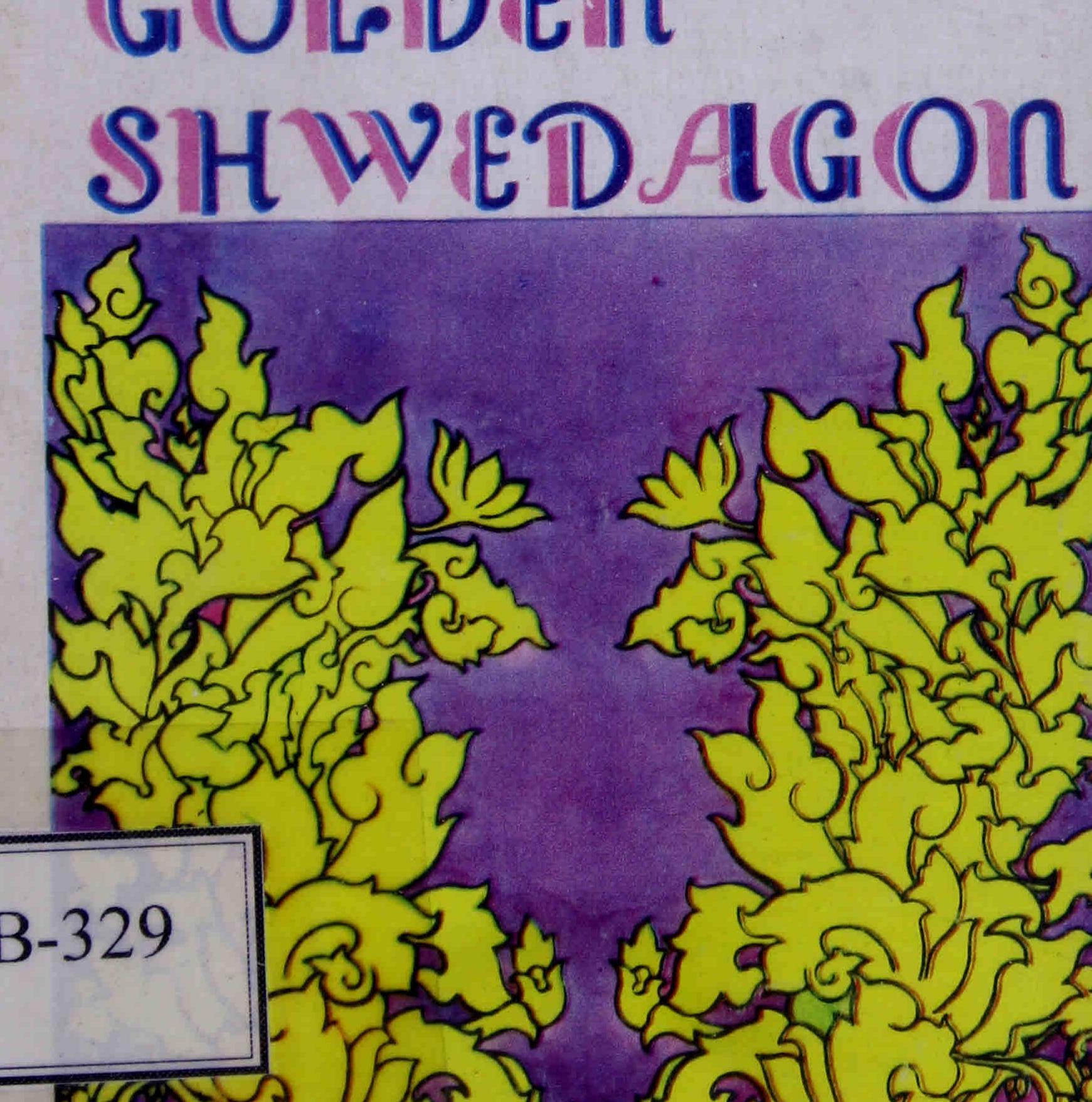
THE GOLDEN.



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THE GOLDEN SHWEDAGON

by

Ma Tin Yee B.A.(Ed.), B.A., B.Ed., M.Ed.

FORE WORD

Since young I have heard about "SHWEDAGON and have an unsurpassed obsession to visit it and upon countless occassions I've climbed up its stairs; I've walked in wonder and delight upon its platform. I've prayed together with the men, women and children and have looked with awe upon the great drama of worship as it unfolds itself before my eyes l've walked in the freshness of the dawn and have spent the hot noontide in one of the pavilions and have followed the glory of the setting sun as it throws its magic on this splendid shrine. I've vice silently in the night and have heard the music of the tinkling bells far overhead in the passing breeze. In short I've gone to it at all times of Joy and sorrow and almost in every mood, and like any Burman I've come to know it and love it, yet when I come to describe it, its facination, its beauty the life that moves upon it, the emotion it embodies. I realise that I am undertaking a task that is beyond my power of performance

There is no centre in Burma that can be compared for the display of colour, for the physical pageantry and the spiritual expression of life. The Shwedagon with it's spire of gold, touched by the flaming sun, is the very first object upon which the eyes of the world traveller rest as he approaches Rangoon and is also the last of the city he looks upon when he says adieu to Rangoon. The memory of it will be hard to fade from the eyes of one who had once looked at it.

No doubt, it is the greatest shrine of the Buddhist faith and have equal if not surpassed the greatest shrines of the earth. This is the great fact which takes some time to find out. Once it is realised the mighty fabric falls into its true perspective; it is no longer a mass of dead brick work, but the great shaft of the temple of which the blue sky and the star at night are the vaulted roof. Let a tourist when he goes back remember this and he will find delight, his admiration, his understanding of the great fame much enhanced.

Junton Ma Tin Yee

PREFACE

Many books both in Burmese as well as in English have been written about the "Shwedagon Pagoda", but this is the first attempt to narrate about it in verse with poetic romance.

The first verse tells us about the significance the Pagoda has for all the Burmese Buddhist who for generations have regarded it as the most reverent symbol reminding all the people of Buddha's sacred teachings.

The second and third verses describe it as a huge and beautiful landmark dominating the skyline of Rangoon. In the next verse we find the quotes of expressing of wonder and amazement made by eminent foreign visitors while the following verse gives an account of the part it played in the freedom movement against the British.

The sixth and seventh verse are the narrations about the traditional festivals held on the Pagoda at regular intervals revealing the cheerful and generous character of the Burmese people.

Then there follows the history of Pagoda's origin and the natural catastrophes and the desecration it has undergone through the ages and how its glory had been restored by the devotees.

Then the final verses give the detailed description of the Pagoda's magnificent structure from the engineering point of view and close with the devine influence it will go on to have on all comers.

Maung Kyaing

Managing Trustee

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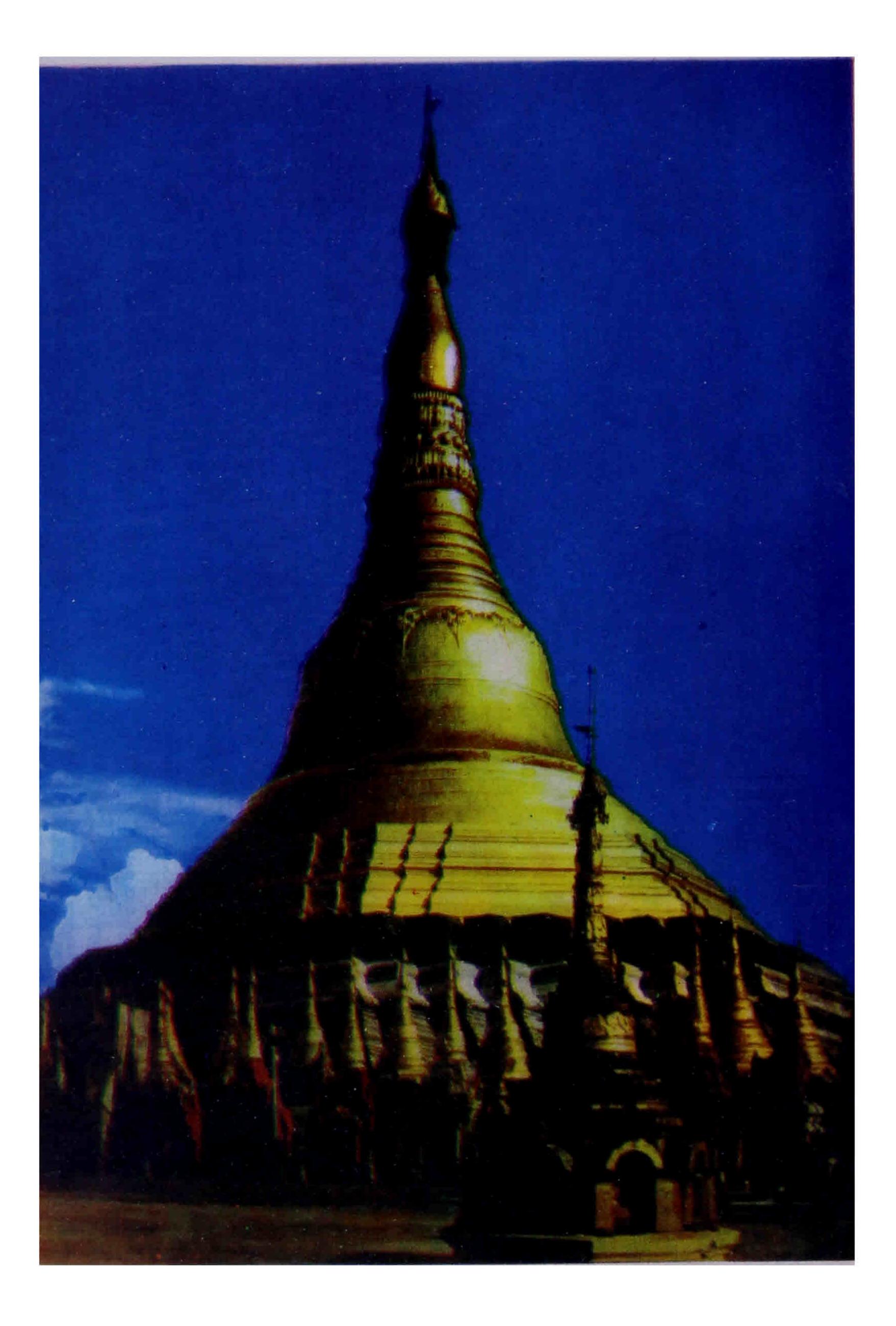
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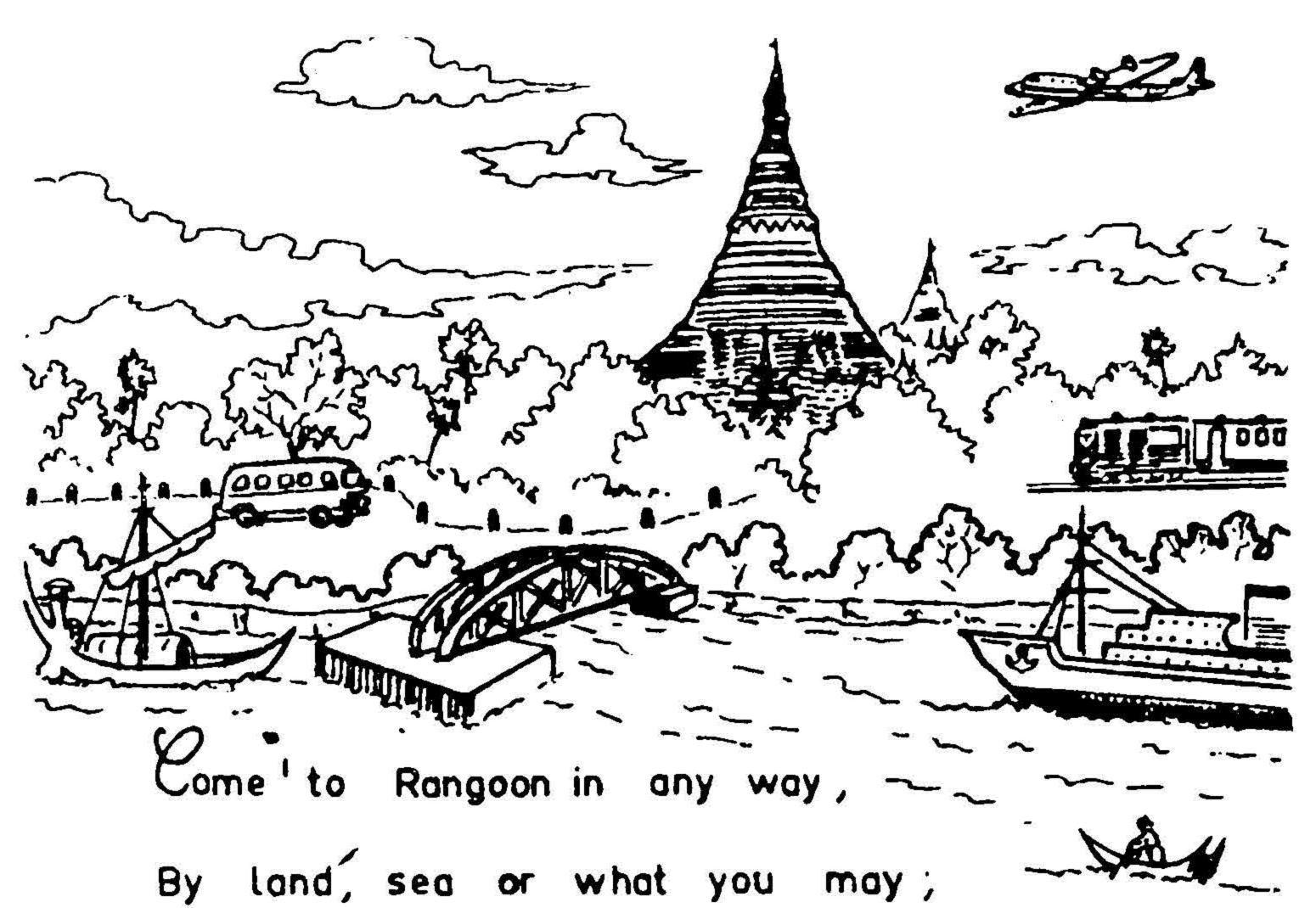
Rangoon.

DEDICATED TO -

U Tin Maung Htwe (Nat_Ye_Kan)



Shwedagon Pagoda in the land of Burma, Is an important seat of man's culture; Sacred to the peoples of all creeds and climes, Existing at all tides and times; To the Burmese Shwedagon means multifarious thing, A symbol of loving kindness for all beings; Tis the main religious edifice Enshrines Buddha's hair relics; In weal and woe 'tis a source of strength, Inspiriting the people to greater attainment, The pulsating heart of inspiration and devotion, Prevailing in their ways and action, In time of trouble they come for refuge To lessen the suffering that's acute; It's embodiment of political, social and cultural unity That gives the people pride and dignity, So come and view the Shwedagon Pagoda in its splendour A physical manifestation of spiritual grandeur.



Be in a country boat running in with tide,
But you'll witness the mighty sight;
Coming from Europe or Pacific up the Hlaing river,
One is sure to gape at it with awe and wonder;
Or come one may from the district by bus or train,
Shwedagon is still the main;

In Jet plane over airport Mingaladon,
You'll behold the jewelled vane of Shwedagon,
Greeting travellers as they come,
A landmark of the greatest one.

Jopping the landscape, Shwedagon's so grand and fair,
The spire pointing up at the sky, it's almost there;
It dominates the city majestically,
And rule the people spiritually;
View it from a busy street,
A glorious posture it will greet
Rising in a sphere of massive bold,
From top to bottom it's guilded gold;
A glittering enchanting golden bloom,
It inspires and charms like the crystal moon;
Amidst panarama of Rangoon towering
Looked from a distance 'tis a golden flowering.





Many a visitor says from the start

That they adore it with all their heart,

Some describe it as The Golden Splendour

For Kipling it's Waking Winking Wonder

President Nixon said The greatest monument ever errected by man.

Justice Douglas (U.S) added as The loveliest place of the land,

Sir Arnold term it as The Pyramid of fire.

And all agreed that its A greatest Sire;

Some say that this is The fairest place.

With all the wonders and ample grace;

The Golden Princess say a few,

They'll go on extolling in a way new;

Describe it in your own fitting way,

Nobody will say it nay;

But words cannot reveal,

For a Burman, the Pagoda's appeal.

In history it occupies a hallowed place, But the British made it a military base ; Soon the people rose indignation Demanding an end to British occupation; For the Colonialists tread upon This holy place with their boots on ; Vigorously the Burmese protested, And flaming agitation was widely started; The university students went on strike And gathered a storm of earth shaking might, Gradually the British came to repent, And finally they were made to relent; In 1946 the Shwedagon Nyilagan²²was convened, Attended by students, peasants, workers and all esteemed ; On the middle terrace Bogyoke Aung San made a speech On independence and treedom for us to reach; Finally freedom was won by the movement, Appropriately kindled on the pagoda so eminent.



Many a festival is held on the pagoda

At different intervals of the year;

There's an annual festival of renown,

On the full moon_day of Tabaung 25

To mark the sacred hairs enshrinement

Celebrated with much merriment;

In days of yore there were occassions of great marts

Attracting merchants from different parts;

Now the festival is more of a fun fare

With merry_go_round, ferris wheel and loudspeaker's blare;

During Nyaung_Ye_Thune Pwe²¹ in the month of Kason,¹³

To the shrine flock the people of Dagon;

They commemorate Lord Buddha's enlightenment

Under a Bo⁶ tree in Buddha Gaya; and the reverent

Young damsels can be seen balancing on their heads the water pot;

A feat try to achieve I'm sure you cannot;
Taking their turns the Bo tree they water

Accompanied by music from every quarter.





On the full moon of Wazo, a great day,

Offering the monsoon flowers do they pray;

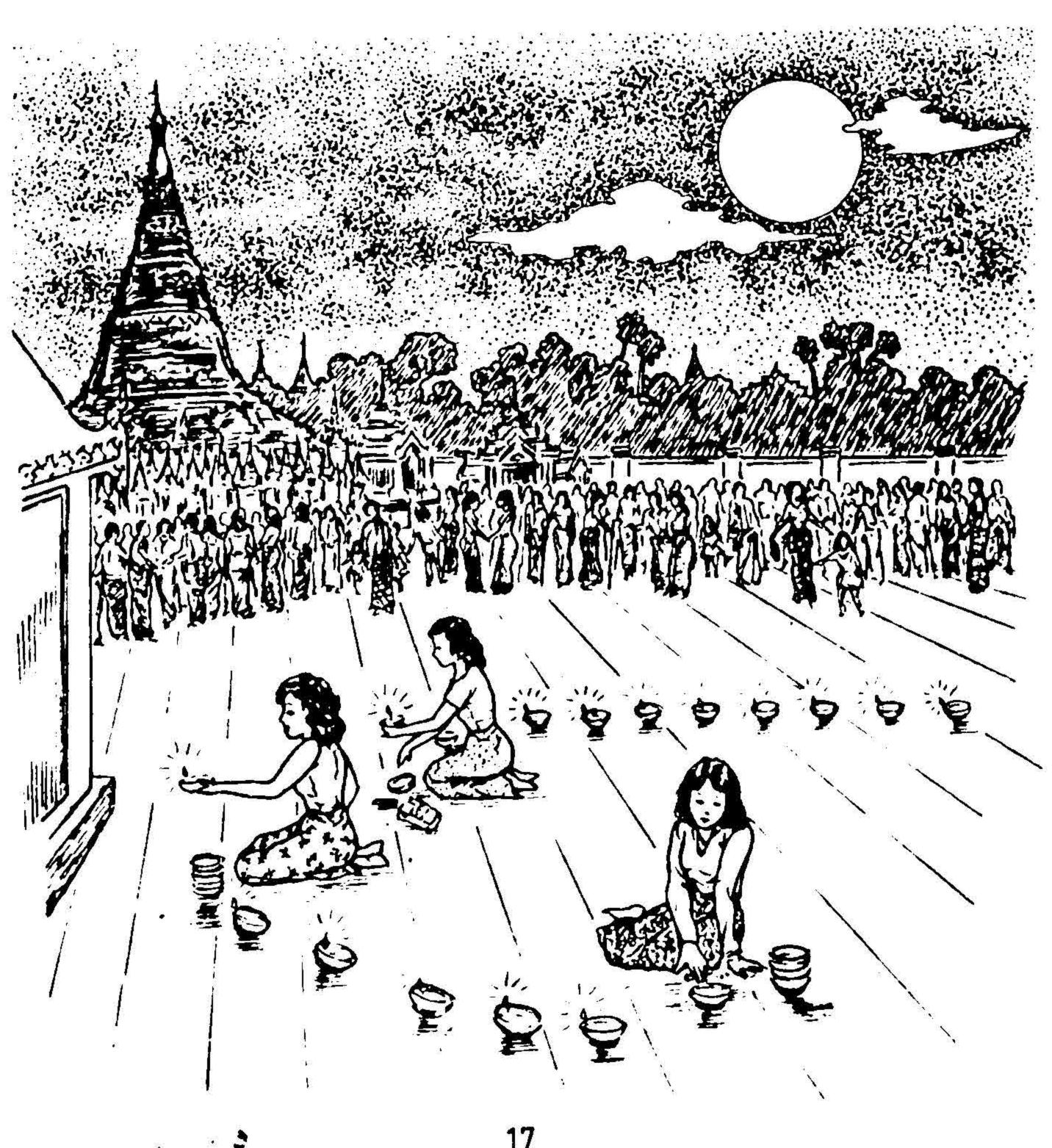
On this four_fold blessed day,

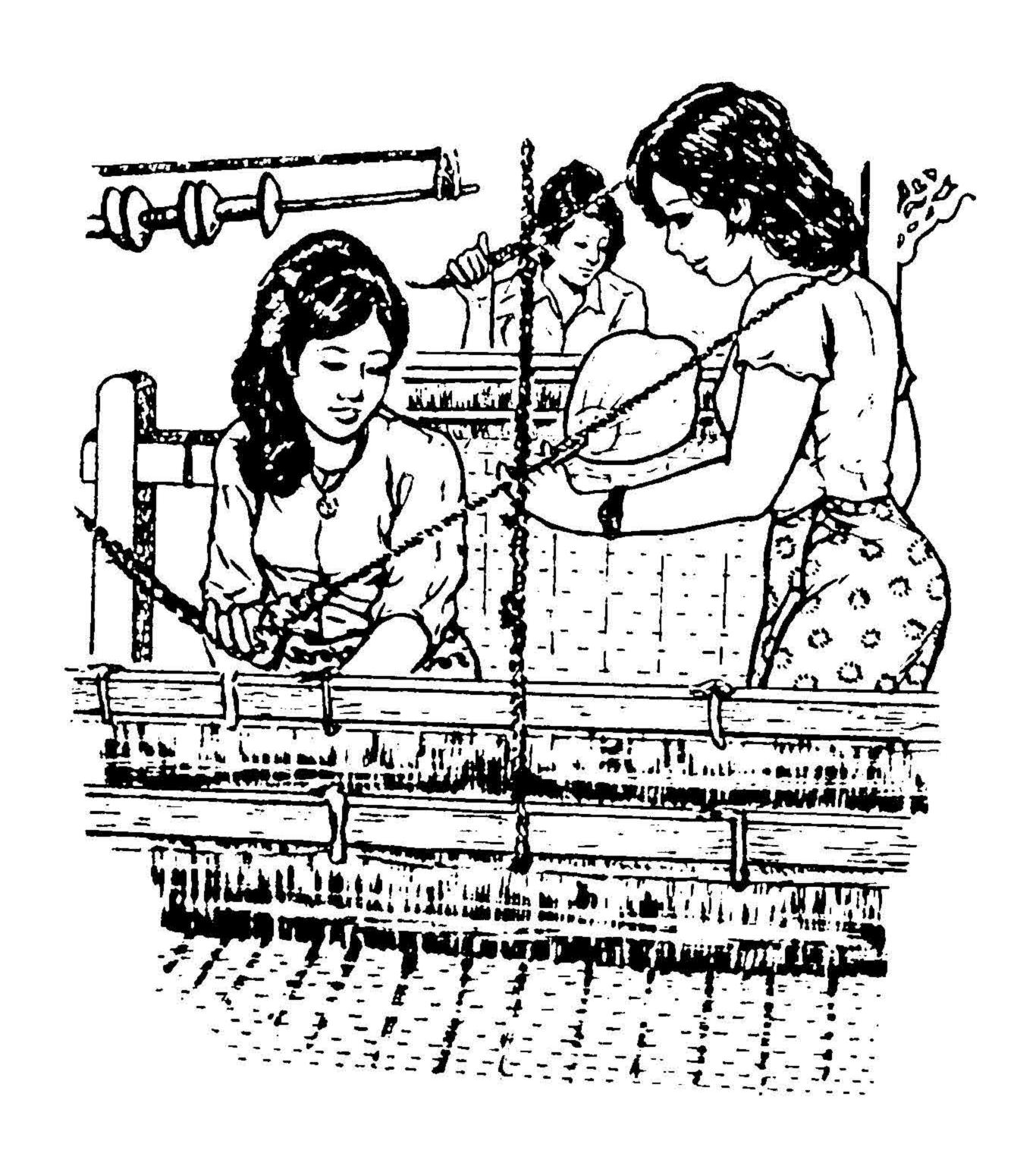
They give their respect to the Lord's noble way;

It marks the beginning of Lenten season

During which the monks would'nt journey for any reason

Tazaungdine 28 is the festival of light, When the full moon comes out at night, Little earthen lamps by the thousand with oil and wick On the pagoda's platform they burn and flick, Until the sky is yellow and bright With the reflection of the myriad light;





In the pavilion are the traditional looms,

For the weaving competition to be started soon;

A sacred robe, damsels in pairs weave;

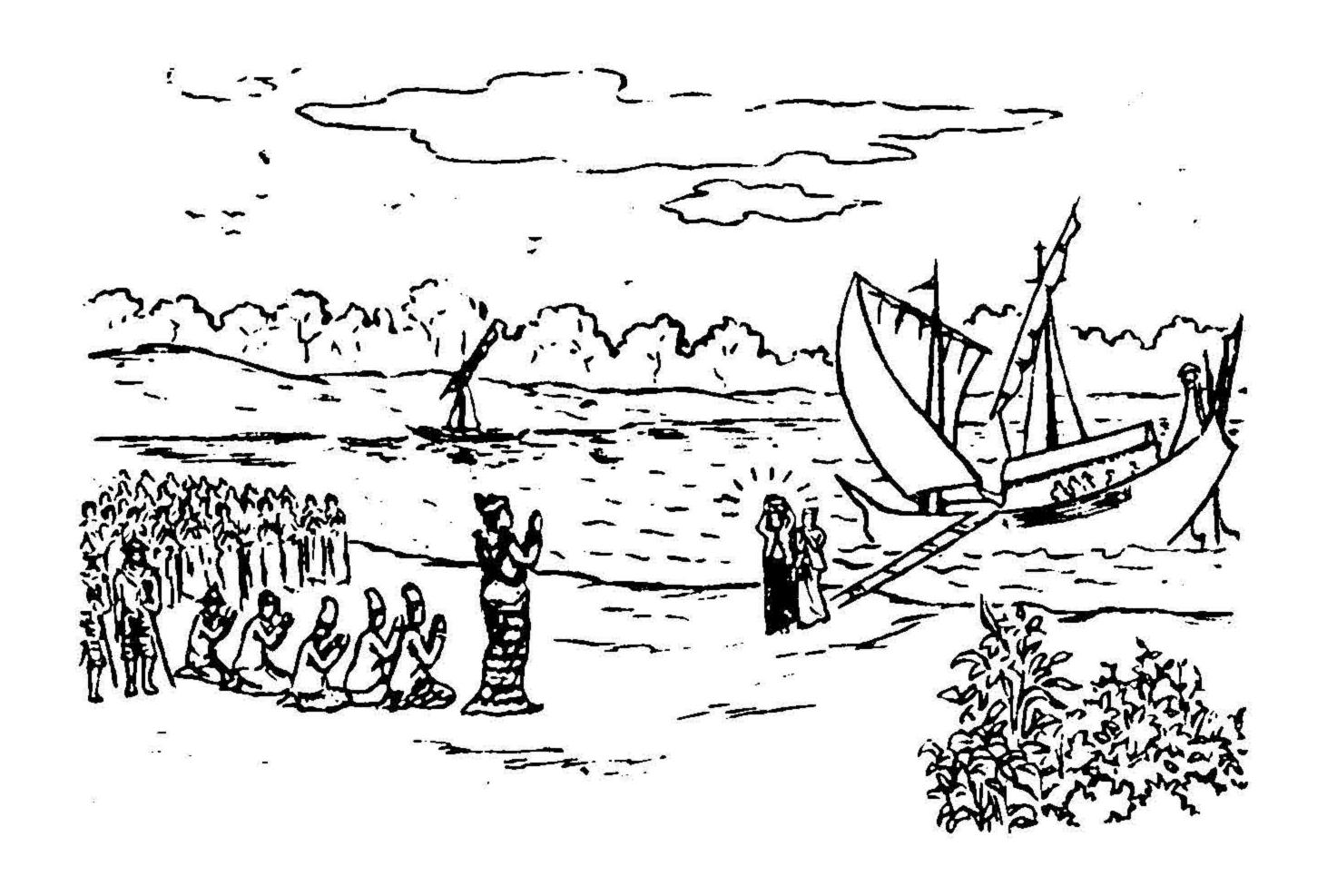
Not until the finish they would leave

Then the offering is made before the sun

To Lord Buddha, of the Ma_thow_Thin_Gan¹⁷.



And now folks you'll like to know its history Its legends and tradition steep in mystery; Some might say its beginning is far beyond, An authentic history to be reckoned; But who are you to question the belief, When adoring the pagoda is a reliet; Two brothers Taphussa and Bhalika From the province of Ukkalapa With five hundred carts the rich merchants, Far and wide they travelled with their servants, When informed by a nat, of Buddha's enlightenment They were filled with wondered and, jubilant They at once proceeded to Buddha's presence To pay homage and listen with reverence; The lord bestowed them the sacred hairs, Which they brought back with greatest care



Fing Ukkalapa heard the good news,

And come down with his retinues

To welcome the sacred hairs so precious,

Ready to perform an act of meritorious;

He offered his crown with sixteen thousand gems,

And paid homage to the hairs, with all his men;

A search was made for a person who knew

Singuttara hill, heard by a few;

A hill into being brought by a huge centipede That devoured elephants with greed; So huge was the pile of tusks and bones Heaped together a hill had grown; Here the pegoda was to be constructed That's what the Lord had instructed; Enshrined on this place were the relics of previous Buddhas, Thousands of years before Buddha Gautama ; There were the sacred staff of Lord Kakusandha, The sacred water dipper oi Lord Konagomana, Of Lord Kassapa, His bathing robe, So the hill had been brought to note.





But Alas' the hill could not be found,

Although they searched round and round,

Sakka king of the heavenly abode,

On his Erawin elephant he rode,

And came down to earth and pointed out

The exact place that's true no doubt;

According to his commands they dug,

The three Buddhas' belongings out of the earth;

Together with these they enshrined the sacred hairs,

Which they placed in the golden slab with care;

On it a small golden pagoda was erected,

Over which the Silver and the Tin pagoda were selected

To enclose, and again the copper

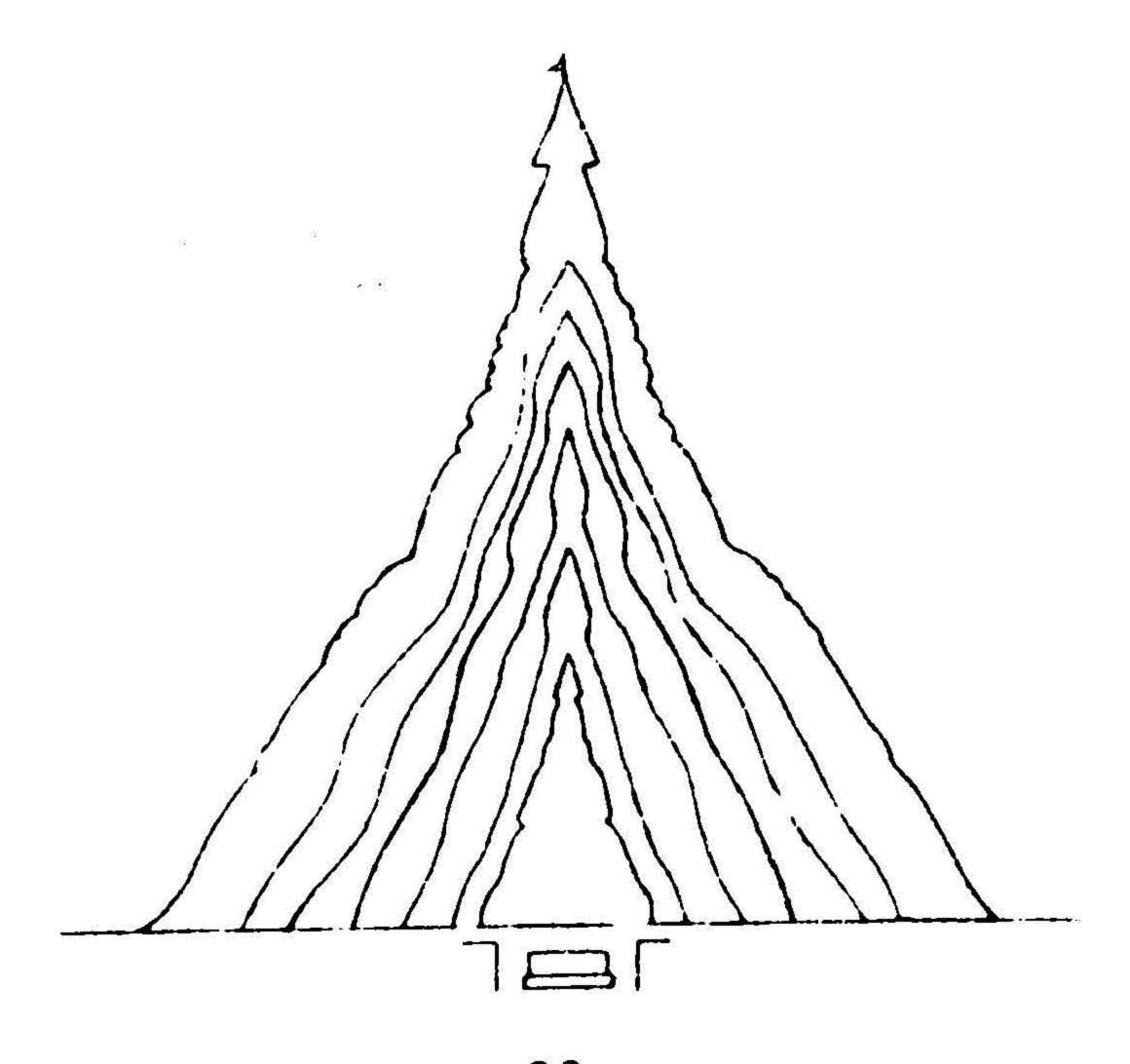
And lead pagoda were made to superimpose then the pagodas

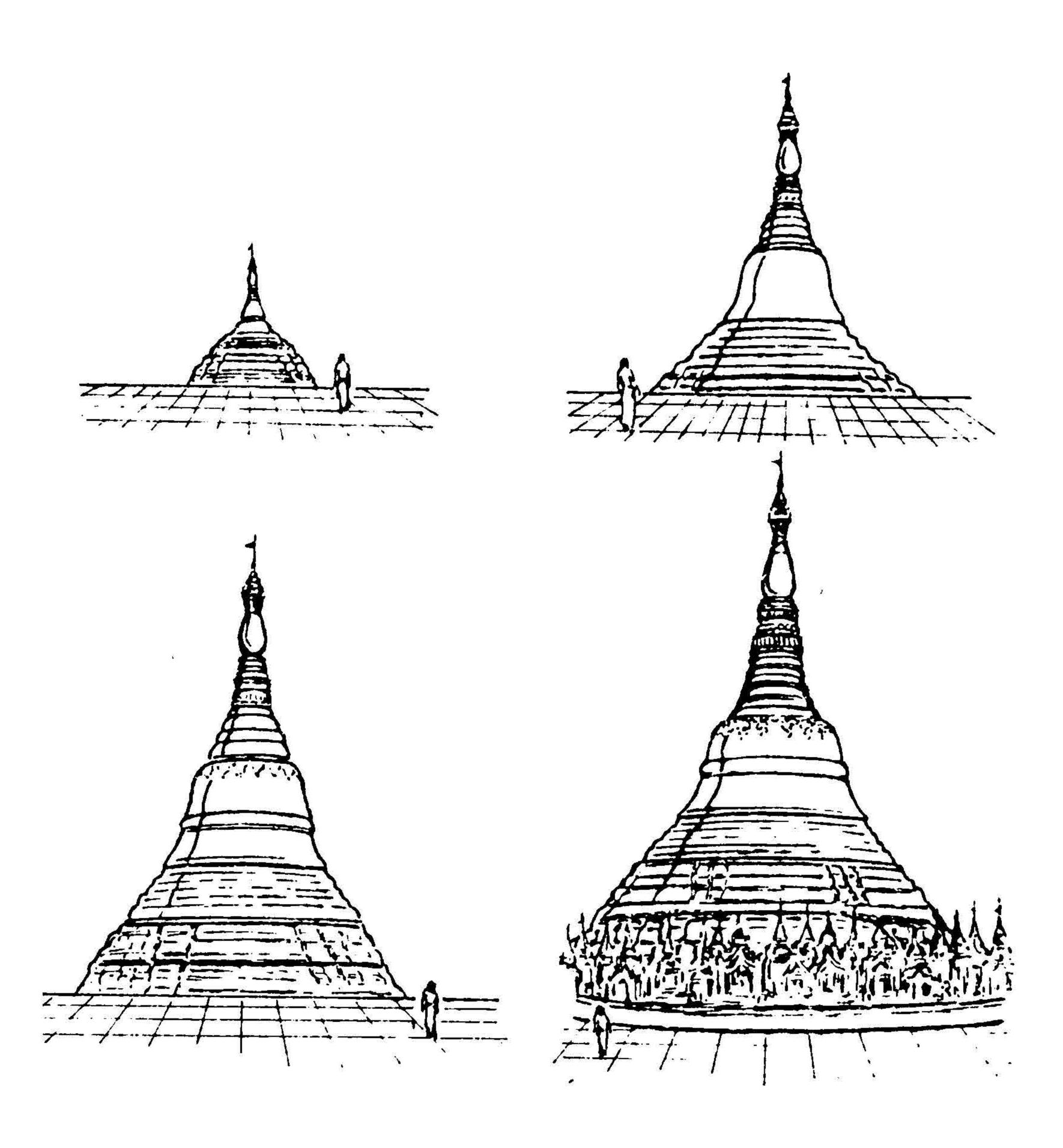
Of marble and iron brick

Were made strong and thick;

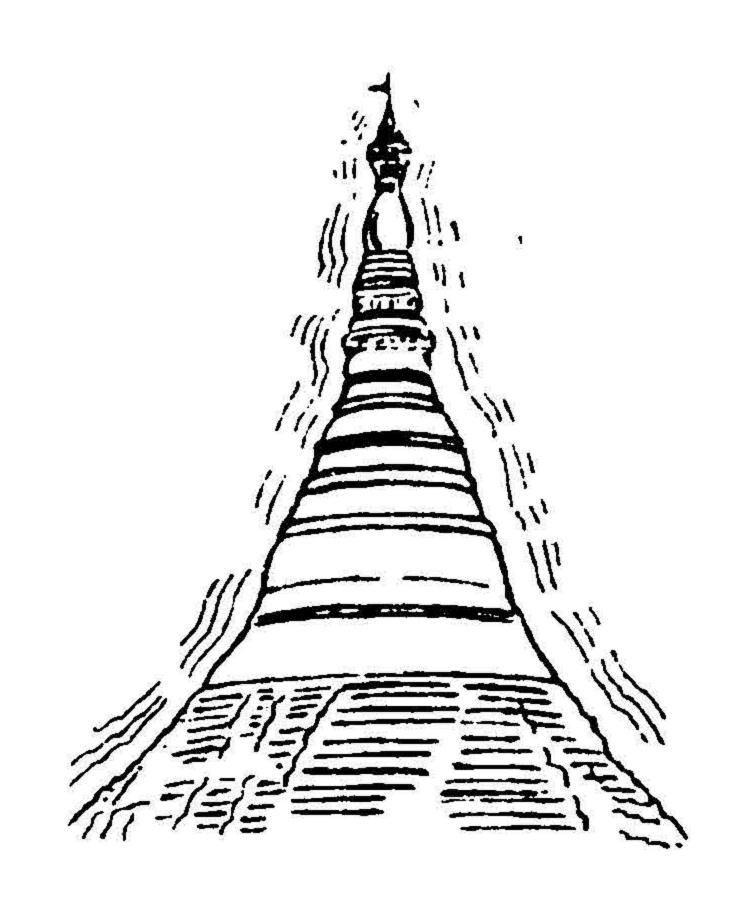
So folks this is the founding legend,

I'm sure you'd be wise enough not to contend.





When the pagoda was first installed, It was twenty seven feet high in all; The Great Asoka in the Second Century, Came to worship in this sanctuary; Lords, nobles, kings came to pay homage, The rich, the poor, the young and the aged, And Anawrahta, the founder of Burma, came down to Dagon To give respects to Shwedogon; Then King Binnya Oo' made a worthy deed By raising the pagoda to sixty feet; Successive kings raised the pagoda height To make it an imposing sight; To 312 feet King Binnyawaru⁵ gave it a raise Assisted by numerous followers and slaves, But 'twas Queen Shinsawbu²⁴ with a for sight, Raised it to the present height; All of 326 feet she guilded with gold, Making as if the sky were to unfold, An object of unsurpassed beauty That should remain to eternity.



Nowever Shwedagon is not above the law of Impermanace!

For when natural catastrophes made its appearance,

Oft times in the form of earthquake shaking and shattering,

And many a time the Hti¹² suffered scattering

Sometimes sending the Hti of the pagoda flying down,

To fall with a crash on to the ground;

But the devotees always put it back up

On top of the banana bud;

Soon after the British invaders came,

The pagoda was left not the same,

For they had no respect for religious monument,

As shown by their actions recorded in their document;

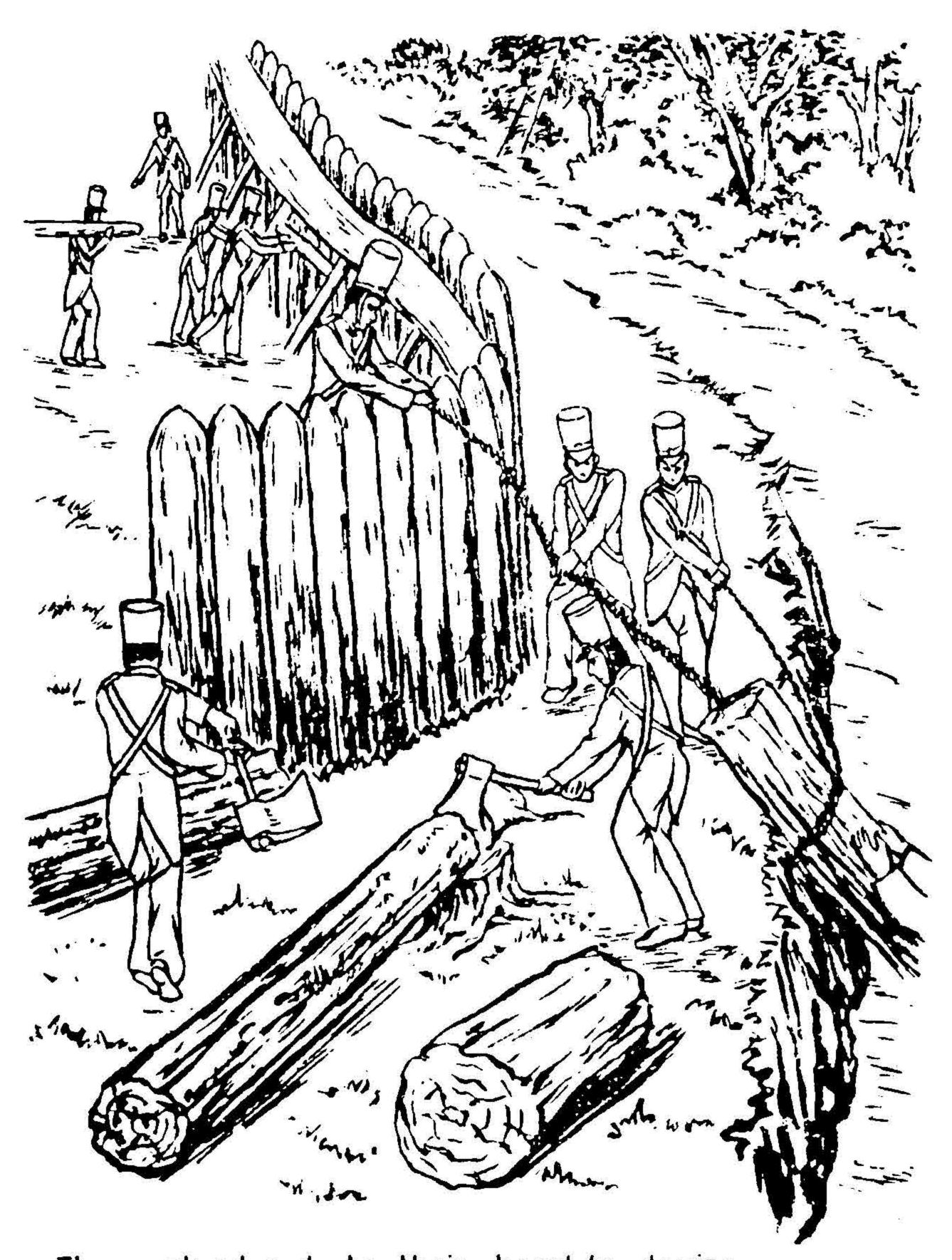
They spoiled, looted and killed,

And ransacked and destroyed the pagoda hill,

In search of precious stones, diamonds, rubies and gold

Emeralds, jade and things of old;





They plundered to their heart's desire

And robbed it to the last sapphire,

Then they set up a blockade,

And turned the hill into a stockade.

The pagoda suffered from war and pillages,

And the British soldiers took the images;

The soldiers had committed a crime,

So had the commanders of that time;

General Campbell ordered to dig a pit,

To search for the treasures garnered in it;

into the pagoda's heart Frazer drove a gallery,

In the hope of obtaining the Htapana's jewellery;



Then the Maha_Ganda_Bell they took,

Which was hung on a hook;

As a war trophy the British tried to take it away,

But the bell was heavy and hard to sway;

Strenuously they carried it to the river bank,

But on enbarkation, into the water it fell and sank;

The British engineers tried their best

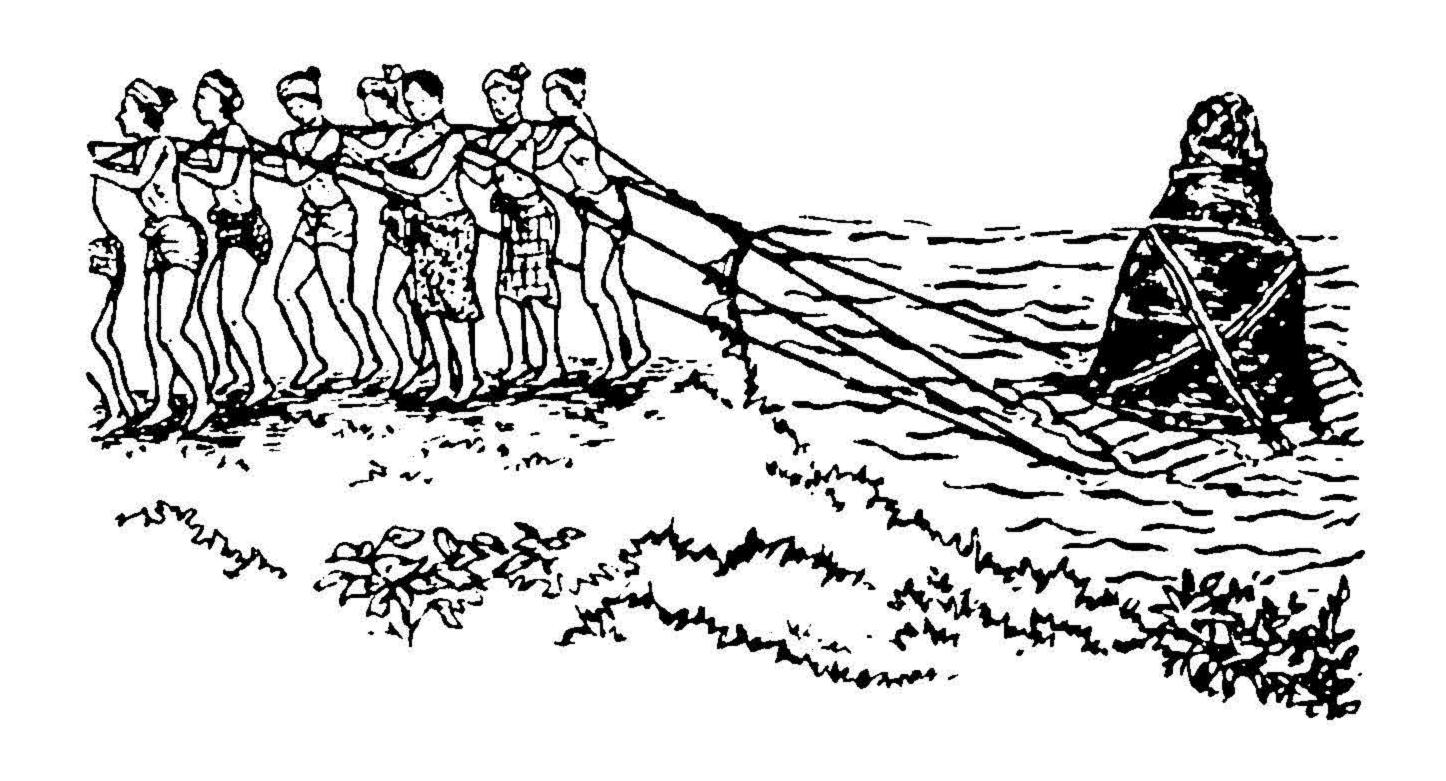
To salvage it, but could not succeed in their quest:

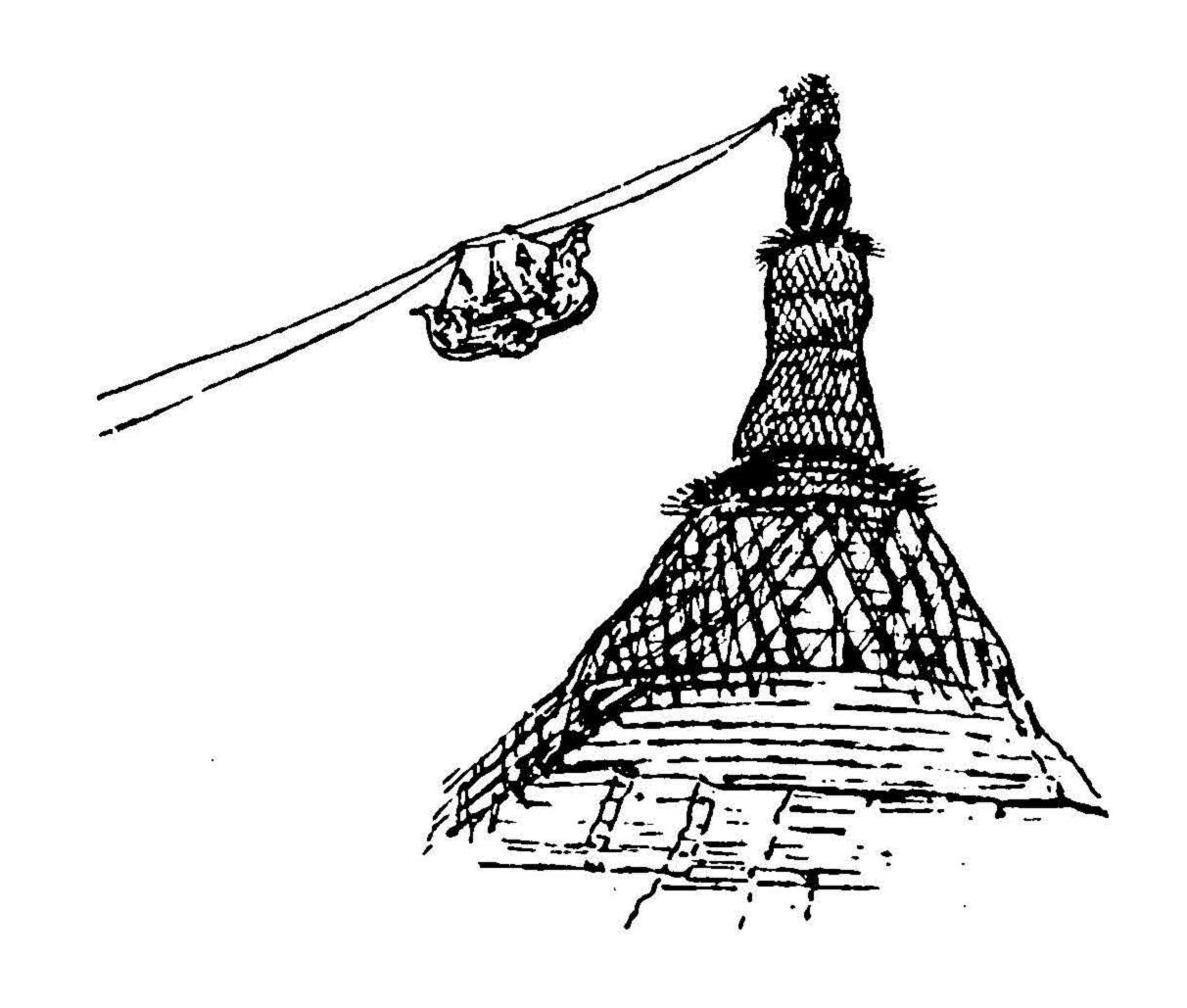
On pemission, the Burmese successfully brought up the bell,

An amazing feat for the world to tell,

That this was an act of divine,

'Tis not proper to rob holy things of the shrine.





The devotees got together to restore it again,

The former glory with much pain;

The people were called on to donate far and wide

And they responded with a great deal of pride;

On the day when the new Hti was installed;

A big crush was on, but the people were not galled;

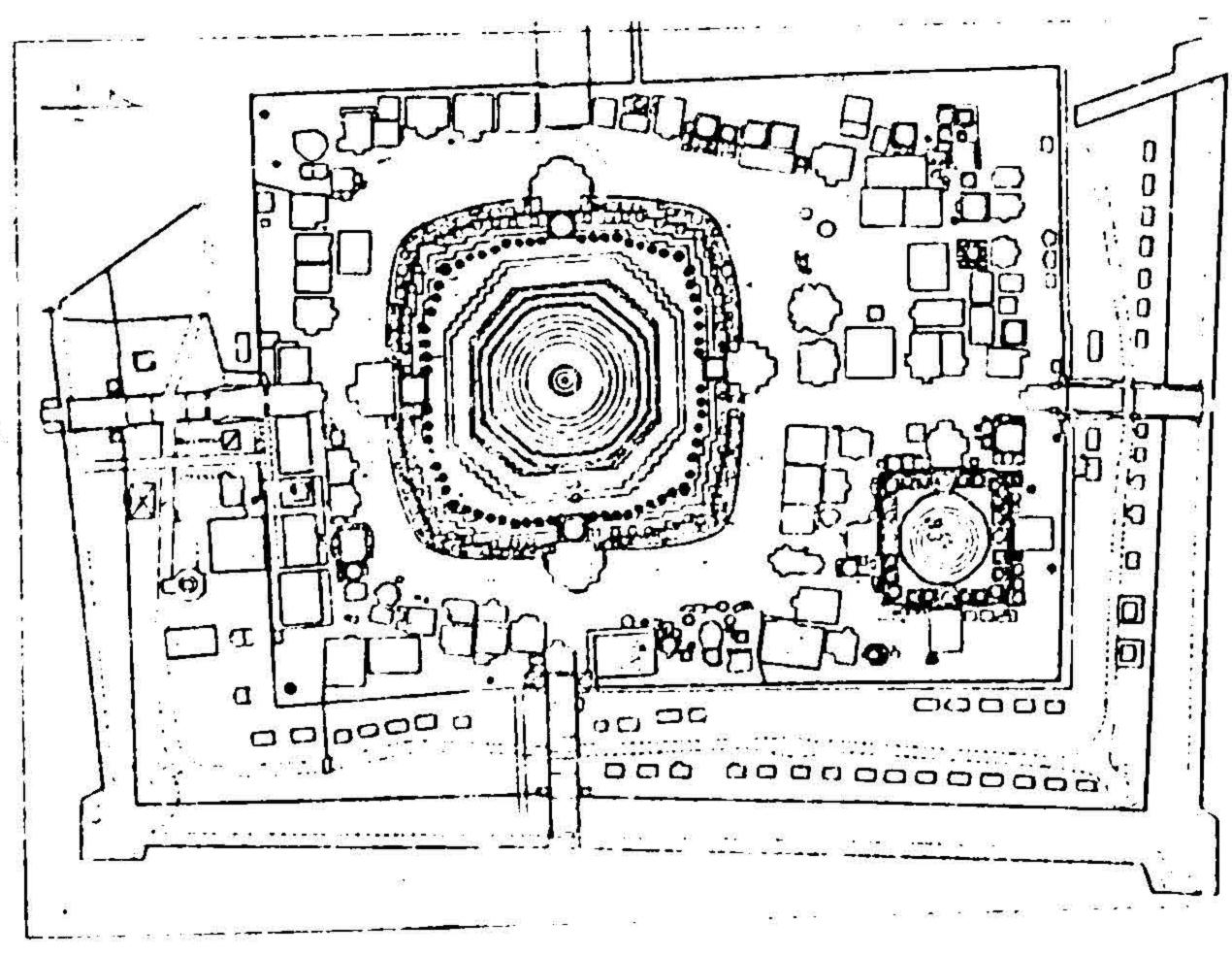
An old woman tottered up with a small piece of gold.

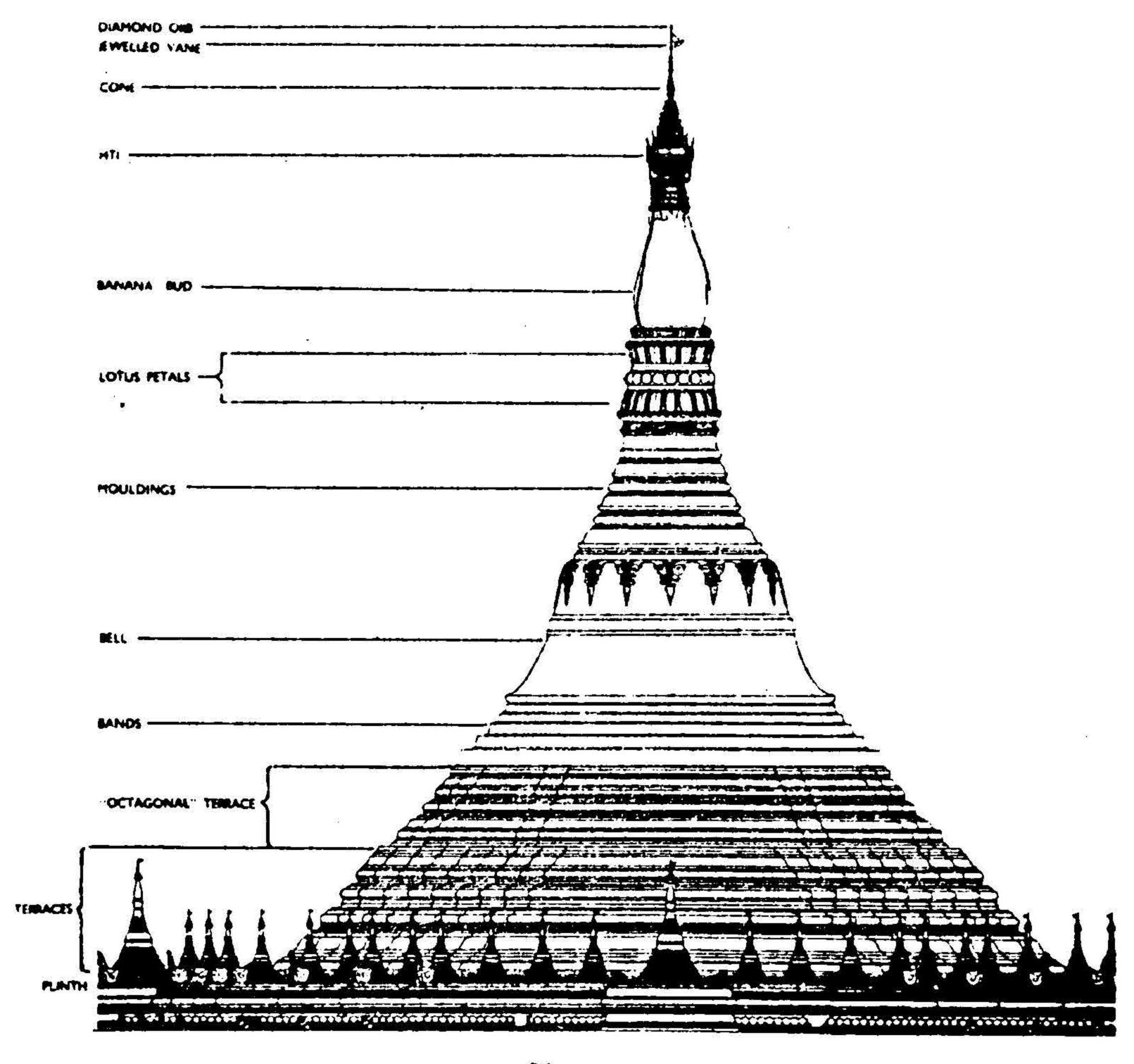
To offer up for the peace of her soul

A country visitor unprepared for the great occasion,
Took off his child's bangle for donation;
Many a girl took off her ornaments from her ears
Things to her heart were so dear;
Many a man took off his ruby ring
For the merit the offering of it would bring;
Many a wealthy person came with a grand gift,
In a procession that was deemed fit;
And thus the spirit of sacrifice was shown,
By offering gold, silver and precious stones;
At last the pagoda was rehabilitated,
Before everything of it was appropriated.



Menever world renowned monuments are talked about,
Shwedagon would be considered no doubt;
The panado is of conical structure,
A valuable piece of architecture;
Who the richitects were, is not known
But we're proud that they're of our own;
The area of the platform is 5.6 hectres,
The pagoda stands on a hill of 58 metres;
The architect has expressed many diverse moods;
The composition of several elements is really shrewd;
Its complexity, strength and elegence
Show the architect's skill at par excellence;
And there is an absence of consciousness,
For the pagoda offers a feeling of completeness.





May be you'd like to know about its different parts, From base to apex I'll relate to you like a bard; The main structure rests on a plinth, From which the column rises like a bud of hyacynth; The terrace is called Pyitsayan That stands 88 feet and taller than a banyon ; Above the terrace is the band, Climb on to it (men only) to see the surrounding land ; Then comes the khoung_laung, or the bell, To a circumference of 340 feet it sweets; Above the bell is the Boung Yit, Just like a turban in a twist ; The oramental latus flowers called Kyar_lan Occupy a glittering place in the sun Above them is the Banana bud thin and slender With a height of 53 feet adding its splendour, Next comes the top, or the crowning Hti, An intricate work of art for you to see ; Then comes the pennon shaped frame called Ngetmyatna, Or the jewelled vane bearing rubies, diamonds and sapphires; Finally the richest part of the Hti and topping the golden rod Inlaid with a 76 carat diamond and jewels, is the diamond orb. From all directions, the pagoda can be reached,

On North, South, East and West there's a passage each;

You can ascend by stepways or lift,

Go up in any way that's convenient and fit;

The stepway stalls are filled with goods,

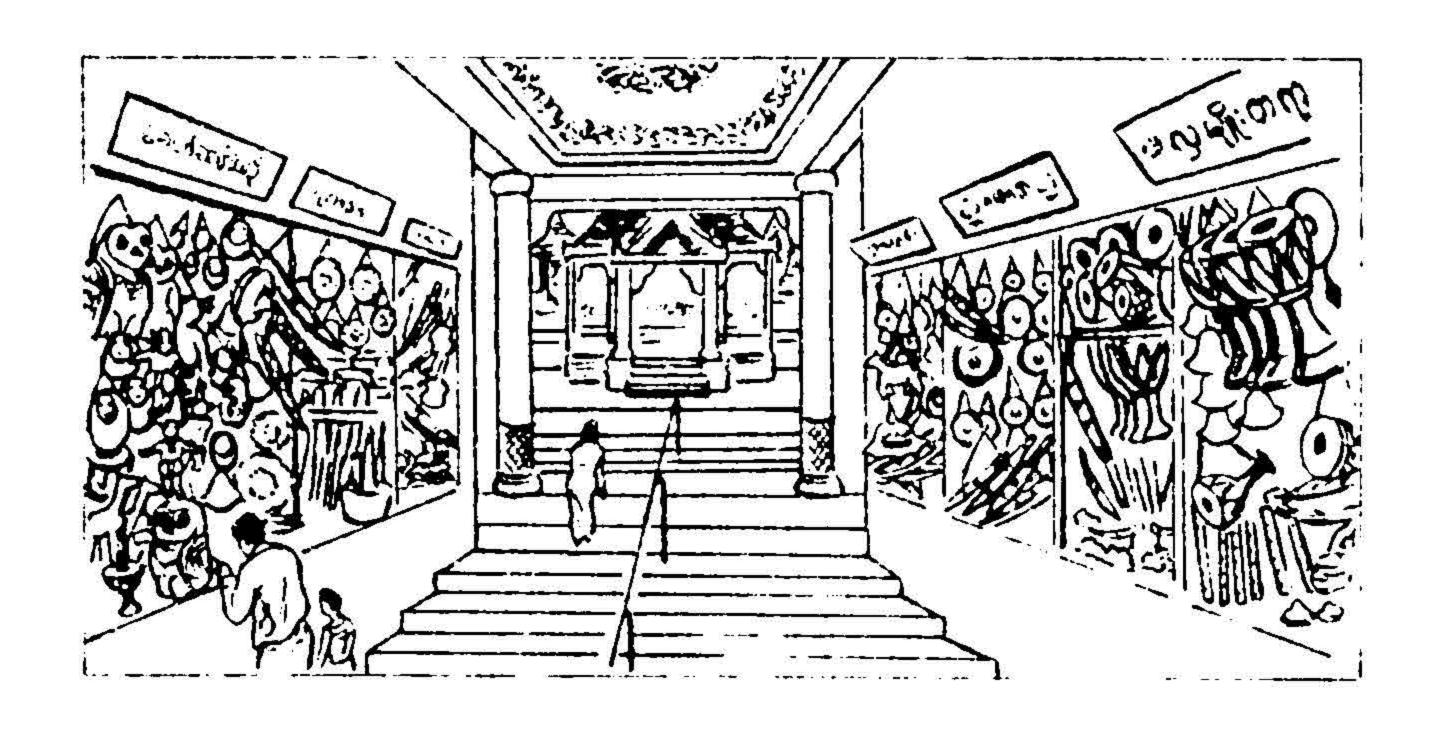
Selling all sorts of carving in ivory and wood;

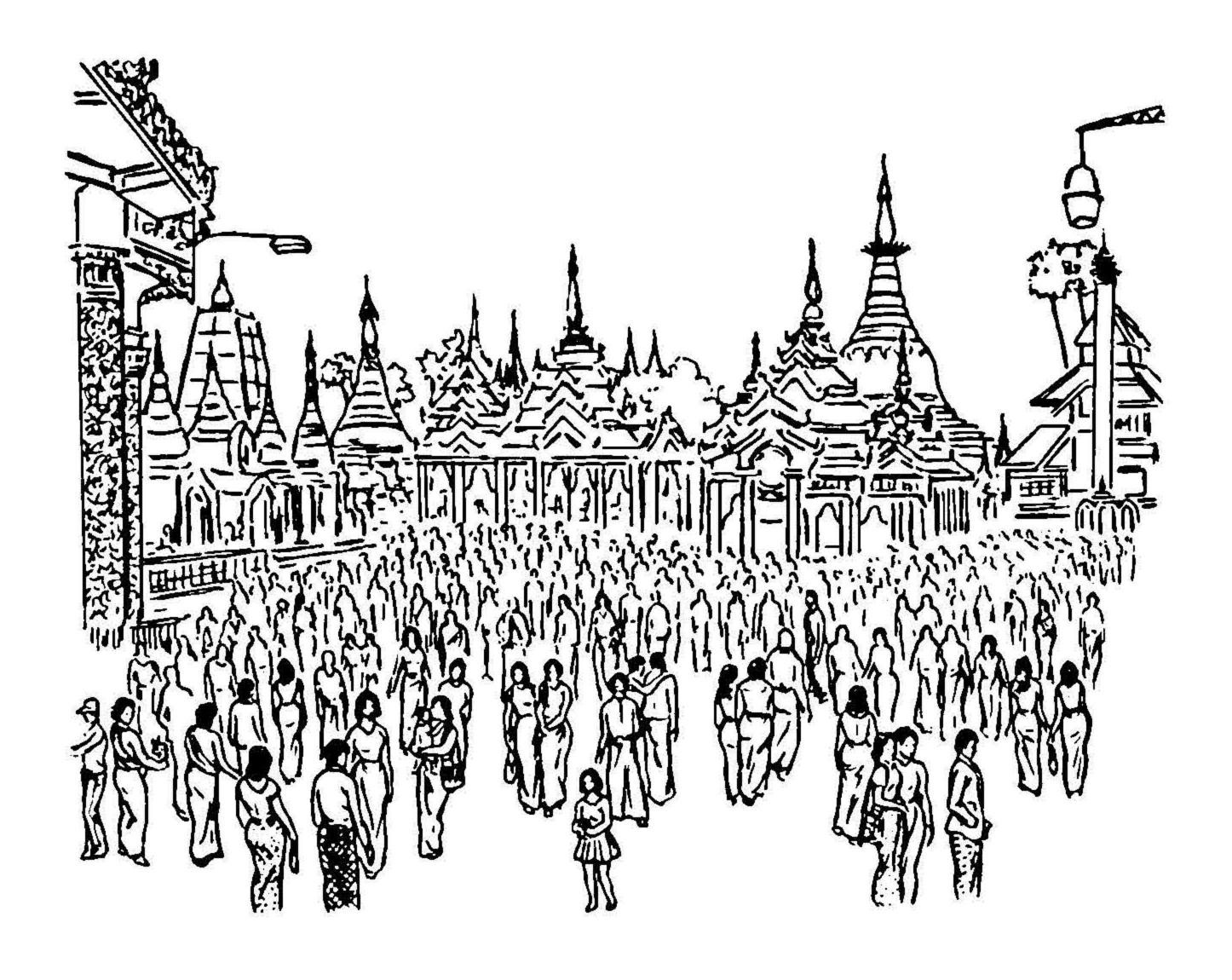
The stalis vendors call out their wares,

If you care to offer for a merit share;

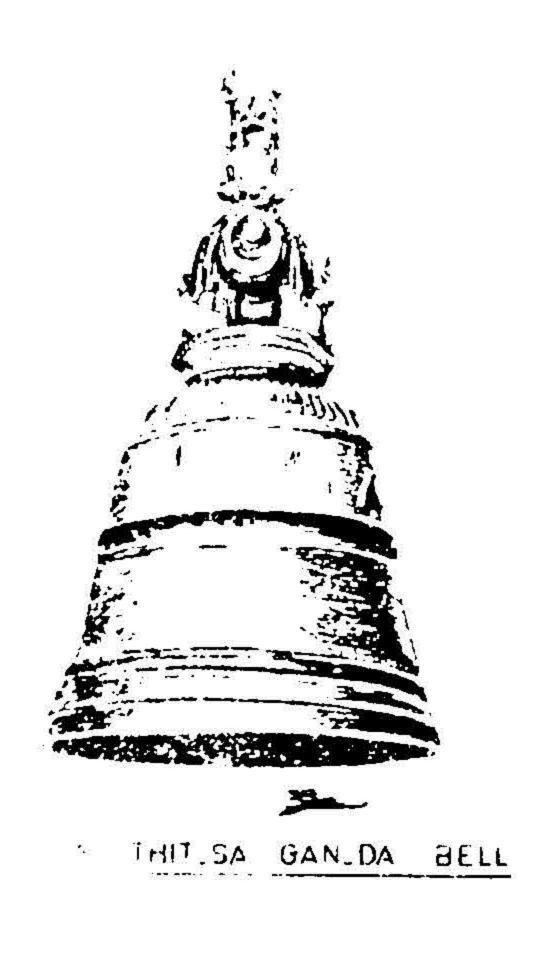
The interior of the stairways are richly decorated,

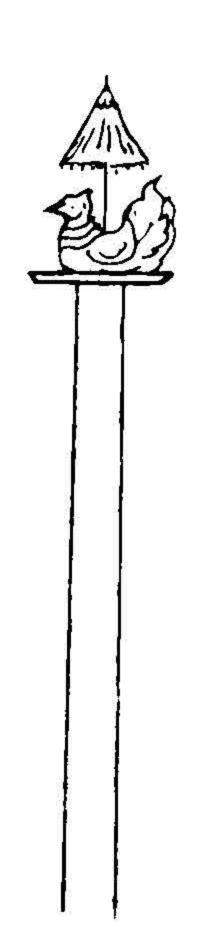
With guilded columns and wood carving all elegantly fabricated;

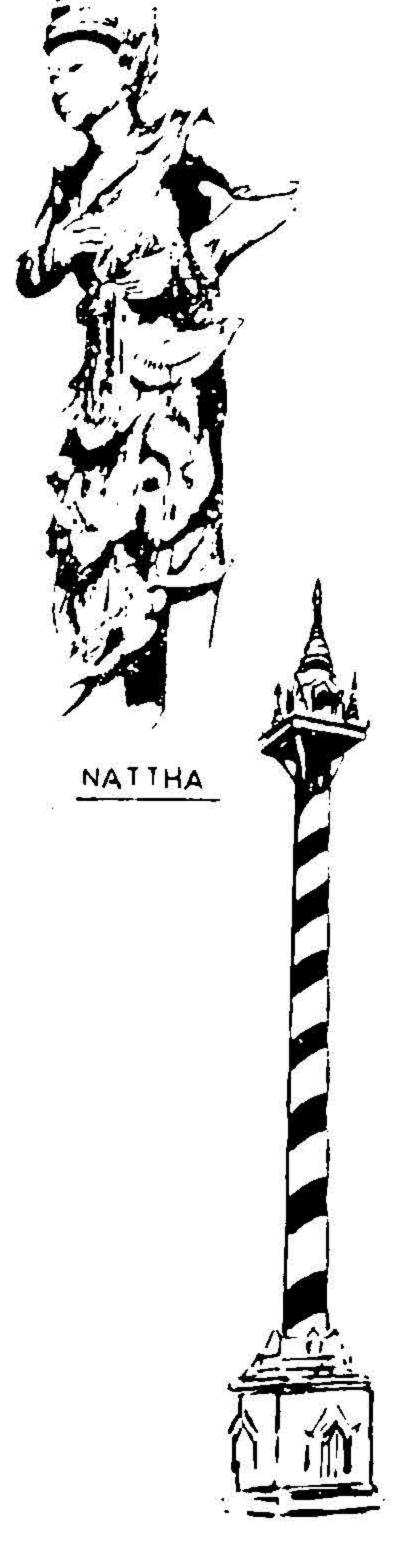




Once you gain the platform and behold the glory,
A grandeur that'll remain forever in your memory;
The main pagoda is surrounded by smaller shrines,
Some of which are tall and fine;
There are several buildings big and small,
Known as tazaung, or the prayer hall;
And the esquisite wood carvings of the ceilling
Are a joy to the souls with an aesthetic feeling.







PRAYER POLE



JOHING NECROMANCER



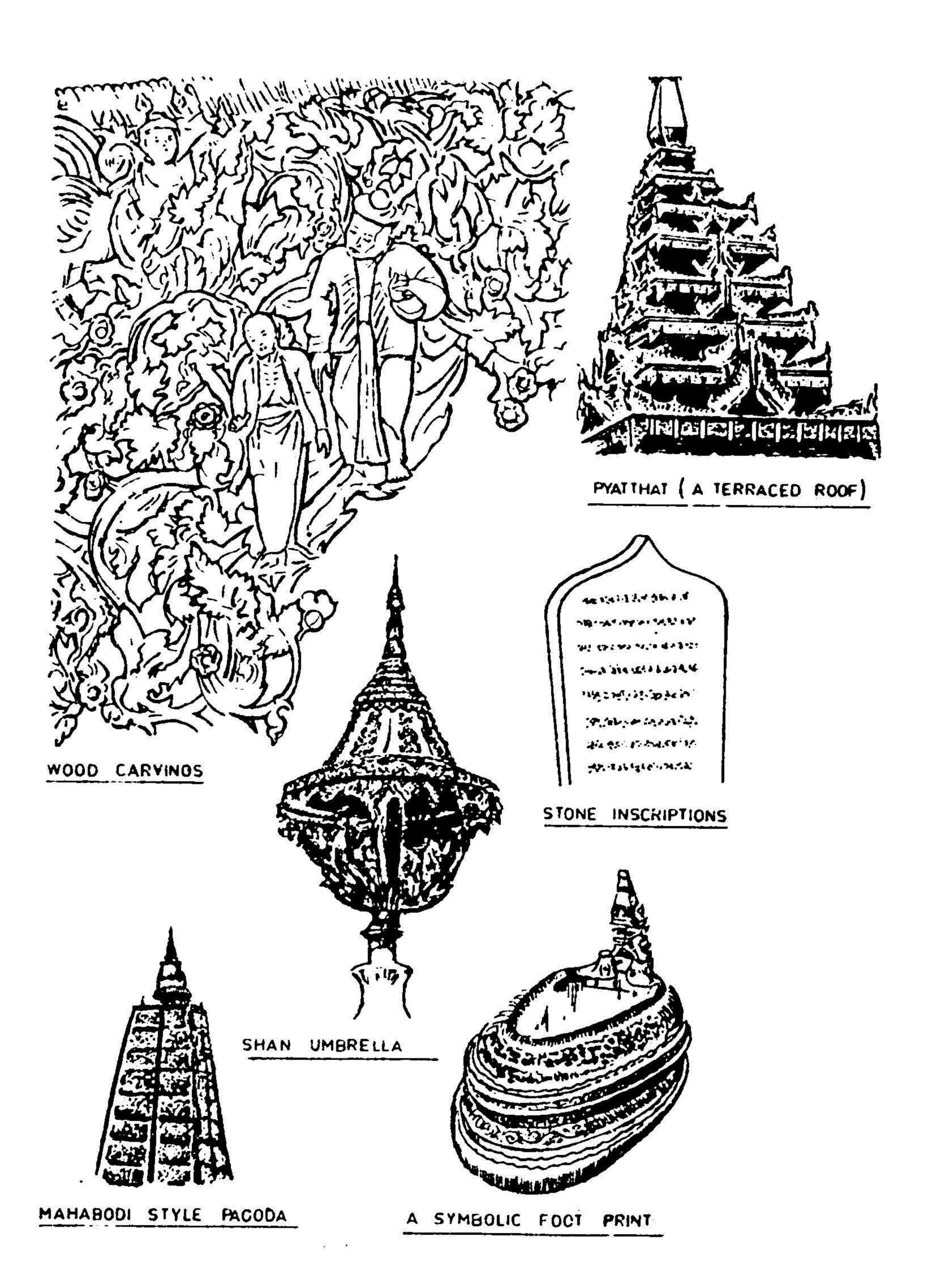
'AGUNDAING POLE





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To explore around on the platform is stimulating, Where you can see lesser object not less exciting, A Nat_thami or a laughing necromancer, A Baloo as well as a Mintha dancer, Manuthiha, a twin bodied mythical creature, Like a sphinx, lion-bodied with a human feature; The Ogre, the bell and the leagraphs Can be excellent subjects of photograph, Then there is the Tagundaing or prayer pole With alternating stripes of red and gold; Also witness the sculpture of Thagyamin 26 In the Tawa_tein_tha abode he is sovereign; See the figures of its founder Ukkalapa and his mother Thagya's queen Bearing an expression of dignity so serene; There's a small prayer pole with a mythical Hintha bird Like a golden eagle on its perch, Together with a Keinnara bird in array, Forming part of the welter of figures on display.



There are pavilions with a terraced roof, To a fine workmanship they're a proof, Containing several panels of wood carvings, Most of which are of ancient and fascinating, On the walls are legends in paintings, Some of which are already fainting; Notice two umbrellas among the shrines, They're Shan umbrella of Thai in design ; In the eastern stepway are King Dhammezedi's inscriptions In Pali, Burmese and Mon expressions; And mind don't forget to lift the oracle stone, After letting your wish be confidentially known; Chedawya, a symbolic footprint of Lord Buddha 'Neath the sacred Bo tree from Budh Gaya, And Mahabodi style pagada stand on the north, A design that had from India been brought forth, There are also two Southern Indian statues, Plus crocodiles, British lions and several figures of value; Indeed Shwedogon is like an art gallery With a tull store of pristine jewellery.



Finally it's befitting to conclude in text That Shwedagon is where we can lay to rest, All our cares, worries and troubles, And contemplate the doctrines incomparable, Taught to us by Gautama, our Lord, So that with peace of mind we may ford Through life's turbulent tide, Ere we get to that divide, Known as death, or the cessation of one existence, So long as we're governed by the law of impermanence; But by following the noble path of Buddha, we may aspire To escape from the circle of life forever, And attain Nirvana, the goal of all noble souls; Thus Shwedagon plays an important role, In the development of our spiritual mould Far more important than all the gold.

GLOSSARY OF BURMESE WORDS

1	Anawrahta	The first Burmese king of the Pagan dynasty
52	Allaria	(1044).
2	Ascka	The great Buddhist king who ruled India,
3	Baloo	A Burmese term for Ogre
4	Binnya Oo	The Burmese king ; 1372 (Mon)
5	Binnyawaru	The Burmese king; 1436 (Mon)
6	Bo tree	The sacred Banyan tree where Lord Buddha
		attained his enlightenment. The same kind of tree
		is planted in the Shwedagon Pagoda's platform.
7	Bogyoke	General of the army, usually Bogyoke refers
		to General Aung San, the founder of modern
		Burma.
8	Chedawya	A foot print.
9	Dagon	The old name of Rongoon.
20 ME 20	Erawin	The name of the elephant on which Sakka rode
11	Htapana	The enshrined relics of the pagoda
12	Hti	The pagoda's umbrella
13	Kason	The Burmese month usually talls on May and
347		June
14	Keinara	A mythical bird with a human face.
15	Mahabodi	A pagoda built according to the style of the
		Mahabodi pagoda in Pagan which was a replica
		of the pagoda in Buddha Gaya in India
16	Mahaganda	The name of the bell meaning the great sweet
	TH TEST 19	sound. The sacred robe for Buddha weave overnight.
17		
18	\$0 N94040 N0490000 2002	A male dancer.
19	Nat	A spirit
20	Natthami	A fernale spirit
21	Nyaungye_	The Burmese Buddnist festival of watering
	thunpwe	the sacred Banyan tree (Bo tree)

22	Nyilagan	Conference.
23	Sakka	King of the nats(same as Thagyarmin).
24	Shinsawbu	The Burmese queen that reigns in 1453.
25	Tabaung	The Burmese month falls on the middle of
		March and April.
26	Thagyamin	King of the nats.
27	Tawateinda	The first of the sixth abode of the nats.
28	Tazaungdine	The festival of lights that falls in November.
29	Wazo	The Burmese month folls on the mid of
		July marking the begining of lenten season.

