

**M122**  
**A hunting song. (3)**

***Sung by Zhang Wei-ching.***

This year we may know,  
Know that the woman, the mother, has given birth,  
Given birth to an eldest son.

5       The eldest son rose up,  
Arose to go from home,  
Arose to go from his place.  
For the eldest son had grown,  
Grown well and strong in his surroundings.

10       The sun rose shining brightly  
And the eldest son fed,  
Fed the black dog well.

15       The sunshine was very fine,  
And the sunshine was good,  
Good for the eldest son to go and find game.  
He found it in the people's black forest,  
He found it in the people's dark forest.

20       Where the game was, all the time the dog knew,  
Where the game was, all the time the dog saw.  
He saw that the stag was there,  
There in the black forest at the foot of the cliff.

25       Its body was the size of an ox,  
Its black ears were the size of fans,  
And its fiery eyes as big as cups.  
The people had heard of such with their ears,  
But their eyes had never seen it.

30       The eldest son's black dog,  
The black dog ran till it reached,  
Reached the place where the stag was.  
The stag jumped up  
Jumped up and bounded away into the forest.

35       The eldest son's black dog,  
The black dog followed the game as it ran.  
The dog, it chased the game,  
The game, it fled from the dog.  
It fled till it reached the edge of the people's forest,  
Here the dog brought it to bay.  
It fastened on to the stag,  
As it crossed the edge of the people's forest.

40 The eldest son called,  
Called the old folk from the village,  
Called the old folk to go and cut up the meat,  
And divide one portion for the great Drao-gha-nzhang.

Bringing it, he returned, came back and reached home.  
For the great Drao-gha-nzhang he boiled,  
45 Boiled and offered it to the great Drao-gha-nzhang.  
For they had been and found game.

Thus it is ended.