttīḍumō?**

Will you turn me into the wondrous rainbow that spreads its beauty from your lotus eyes?

**veṇṇā kavarṇnīḍum kaṇṇā nin hṛdayattilcērnnoru
rādhayāy karutīḍumō? Ninde**

O Krishna, stealer of butter, will you behold me as Radha—the one who dwells as oneness in your heart?

Ninde priya sakhi rādhayāy karutīḍumō?

Will you claim me as your beloved Radha?

**kaṇṭā kaṇṭākaṇṭā kaṇṭā kaṇṭāpīliyāy enne nī
cērttīḍumō?**

Krishna, will you make me the joyous peacock plume that dances in your dark hair knot?

Kaṇṇadaccōrttāl Manassil Udikkum

Malayalam

kaṇṇadaccōrttāl manassil udikkumātma-prakāśam āṇamma

Mother is the light of the Self that dawns in the mind when we close our eyes and remember her.

evideyāṇeṇkilum dūrattil allāttauḷlil niṛaññulla sattaā ātmānubhūtiyāṇamma

She is the essence that fills our heart, closer than the closest, wherever we are she is never distant. Mother is the blissful experience of the Self.

ammē mahākālī... ammē parāśaktī...

*O Mother, great goddess Kali!
Mother Parashakti!*

naśvaram ākumī māyāprapañcattilverūm oru sākṣiyāṇamma

O Mother, great goddess Kali! Mother Parashakti! You are only a witness to this ephemeral world of maya.

māyājāṅgal sṛṣṭīccum poṭṭiccum - hrdayāntarālattil nī vasippū - ennum ullil niṛaññulla satta

Creating and destroying illusions, you reside in the depths of the heart as the supreme unchanging essence.

ammē mahākālī... ammē parāśaktī...

*O Mother, great goddess Kali!
Mother Parashakti!*

sṛṣṭijāṅgalil kṛpa coriññeppōzhumāśīrvadikkunnu amma

Mother ever showers her grace and blesses all the beings in creation.

uṇmayāy mauna sākṣiyāy varttikkumātma-nubhūtiyāṇammaennum ullil niṛaññulla satta

She dwells as the essence of existence, as the silent witness, as the experience of the blissful Self that shines within the heart.

ammē mahākālī... ammē parāśaktī...

*O Mother, great goddess Kali!
Mother Parashakti!*

Tānēy Tantānēnānō Tānēy Tantānēnānō

Malayalam

**tānēy tantānēnānō tānēy tantānēnānōtānēy
tantānēnānō tānenānō...**

(A joyful chorus)

**tantānai tānenanō tantānai tānenanōtānai
tānenanōtānenānō...**

(A joyful chorus)

**kaṇṇan kalyāṇa-rūpan īndrādi
vandyan-avannandā-yaśōda-sutan indu-mukhan**

Let us all come together to sing the glory of Krishna—the embodiment of auspiciousness, adored by Indra and all the Gods, the beloved son of Nanda and Yashoda, whose face shines like the full moon,

**pārinn-uḍayavane pālāzhi-nāyakanegōpāla bālakane
pāḍuka nām**

the Lord of the earth and the Milky Way, the divine cowherd boy.

**kōlakkuzhalum ūti gōpīmanam
kavarṇnakōḍakkārvarṇṇan ākum ūmalavan**

Let us all come together to sing the glory of Krishna—he who enchants the hearts of the gopis with the melodies of his flute, the beloved one,

**āyarkulattin ennum ānandam
ēkiḍunnakāyāmbū-varṇṇanuḍe līla pāḍū**

dark as a storm-laden rain cloud, who fills all of Gokulam with joy by his very presence.

**kālil cilamb-aṇiññōn kāmaneyum vellum
avantādhittā tittai nṛttam āḍiḍumbōl**

He surpasses even Kamadeva, the God of love, with his beauty. When he adorns his feet with tinkling anklets and dances to the rhythm of “tadhita tittai,”

kālindi tan alayum kālikālum pāriḍavumcārē manam mayaṅgi ninniḍunnu

the waves of the Kalindi River grow still, the cows pause, and the entire world stands motionless, hearts captivated by the grace of his divine dance.

kālindī tīramatil kāttatt-iḷaki ninnanīlakkadāmbil avan ēri uḍan

Once, he climbed the branches of a Kadamba tree, heavy with blue blossoms swaying in the breeze along the banks of the Kalindi.

kāliyan tan talayil cādī ā pāmbu tandekēmattam annu tanne tīrttuvallo

From there, he dove into the waters below and subdued the ego of the cruel, venomous serpent Kaliya.

ōrttāl ivan kathakal pērttum pērttum manassilārtti akannu sukham pārttiḍunnu

The more one remembers his divine stories, the more attachment to worldly things fades, and the mind is filled with joy and peace.

ōrttiḍū nin manassil cērttīḍū nin padattilārttārtti nāśakanē kāttiḍanē

Krishna, hold me in your heart and draw me to your sacred feet. Protect me, O you who destroy the sorrows of the distressed who call out to you!

Kaṇṇan Eṅgē Kāṇavillai

Tamil

**kaṇṇan eṅgē kāṇavillai, en kaṅgalin imaigal
mūḍavillai**

Where is Kṛṣṇa? I can't see him anywhere. Tormented by his absence, I cannot close my eyes.

kaṇṇanai nānum tēḍugirēnkaṇṇīr malgi ēṅgugirēn

I search for him restlessly, longing for him with tearful eyes.

nīla mēghamē nilluṅgal, ennīlavaṇṇanai kaṇḍīrō?

O blue clouds drifting by, stop: have you seen my blue-skinned Kṛṣṇa?

**gānam pāḍum kuyilgalē, avankuzhal isai gītam
kēṭṭīrō?**

O warbling cuckoos, have you heard the enchanting notes of Krishna's flute?

**kaṇṇan eṅgē kāṇavillai, en kaṅgalin imaigal
mūḍavillai**

Where is Kṛṣṇa? I can't see him anywhere. Tormented by his absence, I cannot close my eyes.

kaṇṇanai nānum tēḍugirēnkaṇṇīr malgi ēṅgugirēn

I search for him restlessly, longing for him with tearful eyes.

**tēṅgalē solluṅgal, avandēhattin narumaṇam
nugarndīrō?**

O honeybees, tell me: have you whiffed the divine fragrance of Kṛṣṇa's form?

**pulveļi mēyum pasukkalē, enbālanin kāl taḍam
kaṇḍīrō?**

O grazing cows, have you seen the footprints of my beloved Kṛṣṇa?

**kaṇṇan eṅgē kāṇavillai, en kaṅgalin imaigal
mūḍavillai**

Where is Kṛṣṇa? I can't see him anywhere. Tormented by his absence, I cannot close my eyes.

kaṇṇanai nānum tēḍugirēnkaṇṇīr malgi ēṅgugirēn

I search for him restlessly, longing for him with tearful eyes.

**kaṇṇanin kārkuzhal asaivinai, solkāttirē nīyum
uṇarndāyō?**

O wandering wind, have you brushed against Kṛṣṇa's curly locks?

**kaṇṇanai kaṇḍāl solvīrā? enkavalaigaḷ ellām
tīrppīrā?**

If any of you see Kṛṣṇa, please tell me—and save me from this sorrow of separation.

**kaṇṇan eṅgē kāṇavillai, en kaṅgalin imaigaḷ
mūḍavillai**

Where is Kṛṣṇa? I can't see him anywhere. Tormented by his absence, I cannot close my eyes.

kaṇṇanai nānum tēḍugirēnkaṇṇīr malgi ēṅgugirēn

I search for him restlessly, longing for him with tearful eyes.

**rādhē kṛṣṇā rādhē kṛṣṇāgōpi kṛṣṇā rādhē śyāmrādhē
śyām rādhē śyāmrādhā mādhava rādhē śyām**

Kaṇṇan Varuvān Anbu Kaṇṇan Varuvāngōpiyargaḷ Kural Kēṭṭu Kaṇṇan Varuvān

Tamil

**mannan varuvān maṇivanaṇnan varuvāngōkulamē
koṇḍāda nammun varuvān**

Our King will return — the one with the sapphire-blue hue. To fill the hearts of Gokulam with joy, Krishna will come.

**veṇṇai thirudiḍa nam illam varuvānaṇaikka sendrāl
akaṇḍrōlivān**

Krishna will come to steal butter from our house, but when we go to embrace him, he will run and hide.

**nam kaṇgaḷai mūḍi kaṇṇan nirppānkāṇa tirumbināl
kaṇattil maraivān**

Krishna will play with us by covering our eyes, but when we turn around to look at him, he will disappear.

gōkula kṛṣṇa, gōpāla kṛṣṇagōvinda kṛṣṇa, gōpi kṛṣṇa

Oh Krishna

**mādhavan kaṇṇan māyaigaḷ seyvānvēdattin poruḷai
viḷaṅga seyvān**

Krishna will delight us with his magical tricks and impart the teachings of the Vedas.

**gōpiyar manam kuļira kuļalūtuvānāḍippāḍiyādi
mayakkiduvān**

He will play the divine music of his flute to enchant the gopis and mesmerize us with his singing and dancing.

Kaṇṇande Dvāraka Tēdi

English

**kaṇṇande dvāraka tēdi ūnān cennappōlkaṇṇan
uṛāṅgukayāyirunnu**

**nīla manōhara cārukalēbaramkaṇṇu kuḷirkke ūnān
kaṇḍu ninnu ūnān kaṇṇimaykkāt-aṅgu nōkki ninnu**

**kaṇṇande dvāraka tēdi ūnān cennappōlkaṇṇan
uṛāṅgukayāyirunnu**

**bhāva-vilōlayāy kaṇṇunīrālē ūnānpuṇya-trppādattil
onnu toṭṭu**

**tillilam kollunna antaraṅgattindeulvili kēṭṭu kaṇṇan
mizhi tuṛannu**

**kaṇṇande dvāraka tēdi ūnān cennappōlkaṇṇan
uṛāṅgukayāyirunnu**

**kātarayākum en kadana-bhāraṅgal ellāmkaṇṇande
kālkkal tuṛannu veccu**

**trkkaikałāl ende kaṇṇīr tuḍacc-avanmeyyōdu
cērtt-enne pulki mōdāl**

**kaṇṇande dvāraka tēdi ūnān cennappōlkaṇṇan
uṛāṅgukayāyirunnu**

**jīvattudippat̄ta dēhamāy tīrum ūnāngōkulabālā nī
illayeṅkil**

**paṛayuvān palavuru śramiccū ūnān eṅkilumkanṭhattil
nādam kuruṅgi**

kaṇṭanantaraṅgattil niraññu ninnu

Kaṇṇande Kāruṇyam Kaṇḍāl Aṁiyilla

Malayalam

**kaṇṇande kāruṇyam kaṇḍāl aṁiyillakēṭṭālum oṭṭum
aṁiyukīla**

Lord Krishna's compassion cannot be grasped, even through seeing or hearing.

**ātmānubhūtiyāy kaṇṇan kaniññālēkāruṇya-pūram
teliyullū**

Only if Krishna, through his compassion, grants us the experience of the blissful Self, will we truly know the fullness of his loving kindness.

**ponmaṇi dīpam manassil teliyuvānsaccidānandam
nukarnnīduvān**

For the bright lamp of his radiant face to shine within our heart, and for us to savour the bliss of pure existence,

**nāma-saṅkīrttana mālakaḷ
cārttēṇammānasa-sāndramām veṇṇa vēṇam**

we must adorn him with garlands of his name and offer hymns of devotion. Our heart should be like butter floating on water—untouched by the impurities of the world.

**ullinde ullam kaṛann-oru bhaktiyāmpaimbāl
karutēṇam kaṇṇanāyi**

We must offer the pure milk of deep devotion that wells up from within.

**jīvanām rādhayāy kēṇu viśiccaḷōkaṇṇan varum
veṇulōlanāyi**

Only when we cry out like Radha—with intense yearning and selfless love—will the Lord draw near, playing sweetly on his flute.

**prāṇa-svarūpanām kaṇṇande
gītaṅgalprāṇa-praṇavamām nādam ākum**

Then the songs of Krishna, who is our true Self, will become like the Pranava mantra, resonating with every breath we take.

**poncilambin nāda-layaṅgaḷ enullil tuḍikkunna nādam
ākum**

The music of his golden anklets will echo as the rhythm of our heartbeat.

**jīva-svarūpamāṁ kārōli-varṇṇandekāliṇa ketṭi
puṇarnnu pōyāl**

If we hold firmly to his divine feet—he who is the life within all beings

**kaṇṇande kāruṇyam ēṛe teliññ-ennālkāruṇya-pūrattil
ottu cērām**

—and if Krishna's heart is moved by pure compassion, we can become one with his loving Self.

Kaṇṇane Eṅgānum Kaṇḍuvō?

Malayalam

kaṇṇane eṅgānum kaṇḍuvō? endekaṇṇanām uṇṇiye kaṇḍuvō?

Have you seen my Krishna anywhere? Have you seen my little Krishna, the darling of my eyes?

kālīndi tannude vārnikkuñjaṅgaṭalilmaṛayunna kaṇṇane kaṇḍuvō?

Have you caught a glimpse of –the playful one who loves to hide amid the secluded thickets by the Kalindi, entwined with trees and blossoming vines?

madhu tēdi malar tōrum alayunna madhupā nīmādhavane kaṇḍat-uṇḍō?

O honey bee, flitting from flower to flower in search of nectar, have you chanced upon Madhava?

maṇam vīśi viḍarunna palavarṇṇa malarukałkk-iḍayil ā padamalar kaṇḍuvō?

Did you catch a glimpse of the imprint of His soft feet among the fragrant, many-coloured blossoms?

kārmukilē niṅgaļ mānatt-eṅgānum enkāyāmbu-varṇṇane kaṇḍuvō?

O black raincloud, have you seen my dark-hued Krishna somewhere up in the sky?

māranum tōlkkum ā māyāmayanuḍetāraka-nayanaṅgaļ kaṇḍuvō?

Have you beheld the radiant, starry eyes of the one who weaves divine illusion and whose beauty surpasses even that of the God of Love?

kaṇṇ-onnaḍaccu ñān tēṅgi karayumbōlkāṇḍende ullilāy kaṇṇan

When I closed my eyes and wept in despair, I beheld my Krishna within me

mānasa-poykayil nīrādi nilkkunnumānasa-cōran en kaṇṇan

—Krishna, the stealer of hearts, gliding blissfully in the lake of my heart!

Kaṇṇane Kāṇānuḷḷ-Atimōham Koṇḍennō

Malayalam

**kaṇṇane kāṇānuḷḷ-atimōham koṇḍennōkaṇṇane
kāṇunnu sarvattilum**

I behold Krishna everywhere, in all things—is it because of my overwhelming yearning for him?

**kaṇṇunīr illāte karayān kazhiyātenīri
pukayunnit-antaraṅgam**

Though no tears well up in my eyes, and I am unable to cry, anguish sears my heart.

kaṇṇā... kaṇṇā... kaṇṇā... kaṇṇā..

Oh Krishna

**nīyām viśudhiyil onnāyi tīruvāntēṅgi piḍayunn-en
ātmacittam**

My true self yearns to dissolve into your pure being, to merge into your divine consciousness.

tēṅgi piḍayunn-en ātmacittam

My true self yearns to dissolve into your pure being,

kaṇṇā... kaṇṇā... kaṇṇā... kaṇṇā..

Oh Krishna

**aṛiññīḍaṇē kaṇṇā ennuḍe mānasamonnāyi cēruvān
kaniyēṇamē**

O Krishna! Be gracious and know my heart—be compassionate, and grant me oneness with you.

antaraṅgam nī aṛiññīḍumō

Will you not know the longing of my inner being?

kaṇṇā... kaṇṇā... kaṇṇā... kaṇṇā..

Oh Krishna

Kaṇṇīrōḍu Vandēn

Tamil

**kaṇṇīrōḍu vandēn ammā kavalai ellām marandu
cendrēnundan anbai ninaindēn ammā ullam uruki
nān azhudēn**

O Mother, I was in tears when I came to you. But when I reached your presence, I forgot all my sorrow. Thinking of your love, O Mother, my heart melted and I wept.

**azhumbōtu āṛutal tandāy vizhumbōtu karamāy
vandāytozhumpōtu tuṇaiyāy vandāy nīyē en tāy
endrāy**

O Mother, when I cried, you consoled me. When I stumbled, you extended a helping hand. When I prayed, you came as my companion, assuring me, 'I am your Mother.'

**tūkkattil kanavāy vandāy uṇum vēlai uṇavāy
vandāyēkattil ninaivāy vandu eppōtum nī irundāy**

In sleep, you came as a sweet dream. When I eat, you came as nourishment. In moments of yearning, you came as recollection. You were always there.

**vāḍumbōtu amaidi tandāy izhandapōtu tuṇivāy
vandāytēḍumbōtu disaiyāy vandāy ilakkai nī kāṭṭi
tandāy**

In moments of sorrow, you offered solace. When I lost hope, you infused courage in me. When I searched, you came as a guide, showing me the spiritual goal.

**iruḷil oliyāy vandu ariyāmai akattri tandāymaruḷil
telivai tandu aruḷāl nī unnadi cērttāy**

In my dark moments, you came as light that dispelled my ignorance. When delusion overwhelmed me, you provided clarity and, with grace, led me to your feet.

Kaṇṇu Mucci Dēvi Nī 2025

Kannada

kaṇṇu mucci dēvi nī nōḍidē nī nammanu

O Goddess, you close your eyes and see us within you,

kaṇṇu teredu nāvu dēvihuḍukki hēvu ninnanu

while we search for you everywhere with open eyes.

**āṭṭa kaṇṇu muccālē āṭṭajīvana itontu kaṇṇu muccāle
āṭṭa**

This life itself is a game of blindfold.

kantanannu kai hiḍidu naṭesihe samarpaṇa kaḍege

When you held my hand to guide me toward surrender,

dēvi ninna kai bitṭu ḍtihe iṣṭa dedege

O Devi, I let go and ran after my desires.

**āṭṭa kaṇṇu muccālē āṭṭajīvana itontu kaṇṇu muccāle
āṭṭa**

This life itself is a game of blindfold.

nityānityava tōrisaludēvi nī bayasiḥē

You try to make me understand the eternal and the temporary, O Devi

satyāsatyava kāṇadebendu sōtu hōgiḥē

unable to discern the true from the false, am exhausted and lost.

**āṭṭa kaṇṇu muccālē āṭṭajīvana itontu kaṇṇu muccāle
āṭṭa**

This life itself is a game of blindfold.

Kaṇṭunīr Chāliccu Chālicc-Ezhutām

Malayalam

**kaṇṭunīr chāliccu chālicc-ezhutām nān āyiram
prēma-kāvyaṅgaḥ ammē**

With the ink of my tears, I compose a thousand love songs.

**trppāda-pūjaykkāy prēma-puṣpaṅgaḥ arppiccidām
mana malarkalāyi**

With the petals of love from my heart, I worship your lotus feet.

**entinō vēṇḍi alaññ-etra
nālukalṭedunnat-entenn-ariññidāte**

For years I wandered, not knowing what I was searching for,

**vyartham i jīvitam ennu cinticc-etranombaram pēri i
hṛttaḍattil**

carrying an anguished heart and believing my life had been in vain.

**kaṇṭunīr chāliccu chālicc-ezhutām nān āyiram
prēma-kāvyaṅgaḥ ammē**

With the ink of my tears, I compose a thousand love songs.

**samsāra-duḥkhaṅgaḥ peyt-iṛaṅgīḍunnapulariyil
amma en cāre etti**

On a dawn when sorrow rained down, you came to me and held me close.

**ā māṛil cēṛnn-amarnn-āmayaṅgaḥ
nīkkikāvya-pīyūṣam pakarnnu nalki**

My anguish melted in your embrace, and you nourished me with the ambrosia of poetry.

**kaṇṭunīr chāliccu chālicc-ezhutām nān āyiram
prēma-kāvyaṅgaḥ ammē**

With the ink of my tears, I compose a thousand love songs.

**ezhuti pakartti ḫrāyiram kāvyaṅgalā divya
smṛtiyilēkk-āzhnn-iṛaṅgi**

I wrote and copied a thousand poems, diving deep into divine memories of you.

**enne maṛannu pōy ā prēma bhaktiyilammayil cērnnu
manam aliññu**

In loving devotion, I forgot myself, as my mind dissolved into you, O Mother.

**kaṇṇunīr chāliccu chālicc-ezhutām ñān āyiram
prēma-kāvyaṅgaḷ ammē**

With the ink of my tears, I compose a thousand love songs.

**viśva-vinōdini nī tīrttiḍum māyayilonnum ariyātta
paital ival**

O Mother, who delights in the play of the universe, I am but a child, lost in your divine illusion.

**kaṇṇunīr cālicc-ezhutunnu ammē ninsāyūjya
sāmrājya bhūvil ettān**

Yet I continue to write, with the ink of my tears, in longing to reach your empire of immortal bliss.

**kaṇṇunīr chāliccu chālicc-ezhutām ñān āyiram
prēma-kāvyaṅgaḷ ammē**

With the ink of my tears, I compose a thousand love songs.

Kaṇṭunīr Vārnnu Vārnn-Innende

Malayalam

**kaṇṭunīr vārnnu vārnn-innende kaṇṭiṇakaṇṭande
niṛam ārnnu... śyāma-varṇande niṛam ārnnu**

Tears streaming endlessly from my eyes have turned my lids the dark hue of my Lord.

**kaṇṭunīrāl oru sāgaram tīrkkātekaruṇakkaḍal
ozhukkū kaṇṭā karuṇakkaḍal ozhukkū**

Do not wait for me to weep an ocean of tears, O Krishna, let your ocean of compassion flow toward me.

**muralīdharā ninde padatāru tēdi nānpadayātrayāyitā
bhagavānēpadayātrayāyitā bhagavānē**

O Bearer of the flute, I journey on foot, seeking your lotus feet, O Bhagavan.

**ārunḍī ēzhaye pālikkān ippārilgiridhārī nī
allāt-āruṇḍugiridhārī nī allāt-āruṇḍu**

Who else in this world will care for this wretched one, but you—the One who lifted Govardhana?

**maṅgaḷa dēvā! en saṅkaḍam tīrkkuvānsaṅkōcam
entinu sarvēśvarā...saṅkōcam entinu sarvēśvarā...**

O Most Auspicious Lord, why do you hesitate to end my sorrows? Supreme God, why do you delay?

**nin kazhal paṅkajam tannōdu vērpeṭṭajīvitam
maṅgaḷamalla dēvājīvitam maṅgaḷamalla dēvā**

A life apart from your lotus feet is full of misery—O Deva, it is truly inauspicious.

kaṇṭā... kaḍalvarṇā... mukilvarṇā... maṇivarṇā...

Krishna, whose hue is that of the ocean, of dark monsoon clouds, and the deep blue sapphire...

Karaļil Kanal Eriyunnu

Malayalam

**karaļil kanal eriyunnu - atinphalamāy manam
varaļunnu**

The smouldering embers within have parched my heart.

**kuļirmazhyāy nī peytāl en mana-vallari taļiriđum
ammē (2)**

O Mother, if you come as cool, gentle rain, the creeper of my heart will bloom.

**nin kaniv-uřavil ariyāt-azhalukaļozhukum mizhinīr
puzhayāy**

In your compassionate embrace, sorrows will unknowingly flow out as rivers of tears.

**ozhuki ozhuki nin prēmāmbudhiylaňayum oru-nāl
ammē (2)**

Caried by that river, I will reach your ocean of love.

kātarayām ñān ādaravōđ-enhṛdayam pūjā-malarāy

Yearning to be one with you, I have offered my heart as a flower at your feet,

**trsna veđiññ-akatāril pīthamorukki cēvađi pańiyān
(2)**

with deep reverence. Renouncing all desires, I have made my heart a sacred shrine for you.

varumō hṛttil oru nāl ammēsukrtam ahō! onnōrttāl

O Mother! Won't you one day arrive in my heart? What bliss it is to imagine that!

**cimōhana-rūpam akatārilteļiyaṭṭē manam uňaraṭṭe
(2)**

May your enchanting form shine within, and may my mind awaken.

Karayunna Kuññināy

Malayalam

**karayunna kuññināy pāl
curattunnorukārunya-mūrtiyām jagadambikē**

O Mother of the universe, embodiment of compassion who feeds her crying children with milk

**karayān ariyātta paitalum pālināyaporiyunna
vayaṛumāy kāttirippū**

—this child of yours does not even know how to cry, yet I wait for your milk, my stomach burning with hunger.

**nin divyarakṣayām kārunya-hastaṅgaleñnum nī
nīṭṭanē karuṇānidhē**

Stretch out your compassionate hands — the hands that offer divine protection

**ninnil ninnanyamāy tīrāt-irunniḍānnī tanne ennum
tuṇacciḍaṇē**

— and help me, that I may never be separated from you.

**dīnata nī ariññenne nin cārattāy cērttunirttīṭanē
ennum ennum**

Know my helplessness and keep me always close to you.

**nin kadākṣattāl viḍarunna puñciri ullil viriyanē
amṛtāmbikē**

With a single glance, you make a smile blossom in the hearts of all. O Mother Ambika, may a smile also blossom within my heart.

Karinīla-Mizhikale

Malayalam

**karinīla-mizhikale tazhuki uṛakkunnaañjana kūṭṭāṇu
ñān**

I am the dark collyrium that caresses your dark eyes to sleep.

**ninnil ninnanya allammē ñān ennum - ninnil
ninnuriya madhuvāṇu ñān**

O Mother, I am never apart from you. I am the honey that flows from your being

**mātāvallō nī paital allē ñān - nin mađittaṭṭ-ende
śānti-dhāmam**

Are you not my mother, and am I not your child? Your lap is my abode of peace.

**nin rūpam nin chinta nin nāma jāpanam -
ninn-adimalar ende śaraṇa-mantram**

Your form, thoughts of you, the chanting of your mantra, your lotus feet are my refuge

**pārinnu mizhivēkum malarāṇu nī ammē -
malarinn-uṇarv-ēkum maṇam āṇu ñān**

Mother, you are the flower that makes the world bloom in beauty, and I am the fragrance of the flower.

**mānattinn-azhak-ēkum vārmazhavillu
nímazhavillinn-azhak-ēkum varṇṇavum ñān**

You are the rainbow that graces the sky, and I am the colours of the rainbow

**prēmāmṛtānanda sāgaramē - atil oru kuññala ñānum
ammē**

O ocean of immortal, blissful love, O Mother, I am a tiny wave in you.

**ninnil allō ñān janicchum ramicchum - ninnil allō ñān
layippatammē**

*In you I am born, in you
I rejoice, and in you,
O Mother, I merge.*

Karmavīrā Karmavīrā Karmavīrā

Tamil

**karmavīrā karmavīrā karmavīrākaḍamai
tavarākarmavīrā karmavīrā**

Real warrior of action, tireless executor—Lord of Death, you never forsake your duty

kālā kālattil kaḍamai āṭriḍum kāla dēvā

Real warrior of action, tireless executor—Lord of Death, you never forsake your duty

**kālam maṭṭum kāttāyō?dharmam kūḍa
kāttāyō?dharmam kāttu nindradālēdharma-dēvan
ānāyō**

Not only did you uphold precise timing, but you also preserved Dharma—and thus came to be known as Dharma Deva.

dharma-dēvan ānāyō

—and thus came to be known as Dharma Deva.

**karmavīrā karmavīrā karmavīrākaḍamai
tavarākarmavīrā karmavīrā**

Real warrior of action, tireless executor—Lord of Death, you never forsake your duty

kaṇṇimai imaikkāmal jīvakanakēṭṭai nōkki nēram

Unblinking, you keep the account of every mortal life, discerning where, when,

idam kāraṇaṅgaḥ kaṇḍupuvi bhāram kuṛaikkirāy

Unblinking, you keep the account of every mortal life, discerning where, when, and why to claim each soul, thereby lightening the earth's burden.

puvi bhāram kuṛaikkirāy

thereby lightening the earth's burden.

**karmavīrā karmavīrā karmavīrākaḍamai
tavarākarmavīrā karmavīrā**

Real warrior of action, tireless executor—Lord of Death, you never forsake your duty

**kaṇṇirunthum kuruḍan avankādirunthum seviḍan
avan**

You turn a blind eye and refuse to hear.

kalluļi maṅgan avan (2)

It is for that reason you are known as the stone-hearted one.

**ena ēcchu pēccu kēṭṭālum kaḍamai tavarā
vīrankaḍamai tavarā vīran**

Yet, you are the assiduous executioner and steadfast protector of Dharma.

**karmavīrā karmavīrā karmavīrākaḍamai
tavarākarmavīrā karmavīrā**

Real warrior of action, tireless executor—Lord of Death, you never forsake your duty

**enai kātta guruvinoru darisanam peṛanān darisanam
peṛa**

Do forewarn me before you come, that I may seek the blessings of my protector—my Guru.

un varavai munnē nī uṇarttiḍuvāy

Do forewarn me before you come,

**guru nāmam... mūchil nilaikkaguru rūpam... kaṇṇil
nīraya**

Let her holy name resonate with every breath, her divine form fill my eyes;

guru gītam... nāvum pāḍa guruvai tēdi... kālgalō ḍōḍa

let my voice sing her infinite glories, Let my feet carry me to Her sacred abode,

guru anaipil... mey silirkagurupādattil... śaraṇādaya

my heart soar in ecstasy within her embrace, and let me surrender completely at her feet.

nandriyum kūṛi viḍeyum petru rājanāḍai pōtiḍuvēn

With gratitude for all the grace bestowed, I walk forward with royal gait toward my death.

enakku nāne amara gītam pādiḍuvēn

I shall sing my own hymn of immortality.

namah śivāyōm namah śivāyōm namah śivāyōm

Om, I bow to the Auspicious One

Kārmukil Mānattu Tiṅgi Niṛayavē

Malayalam

**kārmukil mānattu tiṅgi niṛayavērādha tan mānasam
kārvāṇṇamāy**

As dark rain clouds gathered in the sky, Radha's heart grew dark-hued with thoughts of her beloved Lord.

**manasā avaḷ connu kaṇṇanōḍāykaṇṇā nin rūpam en
manam ēkavarṇṇam**

Within herself, she softly murmured, "Krishna! My heart has taken on the colour of your form."

**pēmārikkāyi mānam tudikoṭṭavēmattoru māriyāy
rādha tan nayañaṅgal**

As the drumbeats of thunder rolled across the sky and the heavens opened in a heavy downpour, tears streamed from Radha's eyes like rain.

**manasā avaḷ connu kaṇṇanōḍāyvrajabhūmi muṅgum
en nētrāmbudhārayāl**

In her heart, she softly said, "Krishna! The land of Vrindavan will drown in the flood of my tears."

**tījvāla pōl avaḷ neñcakam eriyavēpukayunnu rādha
tan rōmakūpam**

As the flames of anguish rose within her heart and every cell of her being smouldered with their heat,

**manasā avaḷ connu kaṇṇanōḍāynin virahāgniyāl
eriyumī vrajabhūmi**

she softly said, "Krishna! The land of Vrindavan will burn in the fire of my longing for you."

Kārmukil Niṛam Ārnnor-En Kārvarṇṇane

Malayalam

**kārmukil niṛam ārnnor-en kārvarṇṇanenī en
kaṇṇukaļil nīr pakarnnat-entinu**

O Krishna! You who have taken on the hue of a rain-laden cloud—why do you fill my eyes with tears?

**virahattin duḥkha-tāpam ericcīḍunnu vanamāliyuđe
ōrma ivale mathiccīḍunnu**

My heart burns with the pain of separation from you; thoughts of you bring great anguish, O you who wears a garland of wild forest flowers.

**kārmukil niṛam ārnnor-en kārvarṇṇanenī en
kaṇṇukaļil nīr pakarnnat-entinu**

O Krishna! You who have taken on the hue of a rain-laden cloud—why do you fill my eyes with tears?

**tirike varū śyāma-varṇṇā tarika darśanam
hṛtilporiveyil pōl perukiḍunnu śōka-tāpanam**

Come back, O Krishna, grant me your darshan! Within my heart, sorrow wells up like the heat of noon.

**rādhikaykku virahāgniyil vāsam orukki...
inniōtīḍunnat-onnum allal tīrkuvatalla**

You have left Radhika to dwell in the fire of your separation. The words you sent through your messenger cannot ease this grief.

**vāridhikaļkk-appuṛattu arkkanuṇḍennāl
iṅguvārijattin itaļukaļ viḍarnnīḍumō?**

When the sun sets and slips beyond the oceans, the lotus petals cannot bloom.

**vāsudēvan vāṇiḍunna mathurayaṅgu tān
ennālvārijāksi rādhikayō gōkulattilum**

Mathura, where you now reign, lies far from Gokulam, where lotus-eyed Radha waits.

**vāymozhiyāl connīḍuvān āvatillahō
kaṇṇāvācyamāyatalla innavācyamām vyathā**

Krishna, this sorrow that consumes me defies all words. It grows unbearable.

**ādhiyāl dahicciḍunnoren munnilāy nīādiśēṣa
talpaśāyin āgamikkumō?**

O Mahavishnu, who reclines on the serpent Adishesha, will you not come to me?

Kārmukil Varṇṇā Ennuṇṇi Kaṇṇā

Malayalam

**kārmukil varṇṇā ennuṇṇi kaṇṇāiṅgu vā iṅgu vā
cellakkaṇṇā**

O Kanna, little one with the color of a raincloud, my darling, won't you come here?

amma viṇṇipatu kēlppatillētiṇṇamīṅg-ōdi aḍuttu vāyō

Won't you hear your mother calling? Come running to the verandah, come close to me.

**uṇṇikkaviṇṇil orumma tarām - amma tan ponnuṇṇi ōdi
vāyō**

Let Mother place a kiss on your little cheek. Come, mother's precious one, come running!

**illā varilla nān ammē viṇṇikkēṇḍa - ennē 'kallan'
ennallī viṇṇippu nī**

No, Mother, I'm not coming—don't call me. You call me a thief

**ullil kalattil uriyil ołippiccavenṇa katṭunṇuvān vanna
kallan**

—the one who came to steal the butter you hid in the kitchen pot.

**kaṇṇonnu tettiyal kotti paṛannidumkākane pōle
kaṛutta kallan**

The dark little thief who flies off with his prize like a crow the moment your eyes look away.

**kārmukil varṇṇā ennuṇṇi kaṇṇāiṅgu vā iṅgu vā
cellakkaṇṇā**

O Kanna, little one with the color of a raincloud, my darling, won't you come here?

**illa varillammē vīṭṭil varilla nān - kallanāy-enne nī
kanḍidēṇḍā**

No, Mother, I'm not coming—I won't return home. Don't look at me as if I'm a thief.

**uṇṇān enikku nī vaykkēṇḍatill-ammētiṇṇayil pāya
viriccidēṇḍā**

Don't set aside food for me, don't spread a mat for me on the verandah,

**cemmē uṛakkuvān tārāṭṭu pādēṇḍā - nin koñcal
alpavum vēṇḍa tāyē**

*and don't sing me a lullaby to help me sleep. I don't want any of your
affection!*

**kārmukil varṇṇā ennuṇṇi kaṇṇāiṅgu vā iṅgu vā
cellakkaṇṇā**

*O Kanna, little one with the color of a raincloud, my darling, won't you come
here?*

**illā varilla ñān ammē nin cārēennē viḷiccu nī
kēṇidēṇḍā**

No, Mother, I won't come—I won't come to you. Don't call out and cry for me.

**mayilppilī taṇḍināl talliyillē ennekallural-uḷlatil
ketṭiyiṭṭu**

*Didn't you strike me with the peacock feather? Didn't you tie me to the
mortar?*

**kaṭṭutinnunn-avarkk-ittaram śikṣakał - kiṭṭum
enn-ennōḍ-uraccatillē?**

*Haven't you yourself said that those who steal butter deserve punishments
like these?*

**kārmukil varṇṇā ennuṇṇi kaṇṇāiṅgu vā iṅgu vā
cellakkaṇṇā**

*O Kanna, little one with the color of a raincloud, my darling, won't you come
here?*

**illā varilla ñān ninnude vākkukał - onnumē
kēlkayum illiniyum**

*No, Mother, I won't come—starting now, I won't listen to a single word you
say.*

**kalḷan ennennē viḷikkuvān ammaykku - entoru
nāvāṇ-ennōrttu nōkkū**

Just think what kind of tongue you have, to call me a thief!

**nannāyi ūṭṭunna vīṭṭil orikkalum - kaṭṭuṇṇum
uṇṇimār uṇḍākilla**

In a home where children are fed well, no child would ever need to steal.

**kārmukil varṇṇā ennuṇṇi kaṇṇāiṅgu vā iṅgu vā
cellakkaṇṇā**

O Kanna, little one with the color of a raincloud, my darling, won't you come here?

amma viḷippatu kēḷppatillētiṇṇamīṅg-ōdi aḍuttu vāyō

Won't you hear your mother calling? Come running to the verandah, come close to me.

**uṇṇikkaviḷil orumma tarām - amma tan ponnuṇṇi ōdi
vāyō**

Let Mother place a kiss on your little cheek. Come, mother's precious one, come running!

Kārmukiloļi-Varṇā Kōmaļa

Malayalam

**kārmukiloļi-varṇā kōmaļa-kānti
tingumtēja-svarūpam ī viśvam āke**

O Krishna! This universe is a Vrindavan, glowing with the divine radiance of your beautiful dark-hued form.

**etra manōharam vṛndāvanam kṛṣṇānin tirusannidhi
prēma-pūrṇam**

Your sacred abode overflows with love.

**mādhavā mōhanā muralīdharā kṛṣṇāyādavā śrīdharā
vāsudēvā**

O enchanting Madhava, flute-bearer, Lord of the Yadu clan, upholder of all auspiciousness, who dwells in every being...

**ninne ariyāte ninnil onnākuvānvembum manatāril
vann-aṇayū**

Come into this heart that does not yet know you, yet longs to become one with you.

**ariyāte kēzhunnu gōpikayāy ñānmādhavā mōhanā
muralīdharā**

O enchanting Madhava, O flute-bearer... I am but a Gopika, yearning to know you.

**mādhavā mōhanā muralīdharā kṛṣṇāyādavā śrīdharā
vāsudēvā**

O enchanting Madhava, flute-bearer, Lord of the Yadu clan, upholder of all auspiciousness, who dwells in every being...

**nī niṛāññīḍunnī sarvacarācaramgōkkaļum
puṣpa-latādikaļum**

You are the one who dwells in all beings, sentient and insentient alike. You are in the cows, in the flowers, and in the creepers.

**māya kāṭti kaṇṇā nī marāññīḍunnueviđe nin
paramātma citsvarūpam**

Yet, you have concealed yourself behind your divine illusion. Where is your supreme form of pure consciousness?

**mādhavā mōhanā muralīdharā krṣṇāyādavā śrīdharā
vāsudēvā**

O enchanting Madhava, flute-bearer, Lord of the Yadu clan, upholder of all auspiciousness, who dwells in every being...

**alayunnī gōpika etra janmaṅgaļāyinnilā paramārtha
sattayākān**

I am a Gopika who has wandered through many lifetimes, seeking to merge with your supreme reality.

**mādhavā mōhanā muralīdharā krṣṇāyādavā śrīdharā
vāsudēvā**

O enchanting Madhava, flute-bearer, Lord of the Yadu clan, upholder of all auspiciousness, who dwells in every being...

Karuṇāmayī Dayānidhē

Malayalam

**karuṇāmayī dayānidhē hṛdayēśvarītirumumbilāy en
ātma nādam**

*O compassionate one, treasure-house of mercy, Goddess of my heart —
receive this earnest, humble prayer arising from my innermost self.*

**mantra-mugdhamāy tannāthanil
mizhinaṭṭusāphalyam nēḍumā sūryakāntiyum pōl**

*The sunflower, purified by mantra, fixes its gaze on the Sun God to blossom
and fulfil its life.*

**ammē! ninnileykkāy nīḍum en
mizhikalummāmaka-janmavum saphalam ākkaṇē**

*So too, O Mother, may this life of mine — whose eyes ever seek you — find its
fulfilment in you.*

**pūntiṅkaḷ śōbhayil lasikkumā nīlāmbalānanda-nirvṛti
nukarumbōle ammē**

*Like the blue lotus that celebrates itself in joyful exultation beneath the full
moon's silvery gaze — O Mother,*

**nin pūrṇēndu vadānābhayil enmanamdiptamāy
ānandamāy tīrttiḍaṇē**

*enrapture and illumine my mind with the radiance of your face, more
luminous than the full moon.*

**muttāyi mārūvān oru tulī māriykkāyitapassu
ceytīḍumā cippipōle**

*The seashell, hidden in the ocean's depths, performs great penance for a
single drop of rain — to transform that drop into a gleaming pearl.*

**ammē nin cilambatin muttāyi mārūvāntapam ceyyum
ennilum nī kṛpa ēkaṇē**

*So too, I do penance, yearning to become a tiny bell on the sacred anklet that
graces your feet. Mother, grant me your grace.*

**sparśana-mātrayil ponnākki māttumācintāmaṇi tan
virutatupōl**

The Chintamani gem skilfully turns all it touches to gold.

**ambikē nin divya sparśanattāl ennumamṛtamāy
māttanēyī jīvaneyum**

O Mother Ambika, with your divine touch, transform this life into one of immortal bliss.

Karuṇārdra-Mānasē Hṛdayēśvarī

Malayalam

karuṇārdra-mānasē hṛdayēśvarīkanivinn-agādha-hṛttē bhavatāriṇī

Mother, Goddess of my heart, whose heart overflows with compassion—Bhavatarini, who carries us across the ocean of samsara—your heart is a boundless lake of mercy.

gurutatva nitya-sattē amṛtēśvarī

You are Amriteswari, the eternal essence of the Guru who leads us to liberation.

karuṇārdra-mānasē hṛdayēśvarīkanivinn-agādha-hṛttē bhavatāriṇī

Mother, Goddess of my heart, whose heart overflows with compassion—Bhavatarini, who carries us across the ocean of samsara—your heart is a boundless lake of mercy.

manassinde vīṇā mīṭṭum saṅgitamēmanatāril ūṛi vanna madhugītamē

You are the music that plays the veena of my mind, Mother, and also the song born of that divine melody.

śruti āṇu nī... layam āṇu nī

You are the Goddess of music, the rhythm and melody of the universe,

suralōka-pūrnṇimē svara-rūpiṇī

delighting the Gods with a beauty as radiant as the full moon.

karuṇārdra-mānasē hṛdayēśvarīkanivinn-agādha-hṛttē bhavatāriṇī

Mother, Goddess of my heart, whose heart overflows with compassion—Bhavatarini, who carries us across the ocean of samsara—your heart is a boundless lake of mercy.

hima-śōbha tūki nilkkum manamōhinīmahī tandē bhāgyamāya māhēśvarī

Clad in white, your glory surpasses even that of the Himalayas. O Great Goddess, you are the very fortune bestowed upon this world.

varam ēkumō? niṛav-ēkumō?

You, the gracious giver of boons—will you not bless me too?

caritārthan ākkumō varadāyinī?

Grant me a life of purpose, perfection, and fulfilment.

**karuṇārdra-mānasē
hṛdayēśvarīkanivinn-agādha-hṛttē bhavatāriṇī**

Mother, Goddess of my heart, whose heart overflows with compassion—Bhavatarini, who carries us across the ocean of samsara—your heart is a boundless lake of mercy.

Karuṇārdra-Mukilē Karal Onnu Kuḷirān

Malayalam

**karuṇārdra-mukilē karal onnu kuḷirānkṛpa ennil
coriyillayō?**

Mother! You are the cloud heavy with compassion—will you not shower your grace upon me and revive this weary heart?

**śaradindu samam en amṛtamayī nīmanatāril
teḥiyillayō?en manatāril teḥiyillayō?**

Mother! You are the cloud heavy with compassion—will you not shower your grace upon me and revive this weary heart? I beseech you, O immortal one, shine in my heart like the autumn moon.

**śubha-cinta viriyān niṛamaṇam paḍarānśrutivādi
hṛdi pūkkumō?**

For noble thoughts to bloom within me and spread their colour and fragrance far and wide, must not the garden of sacred teachings blossom in my heart?

**nitya vasantamāy nī illayeṅkiluḷṭtaḍam
maruvāyīḍumen uḷṭtaḍam maruvāyīḍum**

But if you, O Mother, do not dwell there as the eternal spring of life, my mind will wither into a barren desert.

**jani-mṛti-cuzhiyil valayunnōr-ennekaram ēki kara
ēṭṭaṇē**

Mother! Stretch out your hand and lift me from this whirlpool of birth and death.

**aham-akann-akamē pakalu pōl teḥiyumaṛivinnum
aṛivallayōnī aṛivinnum aṛivallayō**

And when my ego dissolves, you—the pure essence of knowledge—will shine within me, clear and resplendent.

Karuniṛā Azhakā Kaṇṇā

Tamil

**karuniṛā azhakā kaṇṇā – unkaruvizhi rādhai kāttu
nirkkindrāl**

O dark-hued, beautiful Kanna —Your dark-eyed Radha waits and yearns for you. O dark-hued, beautiful Kanna...

karuniṛā azhakā kaṇṇā... kaṇṇā...

O dark-hued, beautiful Kanna...

**tirumukham kāṇum varamum – inikanavinil tānō
kaṇṇā**

The boon of seeing your divine face — will it be only in dreams now, Kanna?

teṇāy iruvarin naḍanam – inikathaiyinil tānō kaṇṇā

The sweet dance of Radha and Krishna—will it only be retold as stories now, Kanna?

kaṇṇā... kaṇṇā... inikanavinil tānō kaṇṇā

Kanna, will I receive your vision only in my dreams?

kaṇṇā... kaṇṇā... inikathaiyinil tānō kaṇṇā

Will the sweet dance be only in stories now, Kanna?

**karuniṛā azhakā kaṇṇā – unkaruvizhi rādhai kāttu
nirkkindrāl**

O dark-hued, beautiful Kanna —Your dark-eyed Radha waits and yearns for you. O dark-hued, beautiful Kanna...

karuniṛā azhakā kaṇṇā... kaṇṇā...

O dark-hued, beautiful Kanna...

oru vazhi-pātaiyil tānō –aval nēsattin payanam kaṇṇā

Will her journey be a path that she travels alone, Kanna—will you not return her love?

**unaiyē enḍrum nāḍum – uyirsērumō padamalar
kaṇṇā**

Will this life that always seeks you ever reach your lotus feet, Kanna?

kaṇṇā... kaṇṇā... avaḷnēsattin payanam kaṇṇā

Kanna... the journey of her love, Kanna...

kaṇṇā... kaṇṇā... uyirsērumō padamalar kaṇṇā

will this life ever reach your lotus feet, Kanna?

**karuniṛā azhakā kaṇṇā – unkaruvizhi rādhai kāttu
nirkkindrāl**

O dark-hued, beautiful Kanna —Your dark-eyed Radha waits and yearns for you. O dark-hued, beautiful Kanna...

karuniṛā azhakā kaṇṇā... kaṇṇā...

O dark-hued, beautiful Kanna...

kaṇṇā... kaṇṇā... kaṇṇā... kaṇṇā...

Kāruṇya-Vāridhi Ākum ī Ammaye

Malayalam

**kāruṇya-vāridhi ākum ī ammayekāṇān
kazhiññat-āṇende bhāgyam**

It is my great fortune to behold Mother, the ocean of compassion.

**etra kaṇḍālum mativarill-ammayecittattil ennum ñān
ōrttu pōkum**

No matter how long I gaze upon her, it is never enough. I always remember Mother in my heart.

cittattil ennum ñān ōrttu pōkum

I always remember Mother in my heart.

**duḥkha-bhāraṅgaḷkk-orattāṇi
āṇ-ammanitya-satyattin pratikam amma**

She is the resting place for the burden of our sorrows, the very embodiment of eternal truth.

kadanaṅgaḷ anpōḍ-akaṭti amma

With boundless love, she removed my pain,

sāntvanam ēki abhayam ēki

consoled me, and granted me refuge.

**kāruṇya-vāridhi ākum ī ammayekāṇān
kazhiññat-āṇende bhāgyam**

It is my great fortune to behold Mother, the ocean of compassion.

**etra kaṇḍālum mativarill-ammayecittattil ennum ñān
ōrttu pōkum**

No matter how long I gaze upon her, it is never enough. I always remember Mother in my heart.

cittattil ennum ñān ōrttu pōkum

I always remember Mother in my heart.

**kāruṇya-mūrttiyām amma tan tiru munnil kāṇikka
veykkānāy onnumilla**

I have nothing to offer Mother, the personification of compassion.

ā pāda-padmam atonnu tān āśrayam

My only refuge lies at her lotus feet.

ātmārpaṇattinnāy namikkunnitā

I bow before her, surrendering my atman, my true self.

**kāruṇya-vāridhi ākum ī ammayekāṇān
kazhiññat-āñende bhāgyam**

It is my great fortune to behold Mother, the ocean of compassion.

**etra kaṇḍālum mativarill-ammayecittattil ennum ñān
ōrttu pōkum**

No matter how long I gaze upon her, it is never enough. I always remember Mother in my heart.

cittattil ennum ñān ōrttu pōkum

I always remember Mother in my heart.

Kārvarṇan Oru Dinam

Malayalam

**kārvarṇan oru dinam
prēmārdra-muralikakalpaḍavonnīl mārannu veccu**

One day, the dark-hued Lord forgot his flute on the stone steps leading down to the river Yamuna.

**kaṇṇane kāṇāttor-ōrmmayil
kaṭavēṇukairava-pūṣpāśru-dhārayāyi**

The flute's tears, filled with longing for Krishna, poured into the river and became white water lilies.

**kaṇṇunīr-pūvukaḷ viraltodum nērattuśruti cērnna
gānam onnālapikkē**

When those flowers, born of sorrow, were gently touched, they sang a tender, melodious song

**karaṇinde kūṭtile kalviṇakkil cērummrdu dīpanālam
atēttu vāṅgi**

—a song that sank deep into my heart, illuminating it with the light of pure awareness.

**priyapadam ōrkkavē viḍarumī itaļukaļmozhikaļil
cērkunnu tēnkaṇaṅgaļ**

The white-water lilies, blossoming from Krishna's memory, poured sweet honey into each word of their song.

**kadaṇaṅgaļ tēdunna tīraṇgaļil snēhamadhuraṇgaļ
ēkunnu vṛndāvanam**

In the hearts of the sorrowing, Vrindavan awakens with the sweetness of divine love.

**nīlakkadambukaļ pūkkunnorīṇaṅgaļōrttu
mayaṇgunnu rākkiličal**

The night birds drift into sleep, intoxicated by the beauty of the flowering Kadamba trees.

**yamunayil ḥaṇgaļ ālapikkum dēvayadukula kāmboji
rāgasudha**

The wavelets of the Yamuna sway to the gentle strains of the Yadukula Kamboji raga.

**paribhavam ellām otukkiya pakalindevirahāgni
nombaram vādi vīzhkē**

The sun, scorched by the sorrow of separation from the Lord, has set,

**atiratta mōha-pratikṣakāl taliriḍumtīrattu pūkkunnu
candrōdayam**

now, it is time for the moon of expectation to rise above the serene banks of the Yamuna. The Lord, radiant as the full moon, will soon arrive.

Kathakał Ariyāte Kaliyaraṅgil Vannu

Malayalam

**kathakał ariyāte kaliyaraṅgil vannukathakałi
ādukayallō...**

Unknowing how the story of my life will unfold, I play out its drama upon the vast stage of this world.

**cuvad-ētum ariyāte poruļ entenn-ariyātecuvadu
vacciḍunnu ñān...**

I do not know which path is mine, nor do I know my true self—I dance in the darkness of unknowing.

**śithilamām viṇa tan tantriyl
mīṭṭunnaśrutibhang-a-saṅgītamō...**

Am I but the music of discordant notes, played on a veena with broken strings?

**śruti cērnna gītamāy tīrttīḍumō ammēsutanām
ivande janmam...**

O Mother, will you not tune this shattered melody? Will you not make this child's life a song of harmony?

ammē... sutanām ivande janmam

Will you not make this child's life a song of harmony?

**paramārtha-bōdhamām
tūvenṇilāv-ennilparamārtha-bandhu nī tūkukillē?**

You are my one true kin—will you not illumine me with the moonlight of supreme knowledge?

**kadana-tiramāla nīnti kaḍakkuvānkaruṇārdra-mūrtē
tuṇaykkukillē?**

You, the embodiment of compassion, will you not help me cross these turbulent waves of sorrow? O Mother, whose heart melts with mercy, will you not take my hand and lead me home?

enne karuṇārdra-mūrtē tuṇaykkukillē

O Mother, whose heart melts with mercy, will you not take my hand and lead me home?

Kāt̄trinile Ilaiyinaippōl

Tamil

kāt̄trinile ilaiyinaippōl kaiyyinile ēnti nammai - kālam
eñkē koñdu sellum yārukku teriyumatu yārukku
teriyum? /

*Like a leaf in the wind, time carries us in its arms to unknown destinations....
Who knows where?*

gōpurattin ucciyilō kuzhinilō kazhivinilō - nālai eñkē
nāmiruppōm yārukku puriyumvidi yārukku
puriyum?

*To the top of the highest tower, the depths of the lowest ditch, or a heap of
discarded waste - who can say where we will be tomorrow? Who knows what
fate has in store for us?*

matiyinile mayakkam vantāl, manatinile āsai
vantālmārūkīndra anubavañkal sokattai koñukkum /

*If our intellect is clouded by delusion and our mind consumed by desires, the
ever-changing experiences of life will bring sorrow.*

matiyinile telivu vantāl manatinile daivam vantāl -
māt̄trattilum manitarukku sāntiyum nilaikkum
manaśāntiyum nilaikkum

*But if the intellect is clear and unclouded, and the mind is filled with divinity,
peace will prevail even amidst change.*

nalamuñanē vāzhumbōtu nañku poruļ iñt̄umbotunālu
pērkku nanmai seyya nāmum mañtāl /

*If we neglect to help others in need during our good times—when we are
thriving and accumulating wealth—*

nōyinilē vīzhumbōtu nontu manam vādumbōtu - nādi
sendru utavipperā namakkenna urimaiperā
namakkenna urimai?

*Then, when misfortune strikes, when illness and sorrow fill our hearts, what
right do we have to seek help from others?*

Kāttu Kāttirunnoru Kaḍavilāṇu

Malayalam

kāttu kāttirunnoru kaḍavilāṇuamma kaḍalōlam kanivumāy ettiyatu

Mother arrived at the riverbank, where I had been waiting and waiting for so long. She came, carrying an ocean of compassion for me.

kāṭṭil āḍunnoru kotumbu-val̄lattekaruṇārdramām kaikaḷāl kāttatu

With hands tender with grace, she steadied this little wooden rowboat, swaying in the wind of sorrow.

nukarān koticcoru vātsalyavumkēlkān koticcoru tārāṭṭatum

The tenderness I longed to savour, the lullaby I yearned to hear, the loving kiss I waited for

pāti-mayakkattil kotiyōde kāttirunn-oru muttavum innen svantamallō

—even in half-sleep—all of them have now become mine.

kaikaḷe kūppi karaññōru kuññinhṛttile nombaram kaṇḍōramma

Mother saw the despair in the heart of this child, who wept with palms joined in worship.

vāri puṇarnonnu mārōdu cērttammakātil ōti ende muttāṇu nī

She gathered me into her arms and held me close to her bosom, whispering gently in my ear, “You are my pearl.”

kāttu kāttirunnoru kaḍavilāṇuamma kaḍalōlam kanivumāyi ettiyatu

Mother arrived at the riverbank, where I had been waiting and waiting for so long. She came, carrying an ocean of compassion for me.

amma kaḍalōlam kanivumāyi ettiyatu

She came, carrying an ocean of compassion for me.

Kavalai Illaiyē Enakku

Tamil

**kavalai illaiyē enakku kavalai illaiyēen ul̄lam unta
iruppiḍamena nān arindēnē**

I have no worries, truly no worries, for I have come to know that my heart is your dwelling place.

**undan iccai endan iccayēen seyalkal yāvum unta
pūjaiyē**

Your will is my will, all my actions are offerings at your feet,

**nigazhum ellā nigazhvukalumēnī enakku tanda
vara-prasādamē**

and every single event that unfolds in my life is your gift, your sacred blessing to me.

**ondrum ariyātta pēdai nān un pillaiyēen kai piḍittu
naḍatti selvāy nīyum en tāyē**

I am but a helpless child who knows nothing, your own little one, so hold my hand and lead me, for you are my mother,

**un madiyil kiḍakkum pillai nān tānē – enaikai
viḍāmal kāttu nirkkum tāyum nī tānē**

and I am the child who lies cradled in your lap. The mother who guards me without ever letting go is none other than you.

**tāyum nī tānē, undan sēyum nān tānēNee maḍiyil
vaittu kākkum cellappillai nān tānē**

You alone are my mother, and I am yours entirely, your precious child nestled in your lap, protected and loved.

cellappillai nān tānēammā pillai nān tānē

Yes, I am your cherished child, Mother, I am your own little one.

Kayppērum Jīvita-Panthāvil

Malayalam

**kayppērum jīvita-panthāvil ninnu ñānkaruṇa tan
attāṇi tēdi etti**

I came seeking Mother's compassion, to lay down the burdens of my life's bitter journey before her.

**amma tan āliṅganattil amarnna ñānānanda-bāṣpattil
ārāḍiyallō**

In the warmth of her deep embrace, I wept tears of bliss.

**ātmīya-jīvita bāla-pāṭhaṅgaḷōāśrama-jīvitattin
mahimayō**

I had not learnt even the first lessons of spiritual life, nor did I know the greatness of living in the ashram.

**anyam itellām ennākilum enne nīī puṇya-bhūmiyil
svīkariccallō**

Yet, you accepted me into this sacred land.

**kayppērum jīvita-panthāvil ninnu ñānkaruṇa tan
attāṇi tēdi etti**

I came seeking Mother's compassion, to lay down the burdens of my life's bitter journey before her.

**nūtana jīvita-darśanam ēki ennīrunna
cintakalkk-antyam kuṛiccu**

You gave me a new vision of life, dispelling my thoughts of despair.

**nistula-snēhattin āzham ariññu
ñānninnōmal-kuññāyi mārān koticcu**

As I experienced the depths of your incomparable love, I longed to be your beloved child.

**eñkilum ammē nin 'nalmakaḷ' ākuvānēzhayām ī
makalkk-innum kazhiññilla**

Even so, Mother, this child has not yet become worthy of being called your good daughter.

**ārjjicca puṇyam illeṅkilum ammē ḡānazhalōde
kēzhunnu nin kṛpaykkāyi**

Lacking any past merits, I pray with deep yearning for you to shower your grace upon me.

Kēlkunnat-Ellām

Malayalam

**kēlkunnat-ellām ā
pullāñkuzhalindepulakita-nādamāy tīruvatennō**

Krishna, when will the day come when every sound I hear becomes the melody of your flute,

**nānātva-rūpam ī prapañcattil ennu
nincāruśyāma-rūpam kāñum en kaññā**

and every form I see becomes your beautiful dark form?

**cintāsaraṇikal śrī caraṇattilgaṅgābhīṣekamāy
patiyuvat-ennō**

When will my thoughts flow like the pure waters of the Ganga, to bathe your lotus feet in sacred abhisheka?

**nāmāmr̥tatte nukarnnu nukarnn-endenāvu nin
muralikayāvat-ennu?**

When will the ceaseless chanting of your mantra on my lips bring peace to others, like the soothing music of your flute?

**gōvindā hari gōvindā harigōvindā hari gōvindāgōpālā
hari gōpālā harigōpālā hari gōpālā**

O Govinda

**karmaṅgaļ ellām yōgamāy māri enjanmamā pādattil
arpaṇam āyiḍān**

Krishna, when will you bless me with the pure devotion that transforms every action into karmayoga

**adimalarinakaļil avikala-bhakti nīaḍiyanum ēkunna
nāl ini ennō?**

—union with you? When, O Lord, will my whole life become a true offering at your lotus feet?

**gōvindā hari... gōvindā hari... gōvindā hari...
gōvindā...gōpālā hari gōpālā hari... gōpālā hari
gōpālā...**

O Govinda

Kināccillaryil Ende Kūḍonn-Orukki

Malayalam

**kināccillaryil ende kūḍonn-orukkivazhikkāzhcca tan
lāsyam ellām nukarnnum**

I was immersed in the dreams of youth—enjoying the sights,

**kaṭiccum madiccum jīvarāgam camaccumpatukke
patukke en kālam kazhikke**

*lost in worldly play, full of pride and arrogance, mistaking it all for life, while
time slipped silently away.*

amma... amma... amma... amma...

O Mother...

**kizhakkennum ettum sūrya-bimbam
kaṇakkeśaralkkāla rāvin pālnilāv-enna pōle**

*Like the sun that rises each day in the east, like the silvery moonbeams of an
autumn night,*

**kaḍal pōlum tōlkkum snēha-vāyappinde
āzhampakarnnēki annamma tūmaññu peytu**

*with a love deeper than the boundless ocean, Mother entered my life like
fresh, dewy snow.*

amma... amma... amma... amma...

O Mother...

**kazhalttāriṇa cērnnu prēmam nukarnnumadittat̄til
ēri kuññ-āmōdamōde**

*I fell at her feet and drank deeply of her love. Climbing into her lap like a
blissful child,*

**prabhā-pūrṇam ākum cidākāśa tīramkutikkān
koticcannu nairmalyam ārnnu**

*I felt my heart grow pure, longing to leap into the inner sky of radiant
consciousness.*

amma... amma... amma... amma...

O Mother...

**madiccetti sauvarṇa māyāmarāḷammaṁārannu ḡān tāy
viral-tumbonnu viṭṭu**

But golden illusions veiled my eyes once more, and I let go of Mother's secure fingertip.

**kitaccum tapiccum muṅgi āzhnniḍum nērampiḍiccen
karam amma melle uyartti**

As I swam and sank, weary and lost in the vast ocean of samsara, Mother gently took my hand and lifted me up.

amma... amma... amma... amma...

O Mother...

**āṇaccamma en kātil melle mozhiññu‘maṛakkallē
mutte! nī ennōmal allē**

She held me close and softly whispered in my ear: "Do not forget, my pearl—you are my darling,

**kiḍakkām ninakkī maḍittaṭṭil ennumkaḍal tāṇḍuvān
tōṇi amma tuzhayām'**

and you may always rest in my lap. Mother shall row the boat that carries you across the ocean of samsara."

amma... amma... amma... amma...

O Mother...

Kiṇu Saṅg Khēlūn Hōlī

Marwari

kiṇu saṅg khēlūn hōlīpiyā taj gayē haiṇ akēlī

With whom can I play Holi now that my beloved has left me and I am alone?

māṇika mōtī sab ham chōḍēgal mein pahanī sēlī

I have given up all my jewels and pearls and wear only a simple necklace.

bhōjan bhavan bhalō nahīn lāgīpiyā kāraṇ bhayī rē akēlī

The dining halls no longer please me; because of my beloved I am left solitary.

mujhē dūrī kyōn mēlīpiyā taj gayē haiṇ akēlī

Why has this distance come between us? My beloved has left me and I am alone,

kiṇu saṅg khēlūn hōlī

and I have no one with whom to play Holi.

ab tum prīt avarō sū jōḍīham sē karī... kyōn pahēlī

Now that you have bestowed your love on another, why do you leave me so bewildered?

bahu din bītē ajahuṇ na āyēlag rahī tālā bēlī

Many days have passed, and you have not returned. I am distraught, wondering where your affections are now.

kin bil mā yē hēlīpiyā taj gayē haiṇ akēlīkiṇu saṅg khēlūn hōlī

My beloved has left me, and I am alone, with no one to play Holi with.

śyām binā jīyadō murjhāvējaisē jal bin bēlī

Without Shyam my heart withers like a creeper without water.

mīrā kō prabhu darśan dījōmain tō janam janam kī cēlī

O Lord, grant Meera your darshan, for I am your servant through countless births.

daraś binā khaḍī duhēlīpiyā taj gayē hain̄ akēlī

Without the sight of you I stand in sorrow. My beloved has left me and I am alone,

kiṇū saṅg khēlūn̄ hōlī

with no one to play Holi with.

Kive Karān

Punjabi

kive karān mey kive karānteri pūjā dāttiyeō teri pūjā dāttiye

How shall I perform your worship, O Mother, O Giver, how shall I perform your worship?

pūjā layi mey jal liyāndā... hōy

For your worship I bring water,

ō dāttiye kive karān...ō dāttiye kive karān

O Mother, O Giver, how shall I perform your worship?

ō machli dā jūṭhā

but the fish have already touched it.

pūjā layi mey phul liyāntē... hōy

For your worship I bring flowers,

pūjā layi mey phul liyāntēō bhavare dē jūṭhē

For your worship I bring flowers, but the bees have already touched them.

ō bhavare dē jūṭhē

but the bees have already touched them.

ō dāttiye kive karān... ō dāttiye kive karān

O Mother, O Giver, how shall I perform your worship?

pūjā layi mey dudh liyāndā... hōy

For your worship I bring milk,

pūjā layi mey dudh liyāndāō bachaḍē dā jūṭhā

For your worship I bring milk, but the calf has already drunk from it.

ō bāchādē dā jūṭhā

but the calf has already drunk from it.

ō dāttiye kive karān... ō dāttiye kive karān

O Mother, O Giver, how shall I perform your worship?

pūjā layi mey phāl liyāntē... hōy

For your worship I bring fruits,

pūjā layi mey phāl liyāntēō ciḍiyān dē jūṭhē

For your worship I bring fruits, but the birds have already tasted them.

ō ciḍiyān dē jūṭhē

but the birds have already tasted them.

ō dāttiye kive karān... ō dāttiye kive karān

O Mother, O Giver, how shall I perform your worship?

pūjā layi mey ṣaid liyāndā... hōy

For your worship I bring honey,

pūjā layi mey ṣaid liyāndāō makhiyān dā jūṭhā

For your worship I bring honey, but the bees have already tasted it.

ō makhiyān dā jūṭhā

but the bees have already tasted it.

ō dāttiye kive karān... ō dāttiye kive karān

O Mother, O Giver, how shall I perform your worship?

mērī karle pūja svīkār dāttiyehaṭāvō saddi dūri

Accept my worship, O Giver, and remove this distance between us.

dāttiye... dāttiye...

O Giver,

mērī bhakti pūrī karkēpūjā kardē pūrī

Make my devotion whole, make my worship whole,

ō mērī pūjā kardē pūrī

make my worship whole,

ō mērī jīvan kardē pūrī

make my life whole, O Mother!

ō dāttiye kive karāñ...ō dāttiye kive karāñ...

O Giver, how shall I perform your worship?

ō dāttiye... mātā ṛāṇiye

O Giver, O Queen, O Mother!

Kṛnvantō Viśvamāryam Amṛtasya Putrāḥ Vayam

Vietnamese

oh children of amṛta, let us make a better world

**brahman is bliss, endless lovein changeless truth,
peace we'll find**

**captured in illusions snaremaking sorrows with our
mind**

**kṛnvantō viśvamāryam amṛtasya putrāḥ vayam oh
children of amṛta, let us make a better world**

**in happiness love does bloom,the coin is one, yet sides
are two**

**love is happiness conveyedhappiness is love's pure
state**

**kṛnvantō viśvamāryam amṛtasya putrāḥ vayam oh
children of amṛta, let us make a better world**

feel the joy of sharinggiving is life, taking is death

**share and feel we're always fullthe well of love refills
itself**

**lacking nothing, children of amṛtablissful
brahman—you are that**

**kṛnvantō viśvamāryam amṛtasya putrāḥ vayam oh
children of amṛta, let us make a better world**

Kṛṣṇā Ḫṛdayēśvarā...

Malayalam

**kṛṣṇā hṛdayēśvarā... kṛṣṇā
sakalēśvarā...cirasukha-dāyakā
giridhara-bālakāmānasa-cōrā mōhana-rūpā rāsēśvarā**

Krishna, Lord of my heart, Krishna, Lord of all, bestower of eternal bliss, the boy who lifted Govardhana mountain, the one who stole our hearts, the Lord of the divine Rasa dance.

**illa guṇaṅgal̄ collīduvāntellum prēmattin
madhurimayum**

I have no worthy virtues to my name, nor the sweetness of true love to offer

**nin ninavonnatu mātram enikkuennum tuṇayāy
sarvēśvarā**

—yet O Lord of the universe, your remembrance has been my unfailing support.

jaya jaya śyāma-gōpabālājaya jaya vēṇu-vādalōlā

Victory to the dark-hued one, victory to the enchanting flute-player!

jaya jaya sōka-nāśa dēvājaya jaya vāsudēva śaurē

Victory to the Lord who dispels all sorrow, victory to the courageous Vasudeva!

**kazhalinā tozhuvān varam ēkumō?kaṇikaṇḍ-uṇarān
kaniv-ēkumō?**

Will you bless me, that I may worship at your lotus feet? Will you be compassionate, that I may awaken to see your radiant form before my eyes?

**mativaruvōlam en manassām poykayilmaṇivarṇṇā nī
kalīyāḍumō?**

O Krishna, my precious jewel, come, play and delight, bathe in the lake of my heart for as long as you desire.

jaya jaya śyāma-gōpabālājaya jaya vēṇu-vādalōlā

Victory to the dark-hued one, victory to the enchanting flute-player!

jaya jaya śōka-nāśa dēvājaya jaya vāsudēva śaurē

*Victory to the Lord who dispels all sorrow, victory to the courageous
Vasudeva!*

Kṛṣṇa Kṛṣṇa Nārāyaṇā Kṛṣṇa

Malayalam

kṛṣṇa kṛṣṇa nārāyaṇā kṛṣṇagovindā mādhavā harē

O Krishna, Narayana, Govinda, Madhava, I take refuge in you.

dīnanātha sundarānanā harēvāsudēva nitya-satyamē

You are the beautiful Lord who uplifts the suffering. You are the son of Vasudeva, the eternal truth.

kṛṣṇa kṛṣṇa nārāyaṇā kṛṣṇagovindā mādhavā harē

O Krishna, Narayana, Govinda, Madhava, I take refuge in you.

karṇikārasūna śobhitā cala-kaṇṭhahāra sundarāṅgitā

Adorned with a garland of golden shower flowers, your radiant beauty glows. The necklaces on your chest sway with every graceful movement you make.

kāmarūpa cārulōcanā cira-kāmitārtthadāna mōhanā

Your splendour rivals that of Kamadeva, the God of Love. O enchanting Krishna, you are the one who fulfills my long-held, ardent desires.

kṛṣṇa kṛṣṇa nārāyaṇā kṛṣṇagovindā mādhavā harē

O Krishna, Narayana, Govinda, Madhava, I take refuge in you.

**kuttam ēre uñdenikkahō tavabhakti onnu mātram
āśrayam**

I have many faults and shortcomings, I have only my devotion to you as my refuge.

kūṭṭin-ārumill-enikkahō sadākūḍe ninnu kāttukollanē

I have no one else to call my own, Krishna, be with me always, and protect me!

kṛṣṇa kṛṣṇa nārāyaṇā kṛṣṇagovindā mādhavā harē

O Krishna, Narayana, Govinda, Madhava, I take refuge in you.

**kēli kēṭṭa sādhu-rakṣakā mamadēhabōdha-bādha
nīkkanē**

You are renowned as the protector of the poor and the helpless. Release me from this false identification with the body.

**kaitozhunnu kārunyāmbudhē tavakaikal tannu
kara-kayattanē**

O ocean of compassion! I pray to you with folded palms- extend your hand and lead me safely to the shore of this vast ocean of samsara.

kṛṣṇa kṛṣṇa nārāyaṇā kṛṣṇagovindā mādhavā harē

O Krishna, Narayana, Govinda, Madhava, I take refuge in you.

**kautukaṅgaḥ nīkki enne nī madhukaiṭabhāri
kāttukollanē**

Krishna! You who slew the asuras Madhu and Kaitabha — remove from me the desire for worldly comforts and protect me.

**ambujaṅgaḥ kaitozhunnorā pada-paṅkajaṅgaḥ
kaitozhunnitā**

I humbly bow down at your lotus feet that are worshipped by the blooming lotuses themselves.

kṛṣṇa kṛṣṇa nārāyaṇā kṛṣṇagovindā mādhavā harē

O Krishna, Narayana, Govinda, Madhava, I take refuge in you.

Kṛṣṇa Kṛṣṇa Vāsudēva Satyabhāma-Cittacōrā

Malayalam

kṛṣṇa kṛṣṇa vāsudēva satyabhāma-cittacōrāacyutā
gōvinda śaurē nitya-nirmalā

Krishna, son of Vasudeva, Stealer of Satyabhama's heart, eternally steadfast, indestructible, pure and courageous Govinda...

karṇikāram pūttulaññū kārvarṇṇane
kāttirunnuariyorarayil aramaṇiyumāy
araṅgorukkīdān

The golden shower trees are in full bloom, setting the stage for your arrival, their waists adorned with belts of yellow flowers.

vṛndāvana veṇ maṇinu dāhamāy... āambiikkala
neṭtiyil oru toḍukuri ākkān

The pure white earth of Vrindavan longs to place a tilak upon your forehead, as beautiful as the crescent moon.

mandārappū viḍarnnu nanda-gēhatti...
ānanda-nandanān māri� oru mālayāy tīrān

Mandara flowers have started to blossom in Nanda's home, eager to become garlands to grace your neck.

kēkīvṛndam nṛttamādi pīli utirttu... ānīla vārmudi
ketṭil oru pīlippū cūdān

Peacocks dance in delight, awaiting you, letting their feathers fall to the ground, hoping their plumes will adorn your hair.

prēmagītam pādi ādi pāzh-muļantañḍum...
āprāṇa-nāthan adharam añayum muraļika āvān

The bamboo reeds hum tunes in practice, longing to be held to your lips, to sing songs of love with the Lord of their life.

mathura pōyoru kāttu vannu kathakał mūlunnu...
kaṇṇāvidhurayām tava rādhayinnum kāttirikkunnu...

The breeze that wandered to Mathura returns, carrying whispers of your news. Krishna, your beloved Radha still awaits, yearning deeply for you.

Krishna Left With The Cows, Radha'S Heart Is Aching

English

in the woods wandering, in despair she's pleading

“O flowers, O trees, have you seen Ghana Shyam

my soul is yearning for my beloved one”

Krishna, Radha is longing for you

Krishna, Krishna may I merge in you

in her eyes is flowing the river Yamuna

in her pain is revealed, Krishna's divine leela

“may your will be done, we surrender indeed

we will chant your name serving those in need”

Krishna, Radha is longing for you

Krishna, Krishna may I merge in you

with the peacock feather, comes her Giridhari

in a surge of sharing, she calls all the gopis

and losing themselves in the Rasa Leela

to the sound of his flute, they all dance with Krishna

Krishna, Radha is longing for you

Krishna, Krishna may I merge in you

Kuṛavellām Kazhivākki Tīrkkunn-Orammē

Malayalam

**kuṛavellām kazhivākki tīrkkunn-orammēen
kizhivellām kazhivākki tīrkkēṇamē nī...**

Mother, you transform all our inadequacies into strengths. Turn my weaknesses into abilities.

**kazhivonnum illāte kazhiyunnor-enne ninkaratārāl
tazhuku en akatāronn-uṇarān**

I remain without any worthy qualities; gently caress me with your soft hands, so that I may awaken from within.

**mōhattin kanalālen manam urukum nēramjñānattin
prabha tūki matiyil nī uṇarū**

My mind smoulders with the embers of desire; awaken within me a radiant understanding.

**vazhi ellām adayumbōl teļiyunna śaktī ninkṛpayālē
mizhivāy ennakamē nī teļiyū**

When every door is closed, your strength shines forth. Let your grace illumine my inner self.

**dhyānattin saurabhyam ulppūvil niṛayānnāmattin
mādhuryam akamalarān nuṇayān**

May the fragrance of meditation permeate the blossom within; may the sweetness of your name be savoured deep within.

**kadanam viṭṭakalān en duritam pōy maṛayānmōdattil
muzhukān nin kṛpa ennil coriyū**

Let my sorrows fade away and all suffering dissolve, so I may revel in the blissful Self. Shower upon me your boundless grace.

Life And Death Are Within You

English

**life and death are within youheaven and hell are
within you**

the truth that is told, is what you must know

you are free (2)

**don't you grow tired of this journey?In ancient
dreams you are searching**

**bonds you have made, all you have gainedwill be lost
like tears in the rain**

**life and death are within youheaven and hell are
within you**

the truth that is told, is what you must know

**all that is seen cannot be truthe seer alone is the real
you**

**awake from this dream, truth's glory singbe as you
are - ever free**

**life and death are within youheaven and hell are
within you**

the truth that is told, is what you must know

Love Is The Face Of God

English

love is the face of god the silent song of the soul

this life will passlike dust in the wind

love alone will remain

**we take this birthto find the onewho shines with the
light of a thousand suns**

love is the face of god the silent song of the soul

**to see that onein every facecast off the pastlet your
mind fall away**

love is the face of god the silent song of the soul

**by love alone, the path is shown to end this age of
strife**

love is the face of god the silent song of the soul

this life will passlike dust in the wind

love alone will remain

Lumière Du Dharma

French

Ô fils de Dasharathachemin de la vérité

O son of Dasharatha, Path of truth

que ta bonté guide mes pas au royaume du soi

—may your goodness guide my steps to the realm of the Self.

Rama jaya Rama honneur à toi Rama

O Rama, honor to you;

l'amour guide ton cœur tu as conquis la peur

Rama, love guides your heart. You have conquered fear,

lumière du dharma bien-aimé de Sita

you are the light of dharma, beloved of Sita...

on t'a banni de ton rang tu as bravé les tourments

You were banished from your rank, you endured every torment.

dis-moi comment, l'âme en peine tu n'as pas eu de haine

Tell me—how, in the face of such sorrow, did you harbor no hate?

tu as vaincu Ravanadémon de la vanité

You defeated Ravana, demon of vanity,

et tu as libéré Sitajoyau de pureté

and you freed Sita, jewel of purity.

Mahānaukē

Kannada

mahānaukē... amṛtatvakē...

O mighty ship to immortality!

bhavasāgaravā dāṭisalendēnī bandu kādiruvē

You have arrived and anchored at the horizon, waiting for our sake.

digantadalli laṅkaru hākkikaibīsi karediruvē – nammannukaibīsi karediruvē

You beckon us to join you, ready to help us cross the sea of worldliness.

mahānaukē... amṛtatvakē...

O mighty ship to immortality!

nī kalisida sādhane dōṇiyanānigō ēṛi kuḷittiruvē

I have boarded the boat of sadhana that you so kindly sent for me.

tīrada alegaḷa tīrava dāṭininnatta sāgiruvē – igōninnatta sāgiruvē

See—having crossed the shore of endless waves, I am now moving toward you.

mahānaukē... amṛtatvakē...

O mighty ship to immortality!

viṣāda tīrilla vinōda mugidillamanavinnu hindakē horaļutidē – ayyō

I still have regrets; I have not yet exhausted fun and frolic.

manavinnu hindakē horaļutidē

I still have regrets; I have not yet exhausted fun and frolic.

toreda tīrada hambala biḍisuparabrahma-sāgara sērisu – ennaparabrahma-sāgara sērisu

Rid me of the longing for the shore I have abandoned. Unite me with the ocean of the Supreme Brahma!

mahānaukē... amṛtatvakē...

O mighty ship to immortality!

parabrahma-sāgara sērisu

Unite me with the ocean of the Supreme Brahma!

Mājī Sāñvarē

Braj Bhasha

**mājī sāñvarē raṅg rācīsāñvarē... raṅg rācīmājī
sāñvarē raṅg rācī**

My beloved, the dark-hued one, has dyed me in his color. My beloved has steeped me in his hue.

gayā kūmataḍhyā...gayā kūmataḍhyā rādhā saṅgat

Gone is my stubborn pride... it left when I joined Radha's company.

śyām prīti jag sāñcīmājī sāñvarē raṅg rācī

The love of Shyam is now established in the world. My beloved has dyed me in his hue.

gāyā gāyā...gāyā gāyā hari guṇ nisa din

I sang and sang... sang the glories of Hari day and night,

kāl byāl rī bāñcīśyām binā jag khārā lāgā

avoiding the traps of time and illusion. Without Shyam, the world feels bitter.

jaga rī bātānī kācīmājī sāñvarē raṅg rācī

The words of the world are empty glass. My beloved has dyed me in his hue.

**mīrā śrī giridharnāt nāgarbhagat rasīli jāñcī... mājī
sāñvarē raṅg rācī**

Mirabai speaks of the Lord of Giridhar (the lifter of Govardhan), the charming, noble beloved. She is soaked in the sweet nectar of devotion. My beloved has dyed me in his hue.

Malayinai Uyarttiya Gōkulakkaṇṇā!

Tamil

**malayinai uyarttiya gōkulakkaṇṇā! enmanadine
uyarttiда tayaṅkuvatēnō?**

O Krishna of Gokula, who lifted the mountain! Why do you hesitate to raise my mind towards you?

**īlavēnir kālamāy koḍuppavan nīyēilayutir kālamāy
eduppavan nīyē**

You are the one who gives in the tender season of early youth and the one who takes away in the ripening season of later years.

koduppatum eduppatum un līlai tānē

Both the giving and the taking are but your divine play.

en kaṇṇā en mun varuvāyō

My dear Kanna, will you come before me?

kuṛunagayāl enaiyum kavarvāyō?

Will you, with your mischievous smile, steal me away as well?

ullattai vāṭṭidum vēdanai tīravē

To heal the pain that withers the heart,

un kuzhal nādattin mellisai pōdumē

the soft music of your flute alone is enough.

gītayin nāyakan nīvēdattin sārattai tantavan nī

You are the hero of the Gita; you are the one who has given the very essence of the Vedas.

**mādhavanē unai nān maṛavēnēun magimai nānum
ariyēnē**

Madhava, I will never forget you. And yet, I don't fully know your greatness.

un siram sūḍidum sīru mayil tōgaiyāl

Your form, your head adorned with a small peacock feather,

eñkalin dhyānattin ulloli perukumē

deepens the inner light of our meditation.

jñānattin sūriyan nīñālattai olira seybavan nī

You are the sun of wisdom, the one who illuminates the whole world.

kaṇṇā giridhari...kaṇṇā vanamāli...

O Kanna, lifter of Govardhana! O Kanna, the one who wears the garland of the forest!

Man Magan Huā

Hindi

**man magan huātērē prēm meiñ tērē prēm meiñban
saghan huā ras-prēm meiñ ras-prēm meiñ**

My mind is immersed in your divine love. Your love made my garden of devotion grow even denser

**tērē nainōn se bahatī snēha kī dhārā tērī aur bahā lē
calī**

Waves of compassion emanating from your eyes drew me closer to you.

ab na śikvā kōi na śikāyat kōi

I have no complaints, no grievances in life

tērē prēm kī barkhā bhigā lē gaī

your shower of love has soaked me completely.

apnī gōdī meiñ sar rakhnē dē mā

Let me rest my head in your lap;

apnē āñcal meiñ mujhko chupā lē tū mā

hide me in your embrace, O Mother.

**man magan huātērē prēm meiñ tērē prēm meiñban
saghan huā ras-prēm meiñ ras-prēm meiñ**

My mind is immersed in your divine love. Your love made my garden of devotion grow even denser

māyā meiñ khōyā huā thāsatya sē maiñ añjān thā

Ensnared by maya, I was oblivious to the eternal truth.

**tērē nainōn kē darpañ meiñ jhānkājānā tū hī tū sab
meiñ basī hai**

But gazing into your eyes, I recognized that you are the essence of all life.

**rāga-dvēś bhāvanāeñ nā rahīnmērī lau tērī jyoti meiñ
ram gaī**

I am now free from attachment and aversion. My flame has merged into your light.

**sab sukhōñ kā basērā tū basērāmērē jīvan kā savērā
tū savērā**

You are the dwelling place of all joy—you are the dawn of my life.

**man magan huātērē prēm meiñ tērē prēm meiñban
saghan huā ras-prēm meiñ ras-prēm meiñ**

My mind is immersed in your divine love. Your love made my garden of devotion grow even denser

ab dūr mujhsē na hōnātērē chāñv meiñ hī rakh lēnā

O Mother, don't keep me away from you. Nurture me always in your shade.

**he amṛtē mā amṛt banā dē mujhē tū ānand hai ānand
banā dē mujhē**

O Mother of immortality, lead me to immortality. O blissful One, make me blissful too.

Maṇtari Tan Spandanavum

Malayalam

**maṇtari tan spandanavumennile
spandanavumninakkāy mātramen ammaykkāy
mātram**

The pulsation within a grain of sand, and the life that pulses within me — all of it is for you, my Mother, only for you!

vīṇa tan tantrininakkāy mīṭtiḍunnu

The strings of the Veena are played for you,

**en hṛdaya-tantriyumninakkāy mātramen ammaykkāy
mātram mīṭtiḍunnu**

and the strings of my heart — they too are yours, played only for you, always for you!

varṣa-mēghaṅgal ninnesparśikkān ettum pōl en

Like dark rainclouds drawn down to touch you,

**en cintayum vākkum ninnil layikkānāy – enammayil
layikkānāy tennalāy añayunnu**

my thoughts and words rise only to merge in you — they drift toward you like a gentle breeze.

Maṇahsākṣi Āṇ-Īśvaran Ennariññāl

Malayalam

**maṇahsākṣi āṇ-īśvaran ennariññālmanam maunam
niścalam āyiḍunnu**

When we know that our very conscience is God, the mind becomes silent and still.

**ařivāyirikkum ninnuļlilallōtirayēṇḍat-ellām nī
ennariyū**

God abides within as pure awareness. To realize His presence, we are to turn inward.

**akaleyallā nin arikil uṇḍuařiyānuļl-avabōdham ninnil
uṇḍu**

God is not distant; he is ever close. We need only delve deep within to unveil this truth.

**ařiyēṇḍat-ellām nī ařiññiđumbōlařivāy tanne
viļaňgiđunnu**

When we know all that is to be known the pristine Self within shines as pure knowledge.

**manassinn-uṇarvonn-īyannavarkkumana-malam
ellām ozhiññiđunnu**

All the impurities of the mind dissolve in those whose hearts are awakened to this truth;

**cittam tuđikkunna spandattinōjñānattin mudra
patiññiđunnu**

every beat of their heart resonates with the seal of supreme knowledge.

Manam Itra Śāntamāyi

Malayalam

**manam itra śāntamāyi tīrnnat-entē?ende
maṇivarṇṇane ūnā nīnaccatinālō**

Why has my mind become so calm and peaceful? Is it because I was lost in Krishna's memories?

**mazhamukil varṇṇane kaṇḍatinālō! ākazhalinā kūppi
tozhutatinālō**

Or because I saw my dark-hued Lord? Is it because I offered my worship at his lotus feet?

**madhuv-ozhukunnorā malar mozhiyālōkṛpa
ozhukunnorā mizhi malarālō**

Did my mind become calm upon hearing his sweet words? Or because I saw his eyes overflowing with compassion towards me?

**madhuramām pālnilāvoli
parattīḍumāmandasmitattinde kāntiyālō**

Is it because of the beauty of his smile, which spreads radiance all around?

**manam itra śāntamāyi tīrnnat-entē?ende
maṇivarṇṇane ūnā nīnaccatinālō**

Why has my mind become so calm and peaceful? Is it because I was lost in Krishna's memories?

**muralī-ravattinde madhurimayāl endemānasam
malarpol̄ viḍarnnuvennō**

Listening to the sweet melody of his flute, my heart blossomed like a flower.

**madhuvuṇṇān śalabham pōl vannuvennō
kaṇṇanmanatāril ciri tūki ninnuvennō**

Has Krishna, like a honeybee, come to sip its sweet nectar? Is he within my heart, blissfully smiling?

**manam itra śāntamāyi tīrnnat-entē?ende
maṇivarṇṇane ūnā nīnaccatinālō**

Why has my mind become so calm and peaceful? Is it because I was lost in Krishna's memories?

Manamayil Untan Varavinai Nōkki

Tamil

**manamayil untan varavinai nōkkipazhamutir-cōlaiyil
kāttirukkum**

Like a peacock in the groves, my mind waits for your arrival.

**manam kavar murugā nī vantu amaramakizhvudan
vānil sirak-adikkum**

O Muruga, who steals the mind, once you come and dwell within, it will soar in the sky with joy.

**kanavinil vantu maṇimaṇiyākakanimozhi pēsum
kantavēlā**

O Lord Vela! You come in my dreams, and speak sweet, gentle words.

**nanavilum untan nanmozhi kēṭṭunān konḍa piṛavi
nalam peraṭṭum**

Likewise, may my life find its purpose by hearing your blessed words even in my waking state.

**vēlavā tutikal pāḍavāmanamum nāḍavā makizhntu
ādiḍavā**

O Vela! May I sing your praises, may my mind seek you, may I dance in joy.

vēlavā viraivil nāḍivākuṛaiyum tīravā enaiyum ālavā

O Vela! Come quickly and seek me out, remove all my shortcomings, and make me yours...

**tirupukazh pāḍi tiruppani seyyumaḍiyavar uṛavē
amaintidaṭṭum**

May I be in the company of devotees who sing the Tirupukazh and perform sacred service;

**val̄li daivānai sērntamar katirvēlātirāta vinaikal
tīrntidaṭṭum**

O Muruga, radiant as the sun, united with Valli and Daivanai, may my endless karmas be brought to an end!

Manamē Narajīvitamākum

Odia

**bāy mōno dina jāvūcci bitti reṭāṅkora hēlā to jībana
māt̄ti re**

O mind, the field of human life is turning arid and dry

**belottāvu cāha bīlo ku ttorēcaso bāso kēbe sikhi bu ā
rē**

With no cultivation, crop or yield, it is turning increasingly barren

bāy mōno dina jāvūcci bittibāy mōno dina jāvūcci bitti

O mind, the field of human life is turning arid and dry

**bāy mōno dina jāvūcci bitti reṭāṅkora hēlā to jībana
māt̄ti re**

O mind, the field of human life is turning arid and dry

**chāso būyi ḍt̄tē monīso jībonāchosīlē sophoḷo hēbo to
jōnomā**

How to sow the seeds properly, or to cultivate them well...

**nā sikhilu chāso no chinnu bihonokhetokku ēṇīkki de
ārē mono**

...neither do you have the knowledge, nor do you have the slightest wish to know.

bāy mōno dina jāvūcci bittibāy mōno dina jāvūcci bitti

O mind, the field of human life is turning arid and dry

**bhūyi cosi khoto de ghāso bācci depāṇi pago dekhi
bihono buṇī de**

If you enrich the soil, till it properly, remove the weeds...

**deho mihonoto koribu jě besunāro phasolo pāyi bu
tēbē**

... and maintain it diligently, you will be able to reap plenty of good harvests

bāy mōno dina jāvūcci bittibāy mōno dina jāvūcci bitti

O mind, the field of human life is turning arid and dry

**kantokōṭṭalē pilādino golākāmini kāññcōnē jatu bōno
bitilā**

Your childhood is wasted in crying helplessly

**deho hēla ēbē kiṭṭo pōrā yējībōno dhāvuṇu dharamo
sāñcinē**

Your youth is wasted in lustful attachment

bāy mōno dina jāvūcci bittibāy mōno dina jāvūcci bitti

O mind, the field of human life is turning arid and dry

**khasibo boyasochāhu chāhu a hāapārōgo deho kiyē
hēbo sā hā**

Finally old age approaches. All your talents are gone, and you become like a worm

**kēu kāmakurē nuhē se jibōnojamo baṭṭo chāhi koṭṭibo
dino**

You will stop working, and spend your time with one foot in the grave.

bāy mōno dina jāvūcci bittibāy mōno dina jāvūcci bitti

O mind, the field of human life is turning arid and dry

Manamē Nī Ini Kalaṅgādē

Tamil

manamē nī ini kalaṅgādēnaḍandadai eṇṇi varundādē

O Mind, set aside your worries from this moment on; let go of regrets about the past

varuvadai eṇṇi pataṛādēnaḍappadai nandrē sey manamē

and do not fear what the future may bring. Instead, focus your energy on doing your best in the present.

aḍuttavar maraṇattin ārudal solvāraḍuttatu tān ena maṛandiduvār

When someone dies, people gather to offer comfort, yet they forget that their own turn will come;

vāzhvai nilai ena ninaittiḍuvārmāyai idu ena maṛandiduvār

many live as if this human life will last forever, forgetting that all of this is Maya—the great illusion.

uyir nīṅgin uḍan yār varuvār - unpeyarai nīkki piṇam enbār

When your final moment arrives, who will accompany you? You will no longer be called by your name but simply referred to as a body.

viṛagu erindāl paṛandu selvār - pinedarkku āṇavam enṇippār

Your near and dear ones will disappear once the funeral pyre is lit. Why, then, do you cling to your ego?

ōdi tēdi avar ponai sērppārōṭṭattin mudivil maṇṇ āvār

All their lives, people chase after wealth, but in the end, they become one with the soil.

nīrkkumizhi pōl nilaiyatīra vāzhvunilaiyāy yār iṅgu vāzhndiduvār

Life is as short-lived as a bubble; no one lives here forever.

Manatāril Kaṇṇīril Nanavu Tōrtti

Malayalam

**manatāril kaṇṇīril nanavu tōrttitelivezhum velivinde
katiru vīzhtti**

Gently drying my heart after the downpour of tears, harvesting the crop of awareness,

**mizhikalil kanivinde tēn ozhukkimaruvunnu
guru-mātā antaraṅgē**

and letting the honey of compassion flow from her eyes — my Mother, my Guru, forever dwells within me.

**kanavāyi kāṇmatin uṛava tēḍānciṛakāy mārūnna
śraddhayamma**

Mother becomes the wings of faith and focus, lifting us in flight toward the truth we now only dream of.

**nērāy oruṇma tān ennarivāyuṇarān
uyirinn-uṇarttu-gītam**

She is the song that uplifts the self, raising our lives to the awareness that we are the eternal truth.

**prēma viśuddhi tan pūrṇatayāmpularī teļikkumā
jñāna-bhānu**

She is the sun of knowledge, bringing the dawn of perfection and pure love.

**niṛavāṇu prēmam niṛavāṇ-aṛivumāniṛavāṇ-ennōmalē
nīyum ḫorkkā**

'Remember, my darling, you are love and knowledge in their fullest form. You are perfection.'

**nērinde pātayil pāntharkkitāmmātāvu tūvunnu
tūveliccām**

For those who journey on the path of truth, Mother illuminates the way with her golden rays.

**iruḷ-ārnna hr̥til ninnoli tūkum
vāṇmadhutūkātuḷpūkuvān kaniyuk-ammē**

From minds once dark, may sweet, luminous words arise. O Mother, with your boundless compassion, bless us with this grace.

Mānattu Mazha-Mēgham Vannu Nirayunnu

Malayalam

**mānattu mazha-mēgham vannu nirayunnumayilukal
arikilitā ādi timirkkunnu**

Rain-laden clouds gather in the sky, and near me, peacocks dance in delight.

**mānkani mazha peyyum pūnkāttu
vīśunnumāntalir-ūṇḍiṭtu pāḍunnu kuyilukal**

A fragrant breeze shakes down ripe mangoes like rain, while koels feast on tender mango shoots and sing sweet melodies.

**mānattu mazha-mēgham vannu nirayunnumayilukal
arikilitā ādi timirkkunnu**

Rain-laden clouds gather in the sky, and near me, peacocks dance in delight.

**mānasam eñkilum sōkārdram āñallōmāmaka
mātāvin darśanam illāykayāl**

Yet my heart is heavy with sorrow, for I have not received the darshan of my Mother.

**mātāvē nī sarva-vyāpi āñeñkilummāmaka mizhi
munnil kāñunnum illallō**

O Mother, though you pervade the entire universe, I am unable to see you in front of my eyes.

**mānattu mazha-mēgham vannu nirayunnumayilukal
arikilitā ādi timirkkunnu**

Rain-laden clouds gather in the sky, and near me, peacocks dance in delight.

**mēvīdañē sadā mānasatāril nīmāttiñāñē ende
viraha-duhkhatte nī**

May you forever reside in the flower of my heart, and remove this pain of separation from you.

**mēvunnatō ērē dūre ennākilummē hr̄di sarvadā
sānnidhyam ēkañē**

Even though you are far from me in physical form, reveal your presence always within my heart.

**mānattu mazha-mēgham vannu nīrayunnumayilukal
arikilitā ādi timirkkunnu**

Rain-laden clouds gather in the sky, and near me, peacocks dance in delight.

Mānavanullumil Ulloru Satyam

Malayalam

**mānavanullumil ulloru satyammādhavan ennatu
vēditam ākkān**

For humankind to realize the truth that the Lord resides in their heart,

**mādhavan avan tān mānavan āyimānavaneppōl
lilakaļ ādi**

Krishna took on a human form and performed his divine play amidst us.

**mānavadēha dhāriyatākilummanassil
yōgyatayillennākil**

Though we take on a human form, if our mind lacks noble qualities,

**mānavalilakaļ ādunn-avanude - mānasam bhrāntam
atennē tōnnū**

our actions in this world will resemble those of a deluded person.

**madamātsarya cintakalellāmmāyākṛtam ī ulakin
bhāvam**

Thoughts of pride and jealousy are of this illusionary world.

**matibhramam akalān manahsukham
aṇayānmāyādhīśanil abhayam tēḍām**

Let us take refuge in the Lord who controls Maya, that our delusions may vanish and our hearts may find peace.

**manahśuddhikkāy yatnam ceytorā -
madhusūdananude vākkukale tān**

Krishna strove to make our mind pure. If we reflect on his words and firmly establish them within,

**mananāl tatvam urappiccennālmānavan ullam
cinmayam ākum**

our hearts will become a pristine reflection of pure consciousness.

Mandānilan

Malayalam

mandānilan tazhuki añaññuvṛndāvanattil sugandham parannu

A gentle breeze drifted near, carrying with it a fragrance that filled all of Vrindavan.

sundari-gōpikā-chintayil āke gōvinda-mukhāmbujam ēkam viḍarnnu

In the thoughts of the lovely Gopika, the vision of Govinda's face began to blossom

nandanandana-nētraṅgal inn-ennōdu - chollum kavitaykk-ētoru rāgam

With what music shall I tune the poem that Nanda's son will speak through his eyes?

ētākilum aten rāgaṅgał māychu - manda-mandam virāgata ēkum

Whatever it may be, it will soothe my passions and gently lead me toward detachment.

chandrikōpamitam nandippicchiḍummandasmitam entennōdu chollum

What will his smile, more radiant than moonlight, say to me?

entākilum aten antaraṅgattinkandaram āke śōbhitam ākkum

Whatever it speaks, it will illuminate the hidden cave of my heart.

pullāṅkuzhal innu pozhikkuvat-ētuchollārnna śīlin nāda-taraṅgam

What lovely message will his flute's sweet melody whisper to me?

ētākilum ā nādam en mānasamvallāt-alayunnat-illāte ākkum

Whatever it is, it will calm the restless wanderings of my mind.

Krishna ... GovindaNandananda... Govinda

O Krishna

Mandārakkombile Śārika Pādi

Malayalam

**mandārakkombile śārika pādisundara-bhumiyām
amṛta-tīramjagadambika vāzhum
sundara-tīrammakkalkkāyi tīrttorī māṭr-tīram**

A parrot perched on the branch of the Mandaram tree sings—“This sacred shore, where the Mother of the Universe dwells, is a land beyond death.” O Jagadambika, you have lovingly created this divine Amritapuri for the sake of your children.

**bhupāla-rāgam pādi uṇarum ī tīramamma tan
śvāsattin kuḷir ēttu nilppū**

The ocean waves rise, singing in the tones of Bhupala Raga at dawn, in a land infused with the cool breath of Mother herself.

**saṅgīta-priya tan nāda-taraṅgattilujvalikkunnu ī
mēdini**

This blessed land glows brightly with the melodies flowing from Mother, lover of music and source of all harmony.

**tāpasa-vṛndaṅgaḥ tapam ceytirunnori
dharanidivyapādam patiññori puṇyabhūmi**

Here, great sages once performed deep and austere penance. It is a holy ground, graced by Mother’s footprints.

**vēda-mantradhvani uyarttunnu sāgaramdēvalōkam
vellum ī dharitri**

The ocean echoes with the sacred chanting of Vedic mantras. Even the celestial realms cannot rival the divine beauty of Amritapuri.

**hōmāgni nityam eriyunnori
divya-kṣētrammantra-dhvanikal muzhaṅgunna
yajña-tīram**

In the temple, every day, the sacred flames arise from ritual oblations. Mantras resound continuously in this land of sacrifice.

**ajñānadhvānta dīpikayām ammavijñāna-dīpam
pakarunnu nityam**

O Mother, the lamp that dispels the darkness of ignorance—you impart the light of true knowledge to all who come to you, each and every day.

Maṇicceppu Tuṛakkave Orikkal

Malayalam

**maṇicceppu tuṛakkave orikkal
mazhamukilvarṇanmakuḍattil cūḍiya mayilppīli
kāṇke**

When I opened my treasure chest, seeing the peacock feather Krishna had worn on his crown,

**maṛannu ñān svayam innu
mādhavanēkiyamanōjñamām nimiṣaṅgał ḍorttirunnu**

I forgot myself in the reverie of the sweet moments he gifted to me.

**smṛticceppu tuṛakkumō ‘mathuraykku rājan’
avanniṛamaṭī mayilppīli manam kāṇumō**

Will the Lord of Mathura unlock his chest of memories and remember this heart, now a faded peacock feather?

**jalamittu mizhikalil niṛayumō kuḷirēkumiḷam
tennalāy iha niṛaññīḍumō**

Will his eyes fill up with tears, will he come to me as a gentle breeze?

**mathuraykku madhuram sumadhuram
pakarunnōnadham dhariccayā muralika kāṇumō**

Will the one who brings sweetness to Mathura see the flute of my heart that yearns with longing,

**virahāpaśruti mīṭum en
manōmuralikaprēmārdra-śrutipūrṇam ākkīḍumō**

will he fill it with songs of love?

**gōvarddhanavum gōkkalum yamunayumgōparum
mēvumī gōkulam kāṇumō**

Will he see the Govardhana Mountain, the cows, the Yamuna River, the gopis and gopas who live here in Gokulam?

**gōpikā-hṛdayanavanītam urukunnugōpanandan
āgamiccīḍumō**

The hearts of the gopis, like the fresh butter beloved by the Lord, are now melting with longing... Will the son of Nanda return to us?

Manidarkaḷ Palavidam

Tamil

**manidarkaḷ palavidam, manaṅkaḍum
palavitaṁmanam evidamō vāzhkaiyum avidam**

Humans are of many kinds, and minds too are of many kinds. Where the mind dwells, there too life will follow

**manadil tōṇḍrum inbamum tunbamummanamē
bandhamum muktiyum tantiḍum**

. The joys and sorrows arise both in the mind; it is the mind itself that grants both bondage and liberation.

**manidarkaḷ palavidam, manaṅkaḍum
palavitaṁmanam evidamō vāzhkaiyum avidam**

Humans are of many kinds, and minds too are of many kinds. Where the mind dwells, there too life will follow

**kēṭṭatai maṛappavar kātukaḷ-atṭravarellām uḷaṛuvār
pañbillādavar**

Those who forget what they have heard are careless, those who repeat everything without imbibing the teaching are insincere.

**payantara uṛaippavar arivinil sāndrōrmanidā sol inta
mūvaril nī yār?**

Those who speak with insight are the truly wise. O human, tell me—among these three, which one are you?

manidā ō manidāsintittu pār inta mūvaril nī yār?

O human, reflect and see —among these three, which one are you?

**uṇarcciyil vāzhbavar vikāra manitarsintanai
seybavar vicāra manitar**

Those who live on impulse are emotional humans. Those who reflect are the thoughtful.

**pakuttari'bavarē vivēka manitarmanidā sol inta
mūvaril nī yār?**

Those who live with discernment are the truly wise. O human, tell me—among these three, which one are you?

manidā ō manidāsintittu pār inta mūvaril nī yār?

O human, reflect and see —among these three, which one are you?

**tanakkena sērppavar suyanalakkārarpīrār poruļ
parippavar vañcanai-yālar**

Those who hoard only for themselves are the selfish, those who snatch the wealth of others are deceivers,

**pakirntuṇḍu vāzhbavar uttama manitarmanidā sol
inta mūvaril nī yār?**

those who share with others are noble humans. O human, tell me—among these three, which one are you?

manidā ō manidāsintittu pār inta mūvaril nī yār?

O human, reflect and see —among these three, which one are you?

Maṇṇu Vāri Tinnarut-Ennu

Malayalam

maṇṇu vāri tinnarut-ennuvāram vāram
connirunn-ammakuṛumbalpam kūḍiyō uṇṇīninne
innu ketṭiyidum ñān

Yashoda says to Krishna, "My son, how many times have I told you not to eat mud? Have you become even more mischievous now? Today, I shall tie you up!"

maṇṇu vāri tinniṭṭillammēammēduṇṇi satyamē
collūēṭṭan āṇu kaṭavu connatuammēduṇṇi
pāvattānallē

Krishna replies, "I haven't eaten mud, Mother! Your son always speaks the truth. It's big brother who's lying. I am a very good and gentle child!"

attinantō tintinam tārōattinantō tintinam
tārōattinantō tintinam tārōtaka taka tintaka tārō

(Joyful chorus)

maṇṇu puraṇduṇṇi kaviḍukaṭtinnatinu sākṣyavum
connupinnēy়um kaṭavu collunnuennuṇṇi ponnuṇṇi nī

Yashoda says, "Your cheeks are stained with mud—that alone shows you've eaten it! And yet again, you're lying to me—my own son, my darling child."

uṇṇi maṇṇu tinnatall-ammēmaṇṇilāy vīṇu
pōyammētakkam nōkki maṇṇaṅgu vāyilkayaṛi
aṅg-iruppāy ammē

Krishna replies, "Mother, I didn't eat mud! I just fell on the ground, and the mud was waiting for a chance to slip in and sit inside my mouth!"

attinantō tintinam tārōattinantō tintinam
tārōattinantō tintinam tārōtaka taka tintaka tārō

(Joyful chorus)

uṇṇikkaikaṭ kūḍi piḍiccaṅguvā tuṛakkū kaṇṇan uṇṇi
nīlleṅkil ninne viḍillayaśōdayum colliyat-appōl

She caught hold of both his hands and said, "Krishna, open your mouth! I won't let you go unless you do." Yashoda spoke to him firmly.

**tellonnu ammaye nōkkiuṇṇivāya
tuṛann-aṅguṇṇībrahmāṇḍam muzhuvanum
āuṇṇi-vāyil darśicceśōda**

Little Krishna looked at his mother for a moment, then slowly opened his tiny mouth. And there, inside her son's mouth, Yashoda beheld the entire cosmos.

**attinantō tintinam tārōattinantō tintinam
tārōattinantō tintinam tārōtaka taka tintaka tārō**

(Joyful chorus)

**tannēyum prapañcattēyumoru mātra kaṇḍu
yaśōdataļarnnaṅgu vīṇitā maṇṇilvēpathu gātriyatāyi**

For a moment, she saw the entire universe—and herself within it. Then she collapsed to the ground, her body trembling from what she had just seen.

**amma tan mađittaṭṭilāykayari
aṅgirunniṭṭatāuṇṇikkaikal konḍu talōḍiammayude
kṣīnam akatti**

Little Krishna climbed onto his mother's lap, gently caressing her with his tiny, soft hands, bringing her back to her senses and soothing her into calm.

**attinantō tintinam tārōattinantō tintinam
tārōattinantō tintinam tārōtaka taka tintaka tārō**

(Joyful chorus)

**uṇṇiye gāḍham puṇarnnuenduṇṇi-kaṇṇan allē
nīvallāte viśakkunnuṇḍōpālaṅgu nalkaṭṭe amma**

Yashoda hugged her son tightly. "You are my baby, my darling Krishna. Are you very hungry? Shall Mother give you some milk?"

**vālsalyattāl ellām maṛannukaṇṇane māṛōdu
cērttumāyakkaṇṇan puñciriyōḍepālum nukarnn-aṅgu
mayaṅgi**

She forgot everything else in the tenderness she felt for her child, drawing him close to her heart. Krishna, the Lord of divine illusion, drank her milk and fell asleep in her lap.

**attinantō tintinam tārōattinantō tintinam
tārōattinantō tintinam tārōtaka taka tintaka tārō**

(Joyful chorus)

Mantra-Sūnaṅgal

Malayalam

**mantra-sūnaṅgal viriccēn
gurumātēcintā-grhāṅgana-vīthiyil ākavē**

O my Mother, my Guru! I have strewn the flowers of mantra along the path to my heart,

**centāraḍikalām satya-dharmaṅgaleanuyōgyam
antarē ānayicciḍuvān**

so that your lotus feet, embodiments of truth and dharma, may be led within with sacred ceremony.

**mantra-sūnaṅgal viriccēn
gurumātēcintā-grhāṅgana-vīthiyil ākavē**

O my Mother, my Guru! I have strewn the flowers of mantra along the path to my heart,

**sūkṣmata tēḍum
vicāra-pathaṅgalesadpāda-nakhadamśu dīptam
ākkīḍavē**

Those subtle paths of reflection are illumined by the radiance of your toenails, which dispel darkness and ignorance.

**saphalam ī yātra enn-āsvāsamāy dēha-vasanam
kozhiññ-ātma-vasatiye pūkuvān**

I find solace, knowing that the journey of this human life shall find its fulfilment, leading me to complete union with the Atman, and detachment from the body.

**umayē nī ulakam niṛaññiripp-ennorāmahanīya
bhāvamām bhēṣajē muṅgi en**

O Goddess Uma, may I always immerse myself in the glorious medicine of the knowledge that you alone pervade the entire universe.

**matiyaṅgu bhavatiya-mahimāvil uyaravēmanatāru
viriyumā pulari vann-ettaṇē**

When I attain such a worthy state of mind, may the dawn arrive in which my heart flower blossoms.

**mātāvu kuññin kṛtajñataykkāyollamōdēna
pālippat-eñkilum ambikē**

A mother expects no gratitude from the child she raises with love and joy.

**sarvadā tadguṇam
sarvārttha-sādhakamcētass-śōbhitam ākkān tunaykka
nī**

Yet, grant me the virtue of gratitude so that I may achieve the true purpose of my life.

Manujā Japisu Rāma-Nāmava

Kannada

**manujā japisu rāma-nāmavarāma smaraṇe śāśvata
ventarītu**

O human, chant the name of Rama! Know that remembrance of Rama alone is the eternal companion on your journey.

janisidāka nī aļuvemaṭidāga neñdaṛa alisuve

When you are born, you cry; and when you die, others cry over your body.

ninna vivastra golisipañcabhūtagalig-arpaṇa gaivaru

Your body is stripped bare and offered to the five elements as part of the final rites.

**barigaili manege naṭevaru – neñdarubarigaili manege
naṭevaru**

After that, your near and dear ones return to their homes.

**huṭtidāga ninna nāmakaraṇamaḍidāga ninna śava
yātre**

At birth, your naming ceremony is performed; at death, your funeral procession is arranged.

bandāka yēnu taradē nīhōdāka yēnu vayyalāradē

What did you bring when you came? What will you carry when you go?

**maṇṇāguva ninnadēnide? manujāmaṇṇāguva
ninnadēnide?**

O human, what truly belongs to you, when in the end you will return to dust?

**janma nīḍidava ṛobberū ninakenāmava niṭṭaru
innobbaṛu**

Someone gave you birth, another gave you a name;

**jñāna nīḍidaru mattaborūantasya kriyegaiva
ṛinnobbaṛu**

someone else gave you knowledge, and yet another will perform your last rites.

ahaṅkāra-vēdake ninage?rāma pādake śirabāgu

Therefore, why this pride and ego, O human? Bow down your head at Lord Rama's feet.

**jay jay rām rām rām sītā rām rām rām jay jay rām
rām rām sītā rām rām rām**

Victory to Rama! Victory to Sita Rama!

Mathurayil Maṛann-Orāgānam

Malayalam

**mathurayil maṛann-orāgānammadhumozhi rādha tan
virahagānam**

Have you forgotten, in Mathura, the song — the song of sweet Radha's anguish, her sorrow in separation from her Lord?

**maṛakkān ākātta raṅgammazhamukil varṇṇande
rāgabhāvam**

Never forgotten is Krishna's tender nature, as he stood beside Radha, playing sweet melodies on his flute.

kaṇṇā... kaṇṇā... kaṇṇā... kaṇṇā

O Krishna...

rādhayāṇō ninde gītamrādha illāt-ellām nilaccu pōyō

Is Radha the source of your song? Without Radha, has everything come to an end?

**rāsa-kēliyum nilaccu pōyōyamunayum kadambavum
maṛannu pōyō**

Do you no longer dance the rasa dance? Have you forgotten the river Yamuna and the Kadamba tree by its banks?

kaṇṇā... kaṇṇā... kaṇṇā... kaṇṇā

O Krishna...

**vīṇḍumā rādhā-mādhava saṅgamamkālam orukkiya
samāgamam**

Time will surely unite Radha and Krishna again.

**kaṇṇan ariññu tan rāgam ellāmrādha tan
prēmānurāgam-allō**

And when Krishna sees Radha once more, he remembers the melodies born of Radha's deep love for him.

kaṇṇā... kaṇṇā... kaṇṇā... kaṇṇā

O Krishna...

**kaṇṇande māriṁ layiccū pōyōkaṇṇīr pravāham nilaccu
pōyō**

Have you merged into Krishna's heart? Has the flow of tears come to a stop?

**kaṇṇan upēkṣiccū vēṇugānamrādha tan cētanayat्ता
rāgam**

For when Radha was no longer beside him, Krishna could not play his flute again — there are no melodies without his Radha.

kaṇṇā... kaṇṇā... kaṇṇā... kaṇṇā

O Krishna...

Mati Kārnnu Tinnum ī Vyathayumāy Jīvitam

Malayalam

**mati kārnnu tinnum ī vyathayumāy jīvitamkatha
ariyāte kazhiññu pōyi**

My heart was consumed by pain, and I lived a life without meaning.

**hitamāyat-entennat-ariyāte niravadhijanimṛti tannil
alaññu pōyi**

I wandered through countless births, unaware of the truth that could save me.

**itutānō jīvita-vidhi ennu cinticcumati taļarnninnu
mayaṅgiḍavē**

Exhausted and desolate, I resigned myself to the thought that this was my only destiny.

**varadāyakam tava karapallavam ennedayavōde vāri
puṇarnnuvallō**

But Mother, your hands of blessing embraced me with tender compassion.

**vidhi tanne māttiḍum vidhidāyini – endehṛdi tannil
innu nī nr̥ttam ādū**

*You are the one who decrees our destiny—and the one who can overturn it.
Dance within my heart, O Mother,*

**pala janmam-ārjjicca karma-bījaṅgalemula potṭidāte
pizhuteriyū**

and uproot the seeds of latent tendencies I have carried across many lives.

**arutarut-ini eniykk-ēkarutē – hr̥ditava pāda-vismṛti
jagadiśvari**

O Goddess who rules this universe, may I never forget your divine feet, which embody the eternal truth.

**aruṇābhayārnnorā padatāru mātram āṇ-abhayam
ennennuḷlil ariyēṇamē**

Know that your radiant lotus feet are my only refuge—my sanctuary.

Mati Mati Ennarulāte

Malayalam

**mati mati ennarulāteuzhalunn-oru manamēazhal
allāt-entu bhujiccuitu vare onnatu collu**

O restless mind, never content, never saying, “Enough, enough”—tell me, what have you truly consumed until now, except sorrow?

**mati ārnнату mananam ceyvānini eñkilum
ōrkkūmada-matsara-cintakał ārnнатумати mati
enn-eñkilum ōtu**

Reflect with wisdom, and at least from now on, urge the mind to forsake thoughts of pride and envy.

**azhal ākunn-āzhiyil vīñ-uzhalunn-oru
nēramazhivōd-oru kai-nīlānini ill-enn-ařiyū**

When you are drowning in an ocean of misery, remember—no hands will reach out in compassion.

**azhakiyalum ninnudal ennatuūzhiyil
vīñ-azhukānazhivillā-poruł enn-onnatuini uñđ-
ennatum ūrkkū**

This beautiful body will one day leave you, returning to Earth, becoming one with the elements. And yet remember: there is a treasure within that never leaves you.

**tirayin mēl ponti varumnīrkumiļa itē
vāzhvumniratīrtt-oru nurayāyatumařu tirayil
māyunnatum ařiyū**

Like bubbles in a wave that vanish into foam, like a wave reaching the shore and merging with the ocean

**tira onnatu karayārnnālvan-kađaliňkal
cērumtirayārnn-oru nīrkumiļaatin nila entatu collū**

—tell me, what is the fate of a water bubble in the wave?

**ital nīrttiya kusumaňgałkozhiyunnatu pōlemadhu
nukarum śalabham tanciřak-utirum pōle**

Like petals falling from a blossomed flower, like butterfly wings lost while sipping nectar,

**oru nođiyil ciri ārnнатumizhi-munnil
mařayumpulnāmbile hima-kañam amarunnoru
viravē vāzhv-ennatum ariyū**

like joy disappearing in a moment before your eyes—remember, life is as fleeting as a dewdrop on a blade of grass.

**mati mati ennarułāteuzhalunn-oru manamēazhal
allāt-entu bhujiccuitu vare onnatu collu**

O restless mind, never content, never saying, “Enough, enough”—tell me, what have you truly consumed until now, except sorrow?

Maunamām Manassil

Malayalam

**maunamām manassil ninn-uyarunna prēmamakam
tingi kara kaviññ-atiratt-ozhukatṭe**

The love that wells up from a silent mind, may it overflow its shores and spread everywhere.

**ā dhanya-vāridhiyil muṅgi nivarum
enkaṛakaļaññā-bhakti ūttam uṛaykkaṭte**

Let my devotion, bathing in that divine river, become pure and unwavering.

**entinnu kuṛavennu eṇnum manassiniakakkaṇin
bimbam niṛaññ-eṅgum kāṇaṭte**

Let my mind, which always finds fault with others, see the reflection of my own inner self in everyone.

**taḷarāte takarāte lakṣyattil ērānāysēviccu snēhiccu
dhanyatayōḍ-aṅgane**

Without becoming disheartened or weary, let us love and serve all beings to reach our goal. Let us move forward in gratitude.

**dīnadayākari jagadō-dhāriṇibhava-tāriṇi mama
janani nīyē gati**

The one who uplifts the world, who showers grace upon the helpless, who carries us across the ocean of birth and death. Mother! You are both the way and the goal.

**taṭṭi taḍaññoru cuvadaṅgu vekkavēāyiram cuvadōdi
aṇayunna amma tan**

Though we may stumble at obstacles, when we take one step forward, Mother takes a thousand steps toward us.

**ā kṛpādhārayil pāte gamikkavēādhāram ētarīñña
'aham' ozhiññiḍaṭte**

In that constant flow of grace, may my ego leave me, and may I know that you are the sustaining power.

dīnadayākari jagadō-dhāriṇibhava-tārinī mama janani nīyē gati

The one who uplifts the world, who showers grace upon the helpless, who carries us across the ocean of birth and death. Mother! You are both the way and the goal.

Maunattin-Āzhattil Āṇḍu Pōy

Malayalam

**maunattin-āzhattil āṇḍu pōy dhyānattil - layam ārnnu
cittam vimūkamāyi**

The mind sinks into the silent depths of meditation; in perfect stillness, the heart blooms for a moment.

**oru mātra nēram nimīlitam ākunnu - ēkāgra
hṛdayaṅgaḥ niśabdāmāyi**

The mind sinks into the silent depths of meditation; in perfect stillness, the heart blooms for a moment.

**guruvin svarūpam viḷaṅgī hṛdayattilprēmāśruḍhāra
ozhukidunnū**

The form of the Guru shone within my heart, and tears of love began to flow.

**ā ṭrppadaṅgaḥe vāri puṇaravēcolli en prāṇanām
sadguravē**

I embraced those divine feet and spoke to my Sadguru, my very life.

**ṭrkkaiyyil viṇayāy māttukī jīvaneā divya-saṅgītam
ennilūde**

Make this life a Veena in your holy hands, so all may hear your divine music through me.

**kēlppikka sarvare ennu collīḍavēguruvinde cittavum
ārdramāyi**

As she heard my words, the Guru's heart grew tender

**pavitram ā ṭrkkaikal viṇayil amaravērāgavum tāla
śruti-layaṅgal**

As her pure fingers played upon the Veena, from the disciple's Veena flowed unceasingly the tune,

**śiṣyande viṇayil aviratam ozhukunnuātmānubhūtiyil
onnu cērnnu**

the rhythm, the melody of a soul merged in the bliss of the Self.

**sarvarum dhyāna-nimagnarāyi cittaṅgalmūkamāy
śāntamāy nirvṛtiyāyi**

All became still in meditation; hearts fell silent, peaceful, and blissful.

**antaraṅgattil ā prēmam niṛayukildūram bhramam
mātram ennariññu**

When love fills the heart, know that all delusion fades away.

Māyālōkada Marubhūmiyali

Kannada

**māyālōkada marubhūmiyali ale yutihe andhakāra
jāladi**

In the arid desert of this illusory world, I wander amidst a dark web of ignorance.

**śivanē ajñāna timirava nīgisijñāna-jyōti bēlagisu
hṛdayadi**

O Shiva, remove the cataract of delusion and kindle the light of knowledge in my heart.

**ādiśivana katākṣava nīdimōha-mēghada mañju
karagisi**

When Lord Shiva's compassionate gaze falls upon us, the fog of delusion melts away like dew.

**sōham emba sūryanu udisibhinnavalla nānu endu
tilisiri**

May the sun of soham ('I am That') dawn within me — please help me realize the truth that I am not separate.

sōham śivōham (2)

I am That, I am Shiva...

**nijavannu maretu anyava nōdimanavu silukide
bhava-bandhanadi**

We have forgotten the Truth and perceive only duality. The mind is ensnared by worldly bonds.

**śiva mahānāma sāgarava harisimunnaḍēsu nanna
mōkṣa mārgadi**

May the ocean of Shiva's great name flow through me and guide me onward on the path to liberation.

Māyē... Mahāmāyē... īlōkam Ellām

Tamil

**māyē... mahāmāyē... īlōkam ellām mayakkiḍunna
tāyē... ḍhō**

Mother, you are Mahamaya — the great divine Illusion, enchanting and deluding the entire world.

kāli... mahākāli...śōkam ellām akattidum karāli

You are Kali — the one who transcends time, and Mahakali, of immeasurable power and might. You are Karali, the fierce one who dispels all sorrow.

**mūnnaḍiyāl mūnnu lōkam alannu vāmanan –
ōhōmūvulakam mizhimunayāl alanna tāy nī**

Vamana measured the three worlds in just three steps — but you, O Mother, measured them with a mere glance from the corner of your eye.

**mukkaṇṇane mūkanākki bharāṇa-nipuṇa
nīmūvulakin adhipatiyāy annapūrṇṇa nī**

You are the great Empress who silenced even three-eyed Shiva. O Annapoorna, you became the sovereign of the three worlds.

**māyē... mahāmāyē... īlōkam ellām mayakkiḍunna
tāyē... ḍhō**

Mother, you are Mahamaya — the great divine Illusion, enchanting and deluding the entire world.

**kaḍamizhiyāl eytu ende manam iłakki nī
ahāalakal-ārnna mana-sarassin malam akatti nī**

You shot an arrow from the corner of your eye and churned the depths of my mind. You cleansed the restless waves in the lake of my heart.

**madhu ozhukum mozhimalarāl madam aḍakki nī
hāysudha pakarum oru ciriyāl manam mayakki nī**

With words as sweet as flowing honey, you humbled my pride. With a smile full of bliss, you captivated my soul.

**māyē... mahāmāyē... īlōkam ellām mayakkiḍunna
tāyē... ḍhō**

Mother, you are Mahamaya — the great divine Illusion, enchanting and deluding the entire world.

**trimūrtti nī mahēśinī mahādēvi nī – ellājīvanum
jagattumparabrahmavum nīyē**

O Great Goddess, you are Brahma, Vishnu, and Shiva — you are all that exists, both the individual soul and the entire universe. . Mother, you are the Absolute Reality;

**nī allātī mūvulakil ārum illammēsatyam
bōdhippiccidāttamahāmāyayum nīyē/**

there is none other for me in this world. You are Mahamaya — the Great Divine Illusion who veils the truth from mortal eyes.

**māyē... mahāmāyē... īlōkam ellām mayakkiḍunna
tāyē... ḫōhō**

Mother, you are Mahamaya — the great divine Illusion, enchanting and deluding the entire world.

Māyī... Mainē...

Braj Bhasha

**māyī... mainē... gōvinda līnō mōlmāyī mainē gōvinda
līnō mōl**

Mother, I have bought Govinda at a price...

**kōyī kahē sastā... kōyī kahē mahngākōyī kahē sastā
kōyī kahē mahngālīnō tarāzū tōl**

*Some say it was cheap, some say it was expensive—but I bought him by
weighing him on the scale of yearning.*

**kōyī kahē ghar meiñ... kōyī kahē ban meiñkōyī kahē
ghar meiñ kōyī kahē ban meiñrādhā kē sañg kilōl**

*Some say he is in the home, some say he is in the forest—but he is engaged in
playful love with Radha.*

mīrā kē prabhu... giridhar nāgarāvat prēm kē mōl

He is Meera's Lord, Giridhar Nagar—he comes only at the price of love.

Māyī... Mainē...

Braj Bhasha

**māyī... mainē... gōvinda līnō mōlmāyī mainē gōvinda
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Māyi Mhārō Supaṇāmā

Marwari

**māyi mhārō supaṇāmā parṇyāre dīnānāthō
dīnānāth... dīnānāth...**

Mother, in my dream Lord Dinanath came. O Dinanath, Lord of the downtrodden...

chappan kōṭā jaṇā padhāryādulhō siri brajnāth

In that dream, countless multitudes arrived, and the bridegroom was none other than the Lord of Braj.

supaṇāmā tōraṇ bandhyā rīsupaṇāmā gayā hāth

The wedding garland was tied in the dream, and in that dream my hand was taken.

supaṇāmā mhārē paraṇa gayāpāya acal suhāg

In that dream, I was married, and my wedded fortune became firm and eternal.

mīrā rō giridhar mīlyārīpurāb janam rō hād

There, I was united with my Giridhār, and the bond of a previous birth was fulfilled.

**māyi mhārō supaṇāmā parnāre dīnānāthō dīnānāth...
dīnānāth...ō dīnānāth... dīnānāth...**

Mother, in my dream Lord Dinanath came. O Dinanath, Lord of the downtrodden...

Mayilppili Azhakēttiḍum

Malayalam

**mayilppili azhakēttiḍum ā cikurabhāramō
ramyammuḷantaṇḍatil utirnniḍum ā
madhuragānamō ramyam**

*Is it the dark, flowing hair adorned with peacock feathers that is beautiful?
Or the enchanting melody that flows from the bamboo flute?*

**pītāmbaramatil āvṛtam ā śyāmavarṇamō
ramyamkaruṇāmadhurima vazhiññiḍum ā
kaḍākṣasumamō ramyam**

*Is it the dusky form draped in radiant yellow silk that is beautiful? Or the
tender glance from which sweet compassion pours forth?*

**gōpimanṭtilaka-lasitam ā lalāḍatalamō
ramyammaṇikuṇḍalaṅgalodu viḷaṅgiḍum ā
karṇṇayugalamō ramyam**

*Is it the brow adorned with the tilak of Gopichandan that is beautiful, Or the
ears where the Manikundala earrings gleam with light?*

**anilanoḍu nr̥tyaccuvaḍukaḷ vaykkum alakavrṇdamō
ramyamaruṇimayoḍu mṛduhāsamārnnayā
adharāśobhayō ramyam**

*Is it the heavy locks of hair that dance in the wind, Or the smiling lips aglow
with a crimson radiance that are beautiful?*

**mauktikāvalīhāra-vilasita kaṇṭhaśrīyō
ramyamkaṇkaṇamuralī-dhṛtayutamām ā
karābjaṅgalō ramyam**

*Is it the neck where pearl necklaces gently dance that is beautiful, Or the
lotus hands, adorned with bangles and holding the bamboo flute?*

**kaustubha-maṇibhuṣita-manōjñamā vakṣasthalamō
ramyammuktamañjīra-yutamatām ā muktidāṅghriyō
ramyam**

*Is it the chest adorned with the radiant Kaustubha gem that is beautiful, Or
the feet graced with pearl anklets that bestow liberation?*

kṛṣṇā... cārunētrā... pītavastrā...
śyāmagātrā... cittacōrā... vēṇulōlā... puṣpahāsā...
hṛdinivāsā

*Krishna of the beautiful eyes, clad in yellow robes, with a dark-hued form,
The flute player who steals our hearts,
Whose blossoming smile enchants, and who dwells within our hearts.*

Mazha Peytu Nanavārnna Vīthiyilūde

Malayalam

**mazha peytu nanavārnna vīthiyilūde ñānenne tiraññu
kaḍannu pōkē**

I walk the rain-swept path in search of myself.

**vismaya dr̄ṣyaṅgal mūḍum manassitil - ēkānta
maunam koticcu ñānum**

My mind, clouded by dazzling sights, still yearns for silence and solitude.

**nirttāte peyyunna varśamāyi cinta tan - kuttozhukkil
peṭṭu uzhari ñānum**

Thoughts, like an unending downpour, carry me along in their strong currents.

**enneyum pēri ozhukunna kāzhcayil - sākṣiyāyi
matṭoru ñānum uṇdu**

As I'm swept away and the sights drift past, there remains a witnessing "I."

**iruḷārnna vipinattil tēdunnu sūryāṁśuoru tari
ponnoļi ul nirayān**

The dark forest longs for a shaft of sunlight, a ray of molten gold to fill its heart.

**durghaḍam i vīthi etra tāṇḍīḍilumoḍuvilā
niśabda-bhuvil ettān**

Yet I tread along this difficult path, seeking to at last reach the land of silence

**antaraṅgattil tuḍikkumā jīvande - nombaram īṛanā
smṛti uṇartti**

The painful yearning of the self (jiva) stirring within awakens a fresh memory.

**evideyō kaṇḍu maranna mukhaṅgaļe - vīṇḍumā
mizhikalil kaṇḍīḍavē**

My eyes once again behold faces that I had seen and forgotten elsewhere.

**ullām vitumbiyō arīvīla uñmayum - tamassu mūdi
mana vanabhumiyil**

Did my heart weep? I do not know. The truth lies hidden in the dark forest of the mind.

**enn-uñarnnīdum ā udayārkka kirāṅgaṅcittadattil
ātmasatyam ēki**

When will the dawn's first rays awaken self-realization within this heart?

Mazhayāy Pozhiyuk-Ammē

Malayalam

**mazhayāy pozhiyuk-ammēmukilāy
vann-aṇayūmalarāy madhu pakarūkāttāy kulir
pakarū**

Mother! Descend as the rain, come as the cloud, bloom as a flower and offer your nectar. Come as the cool, gentle breeze.

puzhayāy nadiyāy ozhukuk-ammētaruvāy taṇal ēkiḍū

Flow as a river—vast and mighty. Stand as a tree, offering the shade of your grace.

latayāy paḍaruka nīaṛivāy niṛav-ēkū nī

Grow as a tender creeper, and fill our hearts with true knowledge.

**manatāril madhu-mozhi tūvuk-ammē - māya tan maṛa
nīkki teliyuk-ammē**

Rain down the nectar of compassion upon my heart; lift the veil of illusion and reveal your radiant form.

**kāvya-kālindiyāy ozhukuk-ammē - nādāmṛta-dhāra
coriyuk-ammē**

Flow as Kalindi, the river of sacred poetry, and shower me with the ambrosial music of your soul.

śāntiyil nistula-śānti ēkutatvattil ātma-tatvam pakarū

Grant me peace—unparalleled and eternal. Bless me with the knowledge of the Self.

ammayāy uṇma ēkūprabhayāy prabha tūkiḍū

Come, O Mother, as truth incarnate; come as light, and illumine the depths of my being.

Mīnākṣi Dēviyē

Tamil

mīnākṣi dēviyē en manatil vāzhum annayē

O Goddess Meenakshi, O Mother who lives in my heart,

madurai ālum rāniyēun anbu matṭum pōtumē

O Queen who rules Madurai, your love alone is enough for me.

kaṇ̄ imai mūḍāmal bhaktargaļai kāppādināl

The one who protects devotees without even blinking your eyes,

mīnākṣi ammai ena pōtitrapadum bairaviyē

Meenakshi Ammai is also praised as Bhairavi,

tāyāga tuṇaiyāga guruvāga vantaval

the one who came as mother, companion, and guru

mīnākṣi... mahādēvi... mahāgauri... śaṅkari...

Meenakshi, Mahadevi, Mahagauri, Shankari.

sundararin pādiyāna pārvatiyum śaktiyum nī

You are Parvati and Shakti, the half of the beautiful Shiva,

kuṛaigaļai pōkki en mēl karuṇai seyum kārttikayē

Kartika who removes faults and shows me compassion,

tāyāga tuṇaiyāga guruvāga vantaval

the one who came as mother, companion, and guru

mīnākṣi... mahādēvi... mahāgauri... śaṅkari...

Meenakshi, Mahadevi, Mahagauri, Shankari.

Mīnākṣi Manadālum Tāyē

Tamil

**mīnākṣi manadālum tāyēennil māyayai nīkki nin
malaṛadi taruvāy**

O Mother Meenakshi, who dwells within my heart! Remove the delusion within me and grant me the vision of your lotus feet.

**kāmakṣiyē karuṇākariyēsamsāra kaḍalinai tāṇḍavē
dayai sey**

Kamakshi, ocean of compassion, bestow your mercy and help me cross the vast ocean of worldly existence.

**ullānpōḍum uṇarvōḍum unnai tudikkaumaye nī
ullām kanindu aruḷ purivāy**

O Uma, let your heart soften and shower your grace on me, so that I worship you with heart and awareness.

**kāmākṣi mīnākṣi en manasākṣimāyattirai nīkki
viraindu nī kāppāy**

O Kamakshi, O Meenakshi, witness of my mind, remove the veils of illusion and come swiftly to protect me.

**tudippārin tunbattai tīrppāy dēvitīrāda vinaikaḷai
tīrttu nī aruḷvāy**

O Goddess, you alone can remove the sorrows of the afflicted. Destroy the endless chain of deeds (karma) and bestow your grace.

**mātaṅgi jaganmātē māyēulakattin uḷ poruḷ unmayum
nīyē**

O Matangi, Mother of the universe, O Maya! You are the essence and the truth of this world.

**ammā ammā anbāna ammāammā ammā azhakāna
ammāammā ammā aṇaikkum ammāammā ammā
amudāna ammā**

Mother — the loving Mother, the beautiful Mother, the Mother who embraces, the Mother who is sweet as nectar.

Mēre Tō Giridhar Gōpāldūsrō Na Kōī

Hindi

mēre tō giridhar gōpāldūsrō na kōī

There is no one else for me, other than my Giridhar Gopal

jākē sir mōr mukuṭmērō pati sōī rēdūsrō na kōī

—He who wears a crown of peacock feathers is my beloved, my Lord; for me, there is truly no other.

tāt māt bhrāt bandhuāpaṇā na kōī

Father, mother, brother, and relatives—there is none truly mine.

chāḍ gaī kul kī lājkā kahiyē kōī rēdūsrō na kōī

I have left behind the honor of the family; what can anyone say about me? For me, there is no one else.

asuvan jal sīñc sīñcprēm bēl bōyi

*Watering it with tears,
I planted the vine of love.*

ab tō dēkh phail gayiānand phal hōy rēdūsrō na kōī

Now see, it has spread far and wide, bearing the fruit of bliss. There is no one else for me but Him.

bhagat dēkh rāji hōījagat dēkh rōī

The Lord is pleased to see His devotee, while the world weeps upon seeing her.

**dāsī mīrā lāl giridhardārō ab hōyidārō ab hōyi
rēdūsrō na kōī**

Meera, the humble servant of her beloved Giridhar, has now found refuge. She has found refuge indeed, and for her, there is no one else.

mēre tō giridhar gōpāldūsrō na kōī

There is no one else for me, other than my Giridhar Gopal

jākē sir mōr mukuṭmērō pati sōī rēdūsrō na kōī

—He who wears a crown of peacock feathers is my beloved, my Lord; for me, there is truly no other.

Mhārā Rē Giridhar Gōpāl

Marwari

**mhārā rē giridhar gōpāldūsrā ɳa kōyādūsrā ɳa
kōyādūsrā ɳa kōyā**

My Lord is Giridhar Gopal—there is no other for me, none at all.

**sadā sakal lōk jōyā dūsrā ɳa kōyāmhārā rē giridhar
gōpāl**

Throughout all the worlds, I have seen and known—there is no one else for me. My Lord is Giridhar Gopal.

bhāyā chādyā bandhā chādyāchādyā sagā bhūyā...

I left behind my fears, I left behind my family and kin. I abandoned every worldly tie.

**sādhū saṅg baiṭh baiṭhsādhū saṅg baiṭh baiṭhlōk lāj
khōyā**

Sitting in the company of saints, I lost all concern for what people may think or say.

bhagat dēkhyā rājihyā jagat dēkhyā rōyā

When I beheld the true devotee, I rejoiced; but when I looked upon the world, I wept.

**dūdh math gṛt kāḍh laiyādār gayā chuyādār gayā
chuyā**

I churned the milk of devotion and drew out the pure ghee—yet the world laughed and scorned me.

rāṇā viṣ rō pyālā bhējāpiyā magaṇ hōyā

Rana sent me a cup of poison, but I drank it with joyful surrender.

mīrā rī lagan lagyāmīrā rī lagan lagyāhōṇa hō jō hōyā

Mira has given her heart completely—whatever is to happen, let it happen.

Mil Gayā Mil Gayā Darśan

Hindi

mil gayā mil gayā darśan mujhē mil gayā mil gayā mil gayā mil gayā

I have received it—I have received the divine vision! I have found peace—I have truly received it.

anāth ki rakṣā karne vālīvijñānī kō jñān dēnē vālī

She who protects the abandoned, who grants wisdom to the wise,

nirbal kō śakti dēnē vālibacōn ki pyārī dulārī mayyā

who gives strength to the weak, who is the beloved darling of children

ambē mayyā pyārī mayyā

—she is my sweet Mother, my beloved Mother.

**janam janam sē ḫhūṇḍhā har din har kṣaṇpāyā tō hai
is janam mēn tujhkō mā**

I searched for you through many lifetimes, every single day and every single moment—and now, in this very birth, I have finally found you, O Mother.

**mil gayā mil gayā darśan mujhē mil gayākhil gayā khil
gayā hrdaya-kamal khil gayā**

I have received it—I have received your darshan! My heart-lotus has blossomed in full bloom with joy and love.

**phūlōn kī mahak se... galē lagāke...karunā sē...
muskurākē...**

With the fragrance of flowers, with a loving embrace, with compassion and a gentle smile,

dil kī bāt sunkē hal nikālā

you listened to the deepest feelings of my heart and brought resolution to my pain.

**mil gayā mil gayā darśan mujhē mil gayāmiṭ gayā miṭ
gayā dard mērā miṭ gayā**

I have received it—I have truly received your darshan. My sorrow has been wiped away—completely gone.

Miles Away From You

English

**Miles away from you
Closer than my breath
Your essence in hearts of all
I pray to merge in you**

**Devi whose hair is sky
Please reveal your subtle form**

**Boundless and full, perfectly still
Shine forth from the shrine within**

Miles away from you

**each and every drop of your love
Devi is like fragrant gold**

**the sun rises, the path unfolds
Moments with you etched in my soul**

Miles away from you

**Devi hold me close from far
Hold me close from far
Devi hold me close from far**

Mizhi Colli Avan Annu Pōy

Malayalam

mizhi colli avan annu pōy-oru vazhi nōkki‘vanamāli innu varum’

Radha’s eyes, lingering on the path Krishna had taken, spoke to her heart: “The one adorned with a garland of forest flowers will surely come today.”

vazhi colli, ‘atināyi kāttirikkunnu ñāntirupāda sparśattināy’

The path whispered, “I await his return, yearning for the touch of his sacred feet.”

lata colli, ‘kaṇṇande tazhukal ētt-ennendevyathakal aliññu tīrum!’

The flowering creeper murmured, “The day he gently caresses me, all my sorrows will dissolve into nothingness.”

sakhi colli, ‘varum avan hrdayēśan allayōsukham ēkuvān aṇayum’

Her companion said with hope, “He will come—the Lord of our hearts will return and fill us with joy.”

karuṇārdra-mānasā! karutukillē innukanivārnnu nī varillē?

O Krishna, your heart overflows with compassion—will you not think of our plight? Will you not return to Vrindavan, stirred by your boundless love?

iruḷ tiṇgi niṛayumī ēzha tan mizhikalilnaṛunilāvāy varillē?

Will you not rise like the full moon in the eyes of this heartbroken one, whose vision is veiled in the darkness of your separation?

kaṇṇā... kaṇṇā... kaṇṇā... kaṇṇā...

Mizhi Nanayāte Kaṇṇā Nin Rūpam

Malayalam

**mizhi nanayāte kaṇṇā nin rūpamkāṇuvān ākumō
maṇivarṇṇā**

O Krishna, you who shine like a blue jewel, how can I behold your form without my eyes brimming with tears?

**ā nimiṣattil en mizhi onn-aḍaññappōḷōdi oliccatō
giridhāri**

You, who lifted the Govardhana mountain—did you run away and hide the very moment I closed my eyes

**vilvamaṅgalam ninne puṛamkaiyyāl talliyatuen
karmam āṇō collu collu**

Vilwamangalam pushed you aside with his hand when you pretended to be naughty and tried to disturb his worship. But tell me—how can it be my karma that you ran away and hid from me?

**kurūramma ninne kalattil aḍaccatumen
pizhav-āṇennu ninaccuvō nī**

Kurur Amma, your great devotee, shut you inside a pot when you tried to disturb her worship. But tell me—do you consider that to be my fault?

**akrūran mathuraykkku konḍu pōm nērattuarutē –
ennu ñān ḍtiyillē... en**

When Akrura came to Vrindavan to take you to Mathura, did I not plead with you, 'Do not leave'?

**manassām vipinattil ēkayāy tīruvānvidhiccatu
ucitamō vraja-nandanā**

You are the delight of Vrindavan—so is it just, then, that you have decreed I remain all alone in the forest of my mind?

**kāliya-phaṇattil nin nṛtta-cuvaḍukaḷkaṇḍu rasikkān
ñān vannatallē...**

Did I not come to see and rejoice in your dance atop Kaliya's hoods?

**nṛttam āḍum nēram ā mrdu-pādaṅgaṭazhukān ñān
aṇaññatum maṛannuvō nī...**

Have you forgotten how I drew near to gently rub your tender feet as you danced?

**nirmālya-darśana-puṇyattāl ī
janmamkarppūra-dīpamāy tīrnniḍatṭe**

Let me become a camphor lamp, blessed with the great fortune of your Nirmalya Darshan.

**paṭṭu-pītāmbaram cuttiya nin rūpammanatāril
ennum ḡān kāṇḍidatṭe kāṇṇā**

Let me ever behold your form—clad in yellow silk, shining within the lotus of my heart.

pādāravindattil cērnnīḍatṭe

O Krishna, let me become one with your lotus feet.

Mizhinīril Āzhnnu

Malayalam

**mizhinīril āzhnnu māzhkum manassiluṇarv-ēkān
anayū janani...**

My heart is weary from tears that endlessly flow. Mother, make me anew.

**kaniv-ūrum tirumizhi tumbāl
onn-aḍiyandeeriyunn-akam onnuzhiyū
jananieriyunn-akam onnuzhiyū**

With your eyes, aglow with compassion, caress this aching heart.

jananieriyunn-akam onnuzhiyū

O Mother, caress this aching heart.

nīlum ī rāvil kālum manassilpālunnu cintakaḷ ammē

The night stretches on, and my mind is on fire.

**viḷaṛunnu vadānam pataṛunnu
mizhikalṭirayunn-aharniśam ninne**

My thoughts run wild, my face has grown pale, and my eyes are weary. Day and night, I search for you

ammē... tirayunn-aharniśam ninne

—Mother, every moment, I yearn for you.

**viṅgunn-en karaļil tiṅgunna kadañamcīntunnu cittam
endammē**

Sorrow surges within my weeping heart, as if it's being torn apart.

**enmana poykayil nin vadānāmbujamteļiyunna
sudinam ētammē**

When will the blessed day dawn, when your lotus face shines clear in the lake of my heart?

ammē... teļiyunna sudinam ētammē

O Mother, when will that sacred day arrive?

Mother With You As Our Shield

English

**Mother with you as our shield
there is nothing left to fear
knowing the battles are already won
let us not waste this life**

**you have cleared the path Mother, you have lit the way
knowing the battles are already won
let us not waste this life**

you give the strength that we need Mother, you give the air that we breathe

**knowing the battles are already won
let us not waste this life**

Mṛg-Tṛṣṇā Mein Bhaṭakē Manvā

Hindi

mṛg-tṛṣṇā mein bhaṭakē manvācir sukh kahiṇ na pāvē

Mesmerised by the mirage, the mind never finds lasting happiness.

dhūṇḍhē jag mein sukh kī chāyācit hari mein na lagāvē

It searches in this world for the shadow of comfort, yet never fixes itself on the Lord.

kām kāñcan mōha-jāl meinman kyōn uljhā jāyē?

Why does the mind get entangled in the snare of desire, wealth, and attachment?

jisē sadā tū apnā mānēvō bhī ik din jāyē

Even those you consider forever your own will one day leave you.

hari ōm namō nārāyaṇayahari ōm namō nārāyaṇaya

I bow to God, the ultimate reality...

guru vāṇī jō śravaṇ kareantahkaraṇ vō jāgē

One who listens to the Guru's words awakens the inner self.

viṣay vikār, sab tyāg dēnij svarūp sō sājē

Giving up all cravings and impurities, one attains his/her true nature.

khulē nayan tō darśan pāēhari kī alaukik sūrat

When the inner eye opens and beholds the divine form of God,

bhītar sōham bhāv jab khilēhar or hari kī mūrat

the realization that 'I am That' dawns within. Then Hari alone remains, forever abiding.

Mujhē Apnā Banā Lō

Hindi

mujhē apnā banā lō mērī mā...mērī mā... mērī mā...

Mother, make me your own... O Mother, my Mother.

har dam tērē sāth rahūntērē binā maiñ jī nā sakūn

Always let me remain with you, for without you I cannot live.

**andhiyārē jīvan meiñpyār kā dīp jalā dē...pyār kā dīp
jalā dē**

In the darkness of this life, light the lamp of love,

mērī mā... mērī mā...

O Mother.

kitnē sāvan baras gayēmai�ā tērī yādōn meiñ

So many monsoons have passed, Mother, while I remained absorbed in your memories.

**yē nayanā taras rahēab tō darśan dē dē...ab tō darśan
dē dē**

These eyes are longing, waiting with yearning. Now at least, grant me your vision... now at least, reveal yourself.

mērī mā... mērī mā...

O my Mother...

jab tak jīvan caltā rahēnit tērī ham pūjā karēn

As long as life continues, I will worship you every day. As long as life continues, I will worship you every day.

**tērī dayā hō mūjh partū mujhē pās bulā lē...tū mujhē
pās bulā lē**

Let your compassion be upon me, and call me close to you,

mērī mā... mērī mā...

O Mother.

mujhē apnā banā lō mērī mā... mērī mā... mērī mā...

O Mother, make me your own.

Mūkam ī Hṛdayam

Malayalam

**mūkam ī hṛdayam pāḍum nin kīrttanamkēlkkātta
bhāvam naḍiccidallē**

Mother, do not pretend that you cannot hear the hymns my mute heart is singing.

**kāruṇya-vāridhiyāya en amma nīkāruṇyam alpavum
ēkukillē**

You are the ocean of compassion—won't you give me at least a drop of your grace?

**nōvunnen hṛttadām ariyāte allammaventu nīrīḍān
vidhiccatāṇō**

You know this heart of mine that grieves for you. Please do not decree that I must forever bear this searing anguish.

**onnum ariyāte takarunna hṛdayamāynin snēham tēdi
aṇaññīḍunnu**

I know nothing—as I wander, searching for your love with a broken heart.

**bāhyamāy kēṇīḍunnilla eñkilumnīṛi pukayunnen
antaraṅgam**

Even though my lips do not plead aloud, the pain within is unbearable.

**entaparādhattinullā śikṣayāṇ-ennōḍu colli taranam
ammē**

Mother, tell me—what wrong have I committed, that you have punished me thus?

**tēṭtu tiruttuvān nērvazhi kāṭṭuvānammayall-āruṇḍu ī
ulakil**

Who but you, O Mother, can correct my faults and guide me to the right path?

**nin prēma-bhaktiyil ninn-akattīḍallēninnil aliññu ñān
tīrnniḍatṭe**

Do not cast me away from the love and devotion I hold for you. Draw me near—let me merge into you, let me become one with you.

ammē... ammē... ammē... ammē...

Oh Mother

Muppiraviyin Tavamō

Tamil

**muppiraviyin tavamō ammā ippiraviyin unai nān
kaṇḍēn**

O Mother, was it because of penance done in a past life that I am able to see you in this life?

eppiravi eđuttālum ammā unnai sārndē nān iruppēn

O Mother, if I have to be reborn, may I always have a close bond with you.

nī puviyānāl nān nilavāvēn unnai sutriyē vandiđuvēn

O Mother, if you are the earth, I would be the moon, ever orbiting you.

**nī raviyānāl nān seđiyāvēn un disai nōkkiyē
pārttiruppēn**

If you are the sun, I would be a plant, facing you always.

**nī mazhaiyānāl vānavillāvēn vaṇṇaňkalāl unnai
varavērppēn**

If you are rain, I would be the rainbow, welcoming you with a profusion of colours.

**nī malaiyānāl nān paniyāvēn panittuļiyāl unnai
arccippēn**

If you are a mountain, I would be snow, showering you with snowflakes.

**nī maramānāl nān kođiyāvēn pādam pattriyē
vaļarndiđuvēn**

O Mother, if you are a tree, I would be a vine, clinging to your holy feet.

**nī kađalānāl nān nadiyāvēn tēđi vandu unil
karaindiđuvēn**

If you are a sea, I would be a river flowing in search of and uniting with you.

**nī vanamānāl nān malarāvēn pādaiyay pūkkalāl
alaňkarippēn**

If you are a forest, I would be flowers, carpeting your path with vibrant blossoms.

nī iravānāl viṇmīnāvēn un tōraṇamāy minniḍuvēn

If you were night, I would be stars, festooning you with my sparkles.

Murahara Muralika Pādi En

Malayalam

murahara muralika pādi enrādhikē nī eṅgu pōyi

The flute of Sri Krishna, slayer of the demon Mura, sang out in longing: "O my beloved Radhika, where have you gone?"

rāvēre cenniṭṭum rākkuyil pādiyiṭṭumnin vazhittārayō śūnyam

The night grows deep and silent, and the koel pours forth its sweet, yearning song—yet the path you once tread remains bare.

mal prāṇasakhī... ennātma-sakhī

O my beloved, one with my very soul..."

murahara muralika pādi enrādhikē nī eṅgu pōyi

The flute of Sri Krishna, slayer of the demon Mura, sang out in longing: "O my beloved Radhika, where have you gone?"

vannu mānattāy tāraṅgal – ponambiliikk-ēzhazhakāy

Clusters of stars have gathered in the sky to adorn the moon with their beauty.

ī niśā malarukał kūmbi adayunnunin priyanē maṛannō – mal

Night-blooming flowers gently close their petals. Have you forgotten me—the one who is in love with you?

prāṇasakhī... ennātma-sakhī...

O my beloved, one with my very soul..."

murahara muralika pādi enrādhikē nī eṅgu pōyi

The flute of Sri Krishna, slayer of the demon Mura, sang out in longing: "O my beloved Radhika, where have you gone?"

mādhava-mānasam niṛavārnubbhakta-malarukałālē

The heart of Madhava blooms with flowers of many hues—flowers that are none other than his loving devotees.

rādhikē nin pada-nṛtta-cuvaḍināyṛādhikēśan ī dāsan kāttirippū – mal

O Radhika! This humble servant of yours, the Lord of your heart, waits in longing, yearning to dance with you.

prāṇasakhī... ennātma-sakhī...

O my beloved, one with my very soul...

muraḥara muraļika pāḍi enrādhikē nī eṅgu pōyi

The flute of Sri Krishna, slayer of the demon Mura, sang out in longing: "O my beloved Radhika, where have you gone?"

tava pāda-dāsi ī rādha mama prāṇanum ātmāvum nīyē

Radha replies, "I am the servant of your lotus feet. You are my very life, my innermost self."

nin mukha-candrikayāl niṛaññoru mānasamrajani tan varav-ariññilā...

My heart was bathed in the radiance of your graceful face, as bright as the full moon

rāvēre cennat-ariññila – rādharāvēre cennat-ariññila – rādha

—I did not know that night had fallen, nor that its silence had deepened.”

nin pādadāsi ī rādha – kaṇṇā...

O Krishna, I remain ever your devoted servant at your lotus feet.

Murali Úti Úti

Malayalam

**muraļi úti útimūlippāt̄tukał pādimadhupan paṛannu
vannālmalarinn-entu tōnum**

Humming a tune as if playing on a flute, the honeybee comes flying to sip nectar from the flower—imagine the emotion of the flower.

**taлиru tinniđuvāntañcam onnu nōkki nōkkikuyilu
vanniđumbōlmāvinn-entu tōnum**

The koel finds a moment to nibble on the tender shoot of the mango tree—imagine the emotion of the tree.

**katirmaṇi kottiđuvānkalivākku colli collikiličal
vanniđumbōlvayalinn-entu tōnum**

The little birds chatter playfully, pecking at the ripened grains ready for harvest—imagine the emotion of the field.

**katiravan kizhakkumalayēri vanniđumbōlkākkum
kamalattindemanassil entu tōnum**

When the sun climbs the mountain peaks and rises golden in the east, imagine the emotion in the heart of the lotus waiting to bloom.

**mazha-mēghaṅgał vannumānam
niṛaññiđumbōlmārivil teļiññālmayil inn-entu tōnum**

When dark rain clouds gather in the sky and the rainbow shines in all its beauty, imagine the emotion of the dancing peacock.

**idiyum minnalumāytuditālam
tīrttiđumbōliđaneñcam tuđikkumbhumikk-entu
tōnum**

When the rain thunders down amid flashes of lightning, imagine the emotion of the earth, waiting with a trembling heart.

**niśayil pūntiñkalpāloli parattiđumbōlnilattāmara
tanninavil entu tōnum**

When the moon rises in silvery radiance at night, imagine the emotion of the blue lotus waiting to bloom.

**kanavu kaṇḍu kaṇḍukātaṅgal tāṇḍi vannapuzhayē
kaṇḍidumbōlkadal inn-entu tōnnum**

Dreaming of union with the sea, the river flows for miles from its birth as a tiny stream; imagine the emotion of the ocean when it sees the river come flowing to merge with it.

**paramānandattin sāgarattil vilayam konḍāl
viṣaya-sukham nukarum manassē entu ceyyum**

When it merges into the ocean of supreme bliss imagine the emotion of the mind that once sipped only fleeting pleasures

Naḍanam Ādiḍū Naḍanam Ādiḍū

Malayalam

naḍanam ādiḍū naḍanam ādiḍūkālī-mahēśvarī
naḍanam ādiḍūhṛdaya-rāgamāy
hṛdaya-tālamāyhṛdaya-vēdiyil naḍanam ādiḍū

O Kali, Great Goddess, dance as the melody of my heart, as the rhythmic beat of my heart, dance upon the stage of my heart.

tām ta takadhimi kālī mahēśvaritajam ta takadhimi
mēgha-varṇinitām ta takajaṇu śyāma-sundaritajam
ta takajaṇu karālī bhadrē

Kali, the Supreme Goddess, the hue of dark rain clouds, the beautiful dark one, the terrible and most auspicious one.

prēmamām bhadrādīpam
telicc-ennilemōhāndhakāram nī nikkidān ettumbōl

When you arrive to light the lamp of my heart and destroy the darkness of ignorance,

mānasa-vātāyanāṅgaḥ ninakkāyturanniḍān
kelpenikk-ēkuk-ammē

Mother, grant me the strength and courage to keep the doors of my heart wide open.

bhadrātmikē ninde jñāna-khaḍgattāl enahambōdha
dārikan śirassattu vīzhumbōl

Mother, our protector—when you come with the sword of knowledge and sever the head of my demon-ego Darika,

ā śānti bhuvonnenikku svantamaviḍe nān pōyi
sarvavum nān-āyiḍunnaḥō

I reach the abode of peace, where I behold myself in all beings.

Nadi Munnōṭṭ-Ozhukunnu

Malayalam

**nadi munnōṭṭ-ozhukunnunavajāṭa-tirakal
uyarttinaṛu-puñciri tūki koṇḍunadam aṅgane
ozhukunnu**

*The river flows onward, new waves rising as it journeys on.
With a fresh new smile, the river moves unceasingly forward.*

jīvita-vāhini ozhukunnu...jīvita-vāhini ozhukunnu

The course of life flows onwards...

**kaḍalil cenn-ettēṇamvilayam koṇḍidēṇamnadi
tannude hṛdayattin̄kalini mattoru cintayatilla**

To reach the ocean, to merge into the ocean, the heart of the river contains no other thought.

jīvita-vāhini ozhukunnu...jīvita-vāhini ozhukunnu

The course of life flows onwards...

**ātmīya-pātayil ettummōksārtthikal ātmāviṅkallayam
ākān ozhukum vēgamitu pōle nadiyē pōle**

The soul of those who seek liberation, who walk upon the path of spirituality, swiftly flows to merge with the Supreme just like the river.

Nallōnāy Iruntuviḍa

Tamil

**nallōnāy iruntuviḍa nāl ellām muyanḍrālumpullōnāy
manam kīzhē uruṭṭiḍutē naṭarājā**

Though I strive every day to live as a good person, my mind keeps rolling downwards like a blade of grass — O Nataraja!

varuṅkālam sendratoḍu nikazhumoru kālattilum

In times that have passed, in times yet to come, and at every moment in between,

peruṅkāval nīyendrē pētaiyanum tutikkindrēn

this ignorant one knows you as the supreme protector.

**neruṅkāmal odiḍavē nērilvarum tumbam
ellāmkarumbāna naṭarājā karuttinilē niṛaivāyē**

May your sweet thoughts fill my heart, O Nataraja, so that all the suffering that comes may be driven away instantly.

**nallōnāy iruntuviḍa nāl ellām muyanḍrālumpullōnāy
manam kīzhē uruṭṭiḍutē naṭarājā**

Though I strive every day to live as a good person, my mind keeps rolling downwards like a blade of grass — O Nataraja!

nikazhkālam un ninaivē niṛaiyum oru manam tantāl

If you grant me a mind filled with remembrance of you in this very moment,

ikazhkālam inimēlum enakkuṇḍō naṭarājā

will there be any wasted time for me hereafter, O Nataraja?

akazhntāyntu akattinilē aḍiyēnum unvaḍivāy

Won't you open your divine eyes and bestow your grace upon me,

tikazhvatanai uṇarntiḍavē tiruvizhikal tiṛavāyō

so that I may contemplate and realise that the 'inner I' and you are one and the same?

**nallōnāy iruntuviḍa nāl ellām muyanḍrālumpullōnāy
manam kīzhē uruṭṭiḍutē naṭarājā**

Though I strive every day to live as a good person, my mind keeps rolling downwards like a blade of grass — O Nataraja!

**katt̄runai pūṭṭi kaḍalil pāyccinumnat̄ruṇai ākum
namaśśivāyavē**

Even if one is thrown into the sea after being bound to a stone pillar, the mantra ‘Namah Shivaya’ will prove to be the true saviour.

Naman Karē Ham Sabhī Tujhē

Hindi

naman karē ham sabhī tujhēcaraṇ sarōruh dikhala dō

We all bow to you, O Ganesha, please grant us the vision of your lotus feet.

**āpadā-vipadā harō tum hīvighna-vināyaka namō
namaḥ**

You alone remove troubles and calamities—Salutations to You, O Remover of Obstacles!

**madagajarūpā... manasukhadāta... sabavidhi naman
karū**

In the form of a majestic elephant... Giver of peace to the mind... We offer our full devotion in every way.

**gaṇēśa gajēndra śubhāṅga gajāsyā suvadana jaya jaya
hō**

O Ganesha, King of elephants, auspicious bodied one with an elephant face, beautiful of form—victory to You, victory to You!

acal kalēvar gajānanājag paripālak mahāprabhō

O Elephant-faced One, with an immovable body, great Lord, protector of the world,

kamal vilōcan kṛpāmayāharaṇ karō dukh namōstutē

Your lotus eyes are full of compassion. Take away our sorrow—salutations to You!

**madagajarūpā... manasukhadāta... sabavidhi naman
karū**

In the form of a majestic elephant... Giver of peace to the mind... We offer our full devotion in every way.

**gaṇēśa gajēndra śubhāṅga gajāsyā suvadana jaya jaya
hō**

O Ganesha, King of elephants, auspicious bodied one with an elephant face, beautiful of form—victory to You, victory to You!

makuṭ sudhākar trilōcanānayan dayāmay prēm bharē

Your crown is adorned with the moon, and You have three eyes. Your gaze overflows with mercy and love.

**varad vibhō! ham karē pranām - vibhav hame tū
pradān karē**

O Bestower of boons! We offer our salutations, grant us prosperity and wealth, O Lord!

**madagajarūpā... manasukhadāta... sabavidhi naman
karū**

In the form of a majestic elephant... Giver of peace to the mind... We offer our full devotion in every way.

**gaṇēśa gajēndra śubhāṅga gajāsyā suvadana jaya jaya
hō**

O Ganesh, King of elephants, auspicious bodied one with an elephant face, beautiful of form—victory to You, victory to You!

Namma Karmaphalava Tānuṇḍu

Kannada

**namma karmaphalava tānuṇḍuvighna sarisi dāri
sugama golisuvavighnēśvara ninage jayakāra jaya
jayakāra**

O Vighneshwara, you consume our karmaphala, remove the obstacles from our path, and make the way smooth for us to tread—victory to you!

garike sākemba dēvanivanu

He is a God so humble that he accepts even a single blade of Karuga grass as an offering.

bhaktarellarige trptiyāgali

To satisfy all his devotees

hasidahoṭṭe bēga tumbali

and to quickly fill every hungry stomach,

endu āśisuta... kaḍubu tindanu

he happily eats the modaka,

gabagabā gabagabā gabagabā gabagabā

making the sounds gabagaba gabagaba!

vakratuṇḍaniva ēkadandanu

He is the one with the curved trunk and single tusk;

hoṭṭe tumbā kaḍubu tindanu

his belly full, he keeps eating modakas.

nelava kāṇade eḍavi biddanu

Not watching his step, he stumbles and falls to the ground

cauti-candranida kaṇdu nakkantu

—this was seen by the fourth-day moon,

pakapakā pakapakā pakapakā pakapakā

who laughed aloud, pakapaka!

dumma gaṇapana hoṭṭe nōḍu – hoysa hoysa

Look at big-bellied Ganapa—hoysa hoysa!

tiruvutiruva soṇḍila nōḍu – hoysa hoysa

Look at his swaying trunk—hoysa hoysa!

misukadiruva iliya nōḍu – hoysa hoysa

Look at his steady unmoving mouse—hoysa hoysa!

laḍḍu nōḍu – hoysa

Look at the laddu—hoysa!

kaḍubu nōḍu – hoysa

Look at the modaka—hoysa!

hoṭṭe nōḍu – hoysa

Look at the belly—hoysa!

soṇḍila nōḍu – hoysa

Look at the trunk—hoysa!

iliya nōḍu – hoysa

Look at the mouse—hoysa!

laḍḍu nōḍu – hoysa

Look at the laddu—hoysa!

kaḍubu nōḍu – hoysa

Look at the modaka—hoysa!

Nandanandan Dīṭh Paḍiyā

Braj Bhasha

nandanandan dīṭh paḍiyā māyi sāñvrō sāñvrō

I caught a glimpse of the son of Nanda, O mother, so dark, so dark in hue!

nandanandan dīṭha paḍiyā māyi dārayā sab lōk lāj

Just one look at him, and I was undone-lost all sense of worldly shame.

sudh budh bisrāye sāñvrō sāñvrō

The whole world faded away from my mind; nothing remained but him, that dark one, that beautiful, dark one.

mōr candr kā kirīṭ mukuṭ jab suhāye

How radiant he looked with a peacock-feathered crown, a crest of moonlight adorning his head!

kēsar rō tilak bhāl lōcan sukhdāyi

A sandal-mark of saffron graced his forehead, and his eyes—those eyes!—poured bliss into the soul.

lōcan sukhdāyi sāñvrō sāñvrō

Such joy they gave, those eyes of the dark one, the ever-enchanting dark one.

kuṇḍal jhalkā kapōl alkā lahrāye

His earrings glimmered against his cheeks, and soft curls danced upon his temples.

mīnā taj sarvar jāū makar milan dhāyi

Compared to the beauty of this form, the fish abandoned the lake and rushed to embrace him

makar milan dhāyi sāñvrō sāñvrō

—such was the magnetism of the dark one, the all-attractive dark one.

naṭavar prabhu vēṣ dhariyā rūp jag lubhāye

In the garb of a divine dancer, he stole the hearts of the world with his bewitching form.

giridhar prabhu aṅg aṅg mīrā balijāyi

To see his limbs, each one divine, Giridhar himself incarnate-Mira surrendered completely.

mīrā balijāyi sāñvrō sāñvrō

She gave herself wholly to him, to that irresistible dark one, her beloved dark one.

Nandri Ammā Kōdi Nandri Ammā

Tamil

nandri ammā kōdi nandri ammā

Thank you, Mother, a crore times thank you, Mother.

kōdi janaṅgalil enakkenna takuti ammāun karam nīṭṭi ennai unniḍam sērttāy

Among crores of people, what worth did I have, Mother? You extended your hand and brought me to you.

aḷavatīra aruḷ nī tandāyēkaimmāru ennatān seyvēn ammā

You gave me boundless grace. What can I possibly give in return, Mother?

nandri ammā kōdi nandri ammā

Thank you, Mother, a crore times thank you.

unnaḍiyil vāzhavaittāyē....unnuḍanē pāḍavaittāyē...

You made me live at your feet... You made me sing with you...

nān enna pizhai seytālum tirutti ennaiun anbāl aṇaittāyēun anbāl aṇaittāyē

*Even if I made a mistake, you corrected me and embraced me with your love.
You embraced me with your love...*

ammā... tāyē... karuṇai... kaḍalē...

O Mother... Ocean of compassion...

un anbirku takuti illayē...unai ariya jñānam illayē

I am not deserving of your love. I have no knowledge to understand you.

endrālum en vāzhvil eppozhutum ammāen priya sakhiyāy iruppāyēen priya sakhiyāy iruppāyē

Even so, O Mother, remain as my dearest friend, always in my life.

ammā... tāyē... karuṇai... kaḍalē...

O Mother... Ocean of compassion...

Nanna Hṛdayadi Nirantara Nelesendu

Kannada

**nanna hṛdayadi nirantara nelesenduprārthane
ondenna manadali amma**

O Mother, may you be the prayer that lives forever in my heart.

**sukhadalli dukhadalli naguvalli aluvallinalivū nōvalli
ennoḍaniru amma**

In happiness and in sorrow, in laughter and in tears, in joy and in pain, be with me, Mother.

nī enna śrīrakṣe amṛtēśvari

You alone are my sacred protection, O Amriteshwari...

**geddāga higgade biddāga kuggadenindane stutiyalli
samatva nīḍamma**

When I win, without pride; when I fall, without despair; in blame and in praise, grant me equanimity, Mother.

**dhairyadi dharmadi śraddheyoḍagūḍinisvārtha
sēveyinda dhanyavāgisamma**

With courage and righteousness joined with faith, and through selfless service, make me blessed, Mother.

Nārāyaṇā Śrī Rāmā Nārāyaṇā Śrī Rāma

Sanskrit

nārāyaṇā śrī rāmā nārāyaṇā śrī rāmanārāyaṇā... śrī rāmā...

O Rama, Narayana, the eternal one, Sri Rama...

uttis̄hatām jāgratāmamṛtasya putrā uttis̄hatām

O children of immortality, arise, awake!

jāgratām amṛtasya putrājāgratām amṛtasya putrā

O children of immortality, arise, awake!

daśaratha-putrā raghurāmākausalya-nandanā śrī rāma

Rama, son of King Dasharatha, scion of Raghu, shining jewel of the solar dynasty, born of Devi Kausalya,

sītā-nāthā puruṣottamālakṣmaṇa-sōdarā mama dēvā

beloved Lord of Devi Sita... Supreme Being, elder brother of Lakshmana, you are my God!

nārāyaṇā śrī rāmā nārāyaṇā śrī rāmanārāyaṇā... śrī rāmā...

O Rama, Narayana, the eternal one, Sri Rama...

dīyatām mē āśrayam dīyatām tē pāda-sēvanam

Grant me refuge, grant me opportunities to serve your lotus feet,

jñāna-bhakti dīyatām prēma-bhakti dīyatām

bless me with knowledge and devotion, bless me with steadfast, loving devotion.

nārāyaṇā śrī rāmā nārāyaṇā śrī rāmanārāyaṇā... śrī rāmā...

O Rama, Narayana, the eternal one, Sri Rama...

Naśvara-Prapañcattil

Malayalam

**naśvara-prapañcattil uñma tēdi alaññu ñānnanma
enikk-entennu ariññu nalkēñam ammē**

In this unstable, perishable world, I wandered in search of the imperishable truth.

**duḥkha-bhārattil tałarnnōrō vēlayilumulkkarutt-ēki
nayiccoru dēvi nī**

O Mother, you alone know what is truly good and beneficial for me, please grant me that.

**aham enna bōdham enne
bhrāntam-ākkīdātma-viśvāsattāl dhīrayākkiḍanē**

You are the goddess who gave me inner strength and guided me when I was crushed under the weight of sorrow. Let me not be deluded by the sense of "I." Instead, grant me faith in my true self and fill me with courage.

**satyamāyullorī pātayil iḍarātesadguruvāy-amma
enne nayikkanē**

O Mother, you are the Satguru, lead me on the path of truth without letting me falter or lose strength.

**rāgavum dvēśavum enne bharikkātesnēhavum
śāntiyum ennil niřaykkanē**

Let neither attachment nor aversion rule over me; Instead, fill my heart with love and peace.

**ennēkkāl enne ariyunna jagadambēenne nī ninnōdu
cērttu rakṣikkanē**

O Mother of the universe, you know me better than I know myself. Let me merge in you, and rescue me...

Nāthan Munnē Amarnt-Irukkuṁ

Tamil

**nāthan munnē amarnt-irukkuṁ nandi-nāthanē nālum
naḍakkum nāḍagattai pārum dēvanē**

O Lord Nandi, who sits before Lord Shiva, witness the drama that unfolds each day in the human world.

**ařivināl āṇavamāy tulluvārē - avarāṇavattai ařivārō
nandi-nāthanē**

People jump with pride, inflated by their knowledge—but do they possess knowledge of their own ego, O Nandinatha?

**ulloñdru vaittu vañcagamāy pēsuvār avaraṇmai�ai
uñarvārō kūruvāyē nandi-dēvane?**

Those who speak with hidden deceit in their hearts—tell me, O Nandideva, will they ever recognize the truth?

**nāthan munnē amarnt-irukkuṁ nandi-nāthanē nālum
naḍakkum nāḍagattai pārum dēvanē**

O Lord Nandi, who sits before Lord Shiva, witness the drama that unfolds each day in the human world.

**āsaiyennum tīyai piđittiđuvārē avaratu suṭālum
viđuvārō nandi-nāthanē**

Those who cling to the fire of desire—even when it burns them—will they let it go, O Nandinatha?

**inbam tēđi eñgum alaintiđuvārē - avaridayattil
tēđuvārō solluvāyē nandi-dēvane?**

They roam in search of happiness everywhere, yet tell me, O Nandideva, do they seek it within their own hearts?

**nāthan munnē amarnt-irukkuṁ nandi-nāthanē nālum
naḍakkum nāḍagattai pārum dēvanē**

O Lord Nandi, who sits before Lord Shiva, witness the drama that unfolds each day in the human world.

**śivanārai sumakkum śiva-vāhanamē - nīsēvikkum
bhaktargaļai kāppavanē**

O Lord Nandi, you are the vehicle of Lord Shiva and you carry him. You are the protector of the devotees who worship Lord Shiva.

**nāthan nāmam nālum sollum nandi-dēvanē -
namnaṭarājan porpādam manadil dinam tozhuvōmē**

*O Nandideva, who chants the name of Lord Shiva daily—let us all worship
the golden feet of Lord Nataraja in our hearts, every day!*

**śivāya namaḥ om harāya namaḥ omśiva śiva śiva
namaḥ śivāya**

Salutations to Lord Shiva, the most auspicious one...

**harāya namaḥ om śivāya namaḥ omhara hara hara
hara namaḥ śivāya**

Salutations to Lord Shiva, the most auspicious one...

Souriez, Souriez - Navvu Navvu Navvu

French

Souriez, Souriez... Essuyez vos larmes« Souriez » dit Amma... « Riez » nous dit Amma

*Smile, smile... wipe away your tears
“Smile,” Amma says... “Laugh,” Amma tells us*

Si tu as la richesse, et que tu es honoré,Même bien entouré, es-tu vraiment satisfait ?

*If you have wealth and if you’re honored,
And are even well surrounded, are you truly satisfied?*

Celui qui naît va mourir, et renaître à nouveau,En pleurant... mais à quoi rime cette vie de tourments

*The one who is born will die, and be born again,
Crying... but what’s the point of this life of torment?*

« Riez » nous dit Amma... ha ha ha ha ha !« Riez » nous dit Amma... ho ho ho ho ho !

*“Laugh,” Amma tells us... ha ha ha ha ha!
“Laugh,” Amma tells us... ho ho ho ho ho!*

On pourrait te blâmer... Il vaudrait mieux en rire !

*They could blame you...
Better to just laugh about it!*

Si tu viens à tomber... Relève-toi en riant !

If you stumble and fall... get back up laughing!

Oublie tous tes soucis... Et de nouveau souris

Forget all your worries... And smile again

Que le souffle qui t'anime, soit un sourire à la vie

May the breath that animates you be a smile to life itself

« Riez » nous dit Amma... ha ha ha ha ha !« Riez » nous dit Amma... ho ho ho ho ho !

*“Laugh,” Amma tells us... ha ha ha ha ha!
“Laugh,” Amma tells us... ho ho ho ho ho!*

**Amma demeure en tout, alors ne t'en fais pas
Elle est toujours en nous, aie la foi et la joie**

*Amma dwells in everything, so don't worry
She's always within us, have faith and joy*

Sitôt que tu souris, la création aussi

The moment you smile, creation smiles too

Vois le sourire d'Amma, viens danser dans la joie !

See Amma's smile, come dance with joy!

**« Riez » nous dit Amma... ha ha ha ha ha ! « Riez »
nous dit Amma... ho ho ho ho ho !**

*“Laugh,” Amma tells us... ha ha ha ha ha!
“Laugh,” Amma tells us... ho ho ho ho ho!*

Naynōñ Se Chalaktā Yē Pyār Tērā

Hindi

naynōñ se chalaktā yē pyār tērātarasātā hai man mērā

This love of yours overflows from your eyes leaves my heart yearning.

hōñthōñ pe khilī yē hañsi tērīkhil uñhātī hai yē dil mērā

This smile blooming on your lips makes my heart blossom.

har pal tujhē hī nihārūñ māhar kṣañ tujhē hi pukārūñ mā

Every moment, may I gaze only at you, Mother. Every second may I call only you, Mother.

mērā kañ kañ bōlē ammā maiñ tērīmērī dhañkan bōlē ammā tū mērī

Every atom of mine says, "Mother, I am yours." My heartbeat says, "Mother, you are mine."

mā tumhī se mērī khuñitumhī hō mērī bhakti mukti

Mother, my happiness is from you. You are my devotion and liberation.

tumhī sē mērā śyām savērātumhī hō mērā ēk sahārā

My bright mornings and nights start and end in you. You are my only support.

bikharē is man kā cain hō tumtūttē is dil kī ās hō tum

You are the peace of this scattered mind. You are the hope of this broken heart.

mērī har sāñs meiñ basī hō tumhar uñhē kadam kā viśvās hō tum

You are present in every breath of mine. You are the faith behind every step I take.

giruñ maiñ agar uñhā lēnā mārōū agar tō galē lagānā

If I fall, lift me up, Mother. If I cry, hold me in your embrace.

**bhaṭkū agar tō path dikhlanā māthak jāū agar tō
sahārā dēnā**

If I stray, show me the path, Mother. If I grow weary, support me.

Neñcukku Nītiyum Tōlukku Vālumnirainta Cuðarmanippūṇ

Tamil

**pañcukku nērpala tunpañkalām, ivalpārvaykku
nērperuntī**

Her children bow down to Her whose very gaze is like a blazing fire in which the cotton of our sorrows burn instantly.

**vañcanayindri pakayindri sūtindrivayyaka
māntarellām**

Abandoning treachery, enmity and deceit, may all beings in the universe, take refuge in Her

**tañcamendē uṛaippīr aval pēr, śaktiōm śakti ōm śakti
ōm**

– calling out Shakti Om Shakti Om Shakti Om

**nambuvadēvazhiyendremaraitanai
nāmindrunambiviṭṭōm**

We trust the words of the Immaculate Vedas,

**kumbiṭṭenēramum ‘śakti’yendālunaikumbiḍuvēn
manamē!**

that claim that claim that FIRM faith (Shraddha) is the only way to reach the truth.

**ambukkum tīkkum viḍattukkumnōvukkum
accamillāta pađi**

In order to be free from fear of weapons, fire, poison and disease – (fear of death due to body identification), we call out to You

**umbarkkum imbankkum vāzhvutarum patamōm
śakti ōm śakti ōm**

– who are the giver of life to the Gods and men – Shakti Om Shakti Om Shakti Om

vellai malarmśaivēdakkarupporulāka viļaṅkiḍuvāl

Seated on a white Lotus, O beautiful Goddess of knowledge, who is the essence of the Vedas

**telūttamizh kalaivāṇi ninakkoruviṇṇappam
seytiḍuvēn**

– I beseech you who speaks poetic Tamil!

ellatanai pozhutum payanindriirātendan nāvinilē

Let not a single moment be useless –

vellamena pozhivāyśaktivēl śaktivēl śaktivēl śaktivēl

*Be now present in my tongue – May Your Grace flow torrentially - Shakti Om
Shakti Om Shakti Om*

Nērāṇē Nērāṇinnitu Rārāri Rārārīka Rārāri

Malayalam

**rārāri rārārīka rārāri – rārārō...taka taka rārāri
rārārō...**

(Traditional Chorus)

**rārāri rārārīka rārāri – rārārō...taka taka rārāri
rārārō...**

(Traditional Chorus)

**nērāṇē nērāṇinnitu tēvi udiccu vannē-taka taka ōdi
vā... mālōrē...**

This is the truth, the absolute truth, Devi has appeared in the world like the rising sun in all its brilliance.

**vāzhttedi vāzhti pādeди tēvi vann-ādumeđitaka taka
ullam ariññāđum**

Come, all of you, run to her and praise her. Let her be pleased, let her dance with us in overflowing love, knowing our hearts and removing all our sorrows.

**rārāri rārārīka rārāri – rārārō...taka taka rārāri
rārārō...**

(Traditional Chorus)

**vāluñđē cilambum uñđē tārile tēvikkūtaka taka
mantram ariññāđu**

Devi holds a shining sword in her hands, heavy anklets ringing on her feet. Let us chant her mantra deep in our hearts and dance in step with her.

**kētṭālō ñeṭti viřaykkum krōdha-ciriyum uñđētaka
taka pēđi kaļaññāđu**

When enemies hear her fierce laughter, they tremble in fear. Let us see it as her grace and dance with her fearlessly.

**rārāri rārārīka rārāri – rārārō...taka taka rārāri
rārārō...**

(Traditional Chorus)

**māri�ō muñdana-mālyam cārtti varunnuñdētaka taka
tānu vanañgiyādu**

Let us bow low before Devi. Let us dance with her wearing a garland of skulls,

**nīñkađe ūnameñgum tāyatān pōkkumeditaka taka
kumbiñtu cērnnādu**

in her fierce and terrible form. Her very darshan destroys the hardships of her devotees.

**rārāri rārārīka rārāri – rārārō...taka taka rārāri
rārārō...**

(Traditional Chorus)

**cēlotta cetti kañakke cembañt-uđutt-āđutaka taka
cutti uñaññādu**

Clad in lovely red silk, dance in graceful rhythm,

**orōrō kālađi veccē kañnam mariññ-āđutaka taka tulī
uñaññ-ādu**

with each step, dance in fervour, letting your whole being flow into the movement.

**rārāri rārārīka rārāri – rārārō...taka taka rārāri
rārārō...**

(Traditional Chorus)

**ēñkale kāttu kolłān nī allāt-ārumillētaka taka tēviye
cērttādu**

Know this truth, there is none but Devi to protect and save us.

**cēlađi cēlōđāđedē cēlil tiriññāđutaka taka cēmmē
mariññādu**

With that certainty, dance together with her. Turn this way and that, moving in beauty, forgetting yourself

**rārāri rārārīka rārāri – rārārō...taka taka rārāri
rārārō...**

(Traditional Chorus)

**nī allātārumillē neññil iruppavalētaka taka ōrttu
vanaṅgi ādu**

Know there is no refuge but Devi, who dwells in our heart. Surrender to her, bow low, and dance.

**ōrunnē ūrō nimiśavum ninde tiru rūpamtaka taka
ninde tiru mantram**

See her lovely form at every moment; chant her mantra with each movement.

**rārāri rārārīka rārāri – rārārō...taka taka rārāri
rārārō...**

(Traditional Chorus)

**ammāle ēngi viliccāl kūde vannāḍum editaka taka ūdi
vannāḍum edi**

If we call to her in deep yearning, Mother will come running and dance within our midst.

**nērāṇē nērāṇinnitu tēvi vannāḍum editaka taka
ullattil āḍum edi**

It is the truth, the eternal truth, Devi will enter and dance within our hearts.

**rārāri rārārīka rārāri – rārārō...taka taka rārāri
rārārō...**

(Traditional Chorus)

**rārāri rārārīka rārāri – rārārō...taka taka rārāri
rārārō...**

(Traditional Chorus)

Nērin Niṛavāy Udiċċ-Uyarṇnu

Malayalam

**nērin niṛavāy
udiċċ-uyarnnusaccidānanda-saundaryamē nī**

You are the beauty of existence, awareness, and bliss risen as the fullness of Truth.

**mēdini tan sukṛtamō ninkṛpā-pūrṇamī
maṇṇinn-ēkunnatum**

Is it the merit of the Earth that she is blessed by the fullness of your grace?

**āzhitan puṇyamō nin ṭṛkkarālkōrttoru mālyavum
meyyil ēttīduvān**

Was it the merit of the ocean that it bore upon its bosom a garland strung by your own hands?

**praṇava-dhvanikalāl mantranām ceyyunnuōrō
tirakaṭum nin apadānaṅgaḥ**

Each wave whispers the sacred Omkara, the primal sound from which you arose.

**anubhutiyyil amṛtānanda-magnarāyāḍum ḫrālila
tandeyā sandeśam**

Each banyan leaf dances in exaltation, immersed in rapturous bliss.

**pīyūṣā-gaṅgayām ninne ariyuvānuḷlatāṇī
narajanmam ennullatō**

Are they whispering that this human birth is meant to know you—the nectarine Ganges, the sacred river flowing down from heaven?

**nin tiru vaibhavam āṇakhilam ennutanne prakṛtiyum
pērṭtu paṛayunnu**

All of nature declares that this world is your divine splendour.

**eṇkilum ammē ūñān
enn-ariyunnorāsaccidānanda-svarūpamāṁ
tvad-rūpam**

Yet, O Mother, when will I come to know your true essence—existence, awareness, and bliss?

Nī Biḍḍanammā Cinni Śiśuvunu

Telugu

nī biḍḍanammā cinni śiśuvunu ceyyi vadala kakkammā paḍipōtānu

O Mother, I am your child, a helpless infant. Please don't let go of my hand—if you do, I will fall.

vadili veḷḷakakkammā tappipōtānunī koṅgu paṭṭē nī biḍḍanu

Please do not leave me alone—if you do, I will lose my way, even though I cling to the edge of your saree.

ceyyipaṭṭi naḍipiñcammā - ḥ ammādāricūpi daricērcavammā

Please hold my hand tightly and make me walk, O Mother. Show me the path and lead me, Mother.

āśalennō ammā caṇṭi kūnanuadi idi kāvālammā ādukōnu

So many desires, Mother—I stubbornly insist: "I want this, I want that, I want to play!"

aṭṭu iṭṭu pōtānammā cūsirānunī ceyyi jārē nī biḍḍanu

wander here and there, Mother—see how I roam. Your child slips from your grasp so easily.

cevvupiṇḍi naḍipiñcammā - ḥ ammāmoṭṭumōṭṭi saricēyammā

Twist my ears and make me walk, O Mother. Rap me on the head with your knuckles and correct me, O Mother.

naḍavalēnu ammā ciṭṭi buḍutanuguccukunnadamma saṁsāra mullu

O Mother, I, a mere toddler, I am not able to walk on my own. Thorns of worldly bondage prick me.

bhayapeḍutunnadi māyābhūtam nīvē śaraṇu anna nī biḍḍanu

The ghost of Māyā (illusion) scares me. This child of yours takes refuge in you alone.

ettukoni naḍavavamma - ḫ ammāhattukoni muddāḍamma

Lift me up and help me walk, O Mother. Hug me tightly and shower me with kisses, O Mother.

ammā ettukō ammā hattukō

O Mother, lift me. O Mother, hold me close.

Nī Enna Gānatte Pāḍān

Malayalam

**nī enna gānatte pāḍān tuḍikkunnuen manōvīṇa
ennum**

The veena of my heart yearns to sing your song, O Mother.

**nī enna nāmam marmaram ceyyunnuen antaraṅgattil
ennum ammē**

Your sacred name resounds within me;

**nin pāda-smaraṇayil en jīva sañcāramdivārātram
enyē varēṇam**

let me journey through day and night in remembrance of your lotus feet.

**ñān ennil uṇaravē en amma pulariyāycemmē
vann-enne tazhukum**

And when I awaken to my true Self, Mother, rise like the dawn and bathe me in your gentle radiance.

**urukunna nēram pozhikkunna nīrilumozhukunnu
gaṅgayāy māṭr-snēham**

When my heart is scorched by sorrow and tears stream from my eyes, your love flows to me like the sacred river Ganga.

**ñān carikkum vazhi ētonnum āvatteśariyatil ettikkum
enne amma**

Mother, on every path I may walk, you are there, guiding me toward the highest truth.

**nin karalālana sukham ariyānāy ñānkāttirippū ninne
ōrttirippū**

I wait with deep longing, immersed in your memories, yearning to feel the bliss of your tender touch.

**onnōdi vannīḍū vārī puṇarnnīḍūninnil layikkān
anugrahikkū**

Come running to me, Mother, gather me in your arms—for I long to dissolve into you.

Nī Mātram Nī Mātram Nī Mātram Ambikē

Malayalam

**nī mātram nī mātram nī mātram ambikēbhūvitil
ānanda-śaraṇāgati**

O Mother Ambika, you alone bestow a blissful refuge in this world;

**ninnileykk-aṇayān tuḍiccu kēzhunn-ōrījīvande
saṅgītam kēlppatillē**

do you not hear this soul's quiet plea, its heartbeat singing with a yearning to reach you?

**samsāra sāgara tīrattu nī ammēenne upēkṣiccū¹
pōyat-entē**

Mother, why did you abandon me on the shores of samsāra

**nī ennīl uṇḍ-en-na satyam ariyāte - nin prēma
mozhikalil āzhnniḍāte**

—when I knew not the truth of your presence within, nor sought the depths of your words of love?

**mizhikalil pozhiyunna mizhinīrumāy
ñānninnilēykk-aṇayuvān kāttu nilppū**

With tears streaming from my eyes, I wait to reach your side.

**nī vannu cārattu ninnīḍilum ammēninne ariyāte
śokārdrayāy**

Mother, even when you stand beside me, I remain sorrowful, blind to your presence.

**kēzhunnu cinta tan tirakal ḥartīḍunnudūreyā
pakalōnde ponkiraṇam**

Distraught thoughts rise as waves within my heart, while the golden rays of dawn feel far away.

**ennī manakkadāl tira adaṅgīḍumōnin prēma-sāgarē
muṅgīḍumō**

When will these restless tides subside? When will my heart dissolve into the boundless ocean of your love?

Nī Tanne Pulariyum Sandhyayum

Malayalam

**nī tanne pulariyum sandhyayum rāvum īkuļir tūki
anayunna pūntennalum**

You are the dawn, the evening, and the night; the cool, fragrant breeze;

**nī tanne aruṇanum pūnilā-candranum - nī tanne
gaganavum viśvam ammē**

you are the rising sun and the full moon; you are the sky and the entire universe, O Mother.

**vāyuvum jalavum ī agniyum nī tannenadiyum jaladhi
ammē**

You are the air, the water, and the fire; the rivers and the oceans, O Mother.

**mazhayum ī ponveyil cantavum nī tanneadaviyum
prakṛti ammē**

You are the rain, the golden sunlight, the forest, and all of nature, O Mother.

**mukilum ī tārāpathaṅgalum nī tanneakhilāṇḍa janani
ammē**

You are the clouds and the starry skies; the mother of the entire world, O Mother.

**sṛṣṭiyum sraṣṭāvum sṛṣṭi-jālaṅgalumjīvanum prāṇan
ammē**

You are the creation and the creator, all beings in creation, and their very life and breath, O Mother.

**brāhmaṇiyum brahmavum ambikē nī tanneparamātma
prēmam ammē**

O Mother, you are Goddess and God, O Mother, the Supreme Self and Love.

**jñānavum jñēyavum jñāna-svarūpavumcinmayī
ninnil ammē**

You are knowledge, the knower, and the very form of knowledge—the embodiment of pure consciousness.

**māyayum māyā-svarūpavum nī tannesattayum
satyam ammē**

You are divine illusion and all its myriad of forms; you are the essence and truth, O Mother.

**sukhavum duḥkhavum ānandavum nīyēsaccidānanda
svarūpiṇi**

You are happiness, sorrow, and bliss—you who embody existence, consciousness, and bliss.

Nija Svarūpada Kaḍege

Kannada

**nija svarūpada kaḍege karedo yyammabadalāgade
iruva śāntiyalli irisu**

O Mother, please lead me to the true Self. Guide me to the changeless peace within.

**nīnē nānemba satyavanu biṭṭuī māye lōkadali
mōhitānādenu**

Forgetting the truth that you and I are one, I wandered about in delusion through this bewitching world.

**dēhavē nānendu nambi ajñānadinannannē
marete-dṛṣyagaḍa nāṭakadi**

Such was my ignorance that I mistook myself to be the body. Entangled in the play of appearances, I lost sight of my true nature.

**nanna munde nī nintu prītiya rūpadiātmada niśśabda
doļage karedihe nī**

You appeared before me in the form of love. You were always calling me from the silence of the Self.

ennammā karuṇe tōrammā x2

O Mother, please show me compassion!

**ninna pādagaḍalli, nā kaledu hōgalinā belagi ā śuddha
caitanya jyōtiyali**

Let me surrender the false self at your holy feet. Let me bask in the pure light of consciousness.

**nā kartanalla barī kāṇutihe kēvalananna nija sākṣi
bhāvavu nenapāgali**

I do nothing—I only witness. Help me remember my true nature as the eternal witness.

ennammā karuṇe tōrammā x2

O Mother, please show me compassion!

**nija svarūpada kađege karedoyyu nannaalli nānilla
nīnilla onde ella**

Lead me to my Self, where there is no 'I' and 'You'—only One.

**ninna kāṇuva hādi ā mōkṣa-mārga maunadi mugiva
śuddha prajñeya sāgara**

The path to liberation, illuminated by Your grace, culminates in the ocean of pure awareness and stillness.

ennammā karuṇe tōrammā x2

O Mother, please show me compassion!

Nīlavānil Nī Niṛaññu

Malayalam

nīlavānil nī niṛaññu kāttu ninde gānam mūli

Mother! Your presence fills the vast blue skies; the gentle breeze hums hymns in your praise.

pūkkaļ ninde pādam pulkān vembi vembi kāttu nilppū

Every flower in creation longs to touch your feet, offering itself in adoration and love.

vānil minnum tārakaṅgaļ ninde muḍi-pūkkaļāyi

The stars become blossoms adorning your hair;

sūrya-candra-śōbha ninde kātil-āḍum kammalāyi

the sun and moon, delicate earrings that grace your ears.

nīlavānil nī niṛaññu kāttu ninde gānam mūli

Mother! Your presence fills the vast blue skies; the gentle breeze hums hymns in your praise.

pūkkaļ ninde pādam pulkān vembi vembi kāttu nilppū

Every flower in creation longs to touch your feet, offering itself in adoration and love.

sāgaraṅgaļ cēlakaļāy pāriḍam nin pūmaḍiyāy

The oceans flow as your silken raiment, and the whole world becomes your soft lap.

māmalakaļ prēma-nadi pāl curattum māriḍaṅgaļ

From the great mountains flow the milky streams of your boundless compassion.

nīlavānil nī niṛaññu kāttu ninde gānam mūli

Mother! Your presence fills the vast blue skies; the gentle breeze hums hymns in your praise.

pūkkaļ ninde pādam pulkān vembi vembi kāttu nilppū

Every flower in creation longs to touch your feet, offering itself in adoration and love.

pāvanī parātparē nin pādam eṅgu... tēdiṇunnu

O pure and radiant one, supreme goddess—where are those sacred feet that bestow liberation?

vēda-sāramām ateṅgō mēviḍunn-anantatayil

Your lotus feet—the very essence of the Vedas—reside somewhere in the eternal vastness, beyond the bounds of time.

nīlavānil nī niṛaññu kāttu ninde gānam mūli

Mother! Your presence fills the vast blue skies; the gentle breeze hums hymns in your praise.

pūkkaļ ninde pādam pulkān vembi vembi kāttu nilppū

Every flower in creation longs to touch your feet, offering itself in adoration and love.

kāṇmatinnu kāraṇamē kālātīta pūrṇa-sattē

You are the source of this manifest world, the timeless perfection itself.

kaṇdu kaṇdu kaṇ niṛaññī kuññu kaikaļ kūppi nilppū

This child gazes upon you again and again, eyes brimming with tears, palms joined in humble prayer.

nīlavānil nī niṛaññu kāttu ninde gānam mūli

Mother! Your presence fills the vast blue skies; the gentle breeze hums hymns in your praise.

pūkkaļ ninde pādam pulkān vembi vembi kāttu nilppū

Every flower in creation longs to touch your feet, offering itself in adoration and love.

Nīla-Vihāyasiṇ Vyāptiyilō

Malayalam

nīla-vihāyasiṇ vyāptiyilōnīla-niśīthini cārutayilō

In the vastness of the deep blue sky, in the beauty of the dark and silent night,

**nabhasin nakṣatra-pūrnimayilōnāthē nin
prēma-svarūpam...**

*in the star-strewn glow of the full moon's light—O sovereign of the universe,
are these not but manifestations of your boundless love?*

nāthē nin prēma-svarūpam

are these not but manifestations of your boundless love?

arṇṇavattin praśāntiyilōārttirambīḍum alamālayilō

In the serenity of the tranquil sea, in the roar of its untamed waves,

**āzhakkadalin samṛddhiyilōādima-nādattin
āndōlanam... āndōlanam**

*in the abundance of the deep blue ocean—do we not hear your movement, the
primal sound of creation?*

**vasundharā-mātāvin kṣāntiyilōvṛkṣa-sasyādikalīn
kulirmayilō**

*In Mother Earth's enduring grace, in the coolness of trees and green, living
flora,*

**vindhya-di-parvata praudhiyilōvāṇu-viḷāṅgum nin
vaibhavaṅgaḥ... vaibhavaṅgaḥ**

*in the grandeur of mountains like the Vindhya—is it there that your
resplendent glory shines?*

satyam śivam sundaram saccidānanda-bhāvam

*You are truth, auspiciousness and beauty, you are existence, consciousness
and bliss.*

Nin Mizhittumbil Ninnūrunna

Kannada

**nin mizhittumbil ninnūrunna snēha-pravāhattil
amba! ñān nīrādi nilkke**

I joyfully bathe in the river of love that flows from your sidelong glance.

**ninnil aliyān piḍayunn-ennuḷlamninnōlam uyarān
kazhiyāte ennum**

My heart longs to dissolve into you, yet I find myself unable to soar to your heights, unable to reach you.

**padatār-atil oru madhu-makṣikayāynukaraṭṭe
vātsalya makaranda-madhuram**

Let me be a honeybee, sipping the sweet nectar of tenderness from your lotus feet.

**punarapi madhu tēdi māyā-jagattil uzharāt-irunniḍān
tāru kūmbarutē**

Do not fold your petals, lest I stray once more through this illusory world, seeking honey in vain.

**karatāril upakaraṇam atākuvāṅkarayaṭṭa padabhakti
ēkīdaṇē**

Grant me the gift of pure devotion, that I may become an instrument in your hands.

**katiravan pōle enn-akatāril jñānamāmkatir tūki
narajanma-dhanyata ēkaṇē**

Shine the light of knowledge in my heart like the sun, and fulfill the true purpose of this human life.

**ambikē śaraṇam amṛtāmbikē śaraṇam kālikē
śaraṇam hṛdayāmbikē śaraṇam**

Mother, I take refuge in you. Eternal Goddess, Kalika, Mother of my heart — I take refuge in you.

Nin Nāmam

Malayalam

**nin nāmam ennum japičcu japičcu ñānende pērennō
mařannu pōyi**

O Mother! Constantly chanting your name, I have forgotten mine.

**ullil tiлаñgiđum nin rūpa-kāntiyilen rūpavum
cērnn-alīñu pōyi**

My form has merged into your resplendent form that shines in my heart.

**tulyam-illāttat-ī snēham ammē prēma-sarvasvamē
nammal tammil ennum**

O Mother! Your love is everything to me. Let no thought come between us.

**anya-cintakk-iṭam tellum illāteyāyen manam
dhanyamāy tīrnniṭaṭṭē**

Let my mind remain blessed and content.

**pakalil ñān virahattin-aṅgāra-śayya tansahanavum
sādhana ākkiṭunnu**

In my sleeplessness, bearing the intense pain of separation from you becomes my spiritual practice.

**rāvil, kināvil nin pādāmbujaṅgaliltala cāyccu,
mizhivārtt-urāṅgiđunnu**

At night, I rest my head on your lotus feet and cry myself to sleep.

**taļarum en tanu-mānasāṅgaļe tazhukiđānnī
ozhiññ-ārini-amṛtāmbikē**

O Mother of immortal bliss! Who but you can caress and bring new life to my tired body and mind?

**tudarum ī janmāntaraṅgal tan yātrayil tuṇa ennum
amma nī varadāmbike**

O Mother, granter of boons... who else will support and guide me in my journey through my future lives?

Nin Pāvana-Sannidhi Tēdi Tēdi

Malayalam

**nin pāvana-sannidhi tēdi tēdioru prēma-gītam mūli
mūli**

Seeking your divine abode, humming a song of love, O Mother!

**nin pādāmbuja-madhu nukarānāyapaṛann-aṇaññoru
tēn-vaṇḍu ñān ammē**

I am a honey bee, who has flown here to drink the nectar from your lotus feet.

**ā prēma-rasāmr̥ṭam nuṇaññu nuṇaññuunmādam
pūṇdu mayaṅgumi enne**

Drinking the ambrosia of your love, I am left intoxicated and dazed.

**nin pāda-padma-dalaṁ kūmbiyatin-ul̥lil
paṛann-akalāte kāttīḍuk-ammē**

O Mother! Fold the petals of your lotus feet, that I may never fly away.

**nin pāvana-sannidhi tēdi tēdioru prēma-gītam mūli
mūli**

Seeking your divine abode, humming a song of love, O Mother!

**bhavabhōga-sukhaṅgaḥ tēdi alayāteprēma-vairāgyam
nilanirtti ennum**

Do not let me wander in search of fleeting comforts, keep me ever steadfast in love and dispassion.

**divya-kusumamāṁ ninnil amarnnu ninsnēha-gānam
mūli rasikkaṭte ñān**

Let me dwell within the divine flower that is you, singing and rejoicing in blissful songs of love.

**ninnile nīyum ennile ñānumonnenn-advaitamāṁ
uṇmayil uṇaraṭṭe**

Let me awaken to the non-dual truth that the you within you and the me within me are one

**nin cidākāśattilekk-uyarnnu ḡānā divya-cētassil
layiccu cērnnīdaṭṭe**

. Let me soar into the boundless sky of inner space, and dissolve in the radiance of your divine consciousness.

Ninna Nōduttalē Karagidenammā

Kannada

**ninna nōduttalē karagidenammābhaktiya jōtegē
jñānava nīḍammā**

Seeing you, O Mother, I melt within. Please bless me with devotion and the gift of true knowledge.

**ajñānada mōhadinda dāri tappihenuninna
śaraṇāgatiyali nijava kaṇḍenu**

Lost in the confusion of ignorance and delusion, I had strayed from the path—but in surrendering at your feet, I have found what is real.

**"ātmanastu kāmāya" endu śrutiyu sārutidēātmāna
icchegāgi ellavū priyavāguvudu**

The Upanishadic truth proclaims: "For the sake of the Self, all things are loved." It is only for the sake of the Self that anything becomes dear.

**ī jagavu āsegaḷā cakradali tirugutidēkarma-phalava
tyajisi nā yōgadi sthiragollali**

This world spins endlessly in the wheel of desires. Let me renounce the fruits of action and become steady in yoga.

ātmanastu kāmāya sarvam priyam bhavati

Everything is dear for the sake of the Self.

**bāḷalli baṛuvudellā ninna kṛpeyendusvīkarisuve enna
śānta hr̥daya sannidhiyalli**

Everything that comes in life, may I accept as your grace. With a peaceful heart, may I receive it in the sanctuary of your presence.

**raviya tējavullā ninna nayana kiraṇagalū enna dēha
manavannu pariśuddhagoḷisali**

May the radiant beams of your sun-like eyes purify my body and my mind.

ātmanastu kāmāya sarvam priyam bhavati

Everything is dear for the sake of the Self.

**ī dharma-mārgadi śraddhe nannalludisalisatya
jāgr̥tagolipa nauke nānērali**

Let me be filled with unwavering faith upon this path of dharma. May I become the sailor of the boat awakened by truth.

**mānava rūpa taledu bhuviyall-avatarisidēdurgē...
durgē... ninna pādake śaraṇu**

You, who have taken human form upon this earth, O Durga... Durga... I take refuge at your sacred feet.

ātmanastu kāmāya sarvam priyam bhavati

Everything is dear for the sake of the Self.

Ninne Kuřicceṭra Ezhutiyālum

Malayalam

**ninne kuřicceṭra ezhutiyālum ammēmati varumō?
koti tīrumō?**

Mother, I write so many poems about you, yet it's never enough. My longing to write more never fades,

**etra janmaṅgaļ nī nalkīḍilum ammēāyiram kavitakaļ
raciccīḍum ñān**

and even if you gave me countless births, I would still write a thousand more poems for you.

**ninakkāy mātram ezhuti ezhuti ñānenñile ninne
tiricc-ariyum**

Writing more and more, just for you, I will come to find you within myself.

**ođuvil ñān illāte nī mātram ākunnaparamārtha
tatvattil vilayiccīḍum**

In the end, I will dissolve into that supreme state where I no longer exist—only you remain.

**ānandam ānandam ānanda-sāyūjyamnitya-nitāntam ā
nirvṛtiyil**

This soul dreams of that moment -

**onnu cērnnīḍum ā nimiṣa kanavitilkāttirippū ī jīvan
ammē**

—when it merges with you and enters a state of infinite, eternal bliss.

Ninnil Nirantara Bhakti

Malayalam

**ninnil nirantara bhakti ezhāykil hā!en janmam ammē
nirartham**

Mother, my life will be without meaning if devotion to you does not fill my every breath

**ninne maṛakkunnu vidyakałāl eñkil entin-enikku
avayellām?**

If the study of the scriptures only sharpens my intellect but makes me forget you, what use is such knowledge to me?

**ninne ariyuvān nirmalan ākuvānnin ninavil
cērnn-aliyān**

To know you who dwells within me, to purify my heart, to live a life immersed in thoughts of you,

**nī nalkum āślēśam ētt-uṛāṅgīḍuvānēṛunn-abhilāśam
ullil**

the longing grows within me to rest in your embrace as I leave this body.

ēṛunn-abhilāśam ullil

the longing grows within me

**ninnil nirantara bhakti ezhāykil hā!en janmam ammē
nirartham**

Mother, my life will be without meaning if devotion to you does not fill my every breath

**nī tanne ellāmāy nilppat-ennallayōōtunnu nālu
vēdaṅgał**

The four Vedas proclaim that you are both the creator and the creation itself.

**nī ende amma tān nī mātram āṇendetāyum tuṇayum
en ammē**

Mother, you are my very own, my mother, and my sole refuge.

tāyum tuṇayum en ammē

Mother, you are my very own, my mother, and my sole refuge.

ammē... ammē... ammē... ammē...

Mother, O Mother...

Nīradavarṇṇande Nīla-Tirumēni

Malayalam

nīradavarṇṇande nīla-tirumēniālambahinarkk-orēkāśrayam

Your radiant form, the colour of blue clouds, is the sole refuge of the helpless

arkkande kiraṇattāl nīhāram ennapōl nīkkiḍum pāpatte ninacciḍukil

Like dewdrops vanishing in the morning sun, my sins dissolve in the thought of you.

nirākāra-sākāram ūmkāravumsāyujyam ēkunna sākṣi-caitanyavum

You are the formless one, and yet the one who assumes form. You are the sacred syllable Om, the witness consciousness who grants liberation.

satya-svarūpamē saccidānandamēsāmōdam aṅgē stuticciḍām nānharē... kṛṣṇa...

You are the absolute truth, existence, consciousness, and bliss. I will sing your hymns with joy overflowing from my heart. O Krishna...

vēda-vēdāntādi tatva-jñānaṅgalālētum tiriyumō nin mahima

O Krishna! Who can truly fathom your glory through the study of the Vedas and Vedanta?

padatāril aṇayunna nirmala bhaktanmār ārādhya ākunna dhanyātmākkalharē... kṛṣṇa...

Yet those pure-hearted devotees who have surrendered at your lotus feet become great souls, revered and worshipped by all. O Krishna!

hē mādhavā... madhusūdanā...gītānāyakā... jagadīśvarā...

Madhava, slayer of the demon Madhu, the Lord who sang the Gita, the ruler of this universe!

Nirakānti Coriyum

Malayalam

**nirakānti coriyum nin mukhapadmamkāñmānen
hṛdayam tuḍikkunnu jananī**

Mother! My heart beats with longing to behold your lovely lotus face, whose beauty makes the whole world radiant.

**amṛtatvam aṇayunna vazhikāṭṭi kanivindetirinīṭṭi
enne nayikkū...**

*Lead me with the lamp of compassion,
guide my steps upon the path of immortal life.*

**entinenn-ariyīla nirayunnen kaṇṇukaļamma tan
mizhiyil uḍakki...**

When your gaze meets mine, my eyes brim with tears, I know not why.

**viḍarum mizhikalil uṣassinde nairmalyamkaṇdu ñān
kaṇṇīr ozhukki**

In the depths of your wide eyes, I saw the pure light of a new dawn, and my eyes overflowed with tears.

**madhuramāy amma mozhiññ-ende kātilninakku ñān
uṇḍende muttē**

Sweetly, Mother whispered in my ear, “My pearl, I am here for you.

**karayallē! nī inn-anāthayall-ōmanēamma uṇḍamma
ennenum**

Do not weep, you are never alone, with none to call your own, Mother is there with you, forever.”

**ozhukunna puzhayude ḍalaṅgal ḍotunnuamma
endamma endamma...**

The wavelets of the flowing river murmur, “Mother... my Mother.”

**kāttinde kaipiḍiccālōlam āḍipulnāmbum mozhiññu
endamma!**

The tiny blade of grass, holding the hands of the breeze, sways in joy and also whispers, “My Mother.”

Niśayude Nīlam Niśabdāmām Tīrē

Malayalam

**niśayude nīlam niśabdāmām tīrē - nilayillā
prēma-pravāhamām ninne**

Upon the silent shores of lengthening night, as I sit alone, my thoughts on You,

**ninacca ñān aṅgu taniccirikkumbōlnivṛttamāy varum
nitānta-duḥkhaṅgal**

my thoughts on You, the boundless torrent of love, endless sorrows come to an end.

**taniccirikketān tanikk-ullilulla - tanisvarūpatte
aviśramam aṅgu**

As I sit alone, may your grace flow towards me, that I may realize the need to seek the true Self within—ceaselessly, without respite.

**tiraññidānuulla tiricc-ařivināy - tiru kṛpayonnu
ozhukkidēṇamē**

As I sit alone, may your grace flow towards me, that I may realize the need to seek the true Self within—ceaselessly, without respite.

**tirikillāvīthi atāṇit-ennatutiricc-ařiññavar utirtta
vāymozhi**

Hearing from those who knew it is a path seldom travelled,

**tiriccu ñānumā pathē ennākilum - tiḍukkam
uñdenikk-ařiññiḍān ammē**

I too have begun to walk upon it, but O Mother I want to know my true self, without any delay

**tiriKE ennilēkk-ullorā yātrayil - taditu
samāna-prakāśamāy vīthiyil**

In this journey towards my true self, may you remove my lethargy.

**tamassām ālasyam okke akatti nī - tanmayī! ennum
nayikkaṇē satpathē**

Illuminate my path, O Tanmayi, and guide me along this glorious way!

Nityabandhō Nityanirmalā

Malayalam

nityabandhō nityanirmalā nityanirāmayanē

Shiva! Forever my own, the ever-pure, free from all sorrow,

sattāyi cittāyi nityam viḷaṅgunnasatya-saṇātananē

O Lord, supreme essence and pure consciousness!

**śuddha caitanyamē śubhra-varṇṇāṅganēsiddhēśanē
śivanē**

Shiva, you remain as the boundless awareness itself, smearing sacred ash upon your body, granting your divine darshan in a pure white form.

**baddhabhāvam nīkki nityam
akakkāmbilsiddham-ākēṇamē nī**

You are the Lord of all siddhas, the perfected beings. Abide within me always, remove my attachments, and kindle within me the light of supreme knowledge.

hānikaḷ nīkkuvān hālāhalatteyumpāṇīyam ākkiyōnē

O Lord, you drank the deadly halahala poison to save the world,

**‘ñān’enna bōdham mahāviṣam nīkkiinnānandam
ēkukillē**

will you not also remove the far more dangerous poison of ego within me, and lift me to the state of eternal bliss?

**śūlam kapālavum cālē ḍamaruvumphālāgniyum
jaṭayum**

In your hands, you hold the spear, the skull-bowl, and the damaru; your hair is thick and matted, your third eye blazes with the fire of divine wisdom.

**tāriṇī-mātāvum ottullil ānandatāṇḍavam āḍān
tozhām**

I pray that you dance the blissful tandava within my heart, in union with Devi Parvati, the compassionate Mother who ferries us across the ocean of samsara.

śambhō śaṅkara pārvati ramaṇapaśupati paramēśā
x4

Lord Shiva, beloved of Devi Parvati, Supreme Lord of all living beings.

Ñān Oru Kaññunīrttulli

Malayalam

ñān oru kaññunīrttulli atil nī onnu toṭtu talōdi

I was a teardrop, and you caressed me gently.

amma tan prēmam ī tulliye sparśicc-utirnnatō
kāvyattin bhaṅgi – kālamutirttatō prēmattin bhaṅgi

When the light of Mother's love touched that tear, a sweet poem blossomed within me, like a rainbow—and time brought alive the beauty of love.

amma tan smēra-kaḍākṣa-vacassukał - dīkṣayāy
ennilēkk-āzhnniṛaṅgi

Mother's memories, glances, and words sank into me like a sacred initiation

ātma-vicāram uṇartti
atennālummanah-parivarttanam ceyiḍunnu ende -
mānasam nirmalam ākkiḍunnu

awakening self-inquiry, transforming my mind, and purifying my heart.

jaladamāy ammayā prēmam pozhiykkavēhṛdayamām
cippiyil it्तu vīṇu

As Mother poured her love like rain from a cloud, each drop fell into the shell of my heart,

antarmukhamāy agādhatayil cennuvirahattin
mṛdupiḍha nalki ninnu - ennummananattin prēraṇa
ēki ninnu

reaching the innermost depths of my being—awakening the ache of separation and prompting me to reflect.

prēmattin muttu viṭayikkuvānōhṛdayattin nombaram
nīṇdu ninnu

The ache in my heart lingered, waiting for the water drop to become a luminous pearl of love.

ellām amma tan anugraham āyirunn-ennu ñān
ariññiḍunnu – kālam konḍ-innu ñān ariññiḍunnu

But now I see: It was all her blessing. With time, I understand—It was always her blessing.

O Essentie

Dutch

O Essentie van het leven In het hart van elk wezen Aanwezig in elk atoom Als de heilige klank Oom

O Essence of life, present in the heart of every being, residing in each atom as the sacred sound Om.

O Amma, Devi Ma O Amma, jai Ma

O Mother, Devi !!!

Victory to you...

In illusie ben ik verloren En m'n ware Zelf vergeten O Moeder vol van genade Zegen Uw kind met overgave

Lost in illusion, I have forgotten my true Self. O Mother, full of compassion, bless your child with surrender.

De ene waarheid bent u Gelukzaligheid in het nu Verwijder m'n zorgen en pijn Laat me altijd bij U zijn

You are the one truth, bliss itself in the eternal now. Remove my worries and pain, and let me ever remain with you.

Ō Kāliyā Rē Ō Kāliyā Rē

Odia

ō kāliyā rē ō kāliyā rēmatē manna lāgē āsa nāccibā rē

O Krishna, I am longing for you to come dance with me.

**eṭhi bṛndābana rē apēkhyā karuci ū rēgāyī sabū
kānda kōṭākarī dūdha dēyipārunī**

Here in Vrindavan, I am waiting for you. All the cows are lowing in distress and cannot give their milk.

kānhā rē... kānhā rē...sigra dauḍi dauḍi ki ā...

O Krishna... come running quickly!

ō kāliyā rē ō kāliyā rēmatē mannā lāgē asa nāccibā rē

O Krishna, I am longing for you to come dance with me.

**tōrō pāyiñ mūñ bahuta lōhuṇi rakhiki banēci ū rēā rē
kānhā ḥēri kaṛaṇa gōpigaṇa bēsta hēgōlērē**

I have prepared plenty of butter for you. Please don't delay any longer—all the gopis are growing restless.

kānhā rē... kānhā rē... sigra dauḍi dauḍi ki ā...

O Krishna... come running quickly!

Ō Viśva-Mātē

Kannada

ō viśva-mātē ninna sundara-rūpavanu tōrisu

O Mother of the Universe, reveal your radiant form to me.

ōmkāradalli ondāgiruva amma

You who are one with the sacred sound 'Om'—O Divine Mother, let me behold your true form.

ō viśvamātē – ninna sundara rūpavanu tōrisu

O Mother of the Universe, reveal your radiant form to me.

janana-maraṇada cakradinda nannanu mēlettu

O Divine Mother, lift me beyond the endless cycle of birth and death.

ō dēvi tāyi dayaviṭṭu nannanu ninnatta karedōyyu

O compassionate Mother, I call out to you with longing

nānu... ninna svanta maguvallavēnu?

—am I not your very own child?

dēvi... nannanu ninna divya maḍilallirisikō

O Goddess, let me rest in your sacred lap.

nanna hṛdayadalli nī dhruva-tāre nanage dharma mārga tōrisu

In my heart, you are the pole star—show me the path of dharma.

nanna manadalli jñāna-dīpavanu beḍagisu

Light the lamp of wisdom within my mind, O Mother.

nānu... ninna svanta maguvallavēnu?

Am I not your very own child?

dēvī... nannanu ninna divya-maḍilallirisikō

O Goddess, let me rest in your divine lap.

jay mā... jay mā... jay mā... jay mā...

Victory to Mother

Oh Ma You Are Everywhereall Is Within You

English

Search and only Amma is found

Holy Mother so divine Would you purify my mind?

**Crying for you since the dawn Holy mother you are all,
Hear this call**

By grace everything is doneThrough you flows the sun

Wide blue sky without a cloud

The witness ever brightThe self is still as night

Divine light flowing through time

Amma! Amma!Amma! Amma!

Ōmkāra Jōtiyil Piṛanta Jōtiyē

Tamil

**ōmkāra jōtiyil piṛanta jōtiyēōmkārattil iṇaintiḍa
maṛavātē**

We are born from the sacred syllable Om, the radiant light of the Absolute Self. Understanding this, let us strive to merge with that Omkara

māyai nizhalil uzhalātē māyā ulakil maḍintiḍātē

—without getting entangled in the shadows of illusion or trapped in this illusory world.

**kallum maṇnum kuzhaittu kaṭṭiyavīḍuillaṛam
kuḍipukum kuzhaintiḍum kūḍu**

A house built of stone and mud, may be a home where families live and children play.

sataiyum elumbum kūḍum meykkūḍatu

Similarly, this body is a temporary dwelling of flesh and bones.

sitaiyil eriyum munnē telintiḍuvōm

Before it is consumed by the fire of the pyre, let us realize the truth.

**mīṇḍum piṛantē kūṭṭai turantēvēṇḍumō vīṇākum
suzhal vāzhvē**

Born again, wandering again—do we still desire this endless, fruitless cycle of life?

eṇkiruntu vantōm arintē uṇaravē

Let us awaken and realize from where we have come.

poṇkum iraiyaruḷai nāḍiyē telintiḍuvōm

Seeking the overflowing grace of God, let us understand the truth.

**vāṇkiya kūḍatuvum nilaittiḍa muḍiyātēvāṇkiya
kaḍan aḍaittiḍa vazhi piṛakkumē**

This borrowed body will not last forever. If we understand that the burden of karmic debts must be repaid and live with awareness, the path to liberation will open.

piṛappatanai ařintē ařavazhiyil nađantiđa

Realizing the cause of birth, let us walk the path of dharma.

iřappin bayaminđri anbālē iyaňkiđuvōm

Moving forward with love, we can be free from the fear of death.

vaiyaka mēđaiyil vāzhkkai nāđakamseyalkal yāvaiyum arppaňittu vāzhabē

Life is a drama staged upon the platform of the world. Let us realize that we are but actors in this divine play, and live with an attitude of surrender.

uyyum vazhi teliya guruvaruļai nāđuvōm

Through the grace of the Guru, may we come to know that the sacred syllable Om is the only truth—and merge into that supreme state.

meyyākum ōmkārattil kalantiđuvōm

Through the grace of the Guru, may we come to know that the sacred syllable Om is the only truth—and merge into that supreme state.

Ōmkāra-Rūpiṇī Āyorammē

Malayalam

**ōmkāra-rūpiṇī āyorammē sarvamōmkāram ennum
ariññor-ammē**

Mother is the personification of the syllable Om, the cosmic sound that symbolizes the Supreme Absolute.

**ōmana-makkale ennōti ennumlōkare
tannōd-aṇaykkum ammē**

She knows all things spring from the sacred syllable Om; she embraces us all, lovingly calling each of us her darling children.

**pāpāgni tannil eriññu ñānumpāritil
vallāt-alaññīḍunnu**

I wander this world, my heart being consumed in the fire of sin;

**pārinnu sarvam nī nāthayallēkāruṇyam alpam
coriññīḍanē**

you are the sovereign of the universe—won't you pour down your compassion on me?

kāruṇyam alpam coriññīḍanē

—won't you pour down your compassion on me?

**pādapad mattinn-ariku pattiānpāram koticcū ñān
kēñiḍunnu**

I long to reach your lotus feet;

**pādasarattile muttākki en janmampāvanī pāvanam
ākkīḍumō**

*O Pure One, make me a bead on your anklet
let my life become blessed.*

pāvanī pāvanam ākkīḍumō

O Pure One, let my life become blessed.

Ōmkāra-Svaram Ezhum Niṛamāla Cārtti

Malayalam

**ōmkāra-svaram ezhum niṛamāla
cārttipon-sūrya-kiraṇattin śobha tūki**

*Wearing a garland of the seven divine notes of the Pranava mantra,
emanating Devi's power and energy with the rosy glow of the golden dawn,*

**kali tan prabhāvēna vikambita
svāntēdhīra-samīranāy aṇayū ambē**

*Mother, come to me like a gentle breeze, soothing this mind that trembles in
distress under the heavy shadow of Kali Yuga.*

dhīra-samīranāy aṇayū ambē

Mother, come to me like a gentle breeze.

**ōmkāra-svaram ezhum niṛamāla
cārttipon-sūrya-kiraṇattin śobha tūki**

*Wearing a garland of the seven divine notes of the Pranava mantra,
emanating Devi's power and energy with the rosy glow of the golden dawn,*

**virahattin vēnalil ūnān taḷarnnuhṛdi-śobha ēkum nī
eṅgu pōyi**

*I am weary, unable to bear the anguish of this long separation. Where have
you gone, you who illumine my heart?*

akalayāy ūnānō mizhi naṭṭirunnu

With eyes fixed on the distant horizon,

āśā-kiraṇaṅgal hā poliññu

I wait—yet every ray of hope has now faded away.

**ambām yajāmi anaghām namāmiśyāmām smārāmi
bhāmām bhajāmi**

*Worship the Mother; bow down before the sinless One. Remember the
dark-hued Goddess, and sing hymns in praise of her radiant beauty.*

**ōmkāra-svaram ezhum niṛamāla
cārttipon-sūrya-kiraṇattin śobha tūki**

*Wearing a garland of the seven divine notes of the Pranava mantra,
emanating Devi's power and energy with the rosy glow of the golden dawn,*

**nātidūre mr̥du svanam kēṭṭucitte viḷaṅgunnu ennu
connu**

*I heard a gentle, sweet voice nearby, saying, "I am the one who shines within
you as pure awareness."*

sāntvanam ēki kṛpā-varṣam ēki

She comforted me, pouring her compassion into my grief-stricken heart,

cērttu tirike sudīpta-mārgē

and guided me back to the radiant path of true knowledge.

**ambām yajāmi anaghām namāmiśyāmām smārāmi
bhāmām bhajāmi**

*Worship the Mother; bow down before the sinless One. Remember the
dark-hued Goddess, and sing hymns in praise of her radiant beauty.*

Ōrātta Saubhāgya

Malayalam

ōrātta saubhāgya-panktikal ēki nī - ōmalāy enne
valartti ennum

You raised me as your cherished one, always blessing me with your grace

amṛta-kaṇaṅgal ī vanalataykk-ēki ninārāma-sīmayil
idam tarumō?

—will you not spare a drop of nectar for this wildflower, and a place at the edge of your garden?

ōrma tan kuvalaya-mukuṭam viḍarnnatu - oli tūkum
nin smēra-prabhayil allō

The tender lotus bud of memory blossoms in the radiant light of your remembrance.

ōlaṅgalāl ēre ulayunnu eñkilum - ōrkunnu nin
mahāvaibhavaṅgal

Though tossed by restless waves, I recall your boundless glory

oru mātra eñkilum centāraḍikalilonn-amarnnīduvān
uṇḍu mōham

and long to rest, if only for a moment, at your lotus feet.

auddhatyam ennu ninaccīḍollē kaḍa-kaṇṇināl onnu
viḍicīḍumō

Do not mistake this yearning for pride; will you beckon me with a glance from the corner of your eye?

onnum uriyāḍān kazhiyāte cītarunnuorāyiram
cuḍu-nisvanaṅgal

I've shed a thousand sighs of longing, yet not a single word could I speak.

oru dalamar̄m̄m̄aram pōlum ariyum nīonnum
ariyāttapōl naḍippū

You — who understand even the murmur of a leaf — why do you pretend not to know?

**ōdi taļarnn-ende vāḍum akakkāmbupāḍē
eriññaḍ-aṅgīḍum munnē**

Before my innermost being withers, weary from seeking you,

**ōmkāra-poruḷē nin pāda-padmattiṇkal nirlīnam
ākaṇē ende cittam**

dissolve my mind at your lotus feet, O divine essence of Om.

Ormma Vacca Nāl Mutal

Malayalam

ormma vacca nāl mutal kaṇṇane kāṇān kāttirunnu en manam

For as long as I can remember, my heart has longed for a glimpse of Krishna.

oru nēram eñkilum nīvannirunneñkil ennu mōhiccu en hṛdayam

I hoped that you would come, if only once, to dwell within my heart.

maunattin madhura-smṛtiyilmanassil oru gītam uṇarnnu

In the depths of silent remembrance, a song blossomed within my heart.

niravadhi rāvil ninde nāmampādi pādi naḍannu ñān

Through countless nights, I wandered on, singing your holy name.

snēham niṛañña nin cintakalennil tēn-nilāvāy paḍarnnu

Thoughts of you filled me with love, spreading within me like radiant moonlight.

madhura-smaraṇakał ḫrōnum ennilpułakattin ḫlaṅgalāy

Each sweet remembrance stirred waves of bliss in my heart.

māṛi maṛayunna jīvita-svapnattilmāṛātta sattayil cērān

In this ever-changing dream we call life, I long to merge into the changeless essence.

kṛṣṇā... nī varam aruļū ennilanugraham coriyāṇē kaṇṇā

O Krishna, bless me—let me become one with you!

Oru Gānam Ennil Viriññu

Malayalam

oru gānam ennil viriññu, atiluriyādān vākkukal illa

A song blossomed within my heart — a song that could not be expressed in words.

**karuṇārdra-bhāvam viḷaṅgum ninnil aliyumā
gānamarālam**

O Mother, tender and compassionate, the song merged into you.

**iniyum varum oru sandhya, navapulkālayāmam
tiraññu**

Hope dawned within me — my mind whispered, “The dark nights of your life are over. The morning sun has risen.

rajaniye nī veṛukkēṇḍa uṣass-avalude kanyakayallō

But do not despise the night, for it is the night that has given birth to the dawn.

oru gānam ennil viriññu, atiluriyādān vākkukal illa

A song blossomed within my heart — a song that could not be expressed in words.

**karuṇārdra-bhāvam viḷaṅgum ninnil aliyumā
gānamarālam**

O Mother, tender and compassionate, the song merged into you.

**kariyunna malarukaṭ vīṇḍum cemmēkanikaṭāy
māriḍum melle**

My mind consoled me, “You thought that your efforts and hopes were in vain. But one day, slowly, they will bear fruit;

**cirakāla svapnam pūv-aṇiyum annā-caritārtha
saukhyam aṇayum**

My mind consoled me, “You thought that your efforts and hopes were in vain. But one day, slowly, they will bear fruit; your long-cherished dream will blossom, and your life will find its fulfillment.”

oru gānam ennil viriññu, atiluriyādān vākkukal illa

A song blossomed within my heart — a song that could not be expressed in words.

**karuṇārdra-bhāvam viḷaṅgum ninnil aliyumā
gānamarālam**

O Mother, tender and compassionate, the song merged into you.

**viriyunna pūvil ninnūrum śuddha-madhuvine tēḍum
bhramaram**

The mind continued, “The honeybee will seek the pure nectar from the freshly blossomed flower that has realized the Self.

**oru nālil amma tan divya pada-malaratil cērnniḍum
nūnam**

And one day, the honeybee shall surely reach the lotus feet of the Divine Mother.”

oru gānam ennil viriññu, atiluriyāḍān vākkukaḷ illa

A song blossomed within my heart — a song that could not be expressed in words.

**karuṇārdra-bhāvam viḷaṅgum ninnil aliyumā
gānamarālam**

O Mother, tender and compassionate, the song merged into you.

Oru Koccu Svapnavum

Malayalam

**oru koccu svapnavum neñcōdu cērttu ñānnī varum
vīthiyil kāttu nilppū**

I cradle lovely dreams of Krishna close to my heart, as I wait by the path by which he will come

**ennile svapnaṅgał ārdramām oru pāṭṭiltīrttoru
rāgamāy peytīḍunnu**

—those dreams flow as a song with a tuneful melody.

**malaruṇdu maṇamilla niṛamuṇdu azhakillatānē
viḍarnn-oru ceṛuvalli ñān**

I am but a tender creeper, born of a grieving heart. My blossoms hold no sweetness, no beauty, only colour

**virahāgniyil vīṇu nīrum manassumāyisvayamē
viriyunnu ennile sūnuvum**

—growing in the sorrow of being apart from you.

**oru koccu svapnavum neñcōdu cērttu ñānnī varum
vīthiyil kāttu nilppū**

I cradle lovely dreams of Krishna close to my heart, as I wait by the path by which he will come

**kōrttiṇakki vecca svapnattil ennumkaṇṇande puñciri
onnu mātram**

Krishna, your smile fills every dream that I have woven.

**naṛunilāvāyi nī manassil niṛayumbōlviḍarunnu
ennile mōhaṅgalum**

When your smile pours into me like radiant moonlight, my hopes begin to blossom.

**oru koccu svapnavum neñcōdu cērttu ñānnī varum
vīthiyil kāttu nilppū**

I cradle lovely dreams of Krishna close to my heart, as I wait by the path by which he will come

**paurṇami paṭṭu viriccorā pātayilkēlkunnu kaṇṇande
pada-nisvanam**

I hear your footsteps on the path carpeted in moonlight.

**enneyum cērkkuvān ūñāñ entu nalkaṇamkaividallē
enna vākku mātramkaṇṇā... kaividallē enna vākku
mātram**

What can I give you to make me your own? Only this one prayer: “O Krishna, do not forsake me.”

**oru koccu svapnavum neñcōdu cērttu ūñannī varum
vīthiyil kāttu nilppū**

I cradle lovely dreams of Krishna close to my heart, as I wait by the path by which he will come

Oru Kunnu Kadanattin

Malayalam

**oru kunnu kadanattin bhāraṅgal ēnti ñānammē nin
tirumunnil vannu ninnu**

Mother, I came into your divine presence carrying heavy bundles of sorrow

**tozhutu nilkkumbōl nī tirumizhiyāl ennetazhuki
talōdi atende puṇyam**

. As I stood with palms folded in prayer before you, you caressed me with your gaze.

**patirillā prēmattin pāl kumbham nīṭti nīatirillā
kāruṇyam tūkiḍumbōl**

When you extend to me the milk pot of pure love and shower boundless compassion,

**utirumī mizhinīr malarukal allāteillammē
tr̥pāda-pūjaykk-ēkān**

I have nothing to offer at your divine feet but the tears that flow from my eyes like flowers of adoration.

**collāte collunna mizhikalālē endenombaraṅgal
munnil kāzhca vaccu**

Through my eyes that spoke, I surrendered all my sorrows to you.

**vākkukaļāl oṭṭum varṇyikkān ākāttasnēhavāypil ñān
tariccu ninnu...**

In the flow of your love that transcends words, I forgot myself and stood in a blissful trance, unable to look away from you.

/ammēenne maṛannu ñān nōkki ninnu...

I forgot myself and stood in a blissful trance, unable to look away from you.

Oru Neđuvīrppumāy Añayunnu Ñān Ammē

Malayalam

**oru neđuvīrppumāy añayunnu ñān ammēoru mātra
enne nī nōkkukillē**

O Mother, I come to you with a forlorn sigh—will you not glance upon me, even for a moment?

**hṛdayattiloru tiri koļutti vaykkām ennumañayāte
nīyatū kākkukille**

I will ever light a lamp within my heart—will you not keep it burning bright?

**ā tiru dīpam pradakṣiṇam ceytu nin - āyiram
mantraṅgaļ urukkazhikkām**

Reverently circumambulating that sacred lamp, I will chant a thousand mantras in your praise.

**tāṅguvān ākātta bhārattāl hṛdayavum
taļarumbōzhamma nī añaayukillē**

When my heart becomes burdened with unbearable sorrow, O Mother, will you not draw near?

**cinta camaykkunna cakravyūham tanniluyirināy
piḍayunni jīvanammē**

O Mother, this being writhes in agony, trapped in the Chakravyuha of endless thoughts.

**nin kṛpa onnallātinnilla en munnil coriyuvān
tāmasam arutarutē**

There is no way forward for me now but your grace alone. I beg you, O Mother, do not delay—shower your grace upon me.

Oru Pīlituṇḍināy Nān Alaññu

Malayalam

**oru pīlituṇḍināy nān alaññuorāyiram pīlippū nī
kaniññu**

When I wandered in search of just a sliver of your love, a tiny piece of your peacock feather, you gave me a thousand in return.

kaṇṇā... kaṇṇā... kaṇṇā... kaṇṇā...

O Krishna

**karaḷoru mulantaṇḍāy mādhavādharam
cērnnuanupama-lahariyil svayam maṛannu**

My heart became a flute, and I lost myself in loving devotion as you held it gently to your lips.

**gōpakiśōrande vāymalar tūkiyanādāmṛtattil aliññu
cērnnu**

O Lord of the Gopis, I dissolved in the beautiful melody you played.

kaṇṇā... kaṇṇā... kaṇṇā... kaṇṇā...

O Krishna

**paribhavam maṛannu tirumizhi turānnuhṛdayam
orukkiya naṛuveṇṇa nukarnnu**

All my feelings of neglect vanished when you opened your eyes. You tasted the fresh butter churned from the depths of my heart.

**kaṇṇīr muttine nī puṇarnnu prēmasāgara-yamunayil
nān alaññu**

You compassionately embraced this life—a mere teardrop. And I merged into the Yamuna, into the vast ocean of your love.

kaṇṇā... kaṇṇā... kaṇṇā... kaṇṇā...

O Krishna

**oru pīlituṇḍināy nān alaññuorāyiram pīlippū nī
kaniññu**

When I wandered in search of just a sliver of your love, a tiny piece of your peacock feather, you gave me a thousand in return.

kaṇṇā... kaṇṇā... kaṇṇā... kaṇṇā...

O Krishna

Oru Svarga Gaṅgayāy Amma Vannu

Malayalam

oru svarga gaṅgayāy amma vannu - viṇṇile veṇṇilā candrikayāy

Mother came like a heavenly Ganga, like silver moonlight lighting up the night sky.

dīnānukambayāy dāsānu dāsiyāy - prēma pravāhamāy amma vannu

*Mother came as compassion for the downtrodden, as the servant of servants.
Mother came as a torrent of divine love*

manassil orāyiram ḫormakal viḍartti - hr̥daya puṣpamāy amma vannu

Mother came as the flower of the heart, and a thousand sweet memories blossomed in the mind.

ōrmayil āyiram pīli nivarttijīvita vīthiyil amma vannu

Like a peacock spreading a thousand feathers of memories, Mother came into the path of my life.

ātmāvilēkkoru amṛtavarṣamāyhr̥dayattin bhāṣayāy amma vannu

Mother came as a downpour of nectar on the soul, as the language of the heart.

oru pūvinde mṛdula-bhāvamāytēn ūrūm mozhiyumāy amma vannu

Mother came as the softness of a flower, with words flowing with honey.

Oru Tulli-Amṛtam

Malayalam

**oru tulli-amṛtam nalkīduvāntiruvullattil
kaniv-ēkumō**

O Mother! Will you have the compassion to grant me a drop of nectar?

**mativiṭtu maruvunna mānasa-bhṛṅgattinumadhuram
tellu nalki aṇaccīḍumō**

The honeybee of my mind, wandering in delusion, may it be drawn near by a single drop of your sweetness.

**rāgamēgha śūnyamāya vānilnīla-varṇamāy amma
vann-aṇayavē**

In the inner sky, free from the clouds of desire, Mother, you appear as infinite blue.

**śyāma pādaṅgalām nīla-padmaṅgal enhrddēśśa
viḍarnnīḍumē**

Then, the blue lotuses of your radiant feet blossom within my heart.

**manah-bhṛṅgam madhu nukarnnīḍavēennēkkum
pādē vilayiccīḍān**

As the honeybee of my heart drinks of your nectar, may I be absorbed in the radiance of your smile.

pūntiṅkal pālōli tūkiḍaṇēḍalaṅgal kūmbi tuṇaccīḍaṇē

Close the petals of your lotus feet, and shelter me there forever.

Oru Tumba-Malarinde Azhak-Ezhum Veñmayil

Malayalam

**oru tumba-malarinde azhak-ezhum veñmayiloru
mahākaravirutillē amba tantirukaravallari
mudrayillē**

In the pristine white beauty of the Thumba flower, is there not the mark of great artistry—the imprint of Mother's dexterous fingers?

**oru mullamalarinde māsmara-gandhattil - hṛdayattin
saurabhyam-illē amba
tankaruñāmaya-rasatantramillē**

In the bewitching fragrance of jasmine, is there not the fragrance of Mother's heart—the alchemy of her compassion?

**kēka tan nr̥tya-manōhāritayil ābhāvahāvādikal
illēamba tan lāsyā-bhāvam-ārnna layamatillē**

In the mesmerizing dance of the peacock is there not an expression of divine movement—Mother's graceful dance of oneness?

**kōkilam tan svara-mādhuri tannilum - śruti cērum
īñamatillē amba tanmatiyārnna gītavidhānam-illē**

In the sweet ditties of the cuckoo bird, is there not the touch of Mother's melodious harmony, the musical symphony that flows from her divine heart?

**dr̥śyamī viśvattin vismaya-varṇaṅgal -
vaśya-mṛduhāsam-allē - amba tan
sattvādi-guṇabhēdam-allē**

In the wondrous sights and colours of this visible universe, is there not the radiance of her alluring smile? The reflections of Mother's divine moods and qualities?

**mati kṛti samskṛti smṛti gati prakṛtiyil - kuḍikollum
caitanyam-allē amba nījagatsarvam vyāpitam-allē**

Mother, are you not the very consciousness that resides in the cycle of life—in the intellect, in works of art, in noble culture, in memory, our very direction forward? Are you not the consciousness that pervades this universe?

Ozhukaṇa Puzhayil Vīṇa - Teyyō Taka Taka

Malayalam

**teyyō taka taka teyyō taka takateyyō taka taka
tōmteyyō taka taka teyyō taka takateyyō taka taka
tōm**

(Traditional chorus)

**ozhukaṇa puzhayil vīṇa puḷiyilayō kālamozhukām,
ozhuki nīṅgām ariyunnilē āzham**

Life is like a small tamarind leaf drifting in the ceaseless river of time. We float upon its surface, unaware of its unfathomable depths.

**kaṇṇāle, kaṇḍidunna, lōkam
ennumpoykaṇṇonnamadacc-ennāl... ullilayyā porulē**

The world we grasp through our senses is but an illusion. If we can draw back the mind and turn it inward, we will behold the supreme essence dwelling within.

**uyir azhiññāluḍal vaṭaccu mūra tuḍāṅgum
nammaluyir pōyāl mūrayidāne mattulloru vēṇdē**

At birth, we arch our tiny bodies and cry. At death, don't we need others to weep for us?

**periya mūra pōlākum ī uyirum maṇṇilmattu llōrkkum
vaṭamāyāl onnatinē cēlu**

This body will one day blend with the earth—let us, while it still breathes, offer it in service to the world.

**tirayinmēl ponti varum nīrkkumiḷa kaṇḍō-nodiyonnīl
takarum nīrkkumiḷayallō uyir**

Life is no more than a bubble atop a foaming wave—it is shattered in a moment;

**maṇṇōdu... cērum munpu oru nodiyē vāzhvuallātē,
tōnnippikkum ellām nin kanavu**

there is only a brief pause between birth and death, when our body returns to earth. It is but a dream to think we live forever.

**azhak-ozhukum vađivārnna uđalu pōlum nāletī
eriyum vañcitayil viřakupōl-endeyō**

Our body may be beautiful, but one day it will be given to the flames.

**ñān ennu conna nēram onnumilla pinnecollānāy,
endētāyi onnumilla ponnē**

Then our ego and self-praise will become mere ash. Then, what remains to call our own?

**nīttīl nilkkum tāmara tan, ilayil oru tulļisūryayanē
ulļil ēlkum, cembavizha-tulļi**

When sunlight touches a drop of water resting on a lotus leaf, it shines like a priceless gem. But when it falls to the ground, it vanishes.

**maṇṇōdu, maṇṇil vīṇāl tulļiyeṅgu pōyiayyayyō,
maṇṇāyi, māriḍallē, ponnē...**

So too, before we return to dust, let us awaken to the blazing sun of the supreme self within, and taste the nectar of immortality.

**ulļil-ulļor-īśvarane,
ařiyunnillennāyālmunnilulļor-īśvaranōd-entu collum
nammal**

If we do not find God within, how will we see that all the world is God?

**ulļolla... kālamatu īśvarane ōrkkānellōlam kaividallē
īśvarane ponnē**

As long as we breathe, we must not forget, even for an instant to remember the divine.

**onnāyoronnine nām, palatāyi kaṇḍēpalatāy-aronnine
nām, kaṇḍatillenn-ařiyū**

The one supreme reality wears countless forms and names yet we fail to see the one God in this diverse universe.

**kaṇṇāle kāṇuvatull-ulakattin poruļēporuļlil teļiyān
ulkaṇṇu vēṇam kaṇṇē**

To seek what lies beyond the reach of the senses, mind, and intellect in the outer world is to search in vain. Turn the mind inward; open the eye of wisdom to let the radiance of the supreme self shine forth.

Pādapadmam Vedīññ-Eñgōt̄tu Pōkum

Malayalam

pādapadmam vedīññ-eñgōt̄tu pōkum ī kuññunī allātaruṇḍ-ivalkku

Mother, where can this child go, leaving your lotus feet? Who else is there for me,

ōrō nimişavum tēngi karayunnuennuđe hṛdayam ammē...

Mother-who else but you? Every moment, my heart weeps in longing.

ennile ninne ariyān kotikkum ī kuññinekaividallē ammē kaividallē

Do not let go of this child who yearns to find You within me.

ēkāntatayuđe āzhaṅgalilārōrum illāte alayumbōl

When I wandered, lost in loneliness, with no one beside me,

karam nīt̄ti duhkhā-kađalil ninnammauyartti enne mađittođtilil āt̄ti

you reached out, Mother—your hands lifted me from the vast ocean of sorrow. You placed me in your lap and gently rocked me.

pañkattil tāmara enna pōleen manassil amma vasikkunnu

Mother, you dwell in me like a lotus blooming in the mire.

vāsanakał-ākum pañkam akatti ennumvasikkanē manatāritil vasikkañē manatāritil

Cleanse the dirt of my dark and restless thoughts, and reside forever within the flower of my heart.

kaññunīr allāte onnum tarānillaende ambōt̄ti ammē...

My Ambottiamma! I have nothing to offer—only these tears I lay before you.

eppōzhum ninnōđu cērttañacc-ennevalarttēnamē ammē...vaļarttēnamē ammē...

Keep me near, Mother; raise me in your embrace.

kuññē karayallē ninde kaññunīrverute ākukayillā

"Daughter, your tears will not be in vain.

**amma ariyunnu nin manōvēdanaamma
uñdeppōzhum kūde amma uñdeppōzhum kūde**

Mother knows the pain within your heart, and Mother will always remain with you."

Pādapaṅgaṇe Pāvanayām Amma Tan

Malayalam

**pādapaṅgaṇe pāvanayām amma tanpāda-padmam itu
vazhi tazhuki ennō**

O trees, did the divine Mother pass this way? O ocean, you dance in delight—do you exult in joy at the touch of her sacred feet?

**sāgaramē nīyum innu ārtt-ullasippatummāṭrpāda
sparśa-harṣa-puṭakitan ḥyō**

O trees, did the divine Mother pass this way? O ocean, you dance in delight—do you exult in joy at the touch of her sacred feet?

**arḍha-vidhu-śobha ezhum nāsābharaṇattināltapta
hṛdayaṅgalil śānti-dānam ceyyuvōl**

Her nose ornament, like a crescent moon, brings solace to the suffering.

**mārddavam ērum karaṅgaṇ mānasam tazhukavēmāyā
bandhanaṅgaṇ nīkkum ammaye darśiccuvō**

When her tender hands caress the heart, all worldly attachments fall away. Have you ever beheld such a Mother?

**tyāga-mārga-ponviḷakkē mōkṣa-śilpiṇī – tavapātayil
carikkuvān mōham ēre uṇḍumē**

O Mother, you are the guiding light on the path of renunciation, the one who bestows liberation. I long to walk in your footsteps, but I lack the strength and the virtues praised in the scriptures.

**dhairyam illa tellume śrautamām guṇaṅgaṇumdhīran
ākki brahma-vākyā bōdham ēkiḍēṇamē**

Mother, grant me the wisdom to dive deep within, and awaken in me the awareness that I am That—the supreme reality itself.

Pāḍavantēn Ammā Paravaśamāy

Tamil

pāḍavantēn ammā paravaśamāy pāḍavantēn ammā

O Mother — I have come to sing; in ecstasy I come, to sing Your glory.

**pāḍi ādiḍum bhaktar kuzhuvinil tēḍi kāṇāmal ḍōḍi
vantēn unnai**

I sought You among those who danced and sang Your praise — and finding You not, I ran here, Mother — breathless, longing.

pāḍavantēn ammā paravaśamāy pāḍavantēn ammā

O Mother — I have come to sing; in ecstasy I come, to sing Your glory.

bhakti ennum cuṭar parava vēṇḍum

May the flame of devotion spread —

**pāmara janaṅgaḷ nalam peṛa vēṇḍumśaktiyin pukazh
pāḍa vēṇḍum... śiva**

may the humble and helpless find well-being. May I forever sing the praise of the supreme power — the eternal Truth,

sakala kōḍikal payan pera vēṇḍum

and may countless hearts be blessed by Your grace.

pāḍavantēn ammā paravaśamāy pāḍavantēn ammā

O Mother — I have come to sing; in ecstasy I come, to sing Your glory.

ni sa ga... sa ga ma... ga ma pa... ma pa ni

(Musical swaras)

**veṇmayāna ammayē kalādēvivēṇḍinēn ninniḍam
varam aruḷvāyē**

O radiant Mother robed in white — source of all sacred arts — I stand before You in prayer; grant me a blessing, O Divine Mother.

veṇmayāna ammayē...

O resplendent Mother clothed in white —

kalvi selvam kanindu aruḷvāy selviyē śivakāmi manōhari

*O embodiment of abundance — Shivakami — beloved consort of Shiva,
enchantress of the heart — bestow upon me the wealth of sacred knowledge.*

veṇmayāna ammayē...

O resplendent Mother clothed in white —

vāṇi sarasvati vāymai aruḷvāy

*O Vani — Sarasvati — one with braided hair ! Grant purity to my life and
speech, so that I may worthily sing Your praise.*

vēṇi nindan pukazhinai pādiḍa

*O Vani — Sarasvati — one with braided hair ! Grant purity to my life and
speech, so that I may worthily sing Your praise.*

nāṇi annanadai nīraī vadivāypēṇi nin aḍiyār kuṛaikaṭe tīrppāy

*O graceful One — whose gait is soft as a swan's — O beloved Mother —
remove the burdens and faults of all Your devotees.*

veṇmayāna ammayē kalādēvivēṇdinēn ninnidam varam aruḷvāyē

*O radiant Mother robed in white — source of all sacred arts — I stand before
You in prayer; grant me a blessing, O Divine Mother.*

veṇmayāna ammayē... ammayē...

O resplendent Mother clothed in white —

Pakalōn Pōy Maṛaññu

Malayalam

pakalōn pōy maṛaññu – nabhassiliruļin ala ñoriññu

The sun has set, and night is entering the sky.

**panimati-vadanande tirumukham kāñātemizhiyiṇa
kūmbi ninnu – rādha tanhṛdayavum vembī ninnu**

Radha stands with downcast eyes, unable to behold the radiant, moon-like face of her Lord. She stands with a grieving heart.

vidhiyō karmamō viparītamāyviļayāḍunn-alivezhāte

Is it fate, or the fruit of my own deeds, that now turns against me?

**vijanatayil nīri nīri en hṛdayamōvirahattin van
citayāyikanal tiṅgum van citayāyi**

In this desolate land, my heart—unable to bear the torment of separation—has become a vast pyre, glowing with the burning embers of loss.

**kara-kaviññ-ozhukum nin smaranayil
ulayunnahṛdayam nī ariyillayō**

Do you not see this heart, tossed in the overflowing memories of you?

**niravadya nirmala nīrajanayanā ninpriyasakhi kāttu
nilppū – īvirahiṇi ḍorttu nilppū**

O flawless one, pure, lotus-eyed Krishna, your beloved Radha waits for you—lost in your memories, grieving in her separation from you.

**arutē amāntam enn-arikatt-aṇaññīḍānarutē upēkṣa
tellum**

Delay no longer—come to me now. Do not neglect me any longer.

**arutē ī rādhaykku tāṅguvān kazhivillīazhalinde nōvu
tellum – ninnilaliyātta nōvu tellum**

Radha has no strength left to endure this sorrow, this heavy pain that refuses to melt.

Pakalōn Pōy Maṛaññu

Malayalam

pakalōn pōy maṛaññu – nabhassiliruļin ala ñoriññu

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tellum – ninnilaliyātta nōvu tellum**

Radha has no strength left to endure this sorrow, this heavy pain that refuses to melt.

Pālmaṇam Mārātta Paital Allē Ammē

Malayalam

**pālmaṇam mārātta paital allē ammēpēlava kaikalāl
onn-edukkū**

O Mother, am I not but a small infant? Will you not gather me into your soft arms,

**jñānappāl ūṭṭi nī pālikkaṇē cemmē - jñānattāl uttama
putran ākkū**

feed me the milk of wisdom, and protect me? Grant me knowledge and make me your worthy son.

**entin-ennō vyatha ētin-ennō ivanjīvitam
entenn-ariññidāte**

O auspicious Mother, not knowing why I am grieving, not knowing the purpose of this life,

**manam enna tōṇi tuzhaññiḍunnu śivemāyā
kaḍalilēkk-āññiḍunnu**

I am rowing the boat of my mind towards the ocean of Maya.

**māyā kinākkalil āzhnniḍunn-en - ī mānasa-poykayil nī
varillē**

Will you not come to the pond of my mind that is sinking in the dream of maya?

**mānava janmam kṛtārttham ākkuvān ammēmārōdu
cērttaṅg-aṇaykkukkillē**

O Mother will you not draw me close to your heart and make this human birth worthwhile?

Pañca-Bhūtamum Paramasivam

Tamil

pañca-bhūtamum paramasivamneñjil perukum anbē sivam

The five elements—earth, water, fire, air and ether—express the boundless and absolute spiritual essence of Lord Shiva.

aruvil ēkan uruvil anēkananaittilum iruppadu sadāsivan

Shiva is the love that awakens within our hearts. He is one in essence and yet many in form, pervading the whole universe.

analāy olirum arunaiyin īsāahattai ariuppāy amarēsā

O Lord of Arunachala, You blaze as the radiant fire element. O Lord of immortality, cut away our ego.

visumpāy tillaiyil naṭarājāvinaikalai tīrppāy visvēsā

O Cosmic Dancer of Chidambaram, you pervade space as ether. O Universal Lord, dissolve the bonds of our karma.

ōm namaḥ śivāy (4)

Salutations to Lord Shiva, the auspicious one!

kāttīrāy vīsum kālattiyyappākaṇṇimai pōlē kāttiḍappā

O Lord of Kalahasti, who blows like the gentle breeze, shelter us as the eyelid protects the eye.

maṇṇuruvāna ēkāmbaranēviṇṇavar pōtīrum sarvēśanē

O Lord of Kanchipuram, you are the very embodiment of the Earth. O Lord of all, divine beings worship you.

ōm namaḥ śivāy (4)

Salutations to Lord Shiva, the auspicious one!

nīrāy pozhiyum appuliṅgamēninaippōr manadil arul tarumē

O Lord of Tiruvanaikkaval, you flow as the sacred waters. Your grace flows into the hearts of those who remember you.

**anbē sivamē karuṇai oḷiyēaḍaikkalam undan
tiruvadīyē**

You are divine love and the radiant light of compassion. We take refuge in the cool shade of your sacred feet.

ōm namaḥ śivāy (4)

Salutations to Lord Shiva, the auspicious one!

Paramēśa Gōpāla Jaya Hārati

Telugu

paramēśa gōpāla jaya hāratijaya hārati nitya hārati

Victory to the Supreme Gopala! We offer this arati of victory, this eternal arati of praise to Gopala, the Lord.

paramēśa gōpāla jaya hārati, jaya hārati...

Victory to the Supreme Gopala! We offer this arati of victory, this eternal arati of praise to Gopala, the Lord.

**mallēlū mōllalū sīrī virajājūlūkōllālūgā tēccē gōpāla
krṣṇunakku**

O Gopala Krishna, we have brought for you garlands of jasmine and fragrant offerings.

sēva tatparatayanu sūvāsana nimpū

O child Gopala, fill us with the sweet fragrance of eagerness for your service.

īvēla ninu vēdi kōriyūmṭimi

We pray to You

daya rādā... mā mīda... gōpāla bāla

O Krishna, will you not shower your compassion upon us?

paramēśa gōpāla jaya hārati – jaya hārati

O Krishna, will you not shower your compassion upon us?

**jala krītā lādīrī gōpāla krṣṇadēhacitananē jayimpa
cēsitivi**

O Krishna, Gopala, you encouraged the gopis to overcome their identification with the body as they bathed.

krṣṇa nī smaraṇalō mēmū mēnē maricāmū

In remembrance of you, O Krishna, we forget ourselves completely.

gōpāla bāla gōpika lōlā

O Little Krishna, darling of Gopis

daya rādā... mā mīda... gōpāla bāla

O Krishna, will you not shower your compassion upon us?

paramēśa gōpāla jaya hārati – jaya hārati

Supreme Gopala, victory arati to you, eternal arati to you!

**daya rādā mā mīda gōpāla bālajaya hārati nitya
hārati**

Shower your mercy upon us, O child Gopala. Victory arati, eternal arati to you!

paramēśa gōpāla jaya hāratijaya hārati nitya hārati

Supreme Gopala, victory arati to you, eternal arati to you!

Pāridam Eṅgum Pāvanam Ākki

Malayalam

**pāriḍam eṅgum pāvanam ākki pāritil
ozhukunnupatita manassine bhāgīrathiyāyi pavitram
ākkunnu**

Mother flows through this world, purifying all with her presence—cleansing fallen hearts like the sacred Ganga.

**āśrayam-attavan āśādīpam pakarnnu
nalkunnuāśvāsattinu aruḷ mozhiyāle āsiss-aruļunnu**

She offers the lamp of hope to the hopeless and forsaken, blessing them, consoling them through the wisdom of her words.

**āśāpāśa keṭṭu kuruṇgiya ātura
mānasarilamṛtattvattin arumakal ennōrařivatu
pakarunnu**

To minds distressed and bound by the ropes of endless desire, she reveal the truth: they are your beloved children of immortality.

**amma ānandattin uḍamakaḷ ennōruṇarvatu
nalkunnu**

Mother awakens us to the knowledge that we are the source of boundless bliss.

**kālam kāttoru nidhi āṇamma karuṇa kaḍal
āṇammakāmana viṭṭoru pāvana hṛttinu kāval
viļakk-āṇamma**

She is a treasure guarded by time, an ocean of boundless compassion—a lighthouse for hearts made pure, freed from all desire.

**tūkaṇam ennum tava kāruṇyam lōbhām
ezhātivarilmāmaka janani adi paṇiyunnu atināyi tava
makkāl**

Never withhold your grace; always shower us with your compassion. For this, O my Mother, your children seek refuge in you.

Pariśuddha Anbin Uruvamē

Tamil

**pariśuddha anbin uruvamē rādhika
unprēma-bhaktiyil aṇaittum maṇantān mādhavan**

O Radhika, you are the very embodiment of pure love. In your prema-bhakti, Madhava forgot everything else.

gōpiyarē nīṅkal tūya anpōdu kūṛuṅkal

O Gopis, sing with pure love!

**rādhā rādhā rādhā mādhavā harē harērādhā rādhā
rādhā ramaṇa mādhavā harē**

**vṛndāvanattile ovvoru
maṇtukazhunpariśuddha-prēmattin pukazhai pāḍum**

In Vrindavan every grain of sand sings the praises of Radha's sacred love.

**ennilum untan tūya anpinai tantu nīgōpēśvaranil
layikka aruḷvāy dēvī**

O Radha Devi, grant me that pure love and bless me with union with Gopeshvaran (the Shivalinga in a temple in Vrindavan)

**rādhā rādhā rādhā mādhavā harē harērādhā rādhā
rādhā ramaṇa mādhavā harē**

**nī kēṭṭat-ellām avanin tiru nāmamēkaṇpārttat-ellām
avanin sundara-rūpamē**

O Radha, to you, every sound is his sacred name, and every sight his enchanting form.

**malarādi nān paṇintēn kanivōdu nānumannilayai
aḍaya aruḷvāy dēvi**

I bow at your feet—please bless me, that I too may attain that supreme state.

**rādhā rādhā rādhā mādhavā harē harērādhā rādhā
rādhā ramaṇa mādhavā harē**

rādhā mādhavā harērādhā mādhavā harē

Pāyo Jī Mainē

Hindi

pāyo jī mainē rām ratan dhan pāyō

I have found it, truly I have found it — the jewel of Rama's name

vastu amōlik dī mērē satgurukirpā kar apanāyo

the jewel of Rama's name, the treasure beyond compare.

My Satguru, in his compassion, has given me this priceless gift and accepted me as his own.

janam janam kī pūñjī pāī

This is the wealth gathered over countless lifetimes;

jag mein sabī khōvāyō

while all else in the world has been lost, this alone have I gained.

kharac nāhi khūtē cōr nāhi lūtē

It can neither be spent nor stolen, nor can any falsehood diminish it

din din bađhat savāyo

— it grows ever richer, day by day.

sat kī nāv khēvaṭiyā satgurubhavasāgar tar āyō

The boat of truth is steered by the true Guru; with it, I have crossed the ocean of worldly existence.

mīrā kē prabhu giridhar nāgarharakh harakh jas gāyō

Mira's Lord is Giridhar, the uplifter of Govardhan — in boundless joy, she sings his praise.

Pazhani Malayil Vāñaruļum

Malayalam

**pazhani malayil vāñaruļumdañdāyudha pāñiye ni vā
vā/**

Come, O Muruga, bearer of the spear, you who dwell in grace on the hill of Pazhani.

**ēzhakale kāttiđuvān vēlavane vā vāvađi vēlavane vā
vā**

Come, Lord Velavan, come to protect the downtrodden!

**villin ñāñolikaļ ulakam āke muzhañgunnughōra
sarppańgaļ phańam uyartti nilkkunnu**

The fearsome twang of the bow resounds throughout the world, fierce serpents raise their hoods and stand in awe.

**vēñkamaramāyavane vā vāēzhakale kāttiđuvān
vēleđuttu vā vāvađi vēlavane vā vā**

Come, O Lord of the sacred Vijaysara tree, come wielding the spear, come to protect the downtrodden!

**pālkkāvađikaļ pūñkāvađikaļ āđunnu - hara hara
putranu hara harō hara**

The festive Kavadi of milk and flowers are dancing on our shoulders. Victory to the son of Shiva, Haro Hara!

**vēñkamaramāyavane vā vāēzhakale kāttiđuvān
vēleđuttu vā vāvađi vēlavane vā vā**

Come, O Lord of the sacred Vijaysara tree, come wielding the spear, come to protect the downtrodden!

Peace To The Ocean

English

**Peace to the ocean Peace to the sky
Peace to the earth Her mountains high**

**Peace to the clouds Peace to the stars Peace to all
people wherever they are.**

**Let's make a world of love Kindness will be
everywhere**

**Healing the wounds hatred created Show the world
that we care**

Different faces and names Inside we're all the same

**Wisdom reveals Love is what heals taking our sorrow
and pain.**

**Let us all join hands Every country and land Light a
lamp of love inside the heart of every man**

Picca Veccu Naḍakkunnōn-Ende

Malayalam

**picca veccu naḍakkunnōn-endekoccu kayyil
piḍicceṇkil**

Mother, if you hold the tiny hands of this child, who takes unsteady, baby steps,

ambikē dēvi ninde mārgattilambōḍe gamiccidām ñān

Devi, O Ambika, with great joy, I will walk upon your path.

**picca veccu naḍakkunnōn-endekoccu kayyil
piḍicceṇkil**

Mother, if you hold the tiny hands of this child, who takes unsteady, baby steps,

ambikē dēvi ninde mārgattilambōḍe gamiccidām ñān

Devi, O Ambika, with great joy, I will walk upon your path.

**‘ñān mumbē alla ñān mumbē’ ennabhāvattil
tiramālakal**

Like the waves of the ocean rushing in, each crying, “me first, me first,”

ārttirambi varunnatu pōlemōha-sāgaram ulkkāmbil

there is an ocean of desire in my heart.

**picca veccu naḍakkunnōn-endekoccu kayyil
piḍicceṇkil**

Mother, if you hold the tiny hands of this child, who takes unsteady, baby steps,

ambikē dēvi ninde mārgattilambōḍe gamiccidām ñān

Devi, O Ambika, with great joy, I will walk upon your path.

**valiya-lōkattil ‘valiya’ bhāvattilceriyavan-āyi
tīrumbōḷ**

In this vast world, when I think, “I am great,” truly, I become mean and small.

**valutilum pinne cerutilum vāzhum‘valutine’ ennu
kāñum ñān?**

When will I behold the real Great One who dwells in both the great and the small?

**picca veccu nađakkunnōn-endekoccu kayyil
piđicceňkil**

Mother, if you hold the tiny hands of this child, who takes unsteady, baby steps,

ambikē dēvi ninde mārgattilambōđe gamiccīđām ñān

Devi, O Ambika, with great joy, I will walk upon your path.

**śrita-mandāramē śruti-vihāramēsakalārāddhya
sudhāmamē**

You are my cherished, pure white mandara flower. You are the abode of the Vedas, the source of nectar, worshipped all over the world.

janimṛti ākum durita-sāgaramkayařuvān kaniyēñamē

Through your grace, may I cross this ocean of sorrow the endless cycle of birth and death.

**picca veccu nađakkunnōn-endekoccu kayyil
piđicceňkil**

Mother, if you hold the tiny hands of this child, who takes unsteady, baby steps,

ambikē dēvi ninde mārgattilambōđe gamiccīđām ñān

Devi, O Ambika, with great joy, I will walk upon your path.

Pīlippu Cūṭiya

Malayalam

**pīlippu cūṭiya tāmara-kaṇṇanekāṇuvān entoru
bhaṅgi**

Krishna wearing the peacock feather on his hair is so very beautiful to behold!

**ārāṇavan sarva-kāraṇan-āṇennat-ariyāte
ārānum-uṇḍō**

Who is He? Is there anyone who doesn't know that He is the origin of all?

**pīlippu cūṭiya tāmara-kaṇṇanekāṇuvān entoru
bhaṅgi**

Krishna wearing the peacock feather on his hair is so very beautiful to behold!

**pūvāyapūv-onnum pōrā neṛukayilcūṭuvān pīlippu
vēṇam**

All the flowers in this world are not enough to decorate Your hair- a peacock feather is needed.

**cēlottorā mukha kāntikk-itu pōlecērunna pū
vēreyundō?**

Nothing suits the beauty of Your radiant face better than a peacock feather!

**itu pōle cērunna pū vēre uṇḍō?itupōle cērunna pū
vēre uṇḍō?**

Nothing suits the beauty of Your radiant face better than a peacock feather!

**pīlippu cūṭiya tāmara-kaṇṇanekāṇuvān entoru
bhaṅgi**

Krishna wearing the peacock feather on his hair is so very beautiful to behold!

**kāla-varṣam vannu mānam kaṛukkumbōlkēkikal
nr̥ttam āḍidumbōl**

When the monsoon comes and the sky darkens, the peacocks dance and their feathers fall.

tāne kozhiyunna pīlikal konḍorupīli-kirīṭam orukkām

I shall make a crown for You from those peacock feathers. O Krishna! I shall make a peacock feather crown for You!

kaṇṇanu pīli-kirīṭam orukkām kaṇṇanu pīli-kirīṭam orukkām

I shall make a crown for You from those peacock feathers. O Krishna! I shall make a peacock feather crown for You!

pīlippu cūṭiya tāmara-kaṇṇanekāṇuvān entoru bhaṅgi

Krishna wearing the peacock feather on his hair is so very beautiful to behold!

Pīlippu Cūḍiya Tāmara-Kaṇṇane

Malayalam

pīlippu cūḍiya tāmara-kaṇṇanekāṇuvān entoru bhaṅgi

How lovely it is to behold lotus-eyed Krishna, adorned with peacock feathers in his hair.

ārāṇavan sarva-kāraṇan-āṇennat-ariyāte ārānum uṇḍō

Is there anyone who does not know that He is the very source of all creation?

pūvāya-pūvonnum pōrā nerukayilcūḍūvān pīlippu vēṇam

He is not content with ordinary blossoms—only a peacock feather will do for his hair.

cēlottorā mukha kāntikkitu pōlecērunna pūvēṛe uṇḍō?

What flower could ever rival the beauty of his face?

itu pōle cērunna pūvēṛe uṇḍō?

Is there any bloom more fitting than that?

kāla-varṣam vannu mānam karukkumbōlkēkikal nr̥ttam āḍidumbōl

When the monsoon arrives and the skies grow dark, as peacocks begin their joyous dance,

tāne kozhiyunna pīlikal konḍorupili-kirīḍam orukkām

their feathers will fall to the earth—and I shall weave a crown of peacock plumes for Krishna.

kaṇṇanu pili-kirīḍam orukkām

and I shall weave a crown of peacock plumes for Krishna.

Pillaiyārin Peyarai

Tamil

**pillaiyārin peyarai colla tollai tolaintiṭum - vallalām
avar aruḷāl vinaigal vilagidum**

Chanting the name of Ganapati will alleviate all our troubles. Through the grace of the compassionate Lord, our karmas will be dissolved.

**peṭrōrai ulagam ena suṭri vanda pillaiyē -
jñāna-pazham peṭravanē jñālam kākkum gaṇapatiyē**

O Lord Vinayaka, you circumambulated your parents, seeing them as your entire world, and were granted the fruit of Knowledge. You are the guardian of the world.

**dantam koṇḍu vyāsarukku ezhuti tanda
vallalēbandam nīkki kāttiḍuvāy ēka danta nāthanē**

When Veda Vyasa dictated the Mahabharata, in your compassion you broke off one tusk to write with. O Lord with the single tusk, please protect us and free us from our bondages.

**gaṇapati ayyā pōṭriyē... maṅgaḷa vaḍivē
pōṭriyē...gaṇaṅgalin nāthā pōṭriyē...**

Victory to Ganapati, the Lord of all, the embodiment of ultimate purity, the Lord of divine beings,

**siddhi vināyagā pōṭriyē...maṅgaḷa vaḍivē, maṅgaḷa
vaḍivē... maṅgaḷa vaḍivē pōṭriyē...**

and the bestower of success and accomplishments. O auspicious one, victory to you!

**mūvinai tīrpavanē, nān maraiyin poruḷē aindu
karāttōnē, ārumukha sōdaranē**

O Lord Ganapati, you eradicate the three kinds of karmas and embody the essence of the four Vedas. You are the Lord with five hands and the brother of the six-faced Lord Muruga.

**āṇavam aṛuttiḍum un pāśāṇkuśa āyudhamānandam
tandiḍum untanatu mōdakam**

The noose and goad you hold vanquish our ego, and the modaka sweet you offer brings us joy.

**gaṇapati ayyā pōṭriyē... maṅgala vaḍivē
pōṭriyē...gaṇaṅgalin nāthā pōṭriyē...**

Victory to Ganapati, the Lord of all, the embodiment of ultimate purity, the Lord of divine beings,

**siddhi vināyagā pōṭriyē...maṅgala vaḍivē, maṅgala
vaḍivē... maṅgala vaḍivē pōṭriyē...**

and the bestower of success and accomplishments. O auspicious one, victory to you!

Piṛavā Varam Tarum Pēraṇaṅkē

Tamil

piṛavā varam tarum pēraṇaṅkēinta piṛaviyil tavaṛāmal

O great One who grants freedom from birth—in this very life, without wavering,

pēraṇivāl unnīl iraṇḍaṛakkalantuiṛavā varam vēṇḍum – umayēiṛavā varam vēṇḍum

may I gain supreme knowledge and merge into you. O Uma! I seek the boon of deathlessness, I seek the boon of deathlessness.

vinaiyatan tākkattāl ulakiyal nañcatanaiaruntinēn amudāy ariyāmal

By the force of karma, in this worldly life, I unknowingly drank the deadly poison of materialism, thinking it was nectar.

uṛavum selvavum balaṁdru iruntēnkaṛavā paśuvāy poruḷadru pōnēn

I took relationships and wealth to be my strength—yet, like a cow whose milk is never drawn, I wasted this life without true substance.

ariyā kuzhantaipōl āsaikal niraivēṛāālayam pala sendru tozhutunindrēn

Like an ignorant child, to fulfill my desires I went to many temples and stood worshipping

ātmā layam peṛum uṇmai ḥayamniyē ena un aruḷāl ařintēn

but by your grace, I have understood that you alone are the true temple where the soul attains bliss.

Ponniñ Kālvalakañiññu

Malayalam

**ponniñ kālvalakañiññuampāti tañ kañmañi
ōtipurake ôti ôti tañarnnuamma yaśodayumappōl**

Wearing golden anklets, the darling of Ambadi (Krishna) ran. Mother Yashoda then became exhausted from running and running after him.

**tannārō tannārō takatannārō taka tannārōtannārō
taka tannārō takatannārō taka tannārō**

(This is a rhythmic folk refrain/beat without a specific literal meaning, used to maintain the tempo of the song.)

**uṇnikkaññā nī māmuṇñāteinññane ôti ôti
nañannāleññane nī valutākum kaññākañmañiyē en
ponmañiyē**

"Little Krishna, if you keep running around like this without eating your food, how will you grow up, my dear? My darling, my golden one!"

**achante kaiyyilirikkumā chōñnachōnnu tuṭutta palam
tarāteammēte uṇni māmuṇñillauṇnikkinñni onnum
vēñṭa**

"Unless you give me that red, plump fruit in Father's hand, Mother's little boy won't eat. Now, the little boy doesn't want anything else!"

**pañamalla enre ponnuṇñī atuchōñña taram
muñakāñennēkañchālō uṇñī
vāyeriññiñtumponnuṇñikkaññante vāy chuvaññiñtum**

"That is not a fruit, my golden child, it is a type of red chili! If you eat it, little one, your mouth will burn; little golden Krishna's mouth will turn bright red."

**amma inneñre ponnuṇñikkāypālañta piliñña chōru
tarānnēuṇñikkaññane
tañchattilaññuvāriyeñttaññāñachchu yaśoda**

"Today, Mother will give her golden boy rice mixed with sweet Palada (milk dessert)." With that, Yashoda gently picked up little Krishna and hugged him close.

achañarike

**iruttiyiṭṭañnuveṇṇayūṭṭānoruññīṭavēchōṇṇa muļakil
onnañneṭuttuvāyilumiṭṭu nuñaññū kaṇṇan**

While he was seated next to his father and they were preparing to feed him butter, Krishna suddenly grabbed one of those red chilies and popped it into his mouth to taste it.

**onnu kaṭichēnayyō ammēvāviṭṭu karaññu vilichchu
kaṇṇanammaye nōkki vimmi
vitumpikaṇṇīrolukkikkaraññū kaṇṇan**

He took one bite and cried out, "Oh Mother!" Krishna screamed and wept aloud. Looking at his mother, sobbing and gasping, Krishna cried with tears flowing down.

**kaṇṇane vāriyeṭuttiṭṭaññutēnum pālum palavum
nalkineñchōṭu chēṛttupiṭichchaññaṇachchuammēṭe
kaṇṇum niṛaññu kaviññu**

Gathering Krishna into her arms, she gave him honey, milk, and fruit. As she held him tight against her chest, Mother's eyes also filled and overflowed with tears.

Poṭṭi Karaññu Karaññu – Manam

Malayalam

**poṭṭi karaññu karaññu – manampotṭi takarnnu
vilippū**

Mother! I cry out loud, calling to you.

**taṭṭi takarnnorī jīvita-naukayetettenu tīram
anaykkū**

The boat of my life is caught in the whirlpools of this ocean of samsara. Do not delay—carry this boat, battered by the rocks of sorrow, to the shore of your peace.

**mutti vaļarunnu duḥkham – cutṭumcettalla collān
kaḍuppam**

I cannot describe the pain that surrounds me.

**cettu krpa coriññ-attal-akattāykilvatti varalum en
cittam**

If you do not rain down your grace, Mother, my heart will wither into an arid desert.

hṛttil nr̥ttam caviṭṭidān kaniññ-ettān arutē amāntam

Do not delay any longer—dance your blissful dance in my heart.

**kattunna neñcil nin mettum kr̥pāvarṣamettunna nāl
kāttirippū**

Come, overflowing with grace, into this heart burning with grief. I count every moment, awaiting your arrival.

Pour Illumine

French

Pour illuminer cette nuit Et vivre tous en harmonie

To brighten this night and allow everyone to live in harmony,

Regarde le ciel, et le soleil

look up at the sky and the sun,

Ta planète et ses merveilles

and at your planet with all its wonders.

**ōm lōkāḥ samastāḥ sukhinō bhavantuōm lōkāḥ
samastāḥ sukhinō bhavantu**

May all beings in all worlds be happy.

Comme la mère veille l'enfant La Terre nous porte patiemment

Just as a mother watches over her child, the Earth bears us patiently.

Suivant ses pas, donne en retour

Follow her example by giving back in return,

Et dans la joie, repands l'amour

and in that spirit of joy, spread love.

**ōm lōkāḥ samastāḥ sukhinō bhavantuōm lōkāḥ
samastāḥ sukhinō bhavantu**

May all beings in all worlds be happy

Prābhavam Sarva-Vyāptam

Malayalam

**prābhavam sarva-vyāptam-itariyāte - prabhavamām
tava cārē añayān piḍaññu**

Not knowing your omnipresent nature, I yearned to draw near to you, the source of all.

**pralīnam ākāte ī kaṇṇunīr tē padē - prayāṇam ī
jīvitam patham itil poliyumō**

Will my life be extinguished on this path before my tears can merge with your sacred feet?

**pramādam hṛdi gati-bhramśam
varuttunnupracanḍamāy vāsanāvātaṅgal vīśave**

The deluded mind makes me lose my way as the winds of old tendencies fiercely blow.

**pratīkṣa tan nilavilakk-añayātirikkuvānprāvīṇyam
tāvakam onnu tān āśrayam**

Let not the lamp of my hope go out; my only hope is your flawless skill.

**prasuptamāy antarātmani mēvunna - prabhāvatī
ammē nī ennil uṇarnniḍū**

My inner self lies fast asleep, O, Effulgent Mother, awaken in me,

**prabuddham ākki jñāna-dugdhattāl en
prajñapracōdanam ēkū ī panthāvil munnēṛān**

let my intellect blossom with the milk of knowledge, and inspire me to walk forward on this path.

**pratītam ākum
drśya-prapañca-vilāsaṅgaṅprabhāvitam āyiḍum
cidānanda-bōdhattāl**

The sights of this observed universe will disappear in the dawn of blissful consciousness;

**pradōṣam añayunnatin pūrvam
jīvanilprōjjvalippicciḍū jñānāgni cinmayi**

before I enter life's evening shade, O Pure Awareness, light the dazzling fire of knowledge in me.

Prabhu Caranān

Hindi

**prabhu caranānu meiṇ prīt lagā lēprabhu pyārē kō
mīt banā lē**

Develop love for the feet of the Lord, and make the beloved Lord your closest friend.

vōhī sabkē snēhī trātāvō pāvan bhāvōn kē dātā

He alone is the compassionate savior of all, the giver of pure feelings.

kāl bhī jiskō bāndh na pāyēus nirguṇ kō mīt banā lē

Even time itself cannot bind him. Make that formless One your true friend.

**prabhu caranānu meiṇ prīt lagā lēprabhu pyārē kō
mīt banā lē**

Develop love for the feet of the Lord, and make the beloved Lord your closest friend.

jag kē karm tō duḥkh hī dētēsab kō tyāg kē āvō

The actions of the world bring only sorrow, so let them all go and come to the Lord.

prabhu hī sukh kā dhām hai bandēusmeiṇ hī bas jāvō

The Lord alone is the abode of happiness—dwell in Him.

jag meiṇ rahtē bhī mērē mitvājag kō svarg banā lē

Even while living in this world, my friend, you can make the world itself a heaven.

**prabhu caranānu meiṇ prīt lagā lēprabhu pyārē kō
mīt banā lē**

Develop love for the feet of the Lord, and make the beloved Lord your closest friend.

prīt usī kī sāñcī jisnēsab sansār racāyā

True love belongs only to Him who created the whole universe.

māyā sē sab rūpōn kō dharjan-jan kō bilgāyā

Through Maya He has taken on all forms and manifested countless beings.

aisē māyā-pati kō bandēapnē man meiṇ basā lē

O seeker, establish that Lord of Maya within your heart.

**prabhu caranānu meiṇ prīt lagā lēprabhu pyārē kō
mīt banā lē**

Develop love for the feet of the Lord, and make the beloved Lord your closest friend.

**rāmakṛṣṇa... hari hari rāmakṛṣṇa... hari
harirāmakṛṣṇa... hari hari – hari hari bōl**

O Lord Rama, O Lord Krishna!

Praṇavākṣarāmṛta

Malayalam

**praṇavākṣarāmṛta pāna-kutūhalapriyaśiva prītida
nartana-rasikē**

Mother! Beloved of Shiva, who rejoices in the bliss of the immortal nectar of the Pranava mantra—you, who are in love with dance

**priyajana suta dhana yuvatī saukyamprēmamayi
tava māyā-kalpitam**

—it is through your divine illusion that dear ones, children, wealth, youth, and health come into our lives.

**yauvana-praudha vimōhita-citramkautuka vanmada
krōdha-vilāsam**

The bloated ego, the delusions of youth, the plays of anger, jealousy, pride, and envy

**kanmaṣa-hāriṇi ninpada-cintayiljanma-jarā-maraṇādi
vināśam**

—all these vanish when the mind becomes absorbed in contemplation of your lotus feet. Then, one becomes free of all sin and the endless cycle of birth and death.

**vanbhava-sāgara-tīram aṇayuvāntvanmaya-bhāvam
anāratam ēkū**

O Mother, grant me the constant awareness that “I am you,” so that I may cross this vast ocean of samsara.

**en manapañjara ramya-svarūpiṇīcinmaya
dvaita-vināśi cirantani**

O beautiful Mother, dwelling within my heart! You are the pure consciousness that pervades the universe, ever new—you are the one who destroys the illusion of duality.

Prāṇēśvarā En Hṛdayēśvarāvanamāli Kaṇṇā Varumō

Malayalam

viraha tīyil urukunn-ennilkṛpa māri coriyān varumō?

I burn in the heat of unbearable longing — will you not shower your grace upon me?

kaṇṇā gōpī manōhara rādha tan mānasa cōrā...

Krishna, the beautiful cowherd — the one who stole Radha's heart...

**rāppakal ninne kāttirunnen manamoru nerippōdāyi
māri**

My mind, waiting for you day and night, burns like a furnace.

**mizhinīru vattiya iru mizhikalum innupadutiri
kattukayāyi**

My eyes, emptied of tears, are like wicks slowly burning away.

kaṇṇā gōpī manōhara rādha tan mānasa cōrā...

Krishna, the beautiful cowherd — the one who stole Radha's heart...

**kaṇṇā nin kayyile muralika ākuvānēre koticcat-āṇī
rādhā**

Krishna, this Radha longed to be the flute in your hands

**pavizhādharattile muraliyil ozhukunnaoru
prēma-rāgam āṇī rādhā**

— the melody of love flowing from the flute you press to your lips.

kaṇṇā gōpī manōhara rādha tan mānasa cōrā...

Krishna, the beautiful cowherd — the one who stole Radha's heart...

**kaṇṇane kāttu kārvāṇṇane ūrttu ūnkaṇṇīr
ozhukkaṭte ennum ennum**

Let me weep forever, remembering the Dark One.

**kaṇṇande dāsiyām rādhaykku māt̄orukarmavum
dharmavum illa tellum**

Radha is your servant — she has no duty but to shed tears for you.

kaṇṇā gōpī manōhara rādha tan mānasa cōrā...

Krishna, the beautiful cowherd — the one who stole Radha's heart...

Prēma-Sāgaramē! Jagadīśvarī Ammē

Malayalam

**prēma-sāgaramē! jagadīśvarī
ammēkāruṇya-dhāmamē hṛdayēśvarī ammē**

Mother! Goddess who reigns over this universe, you are an ocean of love. You are the abode of compassion- you dwell within our hearts.

**udayārkka-kiraṇaṅgaḥ tazhukiḍumbōḥprēyasiyām
vārijam viḍarunnapōl**

When the sun's rays caress their beloved lotuses, they bloom.

**ammē nin karuṇayāl en
hṛdaya-padmamviḍarnnuvallō!**

Mother, the lotus of my heart blossomed in the warmth of your compassion.

**prēma-sāgaramē! jagadīśvarī
ammēkāruṇya-dhāmamē hṛdayēśvarī ammē**

Mother! Goddess who reigns over this universe, you are an ocean of love. You are the abode of compassion- you dwell within our hearts.

**jīvita-vīthiyil kāl iḍariḍumbōltāṅgāy nī vannu ende
kai piḍiccu**

When my steps faltered on the path of life, you came as my support and held my hand.

jīvande jīvanil nī prabha-tūki ninnuvallō!

You became the radiant light that illumined my inner being.

**prēma-sāgaramē! jagadīśvarī
ammēkāruṇya-dhāmamē hṛdayēśvarī ammē**

Mother! Goddess who reigns over this universe, you are an ocean of love. You are the abode of compassion- you dwell within our hearts.

**kālam ende mānasattil kōriyitṭumāyātta vēdanakaḥ
ennum ennum**

Time had left many unhealed wounds in my heart,

nin divya-snēham ennum mānasattil maññu peytu!

but your divine love, pure as fresh snow has soothed them all away.

**prēma-sāgaramē! jagadīśvarī
ammēkārunya-dhāmamē hr̥dayēśvarī ammē**

Mother! Goddess who reigns over this universe, you are an ocean of love. You are the abode of compassion- you dwell within our hearts.

Prēmāmṛtattinde Nanav-Ūrum Mizhiyiṇa

Malayalam

**prēmāmṛtattinde nanav-ūrum mizhiyiṇaini ennu
kaṇḍīḍum ñān? ammē.../**

When will I see those eyes brimming with divine love?

**akatārin-uṇarv-ēkum madhu-mozhimuttukalini ennu
kēṭṭīḍum ñān?ammē ini ennu kēṭṭīḍum ñān?**

When will I hear those sweet words that rejuvenate the soul? O Mother, when will I hear those words?

**praṇamicciṇunnu ñān ammē nin kazhalinatuṇa
enikkēkukillē**

O Mother, I bow down at your sacred feet, will you not give me your support?

**onnu kaniññ-enne karaṇil nī karutukilkanal ennil
aṇayukillē? duḥkhatikanal ennil aṇayukillē?**

Will you not compassionately keep me within your heart and extinguish the fire of sorrow within me?

kāruṇya-dhāmamē nin kazhal viṭṭorujīvitam ēkiḍollē

O abode of compassion, never let me live a life away from your sacred feet.

**paramārtha bōdham uṇarttuma tṛppādavismṛti
ēkiḍollē ammēdurmati ēkiḍollē**

Let me never forget those divine feet that bestow true knowledge. May I never be overcome by arrogance.

**khēdikkill-ini mēlil jananī nī
ennudecāratt-aṇaññīḍukil**

I will not grieve anymore, O Mother, if only you stand beside me.

**alayil peṭṭila pōle duḥkhattil ulayāte - kazhal
tīratt-aṇaññīḍum ñān - ammē nin kazhalinā
cērnnīḍum ñān**

No longer will I be swept away like a leaf in sorrow's tide. I will reach the shore, the sanctuary of your divine feet, and there I will merge into you.

Priyataram Rādhē Nin Azhakārnna Mizhikalil

Malayalam

**priyataram rādhē nin azhakārnna
mizhikalilteliyunnor-anurāga-dīptaraśmi**

O Radha! The radiance of love that shines from your eyes is sweeter than nectar.

**kanavilāy kaṇṇanu naivēdyam ēkuvānpakarumō nin
snēha-dugdha-sāram**

In our meditation, will you grant us that nectarine milk of love, that we may offer it as abhisheka to Krishna?

**telinir-ozhukunna kālindiyārilealakaṭil alayunna
pūvital nī**

You are like a tender flower petal, drifting gently upon the clear waters of the Kalindi.

**oru mṛdu-cumbanam uṇarunna kalavēṇulahariyil
aliyunna rāgamō nī**

Are you not the melody of bliss itself, flowing from the flute blessed by Krishna's kiss?

lahariyil aliyunna rāgamō nī

Are you not the melody of bliss itself, flowing from the flute blessed by Krishna's kiss?

**cāre aṇayunna kārōli-varṇandeakatāril pūkkum
vasanta-sūnam**

You are the blossom that unfolds in Krishna's heart when he draws near to you.

**vaḍivotta virimāril cērunna vanamālaitaṭilō nin
prēmarāgatalpam**

Do you not dwell within the wildflower garland the handsome Lord wears?

itaṭilō nin prēmarāgatalpam

Do you not dwell within the wildflower garland the handsome Lord wears?

**nīla-nilāvinde sukham ārnna kaikaliloru maññu
tēnkaṇam cērnnat-entē**

The fresh, sweet dewdrops dissolving in the silvery-blue moonlight

**mādhava-hṛdayattilāy manam cērkkunnarādha tan
prēma-prasādam āṇō**

—are they not your offerings of love to Madhava, in whom your heart is united?

rādha tan prēma-prasādam āṇō

—are they not your offerings of love to Madhava, in whom your heart is united?

**īrakkuzhalile pālkkadāl-vīciyilnīrāḍum ētō
marāla-yugmam**

Like the royal swan couple that bathes in the song-waves of the milky ocean flowing from Krishna's flute,

**rādhē nī kaṇṇande rāga-vipañciyilśruti cērum ētō
vasantamāyi**

O Radha! You have become the melody of spring flowing from the flute of Lord Krishna's heart!

śruti cērum ētō vasantamāyi

O Radha! You have become the melody of spring flowing from the flute of Lord Krishna's heart!

Pūvāli Paśuvuṇḍu

English

rādhē gōvinda hari rādhēśyāṁhari rādhē gōvinda
hari rādhē śyām

pūvāli paśuvuṇḍu pūvākamaram uṇḍupūnūllān
pōrunnō uṇṇikaṇṇā

pūvāka kobile pūkkaļ niṛaññoruponnuññāl-ādān vā
uṇṇikkaṇṇā

rādhē gōvinda hari rādhēśyāṁhari rādhē gōvinda
hari rādhē śyām

vṛndāvanattile sakhimāre kāṇānāyiveṇṇakkallā varū
uṇṇikkaṇṇā

koti ūrum ninnude kuzhal-nādam
kēlkkānāyigōpi-gōpanmār kātōrkayāy

rādhē gōvinda hari rādhēśyāṁhari rādhē gōvinda
hari rādhē śyām

kālindi tīrattil kaliyādān ḫodi vākārmēgha niṛamulla
uṇṇikkaṇṇā

kaṭakūjanam ceyyum kilikaļe kāṭṭidāmmuļam taṇḍil
tīrttoru murali nalkām

rādhē gōvinda hari rādhēśyāṁhari rādhē gōvinda
hari rādhē śyām

Rādhā-Mādhava Rādhē-Śyām

Malayalam

**rādhā-mādhava rādhē-śyām rādhā-jīvana
rādhē-śyāmhē giridhārī rādhē-śyām hē vanamālī
rādhē-śyām**

Shyam, the beloved of Radha, her very life, He who lifted the Govardhana mountain, who wears garlands of forest flowers.

**kaṇṇande priyasakhi rādhēkaṇṇande sarvasvam allē
nī?**

Radha! You are dearest to Krishna, Aren't you his everything?

**kaṇṇane tanne ninaccu ninaccuā nīlavarnṇam
kavarnnatallē?**

Constantly immersed in his memories, Your body has stolen his blue hue and made it your own.

**kaṇṇan varum sakhiben manam ūtunnurādha
illātavan vāzhum ennō?**

Krishna will come, my dear friend—my heart tells me so. How can he live without his Radha?

**vanamāla tannavan muraliyum tannavanvarum
enn-uraceytu pōyatallō**

He gave you his garland of wildflowers, he gave you his beloved flute. And when he left, he said he would surely return.

**vanavallikk-iḍayilāy pili-nētraṅgaḷ kaṇḍō?kāttinum
kaṇṇande sugandham illē?**

Do you see his lotus eyes, dark-fringed with long lashes, amidst the forest creepers? Doesn't the breeze carry the fragrance of Krishna?

**pullāṅkuzhal-nādam kēlkunnuvō
sakhikālcilambocca iṅgaduttu vannō?**

My friend, don't you hear the melody rising from his flute? Isn't the sound of his anklets drawing nearer and nearer?

**ōrkkumbōl taļarunnu kaṇṇan vannīḍumbōlentāmō
ende avastha sakhī**

When I see him after all these years, O friend, what will become of me? Will my feet falter?

**pādam iḍarumō dēham taļarumōprāṇa-sañcāram
nilaccu pōkumō?**

Will my body lose all strength to move? Will my breath cease the very moment I behold him?

Rādhā Ramaṇā Gōpi-Gōpālā

Malayalam

rādhā ramaṇā gōpi-gōpālāgōkula-nandana kṛṣṇā harē

Radha's Lord, the beloved cowherd of the gopikas, son of Nanda of Gokula—O Krishna, I take refuge in you!

**nettiyil cēlezhum gōpiman̄ potṭumkanaka-kañkaṇam
tōl vaļayum**

With a tilak of gopichandan gracing his brow, golden bangles and armlets adorning his limbs,

piccaka-pūmāla cārtti mṛduveṇnilā-puñciri tūki

and a garland of fragrant jasmine resting on his chest, he smiles as radiantly as silvery moonlight.

**pēlava kaiyil pullāṅkuzhal ēntikārmukil varṇṇan
vannuvallō**

A flute rests gently in his tender fingers—the dark-hued one has come...

ende kārmukil varṇṇan vannuvallō

yes, my dark-hued one has come!

mauliyil mayilppili tiruki paricōḍaṅgu cērttu ketṭi

A peacock feather crowns the curls upon his head,

**pūṅkavīline umma vaccīḍunnamakara-kuṇḍalam
kātil aṇiññu**

while dangling fish-shaped earrings kiss his soft cheeks.

**ciluciluṅgane kilungi āḍumkāñcana-cilamb-aṇiññu
konḍu**

Golden anklets tinkle sweetly with each graceful step.

**ōḍakkuzhal ūti kōḍakkārvarṇṇangōpikāmāruḍe
cāratt-etti**

Playing his flute, the dark-hued one comes to stand beside the gopikas.

**vēṇu-gānāravam kēṭṭu vrajattilgōpikāmār-aṅgu
mattarāyī**

Hearing the melodies of his flute, the gopikas of Vraja were swept into ecstasy.

**vr̥ndāvana-sthitā nandasūnu
tandecāratt-aṇaññ-aṅgu mōhitarāy**

The son of Nanda, the dweller of Vrindavan, came among them, and their hearts were enraptured by him.

**prēmānubhūtiyil kaṇṭanōḍ-ottavarānanda-rāsa
naḍanam ādi**

In the bliss of divine love, they danced the joyous rasa with Krishna,

**ā rāsakēliyil brahmāṇḍam ākavēbhakti unmattarāy
onnu cērnnu**

and the entire cosmos, intoxicated by devotion, joined in that sacred dance of love.

bhakti unmattarāy onnu cērnnu

intoxicated by devotion, joined in that sacred dance of love.

Rādhākrṣṇana Anudina Bhajisuta

Kannada

**rādhākrṣṇana anudina bhajisuta rāga-dvēṣagaṭa
kaleyōna**

Let us worship Radha and Krishna daily, forsaking attachment and aversion.

**kāma-krōdhagaṭa tyajisuta prēmadi sītāramana
smarisōna**

Let us remember Sita and Rama devoutly and discard desire and anger.

mithyā-lōkada viṣaya sukhagaṭa mōhava dūragolisōna

Let us not become mesmerised by the flashy pleasures of the illusory world.

**nitya satya sukha nīlōtpalasthita nīrajākṣana
bhajisoṇa**

Let us glorify the lotus-eyed Lord, who resides in the lotus and who is eternal, true and blissful.

**rādhākrṣṇana anudina bhajisuta rāga-dvēṣagaṭa
kaleyōna**

Let us worship Radha and Krishna daily, forsaking attachment and aversion.

**kāma-krōdhagaṭa tyajisuta prēmadi sītāramana
smarisōna**

Let us remember Sita and Rama devoutly and discard desire and anger.

**dhana dhānya aiśvarya sampattu kēvala kṣaṇikavu
ariyōṇa**

Let us understand that wealth, belongings and property are fleeting.

**dāna dharma nija puṇya kāryagaṭa cācūtappade
gaiyyōṇa**

Let us immerse ourselves steadfastly in charity, righteousness and virtuous deeds.

**rādhākrṣṇana anudina bhajisuta rāga-dvēṣagaṭa
kaleyōna**

Let us worship Radha and Krishna daily, forsaking attachment and aversion.

**kāma-krōdhagaļa tyajisuta prēmadi sītāramana
smarisōna**

Let us remember Sita and Rama devoutly and discard desire and anger.

samāja sēvē parōpakāra kāyakagaļa nau mādōṇa

Let us engage ourselves in social service and altruistic deeds.

muktikāraka rādhākṛṣṇana jānaki rāmana bhajisōna

Revering the liberator Radha-Krishna, let us chant the name Janaki-Rama.

**rādhākṛṣṇana anudina bhajisuta rāga-dvēṣagaļa
kaleyōna**

Let us worship Radha and Krishna daily, forsaking attachment and aversion.

**kāma-krōdhagaļa tyajisuta prēmadi sītāramana
smarisōna**

Let us remember Sita and Rama devoutly and discard desire and anger.

sītā-rāma jānakī-rāma vaidēhī-rāma jai jai jai

*Hail to Sita-Rama,
Janaki-Rama, Vaidehi-Rāma!*

rādhā-kṛṣṇa rukmiṇi-kṛṣṇa ramā mādhava jai jai jai

Victory to Radha-Krishna, Rukmini-Krishna, Rama-Madhava!

Rādhaye Āriyillayō Kāññā

Malayalam

rādhaye āriyillayō kāññāvṛndāvanam nī mārannō?

Krishna, do you not remember Radha? Have you forgotten Vrindavan?

**pavitra-mānasā, parama-kṛpālōmama hṛdayēśvarā
pārayū nī**

O pure-hearted one, supremely compassionate, Lord of my heart, tell me...

rādhaye āriyillayō kāññāvṛndāvanam nī mārannō?

Krishna, do you not remember Radha? Have you forgotten Vrindavan?

**śrīrāgam pādi yamuna pinneyumprēma-kallolam
tīrkunnu**

The Yamuna still sings in the melody of Sri Raga, her waves rising with the rhythm of love.

**pontāla cūḍumō tṛppāda-pallavanarttana-sāyūjyam
ōrkkunnu tēngunnu**

She weeps in longing, recalling your dance, your tender lotus feet wearing golden anklets.

**prēmārdra mānasā pōrukille?bhaktajana-priya
pōrukille?**

O Krishna! Your heart is tender with love for us, won't you come? You who cherish your devotees with boundless love, won't you come?

rādhaye āriyillayō kāññāvṛndāvanam nī mārannō?

Krishna, do you not remember Radha? Have you forgotten Vrindavan?

**manvantaraṅgalāy ninne tapam ceyyumoru
kṛṣṇa-tuļasi-dalām ivaḥ**

I am but a small Tulasi leaf, meditating on your form through endless ages.

**innum ī sandhyayil ī pātavakkilnin pada-nisvanam
kātōrttirikkunnu**

And now, in this dusk, I wait by the path, longing to hear the music of your nearing steps.

prēmārdra-mānasā pōrukille?bhaktajana-priyā pōrukille?

*O Krishna! Your heart is tender with love for us, won't you come? You who
cherish your devotees with boundless love, won't you come?*

Pūvāli Paśuvuṇḍu

English

rādhē gōvinda hari rādhēśyāṁhari rādhē gōvinda
hari rādhē śyām

pūvāli paśuvuṇḍu pūvākamaram uṇḍupūnūllān
pōrunnō uṇṇikaṇṇā

pūvāka kobile pūkkaļ niṛaññoruponnuññāl-ādān vā
uṇṇikkaṇṇā

rādhē gōvinda hari rādhēśyāṁhari rādhē gōvinda
hari rādhē śyām

vṛndāvanattile sakhimāre kāṇānāyiveṇṇakkallā varū
uṇṇikkaṇṇā

koti ūrum ninnude kuzhal-nādam
kēlkkānāyigōpi-gōpanmār kātōrkayāy

rādhē gōvinda hari rādhēśyāṁhari rādhē gōvinda
hari rādhē śyām

kālindi tīrattil kaliyādān ḫodi vākārmēgha niṛamulla
uṇṇikkaṇṇā

kaṭakūjanam ceyyum kilikaļe kāṭṭidāmmuļam taṇḍil
tīrttoru murali nalkām

rādhē gōvinda hari rādhēśyāṁhari rādhē gōvinda
hari rādhē śyām

Rādhē Rādhē Rādhē Rādhē Kṛṣṇa

Sanskrit

rādhē rādhē rādhē rādhē kṛṣṇa rādhē rādhē rādhē
rādhē kṛṣṇa

gōvinda kṛṣṇa gopāla kṛṣṇa rādhē kṛṣṇaśrīdhara
kṛṣṇa kēśava kṛṣṇa rādhē kṛṣṇa

rādha ramana rādhē kṛṣṇa vanamāli kṛṣṇa rādhē
kṛṣṇa

gōvardhana giridhāri kṛṣṇa navanita cōra rādhē
kṛṣṇa

Rādhikē... Kaṇ Tuṛakkū

Malayalam

**rādhikē... kaṇ tuṛakkūkaṇṇanitā vannu munnil
nilppū**

O lovely Radhika, open your eyes—your Krishna stands before you,

**neñcakam pūkkunna puñciri pūñdu
ninañjana-kaṇṇan muraliyum ūti**

*the dark-eyed one, playing his flute, with a smile that blossoms your heart
with joy.*

**kaļavēnu-nādam nī kēlppatillē nindemanamayil pīli
viđarttiyillē?**

*Do you not hear the enchanting notes of his flute? Does not the peacock of
your mind spread its iridescent feathers,*

**nađavarānōđottu nr̄ttam āđān nindepadamalar
tellum tuđippatillē?**

*dancing to that divine melody? Do your tender feet not yearn to dance with
him—he who is the very source of the divine dance?*

**mizhi tuṛakkāte irippat-entē nindevyathayāl
maraviccirunnu pōyō?**

Why do you not open your eyes, Radhe? Have they been numbed by sorrow?

**kadanattāl hṛdayam mūkam āyō?
nindeprāṇa-sañcāram nilaccu pōyō?**

*Has your heart fallen silent beneath the weight of pain? Has the flow of your
breath come to a standstill?*

**pūmēni nīlimayārnнат-entē nī ninkaṇṇande nīla
niṛam kavarnnō?**

*Why has your tender body turned this deep blue hue? Have you taken on
Krishna's very colour?*

**nī ennīlō atō ñān ninnīlō? rādhēī mahābhāvattin
arttham entu**

*Are you within me, or am I within you? O Radhe, what is this divine bhava
you are revealing?*

**pūvuḍal melle eḍuttu kaṇṇan tandepēlava-sundara
pāṇikalāl**

Slowly, Krishna gathered her delicate form into his arms.

**‘rādhē’ ennārdramām mantraṇam kēṭṭavalrādhēśanil
vīṇ-aliññu cērnnu**

With boundless love, he softly whispered, 'Radhe...' And at the sound of his voice, she dissolved into him—into Radhesha, the Lord who belongs to Radha.

Raṅg Khēlō Hamrē Saṅg

Hindi

raṅg khēlō hamrē saṅg, hamrē saṅg ō kānā āj

Play with colors with me, O Krishna, come play with me;

**apnē raṅg mein hī raṅg dē ō kānāapnē raṅg mein hī
raṅg dē**

immerse me only in your colors, O Krishna, immerse me only in your colors.

lāl gulāl abīr yē raṅg sabhī, āj uḍē braj mein

The red powder, the fragrant colors, and all the hues rise and fly in Vraj today.

mānav kyā dēv bhī āyē haiṇ braj mein līlā tērī dēkhnē

Not only humans but even the gods have come to Vraj to witness your divine play.

khēlō mōhan phāg aisī... kī chūṭē kabhī na yē saṅg

Play, O Krishna, spring festival of colors in such a way that this companionship never breaks.

prēm kē raṅg mein aisā tū raṅg dē

Color me in such a shade of love that it may never fade,

chūṭē kabhī na yē raṅg ō kānāchūṭe kabhī na yē raṅg

O Krishna, may this color never fade.

gvāl-gōpin sab hārī ō kānā, bhar pichkārī tūne mārī

The cowherd boys and gopis all surrendered, O Kanha, when you struck with your full water-sprayer.

**ḍhūṇḍhūṇ tujhē par raṅgōn ki āndhī mein dēkh na
pāvūn tujhē**

I search for you, but in the storm of colors I can no longer see you.

khēlō mōhan phāg aisī... kī chūṭē kabhī na yē saṅg

Play, O Krishna, spring festival of colors in such a way that this companionship never breaks.

prēm kē raṅg meiṇ̄ aisā tū raṅg dē

Color me in such a shade of love that it may never fade,

chūṭē kabhī na yē raṅg ō kānāchūṭe kabhī na yē raṅg

O Krishna, may this color never fade.

**prēm kē raṅg karuṇā kē raṅg bhartē rahō calō
aṅg-saṅg**

The colors of love, the colors of compassion—let them keep filling us as we walk together.

**jhūmō rē nācō rē, prēm sē gāvō rē āyō śrī raṅg
gōvindātērē raṅg meiṇ̄ raṅg gōvindā**

Rejoice, dance, sing with love, for Shri Rang Govinda has arrived. In your colors, Govinda, we are dyed.

āyō śrī raṅg gōvindātērē raṅg meiṇ̄ raṅg gōvindā

Rejoice, dance, sing with love, for Shri Rang Govinda has arrived. In your colors, Govinda, we are dyed.

kānā rē khēlō hamrē saṅgkānā rē raṅg dē tērā raṅg

O Krishna, come play with me. O Krishna, color me in your own hue.

Saccidānanda-Rūpiṇī

Malayalam

saccidānanda-rūpiṇīśuddha-bōdha svarūpiṇī

Your form is truth, existence, and bliss—the very essence of pure awareness.

**enne entinu dūre nīkki nīmāya bādhiccu
māzhkuvānōśivē... śivē...**

O Shive, why do you keep me at a distance? Am I to live my life lost in the delusion of your illusion?

**dēham ennorī nīrkkumilayilmōham ārnnu maṛannu
satyavum**

I have grown attached to this body, as fragile and fleeting as a water bubble. I have forgotten the truth,

**dvēṣa-rāga-malīmasam manamdōṣamātti viśūddhi
ēkūśivē... śivē...**

and my mind is tainted by attachment and aversion. O Shive, cleanse my faults and purify my heart.

**āgamārkkanḍe śobha ēlkkilumāmayaṅgal
maṛaññiḍāykayāl**

Though the radiant sun of the Vedas shines upon me, the maladies of my mind still cling to me.

**āśrayiccitu kālikē ahamātti nin padam ēttumō... śivē...
śivē...**

I have sought refuge at the feet of Kalika. O Shive, will you not destroy my ego and lead me to merge at your lotus feet?

Saccinmayā Cidākāśa

Malayalam

**saccinmayā cidākāśa-sthitā nitya-sadāśivāvandē'ham
sarva pāpaṅgaḥ tīrkkuka kṛpāmbudhē**

O Eternal, ever auspicious Siva, who abides in the pure space of consciousness, truth and awareness, I bow down to you, O ocean of compassion

**sarvēśvara sadākālam kāttu kolḷuka
ñāṅgalesatyavum dharmavum nalla bōdhavum
nalkaṇam vibhō**

— cleanse us of all sins. O Lord of all, ever protect us always. Bestow upon us truth, righteousness, and noble understanding, O all-pervading, supreme one...

**ennum eṅgum viḷaṅgīḍum saccidānandā
daivamēmaṇḍilum dyōvilum pinne ennilum ninnilum
bhavān**

O God of existence, consciousness, and bliss, whose eternal light shines everywhere, you are in the earth, in heaven, and beyond — within me and within yourself.

**ñāṅgalkku vēṇḍat-ellām tannu rakṣiccu
nityavumdhanyar-ākkunna ninpādam tanne
ñāṅgalkku daivatam**

You grant us all that we need and ever protect us; your blessed feet, which fulfil our lives, are equal to God.

**jñānavum jayavum sāksāl bhānuvum
tārajālavumbhūtavum bhāviyum pinne
vartamānavum okke nī**

You are knowledge and victory, the radiant sun and the starry constellation. You are the past, the future, and the present.

**nīyallō dyōvum tējassum nīyallō daivamē
niśayumnīyallō kaḍalum kāttum nīyallō
dhātriyāyatam**

You are the sky and the life-giving light, O God, you are also the night. You are the sea, and the wind, and you also became the Earth...

**nī nityam jñānam ānandam nī tanne
mōkṣa-rūpavumni ninde mahimayāl tanne
viḷaṅgīḍunnu jagat prabhō**

you are eternity, knowledge and bliss, you are the very embodiment of liberation. O Lord of the Universe, you shine through your own greatness

**iravum pakalum sākṣāl mahimāvārnna ninpadam
pukazhttunnu ḡaṅgal aṅgaye bhagavāne viḷaṅguka**

Day and night alike sing praise to your glorious feet, and we, too, worship you, O Lord — shine forth within us!

**jayikkuka jagannātha bhaktavatsalā brahmamē
jayikkukasaccidānandā karuṇā-sindhō jayikkuka**

Victory be to you, O Lord of the Universe, O beloved of devotees, O Supreme Brahman, victory to you! Victory be to you, O Embodiment of existence, consciousness, and bliss, O ocean of compassion, victory to you!

**sīmayērum nin mahāsāgarē ḡaṅgal ākavēmuṅgaṇam
poṅgaṇam pāpam pōkaṇam ēkaṇam sukham**

O boundless ocean of greatness, when we reach you let our sins sink and vanish, and let bliss alone arise.

**daivamē hē dayāsindhō daivamē
dīnarakṣakādaivamē ninde kāruṇyam dīrghakālam
varēṇamē**

O God, O ocean of mercy, O protector of the lowly, grant us your compassion for all time.

**sṛṣṭiccu ḡaṅgale pinne rakṣiccu vazhi pōle nīṣṛṣṭāvē
ninne ḫorkkātta duṣṭarēyum
kṛpākarālsiṣṭar-ākkēṇamē dēva viṣṭapēśa namōstutē**

O Creator, you have created and then protected us as needed. By your grace, transform even the wicked who forget you into the righteous and the pure. O Lord of the worlds, to you our reverent salutations...

**anna-vastraṅgaṭum pinne maṇḍil vēṇḍa
padārthavumonnum pizha kūḍāte tannīḍunnu vibhō
bhavān**

O Lord, the omniscient one, you bestow upon us unfailingly food, clothing, and all that is needed upon this earth.

**śrī buddhan bhagavān kristu allā śrī
paramēśvaranśrīkrṣṇan ennī pērōti ninne vāzhttunnu
mānavar**

Humanity praises you with many names as Buddha, as Bhagavan, as Christ, as Sri Parameswara, Sri Krishna—yet they all worship you alone.

**ellām daivam orāl ennāl ūnālgalkkokke
ariññidānavidutte kṛpā varṣam ūnālgalil coriyēṇamē**

Shower your grace upon us so that we may know that all is One, all is you alone.

**ūnāgaļe kāttukollēṇam kāruṇya-vāridhē
bhavānnamaskāram dēvadēva namaskāram
parātparā**

Protect us, O Ocean of Compassion, O Lord divine. Salutations to you, O Lord of gods, salutations to you, O Supreme transcendent One;

**namaskāram cidānandā namaskāram
jagatprabhōdīpasandhānā sandhānā saccidānandā
nirmalā**

salutations to you, O consciousness and bliss incarnate, salutations to you, O Lord of the Universe. O Light of lights, O Embodiment of existence, consciousness, and bliss, pure one

nārāyanā yatiindrā tasmai namō namaḥ

... O Narayana, O Lord of ascetics, I bow again and again unto you...

Sādhō Sādhō

Hindi

**Sādhō Sādhōmain bairāgan har kībhūṣan vastra sab
hī hum tyāgōkhān pān biśara dō**

Hear this, all. Listen. I am she who has renounced all ...a Vagabond for my Lord Krishna. Ornaments, clothes. all have I given up. Forgotten are food and drink

**bhūṣan vastra sab hī hum tyāgō khān pān biśara dō
Sādhō Sādhōmain bairāgan har kī**

*Ornaments, clothes. all have I given up. Forgotten are food and drink.
Hear this, all. Listen. I am she who has renounced all ...a vagabond for my Lord Krishna.*

yē vraj vāsī kehet bāvarimain dāsī giridhar kī

The people of Vraj say I am mad. I am just a slave of that Giridhar.

uddhavji tum jāvō dwārakāvipat kahō gōpiyan kī

Uddhav ji, take this message to my Lord in Dwarka. Tell him of the agony of the gopikas (.. Meera is suffering the same agony)

jaisē jal bin mīn tādapesaugat bhay sakhiyan kī

Like the fish out of water that is gasping and writhing in pain, such is the frightful state of my friends

pāt pāt vrindavan dhūṇḍiyōdhūṇḍ phiri vraj har kī

In a frenzy am I searching every nook and corner of Vrindavan... Searching in fevered agony, this Vraj bhoomi of Krishna

āp tō jāyē dwāraka chāyēpharimōti giridhar kī

*You my Lord, simply went
and glorified Dwaraka with
Your presence
Leaving me behind as a widow.*

mīrā kē prabhu giridhar nāgardāsi rādhā var kī

For, O Lord of Meera - - this Meera is nothing, but the slave of Radha's Lord

Sakhī Rī Lāj

Hindi

sakhī rī lāj bairāṇ bhayiśrī lāl gōpāl kē saṅg

O friend, modesty has become my enemy; in the company of my beloved Gopal,

kahē nā... hīgayisakhī rī lāj bairāṇ bhayi

I could no longer remain silent. O friend, modesty has become my enemy.

calan cāhat gōkul hī tērath sajāyō nāhīn

He wished to depart for Gokul, but the chariot was not yet decorated.

rath caḍhāyē gōpāl lai gayō hāth miñjat rahī

Yet Gopal mounted it and was carried away, while I was still just clutching his hand.

sakhī rī lāj bairāṇ bhayi

O friend, modesty has become my enemy.

kaṭhin chātī śyām bichuḍatbirah meiṅ tanatayi

With a heavy heart, Shyam departs, and in separation my body trembles.

dāsi mīrā lāl giridharbikhar kyūn nā gayi

O Giridhar, my beloved, this servant Mira wonders how it is that I have not shattered apart.

sakhī rī lāj bairāṇ bhayi

O friend, modesty has become my enemy.

Samatvam, Samatvamsamatvam, Samatvam

**the key to our mind's freedom
samatvam, samatvam**

**the key to our mind's freedom
samatvam, samatvam**

life passes by in yearning

likes and dislikes churning

in desire's fire we're burning

samatvam, samatvam

samatvam, samatvamsamatvam, samatvam

**the key to our mind's freedom
samatvam, samatvam**

**the key to our mind's freedom
samatvam, samatvam**

in this world of duality

true yoga is equanimity

discover this and you are free

samatvam, samatvam

samatvam, samatvamsamatvam, samatvam

**the key to our mind's freedom
samatvam, samatvam**

**the key to our mind's freedom
samatvam, samatvam**

go beyond... samatvam, samatvam

our mind's bonds... samatvam, samatvam

we lose and we gain... samatvam, samatvam

but it's all the same... samatvam, samatvam

our essence is one... samatvam, samatvam

may this truth in you dawn... samatwam, samatwam

Śambhō Śambhō Śambhō(Telugu 2025)

Telugu

śambhō śambhō śambhō śambhō anarādā
manasāśambhu-bhajana rañjimpanu vākkunu
jihvanu ivvarādā

O Mind, why don't you call out "Shambho Shambho"? Why not offer your speech and tongue to revel in Shambho's bhajans?

aṅkili tericiyu hara hara ani nī jaṅku tīralēdāmaṅku
budhulu māniyu paraśiva śaṅkara anarādā

Why does your hesitation to utter "Hara Hara" still remain? Why cling to your stubbornness instead of calling out "Parashiva, Shankara!"?

enta kālamu cintincina nī kintē gati kādā - antalōnē nī
jīvita kālamu antam ayipōdā

However long you brood, will your fate truly change? And in the meantime, might your life not slip away then and there?

śambhō śambhō śambhō śambhō anarādā
manasāśambhu-bhajana rañjimpanu vākkunu
jihvanu ivvarādā

O Mind, why don't you call out "Shambho Shambho"? Why not offer your speech and tongue to revel in Shambho's bhajans?

śiva śiva ani uccāraṇa ceyyagā jihvayāḍalēdā –
manasāmanana cēsi manahsākṣi gā kaliya cūḍarādā

Is your tongue not capable of uttering the name of Shiva? Why don't you let go of your excuses? Look around with a clear conscience.

mōdambomduc kaivalyambunu munduga kānarādā –
manāsākaliyacūsiyō mānasambunānu
sannutincarādā

O Mind, why do you delay in recognizing the supreme wisdom with patience? Why not open your eyes and appreciate this truth within yourself?

**śambhō śambhō śambhō śambhō anarādā
manasāśambhu-bhajana rañjimpanu vākkunu
jihvanu ivvarādā**

O Mind, why don't you call out “Shambho Shambho”? Why not offer your speech and tongue to revel in Shambho's bhajans?

**śivaśiva śaṅkara haraśiva śaṅkara śivuni
talacarādāannapūrṇanu kaṇṇa talligā manana
ceyyarādā**

Why don't you see Shiva as Shiva Shankara, Hara Shankara? Why not regard Annapurna as your very own mother?

Samsāra-Tāpattil Uzhařumī Jīvanil

Malayalam

**samsāra-tāpattil uzhařumī
jīvanilkāruṇya-gaṅgā-pravāhamāy nī**

Mother! Like the sacred Ganga, you became a torrential flow of compassion for this Jiva, wandering amidst the sorrows of the world.

**oru cuvađu vaykkuvān āññorī
kuññinevātsalyamod-aṅgu uyartti amma**

When this child tried to take a single step toward you, you tenderly lifted me into your arms.

**anbōd-arikil aṇacc-ennakatārilāyiram muttaṅgal ēki
ammā...**

You held me close and showered me with a thousand loving kisses.

**vazhi tetti alayāt-iḍavarāt-eppōzhumkanivōde
meyyōdu cērtt-aṇaccū**

So I may not stray from the path, Mother clasped me to her bosom.

kanivōde meyyōdu cērtt-aṇaccū

Mother clasped me to her bosom.

**vivēka-prasūna-saurabhyam
pakarnn-enniluttama-cintakāl ēki ammā...**

She offered me the fragrant flowers of wisdom, and noble thoughts arose within me.

**ennenum kaipiđicc-enne nayicc-ammaātmāvabōdhat
tilēykk-uṇarānātmāvabōdhattileykk-uṇarān**

Holding my hand, Mother gently leads me to realize my blissful true self.

Saṅkaṭa-Haraṇa Siddhi-Vināyaka

Hindi

saṅkaṭa-haraṇa siddhi-vināyakagaṇapati vinati sunō

O remover of troubles, giver of success, Ganapati, please hear our prayer

śaṅkara-nandana vighna-vināśakakaṣṭ kō dūr karō

Son of Shankara, destroyer of obstacles, take away our suffering.

jay jay gaṇēś jay jay gaṇēśjay jay gaṇēś bōlō

Victory to Ganesha, victory to Ganesha—say it aloud.

jay jay gaṇēś jay jay gaṇēśjay jay gaṇēś gāvō

Victory to Ganesha, victory to Ganesha—sing it with joy.

**ēkadanta tum jñāna-pradāyakasadbuddhi ham kō dījō
prabhō**

You have a single tusk, and bestow knowledge. Grant us right understanding

**mūṣika-vāhana mōdaka-hastadr̥ḍha-viśvās samarpaṇ
dē dō**

O Lord. You who ride the mouse and hold sweet modakas—give us firm faith and surrender.

**pāśāṅkuśa-dhara praṇava-svarūpaprēma-bhakti ham
kō dījō**

You hold the noose and goad, and are the embodiment of Om—grant us love and devotion.

**pārvati-priyasuta ṣaṅmukha-sōdaraparamajñāna
ham kō dījiyē**

Beloved son of Parvati, brother of Shanmukha—grant us supreme wisdom.

**niścal man dēkar gaṇanāyaka hṛdaya mandir meiṅ
vās karō**

O Lord of the Ganas, grant us a steady mind and dwell in the temple of our hearts.

**tērē śaraṇ meiṇ āyē hain prabhuśubha-maṅgal ham
kō dē dō**

We have come to your refuge, Lord—give us blessings and auspiciousness.

Sāñvarā Rē Mhāri

Marwari

sāñvarā rē mhāri prīt nibhājyō jīmhāri prīt nibhājyō
jī...mhāri prīt nibhājyō jī

O Dark One, uphold my love, uphold my love.

thē chō mhārō ō... guṇ rō sāgaravaguṇ mhā bisrājō jī...

You are my ocean of virtues, please forget my faults.

sāñvarā rē mhāri prīt nibhājyō jīmhāri prīt nibh
nibhājyō jī

O Dark Beloved, stay true to my love, stay true to my love.

lōk na sijaya manana patījamukhaḍā sabad suṇājō jī

Let me not be swayed by the world's opinions or promises—let me only hear the words from your lips.

dāsi thāri janama janama rimhārē āṅgan ājō jī

I am your servant for birth after birth—please come into my courtyard today.

mīra rē prabhu giridhar nāgarbēḍa pār lagājō jī

O Lord Giridhar, Beloved of Meera, carry my boat across to the other shore.

Śaravaṇabhava Śaravaṇabhava Śaravaṇabhava

Malayalam

śaravaṇabhava śaravaṇabhava śaravaṇabhava
sañmukhāñḍavanē arumukhanē vallī maṇavālanē

O Lord Saravana, Shanmugha—the six-faced one, beloved husband of Valli...

śaṅkarikkum śivanumāy oru kuññu
vēlavanuñḍēkuññu vēlavan kuññu vēlum koñḍōdi
naḍakkaṇa nēram

Shiva and Parvati had a child, Vela—Lord Subramania—running about with his little spear,

ēṭṭanāya gaṇapatiyumāy matsarikkaṇa
nēramkuññumayil ēri vēlavan ulaku cuṭṭaṇa kañḍō

competing with his elder brother, Ganapathi. Did you see him soar on his youthful peacock, racing off to circle the world?

matsarattil tōttu pōyi piṇaṅgi pōkaṇa vēlanpaḷaniyil
pōy maunam ārnnu kudiyirikkāṇa nēram

He lost the competition and went off in a sulk, climbing the Palani hills, where he remained in silence.

ammayum punar-acchanum ōti tiriye varika uṇṇīini
orikkalum tirike varikayilla ennu vēlan

His mother, and then his father, called out, “Come back, my son!” But Velan replied, “I will never, ever return.”

vēlavande vākku kēṭṭu paśupatiyum umayum
anugrahiccu vēlavane paḷani āñḍavan ākki

Hearing his words, Uma and Pashupathi blessed him and made him lord of the Palani mountain.

dēva-sainyādhipanāy śakti vaṭivēlanvallli
maṇavālanāy śakti kārttikēyan

The mighty Velan became the commander of the gods and the husband of Valli. He is known as Karthikeya, the most powerful.

**dēvayāniye variccu śaṅkara-tanayantārakane
nigrahiccu śakti vaṭivēlan**

The son of Shiva married Devayani. The mighty Vela slew the asura Taraka.

**bhaktajana-rakṣakanāy sundara-vaṭivēlanpālkāvaḍi
bhasmakkāvaḍi nērcca nērnnu bhaktar**

The beautiful Velan became the protector of his devotees, who surrendered their burdens at his feet, offering Kavadiis of milk and sacred ash.

Sarvajñayām Parāśakti (Malayalam)

Malayalam

**sarvajñayām parāśakti nin paitalinusarvavum
ajñātam avyaktam**

O supreme power, the all-knowing Mother, everything remains unknown and unrevealed to this child.

**sṛṣṭiyum sraṣṭāvum raṇḍalla eṅkil īṣṭi-vaicitryam
itentu nyāyam...**

If the creator and creation are not two, then how can this remarkable difference be justified?

**mātē nin putriyām māmaka
samskārammakṣikā-tulyamō atyadbhutam**

O my Mother, is it not strange that my nature is like that of a fly, my senses wandering indiscriminately,

**makṣikayil madhu-makṣikayōmakarandam darśippū
malaratilum**

while the honeybee, though among the flies, sips only nectar from every flower it visits?

**jay jay bhavāni... jay jay śivāni... jay bandha-mōcini...
kātyāyani...**

Victory to Bhavani, victory to Shivani! Victory to Katyayani, the Mother who frees us from all attachments.

**jay jay layaṅkarī... jay jay priyaṅkarī... jay
mitra-rūpiṇī... māhēśvarī**

Victory to the beloved One, in whom all beings dissolve. Victory to the supreme Goddess, who has taken the form of a friend.

**muttukaḷ ḣyiram mālyam onnil kāṇmūkōrtt-iṇakkum
tantu kāṇmat-uṇḍō**

A thousand beads may be seen strung in a long chain, yet the thread that holds them together remains unseen.

**nānātva-rūpa prapañcam-itinullilēkatva-darśanam
ētuvidham**

Likewise, how can one perceive the oneness in this world of diverse names and forms?

Satyam Jñānam Anantam

Sanskrit

satyam jñānam anantamśivatatva viśeṣam

Truth, knowledge, infinity—the unique essence of Shiva, the highest reality.

sṛṣṭi-sthiti-laya spandamśivatāṇḍava naṭanam

The pulse of creation, sustenance, and dissolution, the dance of the cosmic Tandava.

anupama-sundara rūpamśruti-laya-tāla nikētam

Of incomparable, beautiful form, the abode of rhythm, melody, and beat.

guṇa-nirguṇa nilayam śivaliṅgam-arūpam

The seat of both attributes and the attributeless, the Shiva lingam, beyond all form.

paramēśvara nāmam

jagadāśraya-dhāmamśubha-maṅgalarūpam

kailāsa-nivāsam

The name of Parameshvara (Supreme Lord), the refuge and support of the universe. The auspicious form, dwelling in Kailāsa,

pañcākṣari-mantram bhavahara pāvana mantram

the five-syllabled mantra—purifying and liberating.

śubhakara purahara śiva śiva hara hara

jani-mṛti-duḥkha nivāraṇa mantram

Giver of blessings, destroyer of the cities—Shiva, Shiva! Hara, Hara! The mantra that ends the sorrow of birth and death.

**ōm namaḥ śivāya ūm namaḥ śivāya ūmōm namaḥ
śivāya ūm namaḥ śivāya ūmōm namaḥ śivāya ūm
namaḥ śivāya ūmōm namaḥ śivāya ūm namaḥ śivāya
ōm**

Salutations to Shiva, the auspicious Lord.

Śyāma Tan Tirunet̄tiyile

Malayalam

śyāma tan tirunet̄tiyile candanattin poṭṭu
pōleśyāma-vānil pūrṇa-candran udicc-uyarnnu

Like the sandal dot on Syama's brow, the full moon rose in the dark sky.

cārutayārnnorī dṛṣyam kaṇḍorende hr̄dayattilkāli
tande mukhapadmam teļiññ-uyarnnu

Beholding that lovely sight, Kali's lotus face bloomed in my heart.

sṛṣṭi-līla ādiḍunna kṛṣṇa-varṇayōḍu
cērnnenis̄iṣṭa-janmam sārtthakamāy tīrnniḍēṇam

The rest of my life must find its meaning with the Dark One who plays the game of creation.

iṣṭam ellām ēkiḍunna viṣṭapēśi ākum endeiṣṭanāyikē
en hr̄ttil narttanam ceyyū

O Great One, fulfiller of every desire, Queen of my heart, please dance within it.

śyāma tan tirunet̄tiyile candanattin poṭṭu
pōleśyāma-vānil pūrṇa-candran udicc-uyarnnu

Like the sandal dot on Syama's brow, the full moon rose in the dark sky.

māya tande mālakannu sīladōṣam
viṭṭakannukālakāriṇiyām ninne kāṇmatennō ñān

When will illusion fall away, and becoming free of faults, I will behold you, who are the source of time?

pēlavam nin karaṅgał tan śītaļa-talōḍal ēttu - kāli
ninde pūmaḍiyil cāyvatennō ñān

O Kali, when will I rest upon your lap, cradled in the gentle caress of your hands...

śyāma tan tirunet̄tiyile candanattin poṭṭu
pōleśyāma-vānil pūrṇa-candran udicc-uyarnnu

Like the sandal dot on Syama's brow, the full moon rose in the dark sky.

Sinam Koṇḍa Manam Atu

Tamil

sinam koṇḍa manam atu raṇamākkiḍum pala manam

A mind consumed by anger turns thoughts into battlefields,

guṇam koṇḍa manam atu guṇam ākkidum pala ranam

but a mind filled with virtue can bring peace and virtue to embattled minds.

**tītum nandrum piṛar tara vāṛā maravātiru
manamēnīyum maravātiru manamē**

Good or bad does not come from others—O mind, never forget this truth.

**atanai nīyum manatil koṇḍāl āruvatu sinamēatanāl
poṛumai koḷ manamē**

If you hold onto this deep wisdom, your anger will cool down. So, be patient, O mind.

**kutṭram pārppin sut्तrum illai maravātiru
manamēnīyum maravātiru manamē**

Those who find fault with others will find themselves alone—never forget this truth, O mind.

**poṛumai kāttāl sinamum azhiyum āruvatu
sinamēatanāl poṛumai koḷ manamē**

If you cultivate patience, your anger will fade, and its fiery heat will cool with time. Therefore, be patient, O mind.

**tīyināl suṭṭa puṇnum ārum vaḍuvum ārātē nāvin
vaḍuvum ārāte**

The burns caused by fire may heal, but the scars left by harsh words never fade away.

**avvai pāṭṭi andrē sonnāl āruvatu sinamēmanamē
āruvatu sinamē**

As the wise sage, Avvai Paati sang long ago, the heat of anger will cool with time. Therefore, be patient, O mind.

Sindūrapoṭṭāṇu Kālikku

Malayalam

sindūrapoṭṭāṇu kālikkukarinīla-kaṇṇāṇukaṇṇil
ūṛunnatum kāruṇyam āṇenkālī karūtta ponnē

Kali wears a vermillion dot upon her brow. From her dark eyes flows boundless compassion. Kali is a treasure—precious black gold.

maṇṇile muttāṇu ammaviṇṇile candran
āṇumāṇṇinum viṇṇinum āśrayam ākunnakālī
kuḷēśvariyē

Mother is the pearl of this earth, the moon in the heavens. She is Kali, Kuleswari—the primal force, the very foundation of heaven and earth.

tannanna tannānō tānōtānanna tannānōtannanna
tānanna tannanna tānannatānanna tannānō

Rhythmic music...

kaikaļil triśūlam kālīmukkaṇṇan ēkiyallōcāpavum
bāṇavum mārutan ēkicakramō śrī viṣṇuvum

Lord Shiva gifted her the trident. Marut, the Lord of Wind, gave Kali her bow and arrows. Lord Vishnu bestowed upon her the sacred Chakra—the divine discus.

kaikaļ nālilum ammaāyudham
ēntiyallōśumbha-niśumbhanum caṇḍanum
muṇḍanumbhīṣaṇiyāy-amma

With four arms bearing celestial weapons, Mother went into battle—fierce and glorious. She terrified and slew the demons Sumbha and Nisumbha, Chanda and Munda.

ninnude saundaryam vāzhttānnāvaṅgu
pōrallōmūnnu-lōkaṅgale
mōhippiccidumkālipeṇṇāṇallō

O Mother, words fail to praise your splendour. Your beauty captivates the three worlds.

kāli bhayaṅkari nī eñkilum makkalkkuammayum
nīvātsalyam koṇḍaṅgu makkale onnākevāri
puṇarnnīḍum nī

Kali, though fearsome in form, you are the mother who cradles her children in tender love.

**ninnude poncilambin nādam
ennilmuzhaṅgīḍaṇamulkkāmbil taṭṭunna
ninnudenōṭṭattāl ennum nayiccidēṇam**

May the soft chime of your golden anklets resound forever within the depths of my being. May your glance, which touches my innermost heart, guide me always.

**ennil kaniññīḍaṇam kālīninnil
cērttīḍaṇamcentāmaraykk-okkum nin mukham
aṅguullil teļiññīḍaṇam**

Kali, show compassion to me; claim me as your own. Let your radiant face, as lovely as a blooming lotus, shine ever brightly within my heart.

Śiśirattil Ila Pōl

Malayalam

śiśirattil ila pōl dinaṅgał kozhiññiṭṭumaṇaññatilla
innum akatāril ennamma

The days fall away like autumn leaves, yet my Mother has not come into my heart.

nīrunna vyathayāl piḍayunna hṛdayattilnombaram
amba nī ariyātirikkayō

My heart throbs in anguish—Mother, do you not know my pain?

ramaṇīya kānti viḍarttumī prakṛtiyumamba nin
varavināyi tapam-irippū

Nature, in all its beauty, waits in meditation for your arrival.

kadana-bhāram sahiyān ākātevarṣamāyi patiyunnatu
nī ariyāttatō

It pours down as rain, unable to bear the anguish of separation. Mother, do you not know Nature's pain?

trppādam en manamām śrīkōvililteliyānāyi nān
kāttirippū

I wait for your sacred feet to enter the temple of my heart.

nin divya-rūpam ennum akatārilnirayuvān enne nī
anugrahikkū

Give me your blessing, that your divine form may ever shine within.

Śivōham Jyōtiraham

Malayalam

**śivōham jyōtirahamśivōham jyōtiraham je suis
premier inspirje suis dernier soupir**

*I am the supreme, I am light.
I am the first breath, I am the last sigh.*

je souffle ton destinet l'efface de ma main

I breathe out your destiny and erase it with my hand.

je suis l'amour du coeursoleil d'être qui demeure

I am the love of the heart, the sun of being that endures.

je suis nuit sans partagede la parole du sage

I am the night of silence, the word of the sage.

**śivōham jyōtirahamśivōham jyōtiraham je suis
premier inspirje suis dernier soupir**

*I am the supreme, I am light.
I am the first breath, I am the last sigh.*

je suis sérénitéde tout instant sacré

I am serenity in every sacred moment.

je suis le soi qui te créémon enfant d'éternité

I am the Self that created you, my child of eternity.

je suis nuit du partagede la parole du sage

I am the night of communion, the word of the sage.

śivōham jyōtirahamśivōham jyōtiraham

*I am the supreme,
I am light.*

śivōham... śivōham...

I am the supreme,

Skandana Tandeye Śivanē

Kannada

skandana tandeye śivanēhērambana pitanē haranē

Skanda's father, you are Shiva—also the father of Ganesh, you are Hara.

**uragabhūṣāṇa umā-mahēśanekṣayisu namma
prārabdhagalāḥōgalāḍisu duritagala**

Adorned with serpents, O consort of Uma, may you destroy the effects of our past karmas and dispel the miseries we carry.

**mārkaṇḍēyana amaranāgisidebēḍara kaṇṭappana
bhaktige maṇide**

You made Markandeya immortal and became overpowered by the devotion of Kanappa the hunter-saint.

pinākapāṇi ḍamaruga dhāridayāsāgara dīnōddhāri

Wielder of the Pinaka bow, bearer of the damaru drum, ocean of compassion, uplifter of the downtrodden

lōkadi śāntiya mūḍisu nīmoḷagali ninnaya jayadhvani

—may peace spread through the world by your will. Let the victorious sound of your praise resound everywhere.

**śiva śiva śaṅkara śambhōbhava bhaya hara
svayambhō**

Shiva, Shankara, Shambho! Remover of the fear of worldly existence, O self-born One!

**kṣīra sāgarada manthana samayadiodagida
hālāhalava hīride**

During the churning of the ocean of milk, you drank the poison that arose

**nīlakanṭhanemba birudanu galisitrilōkadoļu
prakhyātanāde**

—thus you earned the name Nilakantha, the blue-throated one, and became renowned throughout the three worlds.

**jaya jaya jaya śrī bhavāni śaṅkaratryambaka
mr̥tyuñjayane namō**

*Victory, victory to Sri Bhavani's consort Lord Shankara, to the three eyed
One, the conqueror of death—salutations to you!*

Souriez, Souriez - Navvu Navvu Navvu

French

Souriez, Souriez... Essuyez vos larmes« Souriez » dit Amma... « Riez » nous dit Amma

*Smile, smile... wipe away your tears
“Smile,” Amma says... “Laugh,” Amma tells us*

Si tu as la richesse, et que tu es honoré,Même bien entouré, es-tu vraiment satisfait ?

*If you have wealth and if you’re honored,
And are even well surrounded, are you truly satisfied?*

Celui qui naît va mourir, et renaître à nouveau,En pleurant... mais à quoi rime cette vie de tourments

*The one who is born will die, and be born again,
Crying... but what’s the point of this life of torment?*

« Riez » nous dit Amma... ha ha ha ha ha !« Riez » nous dit Amma... ho ho ho ho ho !

*“Laugh,” Amma tells us... ha ha ha ha ha!
“Laugh,” Amma tells us... ho ho ho ho ho!*

On pourrait te blâmer... Il vaudrait mieux en rire !

*They could blame you...
Better to just laugh about it!*

Si tu viens à tomber... Relève-toi en riant !

If you stumble and fall... get back up laughing!

Oublie tous tes soucis... Et de nouveau souris

Forget all your worries... And smile again

Que le souffle qui t'anime, soit un sourire à la vie

May the breath that animates you be a smile to life itself

« Riez » nous dit Amma... ha ha ha ha ha !« Riez » nous dit Amma... ho ho ho ho ho !

*“Laugh,” Amma tells us... ha ha ha ha ha!
“Laugh,” Amma tells us... ho ho ho ho ho!*

**Amma demeure en tout, alors ne t'en fais pas
Elle est toujours en nous, aie la foi et la joie**

*Amma dwells in everything, so don't worry
She's always within us, have faith and joy*

Sitôt que tu souris, la création aussi

The moment you smile, creation smiles too

Vois le sourire d'Amma, viens danser dans la joie !

See Amma's smile, come dance with joy!

**« Riez » nous dit Amma... ha ha ha ha ha ! « Riez »
nous dit Amma... ho ho ho ho ho !**

*“Laugh,” Amma tells us... ha ha ha ha ha!
“Laugh,” Amma tells us... ho ho ho ho ho!*

Śrī Lalitāmbikē Parāśakti

Malayalam

**śrī lalitāmbikē
parāśaktisṛṣṭi-sthiti-laya-kāriṇiyētirupura-sundari
ende amma**

*O Mother! You are Lalitambika, the playful divine, the supreme cosmic power,
You are Tripurasundari, who creates, sustains, and dissolves the universe.*

**vāgdēvatē ende nāvil nī ennumvākkin poruḷāyi
tīrēnamē**

Goddess of Speech! May you become the very essence of the words I utter.

**anudinam ceyyunna karmaṅgaḥ avīḍutteadikalil
malarāyi tīrēnamē...adikalil malarāyi tīrēnamē**

May the actions I perform each day become flowers offered at your lotus feet.

**śrī lalitāmbikē
parāśaktisṛṣṭi-sthiti-laya-kāriṇiyētirupura-sundari
ende amma**

*O Mother! You are Lalitambika, the playful divine, the supreme cosmic power,
You are Tripurasundari, who creates, sustains, and dissolves the universe.*

**taraṇam aviḍunnu kṛpa sadayamabhayam tava
sannidhānam**

Bestow upon me your boundless grace; your abode is my only sanctuary.

**śaraṇāgati ēkū mama jananīśaraṇam mama guru
caraṇam...śaraṇam mama guru caraṇam**

O Mother, grant me the spirit of true surrender unto you. The lotus feet of my Guru are my only refuge.

**śrī lalitāmbikē
parāśaktisṛṣṭi-sthiti-laya-kāriṇiyētirupura-sundari
ende amma**

*O Mother! You are Lalitambika, the playful divine, the supreme cosmic power,
You are Tripurasundari, who creates, sustains, and dissolves the universe.*

**aviḍutte tiru-mantram uraceyyaṇam sadāakatāril
nirmala bhakti ēkū**

May I always chant your divine mantra with unwavering devotion.

**tava malaradikaṇil ī janmam ammēnaṛu-malaritaļāyi
cērnnidaṭṭe...naṛu-malaritaļāyi cērnnidaṭṭe**

Let this life become a petal adorning your sacred lotus feet!

**śrī lalitāmbikē
parāśaktisṛṣṭi-sthiti-laya-kāriṇiyētirupura-sundari
ende amma**

O Mother! You are Lalitambika, the playful divine, the supreme cosmic power,

You are Tripurasundari, who creates, sustains, and dissolves the universe.

Śrī Rāmacandranu Māruti Enna Pōl

Malayalam

**śrī rāmacandranu māruti enna pōlnin pādadāsanāy
enne māttīḍanē**

In the manner that Hanuman served Sri Ramachandra, may I also serve at your lotus feet,

**bhaktiyāl ennum ahanta akaluvānbhaktapriyē kṛpa
ēkīḍumō? Ammē**

O Mother! You who are so fond of your devotees—will your grace not flow to me, so that my ego may be destroyed through my devotion to you?

mukti-mārgattil nayiccīḍumō?

Mother, will you not guide me on the path to liberation?

**śrī rāmacandranu māruti enna pōlnin pādadāsanāy
enne māttīḍanē**

In the manner that Hanuman served Sri Ramachandra, may I also serve at your lotus feet,

**rāma-nāmattin karuttāl kadannitucōlayaruvi pōl
sāgaram māruti**

With the strength born of chanting Rama's name, Hanuman leapt across the vast ocean as if it were a tiny stream.

**tāvaka mantrattāl jīvita-sāgaramtāñḍuvān nī
kaniññ-ēkēṇamē balam**

With your mantra, won't you compassionately grant me the strength and courage to cross the ocean of samsara?

**śrī rāmacandranu māruti enna pōlnin pādadāsanāy
enne māttīḍanē**

In the manner that Hanuman served Sri Ramachandra, may I also serve at your lotus feet,

**bhaktiyum prēmavum śauryavum
vīryavum dāsatva-bhāvavum mārutiyykkenna pōl**

May devotion, love, courage, valour, and the spirit of service shine in me, just like they shone in Maruti.

**ennil vilaṅgaṇē sadguṇaṅgaḥ sadāēkēṇamē enikkā
varam ambikē...**

O Ambika! Grant me the blessing that these noble qualities may grow in me.

Śrīcakra-Vāsini Jagadambikē

Malayalam

śrīcakra-vāsini jagadambikēnīn rūpam ennuḷlil teliyēṇame

O Jagadambika, the primordial energy who resides within the Sri Chakra, may your form become clear within my heart.

mukti-mārgam nalkum cittaśuddhi – ammēennuḷlil ennum nī niraykkēṇamē

Mother, give me a heart ever pure, so that it may lead me to liberation.

śūddhamām nin prēma-valliyile orupuṣpam ākān nī kaniyēṇame

In your compassion, make me a flower in the creeper of your pure love.

kāṭṭi tarēṇam ā prēma-mārgamprēma-svarūpiṇi amṛtāmbikē

O blissful mother, who is the personification of love, show me the path of true love.

śrīcakra-vāsini jagadambikēnīn rūpam ennuḷlil teliyēṇame

O Jagadambika, the primordial energy who resides within the Sri Chakra, may your form become clear within my heart.

nin tiru pādattil ettīḍuvānnin tiru vātsalyam āsvadikkān

That I may reach your lotus feet and rejoice in your motherly love,

en manōmālinyam nīkki nī ammēennil kaniññu kaḍākṣikkaṇē

O Mother, bless me with your compassionate glance and cleanse all the impurities of my heart.

Śrīgandhadantha Manavanīdu Tāyē

Kannada

**śrīgandhadantha manavanīdu tāyēśrīgandhadantha
manavanīdu**

Dear Mother, please bless me with a mind like sandalwood.

addidarū tēydarū nontenonte entu

*Just as sandalwood releases its fragrance even when it is cut or rubbed, help
me remain calm and pure even when life is difficult.*

enna śrīsaugandhavā biḍenu ententu

Let me never lose the goodness inside me, no matter what happens.

**karma jñānadodatiyē ī manakeśaraṇāgati
sugandhava nīdu**

*You are the one who guides us with action and wisdom—please fill my heart
with the sweet scent of surrender and peace.*

nuṭiyalli nōṭḍadalli sarvakarma galalli

In everything I say, see, and do,

tambu nīduvantha manava nīdu

help me be someone who brings comfort and calm to others.

janani jaganmātē... dēvī dayāpūrṇē...

O Mother, Mother of the world... Goddess full of mercy!

**nōṭḍadalli kāruṇya sugandha bhāva virisunuṭiyalli
jñānada belakanu harisu**

Let my eyes show kindness and my words shine with knowledge.

**cinteyalli pariśuddha ařivu pasarisumanasē
śrīgandhavu āgali tāyē**

*Let my thoughts bring clarity and peace, and may my mind become as pure
and fragrant as sandalwood, O Mother.*

ninna nāma parimala ellede haradali

May your beautiful name spread everywhere like a sweet perfume.

Sūryavamśa Śōbha Ēttum Rāmacandranō

Malayalam

sūryavamśa śōbha ēttum rāmacandranōazhakulla
paṭṭuḍuttu villumēntinilppū munisavidham
vannunilppū munisavidham

Sri Ramachandra, the radiant prince of the Solar Dynasty, stood beside Sage Vishwamitra, wearing royal robes, his bow and arrows in hand.

vīracāpa-bāṇavumāyilakṣmaṇanum uḍuttoruṅgi

Lakshmana, too, got ready to leave—brave and steadfast, his weapons at his side.

acchan āśīrvadicca bālar yātra tuḍaṅgīmunikku pinpē
naḍa tuḍaṅgī

With their father's blessings, the young brothers set forth on their journey, walking behind the sage.

mantrasiddhi adakkamullavid�akal aṅgorōnnāyi

One by one, Sage Vishwamitra whispered into their ears the many branches of knowledge, granting them even mantra siddhi—the spiritual power attained through mantras.

kātil ḍtiya viśvāmitranumṛptanāyī sōdaran
vinayarāyī

The sage was content, having passed on all his powers to the princes, whose heads were bowed in humility.

tanatintō tāna tintōtanatintō tāna tintōtanatintō tāna
tintōtintinnārō takā tintinnārō

(A happy chorus)

tāṭakaye vadhiccu rāman yajñā-rakṣaṇam ceytu
rāman

Rama slew the demoness Tataka and guarded Vishwamitra's sacred yajña, striking down the rakshasas who sought to defile it.

**trptanāya munikku pinpē yātra tuḍarnnuraghukula
śobha ētti**

With the sage walking ahead, calm and content, the princes followed behind—uplifting the name and glory of the noble Raghu lineage.

**janaka-puriyil etti rāmantryambakam aṅgeduttu
rāman**

Rama reached the kingdom of Sita's noble father. There, he lifted and strung Shiva's mighty bow, Tryambaka, and broke it with a thunderous crack.

**villu kulaccu lakṣyam nēdi sītaye vēṭṭujānaki janmam
sārtthakamāy**

Thus, he won the hand of Princess Sita, and Janaki's life found its sacred purpose.

**raghukulattinu kānti pakarnnuvīranāyakan
rāmacandran**

The valiant Rama brought everlasting glory to the lineage of Raghu.

**rāma rāma sītārāma japiċċidū hṛttilmanassinu pinpē
alayātē**

Let us not chase the restless wanderings of the mind, and chant, “Rama Rama Sita Rama” within our hearts.

**sūryavamśa śobha ēttum rāmacandranōazhakulla
paṭṭuḍuttu villumēnti**

Sri Ramachandra, the radiant prince of the Solar Dynasty, clad in royal robes, with bow and arrows in hand,

sitāsamētanāy vannunilppū hrdayattil

has entered and taken his place within our hearts—with Sita, his beloved, standing by his side.

Svarātmikē Amba Praṇavātmikē

Malayalam

svarātmikē amba praṇavātmikēānanda-sundara nādātmikē

Mother! You are the vital essence of sound, the personification of the sacred syllable Om. You are the blissful, radiant soul of Nada, that dynamic, primordial vibration from which all creation arises.

amṛtātmikē amba prēmātmikēśuddha-svarūpē paramātmikē

Mother, you are the true Self within all beings, the embodiment of pure love, the essence of purity, the Supreme Self.

sapta-svaraṅgaḥ layikkum svarūpiṇīsaṅgīta-vartini sarasvati

In you, the seven notes of music merge and dissolve. You are Saraswati, the giver of music

ātmāvil unmāda bhāvam uṇarttunnaōmkāra-rūpiṇī sarasvatī

—the divine form of the primordial Omkara, who awakens boundless joy within the inner self.

mānava-mānasam dīptam ākkīḍunnajñāna-pradāyinī sarasvatī

O Saraswati, you illumine the human mind by bestowing true knowledge.

vaikhari-nādamāy ullil uṇarunnavāgīśvarī dēvī sarasvatī

You are Vagishwari, goddess of eloquence, who arises within us as intelligent and articulate speech.

nādāmbikē amba vēdāmbikēvidyā-pradāyini jagadambikē

Mother, you are Music, you are the Vedas, you are Jagadambika, the Mother of this universe who grants us the highest knowledge.

mṛdu-bhāṣiṇī amba mṛdu-hāsinīvaradāyinī dēvī amṛtēśvarī

O immortal Goddess, your speech is gentle, your smile tender, you bestow your blessings and grace upon us.

Śyāmāmbarattin

Malayalam

**śyāmāmbarattil layiccu cērnennōśyāma-yamunayil
aliññu cērnennō**

Have you vanished into the endless blue of the sky — or dissolved into the silent depths of the Yamuna's dark waters?

**nōvinde tīrattinnu ēkākiyāy ñānnīri nīri kāttu
kātt-aṅgirippū**

*Here I stand — alone on the aching shore of longing — waiting, aching,
calling for you.*

kāttirikkām ñān ninakkāy...

Yet still — I wait, and I will continue waiting.

**akalukayāṇō piriukayāṇōakale akale pōy
maṛayukayāṇō**

*Are you turning away? Fading? Disappearing into a distance where my voice
cannot reach?*

**ēkāśrayamāyi kaṇḍū ninne ñānēkākiniyāy mātti nī
pōkayō**

*You were the one refuge my soul knew — will you leave me here, forsaken
and alone?*

kāttirikkām ñān ninakkāy...

Yet still — I wait, and I will continue waiting.

**manassinde ceppil āyiram āyirammōhaṅgal
svapnaṅgał niṛaccu veccu**

I filled the treasure chest of my heart with a thousand hopes and dreams.

**ellām ariññiṭṭum kṛṣṇā ! nī ennegandha-vāhanan pōle
tazhuki māri**

*Though you knew it all, O Krishna, you caressed me like a tender breeze-and
then you were gone.*

kāttirikkām ñān ninakkāy...

Yet still — I wait, and I will continue waiting.

nin adharattōdu cērnnirunnā kuzhalneñcōdu cērttu ñān āśvasikkām

I shall hold close to my heart the flute that once touched your lips, and console myself with it.

ullinde ullil ninn-uyarum ā vēṇugānamullam aliññu nī ēkiyatō

But now — from deep within me — music rises like moonlight... is it your mercy? your tenderness awakening within me?

kāttirikkām ñān ninakkāy

Yet still — I wait, and I will continue waiting.

cērttītañē ninnilēykkāy kaṇṇā...

O Krishna — let me dissolve into you, forever.

Śyāmē Tū Hī Sarjan Kartī

Hindi

śyāmē tū hī sarjan kartīdēvī tū hī lōka-pālini

O dark-hued Mother, you alone create this entire creation; you alone are the protector of the worlds.

mahiṣāsur-mardinī māsaṅkaṭ hāriṇī tū hī dēvī mā

O Mother, slayer of Mahishasura, you alone are the Goddess who removes all troubles.

**jay mātā kī... jay mātā kī... jay mātā kī... jay mātā kī...
jay mātā kī... jay mātā kī... jay mātā kī... jay jay jay jay
mā...**

Victory to Mother!

nahīn dekhā tujhkō kabhīphir bhī tū hai sab sē pyārī

I have never seen you, yet you are the dearest of all.

kaisē milūn kaisē pāvūñbanī yē bhī ēk pahēlī

How shall I meet you, how shall I reach you? This too is a puzzle for me.

rāh mujhē dikhlā dē tūmā kaisē suljhē yē pahēlī

Show me the path, O Mother, so that this riddle may be solved.

viśva raṅg mañc yē tērājahān dēkhūn tērā pasārā

This whole universe is your stage, wherever I look I see your vast presence.

**nṛtya narttak sab hī tū haikahān maiñ aur kahān
mērā**

The dance and the dancer are all you — where am I in this, and what is truly mine?

rāh mujhē dikhlā dē mādarśan hō bas tērā hī tērā

Show me the way, O Mother, and may I have only your vision, always and only you.

Taka Tinantōm Taka Taka Taka-Tinantōm

Malayalam

taka tinantōm taka taka taka-tinantōmtittai tittai

(Traditional song of celebration)

taka tinantōm taka taka taka-tinantōmtittai tittai

(Traditional song of celebration)

**kaṇṇande aramaṇiyatā kiluṅgunnallōpāṭṭonnu
pāḍunnuṇḍallō... āhā**

The jingling bells of Krishna's waistband sing a rhythmic, melodious song.

**tālattil nṛttam caviṭṭunnu rādhā ṛāṇigōpikā
vr̥ndaṅgal̥ ellām**

Radha and the Gopikas dance in delight, swaying to the rhythm of his jingling belt.

taka tinantōm taka taka taka-tinantōmtittai tittai

(Traditional song of celebration)

taka tinantōm taka taka taka-tinantōmtittai tittai

(Traditional song of celebration)

**kaṇṇande kālcilambinde ponmaṇi-nādamtaka taka
takadhimitā... āhā**

The anklets of Krishna resound takataka takadhimita.

**tālattil nṛttam caviṭṭunnu dēva-lōkattumdēvādi
dēvanmār-ellām**

All the gods and celestials in heaven dance to the tinkling of his anklets.

taka tinantōm taka taka taka-tinantōmtittai tittai

(Traditional song of celebration)

taka tinantōm taka taka taka-tinantōmtittai tittai

(Traditional song of celebration)

**kaṇṇande sugandham-aṅgu
parann-ozhukimuppāriḍam āke... āhā**

The fragrance of Krishna's being flows through all the three worlds.

**nṛttattil layiccu mattaṅgellām maṛannuī prapañcam
āke**

The universe forgets itself in bliss, merging into the rhythm of the dance.

taka tinantōm taka taka taka-tinantōmtittai tittai

(Traditional song of celebration)

taka tinantōm taka taka taka-tinantōmtittai tittai

(Traditional song of celebration)

**tōrāte nṛttam caviṭṭi taḷarnniḍumbōlkaraghōṣam
muzhakki... āhā**

At last, weary yet happy from endless dancing,

ellārum ēttāṅgu colliharē kṛṣṇā harē hārē harē kṛṣṇā

all together they clap their hands and loudly sing Hare Krishna, Hare Krishna!

harē kṛṣṇā harē harē harē kṛṣṇā

Oh Krishna

Talatalli Karayunna

Malayalam

**talatalli karayunna tirakałkkum uñdammēoru
nođinēram neđuvīrppidān**

Mother! Even the waves that cry out, breaking their heads against the shore, find a moment's respite to heave a deep sigh.

**pēmāriyāy peyyum mama duritaṅgałkkuañuviḍā
pōlum śamanam illa**

But my sorrows, falling like a constant, heavy downpour, do not lessen even slightly.

**oru piñcukuññāy arikil aṇayumbōltirumāřil cērttentē
pulkāttatu**

When I come to you like a tiny infant, why do you not gather me to your heart?

**oru nułlu snēham koticcu ñān aṇayumbōłakalēkku
akalēkku marayunnat-entammē?**

When I draw near, yearning for a drop of your love, why do you vanish into the far distance?

**paribhavattin iruļ mūdi uzhalumbōlařiyuvat-eñgane
ā māṭr-vātsalyam**

When my heart is clouded by misapprehensions, how can I ever know your motherly tenderness?

**ā prēma-sāagara-vaibhavam ařiyāte andhata hṛtil
niraññiđunnu...**

Darkness fills my heart, and I am unable to grasp the grandeur and glory of the ocean of your love.

tazhuki uñarttañē ālambahīnaye

Caress me awake, Mother—I have no one else to call my own.

**śāstrāvabōdhaṅgal onnumē
illammēniškāma-karmaṅgal āñende sādhana**

I have no knowledge of scriptures, no flashes of insight. My only spiritual practice is selfless service.

**oru tul̄li pālināy poṭṭi karayunnavajāta-śiśuvallē
ammaykku ñān ennum**

Mother! Am I not forever your newborn child, crying out for a single drop of your milk?

**enne tazhaññu nī tārāṭṭu pāḍumbōlhṛttadām nīri
pukayunnat-ařiyāṇē**

When you sing lullabies while ignoring me, know that my heart smoulders with searing pain.

ā mađittattonnu mātram āñāśrayam

Your lap is my only refuge.

**pūjāvidhikal ařiyāte eṅganepūviḍum pūjite
pāda-padmañgalil**

Mother! Worshipped by everyone, how can I offer flowers at your sacred feet, when I know nothing of rituals or ceremonial rites?

**kaññir-mañikalāl kōrttoru mālyamnityavum
cārttunnu nin tirumāril**

Each day, I adorn you with a garland threaded from my teardrops.

**kađalōlam sañkađam ōtuvān uñḍammēittiri nēram
arikil añayaṇē**

I carry an ocean of sorrows I long to share—please come, sit beside me for a while.

neřukayil ḥrkaram cērttonnu pulkaṇē

Place your lotus hand on my forehead, and hold me in your embrace.

Tāna Tantina Tantinnō Taka Tāna Tantinnō

Malayalam

**tāna tantina tantinnō taka tāna tantinnōtān it-entinu
vann-ennariyān kāli tuṇakkēṇam**

Kali, help me know the purpose of my life.

**ennenum kāli tuṇakkēṇam ennenum kāli
tuṇakkēṇam**

Kali—be with me, always and forevermore.

**amba sundari-kāli ennullil nr̄ttam ādiḍanēanbu mōnti
rasiccu madiccivan ādum tintakatōm**

Mother, beautiful Kali, dance within my heart, so I may drink of your love and exult in joy.

**śaṅkarannu priyaṅkari nī en śaṅka nīkkiḍanē –
ninn-aṅkam ēriyenn-āru ripukkalōd-aṅkam
venniḍanē**

You, beloved of Lord Shiva, dispel all my doubts. Seated in your lap, may I conquer the six enemies (lust, anger, greed, pride, attachment, jealousy, and laziness.)

**ennammē aṅkam venniḍanē ennammē aṅkam
venniḍanē**

Seated in your lap, may I conquer the six enemies (lust, anger, greed, pride, attachment, jealousy, and laziness.)

**pāriḍam śōkam ēkilum nī kaniññāriḍam
vāzhilmāriḍunnu matibhramam oṭṭavan-ārum
tāpavumē**

Though the world may give us grief, the one who has you beside him is free from delusion and sorrow.

**vāriḍam veṇ tiṅkal kotiykkum ninnānanam kaṇḍalāru
collum ninde vapussinu kār niṛam āṇennu**

Whoever beholds your radiant face, outshining even the beauty of the full moon—how can they say you are the hue of rainclouds?

**ennammē kār niṛam āṇennu ennammē kār niṛam
āṇennu**

—*how can they say you are the hue of rainclouds?*

**duṣṭar eṅgum ūṇet̄ti viṛacciḍum aṭṭahāsam ninśiṣṭar
ennum kēṭṭu kuḷirkkum śānti tan saṅgītam**

*Your thunderous peals of laughter, which terrify the cruel and arrogant,
resound like sweet, soothing music to the ears of your worthy children.*

**tanta tannuḍe neñcinu mēl nī tāṇḍavam āḍilē?tan
tanayan keñcunn-ēnuḍe neñcakam nṛttam-iḍān**

*Mother! You danced the Tandava upon the chest of my father, Lord Shiva. If I
plead with you, will you not also dance within the heart of your child?*

**ennammē neñcakam nṛttam-iḍān ennammē
neñcakam nṛttam-iḍān**

If I plead with you, will you not also dance within the heart of your child?

**ennu vanniḍum onnennakam nī saṅkaṭam māttiḍān
annu toṭṭ-ivanuḍam nukarnniḍum uṇma tan pīyūṣam**

*On the day you enter my heart and lift my sorrow, from that moment my soul
shall drink the nectar of truth and inner joy.*

**pāḍidām tava gāthakaḷ āyiram
mōdamōḍ-ennumpūkiḍān tava trppādattil ennum nin
kṛpa ēkēṇam**

*Then, in delight, I will sing thousands of your glorious stories. O Mother,
grant me the grace to reach your sacred lotus feet.*

**ennammē nin kṛpa ēkēṇam ennammē nin kṛpa
ēkēṇam**

O Mother, grant me the grace to reach your sacred lotus feet.

Tanna Tānana Tannāna Tāne

Malayalam

**tanna tānana tannāna tānetāna tannana tannānatāna
tannana tannāna tānetāna tannana tannāna**

Chorus of joy

**celāṇu nalla cēlāṇu endekaṇṇane kāṇuvān
cēlāṇugōpāla-bālane gōkula-nāthanekāṇūvān entoru
cēlāṇu**

Beautiful, so beautiful! Krishna is a beauty to behold—the cowherd boy, the Lord of Gokula, is wondrously beautiful to behold!

**picca naḍappatum cēlāṇuocca veykkunnatum nalla
cēlāṇukoñci koñci amma cēlattumbil
tuñgiāḍunnatum kāṇān cēlāṇu**

His toddling steps are so adorable; his baby words so sweetly endearing. How wondrous to see him cling to the end of his mother's saree, frolicking joyfully by her side!

**tāmarakkaṇṇ-entu cēlāṇu – taḷirmēniyum entoru
cēlāṇumēnikku nurū mēni matikkunnorānīla niṛam
entu cēlāṇu**

His wide, long eyes like blooming lotuses are so beautiful; his tender baby body so soft and lovely; and his blue hue adds a hundredfold charm. Krishna is beautiful to behold!

**ceñcuṇḍin-entoru cēlāṇu – nallamoñcuļla puñciri
cēlāṇucentāmalarinde kāntiye
vellunnacentāraḍikk-entu cēlāṇu**

His soft, red lips are beautiful; his lovely smile, so endearing; his feet rival the beauty of lotus blooms. Krishna is beautiful to behold!

**kārkuntal entoru cēlāṇuā kuntalil pīliyum
cēlāṇuōmana-paitalin ōmal ceñcuṇḍileōḍakuzhal
entu cēlāṇu**

His dark, curly hair is beautiful; the peacock plume adorning it glows with beauty; the flute resting on this charming boy's lovely lips is so wondrously beautiful!

**veṇṇā kavarnnatum cēlāṇumāṇu tinnunnatum
kāṇān cēlāṇukōlumāy vannamma vāya tuṁannu
nībhulōkam kāṭṭitum cēlāṇu**

Seeing him steal butter is a delight; watching him eat mud fills us with joy. When his mother approached with a stick to scold him, it was truly wondrous that Krishna opened his mouth and revealed the entire universe within.

**gōvarddhanōdhāram cēlāṇukāliya-narttanam
cēlāṇukōlum kuzhalumāy kāṭṭilum mēṭṭilumkāli
mekkunnatum cēlāṇu**

Wondrous is his divine play in lifting Govardhana Hill; wondrous his dance upon the serpent Kaliya's hood; wondrous the sight of Krishna grazing the herds, flute and herding-stick in hand!

**kṛṣṇa-rūpam entu cēlāṇukṛṣṇa-nāmam entu
cēlāṇunanda-kumāranām ambādi-kaṇṇandelilakal
entoru cēlāṇu**

Krishna's form is beautiful; Krishna's name is beautiful. The divine pastimes of Nanda's beloved son—the darling of Ambadi—are wondrous to behold!

Tanna Tāne Hṛdayavu

Kannada

**tanna tāne hṛdayavu teredide viṭhalatanna tāne
hṛdayake bārenna viṭhala**

My heart has opened on its own, O Vithala. Come into my heart yourself, O Vithala.

**mānasa pūje svīkarisu viṭhalamanasāre namisuvetu
viṭhala**

Accept this worship of the mind, O Vithala. With all my heart I bow to you, O Vithala!

**sonṭa hiḍida ninna honna karagalē andaiṭṭige mēliṭṭa
ninna pādagale canda**

Your golden hands gracefully rest upon your waist; your feet rest beautifully upon the brick.

**nanagāgi kādiruveyā viṭhala?nānidō ḫdōdi baruvetu
viṭhala**

Are you waiting there for me, O Vithala?

nānidō ḫdōdi baruvetu viṭhala

Here I come, running to you, O Vithala!

**viṭhala viṭhala viṭhala viṭhala pāṇḍuraṅgaviṭhala
viṭhala viṭhala viṭhala pāṇḍuraṅga**

O Vithala, O Panduranga!

᫠dōdi baruvetu viṭhalahṛdayake bārenna viṭhala

Running I come, O Vithala, come into my heart.

**tanna tāne hṛdayavu teredide viṭhalatanna tāne
hṛdayake bārenna viṭhala**

My heart has opened on its own, O Vithala. Come into my heart yourself, O Vithala.

Tappate Japisu Avirata Bhajisu

Kannada

**tappate japisu avirata bhajisuśrīman nārāyaṇa
mantra**

Chant without fail, and ceaselessly repeat the sacred mantra of Shriman Narayana.

jaḍa tanu manake caitanya golisijīvadāna vitta hariya

Let this inert body and mind be awakened into consciousness, and remember Hari, the giver of your very life.

**hṛdayadi hebetu gātrata rūpadikamalada moggina
ākṛti iruvadaharākāṣṭa garbha guḍiyōlunelesiha
sākṣibhāvana smarisu**

In the inner sky of the subtle heart-space, within the sanctum of the spiritual womb, in a space no larger than a thumb, remember the Lord who dwells there in the form of a lotus bud, as the all-pervading witness.

nārāyaṇa hari nārāyaṇa harinārāyaṇa hari nārāyaṇa

**kārya-karaṇa saṅghātada oḍeyajīvarāśigella
caitanyavīla**

In the midst of the body-mind complex, and pervading all living beings, flows the stream of consciousness.

**jagadādhāranu sarva-vyāpiyunitya śuddha buddha
paramdhāma**

That supreme abode is the support of the universe, all-pervading, eternally pure, awakened, and absolute.

nārāyaṇa hari nārāyaṇa harinārāyaṇa hari nārāyaṇa

**śrī guru sēve niṣkāma karmaupāsane mārgava
anusarisi**

Serve the revered Guru through selfless action and follow the path of devotion.

**guru śāstra kṛpayinda jñānava paḍeyalukarunādi
prabhuvu manati beḷaguvanu**

By the grace of the Guru and the scriptures, attain true knowledge—and out of compassion, the Lord will illumine the mind.

Tappade Japisu Avirata Bhajisu

Kannada

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Tārāṭṭu-Pāṭṭonnu Pāḍi

Malayalam

tārāṭṭu-pāṭṭonnu pāḍiuṇṇikkaṇṇan uṛāṅgiya nēram

Little Krishna drifted off to sleep, listening to Mother Yashoda's lullaby.

veṇṇa orukkānāy amma yaśōdakanṇande cārattu ninnu naḍannu

Quietly, she rose from beside her slumbering child and went away to churn butter.

tārāṭṭu-pāṭṭonnu pāḍiuṇṇikkaṇṇan uṛāṅgiya nēram

Little Krishna drifted off to sleep, listening to Mother Yashoda's lullaby.

kaṇṇu tuṛann-onnu nōkki cuṭtumnettī cuḍiccu gōpālan

Krishna awoke, missing the warmth of her arms. He looked around, a faint furrow on his brow.

veṇṇayō ammaykk-innēttam priyamennu ninacc-aṅgenittu

So, my mother loves churning butter more than she loves me?—the thought crossed his mind as he stood up from where he lay.

tārāṭṭu-pāṭṭonnu pāḍiuṇṇikkaṇṇan uṛāṅgiya nēram

Little Krishna drifted off to sleep, listening to Mother Yashoda's lullaby.

kālikāl kūṭṭattil etti kaṇṇanmelle tiriññ-onnu nōkki

He stepped outside and stood among his beloved cows. Slowly, he turned to look back toward his home

amma yaśōda viḍiccu ‘kaṇṇā!’ādhiyāy ōdi aṇaññu

—there he saw his mother, calling out, “Kanna!” She came running, anxious and full of love.

tārāṭṭu-pāṭṭonnu pāḍiuṇṇikkaṇṇan uṛāṅgiya nēram

Little Krishna drifted off to sleep, listening to Mother Yashoda's lullaby.

**entē ninakku piṇakkam kaṇṇā?amma tan
ōmalkkurunnē**

*“Why are you upset with me, Kanna? Aren’t you Mother’s dearest darling?”
she asked gently,*

**kaṇṇande kaṇṇīru kaṇḍa yaśōdakaṇṇane vāri
puṇarnnu**

*seeing the tears welling up in his eyes. She lifted him into her arms and held
him tenderly close.*

tārāṭṭu-pāṭṭonnu pādiuṇṇikkaṇṇan uṛāṅgiya nēram

Little Krishna drifted off to sleep, listening to Mother Yashoda’s lullaby.

TeRē Liyē Ammā

Hindi

terē liyē ammā terē liyē

For you, Mother—for you alone.

yē̄ mē̄rā jīvan terē liyē

My entire life is for you.

sūraj bhī tū maiyyā̄ cānd bhī tū

You are the sun, Mother, and you are the moon.

sāgar bhī tū un kē̄ laharō̄n mein̄ tū

You are the ocean, and you are in its waves.

ambar bhī tū maiyyā̄ dhartī bhī tū

You are the sky, Mother, and you are the earth.

phulōn mein̄ tū unkī khuśbū bhī tū

You are in the flowers, and you are their fragrance.

savalōn mein̄ tū, javabōn mein̄ tū

You are in the questions as well as in the answers.

baṭōn mein̄ tū khayalōn mein̄ tū

You are in my words, and in my thoughts.

man mein̄ bhī tū sab kē̄ dil mein̄ bhī tū

You are in my mind and in every heart.

har diśā̄ mein̄ bas tū hī tū

In every direction, it is only you.

bhaktōn mein̄ tū unki bhakti bhī tū

You are in the devotees, and you are their devotion.

raṁ hai tū mērē śyām bhī tū

You are Lord Rama, and you are my Krishna.

paś hai nā tuṁ mērē sāth hai na tuṁ

Are you not near, are you not with me?

mā hai nā tuṁ mērī mā hai na tuṁ

Are you not the Mother, my Mother?

Tērī Sōc Sē Hī Khil Uṭhā Yē Samsār

Hindi

tērī sōc sē hī khil uṭhā yē samsāraṇādi-anant kālarūpī tū

From your very thought, this world has blossomed; you are the one who is eternal and infinite, the embodiment of time itself.

kālī mā... tū hī hai samsārkālimā tū hī hai ādhār

O Kali Ma... You alone are this world; O dark Mother, you are its very foundation.

sṛjan ki tū prēraṇāis jagat kī tū dhāriṇī

You are the inspiration behind creation; you are the sustainer of this universe.

tū hī hai bhavatāriṇī mā sṛṣti sthiti samhāriṇī

You alone are the liberating Mother who ferries beings across; the one who creates, sustains, and dissolves the cosmos.

tū hī hai samsārkālimā tū hī hai ādhār

You alone are the world; O dark one, you are its essential support.

ōmkār kī dhvani tū hrīmkār kī mahimā tūśrīmkār kī samṛddhi tū klīmkār kā rahasya tū

You are the sound of Om, the glory of the sacred syllable Hrim; you are the prosperity of Shrim, and the mystery of Klim.

ākār tū nirākār bhī tūsaguṇ tū nirguṇ bhī tū

You are form, and you are formless; you are with attributes, and you are beyond all attributes.

puruṣ aur prakṛti bhī tūdvait tū advait tū

You are both the masculine and the feminine principle; you are duality, and you are non-duality.

kālī tū, mahākālī tūśakti tū śivaśakti tū

You are Kali, you are the great Mahakali; you are the primal energy, the divine union of Shiva and Shakti.

Tērī Rāh Kā Ik Chōṭā Phūl Maiñ

Hindi

tērī rāh kā ik chōṭā phūl maiñ

I am just a small flower on your path.

khuśbū nahīn nahīn raṅg mujhmeñ

I have neither fragrance nor color in me.

phir bhī havā meiñ nit nāchtā hūṇnit nāchtā hūṇ

Yet, carried by the breeze, I keep on dancing, I dance every day.

tērī rāh kā ik chōṭā phūl maiñ

I am just a small flower on your path.

is rāstē sē jab guzrōgī

When you pass along this path,

ik bār mujhkō tum dēkh lēnā, tum dēkh lēnā

please look at me once—just once.

us pal yē jīvan tērē caraṇōn meiñarpit mā

In that very moment, this life of mine will be offered completely at your feet, O Mother.

tērī rāh kā ik chōṭā phūl maiñ

I am just a small flower on your path.

raṅg sē bharī is duniyā meiñ

In this world filled with colors,

raṅg hīn is phūl kā jīvan mā, yē jīvan mā

the life of this flower is colorless.

tērī kr̄pā sē mā is phūl kō apnā lē mā

By your grace, Mother, please accept this flower as your own.

tērī rāh kā ik chōṭā phūl maiñ

I am just a small flower on your path.

kar kamalōñ mein lēlō mujhkō

Take me into your lotus hands,

mar jānē sē pahelē mērī mā, pahele mērī mā

Mother, before I wither away.

śaraṇ mein lēlō mā tujhmēñ līn hō jānā hai mā

Give me refuge, Mother—let me be absorbed in you, dissolved in you.

tērī rāh kā ik chōṭā phūl maiñ

I am just a small flower on your path.

There'S A Way Of Life In This Universe Leading To True Peace

English

**sanatana dharma... sanatana dharma...eternal law...
eternal way of life...**

**in this vast enchanting creationthere is one
underlying truth**

**creator and creation are one and not twomanifest in
many forms**

**we all have a face, each is unique, yet we are not this
frame
mother, may I see you everywhere, lift this
blinding veil**

īśāvāsyam idam sarvameverything is divine

**mother end this separationmay I merge in youas
space embraces allbeyond confines of walls**

**the same consciousness pervades everythingsee
oneness in all there is**

**you're the I in me, I'm the you in youawaken to true
freedomawaken to true freedom**

This Boat Was Lost At Sea

English

This boat was lost at sea until you rescued me

oh arbiter of my destiny ambē mā amṛtēśvarī

**samsara's waves engulfing me was calling for you
desperately/**

**until you rose resplendently emerging from the deep
blue sea emerging from the deep blue sea**

oh arbiter of my destiny ambē mā amṛtēśvarī

**I reveled in your majesty the sound of om pervading
me/**

**samsara's tempest ceased to be in your arms, eternally
in your arms, eternally**

oh arbiter of my destiny ambē mā amṛtēśvarī

Gōlōka-Pālakan Kaṇṇan – Tintaka Tintaka Taro (Long Version)

Malayalam

tintaka tintaka tārō taka tintaka tārōtintaka tintaka
tintaka tintakatintaka tintaka tārō

Chorus of exultation

gōlōka-pālakan kaṇṇan annugōkkale mēykkān
iṛāṅgiārum koticcu pōyiḍum
tasyabālaka-sundara-rūpam

Krishna, the youthful guardian of Gokul, sets out to graze the cows in the forest. His radiant form, so enchanting, draws every heart to him.

cēlotta vārmuḍi ketṭil orucēṇutta pīli tirukitun̄gi
kiḍakkunnu tellu atilcūḍiya mullappū-māla

A peacock feather adorns his hair-knot, from which a jasmine garland gracefully cascades.

tintaka tintaka tārō taka tintaka tārōtintaka tintaka
tintaka tintakatintaka tintaka tārō

Chorus of exultation

nīlālakaṅgaļ paṛakkum tirunet̄tiyil gōpiman̄
poṭṭumvallavimāre mayakkum nallacilliyugaṅgaļ
cemmē

Curly locks dance upon his brow, adorned with a streak of sandal paste. His gently arched eyebrows enchant the hearts of the gopis.

vālitṭ-ezhutiya kaṇṇil ninnummūṛunnu
kāruṇya-bhāvamkātile kuṇḍala-śobha māttukūṭṭunna
gaṇḍa-sthalaṅgaļ

Compassion overflows from his lotus eyes—wide, long, and lined with collyrium. His cheeks gleam with the shimmer of his earrings.

tintaka tintaka tārō taka tintaka tārōtintaka tintaka
tintaka tintakatintaka tintaka tārō

Chorus of exultation

**centoṇḍi vāy malar tūkumnaṛumanda
hāsābhayiteṅgumvārtiṅkaḷ mōhiccu pōkumtava
mōhaka mugda-vadanam**

His lips curve in a tender smile that illumines the world. Even the radiant moon envies the beauty of his face.

**śrīvatsa vakṣasil ninnumveriṭṭu
pōkāt-iriykkānpādupeṭṭ-otṭiyiriykkum tavanalla
pulinakha-māla**

Around his neck clings a tiger-claw necklace, struggling to remain upon the chest that bears the Śrīvatsa mark—the symbol of his divine glory.

**tintaka tintaka tārō taka tintaka tārōtintaka tintaka
tintaka tintakatintaka tintaka tārō**

Chorus of exultation

**ādi-kaļiykkunnu māril mōḍikūṭṭum ēre
vanamālakayyil oru kālikkōlum – marukayyil
kaļiykkuvān pantum**

Garlands of wildflowers sway upon his chest, enhancing the beauty of his form. In one hand he holds a herding staff, in the other, a ball for play.

**pītāmbara-paṭṭu cutti atilmīte aramaṇi cārttigōkulam
pādi uṇarttum nallakōlakkuzhalum tiruki**

A yellow cloth adorns his waist, over which a delicate belt of tiny bells softly tinkles. Tucked within it lies his cherished flute, whose melodies awaken and gladden every heart in Gokula.

**tintaka tintaka tārō taka tintaka tārōtintaka tintaka
tintaka tintakatintaka tintaka tārō**

Chorus of exultation

**uccaykk-amṛtēttināyi – cerupātrattil nalla pāl
cōrumkūṭṭukārkk-ēkuvānāyi – mattupātraṅgalil
naṛuveṇṇa**

For lunch, he carries a small pot of milk rice in other pots, fresh butter for friends he adores.

**ellām eduttoru uriyil veccunannāy variññaṅgu
keṭṭitūkkunna ninde pūmēni telluvāḍumō bhārattāl
uṇṇi**

He's bundled them in a sling, gently dangling from his shoulders. O Lord, can your blossom-soft body bear such weight without tiring?

**tintaka tintaka tārō taka tintaka tārōtintaka tintaka
tintaka tintakatintaka tintaka tārō**

Chorus of exultation

**nī nivarnnonnu naḍannālbhumidēvi
puḷakitayākumgōkkaṭum gōparum oppamgōpimārum
ēre rasiccidum**

When you walk, tall and strong, the Earth herself rejoices. The cows, the cowherd boys, and the gopikas are filled with joy at your presence.

**centāmara-pūkkal vellum nindeentalir-pādaṅgaļ
pārilmintunnu sōbhayāl uḷlamennum antastham
āyiriyykkēṇam**

*Krishna, even red lotuses must bow before the beauty of your sacred feet.
May my heart dive deep into the light that radiates from them.*

**tintaka tintaka tārō taka tintaka tārōtintaka tintaka
tintaka tintakatintaka tintaka tārō**

Chorus of exultation

**kāruṇya-vāridhē kṛṣṇā – tavakālkal arppiykkunni
janmamātāvaka kāruṇya-varṣamennil ēkaṇam
prēma-piyūṣam**

Krishna, O ocean of compassion, I lay my life at your lotus feet. By your grace alone, may I be blessed with the nectar of your love.

**tintaka tintaka tārō taka tintaka tārōtintaka tintaka
tintaka tintakatintaka tintaka tārō**

Chorus of exultation

Tintaka Tintaka Tārō Taka Tintaka Tārō (Gōlōka-Pālakan Kaṇṇan)

Malayalam

tintaka tintaka tārō taka tintaka tārōtintaka tintaka
tintaka tintakatintaka tintaka tārō

Chorus of exultation

gōlōka-pālakan kaṇṇan annugōkkale mēykkān
iṛāṅgiārum koticcu pōyiḍum
tasyabālaka-sundara-rūpam

Krishna, the youthful guardian of Gokul, sets out to graze the cows in the forest. His radiant form, so enchanting, draws every heart to him.

cēlotta vārmuḍi ketṭil orucēṇutṭa pīli tirukitun̄gi
kiḍakkunnu tellu atilcūḍiya mullappū-māla

A peacock feather crowns his hair-knot, while a jasmine garland cascades over his chest.

tintaka tintaka tārō taka tintaka tārōtintaka tintaka
tintaka tintakatintaka tintaka tārō

Chorus of exultation

pītāmbara-paṭṭu cutṭi atil mīte aramaṇi
cārttigōkulam pāḍi uṇarttum nallakōlakkuzhalum
tiruki

A yellow cloth adorns his waist, over which a delicate belt of tiny bells softly tinkles. Tucked within it lies his cherished flute, whose melodies awaken and gladden every heart in Gokula.

śrīvatsa vakṣasil ninnumveriṭṭu
pōkāt-iriykkānpādupeṭṭ-oṭṭiyiriykkum tavanalla
pulinakha-māla

Around his neck clings a tiger-claw necklace, struggling to remain upon the chest that bears the Śrīvatsa mark—the symbol of his divine glory.

tintaka tintaka tārō taka tintaka tārōtintaka tintaka
tintaka tintakatintaka tintaka tārō

Chorus of exultation

**ādi-kalīykkunnu māril mōḍikūṭṭum ēre
vanamālakayyil oru kālikkōlum – maṛukayyil
kalīykkuvān pantum**

Garlands of wildflowers sway upon his chest, enhancing the beauty of his form. In one hand he holds a herding staff, in the other, a ball for play.

**uccaykk-amṛtēttināyi – ceṛupātrattil nalla pāl
cōrumkūṭṭukārkk-ēkuvānāyi – mattupātraṅgalil
naṛuveṇṇa**

For lunch, he carries a small pot of milk rice in other pots, fresh butter for friends he adores.

**tintaka tintaka tārō taka tintaka tārōtintaka tintaka
tintaka tintakatintaka tintaka tārō**

Chorus of exultation

**centāmara-pūkkaḷ vellum nindeentalir-pādaṅgaḷ
pārilmintunnu sōbhayāl ullām ennum antastham
āyiriyykkēṇam**

*Krishna, even red lotuses must bow before the beauty of your sacred feet.
May my heart dive deep into the light that radiates from them.*

**kāruṇya-vāridhē krṣṇā – tavakālkal arppiykkunni
janmamātāvaka kāruṇya-varṣamennil ēkaṇam
prēma-piyūṣam**

Krishna, O ocean of compassion, I lay my life at your lotus feet. By your grace alone, may I be blessed with the nectar of your love.

**tintaka tintaka tārō taka tintaka tārōtintaka tintaka
tintaka tintakatintaka tintaka tārō**

Chorus of exultation

Kālccilambaṅgu Dhariccuḷḷōl 2025

Malayalam

**kālccilambaṅgu dhariccuḷḷōlkāṛazhakinde
niṛamullōlkārmukil vēni aṇiññullōlkāttīḍuk-ammē
karimkālī**

She who wears heavy, tinkling anklets; she of radiant, dusky beauty, with dark, wavy hair like rain-laden clouds—protect us, O Mother, fierce and mighty Kali!

**tintaka tintaka tintaka tōm tintaka tintaka tintaka
tōm tintaka tintaka tintaka tōm tintaka tintaka
tintaka tōm**

Dance steps of exultation

**dārika-nigraham ceytavalḍaksande yajñam
muḍiccavalḍākṣāyaṇi ennu pēruḷḷōlkāttīḍuk-ammē
karimkālī**

She who slew the demon Darika, who shattered Daksha's prideful yajna, who is known as Dakshayani—protect us, O Mother, fierce and dark Kali!

**raktabījane vadhiccavalraktattil aṅgu
nīrādiyōlraktēśvariyāyi vāzhunnōlkāttīḍuk-ammē
karimkālī**

She who slew the demon Raktabīja, who bathed in the torrent of his blood, who reigns supreme as Rakteswari—protect us, O Mother, fierce and dark Kali!

**tintaka tintaka tintaka tōm tintaka tintaka tintaka
tōm tintaka tintaka tintaka tōm tintaka tintaka
tintaka tōm**

Dance steps of exultation

**nīṇdu viḍarnna mizhiyullōltāraka-ratnam
dhariccuḷḷōlpauruṣam ārnna
tējassullōlkāttīḍuk-ammē karimkālī**

She whose eyes are long and wide; who wears the stars as her ornaments; who embodies the vital force of Purusha, the Supreme Being—protect us, O Mother, fierce and dark Kali!

**cembaññiccārind-azhakullōlcembaratti-māla
cārttiyōlcembat̄tu cēla aṇiññullōlkāttīḍuk-ammē
karimkālī**

She whose lovely hue resembles rosy red lac; who wears a garland of red hibiscus; who is draped in garments of deepest red—protect us, O Mother, fierce and dark Kali!

**tintaka tintaka tintaka tōm tintaka tintaka tintaka
tōm tintaka tintaka tintaka tōm tintaka tintaka
tintaka tōm**

Dance steps of exultation

**kaṇṇīru kaṇḍāl aliyunnōlmāṭrvātsalyam
curattunnōlbhakta-janaṅgaṇe pālippōlkāttīḍuk-ammē
karimkālī**

She who melts at the sight of our tears; from whom flows the milk of motherly tenderness; who ever protects her devotees—protect us, O Mother, fierce and dark Kali!

**tintaka tintaka tintaka tōm tintaka tintaka tintaka
tōm tintaka tintaka tintaka tōm tintaka tintaka
tintaka tōm**

Dance steps of exultation

Tirumukham Darśikkumbōzh-Uṇḍākum

Malayalam

tirumukham

darśikkumbōzh-uṇḍākumparamānandam paṛayāvatō

The bliss I receive when I see your divine face, O Mother, cannot be expressed in words.

**ammē tirumāṛil amarumbōzh-uṇḍākumparama-śānti
agādhamallō**

I experience deep peace when you clasp me to your bosom.

**ṭrkkaṇ kaḍākṣattāl akalāttor-azhal uṇḍōī avanīyil
ammē...**

All the sorrows I endure on this earth vanish when you cast a compassionate glance upon me.

atulyamallō tiru-puñciri tan...vaśya-saundaryavum

The beauty of your smile is incomparable.

tirumukham

darśikkumbōzh-uṇḍākumparamānandam paṛayāvatō

The bliss I receive when I see your divine face, O Mother, cannot be expressed in words.

**tirunāvil ninn-utirunn-aruļukaļ allōī azhalārnna
jīvan-amṛtakaṇam**

The words you speak are like drops of ambrosia, dissolving the sorrows of my life.

**tiru-vacanaṅgaļe kātōrkkum manujanījanimṛti
cakrattin-avasānavum**

Those who contemplate your words can break free from the cycle of birth and death.

tirumukham

darśikkumbōzh-uṇḍākumparamānandam paṛayāvatō

The bliss I receive when I see your divine face, O Mother, cannot be expressed in words.

**tiru-neṭṭīl oru muttam
nalkumbōzh-uṇḍākumnirvṛtīl-akalunnu
anāthatvavum...**

When I place a kiss on your forehead, I become blissfully aware that I am not alone,

**tiru sannidhiyil abhayam tannennetrppādaṅgalil
cērkkukammē**

Mother, grant me refuge in your sacred abode. Allow me to merge at your lotus feet.

**tirumukham
darśikkumbōzh-uṇḍākumparamānandam parayāvatō**

The bliss I receive when I see your divine face, O Mother, cannot be expressed in words.

Tiru Mumbil Kāṇikka Vaccū En Hṛdayam

Malayalam

**tiru mumbil kāṇikka vaccū en hṛdayammizhinīrāl
pādābhiṣēkam ceytu**

I offered my heart to you, O Divine Mother. With my tears, I performed the ceremonial washing of your holy feet.

**matimandahāsa prabhayil en ullilematiyākum
āmbalin mizhi tuṛannu**

In the radiance of your smile, shining like the full moon, the blue lotus of my heart slowly opened her eyes.

**tiru mumbil kāṇikka vaccū en hṛdayammizhinīrāl
pādābhiṣēkam ceytu**

I offered my heart to you, O Divine Mother. With my tears, I performed the ceremonial washing of your holy feet.

**uruki ozhukum grīṣma hṛttilennō kozhiñña pūmēla
uyirtt-eṇīṭtu**

In my heart, parched in the scorching summer of longing for you, a new spring of blossoms awoke.

**vīṇḍum uyarnna kuyilinde gānattālkariñña
māmbūkkālam tałiriḍunnu**

The koel's song resounds once more, and the withered mango blossoms come alive again

**tiru mumbil kāṇikka vaccū en hṛdayammizhinīrāl
pādābhiṣēkam ceytu**

I offered my heart to you, O Divine Mother. With my tears, I performed the ceremonial washing of your holy feet.

**pāpam-atitam en mey cērttu pulkisāntvanam ōtunna
amma en puṇyamō?**

O Mother! You tenderly embrace this impure body and console me; are you not my true merit, my punya?

**śiśuvām ennuđe kai piđicc-amma
ennumnērvazhikkallō nađattīđunnu**

You take the hand of this child and forever lead me upon the path of truth.

**tiru mumbil kāñikka vaccū en hṛdayammizhinīrāl
pādābhiṣēkam ceytu**

I offered my heart to you, O Divine Mother. With my tears, I performed the ceremonial washing of your holy feet.

Toi Qui Luis En Moi

French

**Toi qui luis en moi, Flamme créatrice Fais briller le soi
Dans mes noirs abysses**

You who shine within me, creative flame, make the Self shine forth in my dark abysses.

Ma Kali, Immortelle, Ma l'âme chante, éternelle

Mother Kali, immortal one, Mother, the soul sings, eternal.

dēvī mā... kālī mā

O Mother Devi, Mother Kali...

Tu inspires cette aède Et brises sa mort, L'éphémère cède Sous l'éclair sonore

You inspire this bard, and shatter his death; the fleeting yields beneath the thundering flash.

Ma Kali me révèle Le soleil de son ciel

Mother Kali reveals to me the sun of her sky.

dēvī mā... kālī mā

O Mother Devi, Mother Kali...

Tū Hai Vidhātā Jagat Kā Nirmātā

Hindi

**tū hai vidhātā jagat kā nirmātātū hī paramātmā
astitva kī mahāmāyā**

You are the giver of destiny, the creator of the universe. You alone are the Supreme Self,

**advait mein tērī nirmalatātērī prakṛti mein samāyī
hai ēkatā**

the great illusion of existence. In non-duality lies your purity, in your nature is contained unity.

**hē bhagavān, sunō mērī pukārtērē caraṇōn mein
mērā praṇām**

O Lord, hear my call, at your feet I bow in reverence.

**kaṇ kaṇ mein tērā svarūppūrē viśv mein basā tērā
divyarūp**

In every particle is your form, in the whole universe abides your divine form.

bāhar bhītar sab kuchtērī līlā, tērī līlā

Inside and outside, everything is your play, your play.

**hē bhagavān, sunō mērī pukārtērē caraṇōn mein
mērā praṇām**

O Lord, hear my call, at your feet I bow in reverence.

hē bhagavān, sunō mērī pukār... ō mā

O Lord, hear my call... O Mother...

Uḍ Jā Rē Kāgā

Hindi

uḍ jā rē kāgā ban kāud jā rē kāgā

Fly away, O crow of the forest, fly away!

mērē śyām gayā bahu din kā rēkā rē kā rē uḍ jā rē kāgā

My beloved Shyam (Krishna) has been gone for so many days

uḍ jā rē kāgā

—fly away, O crow, fly away!

tērē uḍyā su rām milēgārāmā rāmā...

When you soar upward you will meet Lord Rama!

tērē uḍyā su rām milēgādōkā bhāg gayē man kā

The doubts and confusions of the heart will flee.

it gōkul ut mathurā nagarīhari hain gādēh ban kā, uḍ jā rē kāgā

From Gokul to the city of Mathura, the Lord has taken on the form of a cowherd—so fly, O crow!

āp tō jāyē bidē sā chāyēham vāsī madhuban kā

You may go; stay there if you wish, for we are dwellers of the grove of Madhuban.

mīrā kē prabhu hari avināśī caraṇ kē val harijan kā, uḍ jā rē kāgā

The Lord of Meera, the deathless Hari, is the refuge of his devotees—so fly, O crow!

mērē śyām gayā bahu din kā rēkā rē kā rē uḍ jā rē kāgā

My Shyam has been away for long—fly away, O crow, fly away!

Uđukkin Nādam Kēkkañāñdallō

Malayalam

uđukkin nādam kēkkañāñdallōendeccō ponnaccō

I hear the sound of Shiva's damaru — O Shiva, my dear father!

takil tālam kotṭañāñdallōendeccō ponnaccō

I hear the beat of the small, sacred drum — O Shiva, my beloved and gracious father!

ađiyande ullilum tāñđavam āđuitaka itaka ponnaccō

Come and dance your ecstatic Tandava in my heart, O dear father, dance to the rhythm of the drumbeats!

ađiyande nēreyum kāruñyam kāt̄uitaka itaka ponnaccō

Show your kindness to your humble devotee, O Shiva, my dear and gracious father.

hara hara hara ponnaccō ōhō ōhō ō...

Hara Hara! O my dear father!

śiva śiva hara ponnaccō ōhō ōhō ō...

Shiva, Shiva, O my gracious father!

hara hara hara śiva śiva śivatani taka taka ponnaccō

O beloved father, dance to the rhythm of the drumbeats.

tripuram mūnnum ericcādakkiendeccō ponnaccō

You burned to ash the three impious cities of Tripura, O Shiva, my dear and gracious father.

kāmaneyaṅgu bhasmam ākkiendeccō ponnaccō

You turned Kamadeva, the god of desire, to dust;

vairāgiyāy aṅgu vāñaruliitaka itaka ponnaccō

you reign in supreme and sovereign dispassion.

**ađiyande nēreyum kārunyam kāt̄uitaka itaka
ponnaccō**

O dear father, dance to the rhythm of the drumbeats! Show kindness to your humble devotee, O Shiva, my dear and gracious father!

gaṅgēde garvam piđicc-ađakkiendeccō ponnaccō

You halted the thundering descent of the prideful Ganga from the heavens, O Shiva, my dear and gracious father.

tirujađayil sthānam kođuttuendeccō ponnaccō

You gave her a home in your matted locks, O Shiva.

ađiyande garvam nīkkañē nāthāitaka itaka ponnaccō

O Lord, remove the pride from my heart.

**ađiyande nēreyum kārunyam kāt̄uitaka itaka
ponnaccō**

Show kindness to your humble devotee, O Shiva, my dear and gracious father!

Ul̄lam Nontu Vilikkum

Malayalam

ul̄lam nontu vilikkum nēram uṇnikkaṇnan ūdi
varumkaṇnanu karutiya naru tēn veṇna tiruvāy
malaril ūnān nalkum

Little Krishna will come running to me when I call him with a heart full of sorrowful yearning. I will feed him fresh butter, as sweet as honey.

naṭtu nanaccā tūasi cediyum kāttirippu
kārvarṇṇākr̄ṣṇa-tūasi pūkkal koṇḍ-oru hāram
cārttān maṇivarṇṇā

O Krishna, dark as storm clouds, even the sacred basil I've planted and tended waits eagerly for your arrival. O Lord, beautiful as a blue jewel, I shall weave a garland of its leaves and adorn you with it.

nīradavarṇṇā nīla sarassile nīlāmbujavum
tēngunnukamalakkaṇṇā nin tiru vadānam
kāṇāt-eṅgane viḍarum ūnā

Krishna, the blue cloud-hued one, the blue lotus in the blue lake is weeping. O Lotus-eyed One, how can I ever blossom without a vision of your divine face?

mānatt-aṅgane vārmēghaṅgal allum pakalum
tirayunnunīla manōhara varṇṇam nalkiya
nīlakkaṇṇā nī evide

In the sky, the dark rain clouds search for you day and night. You gave them their beautiful blue—but where have you gone, O blue-hued One?

kaḍalē nīlakkadālē entinu
iḍamuriyāt-aṅgalaṛunnukaṇṇan pālkadāl varṇṇan
ninne pāttic-eṅgane pōyennō?

O ocean, vast and blue, why do you roar so restlessly? Did Krishna, radiant as the Milky Way, pass this way without granting you even a glimpse of him?

karayu kaṇṇē kaṇṇanu vēṇdi karaṇil kaṇṇan
naḍamāḍum nanda-kumāran sundara-rūpan hr̄ttil
teḍiyum kaṭṭāyam

O eyes, cry for Krishna—then he will come and dance in your heart. The beautiful, radiant form of Nanda's son will surely shine within you.

Ul̄lin Himaśr̄ngam Urukunnuvō

Malayalam

**ul̄lin himaśr̄ngam urukunnuvō aśru tul̄likāl
jāhnaviyāy ozhukunnuvō**

Within my heart, does an ice mountain melt, and do tears flow like the sacred Ganga?

**ammayām kāruṇya-ratnākaram tēdien cintādhārakāl
alayunnuvō**

Do my thoughts wander, seeking Mother, the jewel of compassion?

**azhal vēnal tāpattāl eriyunnuvōsantaptamāyullām
piḍayunnuvō**

Do I burn in the summer heat of yearning for You? Does my distressed heart beat with longing for You?

**ammayām mazha-mēgham putumazha - pozhiyuvān
en manōcātakam kēzhunnuvō**

Does the Chataka bird of my mind cry out, pleading for Mother—the rain cloud—to descend as fresh rain?

**niśayuđe yavanika mūḍunnuvōmāyā nidrayilēkku
ñān āzhunnuvō**

Does the veil of night fall over me? Am I slipping into the sleep of delusion?

**ammayām āditya-bimbōdayattināyen hr̄dayāmbujam
vembunnuvō**

Does the lotus of my heart silently weep, longing for Mother to rise like the Sun?

ammē vannaṇayū... ennil kr̄pa coriyū

Mother, come to me—Shower your grace upon me!

Un Mađi Mīdu Talai Sāyntu Nān Irukkavē

Malayalam

**un mađi mīdu talai sāyntu nān irukkavēen talai kōti
karam varuđi nī irukkavē**

As I rest my head upon your lap and sit there in peace; As you gently stroke my head and caress my hand,

**ānandam ānandam ānandamēānandam ānandam
ānandamē**

it is bliss, bliss, and only bliss

**unai pirintu uļam vāđi nān varundavēen manam
arindu nī karuņai mazhai pozhivāyē**

Having been separated from you, my heart withers in sorrow; knowing the pain in my heart, you shower your grace like rain.

**ammā nī ennai kai piđittu kāttaruļvāyēatil ānandam
ānandam ānandamē**

Mother, you hold my hand and protect me. In that, there is bliss, only bliss...

**kanivōđu enai pārttu nī azhaikkavēmakizh vōđun
karam piđittu nān varuvēnē**

When you look upon me with mercy and call me, with joy I will come and clasp your hand.

**ammā ulakeňkum unnōđu nān varuvēnēuļamāra un
sēvai nān seyvēnē**

Mother, I will go with you across the whole world and serve you with all my heart.

**unai mařavā sella piļlai nān vēñđavēaļavillā anbu
mazhai nī pozhivāyē**

When, I, your darling child who never forgets you, pray to you, you pour down boundless showers of love.

**ammā pańivōđu kai kūppi nān vēñđavēkanivōđu
varam aruļi nī kāppāyē**

Mother, with folded hands, when I humbly pray with reverence, you grant me your grace and protect me with compassion.

Unnai Śaraṇāḍaintēn Parāśakti

Tamil

unnai śaraṇāḍaintēn parāśaktiunnai śaraṇāḍaintēn

I have taken refuge in you, O Parashakti, I have taken refuge in you.

ařiyāmaiyin āzha kađalil iruntukaipidittu ennai kāppāt̄trināy

From the deep ocean of ignorance, you grasped my hand and protected me.

dēvi un kađakṣattuđan uyaravaittāysiru vāzhvu vāzhnta ennaianugrahittāy... anugrahittāy

O Goddess, with your glance of grace you uplifted me, you blessed me—one lost in a petty, material life—you blessed me...

unnai śaraṇāḍaintēn parāśaktiunnai śaraṇāḍaintēn

I have taken refuge in you, O Parashakti, I have taken refuge in you.

vāzhvil ullā iruļai akattrirviṭṭuidayattil dīpamāka vantutittāy

You removed the darkness in my life and came as a lamp in my heart.

sattiyam ennavendru puriya vaittāy ammānittiyam nī endru ařiya vaittāy... ařiya vaittāy

You made me understand what truth is, O Mother, you made me know that you are the eternal...

unnai śaraṇāḍaintēn parāśaktiunnai śaraṇāḍaintēn

I have taken refuge in you, O Parashakti, I have taken refuge in you.

mantirattin mūlam teļiyavaittāy ammāennil ennai uñara vaittāy

Through the power of mantra, you made it clear, O Mother, you made me realize myself within me.

karmattin mūlam un ninaivai tantiduvāyunnil cēra vazhi vakuttiđuvāy... vazhi vakuttiđuvāy

You will make me remember you, through selfless service; you will create the path for me to merge in you...

**śaraṇāḍaintēn ammā śaraṇāḍaintēndēvi un pādattil
śaraṇāḍaintēn...**

I have taken refuge, O Mother, I have taken refuge in you. O Goddess, at your feet I have taken refuge.

**śaraṇāḍaintēn ammā śaraṇāḍaintēndēvi un pādattil
śaraṇāḍaintēn**

I have taken refuge, O Mother, I have taken refuge in you. O Goddess, at your feet I have taken refuge.

ammā śaraṇāḍaintēn...ammā śaraṇāḍaintēn...

Oh Mother, I have taken refuge in you

Unnai Śaraṇāḍaindēn Ammā

Tamil

unnai śaraṇāḍaindēn ammā unnai śaraṇāḍaindēn

I surrender to you, O Mother, I take refuge in you.

sarvamum nīyena nin tāl panintēn

Recognizing that everything is you, I bow down at your holy feet.

māyyaiyil uzhandra ennai taḍuttāṭkoṇḍāy

When I was lost in delusion, you restrained me with compassion.

malaipondru ūzhvinaiyai panipōl urūkacceytāy

You melted away my heavy karmic burdens like ice beneath the sun.

uttamarōdu ennai sērttu vaittāy

You placed me in the company of the noble and pure,

ulluruki unnai azhaikka vaittāy

and you caused my heart to melt so that I might call out to you.

azhaitta en kuṛaḷ kēṭṭu ḍōdi vantāy

You heard my cry and came rushing to me.

āratalāy ennai tāṅkinindrāy

You consoled me and bore my burdens.

anbai pukaṭṭi un āḍalai kāṇa ceytāy

You filled me with love and allowed me to witness your divine dance

ādaravāy ennai unnōdu sērttāy

With deep affection, you united me with yourself.

nandri navila enakku vārttaikaḷ illai ammā

I have no words to express my gratitude, O Mother.

nānilattil uṛaiyum māmaṛaiyē

O Veda that dwells on this wide earth!

nin padam paṇindēn ammā ammā

I bow at your feet, O Mother,

ninnaruļ tantennai kāppāyē nī

O Mother—may you, in your grace, bless me and protect me.

Valampurināthā Unnai Valamvantu Vaṇaṅkukirōm

Tamil

**valampurināthā unnai valamvantu
vaṇaṅkukirōmvaļamperā vēṇḍumē uyirinam
yāvaiyum**

O Lord Ganapati, we come around you in circumambulation and bow at your feet. May all living beings prosper and flourish!

**uṇmaiyē pēsum nal ullāmum vēṇḍum - ařavazhi
vāzhum nal ařivatu vēṇḍum**

May we have pure hearts that speak only the truth! May we gain noble wisdom that walks the path of goodness!

**vēruvērena vāzhum manitaril pirivinai
akandriḍavēvaiyam yāvumōr kuḍumbam ākavē
anpinil iṇaintiḍavē**

O elephant-faced Lord Ganapati, graciously bestow your blessings so that the divisions among people living in separation may be removed; so that the whole world may become one family, united in love;

**pazhaiyana kazhintiḍavē putuyukam
piṛantiḍavēkarimuka kaḍavuļ gaṇapati nāthā
kanintaruļ purivāyē**

O elephant-faced Lord Ganapati, graciously bestow your blessings, so that the old and outdated may be cast away, and a new age be born.

**piṛarin kuṛaikaļai kaṇdu nakaittiḍum izhiguṇam
akandriḍavētanatu kuṛaikaļai eṇni sirittiḍum
aruṇguṇam vaļarntiḍavē**

O elephant-faced Lord Ganapati, graciously bestow your blessings so that the tendency to laugh at the faults of others may be removed; so that the rare virtue of reflecting on one's own faults and laughing at them may grow within us;

**tavarukaļ tiruntiḍavē tađaikaļum
niṅkiḍavēkarimukakkadavuļ gaṇapati-nāthā
kanintaruļ purivāyē**

O elephant-faced Lord Ganapati, graciously bestow your blessings, so that our mistakes may be corrected and all obstacles removed.

arputa karppaka kalirēvittakā virai kazhal śaraṇē

O wondrous wish-fulfilling tree, O wise One, at your lotus feet I take refuge.

iruvinai illā tattuva nilaiyaitantarul gaṇapatiyē

O Ganapati, graciously grant me the state of truth that is beyond the dualities of pain and pleasure.

Vanamāla Tannu Maṇivēṇu Tannu

Malayalam

**vanamāla tannu maṇivēṇu tannuvarumenna
vāgdānam tannu kaṇṇanvarumennu vāgdānam tannu**

He gave me his garland of forest flowers, he gave me his beloved flute, he gave me his word that he would return.

**maṇivarṇan varum enna
madhura-kināvinemadhuvūṭti ñān kāttirunnu...
ennummadhuripuve kāttirunnu**

I wait, lost in sweet dreams, for the Lord of sweetness to come back to me.

kṛṣṇā... gopabālā... kṛṣṇā... vāsudēvā...

O Krishna, cowherd boy! O Krishna, who resides within every heart...

**oru cillayil valarnnoru ñeṭṭilāy taļiritt-orumayil
pūviṭṭa pūkkal**

Like twin blossoms from a single stem, the dark-hued Krishna and I bloomed together on the vine of love,

**śyāmanum ñānumā sūnaṅgal pōlavēprēma-taruvil
viḍarnnu...**

Like twin blossoms from a single stem, the dark-hued Krishna and I bloomed together on the vine of love, and the fragrance of our love spread everywhere.

prēma-saugandham eṅgum parannu

and the fragrance of our love spread everywhere.

kṛṣṇā... gopabālā... kṛṣṇā... vāsudēvā...

O Krishna, cowherd boy! O Krishna, who resides within every heart...

**ambarattumbōḷam poṅgi paṛannorukambitam ākum
kinākkal**

Her dreams flew as high as the sky, longing to reach and hold Krishna.

**sundara-pūnilāppāl ozhukkīḍunnacandrane nōkki
kutippū**

He rose as the full moon within the clear sky of her heart, and from him flowed a stream of silvery light.

śyāma-candrane nēḍān kotippū

He rose as the full moon within the clear sky of her heart, and from him flowed a stream of silvery light.

kṛṣṇā... gopabālā... kṛṣṇā... vāsudēvā...

O Krishna, cowherd boy! O Krishna, who resides within every heart...

‘rādhēśān varavāyi’ madhuramāy mantriccukātil oru kuḷir kāttu

A gentle breeze whispered in her ear, ‘Radha’s Lord is arriving.’

prāṇēśane puṇarnnīduvān rādha tanprāṇan paṛann-aṅguyarnnu

Radha’s very life force leapt up to embrace her beloved

jīva-nāthanil cērnnu layiccu

—her prana rose and merged with the Lord of her life.

kṛṣṇā... gopabālā... kṛṣṇā... vāsudēvā...

O Krishna, cowherd boy! O Krishna, who resides within every heart...

Vannaṅgoru Dinam

Malayalam

vannaṅgoru dinam kubēranōśrīsailattil aṅgu
kṣaṇikkānāyūṇṇigaṇapati vannen
manōrathamsādhippicc-aṅgu tannīḍaṇē

One day, Kubera, the Lord of Wealth, arrived at Sri Saila, the abode of Siva and Parvati, to invite young Ganapati to his palace to fulfill a long-cherished dream.

śrī śivapārvatimārō atu kēṭṭutelloru
mandasmitattōdeuṇṇigaṇēśane cērttu piḍicciṭṭupōyi
varika ponnuṇṇi nī

Hearing his words, Siva and Parvati smiled slightly and embraced young Ganapathy. 'Go there and come back, dear son,' they said.

uṇṇi-gaṇēśanum cinticc-aṅguṛaccuinnivand-ahanta
tirkkanamāśīrvādattināy acchanammamārecennu
vaṇaṅgi vināyakan

Young Ganapati also decided to put an end to Kubera's pride in his wealth. He went to his parents and bowed before them for their blessings.

nūru-kaṇakkinu kaṛikālum cērttaṅgusadya viḷambī
kubēranumtelloru ceṛu-pūppuñciriyyōḍekumbha
taḍavī gaṇēśanum

Kubera served a feast with hundreds of dishes. With a slight smile, Ganapati patted his paunch...

vistariccaṅgu tuḍaṅgiyitā orumātrakonḍ-ellāmē
tīrtteḍōiniyum varatṭe viśappusahikkaṇill-ennaṅgu
collī gaṇēśanum

....and finished all the dishes in a twinkling. 'Bring me more—I cannot bear my hunger,' said Ganapati

vīṇḍum viḷambīṭṭum vīṇḍum viḷambīṭṭumviśappu
tīrn̄nill-aṅguṇṇikkukoṇḍuvarika iniyum
viśakkunnukōpattōḍaṅgu collīḍinēn

He was served more and more, but it did not appease young Ganapati's hunger. Angrily, he said, 'Bring me more food!'

**entu kođukkañam ennaṅg-ařiyāteninnu valaññu
kubēranumvērttolikkānu
viṛaṅgalikkañukālidaṛaṇ-endīśanē**

Kubera was distraught, not knowing what more to give. He began sweating and shivering. O God! His legs started shaking.

**viśappu tīrāte uṇṇi-gaṇapatipātraṅgaļ onnāy
vizhuṅginēntān tan ahaṅkāram tiricc-ařiññaṅgucolli
karaññu kubēranum**

Meanwhile, young Ganapathy, his hunger unabated, began eating the pots themselves. Recognizing his own pride, Kubera started crying out:

**rakṣikka śrījagadīśā mahēśvarārakṣikka pārvatī
vallabhācennaṅgu kēnu vaṇaṅgī
kubēranumśrīparamēśvaran munpākē**

Save me, Lord of this world, O Supreme God! Save me, O consort of Goddess Parvati! Kubera went to Sri Paramesa, bowed down, and pleaded with him.

**uṇṇi-gaṇapati tannantikē uḍan ettī śrīpārvatī
vallabhanuṇṇi gaṇēśanē vāri eḍuttumaḍil aṅgiruttī
mahēśanum**

At once, Sri Parvati's consort reached young Ganapati's side. Mahesha lifted the little one and placed him on his lap.

**oru nuḷlu bhasmamā tiruvāyil iṭṭaṅgukumbha taḍavī
mahēśanumēmbakkam viṭṭaṅgu ṭṛptiyōḍetalayāṭṭi
ciriccū gaṇēśanum**

He took a pinch of sacred ash and fed it to Ganapati. Then he gently caressed the young paunch. Giving a satisfied burp, young Ganapati nodded and laughed.

**gaṇapatayē gaṇapatayē śrīpārvatī
nandanānēgaṇapatayē gaṇapatayē
śrīparamēśvara-nandanānē**

O Ganapati, son of Sri Parvathy! O Ganapati, son of Sri Parameswara!

Vannīḍum Ennallī Colli Kaṇṇan

Malayalam

**vannīḍum ennallī colli kaṇṇan annu mathuraykku
pōya nēram**

When Krishna left for Mathura, he said he would return to Vrindavan.

**nālukaḷ ēre kozhiññuvallōnalīka-nētran
varāttat-entē?**

So many days have passed, why has the lotus-eyed one not come back?

**maññattukil ennum nīrtti vaykkumtiṇṇayil ēre nān
nōkki nilkkum**

Each day, I lay out his yellow raiment, ready for him to wear. I wait for long on the verandah, eyes fixed on the path,

**uṇṇi varunnatum kāttu-kāttumaṇṇu tinnōruṇṇi
vannatilla**

hoping for a glimpse of him, my child, returning home. The one who ate mud with innocent mischief, my Krishna, has not yet returned to me.

**vannīḍum ennallī colli kaṇṇan annu mathuraykku
pōya nēram**

When Krishna left for Mathura, he said he would return to Vrindavan.

**ōṇavil ennum orukki vaykkumōmana-kaṇṇanu
nalkidānāy**

Every day, I keep the ceremonial bow ready—a gift for my darling Krishna,

**ōdi anaññavan pulkiḍumbōlōmana-muttaṅgal ēre
nalkum**

When he comes running into my arms I will shower him with tender kisses.

**vannīḍum ennallī colli kaṇṇan annu mathuraykku
pōya nēram**

When Krishna left for Mathura, he said he would return to Vrindavan.

veṇṇa-kalaṅgaḷ niṛaccu vaykkumuṇṇuvān uṇṇi varāttat-entē

I've filled the pots with butter, sweet and fresh, waiting for him to feast as he once did

veṇṇayōḍuḷla priyam veḍiññō?ennu varum nī en uṇṇikkaṇṇā

. Has my little one lost his love for butter? My dearest Krishna, my beloved child—When will you return to me?

vannīḍum ennallī colli kaṇṇan annu mathuraykku pōya nēram

When Krishna left for Mathura, he said he would return to Vrindavan.

kōlakkuzhal ninde ōmal allē?kālikkōlum ninakk-iṣṭam allē?

Your flute is beloved to you, and your herding stick is dear to you. Don't you long to wander once more through the forest, herding the cows?

kāli-mēccīḍuvān pōyiḍēṇḍē?kālam kaṭayāte nī varillē?

Why do you delay, my Krishna? What great matters keep you away? But I am your mother — and I know you will return to me.

vannīḍum ennallī colli kaṇṇan annu mathuraykku pōya nēram

When Krishna left for Mathura, he said he would return to Vrindavan.

entāmō kaṇṇan varāttat-innumenṭuṇḍ-avan avide ēṛe ceyyān?

Why indeed has little Kannan still not come? What keeps him there for so long?

etrayāyālum ñān ammayallēetrayum vēgam aṇayum avan

After all, am I not his mother, and my son will return to my side as soon as possible.

vannīḍum ennallī colli kaṇṇan annu mathuraykku pōya nēram

When Krishna left for Mathura, he said he would return to Vrindavan.

ammaykku nalkukill-allal avanaṅgu dūrēykk-avan pōkukilla

*He would never bring sorrow to his mother, nor would he go far away,
leaving me behind.*

atraykku krūran allende kaṇṇan atra-mēl ende ponnuṇṇi avan

*My Krishna is not so cruel. He is so very dear to me, and I, to him, am just as
beloved.*

vannīḍum ennallī colli kaṇṇan annu mathuraykku pōya nēram

When Krishna left for Mathura, he said he would return to Vrindavan.

nālukaļ ēre kozhiññuvallōnālīka-nētran varāttat-entē?

So many days have passed, why has the lotus-eyed one not come back?

Varavēṇḍum Varavēṇḍum Vāgīsvari

Tamil

**varavēṇḍum varavēṇḍum vāgīsvari - varam tara
vēṇḍum tara vēṇḍum varadāyini**

O divine Goddess of speech, we warmly welcome you. Bestower of boons, we humbly seek your grace.

**namaskāram namaskāram nāvarasi namaskāram
vaiyamellām pugazh pāḍum kalaivāṇi namaskāram**

Eloquent Goddess, we offer our deepest reverence. Queen of Arts revered throughout the world, we bow in adoration.

**vellai tāmaraiyil vasippavalē namaskāram vīṇai
tannai kaiyilēntum vēdarasi namaskāram**

Salutations to the one who dwells in the white lotus. Salutations to Goddess Vedarasi, who gracefully holds the veena in her hand.

**paļiṇku pōl mēni azhaguḍaiyāl namaskāram
ponnarasi dēvi pugazharasi namaskāram**

Salutations to the one whose complexion is as exquisite as marble. Salutations to the Golden Queen, renowned for her fame.

**akhilāṇḍēsvari anātha rakṣaki ādisaktiyē saraṇam
paṇkajalōcani annavāhini mānilam pōṭriḍum tāyē**

We surrender to the Goddess of the universe, the protector of orphans, the primordial power, the one with lotus-like eyes, who travels on a swan, and the mother revered by all.

**vaiyamellām pōṭri thozhum annaiyē śrīdēvi un tiru
kaippaṭri vazhi naḍaintu vāzhvōmē**

O Mother Sridevi, you are revered by all beings in the universe.

**nin tiruvaḍi malarai maṛavāmal dinamum paṇipuriya
emakku varam taruvāy namaskāram**

May we strive to follow your sacred path. Grant us the blessing to serve you daily, always remembering your holy feet.

Vardāni Mā Jaya Jaya Durgā Mā

Hindi

**vardāni mā jaya jaya durgā mā - bhar dō man kō
tumhārē ālōk sē mā**

O Mother, bestower of boons, victory to you, O Mother Durga! Fill this heart with your divine light, O Mother.

**jhūktā hai caraṇōn meiṁ yah sansār - kartī hai tū mā
sab kā uddhār**

The entire world bows down at your feet, O Mother, and you uplift and liberate all.

nihārō mā... āke man kō ājmiṭā dō man kā andhakār

Look upon me today, Mother—come into my heart and dispel the darkness within.

**mā... ō... mā... mā... ō... mā... - mērī mā... pyārī mā...
janani mā...**

O Mother, my Mother, darling Mother...

**kartī hai tū kr̥pā aparampārtēri bhakti meiṁ magan
hō man mērā**

You bestow boundless grace, O Mother, and may my heart remain immersed in your devotion.

**śīṣ pē rakh dō vardāni hāthkarō mā tum karuṇā kī
barsāt**

Place your boon-giving hand upon my head, Mother, and shower your compassion upon me.

Vātālayēśande Vārmuḍikketṭile

Malayalam

vātālayēśande vārmuḍikkeṭṭilepīlikkaṇṇ-āvān
koticcirunn-annu ñān

I longed to be a peacock plume, adorning the hair of Krishna, the Lord of Guruvayoor.

vādiyile oru tuḷasikkatir-āyālpādattil eñkilum ettām
ennāśiccu

I longed to be a tulasi leaf in the garden, so I could somehow reach his feet.

vātālayēśande vārmuḍikkeṭṭilepīlikkaṇṇ-āvān
koticcirunn-annu ñān

I longed to be a peacock plume, adorning the hair of Krishna, the Lord of Guruvayoor.

pāzhuṇḍam taṇḍāy pīrannirunneñkil
āpāvanādharattil cērān kazhiññēnē

If I were born a bamboo reed, He might hold me close to His lips.

pāril en mōhaṅgal āraññiñduvānpāzhil en mōhaṅgal
ennu ninaccu ñān

I thought no one would ever know the quiet longing in my heart, and I feared all my hopes were in vain.

vātālayēśande vārmuḍikkeṭṭilepīlikkaṇṇ-āvān
koticcirunn-annu ñān

I longed to be a peacock plume, adorning the hair of Krishna, the Lord of Guruvayoor.

pāzhilāyīl-ende mōhaṅgal onnumē – pārinde īśanitā
vanninn-ammayāy

But my hopes were not in vain—the Lord of the Universe came in the form of Mother.

cērtt-aṇaccen duḥkha bāṣpam tuḍaccinnucēṇutṭa
pādattil cērtt-ende janmavum

She held me close and gently wiped away my tears, and at her lotus feet, my life found its sanctuary.

**vātālayēśande vārmuḍikkeṭṭilepīlikkaṇṇ-āvān
koticcirunn-annu ḡān**

I longed to be a peacock plume, adorning the hair of Krishna, the Lord of Guruvayoor.

Vātsalyam Etrayō Nī Coriññu

Malayalam

vātsalyam etrayō nī coriññutettukal etrayō nī poruttu

Mother! You have showered immense grace upon me. You forgave the countless mistakes I made.

śāsana etra nī nalki ammēsārōkti etrayō colli ammē

With loving discipline, you shaped me — teaching me virtue and moral truth.

eṅgane ikkaḍam vīṭṭum ammē?eṅgane nandi collidum ivan

How can I ever repay this debt? In what way can I express my gratitude?

tīrākkaḍavumāy ammē ivannityavum ninnude cintayilāy

Lost in reverie of you, I dwell in this unending debt.

ammaykku nalkān orumma mātramkaṇñīr oru tulī ūñān pozhikkām

I have only a kiss to offer you, O Mother — a single tear, born of love.

en mānasam itil uṇdu tāyēvākkāl paṛayāvatallat-ammē

Within that tear lies my heart, a silent offering beyond words.

sāndra-maunattil ūñān ammayumāyēkībhaviccallō nityam ammē

In a silence dense and profound, I became one with you, O Mother.

ūñān illātāyi kaḍam vīṭṭuvānānanda-nirvṛti mātramāyi

“I” ceased to exist. To repay the debt, only blissful fulfilment remains.

Vazhi Tavarīya Kuzhantai Nān

Tamil

vazhi tavarīya kuzhantai nāngati ariyāmal
tavikkindren

I am a child who has lost its way, unable to find shelter, suffering and alone.

vantu tađuttāṭ kolvāyē tāyēvantu tađuttāṭ kolvāyē

O Mother, please come—protect me and grant me refuge.

mannippāyē tāyē mannippāyēmannippāyē nī ennai
mannippāyē

Please forgive me, O Mother...

seyda tavařugal pala nūrūsonna vārttaigal avadūru

I have committed countless mistakes. I have spoken harsh and hurtful words.

karmaṅgal palatum adharmamen eṇṇaṅgalum migā
alaṅgōlam

Many of my actions have been unrighteous, and even my thoughts are impure and ugly.

mīṇdu ezhuntida nān munaindēnmīṇḍum vizhundu
nān paridavittēn

I tried to redeem myself, but kept falling, again and again, until despair overtook me.

annaiyin aļavillā karuṇaien vāzhvin orē oru
nambikkai

O Mother, the only hope that remains in my life is your boundless compassion.

iruṇḍa neñjidai nī ariyāvarundum en manam nī
uṇarvāy

O Mother, You know my heart that is covered with darkness. You understand the sorrow and remorse within my mind.

kalaṅgum kaṅgalai nī tuđaippāyen ēkkam tīrttiđum
marundāvāy

You are the one who wipes away the tears that fill my eyes—you alone are the healing balm for the ache of my longing.

**tāyē mahāmāyē...dayai purivāy, aruļ purivāy...tāyē
mahāmāyē...dayai purivāy, aruļ purivāy...**

O Mother, the great divine Illusion—have mercy on me, and bless me with your grace.

Vinmēghaṅgalkk-Iḍayil Teḥiyum

Malayalam

viṇmēghaṅgalkk-iḍayil teḥiyumventārakam pōle

Like a silver star shining through the clouds in the sky,

maṇtarikaṅgalkk-iḍayil minni

tiḷaṅgidumsuvarṇa-rēṇukkal pōle

like a fragment of gold glowing among grains of sand...

**kaṇḍīlikalkk-iḍayiltiḷaṅgi viḷaṅgidunnakṛṣṇamaṇi
ennapōle**

Like the light of the eye gleaming between its lashes,

peṇkalil ratnamāyī lōkavēdiyil bhūjātayāy ennamma

like a radiant jewel among women, upon the stage of life, Mother has taken birth on the earth.

**hṛdaya-nabhassin mēghaṅgal nīṅgumbōlarkkanāy
teḥiyum amma**

Mother shines like the sun when the clouds are dispelled from the sky of the heart.

**kāruṇya kiraṇaṅgalāl akattāmarapūviriyyikkum
amma**

With the rays of her compassion, she makes the lotus of the heart blossom.

**indīvaramatin itaļukaļ viḍarumbōlmakaranda
niṛavākum amma**

When the petals of the blue lotus open, Mother shines as sweet nectar.

**mānasa-sarasijam malarkke viḍarumbōlbhṛīgamāy
ettunnu amma**

As the lotus of the mind blooms and unfolds, mother comes like a honey bee drawn to its fragrance.

**kalmānasattilum kāruṇyalēśa sphuraṇam teļikkunnu
amma**

Even in a hardened heart, Mother shines as a spark of compassion.

**varaṇḍ-uṇaṅgiya hr̥tsarōvaram ākeprēmavarṣam
peyyunn-amma**

She pours down as a rain of divine love, reviving the parched lake of the heart.

**madhu-mozhikal tūkimanuja-manassukal
madhuritam ākkunnu amma**

Mother sweetens human minds by gracing them with words full of nectar.

**karuṇā-kadākṣattāl
dīnajanaṅgalkkujīvitāśayēkunn-amma**

Through her sidelong glance exuding compassion, she grants hope to the afflicted and sorrow stricken.

**bhavasāgara-magna-jīvane
karacērkumkaḍattu-vañciyallō amma**

Mother is the boat that carries the soul across the ocean of transmigration, guiding it safely to shore.

**mānasa-bhṛṅgaṅgal madhu nukarnnīḍunnabhumi tan
malarvādi amma**

Mother is the garden on earth, and the bees of countless minds flock to sip the nectar of her love.

Viśvam Teļiykkum

Malayalam

**viśvam teļiykkum vaśyamā mandahāsamdrśyam
mařaykkum divyamā snēhapāśam**

The lovely smile that illumines the universe, the divine rope of love that draws a veil over worldly sights,

**kālam nilaykkum tīṣṇamām ṭrkkaḍākṣamvikalpam
śamikkum jñānamayam ā vāgvilāsam**

the piercing gaze that halts the flow of time, and the words of wisdom that dispel the distortions born of emotion and desire.

**svalpam labhikkān tapyam en antarālamjalpanaṅgaļ
nin nāmāvalikaļ ākki**

My heart undertook penance to receive but a drop of that grace. Meaningless speech transformed into the chanting of your sacred names.

**kalpanakaļ nin rūpa-dhyānavum ākkikalpaṅgaļ
etrayāy kātōrtt-irippū ňān**

Imagination turned into unbroken meditation on your form. How many aeons have I been waiting for you?

**ettuvān tellum vaikarut-ētum ammēettum
piđiyumilla ī kuññin munnil**

For aeons, I have listened in longing. Delay no longer, Mother, to appear before this child who knows nothing.

**satyamām nin rūpa-darśanam ennīlsattayat-ennum
suvyaktamāyi kañdiđaṭṭe**

And when I behold your true form in darshan, may I also clearly perceive the essence of my true Self.

Viśvattin Ādhāra Caitanyamē Nī

Malayalam

**viśvattin ādhāra caitanyamē nīviṇṇil ninn-ozhuki
vanna prēma-gaṅgayō**

You are the pure consciousness on which this vast universe is founded. Are you the sacred Ganga of love, flowing down from the skies above?

**kaṇḍatill-ārumē nin nija-rūpamkēṭṭat-illārumē nin
nija-nādam**

No one has seen your true form, no one has heard your eternal name.

**karayunna jīvane mārōḍ-aṇakkum
nīānanda-sindhuvāṇ-ōtiḍaṭte**

You, who embrace the anguished, are an endless ocean of bliss.

**sṛṣṭiyum nī tanne sraṣṭāv-āyatumanikanivu tūkum
kāruṇya-murttiyum**

You became both creation and creator, the very essence of compassion, showering loving kindness upon every being.

**janma-janmaṅgalāy jīvita-yātrayilenikkāy ammē nī
kāttu ninnu**

Mother, you waited patiently for me as I wandered through countless lives.

**māyā-prapañcattin pūttiri veṭṭattilsvayam maṛannu
ñān bhramiccū pōyi**

But I, deluded by the glitter of illusion, forgot the truth of who I truly am.

ālambam

illāttōrkk-orāśrayamāyikalikanmaṣa-bhāraṅgal nīkki

You became the refuge of the helpless, lifting sorrows and removing burdens.

**prēma-sāmrājyam paḍutt-uyarttumbōzhumtyāgavum
snēhavum nin mudrayāyi**

Even as you build an empire of love, your very essence remains love and sacrifice.

**kālattinn-atita āñende ammakālanum appuṛam
āñamma**

My Mother transcends time; she reigns beyond the Lord of Death.

**pūrṇāvatāramāy mēvum mahēśinin padatāril
layiccidatṭe**

You are the Great Goddess, an incarnation of supreme power—grant me the grace to merge at your lotus feet.

Vole, Vole, N'Attends Pas

French

vole, vole, n'attends pas le temps passe et ne revient pas

Fly, fly, don't wait—time passes and doesn't come back.

souviens toi où tu vas, elle seule est ta voie

Remember where you are going, she alone is your way...

vole, vole, vers le soi amma, toi seule es ma voie!

Fly, Fly, towards the Self... Amma, you alone are my way!

ferme les yeux, plonge en toi demande-toi, qui est là

Close your eyes, dive into yourself—ask yourself, who is there?

fais un pas avec foi, elle en fera cent vers toi!

Take one step with faith, she will take a hundred towards you!

en arrivant tu verras amma était déjà là

When you arrive, you will see, Amma was already there, established in the Self.

établie dans le soi elle murmure "tout est en toi"

She whispers "everything is within you"

Vṛndāvanam Sundaramāy Aṇīññ-Oruṅgīlō

Malayalam

vṛndāvanam sundaramāy aṇīññ-oruṅgīlōpaurṇami
candrikayum teļiññu vannallo

Vrindavan adorned itself in beauty, the full moon rose high above the sky.

vīthiyāke tārakaṅgal tōraṇam cārttivrajabhūmi
utsava-lahariyilāyi

Stars hung like ornaments along every street, the land of Vraja rejoiced at the festival.

ō... rāsalilaykkāy vrajam āke oruṅgi!

All of Vrindavan readied itself for the Rasalila!

vṛndāvana-pūkkal ellām mizhi turannallomandānilan
bhūmi āke madhuritam ākki

The flowers of Vrindavan opened their eyes, a gentle breeze spread sweet fragrance all around.

gōpabālan adharattil muraṅika cērttugōpīhṛdayaṅgal
taralitamāyi

Krishna, the boy of Gokula, raised his flute to his lips, and the hearts of the Gopis grew tender with longing.

ō... rāsalilaykkāy vanamāli oruṅgi!

The Lord who wears wildflower garlands got ready for the Rasalila!

paimbāl kařannōr,
tairu kađaññōrkarmam-ozhivāy kāla vismr̥tarāyi

The gopis, milking cows and churning butter, became freed from their karma, forgetting all sense of time.

paramārttha-lahariyatil mōhitarāyiparamātma-rūpan
avan ōdi aṇaññu

They were entranced in the bliss of the supreme as Krishna came running to them.

ō... rāsalīlayāy jīvabrahma-yōgamāy!

The Rasalila began, and the jīva became united with Brahman.

**mṛdu-mandahāsamōdē svāgatam
ōtikārmēgha-varṇṇan avan bālagōpālan**

With a soft, tender smile, the young cowherd, dark as the monsoon rainclouds, welcomed them.

**kārkkuntal keṭṭi vaccu, gōpabālakankōlukaṭāl tālam
itṭu cuvaḍu vaccavar**

He tied up his hair and began to dance, moving in rhythm with the gopis to the beat of their sticks.

ō... rāsalīlayāy! jīvabrahma-yōgamāy!

The Rasalila began, and the jīva became united with Brahman.

Vṛndāvanattil Entāmō

Malayalam

vṛndāvanattil entāmō karivañḍukaḥ kāṇāttat-innu

Why are the black bees not seen today in Vrindavan?

**nandātmajan pōya sēśam latā-kuñjaṅgal
pūkkāṛillennō?**

Have the flower groves ceased to bloom since Krishna, the son of Nanda, departed?

vṛndāvanattil entāmō karivañḍukaḥ kāṇāttat-innu

Why are the black bees not seen today in Vrindavan?

**madhu pozhiccidunnatillē innu maṇam ērum
malarukaḥ onnum?**

Do the fragrant blossoms no longer hold nectar within them?

**malarukaḥ tānē kozhiññō innu mādhavan tan
virahattāl?**

Have the buds withered before flowering, mourning their separation from Madhava?

innu mādhavan tan virahattāl?

Have the buds withered before flowering, mourning their separation from Madhava?

vṛndāvanattil entāmō karivañḍukaḥ kāṇāttat-innu

Why are the black bees not seen today in Vrindavan?

**illa vazhiyilla tellum, pūkkaḥ kaṇṇanāy pūttidum
ennum**

No, that cannot be—the flowers will always bloom for Krishna.

**dhanyamām janmaṅgaļallō avar
arccanā-sūnaṅgaļallō**

Their lives find fulfillment in being born as offerings to him.

avar arccanā-sūnaṅgaļallō...

Their lives find fulfillment in being born as offerings to him.

vṛndāvanattil entāmō karivanḍukaḥ kāṇāttat-innu

Why are the black bees not seen today in Vrindavan?

tetti illoṭṭum enikku pūkkaḥ tettāte pūttu nilkkunnu

I am not mistaken—the flowers are indeed blooming.

**pinnentē pūkkalkku cutṭum karivanḍukaḥ
pārāttat-innu**

Then why are the black bees not hovering around them today?

karivanḍukaḥ pārāttat-innu...

Then why are the black bees not hovering around them today?

vṛndāvanattil entāmō karivanḍukaḥ kāṇāttat-innu

Why are the black bees not seen today in Vrindavan?

illava mūlunnuṇḍallō cārē ullatām vallikkudilil

I hear them humming from within the hut of entwined creepers nearby.

**tingum virahattāl kēzhum tanvaṅgiyām rādha
uṇḍaṅgu**

Graceful Radha is inside, weeping tears of deep yearning for Krishna.

tanvaṅgiyām rādha uṇḍaṅgu...

Graceful Radha is inside, weeping tears of deep yearning for Krishna.

vṛndāvanattil entāmō karivanḍukaḥ kāṇāttat-innu

Why are the black bees not seen today in Vrindavan?

**prēma-madhu ozhukumbōḥ verūm pūmadhu tēḍumō
vanḍu**

When the nectar of love is flowing, why would the bees seek the honey of flowers?

ā madhuvuṇdu niṛayān ava rādhā-kapōlattil allō

They have gathered upon Radha's cheeks, drinking their fill of that divine sweetness.

ava rādhā-kapōlattilallō...

They have gathered upon Radha's cheeks

Vṛndāvanattile Vīthiyil

Malayalam

**vṛndāvanattile vīthiyil ann-ende kaṇṇane oru nōkku
kaṇḍu**

I caught a glimpse of my Krishna on a path in Vrindavan.

**ā divya-darśanam en
manōmukurattiprēma-sugandham niṛaccu,
prēma-sugandham niṛaccu**

That divine darshan filled the tender bud of my heart with the sweet fragrance of love.

**ini ennu kāṇum ā rūpam annōlam en prāṇan
tuḍikkumō kaṇṇā?prāṇan tuḍikkumō kaṇṇā?**

When will I behold your form again? Will the breath of life remain in this body until that blessed day when I see you again? O Krishna, will my life energy remain within me?

**vṛndāvanattile vīthiyil ann-ende kaṇṇane oru nōkku
kaṇḍu**

I caught a glimpse of my Krishna on a path in Vrindavan.

**ōrō dināntyam varēykkum ā vīthiyilaṅgaye ōrttu ñān
kāttu nilppū**

Until the day fades, I wait by the path, my mind filled with memories of you.

**grīṣma-vasanta śiśiraṅgal onnonnāyminni
māyunnatum kaṇḍu**

I watch as the seasons—spring, summer, autumn, and winter—come and go, again and again.

**nī mātram entē varāttū kaṇṇā ī dāsikku darśanam
ēkān?**

O Krishna, why do you not appear before me, and grant darshan to one who has surrendered at your feet?

**vṛndāvanattile vīthiyil ann-ende kaṇṇane oru nōkku
kaṇḍu**

I caught a glimpse of my Krishna on a path in Vrindavan.

**oru dinam ninneyum kāttu ninnīḍavēmizhiyinā tānē
taḷarnn-uṛāṅgi**

One day, as I waited for you, my weary eyes closed on their own.

**oru mṛdu sparśanam tazhuki uṇarttiarikil ñān ninne
darśiccu**

gentle touch awakened me, and there you were, standing near.

**dhanyam ākkiḍu ī mugdha-janmam kaṇṇā ninnil
vilīnam ākaṭṭe**

O Krishna, bless this life absorbed in you; so that I may become one with you!

Where Do You Wander2025(English)

English

where do you wander? where do you go?

the sun inside you is waiting to dawn

be without fear, be without sorrow

you are love itself

why do you cry? why do you cry?

where do you wander? where do you go?

the sun inside you is waiting to dawn

you have no past, give up your shame

in your hand alone

is the key of fate, is the key of fate

where do you wander? where do you go?

the sun inside you is waiting to dawn

you were never born, you will never die

you are life itself

why do you cry? why do you cry?

Yadukulattinu Nāthanāyi Vāzhum Yādavanē

Malayalam

**yadukulattinu nāthanāyi vāzhum yādavanē...ī
gōkulattinn-avastha onn-ařiññīđaňē**

O Yadava, Lord of the mighty Yadu clan, look upon the plight that has befallen Gokula

**gōpikalum gōkkaļum gōpabālarum īgōkulavum
jīvaccavamāy tīrnnu mādhavanē**

— the gopis, the cows, your cherished companions the gopas, and all of Gokula have become desolate, bereft of life.

**vṛndāvanattil ḥrō pulkkurunnukalum –
nindevēñugāna madhurimaykkāy kātorkkunnu**

Every tiny blade of grass in Vrindavan listens intently for the sweet strains of your flute, O Vanamali.

**vanamālī aňayāte vanamāla aňiyātevanasūnam
viđarāte kozhiññīđunnu**

The wild forest buds wither and fall to the earth without blossoming, for you have not come to adorn yourself with their garlands.

**mařavikaļil mařaykkallē
madhura-smaraňakaļepođipadaļam atinu
mēlkāppaňiyikkallē**

Do not forget the sweet memories of Vrindavan; do not let the dust settle and cover them like a canopy.

**udaya-sūryan udikkāte abhayakaram
nīt̄idātehṛdaya-bhānuvum kadana-cōlayil mukham
āzhttunnu**

The morning sun has yet to rise and extend its hands to grant us refuge, while the sun within our hearts slowly sinks into the forest of despair.

**kṛṣṇa harē jaya kṛṣṇa harēradhā jīvana kṛṣṇa
harēkṛṣṇa harē jaya kṛṣṇa harēgopī-vallabha kṛṣṇa
harē**

Glory to Krishna, who is Radha's very life! Glory to Krishna, the Lord of the gopis!

Yamuna Pādī Nāda-Lahariyil

Malayalam

**yamuna pādī nāda-lahariyil
ātma-nirvṛtiyāyprēma-nirjhariyāy**

The Yamuna sang, intoxicated with music, a blissful hymn of joy, as love poured forth in endless streams

**bhuvana-mōhanan adhara-muraļiyilsvaram
ozhukunnumadhuramāy...**

while the Enchanter of the Universe played on his flute a melody of sweetness, a song of oneness.

**mati-maṛannu madhu nukarānārttanaññ-oru
bhṛṅga-vṛndamatu maṛannu mati-mayaṅgi
madhura-nādattil...**

Like bees, a cluster of devotees, lost in themselves, hasten to sip the sweetness of His song,

**ātma-harṣōnmāda-bhāvam pozhikkunnu
kadambaṅgalātma-nāthan īṇamīṭtum kuzhal nādattil**

while the Kadamba trees, enraptured by the melody, sway in the exuberant elation of the soul as the Lord of their innermost self plays music with His flute.

**muraļi ūtum mādhavanetazhuki vannoru
kulirtennalvazhi-maṛannu muzhuki ninnu
amṛta-nādattil**

A cool breeze blew in and caressed Mādhava, playing his flute, forgetting its path, it remained, enchanted by the music of the Self.

**giridharande padamalarin sparśam
ēlkkumpulkodikal mugdharāyi nr̄ttamāḍi
vēṇu-nādattil**

Blades of grass, touched by Giridhara's lotus feet, danced in rapture to the song of his divine flute.

Yamunayum Tīravum Pūkkalum Latakalum

Malayalam

**yamunayum tīravum pūkkalum latakalumtiṅkal
nilāvil kuḷiccu ninnu**

The river Yamuna, its banks, the flowers, and the creeping vines lay bathed in the soft glow of moonlight.

**pālkkuḍam poṭṭiccum tūveṇṇa mōṣṭiccumullam
kavarnna śrī krṣṇan varumhṛdaya-kamalam
viḍarttuvān kaṇṇan varum**

Sri Krishna — the One who stole hearts by breaking milk pots and stealing butter from the urns — will come. Krishna will come, and the lotus of our hearts will bloom.

**hṛttin-ullil krṣṇa-rūpam pratiṣṭhiccumkrṣṇa-gītaṅgal
abhaṅgamāy pādiyum**

Enshrining Krishna's form within their hearts and ceaselessly singing lyrical hymns in His praise,

**svāgatam ḍotuvān sānandam āḍuvānsādhvikaḷ gōpikaḷ
kāttirunnu**

the devoted Gopis waited for His coming, longing to welcome Him and to dance in the ecstasy of divine love.

**ātmanāthā prabhō kāṇuvān kākkunnuyāmini pōlum
vivaśayāyi**

O Lord of our soul, beloved of our hearts, we wait with yearning eyes to behold You. Even the night waits in deep longing.

**'peṭṭennu vanneṅkil' manasu mantriccappōl'innu
varillē?' ennāśaṅkayum**

When the heart whispers, "If only he would come soon..." an anxious thought follows: "What if he does not come today?"

**etrayō nālāyi kāṇunnu kaṇṇaneeppozhum mōhanam
nūtanam darśanam**

We have beheld Krishna for so long, yet with every darshan, He appears ever more enchanting and ever new.

**ā rūpam ā smitam ā vaśya-saundaryamadbhutam
ānandam atyapūrvam**

His form, his smile, his alluring beauty — wondrous, blissful, and a marvel to behold.

**vann-ettiyallo priyan prāṇa-nāthanpinnotṭumē
vaikāte rāsānubhūtiyāy**

Our beloved has come, the Lord of our hearts! At once, the gopis were swept into the bliss of the Rasa dance.

**tanmaya-rūpamāy tatbhāva magnarāydhyanā
vilīnarāy... gōpijanam**

They assumed his form, absorbed his divine mood, and became immersed in deep meditation.

Yamunayum Tīravum Pūkkalum Latakalum

Malayalam

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Yāru Sondam Yāru Bandham

Tamil

**yāru sondam yāru bandham yāru tān sondam – orē
sondam orē bandham amma tān sondam**

Who is my kith? Who is my kin? Mother alone is my kith, my kin.

amma nīyē tān sondam

Mother, you are my very own...

**en kaṇṇin kāṭciyāyi olirvadu yāruen kādin kēlviyāyi
olippadu yāru**

Who shines as the sight in my eyes? Who resounds as the hearing in my ears?

**olirum śakti olikkum śakti ammā nīyēen ullilulla
śakti ellām ammā nīyē**

Mother, you are the power that shines and resounds; Mother, you are the source of all the power within me.

**en nāvin pēccāyi uraippadu yāruen kaiyyin śaktiyāyi
iruppadu yāru**

Who speaks as the speech on my tongue? Who dwells as the power that moves my hand?

**uraiyukum śakti irukkum śakti ammā nīyēen ullilulla
śakti ellām ammā nīyē**

Mother, you are the power that speaks and moves; Mother, you are the source of all the power within me.

**en idayattil anbāyi nilaippadu yāruen manadin-ullil
irundu seyal paḍuvadu yāru**

Who dwells in my heart as love? Who abides in my mind and makes me function?

**nilaippadum seyal paḍuvaduvum amma nīyēen
ullilulla śakti ellām amma nīyē**

*Mother, you are the power of love; you are the one who acts through me.
Mother, you are the source of all the power within me.*

**ōm śakti parāśakti ammā nīyēen ullilulla śakti ellām
ammā nīyē**

Mother, you are the primordial power, you are Parashakti. Mother, you are the source of all the power within me.

**ādiśakti mahāśakti ammā nīyēun maḍiyil cella pil̄lai
ennai kāppāy nīyē**

Mother, you are the origin of all power, you are the Supreme Power. Protect this darling child who rests in your lap.

amma nīyē jagadambā nīyē

You are my Mother; you are the Mother of the universe.

Yaśōda Tañ Eruttil Oru Nāl

Malayalam

yaśōda tañ eruttil oru nālkaṛumbippaśuvuṇṭu
kuññilampaikkiṭāvonninañnu āmōdamjanmam
nalkiyallō

One day, in Yashoda's cowshed, a black cow joyfully gave birth to a tiny, young calf.

pichchavachchu naṭakkum kaṇṇanōtattikkalichchu
chennu tołuttilpaikkiṭākkarumbane
nōkkimandahasichchuvallō

Little Krishna, who was just learning to take his first toddling steps, waddled playfully into the cowshed. He looked at the little black calf and smiled.

teyyattārō takā tōm teyyārōteyyattārō takā
tōmteyyattārō takā tōm teyyārōteyyattārō takā tōm

(Rhythmic folk syllables used for the beat of the song.)

muttukal pōlulla mūṇukuññari ppallukal
kaṇtiṭṭāpaikkiṭākkarumbanō
kaṇṇanenōkkichirichchuvallō

Seeing Krishna's three tiny teeth that looked like little pearls or grains of rice, the little black calf looked at Krishna and "laughed" (mooed) back.

paikkiṭāviñ vāya niṛayevellāram kallukal
pōlepallukał kaṇtiṭṭu ponnuṇṇivinikkaraññuvallō

But when the golden child (Krishna) saw that the calf's mouth was full of teeth that looked like white pebbles, he began to sob bitterly.

viñnikkaraññiṭum kaṇṇanevāriyeṭuttaññu
yaśōdakaṇṇunīr tuṭachchu ponnuṇṇientināy
kēniṭunnu

Yashoda scooped up the sobbing Krishna in her arms. Wiping away his tears, she asked, "My golden baby, why are you crying so hard?"

ammatan kaṇṇukałil nōkkikaṇṇanum cholliyappōl
ammēpaiykiṭāviñ vāya niṛayepallukał nōkkū atā

Looking into his mother's eyes, Krishna said, "Mother, look at that calf! Its mouth is completely full of teeth!"

**ammatan uṇṇikku ippōlvayas'su raṇṭāyi
ituvaremūnnē pallukaļ vannullūnāṇakkēṭāyillē**

"Your little boy is already two years old, but so far only three teeth have come in. Isn't it a shame (embarrassing), Mother?"

**enruṇṇi vaļarumpōļ vāyilmullappū moṭukal pōl
pallukaļnirannu śōbhichchiṭum
ponnuṇṇisundarakkuṭtanākum**

(Yashoda comforted him:) "When my baby grows up, teeth like jasmine buds will line up and shine in your mouth. My golden boy will be the most handsome child of all."

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(Yashoda comforted him:) "When my baby grows up, teeth like jasmine buds will line up and shine in your mouth. My golden boy will be the most handsome child of all."

You Are The One Awake At Nightoutside It'S Darkbut You'Re Full Of Light

Italian

**we are the onesawake in the daybut that for youis all
just a play**

śiva śiva śiva hara hara śaṅkara

**for one who's awakethis world that is seenis nothing
butillusory dream**

**for one who's asleepit all seems so realthe thoughts
that we thinkthe feelings we feel**

śiva śiva śiva hara hara śaṅkara

Dans Mon Coeur - Ma Fille Chérie

French

**dans mon cœur, tu murmuresle secret de ma vraie
nature passent les peines, passent les joies ô mon
amma, tu es là pour moi**

*In my heart, you whisper the secret of my true nature.
Sorrows pass, and joys pass, O my Amma, you are there for me.*

**ma fille chérie, ma fille chérie amma, ton
sourireéveille la flamme de ces mots dans mon âme**

*My darling daughter, my darling daughter... Amma, your smile ignites the
flame of these words in my soul.*

**dans tes bras, je m'abandonneje ne suis ni quelqu'un
ni personne passent les jours, passent les nuits ô mon
amma, veille sur moi**

*Into your arms I surrender, I am neither someone nor no one. Days pass, and
nights pass
O my Amma, look upon me*

**plus de moi, plus de mienun seul jeu, celui du
divinpassent les doutes, passent les peurs ô mon
amma, libère moi**

*No more of "me," no more of "mine." Only one play, that of the divine. Doubts
pass, and fears pass—O my Amma, set me free.*

Entu Tēdi Nī Ōdunnu Mānavā

Malayalam

**entu tēdi nī ōdunnu mānavā? entu nēdi nī innōlam
ōrttuvō?**

O Human! What have you been seeking while you run? Have you reflected on what you have gained so far?

**kāntamām lōka-bandhaṅgaḥ etumēśānti ēkiyō
nityamāy nirbhayam?**

All the worldly attachments that attract you like a magnet, have they given you lasting peace and fearlessness?

**svattināy ūdi vāzhvu pāzhākkolānityamāy
vāzhuk-illonnum ūrkkaṇam**

Do not waste your life chasing wealth, remember that nothing will last forever;

**svatvamuttināy ūliyiṭṭ-āzhaṇamnitya-satyamām
tatvakkayattil nī**

dive deep to gain the pearl of the real self, dive into the infinite waters of eternal truth.

nitya-satyamām tatvakkayattil nī

dive deep to gain the pearl of the real self, dive into the infinite waters of eternal truth.

**ninde ēkānta rathyayil kūṭṭināyentināre nī kāttu
nilppū vr̥thā?**

Why wait in vain for another to walk beside you, on a journey destined to be travelled alone?

**onnu nī ninakkāy karam nīṭṭidūnī atil tūṅgi
ninnilekk-ettidūm**

Stretch out your own hand for yourself, and you will be able to hold on to it, as it guides you inward, to your true self.

nī atil tūṅgi ninnilekk-ettidūm

Stretch out your own hand for yourself, and you will be able to hold on to it, as it guides you inward, to your true self.

**nī tiraññoru ṭṛkkaram nin karamnī
koticcullat-okkeyum ninniḍam**

The helping hand you seek is your own. All that you long for lies within you.

**nī carikkēṇḍa mārgavum laksyavumninde uṇmayum
sarvavum ninniḍam**

Within your true self lies the way, the goal, and the truth.

ninde uṇmayum sarvavum ninniḍam

Within your true self lies the way, the goal, and the truth.

**ninnil ninnum tuḍaṅgunnorī yātraninnilūḍeyāy
ninnilekk-ettavē**

The journey begins in you, continues through you, and reaches you.

**yuga-yugaṅgalāy dāhicc-alañña niiviḍe mōnti
kuḍicciḍum ninne nī**

Then, at last, you will drink deeply of the bliss found within yourself, what you have thirsted for throughout your journey of countless ages.

ivide mōnti kuḍicciḍum ninne nī

Then, at last, you will drink deeply of the bliss found within yourself, what you have thirsted for throughout your journey of countless ages.

**palatinē ariññīḍalin mīteyāyarivinē ariññīḍum
ullattil nī**

More than knowing diverse things, seek to know the Self within.

**ařiyum ādiyantaṅgal-illāttatāmařivu mātramēyullu
ennullatum**

Know that this is the supreme knowledge, without beginning, without end.

ařivu mātramēyullu ennullatum

Know that this is the supreme knowledge, without beginning, without end.

**ařivitadvayam nitya-muktam paramařivu tān
śuddham ānanda-śāntiyum**

It is the knowledge of the non-dual Self, ever free and supreme. It is pure bliss, it is perfect peace.

**ařivu nī tanne ātma-svarūpavumařivu
tatvam-ātatvavum nī ahō**

You are this very knowledge, your own true Self. Knowledge of your true self is the ultimate reality, and that you are.

ařivu tatvam-ātatvavum nī ahō

You are this very knowledge, your own true Self. Knowledge of your true self is the ultimate reality, and that you are.

Nandānandā Harē... Sundarāṅgā Harē

Hindi

**nandānandā harē... sundarāṅgā harēvandyarūpā
harē... mukundā harē**

Victory to you, delight of Nanda, the beautiful one, of worshipful form—victory to Mukunda!

**vrajavāsi harē... vanmāli harēmanhāri harē giridhāri
harē**

Victory to the dweller of Vraja who wears a garland of forest flowers. Victory to the enchanter of the mind, to the one who lifted the Govardhan Mountain!

**nandanandana-ānanda-sāgarā nāc... nāc... nāc... nāc...
nāc...**

Ocean of bliss, son of Nanda—dance, dance!

**sundarānanā candanāṅgitā nāc... nāc... nāc... nāc...
nāc...**

Beautiful-faced one, adorned with sandal paste—dance, dance!

rādhikādhipā rāsa-nartakā nācō... nācō kānhā nācō

Lord of Radha, dancer of the Rasa—dance, O Kanha, dance!

**nāthā harē vāsudēvā harēpītavāsā parātparā śrīsā
harē**

Victory to you, O Lord, victory to you, O Vāsudeva! Clad in yellow robes, you are supreme among the supreme, Lord of Śrī, victory to you!

**cakrahastā harē cārurūpā harē - nara-nārāyaṇā
krṣṇa-varṇṇā harē**

Victory to you! In your hand you hold the discus, and your form is beautiful. Nara-Nārāyaṇa, of dark complexion, victory to you!

**nandanandana-ānanda-sāgarā nāc... nāc... nāc... nāc...
nāc...**

Ocean of bliss, son of Nanda—dance, dance!

sundarānanā candanāṅgitā nāc... nāc... nāc... nāc...

Beautiful-faced one, adorned with sandal paste—dance, dance!

rādhikādhipā rāsa-nartakā nācō... nācō kānhā nācō

Lord of Radha, dancer of the Rasa—dance, O Kanha, dance!

**yādavēndrā harē rādhikēśā harē - vēdavēdyā
śubhāṅga kṣitīśā harē**

Victory to you, Chief of the Yadavas, Lord of Radhika, victory to you! You know the Vedas, your form is most auspicious and you are the Lord of the Earth,

**rāsa-rāsēśvarā gōpa-gōpiśvarā - sukēśā vrajēśā
ramēśā harē**

victory to you! Lord of the Rasa dance, Lord of the gopas and gopis, Lord of joy, Lord of Vraja, beloved of Lakshmi—victory to you!

nandanandana-ānanda-sāgarā nāc... nāc... nāc... nāc...

Ocean of bliss, son of Nanda—dance, dance!

sundarānanā candanāṅgitā nāc... nāc... nāc... nāc...

Beautiful-faced one, adorned with sandal paste—dance, dance!

rādhikādhipā rāsa-nartakā nācō... nācō kānhā nācō

Lord of Radha, dancer of the Rasa—dance, O Kanha, dance!

**vanasthā harē hṛdisthā harē - rathasthā jagadgurō
śyāmā harē**

Victory to you, O Lord who dwells in the forest, victory to you who dwells in the heart. Victory to you who rides the chariot, O dark-hued one, Guru of the world!

**gōpiśā harē gōkulēśā harēlōka-rakṣāparēśā kṛpālō
harē**

Victory to the Lord of the gopis, the Lord of Gokula. Supreme protector of the worlds, compassionate one—victory to you!

**nandanandana-ānanda-sāgarā nāc... nāc... nāc... nāc...
nāc...**

Ocean of bliss, son of Nanda—dance, dance!

**sundarānanā candanāṅgitā nāc... nāc... nāc... nāc...
nāc...**

Beautiful-faced one, adorned with sandal paste—dance, dance!

rādhikādhipā rāsa-nartakā nācō... nācō kānhā nācō

Lord of Radha, dancer of the Rasa—dance, O Kanha, dance!

Onn-Uriyādiyirunneñkil

Malayalam

onn-uriyādiyirunneñkilkoticcu pōy ēzhayām ī maithilī

My Lord Rama, I long to hear even one word from you.

**nityavum ninnil āñi jānakinī ende jīvande
spandanavum**

I, Sita, live only in your remembrance. You are my very life, my heart beats in you...

**nāthā... malprāṇa-nāthārāmā
dharma-puruṣottamā...rāmā dharma-puruṣottamā**

O Rama, Lord of my life... Lord Rama, personification of dharma...

nī illātt-ōrō nimiṣavumālayil urukum irumbu pōle

Each moment without you, I feel as if I am iron being melted in a blazing forge.

**nīri piḍaññīḍum enn-antaraṅgatteī uḍal
tāṅgīḍukill-iniyum**

This frail body can no longer endure the fierce torment of my heart.

**nīn pada-nisvanam kēṭṭapōlōdi ñān
pūmukha-vātilkkalāy**

Hearing the sound of your footsteps, I rushed to the door

**telloru nīṭṭalāy ñān ařiññiḍunnunin pada-nisvanam
ulkkāmbilāy**

—only to realize with pain that the sound was but an echo within my heart.

nī veđiññīḍumī dēhattilini entināy ninne kāttiḍanām

Why should I linger in this body you have forsaken?

**bhūmi-mātāvinde pūmaḍittatṭilāytalacāyccīḍān ival
koticciḍunnū**

I long to rest my head upon the gentle lap of Mother Earth.