

M270
Thoughts of a foolish one.

Sung by a young woman from Hmao-fao-tu.

Our mother, our father will surely come,
Our mother, our father will come choosing people,
Choosing down river and receiving down river,
Choosing up river and receiving up river.

5 Our mother, our father will surely come,
Will come with pity for the land and the place,
With pity for the rocks and trees, and pity for the people.
But unbelievers and those who drink wine
Will give up their breath and go to their own place.

10 The great river flows in three streams.
From the first people may drink and never thirst.
From the second people may drink and water will flow from them.
In the third people may be washed white and clean.

15 The copper wire of our lord king, our lord ruler, came,
Came in the twenty-eighth year.
Among the people the ants were plentiful,
And if ants are making fine soil, there is no need to fear,
So the people came and each took hold of the wire.

20 Yet before they could swing it back and forth,
The wire sounded loudly
Away in the king's land,
Though it would take three days for people to travel
And reach the king's city.

25 The little chicken had no food,
When it went scratching between the ridges of corn.
So the little chicken prayed,
Prayed to the God of our Lord Jesus.
Then presently the little chicken could eat.

30 Our mother, our father will surely come,
Seeking out land and seeking out a place,
For our sons and our daughters to work.

35 The hemp that we sow now is fit but for chicken feed,
But this spring our mother, our father will give,
Give cotton for us to make up and wear,
So that getting clothes to wear will be easy.

The landlord had tiled houses for his people,
And for his cattle as well.
Our mother, our father took fine cattle and horses to sell,
To sell for silver money to go,
40 To go to the landlord's tiled house to eat.

There came a day when the soil on the mountain overturned,
Overturned the landlord's tiled house,
And all his family was carried away to their death.