சோக்கணாதா யேவனா
SOKKHANATHA VENBA
GANAPATI OUR SUCCOURER

*SOKKHanATHA VENBA*

1. Lord of Madura, girdled by the dancing serpent, Sovereign that merrily goeth forth to meet Thy devotees, destroy my wicked action so that enduring glory may come to me increasingly.

2. Renewing the rind that wrappeth the sore, Thou showest a delusive jugglery. Grant that I who am tied in bonds may dwell in the prefection of joy, O everlasting Sokkhanatha!

3. Scorning me not as a renegade, who, without rejecting the flower-bedecked women as evil fates meetest for death, has indulged fully to his ruination, Thou, Sokkhanatha, hast condescended to make me Thy servant, in Thine infinite Grace.

4. Sokkhanatha that art beyond the feel of wicked hearts! show me into the house beyond the reach of word and mind that I may not roam about confusing that my body, a prey for the crow, jackal, dog, vulture and kite, is myself.

5. When Thou savest me, a deceitful dog doing countless wicked acts, Thy fame shall spread so much on earth that the fame of Thy having redeemed the man of fivefold heinous crimes would shrink into littleness, O Sokkhanatha!
6. It is Thy burden not merely to save the wise, but also to release and save me, scorched as I am by the organs and the senses, even like kings who show equal consideration to the poor, O Sambhu, Sokkhanatha!

7. If it were in my power to reach Thee, would I remain in pain so long, Thou that wearest the serpents on Thy locks, O pure One, Lord of Madura, Sokkhanatha?

8. If Thou art the siddha for whom nothing is impossible canst Thou not drive off my wicked thoughts*, Thou that wearest the angry serpents on Thy locks, O pure One, Sankara of Madura, Sokkhanatha?

[*Reading: deeds.]
9. Drive off the devil of desire from my heart that the ineffable realisation may spring in it, Thou effulgent joy of wisdom, transcendant One, dwelling in sacred Alasya, Sokkhanatha!

10. I have grown weary of births and deaths. Grant me the boon that I be not born again even in forgetfulness, Sokkhanatha of Alasya, the supreme gem set in the crown of the world of great fame.

11. Put in me a disgust for the world, disgust for the body and disgust for the malas that thrive in the mind, so that I may have a desire for the estate of limitless, imperishable and blissful joy, Sokkhanatha!
12. When shall I get ashore from the three malas? When, when, shall I get in perfection Thy blissful joy, eternal, pure, taintless, truthful One of un failing words, Sokkhanatha?

13. Neither the body, nor the will of Death, nor the judgment of Mahakala can ever prevail against Thee. Shall I, satanic, perish, or wilt Thou save me in love, O jewel of beautiful Madura?

14. It is the heat that scaldeth, not the iron; is it not? Is it not through Thy sweet grace that the allotted work devolveth on Hari, Aja, Indra and the great ones, O eternal Sokkhanatha of charming Madura?
15. Entering the great ones, abiding in Thy servant's heart, manifesting Thyself in the symbol of Lingam, reveal Thou well the truth unto me on this earth, so that I may feel the bliss in my heart. O mother, Sokkhanatha!

16. Come unto me day by day, O taintless One, instruct me more and more, remove the delusion of my mind; make me united, the idea of two being lost, in the perfection of blissful joy, Sokkhanatha!

17. Born with the burden of Karma about me, I merge my individuality into the sacred rules of Vedagamas and become purified from all sins of fates. I wonder, then, why and to whom fate exists, Sokkhanatha?
18. Instead of making me set my desire on Thy feet that yieldeth good, Thou hast made me eat the food that yieldeth evil, Thou, from whose head the waters flow, O happy One of great Madura, bounteous Lord, all-capable Sokkanatha!

19. Sir, what matters it whoever comes or whoever goes, if the felicity of Thy bliss fills not my heart for ever, even as the love of a woman for her beloved husband? O dark throated One, Anda (Siva) of Madura, Sokkanatha!

20. The world appeareth not like vomitted food; nor do I sleep steeped in the flood of joy. The kevala and sakala states have not been crossed. Will Thy grace come unto me, wretched as I am, Sokkanatha?
21. If Thou art the supreme Siva, O pure One, show me Thy grace that I may feel the joy, that my mind may be still and feed me with the flood of bliss, Sokkhanatha!

22. I never do know the prescribed Path. Show me, not the way of my fate, but the Path of truth that I may be saved, O Sokkhanatha who urgest every world.

23. Alas, it never doth occur to me to abhor the body which is full of abomination. What karma is there to be fed and consumed that I do not so feel to abhor, say O Sokkhanatha?
24. Tapas I know not even a little. There is no limit to the evil that I do on earth. How then can I get to Sivam, O Lord of Madura; how is the triple bond to be severed, Sokkhanatha?

25. Is causing pain to the minds of living things the cure that cutteth their bonds and uniteth them in bliss? Dost Thou not know, O, Siddha, a remedy that cureth without giving pain, O Sire, my Sokkhanatha?

26. If Thou enlightenest me, I understand; If not, I know not how I can understand even for a moment. Enlighten me, remove the mala, maya and karma that are in me and enslave me, in Sivanand, Sokkhanatha!
27. I was freed from malas by Thy great grace, O Sire, and I came to know Thee well, O perfect One full of joy, with lovely feet like the red lotus, God of the Vedas that dwellest in Madura. Sokkhanatha!

28. Whether one doth practise severe asceticism or indulge in wickedness, Thou wilt ruin one when the time for ruin comes or lead one into freedom when the time for liberation comes, O Lord, Sokkhanatha!

29. Whatever karma awaiteth me, lowly as a dog, whatever karma Thy feet will make me do with this body, whatever karma will come to me, I do not know. But whatever may come, give me Thy grace, Sokkhanatha!
30. That I may never change nor be deluded by the thirty-six tatvas, anava and karma, that I may obtain Thy bliss, make me the slave of Thy feet, O eternal taintless Lord, Sokkhanatha!

31. When I Thy wicked servant prayed to Thee, Thou didst answer my prayers always, Thou didst crown my devoted head with Thy fragrant flower-like feet lest I be born again, Thou madest me Thy servant, Sokkhanatha!

32. Dwelling in the heart of the guru, and dwelling in the heart of the soul, Thou dost sever the foul malas, O Friend, and makest the soul unite with the flood of joy that hath been remaining hidden, Sokkhanatha!
33. O pure One, wearing the river on Thy locks, O taintless One, wearing the sacred ashes on Thy body, O Vanquisher of Death, Thou hast placed Thy golden feet on my head, Sokkhanatha!

34. Is it my misfortune, or the result of my hard-hearted actions of the past or is it even the attendant evil of this ill-fated world? I know not what. Seeking Thy grace, though I did shuffle off my mortal coil and attune my heart to a flood of joy in the vision beatific, yet I cannot reach Thee, O supreme Sokkhanatha!

35. Thou knowest my travail from births and deaths through long ages. Grant me Thy grace that I may not waste my days, but may seek after the bliss, difficult to approach, and become that bliss, O Lord, Sokkhanatha!
36. Thou abidest well always in the hearts of those clever ones that join not the thirty-six tatvas or the anaya but can remain united with the unchanging ocean of bliss, Sokkhanatha!

37. Where is the true Salvation that you afford to life?
Is it the jungle or the desert,
The Mountain high or the vast expanse of earth,
The fine firmament above or the Quintessence of Science. Arts and sacred texts below?
Is it self-abnegation or merging the 'I' in the universal soul?
Tell me, O Sokkhanatha!

38. Make me remain, losing the perception of two, in the radiance of supreme bliss, O brow-eyed One, whom even the lotus-eyed Vishnu could not find, pure One of Madura, Sokkhanatha!

also Brahma.
39. When will this body drop, when my karmas, when will the three malas drop? When, when will my heart bathe in the ocean of bliss? O joyful One, Sokkhanatha!

40. When will the feeding of my body cease? When will this karma cease? When will the Ineffable realisation spring in my heart? O Master Sokkhanatha!

41. The words of my mouth are false; The thoughts of my mind are deceitful; The deeds of my body from day to day are wrongful. If Thou makest me do like this in all the three ways, how art Thou going to give me liberation, Sokkanatha?
42. Thou arrangeth that such deed shall happen at such time; Thou feedest such deed at the proper time accordingly. Can any one escape that time? I cannot escape, O my Father, Sokkhanatha!

43. The conceit born of delusion hath not been fully forgotten. The attachment to the body hath not been destroyed. Alas, even after union with Thee the bond hath not broken, O Sokkhanatha that resideth in Madura!

44. The mind yearneth not for devotion. The desire for the eight-fold siddhis hath not yet gone. The heart panteth not for liberation, O Lord that ever dancest in Madura with changed steps!
45. Thou hast not taken the fortification of the Pasa that encircleth me, O God like unto a mother! Even if Thou becomest a fortification Thyself, the army of Thy grace will charge and drive off the ancient malas from the souls, Sokkhanatha!

46. Will the honey on the summit of the hill be his who striveth for it or will it come to quench the thirst of him who doth not go seeking for it? If one merely wisheth for the nectar of Thy feet, would it come into his heart?

47. Thou knowest the fitness of Thy devotees and accordingly placeth them in lower or higher states or makest them enjoy the still higher state of realisation, Sokkhanatha!
48. Take pity on me who am crushed down by the troubles of the eternal five malas. I have grown timid and dread my enemies, the senses. Grant me Thy golden feet in Thy grace, Sokkhanatha!

49. When will the thirstings stop? When will the bodies end? When will the likes and dislikes cease? When will the qualities of the good be mine? O Lord, who art all things, yet none of them, joyful Sokkhanatha!

50. My heart meditateth on nothing but Thee. Thou hast not willed that my lurking roguery should go. I have not to my credit even the slightest act of good works. Ah, what more is wanting for me to reach Thee? Sokkhanatha!
51. Who could be so fortunate? O Siddha, Thou came before me and taught me the crown of the Vedic teachings in a way that my mind could grasp it, the Vedas which even Hari could not understand, Sokkhanatha!

52. Whatever seed men have sown, the harvest thereof the very men shall reap. Even so, Sokkhanatha, the wicked would be taking births, while the good attain liberation.

53. I know not how to please all hearts. I cannot choose between right and wrong; O taintless One with shining locks from which the waters flow, O God of Arur that hast Thy abode in Madura, Sokkhanatha!
54. I enjoy not the sleep with the screen rent asunder in the happy home of bliss beyond expression. I talk of myself in heaps that grow like mountains, O armour for the hearts of those that have attained Thee, Sokkhanatha!

55. O Sokkhanatha! When you unerringly guide the tatvas thirty-six and the presiding deities thereof, as also karma and its effects, what effect can action yet to come have on me?

56. O Sokkhanatha! Why should Thy grace that bestowed salvation to many a soul in days of yore, deny it to me? The great attained immense fame only through Thy benediction. Are there any that became great without Thy grace?
57. I cry unto Thee a hundred times tormented by the ills of life; is it just that Thou shouldst remain even without inquiring who I am? Art Thou not the One who came in the past like a mother and suckled the suffering litter of the boar?

58. Mothers can never bear to see the sufferings of their children. Though one is placed in accordance with one's karma, wouldst Thou ever bear to see the sufferings borne by one's body, Sokkhanatha?

59. Wouldst Thou make me incarnate further and further through wicked karma? Or wouldst Thou change me into Thy form with the loss of wicked karma? I know not what would certainly happen, Thou knowest this, O mother Sokkhanatha!
60. To speak of mine and I, to blame that others did such things, the heinous offences and desires that continue, such acts as these are, are not my work but are through Thy urging, O Sokkhanatha!

61. O Lingam, that weareth the venom, Sokkhalingam of Alasya, Lingam that springeth everywhere as the cause, Father, of milk-white lustra, who sharest Thy form with Uma of Kudal, God of Madura!

62. If it is considered that everything is of Thy beatitude, everything is of Thy doing and everything is of Thy grace, then the great and painful sorrow will leave and there will be a loving yearning for Thy feet, Sokkhanatha!
63. Hara Hara, Sokkhanatha! O King of Madura, that consumed the evil desires in me! O Lord, the incarnation of all the eminent truths of the Upanishads eternal! O Hara, Lord Siva the destroyer! the everlasting and pure, bestow on me the supreme felicity.

64. When I come to Thee for shelter having no other refuge, is it noble that Thou takest not the slightest pity on me, though Thou art the protector of the helpless, O Sovereign, Poet, Supreme God of Madura!

65. When I, the forlorn, cry out to Thee all alone, do not my cries reach Thine ears still? O king, art Thou not the Lord of dharma that holdest a righteous sceptre in charming Madura?
66. Hast Thou ever seen anyone hardened with malas like me anywhere? O sweet One, Lord of Madura! Yes, Thou art really a siddha capable of doing everything; for Thou hast made me Thy servant, me, who am without any love.

67. Thou residest hidden and ever unseen. When Thou didst reveal Thyself in Thy grace, I saw Thee not as separate from me. What prank of Thine is this? O Sokkhanatha!

68. My love is not great. Nor am I without faults. I am a covetous creature having no love in me. Show me Thy great love, show me myself, show me Thyself and nurture me in the cradle of joy, Sokkhanatha!
69. Enable me to sit in posture desirable, and dwell at rest in the place where *Night and Day prevail not, and free from the trance of the eight forms of \$yoga; O Sokkhanatha! grant me the body of bliss eternal!

*Night and day—the Kevala and Sakala states of the soul.
\$Yoga consists of eight forms of discipline.

70. Thou hast opened Thy eyes and lo! the delusion has melted away, the malas have melted entirely, the body has melted away and the joy of wisdom has bubbled up everywhere, O Revealer of Vedas, Sokkhanatha!

71. Grant that I may not unite with the body made of flesh but that I may become united with Sivabhoga which is Thy grace, O great being of wisdom, brow-eyed god of Madura, precious to every one, Sokkhanatha!
72. O Sokkanaththa the immaculate!
Thou that wearest the wreaths of hard bones of
   *Trivikrama
Hast cut off all my earthly bonds and made me happy.
And yet if Thou leadest me to bewilderment
To whom will the seers take me?
*Trivikrama-Vishnu as one who grew to great height and measured
the worlds in three strides.

73. Make me a servant among the sages who, having
thrown away the ancient mala, have experienced the joy of
ripe wisdom and bestow on me the high and pure nandhatha,
O Sokkanaththa, that rideth on the prancing steed in Madura.

74. O treasure house of love, God, wealth of Thy
devotees, charm of supreme bliss, O blissful joy that abideth,
ever separating, in mine intelligence; lo, Thou art I
Sokkanaththa!
75. Of what avail is it to bathe in the sacred waters? Of what avail is it to perform the puja daily? Of what avail is it to go round the world in pilgrimage? The good of the soul lieth in abiding steadfastly at the Root, doth it not? O Sokkhanatha, who art neither one nor two.

76. O Sokkhanatha! What I do as my own act
Thou showest that it is all Thine;
None else but Thou can illumine the soul.
None is there save Thee, who can know Thee?

77. If Thou dost not make me Thy servant even now, but leave me to take my births according to my deeds, Lord, dwell graciously within me, inseparably, whatever form I take.
78. Oh King of flourishing Madura,
    That wearest the golden-hued garland of flowers,
    Overflowing with sweet honey! Thou art my life
    Thou never gettest away from me;
    Ours is an inseparable union.

79. If Thou, O God, wouldst only bless those that love
    Thee and not those that are wicked, why art Thou
called the Siddha who could do everything? O Lord of Madura,
praised by the great souls whom even the Gods revere!

80. We no longer desire the path to hell; we have
    bathed in the Vaigai of Uma’s Lord, who having come to
    Madura of Tamil fame changed the horses into jackals. Now
    we can pass beyond the bounds of hell.
81. Am I the body and the karnas, am I the malas and the maya? Am I one who urges these, severs the karma? Am I the person who does the good and evil deeds? O Lord, Sokkhanatha!

82. O Sokkhanatha—the ever increasing bliss of my intellect!
Dissociate me from all the cruel bonds of the material body and its acts good and bad.
Give me endless joy by wrapping me
In communion with Thee!

83. O Sokkhanatha! What is the corpse worth
When the soul passes out of this body?
It is something to be dreaded against and detested,
Nay—deemed base by friends and kindreds.
What is the magic of Thy art
That residing, as I do, in this transient body
I feel that everything about me is mine?
84. O Sokkhanatha! Agamas say that
Thou art the creator of this body,
Where Thou hast infused life
And hath made it act at Thy sweet will;
But, how strange!
That I should forget this beneficence and supremacy
Over the two forces the 'I,' and 'My' in me
And talk of something as if they are different from Thee.

85. The moment when the body and such things are
considered insentient, dead and false, when the delusion and
such things are at an end, when I dwell for ever in singleness
in the flood of joy, that moment Thou takest Thy happy abode
in me, Sokkhanatha!

86. Sokkhanatha! I sing Thy praises in songs
Dedicated unto Thee. My songs?
Indeed, Thine are mine. Thou art
The body and its train, the Agamas and the

*Vacs four.

*Vacs—Sounds the evolutes of matter from the pure Maya.
87. Thou doth pre-ordain everything. But the dog of me acts with deliberate thought. Nothing moves without Thee. In creating many a phenomenon in this world, O Sokkhanatha! Thou art unchanged.

88. From that day to this, and even in days to come it is only Thou that art doing good to Thy servant. How can I be of any service to Thee O Siva? say, how can I be saved?

89. My intelligence hath not become supreme joy. Body, senses, karanas, I and mine, these have not perished. There is not that great love that leadeth me to austere ways. In what manner, then. can I call myself Thy servant? O Sokkhanatha!
90. If Thy limitless joy and Thy loving grace do not exist for me, Thy limitless perfect joy is false, Thy grace is false and what the Vedas say is also false.

91. O God of Madura, beyond all knowledge; Lord of all life, my sovereign! Make that my tongue praiseth Thee, my mind meditateth on Thee and that I worship Thee in solemnity.

92. Not adorning Thee and looking at Thy charms, I have adorned myself and got into distress. Wilt Thou bestow Thy feet on me, who am without love and who think only of women and wealth?
93. Sokkhanatha, stand by the side of Thy servant that calleth on Thee alone. Put my actions to flight. Lead me into that path wherefrom there is never a return; O Sokkhanatha that danceth in beautiful Madura!

94. Comfort there is none. Few there are who in loving kindness would console Thy servant. There is no other help for me. O Siva, a'raid of blame to Thyself through mishap to Thy devotees, Sokkhanatha, Thy feet alone are my refuge.

THE END.
மெருமை குழுமச் செயலாண்மை

புனிதப் பாண்டிக்காரர்கள் பல்லுருக்கு செயலானப் பதின்முறைகளின் நடவடிக்கைகளை நோக்கி, பாண்டிக்காரர்களின் குழுமச் செயலாண்மை பற்றிய விளக்கம் உள்ளது. குழு கூறு தொடர்பு கூறு.

* குழு கூறு

பல்லுருக்கு செயலாண்மை பாண்டிக்காரர்கள் குழுமச் செயலாண்மை

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ஹிதும்பூது முன்னிருந்த இலக்கியமையாளர் நூற்றாண்டுத் தோற்றத்தின்படி போட்டுரவன் பாதுகாப்புக்களை முன்னிருந்து விளக்கியுள்ள நூற்றாண்டு வரலாறுகளை மிகவும் நூற்றாண்டு வரலாறு கர.

(இ)

என்பதென்று கருதுவதற்கு பதிவு செய்ய இல்லாது. என்னும் பாதுகாப்புக்களை மேலும் போட்டுரவன் பாதுகாப்புக்களை போட்டுரவன் காலத்திலும் வரலாற்றிடம் வரக் கூறுவதற்கு என.

(நூற்றாண்டு வரலாற்று விளக்கம்)

இழுத்து சம்பாதிக்கோம்

சிங்கர் ஸ்ரீமதியேசநாதன் B.A., B.L.,
Editor, Tamil Lexicon, Madras. இவர்
தமிழ்மொழி கல்விகளின் படையில்
முன்னிருந்து கூறுவதை அதிபரப்படுகிறான.

(ப. ம. ப. )

(தமிழ் வரலாற் விளக்கம்)