Thig 3.5 — Ubbirī

English translation by Bhikkhu Sujato.
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Text

Verses of the Senior Nuns 3.5

The Book of the Threes

Ubbirī

“You cry ‘Live, my dear mother!’ in the forest.

Ubbirī, get a hold of yourself!

Eighty-four thousand people,

all named ‘Live’,

have been burnt in this funeral ground:

which one do you grieve for?”

“Oh! For you have plucked the arrow from me,

so hard to see, stuck in the heart.

You’ve swept away the grief for my daughter

in which I once was mired.

Today I’ve plucked the arrow,

I’m hungerless, quenched.

I go for refuge to that sage, the Buddha,

to his teaching, and to the Saṅgha.”