Thig 5.9 — Bhaddā of the Curly Hair

English translation by Bhikkhu Sujato.
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Text

Verses of the Senior Nuns 5.9

The Book of the Fives

Bhaddā of the Curly Hair

My hair plucked out, covered in mud,

I used to wander wearing just one robe.

I saw fault where there was none,

and was blind to the actual fault.

Leaving my day's meditation

on Vulture's Peak Mountain,

I saw the stainless Buddha

at the fore of the mendicant Saṅgha.

I bent my knee and bowed,

and in his presence raised my cupped palms.

"Come Bhaddā," he said;

that was my ordination.

"I've wandered among the Aṅgans and Magadhans,

the Vajjis, Kāsis, and Kosalans.

I have eaten the almsfood of the nations

free of debt for fifty years."

"O! He has made so much merit!

That lay follower is so very wise.

He gave a robe to Bhaddā,

who is released from all ties."