

M341
Songs remembering the old folk. 1.

Sung by Yang Zhi.

Grandfather sleeps in his coffin in the earth.
Grandmother sleeps in her coffin at night.
Would that the good tree yet stood by the edge of the plain,
Would that the old tree might never have fallen!

5 Could grandfather, though sleeping, yet speak,
 Then would the old tree spring to new life,
 So that bees, in their flights to and fro, would drink from its blossoms,
 And wild bees in their flights back and forth would drink of its sap.

10 Would that the old folk had never died,
 That grand father, asleep in his coffin, could speak!
 Or rather, let the old folk be born anew,
 And let them live to a hundred years!

 Then would the children find a hiding place,
 And their descendants, something to which they could cling

15 Then might their descendants spread abroad,
 Spread abroad in their clans and resemble,
 Resemble the seed of the wild clematis,
 Or resemble the seed of the tree-creeper.

 Thus it is ended.