Ja 430 — Cullasuka Jātaka

English translation by H. T. Francis and R. A. Neil.

Source: https://raw.githubusercontent.com/suttacentral/sc-data/2d9ca8da858f94302ed6783e2717bf73d651881b/html_text/en/pli/sutta/kn/ja/vol3/ja430.html

Source revision: 2d9ca8da858f94302ed6783e2717bf73d651881b

License: Public Domain (original English edition, published 1895–1907)

Edited by E. B. Cowell

Original edition: Cambridge University Press, volume 3, 1897

Pinned source revision: https://github.com/suttacentral/sc-data/commit/2d9ca8da858f94302ed6783e2717bf73d651881b

Scope: Complete numbered source article from the traditional Jātaka commentary; canonical verses appear in story context. This is not a verse-only edition.

Changes: Converted the pinned SuttaCentral HTML article to plain text; removed inline print page-reference labels and normalized whitespace. The original source retains references.

Text

“Lo! countless trees,” etc.—This story the Master dwelling at Jetavana told concerning the Veranja section. When the Master after passing the rainy season at Veranja in due course arrived at Savatthi, the Brethren in the Hall of Truth raised a discussion saying, “Sirs, a Tathagata, a delicately nurtured kshatriya and Buddha, though possessed of supernatural powers, at the invitation of a brahmin of Veranja stayed three months with him, and when owing to the temptation of Mara he failed to receive an alms at the hands of the brahmin, even for a single day, he gave up all covetous ways, and keeping in the same place for three months lived on water and a modicum of the ground flour of roots. [4951 Oh the contented nature of Tathagatas!” When the Master came and on inquiry learned the nature of their discussion he said, “It is no marvel, Brethren, that a Tathagata now has lost all covetousness, seeing that formerly when born in an animal form he forsook covetousness.” And hereupon he told a story of the past. The whole story is now to be related in detail in exactly the same way as in the preceding tale.

Lo! countless trees are here, all green and fruitful see!

Why, parrot, dost thou cling to this poor withered tree?

Long years we have enjoyed the luscious fruit it bare,

And tho’ it now has none, it still should claim our care.

Nor leaves nor fruit it yields, alas! the tree is dead:

Why blame thy fellow-birds, that they should all have fled?

They loved it for its fruit, and now that it has none,

Poor selfish fools! their love and gratitude is gone.

Thy gratitude I own, thy true and constant love,

Sure virtue such as this the wise will aye approve.

I offer thee, O bird, whate’er thou wilt for choice;

Tell me, I pray, what boon would most thy heart rejoice?

Would that this tree alight bear fresh leaves and fruit again;

I would be glad as they that treasure trove obtain.

Then was the tree by Sakka with ambrosia sprinkled o’er,

And boughs sprang up with cooling shade, as lovely as before.

May Sakka and all loved by Sakka blessed be,

As I to-day am blest this joyous sight to see.

Thus was the tree made fruitful by the parrot’s grateful choice,

And Sakka and his queen in groves of Nandana rejoice.

The Master, his lesson ended, identified the Birth: “In those days Sakka was Anuruddha, the parrot king was myself.”

The Jātaka, or Stories of the Buddha’s Former Births, edited by E.B. Cowell, published by The Cambridge University Press.

Vol. 1, translated by Robert Chalmers, 1895.

Vol. 2, translated by W.H.D. Rouse, 1895.

Vol. 3, translated by H.T. Francis and R.A. Neil, 1897.

Vol. 4, translated by W.H.D. Rouse, 1901.

Vol. 5, translated by H.T. Francis, 1905.

Vol. 6, translated by E.B. Cowell and W.H.D. Rouse, 1907.

These translations are in the public domain. You are free to do whatever you like with them.

Scanned, proofed and formatted at sacred-texts.com, January 2006–February 2010, by John Bruno Hare and others. Thanks to the Sacred Texts Archive for making these texts available in digital form.

Prepared for SuttaCentral by Bhikkhu Sujato.