

Dr. Shuddhananda  
Bharati

# William Blake

Life of William Blake

The Artist, Poet and Mystic



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## Editor's Notes

William Blake was a mystic artist, who lived in an imaginary dreamland. His life and breath were only dream of art. People of his days called him crazy. Only the latter period, the world knew him as an artist genius, one who lived for art, and celebrated him. Today's world celebrates his epic poems and paintings.

Many researches in English are coming up now only on both of them.

This mystic artist's life and words will continue to live in our literature. Kavi Yogi Dr. Shuddhananda Bharati in this book describes the history, poems and art of William Blake.

This book clearly describes how a real artist would be. Let this artistic and beautiful book of the divine karpaga tree flourish in the grove of renaissance!

A warm thank you to Mr. E. Chelladurai for his translation from Tamil to English.

It is a real pleasure for me to present *William Blake* to you. Thank you, Kavi Yogi Dr. Shuddhananda Bharati for having transmitted *William Blake* to us. With the blessing of *Aum Shuddha Shakti Aum*.

In the next pages, you can see some beautiful paintings by William Blake.

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*

## 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.*



# 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), Kavi Yogi Swami 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 Kavi Yogi Maharishi Dr. Shuddhananda Bharati bloom and scent the entire Earth with its divine message and spiritual and unifying benefactor!

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# William Blake

## Painter Poet

### Life and history

#### 1. World of poetry

“It is great to become a poet; a poet comes once in a decade only,” said William Cowper. English poetry took root in the eighteenth century and blossomed in the nineteenth century and spread its branches in the twentieth century, and gave fragrance of art. The nineteenth century gave a new energy to mankind. Old restrictions vanished in the new acceleration of freedom. The power of freedom in America, France, Italy and England danced vehemently. That power existed not only in politics, but also in the world of poetry. The old Greek and Roman colour faded away and a new glow of spring appeared. During that period many unwithering, fragrant flowers bloomed. Those flowers did not wither away, in spite of poverty and criticisms of

the unwise. Their fragrance still flourishes throughout the world. Young poet Thomas Chatterton, William Cowper, Sir Walter Scott, Robert Southey, and Thomas Moore were poets of one category; the four stalwarts, William Wordsworth, Lord Byron, John Keats, and Percy Bysshe Shelley were great poets. These could be called poets among poets. There were many who were inspired by them.

## 2. The crazy artist

Among these poets of world fame, one painter poet appeared. He was William Blake. All the foresaid poets in his life time lived in London, but he lived secluded in the dream of his mind for seventy years. He never appreciated the outward world, but looked internally. Others learnt, squeezed their mind, and wrote poem grammatically. This man sang without learning, painted without practising. His words and expressions came from within. Poverty and enemies' envy tested him much. No trial affected him. He never

bothered about anybody, and anything, but walked uprightly as a king. He painted pictures and wrote epics with his pen from the inner vision of his dream. The people around him called him crazy, but the wise men knew him as “Mystic of art, Poet extraordinary.”

Read the history of this divine poet, who has been a bridge between the art of the Elizabethan era and the Victorian era, and who inspired scores of young poets:

### 3. James William

Let us go to house number 28, Broad Street, at Golden Square. A textile store was at the entrance, and the family lived inside. In the stores were found tapes, stockings and other dresses. James William was the owner of the shop. While doing business, he was reading a book. It was time to close shop. He closed his shop and went inside. His wife Catherine invited him with a bright face. She spread the plates in line and called: “Come on my

children!" James, John, Richard and Elizabeth came, calling: "Mum," and sat behind the plates. Mum called: "Where is Willie? Aye Willie!" There was no reply. Mum ran into the garden. Behold, the one who was scribbling a picture on the soil was Willie! "Is that your job to speak to flowers, scribbling pictures, and thinking of something? Come in for dinner!" said Mother and took him in. After dinner, his father James Blake read a book written by Swedish philosopher Swedenborg and explained it. William was keenly observing his words. After that he asked: "Children, do we need church?" "We need to search within; in the church there is the priest, but God is within us!" said the child.

#### 4. Amazing child

This child was our painter and poet William Blake. William was born on 28<sup>th</sup> November 1757. On the fifteenth day, he was baptized in the Gibbons font of St. James's Church in Piccadilly. William was a born poet. His behaviour, speech, words

and his plays were all typical. Loneliness, speaking with nature and seeing visions were his habits even before four years of age. At the age of eight, his dreams got wings. He never stayed at home. The villages, Camberwell, Dulwich, Sydenham, and Newington were around London. William loitered around those fields and gardens alone. He sat on the field embankments and riverbanks and thought about things. He had strange visions. He went home only when he was hungry. He described: "Mum, I have seen prophets, I saw St. Catherine." "Oh, silly, Do not blather, you're mad," said his mother. The boy said: "Dad, I saw angels on a tree!" "You liar, if you speak like this I will punish you!" said Dad. Every day the boy used to speak about visions. He asked many difficult questions. Even Dad, who had read Swedenborg (the Swedenborgian Church bases its teachings on the *Bible* as illuminated by the works of Emanuel Swedenborg (1688-1772), and the *Bible* many times, was shocked and could not answer.

The other children went to school but William did not.

## 5. I am not a caged parrot

William did not like the prison-like school. Mother taught him numerals and the alphabet. Father taught him the accounting in the shop. He learned everything in six months and sat in the shop. There also he was in imaginary dancing. He hated bondage, he liked freedom. His body used to be in the shop, but his mind was wandering in the fields. His mind would be dreaming, his hands drew pictures and wrote poems. See the contents of his writing at a younger age: "Summer morning. Birds sing from trees. Hunters blew their horns. I woke up, and wandering happily in the fields. The sky-lark my companion, sings along with me; the jungles sing with the birds' music; the stream runs with a smile. The air laughs because of the funny talks of people. The green hills echo that laughter. Laughter everywhere. Women sing 'ha-ha-ha'. Happy dreams everywhere.

“Summer morning is a thing of joy. But my joy disappears when thinking of going to school. I do not have interest in it. May the happy bird be caged? The caged bird gets only distress. I am not a caged bird. Nobody sent me to a school, where one is whipped to follow a fool’s footsteps. God be praised. Poetry swims in river and breeze. I sing; I run from field to field. A dream in loneliness alone is pleasant...”

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