

**M142**  
**The song of Zhyu-shi-lao.**

***Collected by Lu Xing-fu.***

Zhyu-shi-lao was the people's great sage,  
Zhyu-shi-lao was the people's great giver of names.

The people's forests were extremely black,  
The people's forests were exceedingly dark.  
5 Tigers and lions stalked their prey among the cliffs,  
Kestrels lived in the gorges,  
And stags jumped hither and thither.

While the sky remained constant,  
Zhyu-shi-lao went to cut down the forest.  
10 Zhyu-shi-lao whetted his hook to carry on his back,  
He whetted his axe to carry in his hand.

The day came when Zhyu-shi-lao went out to the cutting.  
The cutting strokes rang out as he cut down the forest,  
The cutting strokes rang out as he cut down the woods.

15 The day came when Zhyu-shi-lao's brushwood was thoroughly dry,  
And Zhyu-shi-lao went to burn it off.

Zhyu-shi-lao's brushwood burnt and scorched,  
It burnt the skins of the snakes.  
Tigers and lions fled and were gone,  
20 And stags all quit the place.

While the sky remained constant,  
Descendants of Zhyu-shi-lao multiplied and spread,  
Multiplied and filled the people's twelve villages.