Snp 1.2 — The Wealthy Rancher

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Text

Anthology of Discourses 1.2

The Wealthy Rancher

“I’ve boiled my rice and drawn my milk,”

said Dhaniya the rancher,

“I stay with my family along the bank of the Mahī.

My hut is roofed, my sacred fire kindled:

so rain forth, heavens, if you wish.”

“I boil not with anger and have drawn out hard-heartedness,”

said the Buddha,

“I stay for one night along the bank of the Mahī.

My hut is wide open, my fire is quenched:

so rain forth, heavens, if you wish.”

“No gadflies or mosquitoes are found,”

said Dhaniya,

“cows graze on the lush meadow grass.

They get by even when the rain comes:

so rain forth, heavens, if you wish.”

“I bound a raft and prepared it well,”

said the Buddha,

“and with it I crossed over, went to the far shore, and dispelled the flood.

Now I have no need for a raft:

so rain forth, heavens, if you wish.”

“My wife is obedient, not wanton,”

said Dhaniya,

“long have we lived together happily.

I hear nothing bad about her:

so rain forth, heavens, if you wish.”

“My mind is obedient and freed,”

said the Buddha,

“long nurtured and well-tamed.

Nothing bad is found in me:

so rain forth, heavens, if you wish.”

“I am self-employed,”

said Dhaniya,

“and my healthy children likewise.

I hear nothing bad about them:

so rain forth, heavens, if you wish.”

“I am no one’s lackey,”

said the Buddha,

“with what I have earned I wander the world.

I have no need for wages:

so rain forth, heavens, if you wish.”

“I have heifers and sucklings,”

said Dhaniya,

“cows in calf and breeding cows.

I’ve also got a bull, captain of the herd here:

so rain forth, heavens, if you wish.”

“I have no heifers or sucklings,”

said the Buddha,

“no cows in calf or breeding cows.

I haven’t got a bull, captain of the herd here:

so rain forth, heavens, if you wish.”

“The stakes are driven in, unshakable,”
said Dhaniya,
“The grass halters are new and well-woven,
not even the sucklings can break them:
so rain forth, heavens, if you wish.”
“Like a bull I broke the bonds,”
said the Buddha,
“like an elephant I snapped the vine.
I will never lie in a womb again:
so rain forth, heavens, if you wish.”
Right then a vast cloud rained forth,
soaking the uplands and valleys.
Hearing the heavens rain down,
Dhaniya said this:
“It is no small gain for us
that we have seen the Buddha.
We come to you for refuge, Clear-eyed One.
O great sage, please be our Teacher.
My wife and I, obedient,
shall lead the spiritual life under the Holy One.
Gone beyond birth and death,
we shall make an end of suffering.”
“Children bring you delight!”
said Māra the Wicked,
“Cattle also bring you delight!
For attachments are a man’s delight;
without attachments there’s no delight.”
“Your children bring you sorrow,”
said the Buddha,

“Your cattle also bring you sorrow.

For attachments are a man’s sorrow;

without attachments there are no sorrows.”