

**M054**  
**Short Poem in Chinese. Short Poem in Miao.**  
**Document L.**

Chinese Poem.

**Poem written for the Miao people in Dading.**

*By Shi Da-kai.*

(A famous general of the Tai Ping Rebellion.)

A fine, delicious wine in this great jar,  
Fit for a king, freely and jovially to partake, were he here.  
So please to raise your cup!  
When drinking with close friends, a thousand cups were too few!

Miao Poem.

**Your name is A-hmao.**

By Zhang Fei-ran

With the stars, the sun and the moon you reached the rim of the sky at the end of  
the earth,  
Your mother, your father have nourished you till now, through thousands, twice  
ten thousand years,  
That throughout the wide world none may fail to see, none may fail to know,  
A-hmao, your name is A-hmao.

You take to the mighty mountain ranges towering to the sky, shrouded in cloud  
and frost,  
You resemble the greatest mountain standing firm, with its crest covered in  
snow,  
And the great wide world, recognising greatness, raises its voice in praise,  
A-hmao, your name is A-hmao.

On mountain ranges, each place where your people arrived and set foot,  
In rice fields, each place that the hand of your people controlled and their foot  
encompassed,  
By rivers and in valleys wheresoever, industrious and caring, your mothers have  
dwelt,  
A-hmao, your name is A-hmao.

When evil men raised their hands, constantly coming to harm and destroy your  
villages one by one,  
You defended, protecting all your borders, though the blood ran knee-deep,  
But your glory remains for ever, praised by a thousand, by ten thousand  
generations,  
A-hmao, your name is A-hmao.