

M342
Song remembering the old folk. 2.

Sung by Pan Xie.

Let the good fish live in good water,
Let the hardwood tree stand in its place.

While Father lived, there was a place to forgather.
Would that the old ones still lived, for they would resemble,
5 Resemble a mother hen brooding her little ones,
Never allowing the hawk to snatch them.

While Father lived, there was a place to forgather.
Would that the old ones still lived, for they would be,
Be as a mother duck brooding her little ones,
10 Never allowing the hawk to take them.

While Father lived, there was a place to forgather.
Would that the old ones still lived, for they would be,
Be as a protecting tree standing on the mountain ridge,
A protecting tree bursting into blossom,
15 Welcoming the bees to sip from its blossom.

While Father lived, there was a place to forgather.
Would that the old ones still lived, for they would be,
Be a protecting tree standing in the mountain pass,
A protecting tree dripping with sap,
20 Welcoming the bees to drink of its sap.

While Father lived, there was a place to forgather.
Would that the old ones still lived, for they would resemble,
Resemble a firm rock standing in the midst of the plain,
Welcoming the children to hide in its shade.