

Translation of the verses sung by Pattinathar at his mother's funeral

1. Having Borne (me) for ten months braving all discomforts, happy at having begotten (me) taking me in both her arms and giving her precious breastfeed, such a one will I ever see in any other birth?
2. Having borne me for 300 days after doing penance to Lord Shiva day and night, can I apply fire to such a mother?
3. Fondling me on the cot in her lap, on her person with love, protecting me always, how can I light the pyre to such a mother?
4. Having Borne (me) bearing the pain at delivery and giving me her milk cheerfully day and night protecting me, how can I apply fire to such a body?
5. How can I, instead of getting happy with rich offerings to her, offer rice to the mouth which lovingly called me as honey, nectar, fragrant flower etc.?
6. After showering rice on mother's head how can I place the burning ember on it without flinching , which lovingly kissed me, calling me endearingly “my son”.
7. The earliest fire lit was to Tripura, the next one was in Lanka, and third was the spark lit in the mother's womb, let the fire lit by me now be over.
8. Alas! The hand that fondled me is now being roasted in fire. What a cruel sinner I am?
9. O Lord of “Shonagiri”, has she been burnt and taken refuge at Your Feet, one who did penance to you 'day and night' to beget me?
10. Mother was alive yesterday at home or in the street, today she is consumed by fire and has become ashes. Come ye, one and all without hesitation, to sprinkle milk. Every thing in the world is Shiva's Form (*Shiva Mayam*).

