

Theragāthā:

Verses of Senior Monks

An approachable translation of the
Theragatha

By Bhikkhu Sujato and Jessica Walton

based on the Mahāsaṅgīti edition of the Pali text

The translation relies heavily on the translation and notes by K.R Norman for the Pali Text Society, published as Elders's Verses I, first published 1965. For a few verses we have also consulted translations by Bhikkhu Thanissaro and Bhikkhu Bodhi. In all cases, however, the final translation was made directly from the Pali text.

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Namo tassa bhagavato arahato sammāsbuddhassa

Homage to the Blessed One, the Worthy One,
the Supremely Enlightened One

Chapter of the Ones

1.1 *Subhūti*

My little hut is roofed and pleasant,
Sheltered from the wind:
So rain, sky, if you wish!
My mind is serene, liberated;
I practice ardently: rain, sky!

1.2 *Mahākoṭṭhika*

Calm and quiet,
Wise in counsel, not restless;
Shaking off bad qualities,
As the wind shakes leaves off a tree.

1.3 *Kaṅkhārevata*

See this wisdom of the Tathāgatas!
Like a fire blazing in the night,
Giving light, giving vision,
Dispelling the doubt of those who've come here.

1.4 *Puṇṇa*

You should only associate with the wise,
Those intent upon good, seeing the goal.
Being wise, heedful, and discerning,
They realise the goal, so great, profound,
Hard to see, subtle, and fine.

1.5 *Dabba*

Once hard to tame, now tamed himself,
Worthy, content, crossed over doubt.

Victorious, with fears vanished,
Dabba is steadfast, and has realized nibbāna.

1.6 Sītavaniya

The monk who went to Sītavana is alone,
Content, practicing samādhi,
Victorious, with goosebumps vanished,
Guarding mindfulness of the body, resolute.

1.7 Bhalliya

He has swept away the army of the king of death,
Like a great flood sweeping away a fragile bridge of reeds.
Victorious, with fears vanished,
He is tamed and steadfast, and has realized nibbāna.

1.8 Vīra

Once hard to tame, now tamed himself,
A hero, content, with doubt overcome,
Victorious, with goosebumps vanished,
Vīra is steadfast, and has realized nibbāna.

1.9 Pilindavaccha

It was welcome, not unwelcome,
The advice I got was good.
Of things which are shared,
I encountered the best.

1.10 Puṇṇamāsa

One who is accomplished in knowledge,
Peaceful and restrained,
Doesn't expect to dwell in this world or the next.

Without clinging to anything,
They know the arising and passing of the world.

1.11 Cūlavaccha

A monk with much joy
In the Dhamma taught by the Buddha
Would realise the peaceful state:
The stilling of activities, bliss.

1.12 Mahāvaccha

Empowered by wisdom, endowed with virtue and vows,
Possessing samādhi, delighting in jhāna, mindful,
Eating suitable food,
One should bide one's time here, free of desire.

1.13 Vanavaccha

They look like blue-black storm clouds, glistening,
Cooled with the waters of clear-flowing streams,
And covered with ladybird beetles:
These rocky crags delight me!

1.14 Novice Sīvaka

My preceptor said:
“Let's go from here, Sīvaka.”
My body lives in the village,
But my mind has gone to the wilderness.
I'll go there even if I'm lying down;
There's no tying down one who understands.

1.15 Kuṇḍadhāna

Five should be cut off, five should be abandoned,
Five more should be developed.

A monk who has overcome five attachments
Is called “One who has crossed the flood”.

1.16 Belaṭṭhasīsa

Just as a fine thoroughbred
Proceeds with ease,
Tail and mane flying in the wind;
So my days and nights
Proceed with ease,
Full of spiritual joy.

1.17 Dāsaka

One who is drowsy, a glutton,
Fond of sleep, rolling as they lie,
Like a great hog stuffed with food:
That fool is reborn again and again.

1.18 Siṅgālapitu

There was an heir of the Buddha,
A monk in Bhesakaḷā forest,
Who suffused the entire earth
With the perception of “bones”.
I think he will quickly abandon sensual desire.

1.19 Kula

Irrigators lead water,
Fletchers shape arrows,
Carpenters shape wood;
The disciplined tame themselves.

1.20 Ajita

I do not fear death;
Nor do I long for life.
I'll lay down this body,
Aware and mindful.

1.21 Nigrodha

I'm not afraid of fear.
Our teacher is skilled in the deathless;
Monks proceed by the path
Where no fear remains.

1.22 Cittaka

Crested peacocks with beautiful blue necks
Cry out in Karamvī.
Aroused by a cool breeze,
They awaken the sleeper to practice jhāna.

1.23 Gosāla

I'll eat honey and rice in Veḷugumba,
And then, skilfully scrutinizing
The rise and fall of the aggregates,
I'll return to my forest hill,
And devote myself to seclusion.

1.24 Sugandha

I went forth after the rainy season—
See the excellence of the Dhamma!
I've attained the three knowledges
And fulfilled the Buddha's instructions.

1.25 *Nandiya*

Dark One, if you attack such a monk,
Whose mind is full of light,
And has arrived at the fruit,
You'll fall into suffering.

1.26 *Abhaya*

Having heard the wonderful words
Of the Buddha, the Kinsman of the Sun,
I penetrated the subtle truth,
Like a hair-tip with an arrow.

1.27 *Lomasakaṅgiya*

With my chest I'll thrust aside
The grasses, vines, and creepers,
And devote myself to seclusion.

1.28 *Jambugāmikaputta*

Aren't you obsessed with clothes?
Don't you delight in jewellery?
Is it you—not anyone else—
Spreading the scent of virtue?

1.29 *Hārīta*

Straighten yourself,
Like a fletcher straightens an arrow.
When your mind is upright, Hārīta,
Demolish ignorance!

1.30 *Uttiya*

When I was ill in the past,
I was mindful.

Now I am ill once more—
It's time to be heedful.

1.31 Gahvaratīriya

Bitten by ticks and mosquitoes
In the wilderness, the ancient forest;
One should endure mindfully,
Like an elephant at the head of the battle.

1.32 Suppiya

I'll exchange old age for the un-ageing,
Burning for extinguishing:
The ultimate peace,
The unexcelled safety from the yoke.

1.33 Sopāka

Just as a mother would be good
To her beloved and only son;
So, to creatures all and everywhere,
Let one be good.

1.34 Posiya

For one who understands
It's always better not to mix with such women.
I went from the village to the wilderness;
From there I entered the house.
Though I was there to be fed,
I stood up and left without taking leave.

1.35 Sāmaññaṅakāni

Whoever is seeking happiness will find it through this practice,
Get a good reputation, and grow in renown:

Develop the noble eightfold, straight, direct path
For the realisation of the deathless.

1.36 Kumāputta

Learning is good, wandering is good,
Homeless life is always good.
Questions on the goal,
Actions that are skilful,
This is the ascetic life for one who has nothing.

1.37 Kumāputtasahāyaka

Some travel to different regions,
Wandering unrestrained.
If they lose their stillness,
What is the point of wandering around the countries?
So you should dispel pride,
practising jhāna without distraction.

1.38 Gavampati

His psychic power made the river Sarabhu stand still;
Gavampati is unbound and unperturbed.
The gods bow to that great sage,
Who has left behind all attachments,
And gone beyond rebirth in any state of existence.

1.39 Tissa

As if struck by a sword,
As if his head was on fire,
A monk should go forth mindfully,
To abandon desire for sensual pleasures.

1.40 *Vaḍḍhamāna*

As if struck by a sword,
As if his head was on fire,
A monk should go forth mindfully,
To abandon desire to be reborn in any state of existence.

1.41 *Sirivaḍḍha*

Lightning flashes down
On the cleft of Vebhāra and Paṇḍava.
But in the mountain cleft, the son of the inimitable
Is absorbed in jhāna, equanimous.

1.42 *Khadiravaniya*

Cāla, Upacāla and Sīsapacāla:
Be mindful!
I've come to you like a hair-splitter.

1.43 *Sumaṅgala*

Well freed! Well freed!
I'm very well freed from three crooked things:
My sickles, my ploughs, my little hoes.
Even if they were here, right here—
I'd be done with them, done!
Practice jhāna Sumaṅgala, practice jhāna Sumaṅgala!
Stay heedful, Sumaṅgala!

1.44 *Sānu*

Mum, they cry for the dead,
Or for one who is alive but has disappeared.
I'm alive and you can see me,
So Mum, why do you weep for me?

1.45 Ramaṇīyavihāri

Just as an excellent thoroughbred
Having stumbled, stands firm,
So I'm endowed with vision,
A disciple of the Buddha.

1.46 Samiddhi

I went forth out of faith
From the home life into homelessness.
My mindfulness and wisdom have grown,
My mind is serene in samādhi.
Make whatever illusions you want,
It doesn't bother me.

1.47 Ujjaya

Homage to the Buddha, the hero,
Freed in every way.
Abiding in the fruits of your practice,
I live without defilements.

1.48 Sañjaya

Since I've gone forth
From home life into homelessness,
I'm not aware of any intention
That is ignoble and hateful.

1.49 Rāmaṇeyyaka

Even with all the sounds,
The sweet chirping and cheeping of birds,
My mind doesn't tremble,
For I'm devoted to oneness.

1.50 *Vimala*

The rain falls and the wind blows on mother Earth,
While lightning flashes across the sky!
But my thoughts are stilled,
My mind is serene in samādhi.

1.51 *Godhika*

The sky rains down, like a beautiful song,
My little hut is roofed and pleasant,
Sheltered from the wind.
My mind is serene in samādhi:
So rain, sky, if you wish.

1.52 *Subāhu*

The sky rains down, like a beautiful song,
My little hut is roofed and pleasant,
Sheltered from the wind.
My mind is serene in stillness in the body:
So rain, sky, if you wish.

1.53 *Valliya*

The sky rains down, like a beautiful song,
My little hut is roofed and pleasant,
Sheltered from the wind.
I dwell there, heedful:
So rain, sky, if you wish.

1.54 *Uttiya*

The sky rains down, like a beautiful song,
My little hut is roofed and pleasant,
Sheltered from the wind.
I dwell there without a partner:
So rain, sky, if you wish.

1.55 Añjanavaniya

I plunged into the Añjana forest
And made a little hut to live in.
I've attained the three knowledges
And fulfilled the Buddha's instructions.

1.56 Kuṭivihāri

“Who is in this little hut?”
“A monk is in this little hut,
Free of lust, his mind serene in samādhi.
My friend, you should know this:
Your little hut wasn't built in vain.”

1.57 Dutiyakuṭivihāri

This was your old hut,
But you still want a new hut.
Dispel desire for a hut, monk!
A new hut will only bring more suffering.

1.58 Ramaṇīyakuṭika

My little hut is pleasing, delightful,
A gift given in faith.
I've no need of girls:
Go, ladies, to those in need!

1.59 Kosalavihāri

I went forth out of faith
And built a little hut in the wilderness.
I'm heedful, ardent,
Aware, and mindful.

1.60 Sīvali

My intentions, the purpose
Of entering this hut, have prospered.
Abandoning the tendency to conceit,
I'll realise knowledge and liberation.

1.61 Vappa

One who sees
Sees those who see and those who don't.
One who doesn't see
Sees neither.

1.62 Vajjiputta

We dwell alone in the wilderness,
Like a log rejected in a forest.
Lots of people are jealous of me,
Like beings in hell are jealous of someone going to heaven.

1.63 Pakkha

They died and fell;
Fallen but still greedy, they return.
What had to be done has been done,
What had to be enjoyed has been enjoyed,
Happiness has been realised through happiness.

1.64 Vimalakoṇḍañña

I arose from the one named after a tree,
I was born of the one whose banner shines.
The banner killer has destroyed the great banner,
By means of the banner itself.

1.65 Ukkhepakatavaccha

Vaccha has tossed away
What he built over many years.
Sitting comfortably, uplifted with joy,
He teaches this to householders.

1.66 Meghiya

He counselled me, the great hero,
The one who has gone beyond all things.
When I heard his teaching I stayed close by him, mindful.
I've attained the three knowledges
And fulfilled the Buddha's instructions.

1.67 Ekadhammasavanīya

My defilements have been burnt away by practising jhāna;
Rebirth into all states of existence is over,
Transmigration through births is finished,
Now there is no more rebirth into any state of existence.

1.68 Ekudāniya

A sage with higher consciousness, heedful,
Training in the ways of silence,
At peace and always mindful:
Such a one has no sorrow.

1.69 Channa

Hearing the sweet Dhamma taught by the master,
Who understands all, and whose knowledge excels,
I've entered the path to realise the deathless.
He's skilled in the road to safety from the yoke.

1.70 Puṇṇa

Virtue is the highest here,
But understanding is supreme.
A person with both virtue and understanding
Is victorious among men and gods.

1.71 Vacchapāla

Though nibbāna is very refined and subtle,
It is not difficult to realize for one who sees the goal,
Skilled in thought, humble in manner,
Cultivating the virtuous conduct of the Buddha.

1.72 Ātuma

A young bamboo is hard to trample
When the point is grown and it's become woody;
That's how I feel with the wife who was arranged for me.
Give me permission—now I've gone forth.

1.73 Māṇava

Seeing an old person,
One suffering from disease,
And a corpse, come to the end of life,
I went forth, becoming a wanderer,
And abandoning the pleasures of the senses.

1.74 Suyāmana

Sensual desire, ill will,
Dullness & drowsiness,
Restlessness, and doubt
Are not found in a monk at all.

1.75 Susārada

Good is the sight of those who've practised well;
Doubt is cut off, and intelligence grows.
Even a fool becomes wise;
Therefore meeting with such people is good.

1.76 Piyañjaha

Settle down when others spring up;
Spring up when others settle down;
Remain when others have departed;
Be without delight when others delight.

1.77 Hatthārohaputta

In the past my mind wandered
How it wished, where it liked, as it pleased.
Now I'll carefully guide it,
As a rutting elephant is guided by a trainer with a hook.

1.78 Meṇḍasira

Transmigrating through countless births,
I've journeyed without end.
I've suffered, but now:
The mass of suffering has collapsed.

1.79 Rakkhita

All my lust is abandoned,
All my hate is undone,
All my delusion is gone;
I'm cooled, quenched.

1.80 Ugga

Whatever actions I have performed,
Whether trivial or important,
Are all completely exhausted;
Now there is no more rebirth into any state of existence.

1.81 Samitigutta

Whatever evil I have performed
In previous births,
It is to be experienced right here,
And not in any other place.

1.82 Kassapa

Go, child,
Where there's plenty of food,
Safe and fearless—
May you not be overcome by sorrow!

1.83 Sīha

Dwell heedful, Sīha,
Don't be lazy by day or by night.
Develop skilful qualities,
And quickly discard this mortal frame.

1.84 Nīta

Sleeping all night,
Fond of socializing by day,
When will the fool
Make an end of suffering?

1.85 Sunāga

Skilled in the characteristics of the mind,
Understanding the sweetness of seclusion,
Practising jhāna, disciplined, mindful:
Such a person would realize spiritual happiness.

1.86 Nāgita

Outside of here there are many other doctrines;
Those paths don't lead to nibbāna, but this one does.
Indeed, the Blessed One himself counsels the Saṅgha;
The Teacher shows the palms of his hands.

1.87 Pavitṭha

The aggregates are seen in accordance with reality,
Rebirth in all states of existence is torn apart,
Transmigration through births is finished,
Now there is no more rebirth into any state of existence.

1.88 Ajjuna

I was able to lift myself up
From the water to the shore.
I've penetrated the truths,
Like one swept along on a powerful flood.

1.89 Devasabha

I've crossed the marshes,
I've avoided the cliffs,
I'm freed from floods and fetters,
And I've destroyed all conceit.

1.90 Sāmidatta

The five aggregates are fully understood;
They lie with the root cut off.
Transmigration is finished,
Now there is no more rebirth into any state of existence.

1.91 Paripuṇṇaka

What I consumed today is considered better
Than pure food of a hundred flavors:
The Dhamma taught by the Buddha,
Gotama of infinite vision.

1.92 Vijaya

The one whose defilements are dried up,
Who's not attached to food,
Whose resort is the liberation
That is signless and empty:
This one's track is hard to trace,
Like that of birds in the sky.

1.93 Eraka

Sensual pleasures are suffering, Eraka!
Sensual pleasures aren't happiness, Eraka!
One who enjoys sensual pleasures
Enjoys suffering, Eraka!
One who doesn't enjoy sensual pleasures
Doesn't enjoy suffering, Eraka!

1.94 Mettaji

Homage to that Blessed One,
The glorious son of the Sakyans!
When he realised the highest state,
He taught the highest Dhamma well.

1.95 *Cakkhupāla*

I'm blind, my eyes are ruined,
I'm travelling a desolate road.
Even if I have to crawl I'll keep going—
Though not with wicked companions.

1.96 *Khaṇḍasumana*

I offered a single flower,
And then amused myself in heavens
For 800 million years;
With what's left over I've realized nibbāna.

1.97 *Tissa*

Giving up a valuable bronze bowl,
And a precious golden one, too,
I took a bowl made of clay:
This is my second anointing.

1.98 *Abhaya*

If you focus on the pleasant aspect
Of sights that you see, you'll lose your mindfulness.
Experiencing it with a lustful mind,
You keep holding on.
Your defilements grow,
Leading to the root of rebirth in some state of existence.

1.99 *Uttiya*

If you focus on the pleasant aspect
Of sounds that you hear, you'll lose your mindfulness.
Experiencing it with a lustful mind,
You keep holding on.
Your defilements grow,
Leading to transmigration.

1.100 Devasabha

Accomplished in the four right strivings,
With establishment of mindfulness as your safe place,
Festooned with the flowers of liberation,
You'll realise nibbāna without defilements.

1.101 Belaṭṭhānika

He's given up the household life, but he has no purpose,
Like a big pig that chomps on grain,
Using his snout as a plough, living for his belly, lazy:
That idiot comes to the womb again and again.

1.102 Setuccha

Deceived by conceit,
Defiled by conditions,
Distressed by gain and loss,
They don't realise samādhi.

1.103 Bandhura

I don't need this—
I'm satisfied and pleased with the sweet Dhamma.
I've drunk the best, the supreme nectar:
I won't go near poison.

1.104 Khitaka

Hey! My body is light,
Full of so much rapture and happiness.
My body feels like it's floating,
Like cotton on the wind.

1.105 Malitavambha

Dissatisfied, one should not stay;
Happy, one should depart.
One who sees clearly wouldn't stay
In a place that was not conducive to the goal.

1.106 Suhemanta

When the meaning has a hundred aspects,
And carries a hundred characteristics,
The fool sees only one factor,
While the sage sees a hundred.

1.107 Dhammasava

After investigating, I went forth
From the home life into homelessness.
I've attained the three knowledges
And fulfilled the Buddha's instructions.

1.108 Dhammasavapitu

At 120 years old
I went forth into homelessness.
I've attained the three knowledges
And fulfilled the Buddha's instructions.

1.109 Saṃgharakkhita

He's gone on retreat, but he doesn't yet heed the counsel
Of the one with supreme compassion for his welfare.
He lives with unrestrained faculties,
Like a young deer in the woods.

1.110 Usabha

The trees on the mountain-tops have grown well,
Freshly sprinkled by towering clouds.
For Usabha, who loves seclusion, and who thinks only of wilderness,
Goodness arises more and more.

1.111 Jenta

Going forth is hard, living at home is hard,
Dhamma is profound, and money is hard to come by.
Getting by is difficult for we who accept whatever comes,
So we should always remember impermanence.

1.112 Vacchagotta

I have the three knowledges, I'm a great meditator,
Skilled in serenity of mind.
I've realized my own true goal,
And fulfilled the Buddha's instructions.

1.113 Vanavaccha

The water is clear and the gorges are wide,
Monkeys and deer are all around;
Festooned with dewy moss,
These rocky crags delight me!

1.114 Adhimutta

When your body is uncomfortably heavy,
While life is running out;
Greedy for physical pleasure,
How can you find happiness as an ascetic?

1.115 Mahānāma

By Mount Nesādaka,
With its famous covering
Of many shrubs and trees,
You're found deficient.

1.116 Pārāpariya

I've abandoned the six spheres of sense-contact,
My sense-doors are guarded and well restrained;
I've ejected the root of misery,
And attained the end of defilements.

1.117 Yasa

I'm well-anointed and well-dressed,
Adorned with all my jewellery.
I've attained the three knowledges
And fulfilled the Buddha's instructions.

1.118 Kimila

Old age falls like a curse;
It's the same body, but it seems like someone else's.
I remember myself as if I was someone else,
But I'm still the same, I haven't been away.

1.119 Vajjiputta

You've gone to the jungle, the root of a tree,
Putting nibbāna in your heart.
Practice jhāna, Gotama, don't be heedless.
What is this hullabaloo to you?

1.120 Isidatta

The five aggregates are fully understood,
They remain, but their root is severed.
I have realized the end of suffering,
And attained the end of defilements.

Chapter of the Twos

2.1 *Uttara*

No life is permanent,
And no conditions last forever.
The aggregates are reborn
And pass away, again and again.

Knowing this danger,
I'm not interested in being reborn into any state of existence.
I've escaped all sensual pleasures,
And attained the end of defilements.

2.2 *Piṇḍolabhāradvāja*

You can't live by fasting,
But food doesn't lead to peace of heart.
Seeing how the body is sustained by food,
I wander, seeking.

They know it's a swamp,
This worship and homage from respectable families;
A subtle dart, hard to pull out;
It's hard for a corrupt person to give up honour.

2.3 *Valliya*

A monkey went up to the little hut
With five doors.
He circles around, knocking
On each door, again and again.

Stand still monkey, don't run!
Things are different now;
You've been caught by wisdom—
You won't go far.

2.4 Gaṅgātīriya

My hut on the bank of the Ganges
Is made from three palm leaves.
My alms-bowl is a funeral pot,
My robe is castoff rags.

In my first two rainy seasons
I spoke only one word.
In my third rainy season,
The mass of darkness was torn apart.

2.5 Ajina

Even someone with the three knowledges,
Who has conquered death, and is without defilements,
Is looked down on for being unknown
By fools without wisdom.

But a person who gets food and drink
Is honored by them,
Even if they are of bad character.

2.6 Meḷajina

When I heard the Teacher
Speaking Dhamma,
I wasn't aware of any doubt
In the all-knowing, unconquered one,
The caravan leader, the great hero
The most excellent of charioteers.
I have no doubt
In the path or practice.

2.7 Rādha

Just as rain seeps into
A poorly roofed house,

Lust seeps into
An undeveloped mind.

Just as rain doesn't seep into
A well roofed house,
Lust doesn't seep into
A well-developed mind.

2.8 Surāḍha

Rebirth is ended for me,
The conqueror's instruction is fulfilled,
What they call a "net" is abandoned,
The attachment to being reborn in any state of existence is undone.

I've arrived at the goal
For the sake of which I went forth
From the home life into homelessness:
The ending of all fetters.

2.9 Gotama

Sages sleep happily
When they're not attached to women;
For the truth is hard to find among them,
And one must always be guarded.

Sensual pleasure, you've been slain!
We're not in your debt any more.
Now we go to nibbāna,
Where there is no more sorrow.

2.10 Vasabha

First one kills the self,
Then one kills others'
Using the well-destroyed self,
Like one who kills birds using a dead bird as a decoy.

A holy man's color is not on the outside;
A holy man is colored on the inside.
Whoever does bad deeds
Such a one is truly dark, Sujampati.

2.11 Mahācunda

It is from wishing to learn that learning grows;
When you are learned, understanding grows;
Through understanding, you know the goal;
Knowing the goal brings happiness.

Make use of secluded lodgings!
Practice to be released from fetters!
If you don't find enjoyment there,
Live in the Saṅgha, guarded and mindful.

2.12 Jotidāsa

People who act harshly—
Attacking people,
Tying them up,
Hurting them in all kinds of ways—
They're treated in the same way;
Their deeds don't vanish.

Whatever deeds a person does,
Whether for good or for bad,
They are the heir to each
And every deed that they perform.

2.13 Heraññakāni

The days and nights rush by,
And then life is cut short.
The vitality of mortals wastes away,
Like the water in tiny streams.

But while doing bad deeds
The fool doesn't realize—
It'll be bitter later on;
Yes, his ripening will be bad.

2.14 Somamitta

If someone lost in the middle of the ocean,
Were to clamber up on a little log, they'd sink;
In the same way, even a good person would sink
If they rely on a lazy person.
So avoid those who are lazy, lacking energy.

Instead, dwell with the wise—
Secluded, noble,
Resolute, practising jhāna,
And always energetic.

2.15 Sabbamitta

People are attached to people;
People are dependent on people;
People are hurt by people;
And people hurt people.

What's the point of people,
Or the things people produce?
Go, leave these people,
Who've hurt so many people.

2.16 Mahākāla

There's a big black woman who looks like a crow.
She broke off thigh-bones, first one then another;
She broke off arm-bones, first one then another;
She broke off a skull like a curd-bowl, and then—
She assembled them all together, and sat down beside them.

When an ignorant person builds up attachments,
That idiot returns to suffering, again and again.
So let one who understands not build up attachments:
May I never again lie with a broken skull!

2.17 Tissa

When your head is shaven, and you're wrapped in the outer robe,
You'll have many enemies
When you receive food and drink,
Clothes and lodgings.

Knowing this danger,
This great fear in honours,
A monk should go forth mindfully,
With few possessions, and not full of desire.

2.18 Kimila

In Pācīnavaṃsa grove
The companions of the Sakyans,
Having given up much wealth,
Are satisfied with whatever is put in their bowls.

Energetic, resolute,
Always strong in striving;
Having given up mundane satisfaction,
They delight in the satisfaction of Dhamma.

2.19 Nanda

I used my mind unwisely,
I was addicted to ornamentation.
I was vain, fickle,
Tormented by desire for sensual pleasures.

But with the help of the Buddha,
The Kinsman of the Sun, so skilled in means,

I practiced wisely,
And extracted from my mind any attachment to being reborn.

2.20 Sirimā

To praise someone
Who doesn't have samādhi,
Is praise in vain,
As they don't have samādhi.

To rebuke someone
Who does have samādhi,
Is rebuke in vain,
As they do have samādhi.

2.21 Uttara

I've fully understood the aggregates,
I've undone craving;
I've developed the factors of awakening,
And I've realized the ending of defilements.

Having fully understood the aggregates,
Having plucked out the weaver of the web,
Having developed the factors of awakening,
I've realized nibbāna, without defilements.

2.22 Bhaddaji

That king was named Panāda,
Whose sacrificial post was golden.
Its height was sixteen times its width,
And the top was a thousand-fold.

With a thousand panels, and a hundred ball-caps,
Adorned with banners, made of gold;
There, the seven times six hundred
Gods of music danced.

2.23 *Sobhita*

As a monk, mindful and wise,
Resolute in power and energy,
I recollected five hundred aeons
In one night.

Developing the four establishments of mindfulness,
The seven factors of awakening and the eightfold path,
I recollected five hundred aeons
In one night.

2.24 *Valliya*

The duty of one whose energy is strong;
The duty of one intent on awakening:
That I'll do, I won't fail—
See my energy and effort!

Teach me the path,
The road that culminates in the deathless.
I'll know it with wisdom,
As the Ganges knows the ocean.

2.25 *Vītasoka*

The barber approached
To shave my head.
I picked up a mirror
And looked at my body.

My body looked vacant;
I was blind, but the darkness left me.
My fancy hairdo has been cut off:
Now there is no more rebirth into any state of existence.

2.26 *Puṇṇamāsa*

I abandoned the five hindrances
So I could realise security from the yoke;
And I picked up the Dhamma as a mirror,
For knowing and seeing myself.

I checked over this body
All of it, inside and out.
Internally and externally,
My body looked vacant.

2.27 *Nandaka*

Though a fine thoroughbred stumbles
It soon stands firm again;
It gains even more spirit,
And draws its load undeterred.

Even so, I am one endowed with vision,
A disciple of the Buddha!
You should remember me as a thoroughbred,
The Buddha's rightful son.

2.28 *Bharata*

Come Nandaka, let's go
To visit our preceptor.
We'll roar the lion's roar
Before of the best of Buddhas.

The sage gave us the going forth
Out of compassion, so that we could realize
The ending of all fetters—
Now we have reached that goal.

2.29 *Bhāradvāja*

This is how the wise roar:
Like lions in mountain caves,
Heroes, triumphant in battle,
Having vanquished Māra and his army.

I've attended on the teacher;
I've honoured the Dhamma and the Saṅgha;
I'm happy and joyful,
Because I've seen my son free of defilements.

2.30 *Kaṇhadinna*

I sat close by wise people,
And learnt the Dhamma many times.
What I learnt, I practiced,
Entering the road that culminates in the deathless.

I've slain the desire to be reborn in any state of existence,
Such desire won't be found in me again.
It was not, and it won't be in me,
And it isn't found in me now.

2.31 *Migasira*

When I became a monk
In the teaching of the Buddha,
Letting go, I rose up;
I escaped the realm of sensual pleasures.

Then, under the supervision of the supreme Buddha,
My mind was freed.
I know that my freedom is unshakeable,
Because all fetters have ended.

2.32 *Sivaka*

All houses are impermanent;
Again and again, in all kinds of realms,
I've searched for the house-builder—
Rebirth again and again is suffering.

I've seen you, house-builder!
You won't build a house again.
All your rafters are broken,
Your ridgepole is split.
My mind is released from limits:
It'll fall apart in this very life.

2.33 *Upavāṇa*

The Worthy One, the world's Holy One
The sage is afflicted by winds.
If there's hot water,
Give it to the sage, brahmin.

I wish to bring it to the one
Who is honoured by those worthy of honour,
Revered by those worthy of reverence,
And respected by those worthy of respect.

2.34 *Isidinna*

I've seen lay disciples who have memorized discourses,
Saying "Sensual pleasures are impermanent";
But they are passionately enamoured of jewelled earrings,
Desiring children and wives.

To be honest, they don't know Dhamma,
Despite saying "Sensual pleasures are impermanent";
They don't have the power to cut their lust,
So they're attached to children, wives, and wealth.

2.35 *Sambulakaccāna*

The sky rains, the sky groans,
I'm staying alone in a frightful hole.
But while I'm staying alone in that frightful hole,
I've no fear, no dread, no goosebumps.

This is my normal state,
When I'm staying alone in a frightful hole:
I've no fear, no dread, no goosebumps.

2.36 *Nitaka*

Whose mind is like rock,
Steady, not trembling?
Free of desire among desirable things,
Not agitated among agitating things?
For one whose mind is developed in this way,
From where will suffering come?

My mind is like rock,
Steady, not trembling,
Free of desire among desirable things,
Not agitated among agitating things.
For me, whose mind is developed in this way,
From where will suffering come?

2.37 *Soṇapoṭṭiriya*

Night, with its garland of stars,
Is not just for sleeping.
Those who are conscious will know
That night is also for waking.

If I were to fall from the back of an elephant
And be trampled by the tuskers that follow,
Better for me to die in battle,
Than to live on in defeat.

2.38 *Nisabha*

One who has gone forth from the home life out of faith,
Leaving behind the five kinds of sensual pleasures,
So pleasant seeming, delighting the mind—
Let them put an end to suffering.

I don't long for death;
I don't long for life;
I await my time,
Aware and mindful.

2.39 *Usabha*

I arranged a robe on my shoulder,
The colour of young mango sprouts;
Then I entered the village for alms,
While sitting on an elephant's neck!

But when I dismounted from the elephant,
I was moved by inspiration—
At first I was burning, but then I was peaceful;
I realized the end of defilements.

2.40 *Kappaṭakura*

This fellow, "Rag-rice", he sure is a rag.
This place has been made for practising jhāna,
Like a crystal vase filled to the brim
With the nectar of the deathless,
Into which enough Dhamma has been poured.

Don't nod off, Rag—
I'll smack your ear!
Nodding off in the middle of the Saṅgha?
You haven't learnt a thing.

2.41 Kumārakassapa

Oh, the Buddhas! Oh, the Dhammas!
Oh, the perfections of the Teacher!
Where a disciple may see
Such a Dhamma for themselves.

Through countless aeons
They obtained an identity;
This is the end,
Their last body;
Transmigrating through births and deaths,
Now there is no more rebirth into any state of existence.

2.42 Dhammapāla

The young monk
Who is devoted to the teaching of the Buddha,
Wakeful among those who sleep—
His life isn't in vain.

So let the wise devote themselves
To faith, virtuous behaviour,
Confidence, and insight into Dhamma,
Remembering the teachings of the Buddhas.

2.43 Brahmāli

Whose faculties have become serene,
Like horses tamed by a charioteer?
Who has abandoned conceit and defilements,
Becoming such that even the gods envy him?

My faculties have become serene,
Like horses tamed by a charioteer!
I have abandoned conceit and defilements,
Becoming such that even the gods envy me.

2.44 Mogharāja

“Your skin is nasty but your heart is good,
Mogharāja, you always have samādhī.
But in the nights of winter, so dark and cold,
How will you get by, monk?”

“I’ve heard that all the Magadhans
Have an abundance of grain.
I’ll make my bed under a thatched roof,
Just like those who live in comfort.”

2.45 Visākhapañcālappa

One should not suspend others from the Saṅgha,
Nor raise objections against them;
And neither disparage nor raise one’s voice
Against one who has crossed to the further shore.
One should not praise oneself among the assemblies,
But be without conceit, measured in speech, and of good conduct.

For one who sees the goal, so very subtle and fine,
Who has wholesome thoughts and humbleness,
And cultivates the Buddha’s ethical conduct,
It’s not hard to gain nibbāna.

2.46 Cūḷaka

The peacocks cry out
With their fair crests and tails,
Their lovely blue necks and fair faces,
Their beautiful song and their call.
This broad earth is lush with grass and dew,
And the sky’s full of beautiful clouds.

A person who is practising jhāna is happy in mind,
And their appearance is uplifting;
Going forth in the teaching of the Buddha
Is easy for a good person.

You should realise that supreme, unchanging state,
So very pure, subtle, and hard to see.

2.47 Anūpama

The conceited mind, addicted to pleasure,
Impales itself on its own stake.
It goes only where
There's a stake, a chopping block.

I declare you the demon mind!
I declare you the insidious mind!
You've found the teacher so hard to find—
Don't lead me away from the goal.

2.48 Vajjita

Transmigrating for such a long time,
I've evolved through various states of rebirth,
Not seeing the noble truths,
A blind, unenlightened person.

But when I became heedful
Transmigrating from birth to birth was disintegrated;
All states of rebirth were cut off;
Now there is no more rebirth into any state of existence.

2.49 Sandhita

Beneath the Bodhi Tree,
Bright green and growing,
Being mindful, my perception
Became one with the Buddha.

It was thirty one aeons ago
That I gained that perception;
And it is due to that perception
That I've realized the ending of defilements.

Chapter of the Threes

3.1 *Aṅgaṇikabhāradvāja*

Seeking purity the wrong way,
I worshipped the sacred fire in a grove.
Not knowing the path to purity,
I mortified my flesh in search of immortality.

I've gained this happiness by means of happiness:
See the excellence of the Dhamma!
I've attained the three knowledges,
And fulfilled the Buddha's instructions.

In the past I was related to Brahmā,
But now I'm really a brahmin:
I have the three knowledges, I'm cleansed,
I'm an initiate, and I'm accomplished in sacred knowledge.

3.2 *Paccaya*

I went forth five days ago,
A trainee, with my heart's goal unfulfilled.
I entered my dwelling,
And an aspiration arose in my mind.

I won't eat; I won't drink;
I won't leave my dwelling;
Nor will I lie down on my side—
Until the dart of craving is pulled out.

See my energy and effort
As I practice this way!
I've attained the three knowledges,
And fulfilled the Buddha's instructions.

3.3 *Bākula*

Whoever wishes to do afterwards
What they should have done before
They've lost the causes for happiness,
And afterwards they're tormented with remorse.

You should only say what you would do;
You shouldn't say what you wouldn't do.
The wise will recognize
One who talks without doing.

Oh! nibbāna is so very blissful,
As taught by the fully awakened Buddha:
Sorrowless, stainless, secure;
Where suffering all ceases.

3.4 *Dhaniya*

One who hopes for the ascetic life,
Wishing to live in happiness,
Should not look down on the Saṅgha's robe,
Or its food and drinks.

One who hopes for the ascetic life,
Wishing to live in happiness,
Should stay in the Saṅgha's lodgings,
Like a snake in a mouse hole.

One who hopes for the ascetic life,
Wishing to live in happiness,
Should be satisfied with whatever is offered,
Developing this one quality.

3.5 *Mātaṅgaputta*

"It's too cold, too hot,
Too late," they say.

Those who neglect their work like this—
Opportunities pass them by.

But one who considers hot and cold
To be nothing more than a blade of grass;
He does his manly duty,
And his happiness never fails.

With my chest I'll thrust aside
The grasses, vines, and creepers,
And devote myself to seclusion.

3.6 Khujjasobhita

“One of those monks who live in Pāṭaliputta—
Such brilliant speakers, and very learned—
Stands at the door:
The old man, Khujjasobhita.

One of those monks who live in Pāṭaliputta—
Such brilliant speakers, and very learned—
Stands at the door:
An old man, trembling in the wind.”

“By war well fought, by sacrifice well made,
By victory in battle;
By living the spiritual life:
That's how this person flourishes in happiness.”

3.7 Vāraṇa

Anyone among men
Who harms other creatures:
From this world and the next,
That person will fall.

But someone with a mind of loving-kindness,
Compassionate for all creatures:

*That sort of person
Gives rise to merit in abundance.*

*One should train in good speech,
In attending closely to ascetics,
In sitting alone in hidden places,
And in calming the mind.*

3.8 Vassika

*I was the only one in my family
Who had faith and wisdom.
It's good for my relatives that I'm
Firm in Dhamma, and my conduct is virtuous.*

*I rebuked my family out of compassion,
Reprimanding them because of my love
For my family and relatives.*

*They performed a service for the monks
And then they passed away,
To find happiness in the heaven of the Thirty-three.
There, my brothers and mother rejoice
With all the pleasures they desire.*

3.9 Yasoja

*“With knobbly knees,
Thin, with veins matted on his skin,
Eating and drinking in moderation—
This person's spirit is undaunted.”*

*“Pestered by gadflies and mosquitoes
In the awesome wilderness;
One should mindfully endure,
Like an elephant at the head of the battle.*

*A monk alone is like Brahmā;
A pair of monks are like devas;*

Three are like a village;
And more than that is a rabble.”

3.10 *Sāṭimattiya*

In the past you had faith,
Today you have none.
What’s yours is yours alone;
I’ve done nothing wrong.

Faith is impermanent, fickle—
So I have seen.
People’s passions wax and wane:
Why should a sage grow old worrying about that?

The meal of a sage is cooked
Bit by bit, in this family or that.
I’ll walk for alms,
For my legs are strong.

3.11 *Upāli*

One newly gone forth,
Who has left their home out of faith,
Should associate with spiritual friends,
Whose livelihood is pure, and who are not lazy.

One newly gone forth,
Who has left their home out of faith,
A monk who stays with the Saṅgha,
Being wise, would train in monastic discipline.

One newly gone forth,
Who has left their home out of faith,
Skilled in what is appropriate and what is not,
Would wander undistracted.

3.12 *Uttarapāla*

Sadly, I was intelligent and peaceful,
But only enough to critically analyse the meaning.
The five kinds of sensual pleasure in the world,
So delusory, were my downfall.

Entering into Māra's domain,
I was struck by a powerful dart;
But I was able to free myself
From the trap laid by the king of death.

All sensual pleasures have been abandoned,
Rebirth in all states of existence is torn apart,
Transmigration through births is finished,
Now there is no more rebirth into any state of existence.

3.13 *Abhibhūta*

All my family gathered here,
Listen to me,
I'll teach you Dhamma!
Being born again and again is suffering.

Rouse yourselves, let go!
Devote yourselves to the teachings of the Buddha!
Crush the army of death,
As an elephant crushes a hut of reeds.

Whoever will live heedfully
In this Dhamma and discipline,
Will abandon transmigration through births,
And make an end to suffering.

3.14 *Gotama*

Transmigrating, I went to hell;
Again and again, I went to the ghost realm;

Many times I dwelt long
In the suffering of the animal realm.

I was also reborn as a human;
From time to time I went to heaven;
I've stayed in the corporeal realms and the incorporeal,
Among the percipient-nor-non-percipient, and the non-percipient.

I understood these states of existence to be worthless:
Conditioned, unstable, always in motion.
When I understood the origin of rebirth within myself,
Mindful, I found peace.

3.15 Hārīta

Whoever wishes to do afterwards
What they should have done before,
They've lost the causes for happiness,
And afterwards they're tormented with remorse.

You should only say what you would do;
You shouldn't say what you wouldn't do.
The wise will recognize
One who talks without doing.

Oh! nibbāna is so very blissful,
As taught by the Buddha:
Sorrowless, stainless, secure;
Where suffering all ceases.

3.16 Vimala

Avoiding bad friends,
You should associate with the best of people.
Stick to the advice that he gave you,
Aspiring for unshakable happiness.

If someone lost in the middle of the ocean,
Were to clamber up on a little log, they'd sink;

In the same way, even a good person would sink
If they rely on a lazy person.
So avoid those who are lazy, lacking energy.

Instead, dwell with the wise—
Secluded, noble,
Resolute, practising jhāna,
And always energetic.

Chapter of the Fours

4.1 *Nāgasamāla*

There's a dancer along the highway,
Dancing as the music plays;
She's adorned with jewellery and all dressed up,
With a garland of flowers and perfume of sandalwood.

I entered for alms,
And while going along I glanced at her,
Adorned with jewellery and all dressed up,
Like a snare of death laid down.

Then the realization
Came upon me—
The danger became clear,
And I was firmly repulsed.

Then my mind was liberated—
See the excellence of the Dhamma!
I've attained the three knowledges,
And fulfilled the Buddha's instructions.

4.2 *Bhagu*

Overwhelmed by drowsiness,
I came out of my dwelling;
Stepping up on to the walking meditation path,
I fell to the ground right there.

I rubbed my limbs, and again
I stepped up on to the walking meditation path.
I walked meditation up and down the path,
Serene inside myself.

Then the realization
Came upon me—

The danger became clear,
And I was firmly repulsed.

Then my mind was liberated—
See the excellence of the Dhamma!
I've attained the three knowledges,
And fulfilled the Buddha's instructions.

4.3 *Sabhiya*

Others don't understand
That here we come to our end.
Those that do understand this
Settle their quarrels because of that.

And when those who don't understand
Behave as though they were immortal;
Those who understand the Dhamma
Are like the healthy among the sick.

Any lax act,
Or corrupt religious observance,
Or a spiritual life arousing suspicion,
Does not yield great fruit.

Whoever has no respect
For their companions in the spiritual life
Is as far from true Dhamma
As the sky is from the earth.

4.4 *Nandaka*

Damn these stinking bodies!
They're on Māra's side, they ooze;
And bodies have nine streams
That are always flowing.

Don't think much of bodies;
Don't disparage the Tathāgathas.

They're not even aroused by heaven,
Let alone by humans.

But those dumb fools,
With bad advisors, shrouded in delusion,
That kind of person is aroused by bodies,
When Māra has thrown the snare.

Those who have discarded
Lust, hatred, and ignorance:
They've cut the strings, they're no longer bound—
Such people are not aroused by bodies.

4.5 Jambuka

For fifty-five years
I wore mud and dirt;
Eating one meal a month,
I tore out my hair and beard.

I stood on one foot;
I rejected seats;
I ate dried-out dung;
I didn't accept food that had been set aside for me.

Having done many actions of this kind,
Which lead to a bad destination,
As I was being swept away by the great flood,
I went to the Buddha for refuge.

See the going for refuge!
See the excellence of the Dhamma!
I've attained the three knowledges,
And fulfilled the Buddha's instructions.

4.6 Senaka

During the spring festival at Gayā,
It was so welcome for me

To see the Buddha,
Teaching the supreme Dhamma.

He was glorious, the teacher of a community,
Who had realised the highest, a leader,
Conqueror of the world with its gods;
His vision was unequalled.

A great being of power, a great hero,
A great light, without defilements.
With the utter ending of all defilements,
The teacher has no fear from any direction.

For a long time, sadly, I was corrupted,
Fettered by the bond of wrong view.
That Blessed One, Senaka,
Released me from all ties.

4.7 Sambhūta

Hurrying when it's time for going slowly;
Going slowly when it's time to hurry;
That fool falls into suffering
Because of these muddled arrangements.

Their good fortune wastes away
Like the moon in the waning fortnight;
They become disgraced,
And alienated from their friends.

Going slowly when it's time for going slowly;
Hurrying when it's time to hurry;
That wise person comes into happiness
Because of these proper arrangements.

Their good fortune flourishes
Like the moon in the waxing fortnight;
They become famous and respected,
Not alienated from their friends.

4.8 *Rāhula*

I am known as “Fortunate Rāhula”,
Because I’m endowed in both ways:
I am the son of the Buddha,
And I have the vision of the Dhammas.

Since my defilements have ended,
Since there is no more being reborn in any state of existence—
I’m an Arahant, worthy of offerings,
With the three knowledges and the vision of the deathless.

Blinded by sensual pleasures, trapped in a net,
They are smothered over by craving,
Bound by the Kinsman of the Negligent,
Like a fish caught in a funnel-net trap.

Having thrown off those sensual pleasures,
Having cut Māra’s bond,
Having pulled out craving, roots and all:
I’ve become cool, and realized nibbāna.

4.9 *Candana*

Covered with gold,
Surrounded by all her maids,
With my son upon her hip,
My wife came up to me.

I saw her coming,
The mother of my son,
Adorned with jewellery and all dressed up,
Like a snare of death laid down.

Then the realization
Came upon me—
The danger became clear,
And I was firmly repulsed.

Then my mind was liberated—
See the excellence of the Dhamma!
I've attained the three knowledges,
And fulfilled the Buddha's instructions.

4.10 *Dhammika*

“Dhamma really protects you if you practice Dhamma;
Dhamma well-practiced brings happiness.
If you practice Dhamma, this is the benefit—
You won't go to a bad destination.

Dhamma and what is not Dhamma
Don't both lead to the same results.
What is not Dhamma leads to hell,
While Dhamma takes you to a good destination.

So you should be enthusiastic to perform acts of Dhamma,
Rejoicing in the Fortunate One, the poised.
Disciples of the best of Fortunate Ones are firm in Dhamma;
Those wise ones are led on, going to the very best of refuges.”

“The boil has been burst from its root,
The net of craving is undone.
He has ended transmigration, he has nothing,
Just like the full moon in a clear night sky.”

4.11 *Sappaka*

When the crane with its beautiful white wings,
Startled by fear of the dark thundercloud,
Flees, seeking shelter—
Then the River Ajakaraṇī delights me.

When the crane, so pure and white,
Startled by fear of the dark thundercloud,
Seeks for a cave to shelter in, but can't see one—
Then the River Ajakaraṇī delights me.

Who wouldn't be delighted
By the rose-apple trees
That adorn both banks of the river there,
Behind my cave?

Rid of snakes, that death-mad swarm,
The lazy frogs croak:
“Today isn't the time to stray from mountain streams;
Ajakaraṇī is safe, pleasant, and delightful.”

4.12 Mudita

I went forth to save my life;
But I gained faith
After receiving full ordination;
And I strove, strong in effort.

With pleasure, let this body be broken!
Let this lump of flesh be dissolved!
Let both my legs fall off
At the knees!

I won't eat, I won't drink,
I won't leave my dwelling,
Nor will I lie down on my side,
Until the dart of craving is drawn out.

As I dwell like this,
See my energy and striving!
I've attained the three knowledges,
And fulfilled the Buddha's instructions.

Chapter of the Fives

5.1 *Rājadatta*

I, a monk, went to a charnel ground
And saw a woman left there,
Discarded in a cemetery,
Full of worms that devoured her.

Some men were disgusted,
Seeing her dead and rotten;
But sexual desire arose in me,
I was as if blind to her oozing body.

Quicker than the boiling of rice
I left that place,
Mindful and aware,
I sat down to one side.

Then the realization
Came upon me—
The danger became clear,
And I was firmly repulsed.

Then my mind was liberated—
See the excellence of the Dhamma!
I've attained the three knowledges,
And fulfilled the Buddha's instructions.

5.2 *Subhūta*

If a person, wishing for a certain outcome,
Applies themselves to a misguided endeavor,
And they don't achieve what they have practiced for,
They say: "That's a sign of my bad luck."

When a misfortune has been plucked out and conquered,
To give it up in part would be like the losing throw of the dice;

But to give up everything would be as if one was blind,
Not discerning the even and the uneven.

You should only say what you would do;
You shouldn't say what you wouldn't do.
The wise will recognize
One who talks without doing.

Just like a glorious flower
That's colourful but lacks fragrance;
So is well-spoken speech fruitless
For one not acting in accordance.

Just like a glorious flower
Is both colourful and fragrant,
So is well-spoken speech fruitful
For one who acts in accordance.

5.3 Girimānanda

The sky rains, like a beautiful song,
My little hut is roofed and pleasant,
Sheltered from the wind,
I dwell there peacefully
So rain, sky, if you wish.

The sky rains, like a beautiful song,
My little hut is roofed and pleasant,
Sheltered from the wind,
I dwell there, with peaceful mind:
So rain, sky, if you wish.

The sky rains, like a beautiful song,
My little hut is roofed and pleasant,
Sheltered from the wind,
I dwell there, free of lust:
So rain, sky, if you wish.

The sky rains, like a beautiful song,
My little hut is roofed and pleasant,

Sheltered from the wind,
I dwell there, free of hate:
So rain, sky, if you wish.

The sky rains, like a beautiful song,
My little hut is roofed and pleasant,
Sheltered from the wind,
I dwell there, free of delusion:
So rain, sky, if you wish.

5.4 Sumana

My mentor helped me to learn,
Hoping that I would practice those teachings;
Aspiring for the deathless,
I've done what was to be done.

I've arrived at the Dhamma,
And witnessed it for myself, not based on hearsay.
With purified knowledge, free of doubt,
I declare it in your presence.

I know my past life;
My divine eye is clarified;
I've realized my own true goal,
The Buddha's instruction is fulfilled.

Being heedful in the training,
I have learned your teachings well.
All my defilements are ended;
Now there is no more rebirth into any state of existence.

You advised me in noble ways;
Compassionate, you helped teach me;
Your instruction was not in vain—
I, your student, am fully trained.

5.5 *Vaḍḍha*

It was good, how my mother
Spurred me onwards.
When I heard her words,
Advised by my mother,
I became energetic, resolute—
I realised supreme awakening.

I'm an Arahant, worthy of offerings,
With the three knowledges and the vision of the deathless;
I conquered Namuci's army,
And now I live without defilements.

The defilements which I had,
Both internally and externally,
Are now all cut off without remainder;
They won't arise again.

My skilful sister
said this to me:
“Now neither you nor I
Have any entanglements.”

Suffering is at an end;
This is the last body
To transmigrate through birth and death:
Now there is no more rebirth into any state of existence.

5.6 *Nadīkassapa*

It was truly for my benefit
That the Buddha went to the river Nerañjara;
When I heard his teaching,
I rejected wrong view.

Previously, I performed the higher and lower sacrifices;
I worshipped the sacred flame,
Thinking, “This is purity.”
I was a blind, unenlightened person.

Caught in the thicket of wrong view,
Deluded by misapprehension;
Thinking impurity was purity,
I was blind and ignorant.

I've abandoned wrong view,
Rebirth into any state of existence is torn apart,
I worship what is truly worthy of offerings:
I bow to the Tathāgata.

I've abandoned all delusion
Rebirth into any state of existence is torn apart,
Transmigration through births is finished,
Now there is no more rebirth into any state of existence.

5.7 Gayākassapa

Three times a day—
Morning, midday, and evening—
I went down into the water at Gayā,
For the Gayā spring festival.

“Whatever bad things I've done
In previous births,
I'll now wash away right here”—
This is the view I previously held.

Having heard the well-spoken words
Regarding the Dhamma and the goal,
I wisely reflected
On the true, essential goal.

I've washed away all bad things
I'm stainless, cleansed, pristine;
The pure heir of the pure one,
A rightful son of the Buddha.

When I plunged into the eight-fold stream,
All bad things were washed away.

I've attained the three knowledges,
And fulfilled the Buddha's instructions.

5.8 Vakkali

"Struck by a wind ailment,
While staying in a forest grove;
You've gone into a tough place for gathering alms:
How will you get by, monk?"

"Pervading my body
With lots of rapture and happiness,
Putting up with what's tough,
I'll dwell in the forest.

Developing the establishments of mindfulness,
The faculties and the powers,
Developing the factors of awakening,
I'll dwell in the forest.

Having seen those who are energetic, resolute,
Always of strong effort,
Harmonious and serene,
I'll dwell in the forest.

Recollecting the Buddha
The highest, the tamed, who has samādhi
Not lazy by day or by night
I'll dwell in the forest."

5.9 Vijitasena

I'll cage you, mind,
Like an elephant in a stockade.
Born of the flesh, that net of sensual pleasures,
I won't urge you to do bad.

Caged, you won't escape,
Like an elephant who can't find an open gate.

Demon-mind, you won't wander again and again,
Bullying, and loving to do bad.

Just as a strong trainer with a hook,
Takes a wild, newly captured elephant
And wins it over against its will,
So I'll win you over.

Just as a fine charioteer, skilled in the taming
Of fine horses, tames a thoroughbred,
So, firmly established in the five powers,
I'll tame you.

I'll bind you with mindfulness,
I'm committed to taming you;
Restrained by harnessed energy,
Mind, you won't go far from here.

5.10 Yasadatta

With fault-finding mind, the dullard
Listens to the conqueror's teaching.
They're as far from true Dhamma,
As the earth is from the sky.

With fault-finding mind, the dullard
Listens to the conqueror's teaching.
They decline in the true Dhamma,
Like the moon in the waning fortnight.

With fault-finding mind, the dullard
Listens to the conqueror's teaching.
They wither away in the true Dhamma,
Like a fish in too little water.

With fault-finding mind, the dullard
Listens to the conqueror's teaching.
They don't thrive in the true Dhamma,
Like a rotten seed in a field.

But one with contended mind
Who listens to the conqueror's teachings—
Having ended all defilements,
Having witnessed the unshakable,
Having arrived at the highest peace—
They realize nibbāna without defilements.

5.11 *Soṇakuṭikaṇṇa*

I've received full ordination,
I am liberated, without defilements,
I've seen the Blessed One myself,
And even stayed together with him.

The Blessed One, the teacher,
Spent much of the night in the open;
Then he, who is so skilled at dwelling in meditation,
Entered his dwelling.

Spreading out his outer robe,
Gotama made his bed;
Like a lion in a rocky cave,
With fear and dread abandoned.

Then, with lovely enunciation,
Soṇa, a disciple of the Buddha,
Recited the true Dhamma
In the presence of the best of Buddhas.

When he has fully understood the five aggregates,
Developed the straight path,
And arrived at the highest peace,
He will realize nibbāna without defilements.

5.12 *Kosiya*

Whatever wise person, understanding their teacher's words,
Stays with them, their affection growing;

That wise person is indeed devoted—
Knowing about Dhammas, they're distinguished.

When extreme stresses arise,
Whoever does not tremble, but reflects instead,
That wise person is indeed strong—
Knowing about Dhammas, they're distinguished.

Steady as the ocean, imperturbable,
Their wisdom is deep, and they see the subtle goal;
That wise person is indeed immovable—
Knowing about Dhammas, they're distinguished.

They're very learned, and have memorized the Dhamma,
practising Dhamma in accordance with Dhamma;
That wise person is indeed such—
Knowing about Dhammas, they're distinguished.

They know the meaning of what is said,
And having known, they act appropriately;
That wise person is indeed one who has mastered the meaning—
Knowing about Dhammas, they're distinguished.

Chapter of the Sixes

6.1 *Uruvelākassapa*

When I saw the marvels
Of the renowned Gotama,
I didn't immediately bow to him;
I was blinded by jealousy and conceit.

Knowing what I was thinking,
The trainer of men spurred me on;
And I was struck with a marvellous inspiration,
That gave me goose-bumps.

Rejecting my petty accomplishments
When I used to be a matted-hair ascetic,
I then went forth,
In the conqueror's teaching.

I used to be content with sacrifice,
Giving priority to the realm of sensual pleasures,
But later I uprooted desire,
And hatred and also delusion.

I know my past life;
My divine eye is clarified;
I have psychic powers, and I know the minds of others;
I have realised the divine ear.

I've attained the goal
For the sake of which I went forth
From home life into homelessness—
The ending of all fetters.

6.2 *Tekicchakāri*

"The rice has been harvested,
And gathered on the threshing-floor—

But I don't get any alms-food!
How will I get by?"

"Recollect the immeasurable Buddha!
Confident, your body pervaded with rapture,
You'll always be full of joy.

Recollect the immeasurable Dhamma!
Confident, your body pervaded with rapture,
You'll always be full of joy.

Recollect the immeasurable Saṅgha!
Confident, your body pervaded with rapture,
You'll always be full of joy."

"You stay in the open,
Though these winter nights are cold.
Don't perish, overcome with cold;
Enter your dwelling, with its door shut fast."

"I'll realise the four immeasurable states,
And dwell happily with them.
I won't perish, overcome with cold;
I'll dwell unperturbed."

6.3 Mahānāga

Whoever has no respect
For their companions in the spiritual life
Falls away from the true Dhamma,
Like a fish in too little water.

Whoever has no respect
For their companions in the spiritual life
Doesn't thrive in the true Dhamma,
Like a rotten seed in a field.

Whoever has no respect
For their companions in the spiritual life

Is far from nibbāna,
In the teaching of the Dhamma king.

Whoever does have respect
For their companions in the spiritual life
Doesn't fall away from the true Dhamma,
Like a fish in plenty of water.

Whoever does have respect
For their companions in the spiritual life
Thrives in the true Dhamma,
Like a quality seed in a field.

Whoever does have respect
For their companions in the spiritual life
Is close to nibbāna,
In the teaching of the Dhamma king.

6.4 Kulla

I, Kulla, went to a charnel ground
And saw a woman left there,
Discarded in a cemetery,
Full of worms that devoured her.

See this body, Kulla—
Diseased, filthy, rotten,
Oozing and trickling,
A fool's delight.

Taking Dhamma as a mirror
For realizing knowledge and vision,
I reviewed this body,
Vacant, inside and out.

As this is, so is that;
As that is, so is this.
As below, so above;
As above, so below.

As by day, so by night;
As by night, so by day.
As before, so after;
As after, so before.

Not even music played by a five-piece band,
Can give such pleasure
As there is for one with unified mind,
Discerning the Dhamma rightly.

6.5 Mālukyaputta

For a person who lives heedlessly,
Craving grows like a parasitic creeper.
They jump from here to there, like a monkey
That wants fruit in a forest grove.

Whoever is overcome by this wretched craving,
This attachment to the world,
Their sorrow grows,
Like grass in the rain.

But whoever overcomes this wretched craving,
This attachment to the world,
Their sorrows fall from them,
Like a water-drop from a lotus.

I say this to you, venerables,
All those who have gathered here:
Dig up the root of craving,
Like someone who is looking for roots will dig up the grass.
Don't let Māra break you again and again,
Like a stream breaking a reed.

Act on the Buddha's words,
Don't let the moment pass you by.
Those who pass up the moment
Grieve when they end up in hell.

Heedlessness is always an impurity,
Impurity comes from heedlessness.
With heedfulness and knowledge,
Pluck out your own dart.

6.6 *Sappadāsa*

In the twenty-five years
Since I went forth,
I have not found peace of mind,
Even for as long as a finger-snap.

Since I couldn't get my mind unified,
I was tormented by sexual desire.
Wailing, with outstretched arms,
I burst out of my dwelling.

Should I ... or should I take the knife?
What's the point of living?
Rejecting the training,
How should one like me come to an end?

Then I picked up a razor;
And sat on a bench;
The razor was ready—
To cut my vein.

Then the realization
Came upon me—
The danger became clear,
And I was firmly repulsed.

Then my mind was liberated—
See the excellence of the Dhamma!
I've attained the three knowledges,
And fulfilled the Buddha's instructions.

6.7 Kāṭiyāna

Get up, Kāṭiyāna, and sit!
Don't sleep too much, be wakeful.
Don't be lazy, and let the kinsman of the heedless,
The king of death, catch you in his trap.

Like a wave in the mighty ocean,
Birth and old age overwhelm you.
Make a safe island of yourself,
For you have no other shelter.

The teacher has mastered this path,
Which transcends ties, and the fear of birth and old age.
Be heedful all the time,
And devote yourself to dedicated practice.

Be free of your former bonds!
Wearing outer robe, with shaven head, eating almsfood,
Don't delight in play or sleep,
Devote yourself to jhāna, Kāṭiyāna.

Practice jhāna and conquer, Kāṭiyāna,
You're skilled in the path to security from the yoke.
Attaining unexcelled purity,
You'll be quenched, like a flame by water.

A lamp with feeble flames
Is bent down by the wind, like a creeper;
Just so, kinsman of Indra,
You shake off Māra, without grasping.
Free of lust for feelings,
Await your time here, cooled.

6.8 Migajāla

It was well-taught by the one who sees,
The Buddha, Kinsman of the Sun,
Who has gone beyond all fetters,
And destroyed all rolling-on.

Leading to liberation, crossing over,
Drying up the root of craving,
Cutting off the root of poison, the slaughter-house,
And leading to nibbāna.

By breaking the root of unknowing,
It smashes the mechanism of deeds,
And looses the thunderbolt of knowledge
On the taking up of consciousnesses.

Informing us about our feelings,
Freeing us from grasping,
Wisely presenting all states of existence
As a pit of burning coals.

Very sweet, very deep,
Preventing birth and death,
Leading to the stilling of suffering, bliss—
It is the noble eightfold path.

Showing deed as deed,
And result as result;
Illuminating dependently originated phenomena
As if they were in a clear light;
Leading to great security, peace,
It's excellent at the end.

6.9 Purohitaputtajenta

I was intoxicated with the pride of birth,
And wealth and sovereignty,
I lived intoxicated
With the beauty and form of my body.

No-one was my equal or my better—
Or so I thought.
I was such an arrogant fool,
Stuck up, waving my own flag.

I didn't pay respects to anyone:
Not my mother or father,
Nor others considered to be honorable.
I was stiff with conceit, and disrespectful.

When I saw the supreme leader,
The most excellent of charioteers,
Shining like the sun,
And revered by the monastic Saṅgha,

I discarded conceit and intoxication,
And, with a clear and confident heart,
I bowed down with my head
To the highest of all beings.

The conceit of superiority and the conceit of inferiority
Have been abandoned and uprooted.
The conceit "I am" has been eradicated,
And every kind of conceit has been destroyed.

6.10 Sumana

I had just gone forth,
I was seven years old,
When I overcome the dragon king, so mighty,
With my psychic powers.

And I brought water for my mentor
From the great lake Anotatta.
When he saw me,
My teacher said this:

"Sāriputta, see this
Young boy coming,
Carrying a water pot,
Serene inside himself.

His conduct inspires confidence,
He is of lovely deportment:

He is Anuruddha's novice,
Excelling in psychic powers.

Made a thoroughbred by a thoroughbred,
Made good by the good,
Educated and trained by Anuruddha,
Who has completed his work.

Having attained the highest peace
And witnessed the unshakable,
That novice Sumana
Wants no-one to know about him."

6.11 Nhātakamuni

"Struck by a wind ailment,
While staying in a forest grove;
You've gone into a tough place for gathering alms:
How will you get by, monk?"

"Pervading my body
With lots of rapture and happiness,
Putting up with what's tough,
I'll dwell in the forest.

Developing the seven factors of awakening,
The faculties and the powers,
Endowed with subtle jhānas,
I'll dwell without defilements.

Freed from stains,
My pure mind is undisturbed;
Frequently reviewing this,
I'll dwell without defilements.

Those defilements that were found in me,
Internally and externally,
Are all cut off without remainder,
And will not arise again.

The five aggregates are fully understood;
They remain with their root cut off.
I have attained the ending of suffering,
Now there is no more rebirth into any state of existence.”

6.12 Brahmadaṭṭa

For one without anger, tamed, living calmly,
Liberated by right knowledge,
At peace, poised:
Where would anger come from?

One who gets angry at an angry person
Just makes things worse.
One who doesn't get angry at an angry person
Wins a battle hard to win.

When you know that the other is angry,
You act for the good of both
Yourself and the other,
If you are mindful, and stay calm.

Those who are unskilled in Dhamma
Consider one who heals both
Oneself and the other
To be a fool.

If anger arises in you,
Reflect on the simile of the saw;
If craving for flavours arises in you,
Remember the simile of the son's flesh.

If your mind runs
Among sensual pleasures and rebirth in various states of existence,
Quickly curb it with mindfulness,
As one would curb a greedy cow eating corn.

6.13 *Sirimaṇḍa*

The rain saturates things that are covered up;
It doesn't saturate things that are open.
Therefore you should open up a covered thing,
So the rain will not saturate it.

The world is crushed by death,
Surrounded by old age,
Struck by the dart of craving,
And ever obscured by desire.

The world is crushed by death,
Caged by old age,
Beaten constantly, without respite,
Like a thief being flogged.

Three things are coming, like a wall of flame:
Death, disease, and old age.
No power can stand before them,
And there is no speed to flee.

Don't waste your day,
A little or a lot.
Every night that passes
Shortens your life by that much.

Walking or standing,
Sitting or lying down:
Your final night draws near.
You have no time to be heedless.

6.14 *Sabbakāmi*

Though this two-legged body is dirty and stinking,
Full of different carcasses,
And oozing from various places,
Still it is cherished.

Like a hidden deer by a trick,
Like a fish by a hook,
Like a monkey by tar—
It traps an unawakened man.

Sights, sounds, tastes, smells,
And touches, all delighting the mind.
These five kinds of sensual pleasure
Are seen in a woman's body.

Those unawakened men, their minds full of lust,
Who pursue those women;
They swell the horrors of the charnel ground,
Piling up more rebirth into various states of existence.

The one who avoids them,
Like a snake's head with a foot,
Mindful, he transcends
Attachment to the world.

Seeing the danger in sensual pleasures,
And recognizing renunciation as safety,
I've escaped all sensual pleasures,
And attained the end of defilements.

Chapter of the Sevens

7.1 *Sundarasamudda*

She was adorned with jewellery and all dressed up,
With a garland of flowers and perfume of sandalwood,
Her feet brightly rouged:
A courtesan wearing slippers.

She took off her slippers in front of me,
Her hands in añjalī,
And softly and sweetly
She spoke to me, smiling:

“You’re too young to have gone forth;
Come, stay in my teaching!
Enjoy human sensual pleasures,
I’ll give you riches.
I promise this is the truth—
I’ll swear by the Sacred Flame.

And when we’ve grown old together,
Leaning on sticks,
We’ll both go forth,
So we’ll win both ways.”

When I saw the courtesan seducing me,
Her hands in añjalī,
Adorned with jewellery and all dressed up,
Like a snare of death laid down.

Then the realization
Came upon me—
The danger became clear,
And I was firmly repulsed.

Then my mind was liberated—
See the excellence of the Dhamma!

I've attained the three knowledges,
And fulfilled the Buddha's instructions.

7.2 *Lakunḍakabhaddiya*

Bhaddiya has plucked out craving, root and all,
And in a jungle thicket
On the far side of Ambāṭaka park,
He practices jhāna; he is truly well-favoured.

Some delight in drums,
In lutes, and in cymbals;
But here, at the foot of a tree,
I delight in the Buddha's teaching.

If the Buddha were to grant me one wish,
And I were to get what I wished for,
I'd choose that the whole world
Be always mindful of the body.

Those who've judged me by my appearance,
And those who've followed me because of my voice,
They're under the sway of desire and lust;
They don't know me.

Not knowing what's inside,
Not seeing what's outside;
The fool, obstructed all around,
Is carried away by my voice.

Not knowing what's inside,
But discerning what's outside;
They too, seeing only the external fruits of practice,
Are carried away by my voice.

Understanding what's inside,
And discerning what's outside;
They, seeing without obstacles,
Are not carried away by my voice.

7.3 Bhadda

I was an only child,
Loved by my mother and father.
They had me by practising
Many prayers and observances.

Out of compassion,
Wishing me well and seeking my welfare,
My mother and father
Took me up to the Buddha.

“We had this son with difficulty;
He is delicate, and has grown up in comfort.
We offer him to you, Lord,
To attend upon the conqueror.”

The teacher, having accepted me,
Declared to Ānanda:
“Quickly give him the going-forth—
This one will be a thoroughbred.”

After he, the teacher, had sent me forth,
The conqueror entered his dwelling.
Before the sun set,
My mind was liberated.

The teacher didn’t neglect me;
When he came out from seclusion,
He said: “Come Bhadda!”
That was my full ordination.

At seven years old
I received full ordination.
I’ve attained the three knowledges;
Oh, the excellence of the Dhamma!

7.4 Sopāka

I saw the most excellent person,
Walking meditation in the shade of the terrace,
So I approached,
And bowed to the most excellent man.

Arranging my robe over one shoulder,
And clasping my hands together,
I walked meditation alongside that stainless one,
Most excellent of all beings.

The wise one, skilled in questions,
Questioned me.
Brave and fearless,
I answered the teacher.

When all his questions were answered,
The Tathāgata congratulated me.
Looking around the monastic Saṅgha,
He said this:

“It is a blessing for the people of Aṅga and Magadha
That this person enjoys their
Robe and almsfood,
Requisites and lodgings,
Their respect and service—
It’s a blessing for them,” he declared.

“Sopāka, from this day on
You are invited to come and see me.
And Sopāka, let this
Be your full ordination.”

At seven years old
I received full ordination.
I bear my final body—
Oh, the excellence of the Dhamma!

7.5 *Sarabhaṅga*

I broke the reeds off with my hands,
Made a hut, and stayed there.
So I became known as “Reed-breaker”.

But now it’s not appropriate
For me to break reeds with my hands.
The training rules have been laid down for us
By Gotama the renowned.

Previously, I, Sarabhaṅga,
Didn’t see the disease in its entirety.
But now I have seen the disease,
Because I practised what was taught by the one beyond the gods.

Gotama travelled by that straight road;
The same path travelled by Vipassī,
The same path as Sikhī, Vessabhū,
Kakusandha, Koṇāgamana, and Kassapa.

By these seven Buddhas, who plunged into the ending,
Free of craving, without grasping,
Having become Dhamma, poised,
This Dhamma was taught,

Out of compassion for living beings—
Suffering, origin, path,
And cessation, the ending of suffering.
In these four noble truths,

Suffering is stopped,
This endless transmigration.
When the body has broken up,
And life has come to an end,
There is no more rebirth into any state of existence:
I’m well-liberated in every way.

Chapter of the Eights

8.1 Mahākaccāyana

Don't get involved in lots of work,
Avoid people, and don't try to get more requisites.
If you're eager and greedy for flavours,
You'll miss the goal that brings such happiness.

They know that this really is a bog,
This homage and veneration among respectable families.
Honor is a subtle dart, hard to extract,
And hard for a bad man to give up.

Your deeds aren't bad
Because of what others do.
You yourself should not do bad,
For people have deeds as their kin.

You're not a criminal because of what someone else says,
And you're not a sage because of what someone else says;
But as you know yourself,
So the gods will know you.

Others don't understand,
That here we come to an end.
Those who do understand this
Settle their quarrels.

A wise person lives on,
Even after their wealth is lost;
But without gaining wisdom,
Even a wealthy person doesn't really live.

All is heard with the ear,
All is seen with the eye;
The wise would not think that all that is seen and heard
Is worthy of rejection.

Though you have eyes, be as if blind;
Though you have ears, be as if deaf,
Though you have wisdom, be as if stupid,
Though you have strength, be as if feeble.
Then, when the goal has been realised,
You may lie on your death-bed.

8.2 Sirimitta

Without anger or resentment,
Without deceit, and rid of slander,
Such a monk, poised,
Doesn't sorrow after death.

Without anger or resentment,
Without deceit, and rid of slander,
A monk with sense doors guarded,
Doesn't sorrow after death.

Without anger or resentment,
Without deceit, and rid of slander,
A monk of good virtue
Doesn't sorrow after death.

Without anger or resentment,
Without deceit, and rid of slander,
A monk with good friends
Doesn't sorrow after death.

Without anger or resentment,
Without deceit, and rid of slander,
A monk of good wisdom,
Doesn't sorrow after death.

Whoever has faith in the Tathāgatha,
That is unshakable and firmly established,
Whose ethics are good,
Pleasing to the noble ones, and praiseworthy,

Who has confidence in the Saṅgha,
And whose vision is straight—
They're called "free from poverty";
Their life is not wasted.

Therefore a wise person would devote themselves
To faith, virtue,
Confidence, and the vision of Dhamma,
Remembering the teaching of the Buddhas.

8.3 Mahāpanthaka

When I first saw the teacher,
Who was free of fear from any direction,
I was struck with awe,
Since I'd seen the best of men.

If someone bows down their head,
Together with their hands and feet,
To a teacher who has come such as this,
Would such worship be a mistake?

Then I left behind my children and wife,
My riches and my grain;
I cut off my hair and beard,
And went forth into homelessness.

Endowed with the monastic training and livelihood,
My sense faculties well-restrained,
Paying homage to the Buddha,
I dwelt undefeated.

Then a resolve occurred to me,
My heart's truest wish:
I wouldn't sit down, not even for a moment,
Until the dart of craving was pulled out.

As I dwell like this,
See my energy and striving!

I've attained the three knowledges,
And fulfilled the Buddha's instructions.

I know my past life;
My divine eye is clarified;
I'm an Arahant, worthy of offerings,
Liberated, without attachments.

Then, at the end of the night,
As the rising of the sun drew near,
All craving was dried up,
So I sat down cross-legged.

Chapter of the Nines

9.1 *Bhūta*

When a wise person fully understands that old age and death—
To which an ignorant unawakened person is bound—
Are suffering; and one is mindful, practising jhāna:
There is no greater pleasure than this.

When attachment, the carrier of suffering,
And craving, the carrier of the suffering of this mass of proliferation,
Are destroyed; and one is mindful, practising jhāna:
There is no greater pleasure than this.

When the blissful eightfold way,
The supreme path, cleanser of all stains,
Is seen with wisdom; and one is mindful, practising jhāna:
There is no greater pleasure than this.

When one develops that peaceful state,
Sorrowless, stainless, unconditioned,
Cleanser of all stains, and cutter of fetters and bonds:
There is no greater pleasure than this.

When the thunder-cloud rumbles in the sky,
And the rain falls in torrents on the path of birds everywhere,
And a monk has gone to a mountain cave, practising jhāna:
There is no greater pleasure than this.

When sitting on a riverbank covered in flowers,
Garlanded with many-coloured forest plants
One is truly happy, practising jhāna:
There is no greater pleasure than this.

When it is midnight in a lonely forest,
And the sky rains, and the lions roar,
And a monk has gone to a mountain cave, practising jhāna:
There is no greater pleasure than this.

When one's own thoughts have stopped,
Meditating between two mountains, sheltered inside a cleft,
Without stress or heartlessness, practising jhāna:
There is no greater pleasure than this.

When one is happy, destroyer of stains, heartlessness, and sorrow,
Without obstructions, entanglements, and darts,
And with all defilements annihilated, practising jhāna:
There is no greater pleasure than this.

Chapter of the Tens

10.1 *Kāludāyi*

“The trees are now crimson, venerable sir,
They’ve shed their foliage, and are ready to fruit.
They’re splendid, as if on fire;
Great hero, this period is full of flavour.

The blossoming trees are delightful,
Wafting their scent all around, in all directions,
They’ve shed their leaves and wish to fruit,
Hero, it is time to depart from here.

It is neither too hot nor too cold,
Venerable sir, it’s a pleasant season for travelling.
Let the Sākiyas and Koḷiyas see you,
Facing west as you cross the Rohiṇī river.

In hope, the field is ploughed; The seed is sown in hope;
In hope, merchants travel the seas, Carrying rich cargoes.
The hope that I stand for: May it succeed!

Again and again, they sow the seed;
Again and again, the king of gods sends rain;
Again and again, farmers plough the field;
Again and again, grain is produced for the nation.

Again and again, the beggars wander,
Again and again, the donors give,
Again and again, when the donors have given,
Again and again, they go to their place in heaven.

A hero of vast wisdom purifies seven generations
Of the family in which they’re born.
Sakya, I believe you’re the king of kings,
Since you fathered the one who is truly called a sage.

The father of the great sage is named Suddhodana;
But the Buddha's mother is named Māyā.
Having borne the Bodhisatta in her womb,
She rejoices in the heaven of the Thirty-Three.

When she died and passed away from here,
She was blessed with divine sensual pleasures;
Rejoicing in the five kinds of sensual pleasures,
Gotamī is surrounded by those hosts of gods."

"I'm the son of the Buddha, the incomparable Āṅgīrasa, the poised—
I bear the unbearable.
You, Sakya, are my father's father;
Gotama, you are my grandfather in the Dhamma."

10.2 Ekavihāriya

If no-one else is found
In front or behind,
It's extremely pleasant,
Dwelling alone in a forest grove.

Come now, I'll go alone
To the wilderness praised by the Buddha.
It's pleasant for a monk
Dwelling alone and resolute.

Alone and self-disciplined,
I'll quickly enter the delightful forest,
Which gives joy to meditators,
And is frequented by rutting elephants.

In Sītavana, so full of flowers,
In a cool mountain cave,
I'll bathe my limbs
And walk meditation alone.

When will I dwell alone,
Without a companion,

In the great wood, so delightful,
My task complete, free of defilements?

This is what I want to do:
May my wish succeed!
I'll make it happen myself:
No-one can do someone else's duty.

Fastening my armour,
I'll enter the forest.
I won't leave here
Until I have attained the end of defilements.

As the cool breeze blows
With fragrant scent,
I'll split ignorance apart,
Sitting on the mountain-peak.

In a forest grove covered with blossoms,
In a cave so very cool,
I take pleasure in Giribbaja,
Happy with the happiness of freedom.

My intentions are fulfilled
Like the moon on the fifteenth day.
With the utter ending of all defilements,
Now there is no more rebirth into any state of existence.

10.3 Mahākappina

If you're prepared for the future,
Both the good and the bad,
Then those who look for your weakness,
Whether enemies or well-wishers, will find none.

One who has fulfilled, developed,
And gradually consolidated
Mindfulness of breathing
As taught by the Buddha:

They light up the world,
Like the moon freed from a cloud.

Yes, my mind is clean,
Measureless, and well-developed;
It is broken through and uplifted—
It radiates in every direction.

The wise person lives on
Even after loss of wealth;
But without gaining wisdom
Even a rich person doesn't really live.

Understanding questions what is learned;
Understanding grows fame and reputation;
A person who has understanding
Finds happiness even among sufferings.

It's not something just for today;
It isn't incredible or astonishing.
When you're born, you die—
What's astonishing about that?

For anyone who is born,
Death always follows after living.
Everyone who is born here dies here;
Such is the nature of living beings.

The things that are useful for the living
Are of no use for the dead—
Not fame, not celebrity,
Not praise by ascetics and brahmins;
For the dead, there is only weeping.

And weeping impairs the eye and the body;
Complexion, health, and intelligence decline.
Your enemies rejoice;
But your well-wishers are not happy.

So you should wish that those who stay in your family
Have understanding and learning,

And do their duty though the power of understanding,
Just as you'd cross a full river by boat.

10.4 Cūḷapanthaka

My progress was slow,
I was despised in the past;
My brother turned me away,
Saying, "Go home now".

Turned away at the gate
Of the Saṅgha's monastery,
I stood there sadly,
Longing for the teaching.

Then Blessed One came
And touched my head.
Taking me by the arm,
He brought me into the Saṅgha's monastery.

The teacher, out of compassion,
Gave me a foot-wiping cloth, saying:
"Focus your awareness
Exclusively on this clean cloth."

After I had listened to his words,
I dwelt delighting in his teaching,
Practising samādhi
For the attainment of the highest goal.

I know my past life;
My divine eye is clarified;
I've attained the three knowledges,
And fulfilled the Buddha's instructions.

I, Panthaka, created a thousand
Images of myself,
And sat in the delightful mango grove
Until the time for the meal offering was announced.

Then the teacher sent to me
A messenger to announce the time.
When the time was announced,
I flew to him through the air.

I paid homage to the teacher's feet,
And sat to one side.
When he knew I was seated,
The teacher received the offering.

Recipient of gifts from the whole world,
Receiver of sacrifices,
Field of merit for humanity,
He received the offering.

10.5 Kappa

Filled with different kinds of dirt,
A great producer of dung,
Like a stagnant cesspool,
A great boil, a great wound,

Full of pus and blood,
Sunk in a toilet-pit,
Trickling with fluids
This putrid body always oozes.

Bound by sixty tendons,
Coated with a fleshy coating,
Clothed in a jacket of skin,
This putrid body is worthless.

Held together by a skeleton of bones,
And bound by sinews;
It assumes postures
Due to a complex of many things.

We set out in the certainty of death,
In the presence of the king of death;

And having discarded the body right here,
A person goes where he likes.

Enveloped by ignorance,
Tied by the four ties,
This body is sinking in the flood,
Caught in the net of underlying tendencies.

Yoked with the five hindrances,
Afflicted by thought,
Accompanied by the root of craving,
Hidden by delusion.

So the body goes on,
Propelled by the mechanism of deeds.
But existence ends in perishing;
Separated, the body perishes.

Those blind, unawakened people
Who think of this body as theirs,
Swell the horrors of the charnel-ground,
And take up rebirth again in some state of existence.

Those who avoid this body,
Like a snake smeared with dung,
They expel the root of rebirth,

10.6 Vaṅgantaputtaupasena

In order to go on retreat,
A monk should stay in lodgings
That are secluded and quiet,
Frequented by beasts of prey.

Having gathered scraps from rubbish heaps,
Cemeteries and streets,
And making an outer robe from them,
He should wear that coarse robe.

Humbling his mind,
A monk should walk for alms
From family to family without exception,
With sense doors guarded, well-restrained .

He should be content even with coarse food,
Not hoping for lots of flavours.
The mind that is greedy for flavours
Doesn't delight in jhāna.

With few wishes, content,
A sage should live secluded.
Socializing with neither
Householders nor the homeless.

He should appear
To be stupid or dumb;
A wise person would not speak overly long
In the midst of the Saṅgha.

He would not insult anyone,
And would avoid causing harm.
Restrained in accordance with the Pātimokkha,
He would eat in moderation.

Skilled in the arising of thought,
He would grasp well the character of the mind.
He would be devoted to practicing
Serenity and insight at the right time.

Though endowed with energy and perseverance,
And always devoted to meditation,
A wise person would not be too sure of themselves,
Until they have attained the end of suffering.

For a monk who dwells in this way,
Longing for purification,
All his defilements wither away,
And he attains nibbāna.

10.7 (*Apara*) *Gotama*

You should understand your own purpose,
And consider the teachings carefully,
As well as what's appropriate,
For one who has entered the ascetic life.

Good friendship in the community,
Undertaking lots of training,
Listening well to the teacher—
This is appropriate for an ascetic.

Respect for the Buddha,
Reverence for the Dhamma as it really is,
Esteem for the Saṅgha—
This is appropriate for an ascetic.

Devotion to good conduct and resort,
A livelihood that is pure and blameless,
And settling the mind—
This is appropriate for an ascetic.

A pleasing manner in things that should be done,
And those that should be avoided;
Devotion to the higher mind—
This is appropriate for an ascetic.

Wilderness lodgings
Remote, with little noise,
Fit for use by a sage—
This is appropriate for an ascetic.

Ethics, learning,
Investigation of Dhamma as it really is,
And penetration of the truths—
This is appropriate for an ascetic.

Developing the perceptions
Of impermanence, non-self, and unattractiveness,

And displeasure with the whole world—
This is appropriate for an ascetic.

Developing the factors of awakening,
The bases for psychic power, the spiritual faculties and powers,
And the noble eight-fold path—
This is appropriate for an ascetic.

A sage should abandon craving,
With defilements split apart, root and all,
They should live liberated—
This is appropriate for an ascetic.

Chapter of the Elevens

11.1 *Saṅkicca*

“Like an ujjuhāna-bird in the rainy season,
Child, is there benefit for you in the grove?
The city of Verambhā is delightful for you—
Seclusion is for meditators.”

“Just as the wind in Verambhā
Scatters the clouds during the rainy-season,
So the city scatters
My perceptions connected with seclusion.

It’s all black and born of an egg—
The crow that lives in the charnel ground
Rouses my mindfulness,
Based on dispassion for the body.

Not protected by others,
Nor protecting others:
Such a monk sleeps happily,
Without longing for sensual pleasures.

The water is clear and the gorges are wide,
Monkeys and deer are all around;
Festooned with dewy moss,
These rocky crags delight me!

I’ve dwelt in the wilderness,
In caves and caverns,
And remote lodgings,
Frequented by beasts of prey.

‘May these beings be killed! May they be slaughtered!
May they suffer!’—
I’m not aware of having any such
Ignoble, hateful intentions.

I've attended on the teacher
And fulfilled the Buddha's instructions.
The heavy burden is laid down,
I've undone the attachment to being reborn in any state of existence.

I've attained the goal
For the sake of which I went forth
From home life into homelessness—
The ending of all fetters.

I don't long for death;
I don't long for life;
I await my time,
Like a worker waiting for their wages.

I don't long for death;
I don't long for life;
I await my time,
Aware and mindful.”

Chapter of the Twelves

12.1 *Sīlava*

One should train just in virtue,
For in this world, when virtue is
Cultivated and well-trained,
It provides all success.

Desiring three kinds of happiness—
Praise, prosperity,
And to delight in heaven after passing away—
The wise should protect virtue.

The well-behaved have many friends,
Because of their self-restraint.
But one without virtue, of bad conduct,
Drives away their friends.

A person of bad behavior has
Ill-repute and infamy.
A person of virtue always has
A good reputation, fame, and praise.

Virtue is the starting point and foundation;
The mother at the head
Of all good qualities:
Therefore you should purify virtue.

Virtue is a boundary and a restraint,
An enjoyment for the mind;
The place where all the Buddhas cross over:
Therefore you should purify virtue.

Virtue is the matchless power;
Virtue is the ultimate weapon;
Virtue is the best ornament;
Virtue is a marvellous coat of armour.

Virtue is a mighty bridge;
Virtue is the unsurpassed scent;
Virtue is the best perfume,
That floats in all directions.

Virtue is the best provision;
Virtue is the unsurpassed supply for a journey;
Virtue is the best vehicle,
That takes you in all directions.

In this life they're criticized;
After passing away they're unhappy in a lower realm;
A fool is unhappy everywhere,
Because they are not endowed with virtues.

In this life they're famous;
After passing away they're happy in heaven;
A person with understanding is happy everywhere,
Because they are endowed with virtues.

Virtue is best in this life,
But person with understanding is supreme
Among humans and gods,
Conquering with virtue and understanding.

12.2 Sunīta

I was born in a low-class family,
Poor, with little to eat.
My job was lowly—
I threw out the old flowers.

Shunned by people,
I was disregarded and treated with contempt.
I humbled my heart,
And paid respects to many people.

Then I saw the Buddha,
Honoured by the Saṅgha of monks,

The great hero,
Entering the capital city of Magadhā.

I dropped my carrying-pole
And approached to pay respects.
Out of compassion for me,
The supreme man stood still.

When I had paid respects at the teacher's feet,
I stood to one side,
And asked the most excellent of all beings
For the going-forth.

Then the teacher, being sympathetic,
And having compassion for the whole world,
Said to me, "Come, monk!"
That was my full ordination.

Staying alone in the wilderness,
Without laziness,
I did what the teacher said,
As the conqueror had advised me.

In the first watch of the night,
I recollected my previous births.
In the middle watch of the night,
I purified the divine eye.
In the last watch of the night,
I tore apart the mass of darkness.

At the end of the night,
As the sunrise drew near,
Indra and Brahmā came
And paid homage me with hands in añjalī.

"Homage to you, thoroughbred among men!
Homage to you, supreme among men!
Your defilements are ended—
You, sir, are worthy of offerings."

When he saw me honored
By the assembly of gods,
The teacher smiled,
And said the following:

“By austerity and by the holy life,
By restraint and by taming:
By this one is a holy man,
This is the supreme holiness.”

Chapter of the Thirteens

13.1 *Soṇakoḷivisa*

He who was special in the kingdom,
The attendant to the king of Aṅga,
Today is special in the Dhamma—
Soṇa has gone beyond suffering.

Five should be cut off, five should be abandoned,
Five should be developed further.
A monk who has gone beyond five attachments is called
“One who has crossed the flood.”

If a monk is insolent and negligent,
Concerned only with externals,
Their virtue, samādhī, and understanding
Do not become fulfilled.

They disregard what should be done,
And do what shouldn't be done.
For the insolent and the negligent,
Their defilements only grow.

Those that have properly undertaken
Constant mindfulness of the body,
Don't practise what shouldn't be done,
But consistently do what should be done.
Mindful and clearly aware,
Their defilements come to an end.

Go on the straight path that has been taught—
Don't turn back.
Urge yourself on,
And realise nibbāna.

When my energy was over-exerted,
The unsurpassed teacher in the world,

Made the simile of the lute for me;
The Seer taught the Dhamma,

And when I heard what he said,
I stayed joyfully in his teaching.
Practising serenity of mind,
I attained the supreme goal.
I've attained the three knowledges,
And fulfilled the Buddha's instructions.

Committed to renunciation,
And seclusion of the heart,
Committed to non-harming,
And the end of grasping;

Committed to the end of craving,
And an unconfused heart;
When seeing the senses arise,
The mind is perfectly liberated.

For the monk who is perfectly liberated,
His mind at peace,
There's nothing to add to what has been done;
And nothing further to be done.

Just as a solid rock
Is not moved by the wind,
So sights, tastes, sounds
Smells, touches, all of these,

As well as pleasant and unpleasant phenomena,
Don't shake one who is poised,
Whose mind is firm and unfettered,
Contemplating vanishing.

Chapter of the Fourteens

14.1 Khadiravaniyarevata

Since I've gone forth
From home life into homelessness,
I'm not aware of any intention
That is ignoble and hateful.

“May these beings be killed! May they be slaughtered!
May they suffer!”—
I'm not aware of having any such intentions
In all this long period of time.

I have been aware of loving-kindness,
Measureless and well-developed,
Gradually built up,
Just as the Buddha taught.

I'm friend and comrade to all,
Compassionate to all beings,
Developing a mind of loving-kindness,
And always delighting in harmlessness.

Immovable, unshakable,
I gladden the mind.
I develop the sublime abidings,
Which bad men do not cultivate.

Having entered a meditation state without thought,
A disciple of the Buddha
Is at that moment blessed
With noble silence.

Just like a rocky mountain
Is unshakable and firmly grounded;
So when delusion ends,
A monk, like a mountain, doesn't tremble.

To the blameless man
Who is always seeking purity,
Even a hair-tip of evil
Seems the size of a cloud.

Just like a frontier city,
Is guarded inside and out,
So you should ward yourselves—
Don't let the moment pass you by.

I don't long for death;
I don't long for life;
I await my time,
Like a worker waiting for their wages.

I don't long for death;
I don't long for life;
I await my time,
Aware and mindful.

I've attended on the teacher
And fulfilled the Buddha's instructions.
The heavy burden is laid down,
I've undone the attachment to being reborn in any state of existence.

I've attained the goal
For the sake of which I went forth
From home life into homelessness—
The ending of all fetters.

Strive on with heedfulness:
This is my advice.
Come, I'll realise nibbāna—
I'm liberated in every way.

14.2 Godatta

Just as a fine thoroughbred,
Yoked to a carriage, endures the load,

Oppressed by the heavy burden,
And yet doesn't try to escape the yoke;

So too, those who are as filled with understanding
As the ocean is with water,
Don't look down on others;
This is the noble Dhamma regarding living beings.

People who fall under the dominion of time,
Under the dominion of being reborn in one state of existence after
another,
Undergo suffering,
And those young men grieve in this life.

Elated by anything happy,
Downcast by anything suffering:
These both destroy the fool,
Who doesn't see in accordance with reality.

But those who in suffering and in happiness,
And in the middle have overcome the weaver;
They stand like a royal pillar,
Neither elated nor downcast.

Not to gain or loss,
Not to fame or reputation,
Not to criticism or praise,
Not to suffering or happiness—

The wise cling to nothing,
Like a droplet on a lotus-leaf.
They are happy everywhere,
And unconquered everywhere.

There's principled loss,
And there's unprincipled gain.
Principled loss is better
Than unprincipled gain.

There's the fame of the unintelligent,
And there's the disrepute of the discerning.

Disrepute of the discerning is better
Than the fame of the unintelligent.

There's praise by fools,
And there's criticism by the discerning.
Criticism by the discerning is better
Than praise by fools.

There's the happiness of sensual pleasures,
And there's the suffering of seclusion.
The suffering of seclusion is better
Than the happiness of sensual pleasures.

There's life without principles,
And there's death with principles.
Death with principles is better
Than life without principles.

Those who have abandoned sensual pleasures and anger,
Their minds at peace regarding being reborn in one state of existence
or another,
They wander in the world unattached,
For them nothing is beloved or unloved.

Having developed the factors of awakening,
The spiritual faculties, and the powers,
I've attained ultimate peace:
Nibbāna without defilements.

Chapter of the Sixteens

15.1 *Aññāsikoṇḍañña*

“My confidence grew
As I heard the Dhamma, so full of flavor.
Dispassion, without any grasping at all,
was the Dhamma that was taught.”

“There are many pretty things
In the circle of this earth;
They disturb one’s thoughts, I believe,
Beautiful, provoking lust.

Just as a rain cloud would settle
The dust blown up by the wind;
So thoughts settle down
When seen with understanding.

All conditions are impermanent—
When this is seen with understanding,
One turns away from suffering:
This is the path to purity.

All conditions are suffering—
When this is seen with understanding,
One turns away from suffering:
This is the path to purity.

All phenomena are not-self—
When this is seen with understanding,
One turns away from suffering:
This is the path to purity.

The senior monk Koṇḍañña, who was awakened
Right after the Buddha, is keenly energetic.
He has abandoned birth and death,
And has perfected the spiritual life.

There are floods, snares, and strong posts,
And a mountain hard to crack;
Snapping the posts and snares,
Breaking the mountain so hard to break,
Crossing over to the far shore,
One practicing jhāna is freed from Māra's bonds.

A haughty and fickle monk,
Relying on bad friends,
Sinks down in the great flood,
Overcome by a wave.

But one who is humble and stable,
Controlled, with senses restrained,
Wise, with good friends,
Would put an end to suffering.

With knobbly knees,
Thin, with veins knotted on his skin,
Eating and drinking in moderation—
This person's spirit is undaunted.

Pestered by gadflies and mosquitoes
In the awesome wilderness,
One should mindfully endure,
Like an elephant at the head of the battle.

I don't long for death;
I don't long for life;
I await my time,
Like a worker waiting for their wages.

I don't long for death;
I don't long for life;
I await my time,
Aware and mindful.

I've attended on the teacher
And fulfilled the Buddha's instructions.

The heavy burden is laid down,
I've undone the attachment to being reborn in any state of existence.

I've attained the goal
For the sake of which I went forth
From home life into homelessness—
What use do I have for students?"

15.2 Udāyi

An person who has become awakened as a human being,
Self-tamed, with samādhi,
Following the spiritual path,
Delights in peace of mind.

Revered by people,
Gone beyond all things,
Even the gods revere him;
So I've heard from the Arahant.

He has transcended all fetters,
And escaped from entanglements,
Delighting in the renunciation of sensual pleasures,
He is liberated like gold from stone.

That elephant outshines all,
As the Himālaya outshines other mountains.
Of all those named "elephant",
He is truly named, and unsurpassed.

I'll extol the elephant to you,
For he does nothing wrong.
The elephant's front two feet
Are gentleness and harmlessness.

Mindfulness and awareness
Are the elephant's other feet.
Faith is the great elephant's trunk,
And equanimity is the white tusks.

Mindfulness is his neck, his head is understanding—
The investigation and reflection on phenomena—
His belly is the sacred hearth of the Dhamma,
His tail is seclusion.

Practicing jhāna, delighting in the breath,
Serene inside himself.

The elephant is serene when walking,
The elephant is serene when standing,

The elephant is serene when lying down,
And when sitting, the elephant is serene.
The elephant is restrained everywhere:
This is the accomplishment of the elephant.

He eats blameless things,
He doesn't eat blameworthy things.
When he gets food and clothes,
He avoids storing them up.

Having cut off all bonds,
Fetters large and small,
Wherever he goes,
He goes without longing

Just as a white lotus,
Fragrant and delightful,
Is born in water and grows there,
But the water does not stick to it;

So the Buddha is born in the world,
And lives in the world,
But the world does not stick to him,
As the water does not stick to the lotus.

A great blazing fire
Dies down when the fuel runs out;
When the coals have gone out
It's said to be "quenched".

This simile is taught by the discerning
To express the meaning clearly.
Great elephants will understand
What the elephant taught the elephant.

Free of desire, free of hatred,
Free of delusion, without defilements,
The elephant, abandoning his body,
Realises nibbāna without defilements.

Chapter of the Twenties

16.1 *Adhimutta*

“Those that we previously killed,
Whether for sacrifice or for wealth,
Without exception were afraid:
They trembled and squealed.

But you aren’t frightened;
Your appearance is becoming more calm:
Why don’t you cry out
In such a fearful situation?”

“There isn’t any mental suffering
For one without expectations, village chief.
All fears are left behind
By one whose fetters are ended.

When attachment to life is ended,
In this very life as it is,
There is no fear of death,
It is just like laying down a burden.

I’ve lived the spiritual life well,
And developed the path well, too;
I have no fear of death
It is just like the ending of sickness.

I’ve lived the spiritual life well,
And developed the path well, too;
I’ve seen lives seen to be ungratifying,
Like one who has drunk poison, then vomited it out.

One who has gone beyond, without grasping,
Their duty completed, without defilements:
They are content at the end of life,
Just as one freed from execution.

Having realised the supreme Dhamma,
Without needing anything from the whole world,
One doesn't grieve at death;
It is just like escaping from a burning house.

Whatever has come to pass,
Wherever life is obtained,
There is no-one who can wield power over all that:
So it was said by the great sage.

Whoever understands this
As it was taught by the Buddha
Doesn't take hold of any kind of life,
It is just like grabbing a hot iron ball.

It doesn't occur to me, 'I had past lives';
Nor does it occur to me, 'I will have future lives'.
All conditions will disappear—
Why lament for that?

Seeing in accordance with reality
The bare arising of phenomena,
And the bare continuity of conditions,
There is no fear, village chief.

The world is like grass and wood:
When this is seen with understanding,
Not finding anything to be mine,
Thinking 'it isn't mine', one doesn't grieve.

I'm fed up with the body;
I don't need another life.
This body will be broken up,
There won't be another.

Do what you want
With my corpse.
I won't be angry or attached
On that account."

When they heard these words,
So astonishing that they gave them goose-bumps,
The young men laid down their swords
And said this:

“What have you practiced, Venerable?
Or who is your teacher?
Whose instructions do we follow
To gain the sorrowless state?”

“All-knowing, all-seeing,
The conqueror is my teacher.
He is a teacher of great compassion,
Healer of the whole world.

He taught this Dhamma,
Which leads to the end, unsurpassed.
Following his instructions,
You can gain the sorrowless state.”

When the bandits heard the good words of the sage,
They laid down their swords and weapons.
Some refrained from their deeds,
While others chose the going-forth.

When they had gone forth in the teaching of the Fortunate One,
They developed the factors of awakening and the spiritual powers,
And being wise, with joyful hearts, happy, their spiritual faculties
complete,
They realised the state of nibbāna, the unconditioned.

16.2 Pārāpariya

While he was sitting alone
In seclusion, practicing jhāna,
An ascetic, the monk Pārāpariya
Had this thought:

“Following what system
What vow, what conduct,

May I do what I need to do for myself,
Without harming anyone else?

The faculties of human beings
Can lead to both welfare and harm.
Unguarded they lead to harm;
Guarded they lead to welfare.

By protecting the faculties,
Taking care of the faculties,
I can do what I need to do for myself
Without harming anyone else.

If your eye wanders
Among sights without check,
Not seeing the danger,
You're not freed from suffering.

If your ear wanders
Among sounds without check,
Not seeing the danger,
You're not freed from suffering.

If, not seeing the escape,
You indulge in smell,
You're not freed from suffering,
Being infatuated by smells.

Recollecting the sour,
And the sweet and the bitter,
Captivated by craving for taste,
You don't understand the heart.

Recollecting lovely
And pleasurable touches,
Full of desire, you experience
Many kinds of suffering because of lust.

Unable to protect
The mind from such mental phenomena,

Suffering follows them,
Because of all five.

This body is full of pus and blood,
As well as many carcasses;
But cunning people decorate it
Like a lovely painted casket.

You don't understand that
The gratification of sweetness turns out bitter,
And attachments to those we love are suffering,
Like a razor smeared all over with honey.

Full of lust for the sight of a woman,
For the voice and the smells of a woman,
For a woman's touch,
You experience many kinds of suffering.

All of a woman's streams
Flow from five to five.
Whoever, being energetic,
Is able to curb these,

Purposeful and firm in Dhamma,
Would be clever and discerning;
Even while enjoying himself,
What he does is connected with Dhamma and its purpose.

You should avoid a meaningless task
That is leading to decline.
Thinking, "This is not to be done",
Is being diligent and discerning.

Whatever is meaningful,
A principled happiness,
Let one undertake and practice that:
This is the best happiness.

Coveting the possessions of others
By whatever means, whether high or low,

One kills, injures, and torments,
Violently plundering the possessions of others.

Just as a strong person when building
Knocks out a peg with a peg,
So the skilful person
Knocks out the faculties with the faculties.

Developing faith, energy, samādhī
Mindfulness, and wisdom;
Destroying the five with the five,
The perfected one lives without worry.

Purposeful and firm in Dhamma,
Having fulfilled in every respect
The instructions spoken by the Buddha,
That person prospers in happiness.

16.3 Telakāṇi

For a long time, unfortunately,
Though I ardently contemplated the Dhamma,
I didn't have peace of mind;
So I asked ascetics and holy men:

“Who has crossed over the world?
Whose attainment culminates in the deathless?
Whose teaching do I accept,
To understand the highest goal?

I am hooked inside,
Like a fish swallowing bait,
Bound like the demon Vepacitti
In Mahinda's trap.

Dragging it along, I'm not freed
From grief and lamentation.
Who will free me from bonds in the world,
So that I may know awakening?

What ascetic or holy man
Points to the perishable?
Whose teaching do I accept
To wash away old age and death?

Tied up with uncertainty and doubt,
Secured by the power of pride,
Rigid as a mind overcome by anger;
The arrow of covetousness,

Propelled by the bow of craving,
Is stuck in my twice-fifteen ribs—
See how it stands in my breast,
Breaking my strong heart.

Speculative views are not abandoned,
They are sharpened by memories and intentions;
And pierced by this I tremble,
Like a leaf blown by wind.

Arising inside me,
My selfishness is quickly tormented,
Where the body always goes
With its six sense-fields of contact.

I don't see a healer
Who could pull out my dart of doubt,
Without a lance
Or some other blade.

Without knife or wound,
Who will pull out this dart,
That is stuck inside me,
Without harming any part of my body?

He really would be the Lord of the Dhamma,
The best one to cure the damage of poison;
When I had fallen into deep waters,
He would give me his hand and bring me to the shore.

I've plunged into a lake,
And I can't wash off the mud and dirt,
It's full of fraud, jealousy, pride,
And dullness and drowsiness.

Like a thunder-cloud of restlessness,
Like a rain-cloud of fetters;
Intentions based on lust are winds
That sweep along a person with bad views.

The streams flow everywhere;
A weed springs up and remains;
Who will block the streams?
Who will cut the weed?"

"Venerable sir, build a dam
To block the streams;
Don't let your mind-made streams
Cut you down suddenly like a tree."

That is how the teacher whose weapon is wisdom,
The sage surrounded by the Saṅgha,
Was my shelter when I was full of fear,
Seeking the far shore from the near.

As I was being swept away,
He gave me a strong, simple ladder,
Made of the heartwood of Dhamma,
And he said to me: "Do not fear."

I climbed the tower of the establishment of mindfulness
And looked back down,
At people delighting in identity,
Which in the past I'd obsessed over.

When I saw the path,
As I was embarking on the ship,
Without fixating on the self,
I saw the supreme landing-place.

The dart that arises in oneself,
And that which is caused by attachment to future lives;
He taught the supreme path
For the stopping of these.

For a long time it had lain within me;
For a long time it was fixed in me:
The Buddha cast off the knot,
Curing the poison's damage.

16.4 Ratthapāla

See this fancy puppet,
A heap of sores, a composite body,
Diseased, obsessed over,
Having no lasting stability.

See this fancy shape,
With its gems and earrings;
It is bones wrapped with skin,
Made pretty by its clothes.

Rouged feet
And powdered face
Is enough to delude a fool,
But not a seeker of the far shore.

Hair in eight braids
And eyeliner,
Is enough to delude a fool,
But not a seeker of the far shore.

Like a newly decorated makeup box,
The disgusting body all adorned
Is enough to delude a fool,
But not a seeker of the far shore.

The hunter laid his trap,
But the deer didn't get caught in the snare;

Having eaten the bait we go,
Leaving the deer-trapper to lament.

The hunter's trap is broken,
And the deer didn't get caught in the snare;
Having eaten the bait we go,
Leaving the deer-trapper to lament.

I see rich people in the world,
Who, because of delusion, don't give away the wealth they have
gained.
Greedy, they hoard their riches,
Yearning for ever more sensual pleasures.

A king who conquered the earth by force,
Ruling the land from sea to sea,
Unsatisfied with the near shore of the ocean,
Would still yearn for the further shore.

The king and most other people
Reach death while not free from craving.
Still lacking, they abandon the body;
For sensual pleasures offer no satisfaction in this world.

Relatives lament, their hair let loose,
Saying "Ah! Alas! They're not immortal!"
They take out the body wrapped in a shroud,
Heap up a pyre, and burn it.

It is poked with stakes while being burnt,
Wearing a single cloth, all wealth abandoned.
Neither kinsman nor friends nor companions
Can help you when you are dying.

Heirs take the riches,
But beings fare on in accord with their deeds.
Riches don't follow you when you die;
Nor do children, wife, wealth, nor kingdom.

Longevity isn't gained by riches,
Nor does wealth banish old age;

For the wise have said that this life is short,
It is not eternal, its nature is decay.

The rich and the poor feel its touch;
The fool and the wise feel it too;
But fools lie as if struck down by their own folly,
While the wise don't tremble at the touch.

Therefore wisdom is definitely better than wealth,
Since by wisdom you can attain perfection in this life;
But if you stay unperfected, then because of delusion,
You'll do evil deeds in life after life.

One person enters a womb and the world beyond,
Transmigrating from one life to the next;
While someone of little wisdom, placing faith in them,
Also enters a womb and the world beyond.

Just as a bandit caught at the entrance to a house
Is punished due to their own bad deeds;
So after passing away, in the world beyond
People are punished due to their own bad deeds.

Sensual pleasures are diverse, sweet, delightful,
But their variety of forms stresses the mind;
Seeing danger in the kinds of sensual pleasure,
I went forth, O King.

As fruit falls from a tree, so people fall,
Young and old, when the body breaks up.
Seeing this, too, I went forth, O King;
Without doubt, the ascetic life is better.

Endowed with faith, I went forth,
Entering the conqueror's teaching.
My going forth wasn't wasted;
I eat food free of debt.

I saw sensual pleasures as burning,
Gold as a cutting blade,

Conception in a womb as suffering,
And the hells as very fearful.

Knowing this danger,
I was struck with awe.
I was stabbed, and then I became peaceful;
I've attained the end of defilements.

I've attended on the teacher
And fulfilled the Buddha's instructions.
The heavy burden is laid down,
I've undone the attachment to being reborn in any state of existence.

I've attained the goal
For the sake of which I went forth
From home life into homelessness—
The ending of all fetters.

16.5 Mālukyaputta

When seeing a sight, mindfulness becomes confused,
If attention is focussed on the pleasant aspect.
Experiencing it with a mind full of desire,
One remains clinging to it.

Many feelings grow
Arising from sights.
The mind is damaged
By covetousness and cruelty.
Heaping up suffering like this,
Is said to be far from nibbāna.

When hearing a sound, mindfulness becomes confused,
If attention is focussed on the pleasant aspect.
Experiencing it with a mind full of desire,
One remains clinging to it.

Many feelings grow
Arising from sounds.
The mind is damaged

By covetousness and cruelty.
Heaping up suffering like this,
Is said to be far from nibbāna.

When smelling a smell, mindfulness becomes confused,
If attention is focussed on the pleasant aspect.
Experiencing it with a mind full of desire,
One remains clinging to it.

Many feelings grow
Arising from smells.
The mind is damaged
By covetousness and cruelty.
Heaping up suffering like this,
Is said to be far from nibbāna.

When savouring a taste, mindfulness becomes confused,
If attention is focussed on the pleasant aspect.
Experiencing it with a mind full of desire,
One remains clinging to it.

Many feelings grow
Arising from tastes.
The mind is damaged
By covetousness and cruelty.
Heaping up suffering like this,
Is said to be far from nibbāna.

When touching a touch, mindfulness becomes confused,
If attention is focussed on the pleasant aspect.
Experiencing it with a mind full of desire,
One remains clinging to it.

Many feelings grow
Arising from touches.
The mind is damaged
By covetousness and cruelty.
Heaping up suffering like this,
Is said to be far from nibbāna.

When knowing a mental phenomenon, mindfulness becomes confused,

If attention is focussed on the pleasant aspect.

Experiencing it with a mind full of desire,

One remains clinging to it.

Many feelings grow

Arising from mental phenomena.

The mind is damaged

By covetousness and cruelty.

Heaping up suffering like this,

Is said to be far from nibbāna.

Seeing a sight with mindfulness,

There is no desire for sights.

Experiencing it with a mind free of desire,

One doesn't remain clinging to it.

So it is for someone who lives mindfully:

When repeatedly seeing sights,

Feeling is ended, not added to.

One reducing suffering like this,

Is said to be in the presence of nibbāna.

Hearing a sound with mindfulness,

There is no desire for sounds.

Experiencing it with a mind free of desire,

One doesn't remain clinging to it.

So it is for someone who lives mindfully:

When repeatedly hearing sounds,

Feeling is ended, not added to.

One reducing suffering like this,

Is said to be in the presence of nibbāna.

Smelling a smell with mindfulness,

There is no desire for smells.

Experiencing it with a mind free of desire,

One doesn't remain clinging to it.

So it is for someone who lives mindfully:
When repeatedly smelling smells,
Feeling is ended, not added to.
One reducing suffering like this,
Is said to be in the presence of nibbāna.

Savouring a taste with mindfulness,
There is no desire for tastes.
Experiencing it with a mind free of desire,
One doesn't remain clinging to it.

So it is for someone who lives mindfully:
When repeatedly savouring tastes,
Feeling is ended, not added to.
One reducing suffering like this,
Is said to be in the presence of nibbāna.

Touching a touch with mindfulness,
There is no desire for touches.
Experiencing it with a mind free of desire,
One doesn't remain clinging to it.

So it is for someone who lives mindfully:
When repeatedly touching touches,
Feeling is ended, not added to.
One reducing suffering like this,
Is said to be in the presence of nibbāna.

Knowing a mental phenomenon with mindfulness,
There is no desire for mental phenomena.
Experiencing it with a mind free of desire,
One doesn't remain clinging to it.

So it is for someone who lives mindfully:
When repeatedly knowing mental phenomena,
Feeling is ended, not added to.
One reducing suffering like this,
Is said to be in the presence of nibbāna.

16.6 Sela

“Your body is perfect, you are radiant,
Handsome, lovely to behold,
Blessed One, you are golden coloured,
Your teeth are pure white, you are full of energy.

The characteristics
Of a handsome man,
The marks of a great man,
Are all in your body.

Your eyes are clear, your face is nice,
You are large, upright, and majestic.
In the middle of the Saṅgha of ascetics,
You shine like the sun.

You’re a good-looking monk,
With skin like gold;
With such excellent appearance,
What do you want with the ascetic life?

You’re worthy of being a king,
A wheel-rolling emperor, a bull among heroes,
Victorious in the four directions,
Lord of all India.

Warriors, lords, and kings
Are your followers
You are king above kings and lord of men—
Claim your kingship, Gotama!”

“Sela, I *am* a king,”
Said the Blessed one to Sela,
“The unsurpassed king of Dhamma.
By Dhamma I set the wheel rolling,
The wheel which cannot be rolled back.”

“You claim to be awakened,”
Said Sela the brahmin,

“The unsurpassed king of Dhamma.
‘By Dhamma I set the wheel rolling,’
That is what you say, Gotama.

Who is the Blessed One’s general,
The disciple who follows the teacher?
Who keeps on rolling
The wheel of Dhamma you rolled forth?”

“I rolled forth the wheel,”
Said the Blessed One to Sela,
“The unexcelled wheel of Dhamma.
Sāriputta, who follows the Tathāgata’s example,
Keeps it rolling on.

What’s to be known is known;
What’s to be developed is developed;
I’ve abandoned what’s to be abandoned;
Therefore, brahmin, I am a Buddha.

Dispel your doubt in me;
Make up your mind, brahman!
It’s always hard to gain
The sight of Buddhas.

I am one of those whose appearance
Is always hard to find in this world;
I am a Buddha, brahman,
The unexcelled remover of darts.

Holy, unequalled,
Crusher of Māra’s army;
Having subdued all enemies,
I rejoice, fearing nothing in any direction.”

“Listen, sirs, to what,
Is spoken by the seer.
Remover of darts, great hero,
Roaring like a lion in the jungle.

Holy, unequalled,
Crusher of Māra's army;
Who could see him and not have faith,
Even one whose nature is dark?

Those who wish may follow me;
Those who don't wish may go.
Right here, I'll go forth,
In the presence of the glorious wise one."

"If, sir, you adopt
The teaching of the Buddha,
We will also go forth
In the presence of the glorious wise one."

These three hundred brahmins
With hands held in añjalī, ask:
"May we live the holy life
In your presence, Blessed One?"

"The holy life is well proclaimed,"
Said the Buddha to Sela,
"Apparent in this very life, without delay,
In which the going forth isn't in vain,
For one heedful in the training."

"It's the eighth day, o seer,
Since we went to you for refuge.
In seven days, Blessed One,
We were tamed in your teaching.

You are the Buddha, you are the teacher
You are the sage who has overcome Māra;
You have cut off the underlying tendencies,
And having crossed over yourself, you bring people across.

You have transcended attachments,
Your defilements have been torn apart;
Without grasping, like a lion,
You've abandoned fear and dread.

These three hundred monks
Stand with hands in añjalī:
Put out your feet, great hero,
Let these beings of power venerate the teacher.”

16.7 Kāḷigodhāputtabhaddiya

I rode on an elephant’s neck,
Wearing delicate clothes.
I ate rice conjei
With pure meat sauce.

Today I am fortunate, persevering,
Happy with the scraps in my alms-bowl;
Bhaddiya, son of Godhā,
Practices jhāna without grasping.

Wearing rags, persevering,
Happy with the scraps in my alms-bowl;
Bhaddiya, son of Godhā,
Practices jhāna without grasping.

Living on alms-food, persevering,
Happy with the scraps in my alms-bowl;
Bhaddiya, son of Godhā,
Practices jhāna without grasping.

Possessing only three robes, persevering,
Happy with the scraps in my alms-bowl;
Bhaddiya, son of Godhā,
Practices jhāna without grasping.

Going on alms-round from house to house without exception,
persevering,
Happy with the scraps in my alms-bowl;
Bhaddiya, son of Godhā,
Practices jhāna without grasping.

Sitting alone, persevering,
Happy with the scraps in my alms-bowl;

Bhaddiya, son of Godhā,
Practices jhāna without grasping.

Eating only what is placed in the alms-bowl, persevering,
Happy with the scraps in my alms-bowl;
Bhaddiya, son of Godhā,
Practices jhāna without grasping.

Never eating too late, persevering,
Happy with the scraps in my alms-bowl;
Bhaddiya, son of Godhā,
Practices jhāna without grasping.

Living in the wilderness, persevering,
Happy with the scraps in my alms-bowl;
Bhaddiya, son of Godhā,
Practices jhāna without grasping.

Living at the foot of a tree, persevering,
Happy with the scraps in my alms-bowl;
Bhaddiya, son of Godhā,
Practices jhāna without grasping.

Living in the open, persevering,
Happy with the scraps in my alms-bowl;
Bhaddiya, son of Godhā,
Practices jhāna without grasping.

Living in a charnel ground, persevering,
Happy with the scraps in my alms-bowl;
Bhaddiya, son of Godhā,
Practices jhāna without grasping.

Accepting whatever seat is offered, persevering,
Happy with the scraps in my alms-bowl;
Bhaddiya, son of Godhā,
Practices jhāna without grasping.

Not lying down to sleep, persevering,
Happy with the scraps in my alms-bowl;

Bhaddiya, son of Godhā,
Practices jhāna without grasping.

Having few wishes, persevering,
Happy with the scraps in my alms-bowl;
Bhaddiya, son of Godhā,
Practices jhāna without grasping.

Content, persevering,
Happy with the scraps in my alms-bowl;
Bhaddiya, son of Godhā,
Practices jhāna without grasping.

Secluded, persevering,
Happy with the scraps in my alms-bowl;
Bhaddiya, son of Godhā,
Practices jhāna without grasping.

Not socializing, persevering,
Happy with the scraps in my alms-bowl;
Bhaddiya, son of Godhā,
Practices jhāna without grasping.

Energetic, persevering,
Happy with the scraps in my alms-bowl;
Bhaddiya, son of Godhā,
Practices jhāna without grasping.

Giving up a valuable bronze bowl,
And a precious golden one, too,
I took up a clay bowl:
This is my second initiation.

Formerly I lived in a citadel surrounded by high walls,
With strong battlements and gates,
And guarded by swordsmen—
And I trembled with fear.

Today I am fortunate, free of trembling,
With fear and dread abandoned.

Bhaddiya, son of Godhā,
Has plunged into the forest and practices jhāna.

Established in all the practices of virtue,
Developing mindfulness and understanding,
Gradually I attained
The end of all fetters.

16.8 Āṅgulimāla

“Ascetic, you’re walking, but you say ‘I’m standing still’;
And I’m standing still, but you tell me I’m not.
I’m asking you this, ascetic:
Why are you standing still and I’m not?”

“Āṅgulimāla, I always stand still—
I’ve given up violence towards all living beings.
But you have no restraint towards living creatures;
That’s why I’m standing still and you’re not.”

“It’s a been a long time since an ascetic,
A great sage who I honour, has entered this great forest.
Now that I’ve heard your verse on Dhamma,
I’ll discard a thousand evils.”

With these words, the bandit hurled his sword and weapons
Down a pit, a cliff, a chasm.
Right there, he venerated the Fortunate One’s feet,
And asked the Buddha for the going-forth.

Then the Buddha, the compassionate great sage,
The teacher of the world together with its gods,
Said to him, “Come, monk!”
Just this was enough for him to be a monk.

“Whoever was heedless before,
And afterwards is not,
Lights up the world,
Like the moon freed from a cloud.

One whose bad deed
Is blocked by skilful action,
Lights up the world,
Like the moon freed from a cloud.

The young monk
Who is devoted to the teaching of the Buddha,
Lights up the world,
Like the moon freed from a cloud.

May even my enemies hear a Dhamma talk!
May even my enemies devote themselves to Buddha's teaching!
May even my enemies associate when they can,
With those who establish people in the Dhamma!

May even my enemies hear Dhamma at suitable times,
From those who speak on acceptance,
Praising acquiescence;
And may they practice accordingly!

They would definitely not harm
Me or anyone else;
But would attain the ultimate peace,
Looking after creatures both firm and fragile.

Irrigators lead water,
Fletchers shape arrows,
Carpenters shape wood;
The disciplined tame themselves.

Some tame with sticks,
With hooked poles or whips;
But the poised one tamed me
Without rod or sword.

My name is 'Harmless',
Though I used to be harmful.
Today my name is truthful,
As I don't harm anyone.

I used to be a bandit,
The notorious Aṅgulimāla.
Swept away in a great flood,
I went to Buddha as a refuge.

I used to have blood on my hands,
The notorious Aṅgulimāla.
See my going for refuge—
I've undone the attachment to being reborn in any state of existence.

I've done many such deeds
As lead to a bad destination.
I've experienced the result of my deeds,
So I enjoy my food free of debt.

Fools and unintelligent people
Devote themselves to heedlessness.
But the intelligent protect heedfulness
As their best treasure.

Don't devote yourself to heedlessness,
Nor delight in sexual intimacy.
If you are heedful and practice jhāna
You'll attain the highest happiness.

It was welcome, not unwelcome,
The advice I got was good.
Of things which are shared,
I encountered the best.

It was welcome, not unwelcome,
The advice I got was good.
I've attained the three knowledges,
And fulfilled the Buddha's instructions.

In the wilderness, at the foot of a tree,
In mountains, or in caves;
At that time, wherever I stood,
My mind was anxious.

But now I lie down happily and stand up happily,
I live my life happily,
Out of Māra's reach;
The teacher had compassion for me.

I used to belong to the brahmin caste,
Highborn on both sides,
Now I'm a son of the Fortunate One,
The teacher, the King of Dhamma.

I am free of craving, without grasping,
My sense-doors are guarded and well-restrained.
I've destroyed the root of misery,
And attained the end of defilements.

I've attended on the teacher
And fulfilled the Buddha's instructions.
The heavy burden is laid down,
I've undone the attachment to being reborn in any state of existence."

16.9 Anuruddha

Leaving my mother and father behind,
As well as sisters, kinsmen, and brothers;
Abandoning the five kinds of sensual pleasures,
Anuruddha practices jhāna.

Surrounded by song and dance,
Awakened by cymbals and gongs,
He did not find purification,
While delighting in Māra's domain.

But he has gone beyond all that,
And delights in the teaching of the Buddha.
Having crossed over the entire flood,
Anuruddha practices jhāna.

Sights, sounds, tastes, smells,
Touches that please the mind:

Having crossed over these as well,
Anuruddha practices jhāna.

The sage returned from alms-round,
Alone, without companion.
Seeking rags from the dust heap,
Anuruddha is without defilements.

The thoughtful sage
Selected rags from the dust heap;
He picked them up, washed, dyed, and wore them;
Anuruddha is without defilements.

The principles of someone
Who has many wishes and is not content,
Who socializes and is conceited,
Are wicked and corrupted.

But someone who is mindful, of few wishes,
Content and untroubled,
Delighting in seclusion, joyful,
Always resolute and energetic:

Their principles are skilful,
Leading to awakening;
They are without defilements—
So it was said by the great sage.

Knowing my thought,
The world's unsurpassed teacher
Came up to me in his mind-made body,
Using his psychic powers.

When I had that thought
He taught me more.
The Buddha, delighting in freedom from proliferation,
Taught it to me.

Understanding the Dhamma,
I lived happily in the teaching.

I've attained the three knowledges,
And fulfilled the Buddha's instructions.

For the last fifty-five years
I have not lain down to sleep;
Twenty-five years have passed
Since drowsiness was uprooted.

The poised one, with steady heart,
Was not breathing;
Imperturbable, committed to peace,
The seer has realised nibbāna.

With a positive mind
He put up with painful feelings;
The liberation of his heart
Was like the quenching of a lamp.

Now these touches and the other four
Are the last to be experienced by the sage;
Nor will there be other mental phenomena
Since the Buddha realised nibbāna.

Weaver of the web, now there are no future lives
In the company of gods.
Transmigration through births is finished,
Now there is no more rebirth into any state of existence.

Whoever in a moment knows the thousand-fold world,
Together with the Brahmā realm;
That monk, a master of psychic powers,
Knowing the passing away and rebirth of beings,
Sees even the gods at that time.

In the past I was Annabhāra,
A poor carrier of fodder.
I made an offering
To the renowned ascetic, Upariṭṭha.

Then I was born in the Sakyan clan,
Where I was known as "Anuruddha".

Surrounded by song and dance,
I was awakened by cymbals and gongs.

Then I saw the Buddha,
The teacher, without fear from any direction;
Filling my mind with confidence in him,
I went forth into homelessness.

I know my past lives,
Where I used to live—
I was born as Sakka,
And stayed among the Tāvatiṃsa gods.

Seven times I was a king of men
Ruling a kingdom,
Victorious in the four directions,
Lord of all India.
Without violence or sword,
I governed by principle.

Seven here, seven there,
For fourteen transmigrations
I remember my past lives;
At that time I stayed in the realm of the gods.

I have gained complete tranquillity
In samādhi with five factors;
Peaceful, serene,
My divine eye is purified.

Steady in jhāna with five factors,
I know the passing away and rebirth of beings,
Their coming and going,
Their lives in this state and that.

I've attended on the teacher
And fulfilled the Buddha's instructions.
The heavy burden is laid down,
I've undone the attachment to being reborn in any state of existence.

In the Vajjian village of Veḷuva,
At the end of life,
Beneath a thicket of bamboos,
I'll realise nibbāna without defilements.

16.10 Pārāpariya

While the ascetic practiced jhāna,
Seated in seclusion, unified,
In the forest full of flowers,
This thought came to him:

“The behaviour of the monks
These days seems different
From when the lord of the world,
The best of men, was still here.

Their robes were only for covering the private parts,
And protection from the cold and wind;
They ate in moderation,
Content with whatever they were offered.

Whether refined or rough,
Little or much,
They ate only for sustenance,
Without greed or gluttony.

They weren't so very eager,
For the requisites of life,
Such as tonics and other necessities,
As they were for the end of defilements.

In the wilderness, at the foot of trees,
In caves and caverns,
Committed to seclusion,
They lived with that as their final goal.

They were used to simple things, and were easy to look after,
Gentle, their hearts not stubborn,

Unsullied, not talkative,
Their minds were intent on the goal.

In this way they inspired confidence,
In their movements, eating, and practice;
Their deportment was smooth
As a stream of oil.

With the ending of all defilements,
Those senior monks have now realised nibbāna;
They were great meditators and great benefactors—
There are few like them today.

With the ending
Of good principles and understanding,
The conqueror's teaching,
Full of all excellent qualities, has fallen apart.

This is the season
For bad principles and defilements.
Those who are ready for seclusion
Are all that's left of the true Dhamma.

As they grow, the defilements
Possess many people;
They play with fools, I believe,
Like demons with the mad.

Overcome by defilements,
They run here and there
Among the causes for defilement,
As if they had declared war on themselves.

Having abandoned true Dhamma,
They argue with each other;
Following wrong views
They think, 'This is better.'

They cut off their wealth,
Children, and wife to go forth;

But then they do what they shouldn't,
For the sake of a measly spoon of alms-food.

They eat until their bellies are full,
And then they lie to sleep on their backs.
When they wake again, they keep on talking,
The kind of talk that the teacher criticized.

Valuing all the arts and crafts,
They train themselves in them;
Not being calm inside,
They think, 'This is the purpose of the ascetic life'.

They provide clay, oil, and talcum powder,
Water, lodgings, and food
For householders,
Expecting more in return.

As well as tooth-picks, wood-apples,
Flowers, food to eat,
Well-cooked alms-food,
Mangoes and myrobalans.

In medicine they are like doctors,
In business like householders,
In decoration like prostitutes,
In sovereignty like lords.

Cheats, frauds,
False witnesses, sly:
Using multiple plans,
They enjoy material things.

Pursuing shams, contrivances, and plans,
By this means
They accumulate a lot of wealth
For the sake of their livelihood.

They assemble the community
For business rather than Dhamma.

They teach the Dhamma to others
For gain, not for the goal.

Those outside the Saṅgha
Quarrel over the Saṅgha's property.
They're shameless, and do not care
That they live on someone else's property.

Some who have a shaven head and wear the outer robe,
Are not devoted to practice,
But wish only to be honored,
Infatuated with property and reverence.

When things have come to this,
It's not easy these days
To realise what has not yet been realised,
Or to preserve what has been realised.

A person with mindfulness established
Could walk without shoes
Even in a thorny place;
That is how a sage should walk in the village.

Remembering the meditators of old,
And recollecting their conduct;
Even in the latter days,
It is still possible to realise the deathless."

That is what the ascetic, whose faculties
Were fully developed, said in the sāla tree grove.
The holy man, the sage, realised nibbāna:
Ending more rebirth into any state of existence.

Chapter of the Thirties

17.1 *Phussa*

Seeing many who inspire confidence,
Personally developed and well-restrained,
The sage Paṇḍarasagotta
Asked the one known as Phussa:

“In future times,
What desire and motivation
And behaviour will people have?
Please answer my question.”

“Listen to my words
O sage known as Paṇḍarasa:
And remember them carefully,
I will describe the future.

In the future many will be
Angry and hostile,
Denigrating, stubborn, and treacherous,
Envious, and holding divergent views.

Thinking they understand the profundity
of the Dhamma, They remain on the near shore.
Superficial and disrespectful towards the Dhamma,
They have no respect for one another.

In the future,
Many dangers will arise in the world.
Fools will defile
The Dhamma that has been taught so well.

Though lacking good qualities,
The incompetent, the talkative,
And the unlearned,
Will be powerful in Saṅgha proceedings.

Though possessing good qualities,
The competent, the conscientious,
And the unbiased,
Will be weak in Saṅgha proceedings.

In the future, fools will accept
Gold and silver,
Fields and property, goats and sheep,
And male and female bonded servants.

Fools looking to find fault in others,
But bereft of virtues themselves,
Will wander about, insolent,
Like cantankerous beasts.

They'll be arrogant,
Wrapped in robes of blue;
Deceitful, obstinate, chatty, caustic,
They'll wander as if they were noble ones.

With hair sleeked back with oil,
Fickle, their eyes painted with eye-liner,
They'll travel on the high-road,
Wrapped in robes of ivory color.

They'll love white clothes,
And they'll detest the deep-dyed ochre robe,
The banner of the arahants,
Which is worn without disgust by the free.

They'll want lots of things,
And be lazy, lacking energy;
Weary of the forest,
They'll stay in villages.

Being unrestrained, they'll keep company with
Those who obtain lots of things,
And who always enjoy wrong livelihood,
Following their example.

They won't respect those
Who don't obtain lots of things,
And they won't associate with the wise,
Even though they're very amiable.

Disparaging their own banner,
Which is dyed the colour of copper,
Some will wear the white banner
Of the followers of other religions.

Then they'll have no respect
For the ochre robe;
The monks will not reflect
On the nature of the ochre robe.

This awful lack of reflection
Was unthinkable to the elephant,
Who was overcome by suffering,
Pierced by an arrow, and injured.

Then the six-tusked elephant,
Seeing the deep-coloured banner of the arahants,
Straight away spoke these verses
Connected with the goal.

The impure one
Who will wear the ochre robe
Without taming and truth,
Isn't worthy of the ochre robe.

Whoever has rejected impurities,
Endowed with virtues,
Possessing truth and taming,
They are truly worthy of the ochre robe.

Devoid of virtue, unintelligent,
Wild, doing what they like,
Their minds all over the place, indolent,
They are not worthy of the ochre robe.

Whoever is endowed with virtue,
Free of lust, possessing samādhī,
Their heart's intention pure,
They are truly worthy of the ochre robe.

The conceited, arrogant fool,
Who has no virtue,
Is worthy of a white robe—
What use is an ochre robe for them?

In the future, monks and nuns
With corrupt hearts, disrespectful,
Will disparage those
With hearts of loving-kindness.

Though trained in wearing the robe
By senior monks,
The unintelligent will not listen,
Wild, doing what they like.

With that kind of attitude to training,
Those fools won't respect each other,
Or take any notice of their mentors,
Like a wild horse with its charioteer.

So, in the future,
This will be the practice
Of monks and nuns,
When the latter days have come.

Before this terrifying future arrives,
Be easy to admonish,
Kind in speech,
And respect one another.

Have hearts of loving-kindness and compassion,
And keep your precepts;
Be energetic, resolute,
And always strong in exertion.

Seeing heedlessness as fearful,
And heedfulness as security,
Develop the eight-fold path,
Realising the deathless state.”

17.2 *Sāriputta*

“A mindful person is like one of good conduct,
Or like one who is peaceful;
A heedful person is like one of good intentions,
who is practicing jhāna;
Happy inside, possessing samādhi,
Solitary, contented; that is what they call a monk.

When eating fresh or dried food,
One shouldn’t be overly satisfied.
A monk should wander mindfully,
With unfilled belly, taking limited food.

Four or five mouthfuls before you’re full,
Drink some water;
This is enough to live comfortably
For a resolute monk.

Covered by a suitable robe,
Which is for this purpose;
This is enough to live comfortably
For a resolute monk.

When sitting cross-legged,
The rain doesn’t fall on the knees;
This is enough to live comfortably
For a resolute monk.

When you’ve seen happiness as suffering,
And suffering as a dart,
You know there’s no difference between them—
With what are you bound to the world?
What would you become?

When you think, ‘May I not associate
with people of bad wishes, Lazy, lacking energy
With little learning, disrespectful’—
With what are you bound to the world?
What would you become?

A wise person who is learned,
Endowed with virtues,
Devoted to serenity of heart—
Let them stand at the head.

Whoever is devoted to proliferation,
A wild animal delighting in proliferation,
Is deprived of nibbāna,
The unexcelled safety from the yoke.

Whoever has given up proliferation,
Delighting in the path free of proliferation,
Is blessed with nibbāna,
The unexcelled safety from the yoke.

Whether in the village or in the wilderness,
In lands low or high,
Wherever arahants live
Is a delightful place.

The wilderness is delightful!
Where most people find no delight,
Those who are free of lust delight there,
As they are not seeking sensual pleasures.

When you see someone who sees your faults,
A wise person who rebukes you,
You should stick close to such an intelligent person,
As if they were revealing some hidden treasure.
Sticking close to such a person,
Things get better, not worse.

You should advise, you should admonish;
You should curb rudeness;

For such a person is loved by the mindful,
Not loved by the unmindful.

The Blessed One, the Buddha, the seer
Was teaching Dhamma to another.
While Dhamma was being taught
I listened attentively, to understand the meaning—

My listening wasn't wasted,
I'm liberated, without defilements.

Not for knowledge of past lives,
Nor even for clairvoyance;
Not for psychic powers,
or reading the minds of others,
Nor for knowing people's passing away
and being reborn;
Not for purifying the power of clairsentience,
Did I have any resolve."

"His only shelter is at the foot of a tree;
With shaved head, wrapped in the outer robe,
The senior monk who is foremost in wisdom,
Upatissa himself practices jhāna.

Entering a meditation state without thought,
A disciple of the Buddha
Is at that moment blessed
With noble silence.

Just as a rocky mountain
Is unshakable and firmly grounded;
So when delusion ends,
A monk, like a mountain, doesn't tremble."

"To the blameless man
Who is always seeking purity,
Even a hair-tip of evil
Seems the size of a cloud.

I don't long for death;
I don't long for life;
I will lay down this body,
Aware and mindful.

I don't long for death;
I don't long for life;
I await my time,
Like a worker waiting for their wages.”

“Both before and after
It's death, not the deathless,
Practice, don't perish—
Don't let the moment pass you by.

Just like a frontier city,
Guarded inside and out,
So you should ward yourselves
Don't let the moment pass you by.
Those who pass up the moment
Grieve when they end up in hell.”

“Calm and quiet,
Wise in counsel, not restless;
He shakes off bad qualities
As the wind shakes leaves off a tree.

Calm and quiet,
Wise in counsel, not restless;
He plucks off bad qualities
As the wind plucks leaves off a tree.

Calm and sorrowless,
Clear and undisturbed,
Of good virtue and intelligent:
You should put an end to suffering.”

“Some householders, and even
some of those gone forth, Are not to be trusted.

Even some who were good later become bad;
While some who were bad become good.

Sensual desire, ill-will
Dullness & drowsiness,
Restlessness, and doubt:
These are the five mental stains for a monk.

Whoever's samādhi does not waver,
Regardless of whether or not
They receive honours,
Is one who lives heedfully.

They regularly practice jhāna,
With subtle insight into views;
Delighting in the end of grasping,
They are said to be a good person.

Ocean, earth,
Mountains, wind—
These cannot compare
With the teacher's magnificent liberation.

He is the senior monk
who keeps the Wheel of Dhamma rolling,
Possessing great knowledge and samādhi.
Like earth, like water, like fire,
He is neither attracted nor repelled.

He has attained the perfection of wisdom,
He has great intelligence and great discernment;
He is not stupid, but appears stupid;
He always wanders, quenched.

I've attended on the teacher
And fulfilled the Buddha's instructions.
The heavy burden is laid down,
I've undone the attachment to being reborn
in any state of existence.

Strive on with heedfulness:
This is my advice.
Come, now I'll realise nibbāna,
I am liberated in every way."

17.3 *Ānanda*

"A wise person would not make friends
With a slanderous or hostile person,
With a miser, or one who delights
in the misfortunes of others;
Association with a bad person is harmful.

The wise would make friends
With the faithful, the pleasant,
Those with understanding, who are learned;
Association with a good person is blessed.

See this fancy puppet,
A heap of sores, a composite body,
Diseased, obsessed over,
Having no lasting stability.

See this fancy shape,
With its gems and earrings;
It is bones wrapped with skin,
Made pretty by its clothes.

Rouged feet
And powdered face
Is enough to delude a fool,
But not a seeker of the far shore.

Hair in eight braids
And eyeliner applied,
Is enough to delude a fool,
But not a seeker of the far shore.

Like a newly decorated make-up box,
The disgusting body all adorned

Is enough to delude a fool,
But not a seeker of the far shore.

Gotama is learned, a brilliant speaker,
The attendant to the Buddha.
Unfettered, with burden put aside,
He lies down to sleep.

Unfettered, his defilements have ended,
He has transcended attachments,
and has attained nibbāna.
He bears his final body,
Gone beyond birth and death.

Gotama, in whom the teachings of the Buddha,
The Kinsman of the Sun, are established,
Stands on the path
Leading to nibbāna.

I learned 82,000 from the Buddha,
And 2,000 from the monks;
These 84,000
Are the teachings I have memorized.

A person of little learning
Ages like an ox—
Their flesh grows,
But their wisdom doesn't.

A learned person who, on account of their learning,
Looks down on someone of little learning,
Seems to me like
A blind man holding a lamp.

You should stay close to a learned person—
Don't lose what you've learned.
It is the root of the spiritual life,
So you should memorize the Dhamma.

Knowing the sequence and meaning of the teaching,
Skilled in the interpretation of terms,

He makes sure it is well memorized,
And then examines the meaning.

Accepting the teachings, he becomes enthusiastic;
Making an effort, he scrutinizes the Dhamma;
Striving at the right time,
He is serene inside himself.

If you want to understand the Dhamma,
You should associate with the sort of person
Who is learned, and has memorized the Dhamma,
A wise disciple of the Buddha.

A monk who is learned,
and has memorized the Dhamma,
A keeper of the great sage's treasury,
Is a visionary for the entire world,
Venerable, and learned.

Delighting in Dhamma, enjoying Dhamma,
Reflecting on Dhamma,
Recollecting Dhamma,
He doesn't decline in the true Dhamma.

When your body is pampered and heavy,
While your remaining time is running out;
Greedy for physical pleasure,
How can you find happiness as an ascetic?

Every direction is unclear!
The Dhamma does not occur to me!
With the passing of our good friend,
It all seems dark.

If your friend has passed away,
And your teacher is past and gone,
There's no friend like
Mindfulness of the body.

The old have passed away,
And I don't get on with the new.

Today I meditate alone
Like a bird snug in its nest.”

“Many international visitors
Have come to see.
Don’t block the audience,
Let the congregation see me.”

“Lots of international visitors
Have come to see.
The teacher grants them the opportunity,
The seer doesn’t stop them.

For the 25 years
Since I have been a trainee,
No sensual perception arose in me:
See the excellence of the Dhamma!

For the 25 years
Since I have been a trainee,
No malicious perception arose in me:
See the excellence of the Dhamma!

For 25 years
I attended on the Blessed One
With loving deeds,
Like a shadow that never left.

For 25 years
I attended on the Blessed One
With loving words,
Like a shadow that never left.

For 25 years
I attended on the Blessed One
With loving thoughts,
Like a shadow that never left.

While the Buddha was walking meditation,
I walked meditation behind him.

As he taught the Dhamma,
Knowledge arose in me.

I'm a trainee, who has more to do!
My mind is not perfected!
Yet the teacher, who was so compassionate to me,
Has passed into nibbāna.

Then there was terror!
Then they had goose-bumps!
When the Buddha, endowed with all qualities,
Passed into nibbāna."

"Ānanda, who was learned,
and had memorized the Dhamma,
A keeper of the great sage's treasury,
A visionary for the entire world,
Has passed into nibbāna.

He was learned, and had memorized the Dhamma,
A keeper of the great sage's treasury,
A visionary for the entire world,
When all was black, he dispelled the dark.

He is the sage who remembered the teachings,
And mastered their sequence, holding them firm.
The senior monk who memorized the Dhamma,
Ānanda was a mine of gems."

"I've attended on the teacher
And fulfilled the Buddha's instructions.
The heavy burden is laid down,
I've undone the attachment to being reborn
in any state of existence."

Chapter of the Forties

18.1 *Mahākassapa*

You shouldn't live for the adulation of a following;
It turns your mind, and makes samādhi hard to find.
Seeing that popularity is suffering,
You shouldn't accept a following.

A sage should not visit respectable families
It turns your mind, and makes samādhi hard to find.
One who's eager and greedy for flavours,
Misses the goal that brings such happiness.

They know that this really is a bog,
This homage and veneration among respectable families.
Honor is a subtle dart, hard to extract,
And hard for a bad man to give up.

I came down from my lodging
And entered the city for alms.
I courteously stood by
While a leper ate.

With his putrid hand
He offered me a morsel.
Putting the morsel in my bowl,
His finger broke off right there.

Leaning against the foot of a wall,
I ate that morsel.
While eating, and afterwards,
I did not feel any disgust.

Anyone who makes use of
Leftovers for food,
Putrid urine as medicine,
The root of a tree as lodging,

And rags from the rubbish-heap as robes,
Is at home in any direction.

Where some have perished
While climbing the mountain,
There Kassapa ascends;
An heir of the Buddha,
Aware and mindful,
Relying on his psychic powers.

Returning from alms-round,
Kassapa ascends the mountain,
And practices jhāna without grasping,
With fear and dread abandoned.

Returning from alms-round,
Kassapa ascends the mountain,
And practices jhāna without grasping,
Quenched amongst those who burn.

Returning from alms-round,
Kassapa ascends the mountain,
And practices jhāna without grasping,
His duty done, without defilements.

Strewn with garlands of the musk-rose tree,
These regions are delightful.
Lovely, resounding with the trumpeting of elephants:
These rocky crags delight me!

They look like blue-black storm clouds, glistening,
Cooled with the waters of clear-flowing streams,
And covered with ladybird beetles:
These rocky crags delight me!

Like the peak of a blue-black storm cloud,
Or like a fine peaked house,
Lovely, resounding with the trumpeting of elephants:
These rocky crags delight me!

The rain comes down on the lovely flats,
In the mountains frequented by sages.
Echoing with the cries of peacocks,
These rocky crags delight me!

It's enough for me,
Desiring to practice jhāna, resolute and mindful.
It's enough for me,
A resolute monk, desiring the goal.

It's enough for me,
A resolute monk, desiring ease,
It's enough for me,
Desiring to practice, resolute and poised.

Covered with flowers of flax,
Like the sky covered with clouds,
Full of flocks of many different birds,
These rocky crags delight me!

Empty of householders,
Frequented by herds of deer,
Full of flocks of many different birds,
These rocky crags delight me!

The water is clear and the gorges are wide,
Monkeys and deer are all around;
Festooned with dewy moss,
These rocky crags delight me!

Music played by a five-piece band
Can never make you as happy,
As when, with unified mind,
You rightly discern the Dhamma.

Don't get involved in lots of work,
Avoid people, and don't try to get more requisites.
If you're eager and greedy for flavours,
You'll miss the goal that brings such happiness.

Don't get involved in lots of work,
Avoid what doesn't lead to the goal.
The body gets worn out and fatigued,
And when you suffer, you won't find tranquillity.

You won't see yourself
By merely reciting words,
Wandering stiff-necked
And thinking, "I'm better."

Fools are no better,
But they think they are.
The wise don't praise
Stiff-minded people.

Whoever is not affected
By the modes of conceit—
"I am better", "I am not better",
"I am worse", or "I am the same"—

Poised, with such understanding,
Endowed with virtues,
And devoted to tranquillity of mind:
That is who the wise praise.

Whoever has no respect
For their companions in spiritual life
Is as far from true Dhamma
As the sky is from the earth.

Those whose conscience and shame
Are always rightly established,
Thrive in the spiritual life,
For them, there is no rebirth in any state of existence.

If a monk who is haughty and fickle,
Wears rags from the rubbish-heap,
Like a monkey in a lion skin,
That doesn't make him impressive.

But if they are humble and stable,
Controlled, with faculties restrained,
Then wearing rags from the rubbish-heap is impressive,
Like a lion in a mountain cave.

These famous gods
Endowed with psychic powers,
All 10,000 of them,
Belong to the retinue of Brahmā.

They stand with hands in añjalī,
Honouring Sāriputta,
The general of the Dhamma, the hero,
The great meditator who is endowed with samādhi.

“Homage to you, thoroughbred among men!
Homage to you, best among men!
We do not even understand
The basis of your jhāna.

The profound domain of the Buddhas
Is truly amazing.
We do not understand them,
Though we’ve gathered here to split hairs.”

When he saw the company of gods
Paying homage to Sāriputta—
Who is truly worthy of homage—
Kappina smiled.

As far as this Buddha-field extends
I am outstanding in ascetic practices.
I have no equal,
Apart from the great sage himself.

I’ve attended on the teacher
And fulfilled the Buddha’s instructions.
The heavy burden is laid down,
I’ve undone the attachment to being reborn
in any state of existence.

Like a lotus flower unstained by water,
Gotama the immeasurable is unstained
By robes, lodgings, or food.
He inclines to renunciation,
And has escaped being reborn
in the three states of existence.

The great sage's neck is the establishment of mindfulness;
Faith is his hands, and wisdom his head.
Having great knowledge,
He always wanders, quenched.

Chapter of the Fifties

19.1 *Tālapuṭa*

Oh, when will I stay in a mountain cave,
Alone, with no companion,
Discerning all states of existence as impermanent?
This hope of mine, when will it be?

Oh, when will I stay happily in the forest,
A sage wearing a torn robe, dressed in ochre,
Unselfish, without desire,
With greed, hatred, and delusion destroyed?

Oh, when will I stay alone in the wood,
Fearless, discerning this body as impermanent,
A nest of death and disease,
Oppressed by death and old age?
When will it be?

Oh, when will I live, having grasped the sharp sword of wisdom
And cut the creeper of craving that tangles around everything,
The mother of fear, the bringer of suffering?
When will it be?

Oh, when will I, seated on the lion's throne,
Swiftly grasp the sword of the sages,
Forged by wisdom, of fiery might,
And swiftly break Māra and his army? When will it be?

Oh, when will I be seen striving in the assemblies
By those who are virtuous, poised, respecting the Dhamma,
Seeing things as they are, with faculties subdued?
When will it be?

Oh, when will I focus on my own goal on Giribbaja mountain,
Free of oppression by laziness, hunger, thirst,

Wind, heat, insects, and reptiles?
When will it be?

Oh, when will I have samādhi and mindfulness,
And with understanding attain the four truths,
That were realized by the great sage,
And are so very hard to see? When will it be?

Oh, when will I, devoted to tranquillity,
See with understanding the infinite sights,
Sounds, smells, tastes, touches, and mental phenomena
As burning? When will it be?

Oh, when will I not be downcast
Because of criticism,
Nor elated because of praise?
When will it be?

Oh, when will I discern the aggregates
And the infinite varieties of phenomena,
Both internal and external, as no more than
Wood, grass, and creepers? When will it be?

Oh, when will the winter clouds rain freshly
As I wear my robe in the forest,
Walking the path trodden by the sages?
When will it be?

Oh, when will I rise up, intent on attaining the deathless,
Hearing in the mountain cave
The cry of the crested peacock in the forest?
When will it be?

Oh, when will I cross the Ganges, Yamunā,
And Sarasvatī rivers, the Pātāla country,
And the dangerous Baḷavāmukha sea,
By psychic power, without hindrance? When will it be?

Oh, when will I be devoted to jhāna,
Rejecting entirely the signs of beauty,
Splitting apart desire for sensual pleasures,

Like an elephant that wanders without ties?
When will it be?

Oh, when will I realise the teaching of the great sage
And be content, like a poor person in debt,
Harassed by creditors, who finds a hidden treasure?
When will it be?

For many years you begged me,
“Enough of living in a house for you!”
Why do you not urge me on, mind,
Now I’ve gone forth as an ascetic?

Didn’t you promise me, mind,
“On Giribbaja, the birds with colourful wings,
Greeting the thunder, Mahinda’s voice,
Will delight you as you practice jhāna in the forest”?

In my family circle, friends, loved ones, and relatives;
And in the world, sports and play, and sensual pleasures;
All these I have abandoned for the sake of this:
And even then you’re not content with me, mind!

This is mine alone, it doesn’t belong to others;
When it is time to don your armour, why lament?
Reflecting that all this is unstable,
I went forth, longing for the deathless state.

The methodical teacher, supreme among people,
Great physician, charioteer of tractable people, said,
“The mind sways like a monkey,
So it’s very hard to control if you are not free of lust.”

Sensual pleasures are diverse, sweet, delightful;
Ignorant unenlightened people are attached to them.
Seeking to be reborn in another state of existence,
they wish for suffering;
Led on by their minds, they’re relegated to hell.

“Staying in the grove resounding with cries
Of peacocks and herons, and liked by leopards and tigers,

Abandon concern for the body, without fail!”
So you used to urge me, mind.

“Develop the jhānas and spiritual faculties,
The powers, factors of awakening, and samādhi meditation;
Realise the three knowledges in the teaching of the Buddha!”
So you used to urge me, mind.

“Develop the eight-fold path for realising the deathless,
Emancipating, plunging into the end of all suffering,
And cleansing all defilements!”
So you used to urge me, mind.

“Properly reflect on the aggregates as suffering,
And abandon that from which suffering arises;
Make an end of suffering in this very life!”
So you used to urge me, mind.

“Properly discern that impermanence is suffering,
That emptiness is non-self, and that misery is death.
Uproot the wandering mind!”
So you used to urge me, mind.

“Bald, unsightly, reviled,
Seek alms amongst families, bowl in hand.
Devote yourself to the word of the teacher, the great sage!”
So you used to urge me, mind.

“Wander the streets well-restrained,
With your mind unattached to families and sensual pleasures,
Like the full moon when the night is clear!”
So you used to urge me, mind.

“Be a wilderness-dweller and an alms-eater,
One who lives in charnel grounds, a rag-robe wearer,
One who never lies down, always delighting in ascetic practices.”
So you used to urge me, mind.

Mind, when you urge me towards the impermanent and unstable,
You are acting just like a person who plants trees,

Then, when they are about to fruit,
Wishes to cut down the very same trees.

You, incorporeal mind, far-traveller, lone-wanderer:
I won't do your bidding any more.
Sensual pleasures are suffering, painful, and very dangerous;
I'll wander with my mind focussed only on nibbāna.

I didn't renounce due to bad luck or shamelessness,
Nor because of a whim, nor banishment,
Nor for the sake of a livelihood;
It was because I agreed to the promise you made, mind.

"Having few wishes, abandoning disparagement,
Stilling suffering: these are praised by good people."
So you used to urge me, mind,
But now you continue with your old habits!

Craving, ignorance, the loved and unloved,
Pretty sights, pleasant feelings,
And the delightful kinds of sensual pleasure: I've vomited them all;
And I can't swallow back what I've vomited up.

I've done your bidding everywhere, mind!
For many births, I haven't done anything to upset you,
Yet you show your gratitude by producing craving inside yourself!
For a long time I've transmigrated in the suffering you've created.

Only you, mind, make us holy men;
You make us lords or royal sages;
Sometimes we become traders or workers;
Life as a god is also on account of you.

You alone make us titans;
Because of you we are born in hell;
Then sometimes we become animals,
Life as an ghost is also on account of you.

Come what may, you won't betray me again,
Dazzling me with your ever-changing display;

You play with me as if I'm mad—
But how have I ever failed you, mind?

In the past, this mind wandered
How it wished, where it liked, as it pleased.
Now I'll carefully guide it,
As a trainer with a hook guides a rutting elephant.

The teacher willed that this world appear to me
As impermanent, unstable, insubstantial.
Mind, let me leap into the conqueror's teaching,
Carry me over the great flood, so very hard to cross.

Things have changed, mind!
Nothing could make me return to your control!
I've gone forth in the teaching of the great sage;
Those like me don't come to ruin.

Mountains, oceans, rivers, the earth;
The four directions, the intermediate directions,
below and in the sky;
The three states of existence: all are impermanent and troubled—
Where can you go to find happiness, mind?

Mind, what will you do to someone
Who has made the ultimate commitment?
Nothing could make me a follower
Under your control, mind;
There's no way you'd touch a bellows
With a mouth open at each end;
Let alone the body flowing with its nine streams!

You've ascended the mountain peak, full of nature's beauty,
Frequented by boars and antelopes,
A grove sprinkled with fresh water in the rainy-season;
And there you'll be happy in your cave-home.

Peacocks with beautiful necks and crests,
Colourful tail-feathers and wings,

Crying out at the sweet-sounding thunder:
They'll delight you as you practice jhāna in the forest.

When the sky has rained down,
And the grass is four inches high,
And the grove is full of flowers, like a cloud
In the mountain cleft, like the fork of a tree, I'll lie;
It will be as soft as cotton-buds.

I'll act as a master does:
Let whatever I get be enough for me.
I'll make you as supple,
As a good worker makes a cat-skin bag.

I'll act as a master does:
Let whatever I get be enough for me.
I'll control you with my energy,
As the trainer controls a rutting elephant with a hook.

Now that you're well-tamed and reliable,
I can use you, as a trainer uses a straight-running horse,
To practice the safe path,
Cultivated by those who take care of their minds.

I shall strongly fasten you to a meditation subject,
As an elephant is tied to a post with firm rope.
You'll be well-guarded by me, well-developed by mindfulness,
And unattached to rebirth in all states of existence.

You'll use understanding to cut the follower of the wrong path,
Restrain them by practice, and settle them on the right path;
And when you have seen the cause of suffering arise and pass away,
You'll be an heir to the greatest teacher.

Under the sway of the four distortions, mind,
You led me as if all around the world;
And now you won't associate with the great sage of compassion,
The cutter of fetters and bonds?

Like a deer roaming free in the colourful forest,
I'll ascend the lovely mountain wreathed in cloud,

And rejoice to be on that hill, free of folk—
There is no doubt you'll perish, mind.

The men and women who live under your will and command,
Whatever pleasure they experience,
They are ignorant and fall under Māra's control;
Loving life, they're your disciples, mind.

Chapter of the Sixties

20.1 *Mahāmoggaḷāna*

“Living in the wilderness, eating only alms-food,
Happy with whatever scraps fall into the alms-bowl,
And serene inside:

Let us tear apart the army of death.

Living in the wilderness, eating only alms-food,
Happy with whatever scraps fall into the alms-bowl,
Let us smash the army of death,
Like an elephant smashing a reed hut.

Living at the foot of a tree, persevering,
Happy with whatever scraps fall into the alms-bowl,
And serene inside:

Let us tear apart the army of death.

Living at the foot of a tree, persevering
Happy with whatever scraps fall into the alms-bowl,
Let us crush the army of death,
Like an elephant crushing a reed hut.”

“With a skeleton as a hut,
Woven together with flesh and tendons—
Damn this stinking body!
Which cherishes other bodies.

You sack of dung wrapped in skin!
You demon with horns on your chest!
Your body has nine streams,
Which are flowing all the time.

With its nine streams,
Your body stinks, full of dung.
A monk seeking purity would avoid it altogether,
Like excrement.

If they knew you
As I do,
They'd keep far away,
As from a cesspit in the rainy-season."

"So it is, great hero!
As you say, ascetic!
But some sink here
Like an old bull in mud."

"Whoever might think
Of making the sky yellow,
Or any other colour,
Would only be causing trouble for themselves.

This mind is like the sky:
Serene inwardly.
Evil-minded one, don't attack me
You'll end up like a moth in a bonfire."

"See this fancy puppet,
A heap of sores, a composite body,
Diseased, obsessed over,
Having no lasting stability.

See this fancy shape,
With its gems and earrings;
It is bones wrapped with skin,
Made pretty by its clothes.

Rouged feet
And powdered face
Is enough to delude a fool,
But not a seeker of the far shore.

Hair in eight braids
And eyeliner applied,
Is enough to delude a fool,
But not a seeker of the far shore.

Like a newly decorated makeup box,
The disgusting body all adorned
Is enough to delude a fool,
But not a seeker of the far shore.

The hunter laid his trap,
But the deer didn't get caught in the snare;
Having eaten the bait we go,
Leaving the deer-trapper to lament.

The hunter's trap is broken,
And the deer didn't get caught in the snare;
Having eaten the bait we go,
Leaving the deer-trapper to lament."

"Then there was terror!
Then they had goose-bumps!
When Sāriputta, endowed with many qualities,
Passed into nibbāna.

All conditions are impermanent,
Their nature is to rise and fall.
They arise, then they cease—
And their stilling is bliss."

"Those who see the five aggregates
As other, not as self,
Penetrate a subtle thing,
Like a hair-tip with an arrow.

Those who see conditions
As other, not as self,
Pierce a fine thing,
Like a hair-tip with an arrow."

"As if struck by a sword,
As if their head was on fire,
Mindful, a monk should go forth,
To abandon desire for sensual pleasures.

As if struck by a sword,
As if their head was on fire,
Mindful, a monk should go forth,
To abandon desire to be reborn in any state of existence.”

“Encouraged by the developed one,
Bearing his final body,
I shook the palace of Migāra’s mother
With my big toe.”

“This isn’t something you can get by being slack;
This isn’t something that takes little strength:
The realization of nibbāna,
The release from all attachments.”

“This young monk,
The best of men,
Has conquered Māra and his army,
And bears his final body.”

“Lightning flashes down
On the cleft of Vebhāra and Paṇḍava.
But in the mountain cleft, the son of the inimitable
Is poised and absorbed in jhāna.”

“Calm and quiet,
The sage in his secluded lodging,
The heir to the best of Buddhas,
Is honoured even by Brahmā.”

“Calm and quiet,
The sage in his secluded lodging,
The heir to the best of Buddhas:
Brahmin, you should honor Kassapa!

Even if someone were to be born
A hundred times repeatedly in the human realm,
And always as a brahmin,
A student who memorized the Vedas,

And if he were a teacher,
With mastery of the three Vedas:
Honoring such a person
Isn't worth a sixteenth of that.

Whoever attains the eight emancipations
Forwards and backwards before breakfast,
And then goes on alms-round—

Don't attack such a monk!
Don't ruin yourself, brahmin!
Have faith in the arahant
Quickly venerate him with hands in añjali,
Don't let your head be split open!”

“If you think transmigration is the important thing,
You don't see the Dhamma.
You're following a twisted path,
A bad path that will lead you down.

Like a worm smeared with dung,
He is besotted with conditions.
Sunk in gain and honour,
Poṭṭhila goes on, hollow.”

“See Sāriputta coming!
It is good to see him.
Liberated in both ways,
Serene inside himself.

With dart removed and fetters ended,
With the three knowledges, destroyer of death,
Worthy of offerings,
An unsurpassed field of merit for people.”

These famous gods
Endowed with psychic powers,
All 10,000 of them,
Are ministers of Brahmā.

They stand with hands in añjali,
Honouring Moggallāna.

‘Homage to you, thoroughbred among men!
Homage to you, best of men!
Since your defilements are ended,
You, sir, are worthy of offerings!’”

“Venerated by men and gods,
He has arisen, the transcender of death.
He is undefiled by conditions,
As a lotus-flower by water.

Knowing in an hour the thousand-fold world,
Including the Brahmā realm;
Having mastery of psychic powers, and the knowledge
Of the passing away and rebirth of beings in time:
That monk sees the gods.”

“Sāriputta, the monk who has crossed over,
Would be supreme
Because of his wisdom,
Virtue, and peace.

But in a moment I can create the likenesses
Of ten million times 100,000 people!
I’m skilled in transformations;
I’m a master of physic powers.

A member of the Moggallāna clan,
Attained to perfection and mastery
In samādhi and knowledge,
Wise in the teachings of the unattached,
With serene faculties, has burst his bonds,
Like an elephant bursts a rope of creeper.

I’ve attended on the teacher
And fulfilled the Buddha’s instructions.
The heavy burden is laid down,
I’ve undone the attachment to being reborn in any state of existence.

I've attained the goal
For the sake of which I went forth
From home life into homelessness—
The ending of all fetters.”

“What kind of hell was that,
Where Dussī was boiled,
After attacking the disciple Vidhura,
Along with the brahmin Kakusandha?”

‘There were 100 iron spikes,
Each one individually causing pain:
That was the kind of hell
Where Dussī was boiled,
After attacking the disciple Vidhura
Along with the brahmin Kakusandha.’

‘Dark One, if you attack
A monk who knows this from their own experience,
A disciple of the Buddha,
You will fall into suffering.

‘Mansions that last for an aeon
Stand in the middle of a lake;
The colour of lapis lazuli,
Brilliant, sparkling, and shining;
Many nymphs of diverse colours
Dance there.

‘Dark One, if you attack
A monk who knows this from his own experience,
A disciple of the Buddha,
You will fall into suffering.

‘The one who, encouraged by the Buddha,
With the monastic Saṅgha looking on,
Shook the palace of Migāra’s mother
With his big toe:

‘Dark One, if you attack
A monk who knows this from his own experience,
A disciple of the Buddha,
You will fall into suffering.

‘The one who shook Vejayaṇṭa palace
With his big toe,
Relying on psychic power,
Inspiring awe among the gods:

‘Dark One, if you attack
A monk who knows this from his own experience,
A disciple of the Buddha,
You will fall into suffering.

‘The one who asked Sakka in Vejayaṇṭa palace:
“Friend, do you know the freedom
That comes with the end of craving?”
And to whom, when asked this question,
Sakka answered truthfully:

‘Dark One, if you attack
A monk who knows this from his own experience,
A disciple of the Buddha,
You will fall into suffering.

‘The one who asked Brahmā
In the Sudhamma Hall before the assembly:
“Friend, do you still have the same view
That you had in the past?
Or do you see the radiance
Of the Brahmā world passing away?”

‘And to whom, when asked this question,
Brahmā answered truthfully:
“Friend, I don’t have that view
That I had in the past.

““I see the radiance
Of the Brahmā world passing away.

So how could I say today
That I am permanent and eternal?"

'Dark One, if you attack
A monk who directly knows this,
A disciple of the Buddha,
You will fall into suffering.

'The one who through emancipation has touched
The peak of the mighty Mount Neru,
The forests of Pubbavideha,
And the people who live there:

'Dark One, if you attack
A monk who directly knows this,
A disciple of the Buddha,
You will fall into suffering.

'Though a fire doesn't think
"I'll burn the fool"
Still the fool who comes too close
To the fire gets burnt.

'In the same way Māra,
Having attacked the Tathāgata,
You'll burn yourself,
Like a fool touching the flames.

'Having attacked the Tathāgatha,
Māra produced demerit.
Wicked one, do you imagine:
"My wickedness won't bear fruit?"

'For a long time you've piled up
The wickedness that you've created.
Keep away from the Buddha, Māra!
Give up hope in tricking the monks.'

That is how, in the Bhesekaḷā grove
The monk rebuked Māra.

That spirit, downcast,
Disappeared right there!”

The Great Chapter

21.1 *Vaṅgīsa*

“Now that I’ve gone forth
From the home life into homelessness,
I’m assailed
By the reckless thoughts of the Dark One.

Even if a thousand mighty princes and great archers
Well trained, with strong bows,
Might completely surround me,
I would not flee.

And if women come,
Many more than that,
They won’t scare me:
I stand firm in Dhamma.

Only once did I personally hear
From the Buddha, Kinsman of the Sun,
About the path leading to nibbāna;
My mind was delighted with that teaching.

Wicked one, if you come near me
As I live like this,
I’ll act in such a way that you, Death,
Will not even see the path I travel.

Entirely abandoning likes and dislikes,
Along with thoughts attached to the household life,
He wouldn’t get entangled in anything,
He is a monk without entanglements.

On this earth and in the sky,
Whatever form you take when entering the world
Wears out, it is all impermanent;
Reflective people live understanding this.

People are bound in their attachments
To what is seen, heard, and thought.
Being imperturbable, expel desire for these things;
For one they call a sage does not cling to these things.

Attached to sixty kinds of wrong views with their modes of thought,
Unenlightened people are fixed in wrong principles;
But that monk wouldn't go to any sectarian group,
Still less would he take up corrupt ways.

Clever, and for a long time established in samādhi,
Free of deceit, disciplined, without envy,
The sage has realised the state of peace,
Since he has realized nibbāna, he awaits his time.

Abandon conceit, Gotama!
Completely abandon the path to conceit;
Infatuated with the path to conceit,
You've had regrets for a long time.

Smearred by smears and slain by conceit,
People fall into hell.
When people slain by conceit are reborn in hell,
They grieve for a long time.

But a monk never grieves
If they practice rightly, a victor of the path.
They have renown and happiness,
And they rightly call him a 'Seer of Dhamma'.

So don't be hard-hearted, be energetic,
With hindrances abandoned, purified,
And with conceit abandoned completely,
Be at peace, and use knowledge to make an end."

"I've got a burning desire for pleasure;
My mind is on fire!
Please, out of compassion, Gotama,
Tell me how to quench the flames."

“Your mind is on fire
Because of a perversion of perception.
Avoid noticing the attractive aspect of things
That provokes lust.

Meditate on the unattractive,
Unified, in samādhi;
With mindfulness immersed in the body,
Make much of disenchantment.

Meditate on the signless,
Throw out the underlying tendency to conceit,
And when you have a breakthrough in understanding conceit,
You will live at peace.”

“Speak only such words
As do not hurt yourself
Nor harm others.
Such speech is truly well spoken.

Speak only pleasing words,
Words received gladly;
Pleasing words are those
That don’t have bad effects on others.

Truth itself is the undying word:
This is an eternal principle.
Realists say that the Dhamma and its meaning
Are grounded in the truth.

The reliable words spoken by the Buddha
For realizing nibbāna,
And making an end of suffering:
This really is the best kind of speech.”

“His understanding is profound, he is wise,
He is skilled in knowing the path and what is not the path;
Sāriputta, of great understanding,
Teaches Dhamma to the monks.

He teaches in brief,
Or he speaks at length,
His voice, which sounds like a myna bird,
Inspires intuition.

While he teaches
The monks hear his sweet voice,
Sounding attractive,
Clear and mellifluous;
They listen joyfully
With hearts uplifted.”

“Today, on the fifteenth day uposatha,
500 monks have gathered together to purify their precepts.
These sages without affliction have cut off their fetters and bonds,
They will not be reborn again into any state of existence.

Just as a wheel-rolling emperor
Surrounded by ministers
Travels all around this
Land that is circled by sea;

So disciples with the three knowledges,
Destroyers of death,
Attend upon the winner of the battle,
The unsurpassed caravan leader.

All are sons of the Blessed One—
There is no rubbish here.
I bow to the Kinsman of the Sun,
The destroyer of the dart of craving.

Over a thousand monks
Attend on the Fortunate One
As he teaches the immaculate Dhamma:
Nibbāna, free of fear from any direction.

They hear the stainless Dhamma
Taught by the Buddha.

The Buddha is so brilliant,
Revered by the monastic Saṅgha.

Blessed One, you are called ‘elephant’,
Supreme among all sages.
You are like a great cloud
That rains on your disciples.

Setting out from his daytime dwelling
Wanting to see the teacher;
Great hero, your disciple,
Vaṅgisa bows at your feet.”

“Overcoming Māra’s devious path,
I wander with hard-heartedness dissolved.
See him, the liberator from bonds,
Unattached, teaching the Dhamma by analysing each section.

He has explained in many ways
The path to cross the flood.
Since the deathless has been explained,
The seers of Dhamma stand unshakable.

Like a piercing light,
He’s seen the transcendence of all states of rebirth;
Knowing it and witnessing it,
He taught it first to the group of five.

When Dhamma is well taught like this,
How could those that understand Dhamma be heedless?
Therefore you should train in the teaching of the Blessed One,
Heedful, and always reverent.”

“The senior monk who was awakened after the Buddha
Koṇḍañña is keenly energetic,
And regularly gains the meditative states
Of happiness and seclusion.

Whatever can be realised
By a disciple following the teacher,

He has attained it all,
Diligent in training himself.

With great power and the three knowledges,
Skilled in reading the minds of others,
Koṇḍañña, the heir to the Buddha,
Bows at the teacher's feet."

"As the sage, who has gone beyond suffering,
Sits on the mountainside,
He is attended by disciples with the three knowledges,
Destroyers of death.

Moggallāna, of great psychic power,
Searches with his mind,
Looking into their minds
For one liberated without attachments.

So they attend upon Gotama,
The sage gone beyond suffering,
Who is endowed with all attributes,
And with a multitude of qualities."

"Just as, when the clouds have vanished,
The moon shines in the sky, stainless as the sun,
So Aṅgīrasa, great sage,
Your renown outshines the entire world."

"We used to wander, drunk on poetry,
From village to village, from town to town;
Then we saw the Buddha,
Who has gone beyond all Dhammas.

He, the sage gone beyond suffering,
Taught me the Dhamma;
When we heard the Dhamma, we became confident—
Faith arose in us.

Hearing him speak of
The aggregates, the sense-bases,

And the elements, I understood.
I went forth into homelessness.

Truly, Tathāgatas arise
For the benefit of the many
Men and women
Who follow their teachings.

Truly, it is for their benefit
That the sage indeed realised awakening;
The monks and nuns, who see
The natural principles of the Dhamma.

The seer, the Buddha,
The Kinsman of the Sun,
Has well taught the four noble truths
Out of compassion for living beings.

Suffering, the origin of suffering,
The transcending of suffering ,
And the noble eight-fold path
That leads to the stilling of suffering.

As these things were spoken,
So I have seen them.
I've realized my own true goal,
The Buddha's instruction is completed.

It was so welcome for me,
As I was in the presence of the Buddha.
Of things which are shared,
I encountered the best.

I've realised the perfection of direct knowledge;
I have supernormal hearing;
I have the three knowledges and psychic powers,
I'm skilled at reading the minds of others."

"I ask the teacher unrivalled in understanding,
Who has cut off all doubts in this very life—

Has a monk died at Aggāḷava, who was
Well-known, famous, and attained to nibbāna?

Nigrodhakappa was his name;
It was given to that brahman by you, Blessed One.
Yearning for freedom, energetic, firmly seeing the Dhamma,
He wandered in your honor.

O Sakyan, who sees all around,
All of us wish to know about that disciple.
Our ears are eager to hear,
For you're truly the most excellent teacher.

Cut off our doubt, declare this to us;
Your understanding is vast, tell us of his nibbāna!
You see all around, so speak among us,
Like the thousand-eyed Sakka in the assembly of the gods!

Whatever ties there are, or paths to delusion,
Or things that are on the side of unknowing,
Or that are bases of doubt:
When it comes to the Tathāgata there are none;
Among people, his eye is the best.

For if no man were ever to disperse defilements,
Like the wind dispersing a mass of clouds,
Darkness would cover the whole world,
And even a lamp would not shine.

The wise are makers of light;
My hero, that is what I think of you.
We've come to you for your insight and knowledge:
Here in this assembly, declare to us about Kappāyana.

Swiftly send forth your sweet voice,
Like a goose stretching its neck, gently honking,
The sound is smooth, with a lovely tone:
Alert, we are all listening to you.

You have entirely abandoned birth and death;
Restrained and pure, speak the Dhamma!

Unenlightened people can't fulfil all their wishes,
But Tathāgatas can achieve what they intend.

Your answer is definitive, and we will accept it,
For you have perfect understanding.
We raise our hands in añjalī one last time,
Your understanding is unrivalled,
So do not knowingly confuse us.

Knowing the noble Dhamma from top to bottom,
Your energy is unrivalled, so do not knowingly confuse us.
Like a man in the baking summer sun would long for water,
I long for the rain of your voice to fall on my ears.

Surely Kappāyana
Did not live the spiritual life in vain?
Did he realise nibbāna,
Or did he still have a remnant of defilement?
Let us hear what kind of liberation he had!"

"He cut off craving for mind and body in this very life,
The river of darkness that had long lain within him.
He has entirely crossed over birth and death."
So declared the Blessed One, the leader of the five.

"Now that I have heard your words,
Best of sages, I am confident.
My question, it seems, was not in vain,
The brahman did not deceive me.

As he spoke, so he acted;
He was a disciple of the Buddha.
He cut the net of death the illusionist,
So extended and strong.

Blessed One, Kappāyana saw
The starting point of grasping.
He has gone beyond the realm of death,
So very hard to cross.

God of gods, best of men, I bow to you;
And to your son,
Who follows your example, a great hero
An elephant, true son of an elephant.”