

M497
Song of a poor man moving house,
Sung by a man from Hmao-a-gw-gw.

This year we may know,
Know that the man who moved was indolent.
The man who moved raised no crops,
The man who moved gathered no harvest,
5 The man who moved simply waited,
Waited each day for charity.

The sun was shining brightly,
And the sunshine made the man who moved restless.
The man who moved led,
10 Led his family away, climbing,
Climbing over mountain ranges, crying as they went.

In the sunshine the man who moved was impatient.
The man who moved led his family away, climbing,
Climbing over mountain ridges, weeping as they went,
15 For the man who moved had raised no crops,
The man who moved had gathered no harvest.

So the man who moved having no crops,
The man who moved having no harvest,
The family of the man who moved was crying,
20 Crying from hunger, hunger unsatisfied.

Since the man who moved had neglected the harvest,
What could the man who moved do for the best?
The man who moved devised a plan of action,
Devised and prepared a plan as follows:

25 The man who moved took,
Took the grazing cattle and sold them.
Sold them to get from the Chinese,
Shining silver and gold to be wrapped in his girdle and brought back.

On what was it to be spent?
30 He brought it back to relieve his family's hunger,
He brought it back to relieve his family's thirst.

Thus it is ended.