Thag 16.7 — Kāḷigodhāputtabhaddiya

English translation by Bhikkhu Sujato.
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Text

Verses of the Senior Monks 16.7

The Book of the Twenties

Chapter One

Kāḷigodhāputtabhaddiya

I rode on an elephant's neck,

wearing luxurious clothes.

I ate boiled fine rice

with pure meat sauce.

Today I am fortunate, persistent,

happy with the scraps in my bowl:

Bhaddiya son of Godhā

practices absorption without grasping.

Wearing rags, persistent,

happy with the scraps in my bowl:

Bhaddiya son of Godhā

practices absorption without grasping.

Living on almsfood, persistent,

happy with the scraps in my bowl:

Bhaddiya son of Godhā

practices absorption without grasping.

Possessing only three robes, persistent,

happy with the scraps in my bowl:

Bhaddiya son of Godhā

practices absorption without grasping.

Wandering for alms indiscriminately, persistent,

happy with the scraps in my bowl:

Bhaddiya son of Godhā

practices absorption without grasping.

Sitting alone, persistent,

happy with the scraps in my bowl:

Bhaddiya son of Godhā

practices absorption without grasping.

Eating only what's put in the alms-bowl, persistent,

happy with the scraps in my bowl:

Bhaddiya son of Godhā

practices absorption without grasping.

Never eating too late, persistent,

happy with the scraps in my bowl:

Bhaddiya son of Godhā

practices absorption without grasping.

Living in the wilderness, persistent,

happy with the scraps in my bowl:

Bhaddiya son of Godhā

practices absorption without grasping.

Living at the foot of a tree, persistent,

happy with the scraps in my bowl:

Bhaddiya son of Godhā

practices absorption without grasping.

Living in the open, persistent,

happy with the scraps in my bowl:

Bhaddiya son of Godhā

practices absorption without grasping.

Living in a charnel ground, persistent,
happy with the scraps in my bowl:
Bhaddiya son of Godhā
practices absorption without grasping.
Accepting whatever seat is offered, persistent,
happy with the scraps in my bowl:
Bhaddiya son of Godhā
practices absorption without grasping.
Not lying down to sleep, persistent,
happy with the scraps in my bowl:
Bhaddiya son of Godhā
practices absorption without grasping.
Few in wishes, persistent,
happy with the scraps in my bowl:
Bhaddiya son of Godhā
practices absorption without grasping.
Content, persistent,
happy with the scraps in my bowl:
Bhaddiya son of Godhā
practices absorption without grasping.
Secluded, persistent,
happy with the scraps in my bowl:
Bhaddiya son of Godhā
practices absorption without grasping.
Aloof, persistent,
happy with the scraps in my bowl:
Bhaddiya son of Godhā
practices absorption without grasping.
Energetic, persistent,

happy with the scraps in my bowl:
Bhaddiya son of Godhā
practices absorption without grasping.
Giving up a hundred ounces of bronze,
and a hundred grains of gold,
I took a bowl made of clay:
this is my second initiation.
I used to live in a citadel with walls so high,
with battlements strong and gates,
all guarded by swordsmen—
and yet I was afraid.
Today I am fortunate, free of cowardice,
with fear and dread given up.
Bhaddiya son of Godhā
has plunged into the forest and practices absorption.
Established in the entire spectrum of ethics,
developing mindfulness and wisdom,
gradually I attained
the ending of all fetters.