

# Matron of the Metropolis

People were dying in famine in the city of Shravasti.  
Buddha asked his devotees,

“ Who will take the task of feeding the hungry ? ”

Ratnakar Seth lowered his head.

Folding his hands, he said,

“It is a huge hungry city.

I will not be able to satisfy its hunger.”

Nobleman Jayasen said,

“I could give my blood to save the city.

But, so much of grains I do not have.”

Dharmapal said sadly,

“Bad luck !

The famine has dried up my good farm.

Paying tax is difficult now.

I have become poor.”

Everybody was looking at the faces of others.

Nobody had a solution.

Then slowly the daughter of monk Anathapindada got up with tears.

Dharmapal said sadly,

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धर्मपाल कहा दुःख से

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धर्मपाल ने दुःख से कहा,

“Bad luck !

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दुर्भाग्य !

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The famine has dried up my good farm.

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अकाल सुखा दिया है मेरे अच्छे-खासे खेत को

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अकाल ने मेरे अच्छे-खासे खेत को सुखा दिया है ।

Paying tax is difficult now.

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कर चुकाना मुश्किल है अब

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अब कर चुकाना मुश्किल है ।

I have become poor.”

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मैं हो गया हूँ गरीब

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मैं गरीब हो गया हूँ।”

Everybody was looking at the faces of others.

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हर कोई देख रहा था दूसरों के चेहरे

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हर कोई दूसरों के चेहरे देख रहा था ।



Nobody had a solution.

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किसी के पास नहीं था हल

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किसी के पास हल नहीं था ।

Then slowly the daughter of monk Anathapindada  
1 2 3  
got up with tears.  
4 5

फिर धीरे—धीरे भिक्षु अनाथपिण्डद की बेटी उठ खड़ी हुई  
1 2 3 5  
आँसुओं के साथ  
4

फिर धीरे—धीरे भिक्षु अनाथपिण्डद की बेटी आँसुओं के साथ उठ  
खड़ी हुई।