

Dr. Shuddhananda Bharati

# Sri Rama's Sacrifice

*Kamban's rare, delightful play;  
includes Sita's marriage*



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## Editor's Notes

From the Kamba Ramayana drama series written by Yogi Sri Shuddhananda Bharati, we publish this play '*Sri Rama's Sacrifice*'. This insightful work was welcomed and highly applauded by the Tamil world. This book titled '*Sri Rama's Sacrifice*' also contains a critique of Balakandam (childhood period) and the Ayodhya Kandam (Ayodhya period). It also includes a beautiful narration of Sita's marriage. Reading and enacting this play is a powerful tool of transformation and will make your soul dance in ecstatic bliss.

A warm thank you to Savitri for her beautiful translation and Marianne Laroche for her help in editing this book. Through their meticulous work, they were able to help me fully express the thoughts of a great poet Kavi Yogi Maharishi Dr. Shuddhananda Bharati about *Sri Rama's Sacrifice*.

It is with great pleasure that I offer to the world *Sri Rama's Sacrifice*, and I hope it will touch the hearts and souls of many. In eternal gratitude, thank you, Dr. Shuddhananda Bharati for having transmitted *Sri Rama's Sacrifice*.

With the blessing of *Aum Shuddha Shakti Aum*.

God is Love!

Christian Piaget

## Courage!

*The night is through,  
The chain of slavery  
It is already broken –  
I am full of courage!*

*Peace in the morning,  
A golden sun rises  
Like a lion superhuman  
To accomplish my dream.*

*A hopeful smile,  
Docile as a child  
Who plays in the infinite  
With a fiery star.*

*My journey is over;  
I enjoy time;  
The universe is my nest;  
Of eternal spring.*

## Song of Unity

*Unite. Unite, Unite, Oh Souls  
Unite and play your roles  
Unite in mind, unite in heart  
Unite in whole, unite in part  
Like words and tunes and sense in song  
Let East and West unite and live long  
Trees are many; the grove is one  
Branches are many; tree is one  
Shores are many; sea is one  
Limbs are many; body is one  
Bodies are many; self is one  
Stars are many; sky is one  
Flowers are many; honey is one  
Pages are many; book is one  
Thoughts are many; thinker is one  
Tastes are many; taster is one  
Actors are many; the drama is one  
Nations are many; the world is one  
Religions are many; Truth is one  
The wise are many; Wisdom is one  
Beings are many; breath is one  
Classes are many; college is one  
Find out this One behind the many  
Then life shall enjoy peaceful harmony*

## Peace Anthem

*Peace for all, peace for all  
For all the countries peace  
Joy for all, joy for all  
For all the nations joy  
A rosy morning peace  
A smiling summer joy (Peace for all)*

*All for each and each for all  
This is the golden rule  
Life and Light and Love for all  
For all that live our love (Peace for all)*

*Work and food and clothes for all  
Equal status for all  
Health and home and school for all  
A happy world for all (Peace for all)*

*No idle rich, no more beggars  
All are equal workers  
No more tears, no more fears  
The heart is full of cheers (Peace for all)*

*No atom scare, no fat mammon  
No room for war demon  
Like leaves in trees, like rays in the sun  
We are one communion,  
One Divine communion (Peace for all)*

*The good in you is good for all  
Your life is life for all  
The God in you is God for all  
Your love is love for all (Peace for all)*

*For he or she or it or the rest  
This collective life is best  
This Universal Life is best  
North or South, or East or West (Peace for all)*

*Peace for plants and birds and beasts  
For hills and streams and woods  
Peace in Home – land and air and sea  
Dynamic peace we see  
Peace for all, peace for all*

*Immortal Peace for All*

Presentation of  
Dr. Shuddhananda Bharati  
11<sup>th</sup> May 1897 – 7<sup>th</sup> March 1990

The wise one to the cosmic age

Although more than 90 years old, in his school in the south of India, *Kavi Yogi Maharishi* (great divine visionary, wise poet), Dr. Shuddhananda Bharati worked like a young man of twenty. When he was asked his age, he answered: "My age is Courage!"

The Yogi wrote several hundred works in English, French, Tamil, Hindi, Telugu and Sanskrit: five thousand songs, and fifteen hundred poems in French. The magnum opus of the man conscious of the presence of God in him, *Bharata Shakti*, (in 50,000 verses) described his ideal: only One Humanity living in communion with only One God in a transformed world! *Bharata Shakti* is a monumental and unique work. The Yogi depicts the gasoline of all the religions, of all the prophets and saints, all the approaches of *Yoga* and all the cultures on an allegorical fabric. It is a book for any age which all spiritual researchers and all nations should read and meditate on. This work was completed and appreciated by Sri Aurobindo, the Mother, Mahatma Gandhi, Rabindranath Tagore, Romain Rolland, Annie Besant, Bertrand Russell, George Bernard Shaw, Dr. Suzuki and so many others. It installs the author among the great, men such as Dante, Homer, Racine, Shakespeare, Vyasa, and Valmiki.

Dr. Shuddhananda Bharati is one of the greatest Tamil poet, having translated into this language: *Gita, Upanishads, Veda,*

the *Bible*, the *Koran*, *Avesta*, the *Buddha-Dhamma-Sangha* and *Tattvartha Sutra*, the life and teachings of Lao-Tseu and Confucius. From their original languages, he also translated into Tamil *The Divine Comedy* of Dante, the tragedies of Racine, the comedies of Molière, the dramas of Corneille, Shakespeare, Goethe and the novels of Anatole France, Victor Hugo, Alexandre Dumas and others.

Shuddhananda's works are innumerable. Malcolm Macdonald, who chaired the Congress on the Unity of the Conscience in Singapore, said in his short speech about him: "He is such a remarkable man, having such a diversity of raised gifts, that it is difficult to know where to start and where to finish when one speaks about Kavi Yogi Dr. Shuddhananda Bharati. Few men have achieved as many things in only one human life." His name appears moreover in the Encyclopaedia of the World's Great Men, which says: "Dr. Shuddhananda Bharati is the author of literary works of varied styles: works epic and lyric, melodramas, operas, comedies, pastoral, romance, novels, biographies, commentaries on famous works and texts. *Bharata Shakti* is his magnum opus." He had a presentiment that he would receive the Nobel Prize for Peace or for Literature but did not live to see it. His commitment is summarized in his book celebrating his life, "*Experiences of a Pilgrim Soul (Expérience d'une Âme de Pèlerin)*."

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God I loved and lived in him,  
Making His commandment  
Leave to Man his entire talents  
This is my will!



Dr. Shuddhananda Bharati

# Sri Rama's Sacrifice

## Drama

By Yogi Sri Shuddhananda Bharatiyar

### Dramatis Personae

Amarakavi

Kalavathi. They are skilled in poetry and the arts; they appear every now and then to describe the highlights of the scene; they serve to bind the storyline.

Dasarath

Raman

Lakshman

Bharath

Vasishtar

Sumanthiran and other ministers

King

Charioteer

Kugan

Sita

Koushalya

Kaikeyi and other

# Sri Rama's Sacrifice

## (Includes Sita's marriage)

### 1. Salutations

(Divine marriage hall: Rama and Sita are seated in their wedding finery. They are flanked by majestic-looking kings Dasarath and Janak on either side. Bharath, Lakshman and Shatrughan are seated nearby. Koushalya, Kaikeyi and Sumitra perform the auspicious ritual of aarti. Vasishtar and Vishwamitra confer their blessings. Amarakavi and Kalavathi pluck the strings of a lute.)

Vasishtar, Vishwamitra:

(Raga: Kaapi)

He who has created the whole world,  
He who protects and destroys,  
He who engages in endless, immeasurable divine play  
He is the Lord of the universe  
To Him alone we surrender!

One shall attain that which one desires  
Wisdom and fame shall be at hand  
Goddess Lakshmi who is seated on the beautiful, fragrant  
lotus shall shower Her grace  
The evil demonic forces have been decimated  
Sri Rama has emerged victorious, the strength of his  
shoulders lauded by one and all!

Everyone: Raghupati Raghav Rajaram! Patita Pavana  
Sitaram!

(The curtain falls)

## 2. Joy

(Sita's marriage: Critique of Balakandam)

(Amarakavi appears with a muscular body, flower-like eyes filled with the fire of knowledge; long arms; grace-filled face; he has a majestic presence like a king)

(Raga: Kalyani)

Amarakavi: Those who saw his shoulders, they could see no one else but his beautiful shoulders!

Those who saw his lotus feet, they could see nothing but his feet,

In the same way those who saw his arms, saw nothing else

Women with eyes as sharp as swords could not see his full beauty

They resembled those of different religions who claimed their God to be the true one!

Was it possible to measure Sri Rama's divine beauty with one's limited knowledge? Different religions claim that the sights they witnessed are the only truth; God's divine form is beyond words or the mind. How can Sri Rama's marriage look be described! The women who looked at his shoulders continued to look only at their beauty; those who looked at his flower-like feet, felt their hearts melt at their magnificence.

Hey Ram!

(Kalavathi arrives)

(Raga: Mohanam, Tala: Aadhi)

Kalavathi: Can one find words to describe Sita Devi's divine beauty! Dipping his staff in nectar, Kama himself is at a loss for words! Beauty was reborn due to her! Beauty found in heaven and on earth combined to become Sita! Was it not this nectar of beauty that captivated Rama's heart! Lord, when this nectar-sweet maiden gazed at Sri Rama from her cloistered chambers and felt her heart quiver with love, it was a moving sight!

Their eyes met! The lover's consciousness became one; their hearts beat as one; each one's heart was filled with the other's form. This was indeed true love! Two bodies, one soul.

Amarakavi: My friend! Why the surprise? The lovers who had previously united on the bed that was Adishesha and then separated, have united again!

*The slim-waisted maiden and the peerless lord  
were but two bodies with one soul;  
Uniting on the high seas, they later separated  
Meeting again, was there any need for speech between them?  
The fire of love that was lit through the eyes spread  
to the whole body like buttermilk curdling the milk!*

Kalavathi: This kind of love is endowed with divinity; blue-black locks, a moon-like face; gentle smile; sinewy shoulders; sculptured arms;

lotus feet; reflecting on the beauty of her lord with his noble demeanor, Sita Devi's heart melted, and she was overcome by desire!

(Raga: Suruti, Tala: Tisra ega)

*With a bow like the Meru Mountain that paled in strength  
in comparison with Rama's shoulders  
Shoulders that resembled a pillar  
A quiver full of arrows was tied across his broad chest  
Sita's heart was on fire with love  
like a burning piece of cottonwool.*

Amarakavi: Was not Sri Rama also possessed of passions that make man desire a woman greatly? His heart was also on fire with love. Did Cupid ever spare anyone? Raghuveer's eyes and thoughts were fully focused on Sita.

"She must show compassion that can satiate my passion; her intoxicating eyes have captured my heart; I see nothing but her golden figure in the universe", raved the prince.

Dark locks, crescent-shaped eyebrows, moon-like face, eyes that extended till the ears; coral lips, captivating smile, a conch-like neck, shoulders that resembled a pearl-studded bamboo; delicate arms and hands; tiny waist; feet that rivalled a golden lotus; sweetness that bestowed a taste of nectar; necklaces that resembled stars strung together; her bosom adorned with gold ornaments! "This peerless beauty who looks like the light of a flame is indeed Goddess Lakshmi," decided Rama. He could think of nothing but her perfect beauty! Looking at her, he absorbed that golden beauty in his mind!

“O full moon that looks like my lover’s face! She who resembles Goddess Lakshmi! You who sowed the seeds of desire that have grown and matured into fruit! Why did you do this? Instead of helping me – I who am alone – as a friend, you are causing distress,” he lamented looking towards the moon.

Kalavathi: Lord! Sita was for Rama, just as Rama was for Sita! The whole of Mithila was aware of this; King Janak’s heart was full. But Siva’s bow played spoilsport. Janak looked at the problematic bow and then looked at his beloved daughter. If Rama failed to bend the bow, Sita would not survive. Everyone disliked this wager regarding the bow.

Amarakavi: Can this bow pose a challenge to Raghuveer, who has incarnated here to eradicate unrighteous demons and establish a righteous reign? He stepped forward with a smile, his gait putting to shame a lion, bull and elephant; he picked up the bow as if it were the wedding garland destined to adorn Sita’s neck!

*Those watching without blinking saw him  
So fast was he, none saw him lift the bow to string it  
But they heard the sound of its breaking!*

The whole court was spellbound, and everyone stood still like an animated painting! “Dasarath’s son, the lotus-eyed One, brave warrior, he is not a human being, he is indeed God!” They lauded him; auspicious instruments were played; he was showered with flowers; sages blessed him! On hearing the tidings, Dasarath’s powerful shoulders

rose up like mountains in his joy. He immediately left for Mithila accompanied by chariots, elephant and cavalry forces, soldiers, his subordinate kings, womenfolk and Brahmins.

Kalavathi: As soon as the news spread, kings, royal scions and women rose in delight like a turbulent sea! Not a single inch was empty; wave upon wave of dressed-up crowds; white umbrellas like millions of white swans with their milky wings spread out! Flags fluttered like skins peeling off from the sky! Beautiful women moved on elephants and horses like swans parading on a river. Warriors beat the drums of victory as they marched forward. Sparkling swords, armies, crowns and armours spread heat. Umbrellas and flags provided shade. So, it looked as if day and night had come together for a moment! Wives travelled in gem-studded palanquins; Vasishtar travelled on a pearl-studded palanquin like Lord Brahma on a swan. Accompanied by all this magnificence, Dasarath travelled on a gem-studded long chariot. After traversing some distance, the convoy reached Chandrasailam.

Amarakavi: Elders can transform the base nature of their young ones; in the same way, wherever the golden wheels of the chariots touched, the dark stones there became gold!

Kalavathi: Yes, how happily they passed the time on that mountain! They saw the beauties of nature;



they sang nectar-sweet songs; they bathed like swans in the springs; they spent the night savouring the joys of love, poetry, music, dance and the fine arts! Like Narasimha who emerged from the pillar to destroy the demon, the sun broke through the mountain top to disperse the darkness. Dasarath reached the Sonai riverbank. It was an entrancing sight to see women plucking flowers and playing games there!

*Driven by intense desire*

*For that which beckoned like nectar*

*They extended their lotus-hued hands to the branch of the tree*

*Delicate flowers rained down in profusion*

*They appeared to pay homage to the reed-slim women!*

Amarakavi: Of course; the women plucked flowers to adorn men with garlands. One lady who was sulking with her husband saw a flower that was out of her reach and appealed with folded hands, "O nightingale, please pluck that flower for me".

The joy experienced by the beautiful women and their supportive spouses as they bathed in that river, it was a mutual joy! A young man there gestures with his hands; a maiden responds with a look from the corner of her eye. Each one is captivated by the beauty of the other!

Kalavathi: Be that as it may, a woman's beauty is indeed true beauty! Their flower-like faces make even water lilies go into hiding!

After playing and bathing in the river, everyone dressed up in fine clothes and jewelry and proceeded to partake in the feast; now listen to how the moon that competed and lost out in the beauty stakes against the women emerged again in its glory:

*Like an incompetent king who foresees his destruction  
at the hands of his enemy kings*

*The moon that was put to shame by the beauty of the women  
came out again!*

Amarakavi: Friend! Milk everywhere on the sea, silver on the mountains, the whole world inundated with nectar, Cupid's white jewel – can one not describe the moon's appearance thus? Did the moon not rise as the beloved of lovers, the life-threatening poison for those apart and a new messenger for the wise ones? Everyone partook in the feast happily; the men and women spent a night of love in a spirit of harmony of the heart, soul and feelings. Friend! Love, beauty and happiness are not limited to one gender; love brings happiness only to those who are devoid of feelings of I and mine.

Just reflect on the accuracy of these words!

Kalavathi: I have understood the accuracy! We witnessed so many truths in the sights of flower gathering water games and feasts in Chandrasailam; the love life of men and women resembled thousands of lovely paintings! The magnificence of femininity was on display there!

Amarakavi: You must see the strength of masculinity too!  
The morning dawned; like the Kaustubha  
gem glittering on Lord Vishnu's chest, the sun  
rose. Dasarath along with his forces saw the  
Ganga and approached Mithila.

Amarakavi: Oh! It was indeed a sight to behold, the wel-  
come that Janak accorded Dasarath! Like a  
river mingling with the sea, both armies  
joined forces. Auspicious music sounded  
everywhere; honey, perfumed sandal paste  
everywhere; white umbrellas casting their  
shade everywhere; the glitter of gems and jew-  
ellery everywhere; Janak embraced Dasarath  
and seated him on his chariot. Mithilapuri  
outshone Indra's abode; the drumbeats her-  
alded the news of the marriage; Sri Rama  
seems like Krishna to everyone!

Kalavathi: Master! That day what we saw was love as a  
tangible thing; women thronged the venue to  
see Sri Rama's wedding parade like bees  
swarming around a pot of nectar!

*Like a herd of deer*

*Like a group of parading peacocks*

*Like shoals of glittering fish*

*Like flashes of lightning*

*Like buzzing crowds of bees*

*Anklets tinkling everywhere*

*Women with hair adorned with flowers swarmed the venue!*

Amarakavi: One needs a thousand eyes to take in Sita  
Devi's wedding finery!

*Ornaments served only to embellish her beauty  
that was like a full moon  
Women with long dark hair looked on in delight  
The maiden with deer-like eyes was an embodiment  
of beauty that held everyone in thrall!*

Like adding more flavor to nectar, Sita's natural beauty was embellished with artificial aids. Putting to shame a swan, celestial beauties and the nectar of flowers, the beauty of the ethereal maiden as she walked into the marriage hall was mesmerizing!

Those who saw the valorous beauty of Rama forgot even to blink! Twinning like a body and its soul, the divine couple captivated the hearts of all those present. To the accompaniment of auspicious blessings, benedictions of longevity and music, Janak gave away his daughter in marriage. All the rituals such as worship of the fire, stepping on the grinding stone, looking at the star Arundhati etc were completed and the lovers entered wedded bliss. A great deal of alms and charity was distributed; Janak granted alms to all those who appealed to him. Long live Sita Rama!

*The sight of them seated in their wedding finery  
was a source of spiritual bliss to all!*

*This was indeed a case of true love that culminated in marriage!*

Kalavathi: Long live Vishwamitra! Was it not he who took Sri Rama with him? "Of your four sons, give me the dark-hued one," he asked. Dasarath felt as if a fiery jab was made on a fresh wound; Vasishtar alone was aware of the greatness of

Rama's incarnation. He said, "I am aware of Rama's true strength. He is about to acquire great fame. Send him." Dasarath entrusted Rama and Lakshmana in Vishwamitra's care. "Baley, adhi baley" was the mantra given for guidance; Thadagai was killed.

Amarakavi: Yes, the splendor of Rama's arrows also came to the fore!

*Faster than sound waves were Sri Rama's arrows  
Aimed at Thadagai, she who was as dark as darkness itself  
They Impinged on her bosom and passed beyond  
Just like advice given by good people to ignorant people  
goes over them!*

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