

10. If 'neath that canopy which rules above
 I might attain the love
 Of Urvas:¹ with girdle of fine gold,
 To it I'm cold.
 Oh to be anything at all on Vēṅgaḍam,
 The golden hill of him with lips of coral red!

VIII

' All my hope on Thee is stayed'

KULASĒKARAN: PERUMĀL TIRUMOLI: C. 5.

1. If Thou wilt not my portion'd grief dispel,
 I have no hope but Thee,
 Vitruvakōḍu's² Lord,
 Girt with its groves of flowers with fragrant smell.
 I'm like a babe, which weeps, yet thinks of mother's
 grace,
 Though she with anger fierce has thrust it from her
 face.
2. Girt on all sides by walls that heaven touch,
 Vitruvakōḍu's Lord,
 E'en like a well-born girl
 Who only knows her husband, though deeds such
 As men may mock her lover does, so will I sing,
 Though thou'lt not be my Lord, Thy anklets tinkling.
3. Surrounded by wide lands which fishes see,
 Vitruvakōḍu's Lord,
 E'en if Thou wilt not look
 On me, I have no other hold but Thee—
 Like subjects looking to the rod of wreathéd king,
 Though he regards them not and works deeds harrow-
 ing.

¹ One of the dancing girls in Svarga, widely sung in Indian poetry.

² A place in the Chera country.

4. Though by illusion from Thee woe I have
 Without a remedy,
 Viṭṭuvakōḍu's Lord,
 At Thy grace only will I look, Thy slave,
 Like a sick man, who, though physician cut with knife
 And brand, yet loves him with a love as long as life.
5. Slayer of elephant great and fierce of eye
 Viṭṭuvakōḍu's Lord,
 Where shall I go and live?
 Save for Thy feet, like a great bird am I
 Which goes around and sees no shore and comes at
 last
 Back o'er the tossing sea and perches on ship's mast!
6. Though red fire comes itself and makes fierce heat,
 The lotus red blooms not
 Save for the fierce-rayed one
 Who in the lofty heavens has his seat.
 Viṭṭuvakōḍu's Lord, though Thou will not remove
 My woe, my heart melts not save at Thy boundless
 love.
7. E'en when forgotten wholly by the sky
 The green crops only look,
 (Viṭṭuvakōḍu's Lord!)
 At the great black clouds as they rise. So I,
 Thy servant, more and more will set my mind on
 Thee,
 Though Thou wilt not remove my human misery.
8. With gathered waters all the streams ashine
 Must spread abroad and run
 And enter the deep sea
 And cannot stand outside. So refuge mine,
 Save in the shining bliss of entering Thee, is none,
 Viṭṭuvakōḍu's Lord, thick cloud-hued, virtuous one!