

M143
The song of Zhyu-shi-lang.

Sung by Zhang Ming.

When the sky began,
And on earth Mount Ve-nzhao was set in its high place,
When the people's Zhyu-shi-lang first arrived,
He arrived, and the people's forests were black,
5 The forests whispered and sighed,
The forests were extremely black.

Zhyu-shi-lang turned all around and saw,
Saw how black the people's forests were,
How the deer all lived there,
10 And how the stags all dwelt there.
Zhyu-shi-lang was heavy hearted.

Zhyu-shi-lang turned all around and saw,
Saw how black the forests were,
How the tigers all lived there,
15 And the lions all dwelt there,
So that Zhyu-shi-lang had to build him a hide.
Zhyu-shi-lang was heavy hearted.

Zhyu-shi-lang devised a plan,
Zhyu-shi-lang returned to prepare,
20 To prepare Zhyu-shi-lang's useful tools.
All kinds he thoroughly prepared.
Zhyu-shi-lang took a hook and fastened on his back,
Took the enchanted axe to carry in his hand.

When Zhyu-shi-lang went out to the cutting,
25 His cutting strokes rang out for the benefit of posterity,
His cutting strokes rang out for the benefit of descendants.
When Zhyu-shi-lang undertook the cutting,
He cut away for three whole days,
Then he cut back and forth for three months.

30 The day came when Zhyu-shi-lang's cutting was dry,
His cutting, the trimmings and undergrowth grew yellow.
The day came when Zhyu-shi-lang went to burn it off,
Zhyu-shi-lang's cutting burnt, even what was green,
He burnt away for three whole days,
35 Then he burnt systematically back and forth for three months.

The deer fled,
Fled to the woods,
And the stags fled to the black forests.
Tigers fled to the woodlands,
40 And lions fled to the black forests.

This was Zhyu-shi-lang's memorial, for remembering,
Remembering his days and his times.
The day came when Zhyu-shi-lang's descendants multiplied,
Multiplied and filled the people's twelve villages.

45 Thus it is ended.