

Eternal Spring Bella Hardy

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1. Guests From Faraway Places | 远方来的客人

The toasting song of the Yi people, as learnt from Zhang Rulin in Jianshui. Featuring the singing of Zhang Rulin, and part of the toasting song of the Hani people.

Guest from faraway places, friends from four seas
Though we don't meet often we are still good friends
Yi tradition bids us, open the xing yong wine
We have so many good wines, all for our dear friends.
Drink a cup of wine please, drink a cup of wine please

2. North Winds | 北风

Words adapted from the Shijing, poems number 41 and 34. Set to the traditional tune 'Ping Sha Luo Yan' (平沙落雁, Swallows Landing in the Sand) by Bella Hardy.

Fast falls the dark and thick falls the snow
Cold the north winds blow
Nothing red is seen but foxes
Nothing black is seen but crow
You who love me, who regard me
It is time for us to go
Let us join hands together and be on our way
With no more delay

Dry are the leaves of the bitter gourd
At the crossing the ford is deep
Here at the dawning the wild goose cries
I would wait for my company
Dear Friends; Dear Family
Make haste, make ready
Let us take the way, let us go

Cold the north winds blow
Cold the north winds blow

3. Together Mountain Village | 团山村

Poem 'Together Mountain Village' by Bella Hardy. Featuring audio recorded on a train journey from Jianshui to TuanShan village.

Together Mountain Village

In the circular embrace of mountains
we go
always over the threshold, never on
it's inauspicious

Geese bicker as they waddle the silted river
Two ducks wait by the road
tied in a hessian bag,
neck holes for curious heads stuck out
next to clucking chickens in a straw carrier

The honk of the tourist train horn echoes
once, twice, san ci off the mountains
left then right

The yellow station blazes in the day's bright light
while further down,
a girl with a red parasol
walks along forgotten lines
in the company of purple flowers
on low grown bushes.

Even the flies go hungry here
A kind woman with two plastic bags on a stick
wafts them away
as I sit and get my breath
light headed in the autumn Honghe heat.

The tourist route is pricey and framed
but side ways where once visitors walked
fall to decay
Old information signs peel and rust.
Tall grasses overgrow Qing courtyards.
"A man with virtue" lived here.

I chase a ginger cat through round doorways
then stop, shy, of intruding too far

Back again I make my way
in fading sun and long shadows
with pressed flowers and a basket for my mother

At the train
the children play
in universal wonderment

And as we wait
the older women
Two or three in company
stroll along the road together
They look across their fields
in the last of the day's light.

4. Guan Guan 关关

Written by Bella Hardy and Li Jiazheng. Words adapted from the Shijing, poem number 1.

Guan Guan cry the Osprey
On the islet in the river
Guan Guan
Most virtuous lady

关关雎鸠，在河之洲
窈窕淑女，君子好逑

Here long, there short grows the duckweed
To the left, to the right, borne about by the current

参差荇菜，左右流之

Waking and sleeping he sought her, Waking and sleeping he thought of her / 求之不得
Waking and sleeping he found her not / 不得
Waking and sleeping he sought her, Waking and sleeping he thought of her / 求之不得
Waking and sleeping he found her not / 不得

Guan Guan cry the Osprey
On the islet in the river
Guan Guan
Most virtuous lady

关关雎鸠，在河之洲
窈窕淑女，君子好逑

Here long, there short grows the duckweed
To the left, to the right, we gather it and we cook it
With lutes small and large, we give her welcome
With bells and with drums let us show our delight

琴瑟友之，钟鼓乐之

Oh! Most virtuous lady

Waking and sleeping he sought her, Waking and sleeping he thought of her / 求之不得
Waking and sleeping he found her not / 不得
Waking and sleeping he sought her, Waking and sleeping he thought of her / 求之不得
Waking and sleeping he found her not / 不得

Guan Guan
Guan Guan
Guan Guan Oo Oh...

5. Green Lake | 翠湖

Poem 'Sunday in Kunming' by Bella Hardy. Featuring audio recorded at Green Lake, Kunming, including the black-headed gull of Siberia.

Sunday in Kunming

Too hot to be sat in November sun
eating western brunch
coffee and eggs
and burn on my neck
Too hot, sick and dizzy
at green lake
Too busy with music and dancing
a mad celebration, in colour and sound
and bad amplification from every direction
in circles they're stepping
fur hat calls the movements
his discipline showing
his stern face correcting
But these folks know the steps
in their patterned apparel
with cowboy hat heads
and small bells all a'ringing
from feet, belts and braces
the Yi and the Bai
and the Hani collecting.
The Yi and the Bai and the Hani...

As the music keeps singing
the gulls circle too
just returned for warm winter
their swooping and crying has the small children screaming
brought lakeside to see
much loved birds from Siberia
water lined by the people
some on boats through the middle
It is chaos and joy
it's paths lined with stalls selling
Food, clothing and trinkets
candy-floss, chips and nibbles
As we batter and bash
not a space to be had
not a space to be had...

It's too hot to be out in November sun
without a good hat and some sunscreen on
without wits, without water, somehow
caught between laughter

and overwhelmed crying;
ice-cream dropped, sticky fingered
a girl in pink velour
her face crumpled in anger.

Out by the west gate
through an archway of splendor,
of dragons and tigers
and such bright eastern wonder
a wall curves around
and there names can be found
paint and stuck A4 paper, dates and ages and heights
“Will you marry my daughter”?
“Will you marry my daughter”?

An overdue girl
who will bare only one
hides her face from the sun.

In Salvador’s safety
I sip on cheap wine
by a bowl of Sweet William
pink
the same as my garden back home.

6. (Six of the) Ten Flowers | 十朵花（中的六朵花）

Learnt from Zhang Rulin of the Yi people in the Zhu Family Garden, Jianshui. The tune is commonly known throughout Yunnan, the words are of the Yi people.

One flower blossoms
One flower blossoms
One pair of bees, one pair of bees
Come to make honey from the flowers
 Older sister, younger sister
 Love, love, love one another
 One flower blossoms

Two flowers blossom
Two flowers blossom
Two little swallows, two little swallows
Ask you to come and see the flowers
 (chorus)

Three flowers blossom
Three flowers blossom
Three little sisters, three little sisters
Come here to pick the pretty flowers
 (chorus)

Four flowers blossom
Four flowers blossom
Four little friends, four little friends
Come here to play among the flowers

(chorus)

Five flowers blossom
Five flowers blossom
Five happy mothers, five happy mothers
Come here to sit among the flowers
(chorus)

Six flowers blossom
Six flowers blossom
Six grandmothers, six grandmothers
Come to adorn you with the flowers

7. Song Work Rush Lower Village | 曲作冲下寨

Poem 'In The Ginger Fields' by Bella Hardy. Audio recorded at QuZuoChong XiaZhai (translated on the day as 'Song Work Rush Lower Village), featuring the singing of Pu Xiaofen. 贝拉·哈迪创作诗词“在姜田里”。音频录制于曲作冲下寨（在驻地采风期间翻译为“曲作冲下寨”，特点表现在普小芬的歌唱。

Leave the city limits in the morning sun
Through the toll, open the barrier to the highway,
and along
Seatbelts on
Between rice terraces and forest hills
Towards the mountains

In The Ginger Fields

Cabbage White
a fluttering reminder of home
in this field of ginger,
where heavy clay soil sticks in the knees of my jeans
and under my nails.

If feels like California here;
warm winter,
tree covered mountain,
and orange sellers by the side of the road.

The friendly woman shares her songs with me as we dig the dirt together,
snapping stems and cleaning roots
of this delicious shallow buried warmth,
this sun captured spice.

Walking by the river
the half rotten unwanted offerings of this earth
sit washed golden by the water,
gurgling over and along
to meander through these valleys.

Two dragonfly
one blue, one red,

raise my heart from this morning's frustrating disquiet;
the reason for my visit momentarily forgot
in a flurry of voices and cameras.

Now we have calm

The friendly woman
lends me her hat.
She lends me her time.
I lend her my hands to the soil.

The school children giggle and wave.
I am homesick for my valley
and grateful.

8. Gathering The Mouse-Ear | 卷耳

Words adapted from the Shijing, poem number 3. Tune by Bella Hardy. Followed by a Dai people tune 'Yue Guang Xia De Feng Wei Zhu' (月光下的凤尾竹, Hedge Bamboo Under The Moonlight) played on guzheng by Daixiao.

I was gathering and gathering the Mouse-Ear
But still I could not fill my shallow basket
And with a sigh, with a sigh for the man of my heart
I placed it down upon the highway

I was climbing that rock covered mountain
But my gallant horses grew too tired to breast it
So I will now pour a cup from the gilded vase
Hoping I may not have long to wait for him

I was climbing that tall and lofty ridge-top
But my once brave horses lost their fearless courage
So I will now take a drink from that rhinoceros horn
Hoping I may not have long to bare this sorrow

I was climbing that flat topped plateau
But my once strong horses soon became unable
And my company all did struggle
Oh how great and and how heavy is my woe

I was gathering and gathering the Mouse-Ear
But still I could not fill my shallow basket
And with a sigh, with a sigh, for the man of my heart
I placed it down upon the highway

9. Winds Whisper Inn | 微风拂晓的小酒馆

Audio recorded at Winds Whisper Inn in Huangcao Ling, featuring innkeeper Li Shimin playing 'Horse Riding' on erhu.

10. Xingxing | 繁星

Part One – Words adapted from the Shijing, poem number 21, tune by Bella Hardy.

Part Two – Words and tune by Bella Hardy, written in Huangcao Ling.

Starlets small, Starlets small, Three or five in all, Starlets small
Starlets small, Starlets small, Shining in the east, Starlets small
Swift by night we go, To the early dawn,
Our lot, is not, like hers...
Starlets small, Starlets small, Shining in the east, Starlets small

Starlets small, Starlets small, One thousand in all, Starlets small
Starlets small, Starlets small, White tiger of the west, Guard us all,
Swift by night we go, To the early dawn,
Our lot, is not, like hers...
Starlets small, Starlets small, White tiger of the west, Guard us all,
White tiger of the west, Guard us all

Yunnan,
Your stars are so beautiful
Dark skies of bright diamonds
Yunnan,
Your stars are so beautiful
They are little lights dancing
You can tell by their flashing

They are a million billion light years and a thousand unique atmospheres

Yunnan,
Some of your stars are my stars
They shine down on my valley
Yunnan,
Some of your stars are my stars
Their small voices are singing
Can't you see that they're waving

They are fascinating satellites, Orion's belt like disco lights

They are a million billion light years and a thousand unique atmospheres
They are fascinating satellites, Orion's belt like disco lights
They are a million billion light years and a thousand unique atmospheres

11. Sunrise at Yellow Grass Valley | 黄草岭的日出

Poem 'Sunrise at Yellow Grass Valley' by Bella Hardy. Featuring part of a Hani tune 'A Jiu He'
(阿究赫) played on guzheng by Daixiao.

Sunrise at Yellow Grass Valley

I caught a few quiet moments
before the sunrise
when the morning began creeping in
across the sky
above the mountain.

Red brightened the edges of the clouds,

not silver lined but ruby as slippers,
while above me still
the half moon hung
in quarter lit skies,
and stars still shone to claim the last of the night.

Here was the dawning
Before cameras and questions
Before unknown conversations
too long and too complicated to translate

Now is the full light
though still before the sunrise,
On this tourist terrace of chatter and spitting.

This is the land of cloud:
Cloud above, dotting light blue skies, now caught cream shining.
Cloud on the mountain top like smoke rising from the trees.
Cloud as a slow tsunami, gliding stealthily up the valley by the village of Huangcao ling.

All is reflected in the staggered waters below,
peach and blue, striped with the green lines of terrace walls.

In the distance
more mountains stand that could themselves be clouds,
so faint and shifting, half imagined islands
floating on a white foam sea.

Behind me
the rugged, looming crags, forest covered
stand so dark green as to be black.

Between
this vista
and this tourist station
people wake.

They dress
in four story new builds
terracotta and square in this abundance of nature.

They rise to see,
from windows
blinking, as I see
another day.

12. Yunnan | 云南

Audio recorded around Yunnan Province, November-December 2015. Featuring traditional opera at Kunming Market, Li Shimin, Pu Xiaofan, and Zhang Rulin singing the toasting song of the Yi people.