

Dr. Shuddhananda  
Bharati

The Delightful  
Tamil Garden



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## Preface

# The Delightful Tamil Garden

*The Delightful Tamil Garden* is a rare book of prose; I was ecstatic on reading it. The great talent of the author, Yogi Sudhananda Bharathi is admirable! As his great qualities are well-known to the world, it will only be an exaggeration if I say that this book written by him is wonderful in many ways.

It is praiseworthy that, as the title implies, he has written the book, creating a relationship between trees, plants, creepers, flowers, and unripe fruits and the names of the Tamil books. The details about the authors and the annotations of the books referred to are treated with great skill.

Dr. U. V. Swaminatha Iyer



## Editor's Notes

A warm thank you to Daye Craddock for her help in careful editing of this book.

It is a real pleasure for me to present *The Delightful Tamil Garden* to you. Thank you, Dr. Shuddhananda Bharati for having transmitted *The Delightful Tamil Garden* to us. With the blessing of *Aum Shuddha Shakti Aum*.

Christian Piaget



## 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 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 essence 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.

His commitment is summarized in his book celebrating his life, *Pilgrim Soul*.

The two poems mentioned in the opening express perfectly his ideal.

His mantra, *Aum Shuddha Shakti Aum*, nourishes our souls and guides our steps toward the inner joy Ananda. It means: the light of Grace and power of the pure supreme Almighty bless us with peace, happiness and prosperity!

Let the beauty and greatness of soul of Dr. Bharati Shuddhananda bloom and scent the entire Earth with its divine message and spiritual and unifying benefactor!

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Peacock in the field in Madurai

# The lush garden

## 1. The English garden

I strolled in the marine groves of English language; immersed myself in Shakespeare's dramatic literature. The soliloquy of Hamlet, the anger of the relatives of King Lear, the self pity of Cardinal Wolsey for wasting his days in the service of the king, the scene of the death of Julius Caesar at the tip of the treacherous sword, Anthony's calm oration and the true love of Romeo and Juliet stood before me and talked! I was completely mesmerised by the ideas which were deeper than seas, more magnificent than mountains; the graceful style more tender than the spring breeze, words with profound meaning and stories with ingenious plots! I was awakened by the words "arise, awake", in the poem *Paradise Lost* written by Milton! Byron, who was ecstatic in the forests, happy in loneliness, listening to the song of freedom in the noise of the beating sea, had great affection for people and nature.

The compassion in the verses of his great poem portraying the past glories of Italy and Greece and their present humiliation inevitably sharpened my thoughts. "Oh! Poor man! The throne of despotism will rise on your weariness; forgetting that lassitude, continue to obey the command of God and patiently perform the noble service!" These lines from Wordsworth's beautiful poems on nature made me ecstatic. The clarity of thought of such literary warriors as Goethe, Shelley and Yeats, and the incomparable portraits in prose of Addison, Steele, Macaulay, Ruskin and Scott made me extremely happy!

I observed that in the grove of English literature great people and poets of all countries were enjoying themselves! I sauntered in the sweet grape gardens of France where the passionate girl, Jeanne d'Arc once lived. I wandered like a honey bee among the literary flowers of great scholars such as Racine, Corneille, Balzac, La Fontaine, Moliere, Voltaire, Rousseau, Victor Hugo, Anatole France and Romain Rolland. The king of poets of Greece,

Homer, concludes his *Iliad* with these words: "My countrymen! Be patient; remove your mad hands from killing each other; peace is coming!" Schiller, Goethe, Dante, Virkelian, Kalidasa, Tagore and many other poets, who adorn as nightingales in the spring garden of the world, stand in line around the English garden! Science writers saunter through, proudly saying: "It is our world." I forgot myself, exhilarated by the even vaster woodland grove which included within itself all the knowledge and industries of the world. The English language lady, sporting victory, dazzling with the pride of "I'm the queen of languages," all other languages spreading red carpet for her, wades through the pond of poetry where lotuses of poets' eyes blossom, as the queen swan! The natural fragrance of those garlands of poetry she is wearing became the delight of my life. I established my admiration in this marine grove. The French Art Academy sculpted my awe into a statue.

## The soft breeze of Tamil

A sweet fragrance attracted such a person involved with English literature. I went around searching for the flower from which the fragrance was coming. Ha! Was it not the *Thirukural*, the flower which never withered, that had stimulated the breeze? That honey-filled flower always stayed fresh and fragrant. There was no one on earth who had not gained wisdom from that flower of the maiden of discipline! When I thus found *Thirukural*, the dazzling gem of divine Tamil, which was being translated into languages of other countries for their enjoyment, I felt proud, thinking lovingly of the Tamil language, Tamilians and Tamil Nadu! My heart was filled to the brim with affection and gratitude, remembering the glorious days of the past when Tamil Mother strolled with no less greatness than the English queen!

Tamil, Tamil, the life of Tamilians!  
Nectar, beauty, love and blessing,  
Lauded by Shankara, the Sangam Tamil,

Auspiciously bright, gem studded great  
lamp  
Raised by Pandyas, the young girl child!  
Bestower of prosperity, Goddess of  
wealth;  
The south wind of Podhigai, Kaveri and  
Vaigai,  
Glittering with alliterations, the great  
Tamil language!  
Melodious, succulent fruits of poetry,  
Sweetens the earth, the sacred Tamil,  
Sung by Siddhas, the colourful Tamil,  
Spreading new light, complete and full,  
Spoken by God Muruga, content and all  
inclusive,  
Jains, Buddhists, Christians and Mus-  
lims,  
All religions worship and pray, good  
Tamil,  
Beyond religious borders, common to  
all, sacred Tamil,  
On the top of the snow clad mountains,  
you once reigned,  
Crawled, and played in the hands of the  
sages, beautiful Tamil,

Possessing prose, poetry and drama  
within you, Tamil,  
The song of cuckoo pales before the  
sweetness of Tamil,  
No comparison to make, my good Tamil,  
Formed the basis for many languages,  
the southern Tamil,  
In the raised hand of Muruga in south,  
Oh Tamil, you display great philosophi-  
cal thoughts,  
Language of graceful ladies, as well as  
saints,  
Useful as medicine, magical Tamil,  
Illuminating the inner God,  
Dancing with equanimity, God Shiva  
went as  
Messenger between lovers along with  
Tamil,  
The devotees of Madhava pray in Tamil,  
Suitable for the world to worship in  
great Tamil,  
The play-acting God Shankara, loved to  
use  
The melodious Tamil, the Tamil of divine  
songs!

More precious than the eye, darling  
Tamil,  
The fine-toned words of Tamil drop  
tastefully, as one talks,  
Extending the boundary, sweet Tamil,  
Full of the wealth of rare arts,  
Bestow on us a well turned out treat,  
having nine emotions  
Holding the spear of victory, brave  
Tamil!

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