

# VARIATIONS ON THE HARP

HIDEO YAMAGUCHI

Carbasa ventis credit dubius

Navita vitae, laxos aura complecte sinus.

-Seneca, *Hercules Furens*, ll. 152-4.

One who writes in a borrowed tongue is doubly fettered with difficulties, for he has to overcome his linguistic handicap to some degree even when he has solved the problem of what he has to present to his reader. The difficulties he has to surmount become paramount when the form in which he has chosen to clothe his thought is poetry. Prudence would often dissuade him from attempting such an adventurous stunt, if not foolhardy. "For fools rush in where angels fear to tread."

The pleasure of creative expression, linguistic or otherwise, is common to every living being, however, and he has a good excuse to try his best who wishes to make an excursion, ill-equipped as he is, into the realm of fancy. His reward will be no more nor less than what his labour has earned for him.

We confront here two sides of the question in poetry, matter and language. In older narrative poetry, for example, the matter was often based on the events of the fanciful world in which people lived and the language was usually derived from everyday speech, varied with conventional, formulaic expressions and framed in traditional verse forms. So goes the gest of King Horn in the quite simple manner of a folk song:

"Alle heo ben blyþe      þat to my song ylyþe,  
a song ychulle ou singe      of Allof þe gode kynge.  
kyng he wes by weste      þe whiles hit yleste,  
and godylt his quene;      no feyrore myhte bene."

Or again in modern poetry :

“Der växte uti Hildings gård  
Två plantor under fostrarns vård.  
Ej Norden förr sett två så sköna,  
De växte herrligt i det gröna.”

(E. Tegnér, *Frithiofs Saga*, 1-4.)

Other ages have sung of other themes, ranging between man and nature, sometimes venturing far beyond into the obscure region of the supernatural, as when Dante's *alta fantasia* stretched itself towards 'un sol che tutte... l'accendea.' The poet has occasionally made diversions into the unravelled depths of his own mind, but more often returns to the great themes of Life, involving Love, Death, Time, and Eternity, to make sure of his place in the universe. He also sings of trivial events in his dreamy life, not because they are to be eternalized, but only because they are dear to his heart.

Setting aside the recondite question of poetry, whether it is mimetic or creative, one may at once admit that it is something meant to impart the audience pure pleasure. The language in which poetry has been couched to produce such pleasure has varied according to different ages with their different ideals. The same thing is witnessed both in the history of English and Japanese poetry. Through the changing ages, the language of poetry has been conventional, unconventional, plain, rhetorical, realistic, metaphysical, direct, imagistic, and otherwise, with a recurring trend to the spoken, colloquial form, as we see in "King Horn," Chaucer, Dryden, Wordsworth, and Eliot; and Kōtarō, Saisei, Chūya, and Takako in our translation.

The devices of poetic language are derived from all possible linguistic resources, phonological, lexical, syntactic, and semantic, singly or in coupling. They are employed to call the special attention of the audience or the reader, as efficient means of foregrounding some of the lasting poetic values. What has sometimes been called 'foregrounding' refers to the effect of obtrusion poetic devices make upon the recipient sense of the reader. Professor Leech (*A Linguistic*

*Guide to English Poetry*, 1969) reminds us that both deviation and regularity in language may contribute to such effects.

No one can deny the emotive effect the forcible impact of repetitive syllables makes upon his ear in the following lines of G. M. Hopkins's poem, *Binsey Poplars* :

“My aspens dear, whose airy cages quelled,  
Quelled or quenched in leaves the leaping sun,  
All felled, felled, are all felled;”

or in

“Where we, even where we mean  
To mend her we end her,  
When we hew or delve.”

In his *Rosa Mystica*, the first half-line ‘The rose in a mystery’ contains all the essential words that find themselves repeated later and developed in their full esoteric meanings before the whole poem (in eight stanzas) closes, though repetition here is irregular and free. Another formal feature which catches the eye in this poem is parallelism in its structure of refrain, which regularly occurs at the end of each of the first seven stanzas, ‘*In the gardens of God, in the daylight divine/ ..... mother mine.*”

Another source of useful poetic devices is deviation in word-formation, which produces neologisms. Hopkins was particularly fond of resorting to this source. His examples are: ‘earlstars’ in ‘her earliest stars, earlstars, stars principal’ (No. 61), ‘dusk-deep lazuli’ (No. 2), ‘field-flown’ (of the departed day) (No. 153), ‘heaven-haven’ (No. 28), etc.

Word-collocations, in which lies one of the essential clues to word-meaning, are highly variable in poetry. Deviation from the norm in this domain would produce unusual combinations of words as we often witness in Hopkins's lines. Unusual associations are sometimes made because of words' phonological similarity: blue-bleak embers (36.13), morning's minion, king-dom of daylight's dauphin (36.1-2), etc. In other examples, the newly discovered associations between words from different sense-dimensions are sometimes surprising: His rash-fresh

rewinded new skeinèd score/ In crisps of curl off wild winch whirl  
(35.6-7).

The myth-making spirit seems, besides artful alliteration, to be the ultimate motive for using certain words in collocation in some other instances: dapple-dawn-drawn Falcon (36.2).

Some of Hopkins's difficulties are said to be due to the element of irregularity or deviation in his sentence structures. Note the different positions of the adjective in: thy creature dear (34.13: axb), Being mighty a master, being a father and fond (34.14: bax, ax & b), where the normal type is /abx/. Deviation may occur in the structure of a whole sentence with its subordinate elements.

“She to the black-about air, to the breaker, the thickly  
Falling flashes, to the throng that catches and quails  
Was calling ‘O Christ, Christ, come quickly’;  
(*The Wreck of the Deutschland*, 24.5-7.)

In the last example quoted, the arrangement of words does not violate the normal order so far as to greatly obscure the meaning, but ambiguity really baffles the common reader in the following:

“Brute beauty and valour and act, oh, air, pride, plume, here  
Buckle! AND the fire that breaks from thee then,  
a billion  
Times told lovelier, more dangerous, O my chevalier!”

(*The Windhover*, 9-11.)

In our small circle of friends devoted to the study of Hopkins's poetry, we some time ago discussed these lines and never reached an agreement in our interpretation of the simple verb ‘Buckle!’. Was it an indicative or an imperative? Did it mean ‘unite’ or ‘give way’? or both? To whom did Hopkins refer by his apostrophe, ‘O my chevalier!’ Our answer here was equally undecisive despite a parallel phrase, ‘ah my dear’, harking back upon G. Herbert's poem, *Love*, a few lines below. Use of such ambiguity in poetry has been much talked about since W. Empson's days.

Very often the language of the poet mediates the intuitive meaning which is unanalyzable, but suggests itself from the context of as-

sociated words loosely hung together.

“..... How a lush-kept plush-capped sloe

Will, mouthed to flesh-burst,

Gush! — flush the man, the being with it, sour or sweet,

Brim, in a flash, full!”

(*The Wreck of the Deutschland*, 8.3-6.)

All these structural features of poetic language will finally contribute to the music, both heard and unheard, of English poetry. Simple, direct language, however, may also be the medium of expressing some poetic truth—the unadorned outpourings of the simple mind. It does not always need an elaborate language as its mouthpiece.

My own attempts made in the following pages, I confess with modesty and diffidence, only faintly respond to some of these requirements of the imaginative language I have briefly sketched above.

25 January, 1972,

At the Edgewood.

## I. LYRA MUTA

### 1. NEW YORK

Above and around  
The great life's edifice of New York  
Hangs the glimmering firmament  
—soft, saffron, tender—  
In the ling'ring evening light.  
10 March, 1962.

### 2. IN THE SAKURA PARK

The morning's grey and cold—  
The wintry wind swooping  
Upon the solitary figure of me,  
As I walk in the lane.  
Frozen twigs sing in the air,  
Criss-cross, criss-cross.  
Come on! come on!  
The bell is ringing  
In the Riverside Church.  
20 Feb., 1962.

### 3. LIFE IN SPRING

Tamakiharu inochi itohoshi  
Kozo ueshi beni-yamatsubaki  
Mebae no tashikasa!  
Fuyugumo wa hini keni usure  
Rokkō no mine ni harukusa  
Ima moyuran ka?  
Haru nareya kozo kishi tori no  
Mata kinaku  
Jinchōge saki  
Hito wa saritsutsu.

Ô Life! Dear life!

So certain of its time  
Doth the red camellia  
Bud forth in my garden.

The cloud-capp'd Rokkō  
Shakes her misty hair,  
And looks prettier this morn,  
Rosy with her first vernal smiles.

Once again I hear the song  
Of that plumèd vernal guest,  
But we bid you good-bye  
By th' flowering bush, adieu!

14 March, 1967.

#### 4 THE DARK OF NIGHT

I hear a car afar off  
Rushing like a wind,  
Into the dark of night.

I hear the striking hour  
Booming like a doom,  
In the nothingness of space.

30 October, 1967.

#### 5 THE FIRST FRIDAY NIGHT

Silence falls on the praying heads,  
Silence falls among the empty pews,  
Silence twines round the image of St. Mary;  
Blowing chrysanthemums, yellow and white,  
Deck the feet of our benign Lord.

The priest murmurs his Latin orison  
At the altar St. Teresia watches,  
And the crickets unseen voice their plaints,

Darkness looking upon us through the windows.

11 Nov., 1967.

6. A LITTLE GIRL

“Green breezes are passing,  
Green breezes are passing,  
And the little birds sing  
tirra-la-la”

So sang a little girl before me,  
As she danced down a sunny lane.

So she might get along  
In the green breezes wafting  
Across her own path of life,  
With the birds singing tirra-la-la!  
The little dancing girl so light.

13 Nov., 1967.

7. THE WAYFARER

When life is deep in snow,  
And the wayfarer has yet a while to go,  
When dark is the night,  
And no light is in sight,  
Where, O where shall I look to see  
But to Thee, O full of light, to Thee.

5 Feb., 1968.

8. IT IS SNOWY TODAY

Today it is snowy—  
Winter breathes fast in white, powdery mists—  
It breathes into your heart something cold but pure,  
Something remembered from the past  
When life was rough and hard.

Today it is snowy—

Winter breathes hard in a cold, freezing wind—  
It brings back to your memory something bitter but dear  
That happened to you so long ago,  
So long out of mind.

15 Feb., 1968.

9. TO A FRIEND

Burn, burn, flames of life,  
Once again for a little while,  
Cast away every care and woe,  
And set your soul free from strife,—  
We shall then play a merry note,  
Piping on a flute of oat.

12 March, 1968.

10. A WINGED SEED

Caught in the wind,  
Into the sky blown,  
Leaving the world below,  
My soul flies, alone,  
Like a wingèd seed  
On a vernal morn.  
Whither the wind will blow,  
Let my fancy go!

21 March, 1968.

11. THE MAGNOLIA

Silently it has come and gone,  
The harbinger bird of spring,  
    Red-breasted, songless, lone;  
Yond is the magnolia blooming,  
Large-petalled and white,  
    Gazing upon itself,  
Alone in the daylight,

Winking like an elf. 20 March, 1968.

12. HOPE

Green is my thought,  
But life is gray,  
What I have wrought  
Has turned out clay.

Green is my hope,  
When life is dark,  
For the light I grope,  
To lead to the mark

1 April, 1968.

13. SCHOOL BEGINS

School begins again today,  
A, B, C, D, E,  
The girls are hurrying to the class,  
With books under their arms,  
The teachers walk in with their notes,  
A, B, C, D, E,  
In the trees a cicada sings  
A farewell to the summer,  
A lullaby to a weary ear,  
La, la, sol, fa, mi.

11 September, 1968.

14. THE CICADAS

In their last trembling breath  
The cicadas are singing  
Their plaintive song  
For the fading glory of summer  
Shall I, too, raise a voice  
To celebrate my receding years,  
Laden with joys and woes,

And turn my face forward bravely, again?

19 September, 1968.

15. THE WORLD

The world has turned topsy-turvy,  
Who shall right it into position?  
Ask the little bird when he comes,  
Though it is silent for a long while

21 Nov., 1968.

16. REQUIESCAT

In her last sleep  
She looked like an angel,  
Calm and graceful  
In spiritual quietness.

In the fire that burned  
I heard the sound  
That the ascending soul doth make  
No more in earthly life,  
She rests in endless peace.

11 December, 1968.

17. RED PERSIMMONS

The voices are chanting the sutras  
For Sister's burial in the temple—  
In the backyard are the persimmons red,  
And the ginko trees in golden leaves.

15 December, 1968.

18. HEU, QUAM TEMPUS FUGIT!

I once saw a tiny bluish flower  
Clinging to a rugged wall of stone,  
Alive where so little fed its life,  
In the wind and the rain so cold.

I was then a little child,  
And wondered what it meant to me.  
I see again a wee little grass  
Shaking in the freezing air,  
Bearing its seeds full on its stem,  
Alone on a soilless rock.  
I am now in good old age,  
And wonder what it all means to me.  
I am asking the question again.  
O! the time that has flown from me!  
17 Feb., 1969.

19. A MAY MORNING

On a fine May morning,  
I blow a hornpipe into the air,  
A melody half-remembered, half-forgotten,  
Of the days long past,  
Never-returning —  
Something important, yet trivial,  
That finds an echo in my heart.  
9 May, 1969.

20. IN JUNE

At Nara  
Kusumitaru  
Mukashi no awo no  
Suemono no  
Hikari yoroshimo  
Shizumori no naka ni.

How well sits  
The light serene  
On a porcelain blue of old,  
In the depth of quiet  
As it quaintly lies.

In Osaka  
Jin-ai ni  
Kirau taito no  
Haru nareya  
Yuku tomo nashi ni  
Ware wa yuku kamo.

Here's spring  
In the City,  
Great and dusty—  
As I pass by  
Dazed and aimless.

Near Home  
Iyeji naru  
Sakamichi kureba  
Itadori no  
Ni no ho nobitsutsu  
Natsu to narinikeri.

Up a slope that homewards leads  
As I slowly climb and look,  
Lo! the growing tender leaves  
Of reddish *itadori*—  
Summer is there!

By the Stream  
Yugure no  
Tasogaregawa ni  
Tachishi ko ga  
Nagete saritaru  
Akaki hana kamo.

A little boy had come and stood  
By a darkling creek—  
Flowers red and round  
He strewed therein  
And away he ran.

At Church  
Teresia wa  
Kiyoku shizuka ni  
Fushime nari  
Christo ten ni  
Agerareshi yoru.

Serene and spotless  
St. Teresia stands  
With downcast eyes—  
This is the night when  
Christ to heaven was lifted up.  
June, 1969.

21 THE WORLD FOR EVER AND A DAY

It is a fallen world, this,  
With its broken image,  
Shadows, sadness, bitterness.  
Still the men and women  
May go rejoicing, quarrelling,  
For ever and a day.  
For its sadness I love the world,  
For its vainness I sorrow for the world.  
My heart goes on throbbing for it  
For ever and a day.  
8 August, 1969.

22. THE SONG OF THE CRICKET

Chirrup, chirrup, chirrup,  
Have you yet made up  
Your mind today?  
Chirrup, chirrup, chirrup,  
Summer's golden cup  
Is no longer full.  
Chirrup, chirrup, chirrup,

The wind is rising,  
Will you go or stay?  
28 August, 1969.

23. THE YOSOYAGAWA

Yosoyagawa  
Kyō mo hi wa teri  
Atagoyama  
Wagaya no kata ni  
Kagiroi tatsumo.

On the river Yosoyagawa today  
Falls the golden sunlight;  
There on Atago where's my home  
The burning air rises in flame.  
21 September, 1969.

24. THE NOVEMBER WIND

The tall grasses are waving,  
The tall grasses are waving,  
With their clusters of tiny, golden flowers,  
In the cold November wind,  
Like my soul forlorn,  
Bending, nodding and rising again,  
On a wind-swept hill,  
Under the pale, wan-light sun.  
The tall grasses are waving.  
4 Nov., 1969.

25. LOOK DEEP DOWN

Deep down into the cave  
Sink, sink, sink—  
Deep down into the hollow,  
Down, down, down—  
What you find there bring back,

Hold it to the light,  
The iridescent thing,  
Ere it should turn grey,  
And examine it close  
Before it turns to dust  
At the touch of the air.  
Look deep down  
Into the dark below  
For what it casts up,  
For what it holds.

9 March, 1970.

25. A KITE

I flew a kite into the sky,  
It flew away into the clouds,  
I ran and ran I knew not where,  
But lost sight of the flying kite,  
It vanished into nothingness,  
I was a little helpless boy.  
I trod my way to the far-off end,  
It stretched away endlessly,  
I worked and worked I knew not how,  
But lost sight of the receding path,  
And now I stand in a strange place,  
Where I brood a greyish man.

March, 1970.

26. THE MORNING

I hear the throb of the awakening morn,  
Growing louder every moment,  
Throb, throb, throb of the engine,  
Roll of the wheels,  
The hum of the pregnant air,  
And the chirp of the half-asleep sparrow,

The morning is awakening.

21 May, 1970.

27. IN MEMORIAM PROF. SHIZUKA SAITO

Ametsuchi wo yuriugokashite

Arashisuru yūbe wo kimi wa

Amagakeri seri.

On the wings of a storm at night  
That shook the world to its root,  
His soul ascended  
Like a homing dove.  
6 July, 1970.

28. THE CICADA

A cicada is singing—

Of what does she sing?

Of her short life

Or of her joy?

Ceaseless is her song

As if time were endless,

But when it ends suddenly,

How transient life seems!

29 July, 1970.

29. STEPS TO HEAVEN

I saw a spiring flight of steps,

Of burning clouds rising upwards

From the top of the darkening hill,

Broad at the base,

But tapering at the end

Into the highest part of the void.

I saw a wingèd soul that flew

Up those steps that endless rose

Into the world of eternity,

At the sun-set hour  
Of a long summer's day.  
—Flash me down a sign,  
O sister, if perchance  
Thou livest up there!  
20 July, 1970.

30. SILENCE

It is all silence outside the window and within.  
Tall grasses and bare trees rise  
In the breezeless air—  
The birds are gone now  
And are silent on the hill.  
The gray sky peeps down  
On the lone soul within.  
Then comes a cold shower  
With the suddenness of sorrow.  
All is silent within and without.  
10 Nov., 1970.

31. WE SHALL GROW OLD TOGETHER

She saw a gray hair  
On my brow  
One late April evening  
On a rainy day.  
“I should grow old, too,”  
My dear wife said with a sigh  
And so she would be,  
Ay, the two of us together,  
In life's sunset days.  
Late Spring, 1971.

32. THE SIRENS

Far out in the wild, wild sea

There rises a steep, rugged rock,  
Where the weird sirens sing,  
Who call out to voyagers all,  
"Come, come live with me!"  
Middle in the stream of life  
We suddenly meet a snare,  
Into which we unwitting fall,  
Never to rise again,  
A life-long prey.

Perhaps there awaits a glory  
For us, who can tell?

15 June, 1971.

33. A SPARROW

They saw the danger—  
One sparrow swished down from above,  
Another flew up from below,  
Another circled round it quick,  
Their mate, with life in suspense;  
It fluttered desperately,  
Trying to free itself helplessly,  
A dangling sparrow caught by a wire,  
Taut across the roofs and a pole.  
They chattered and rushed,  
Met and flew away.  
A moment later they came back again,  
To carry off the hanging mate in vain.  
O help! Heavenly spirit!  
Watch the bird!  
Yet again the twittering sparrows tried,  
Fluttering past the captured one,  
And they were gone.  
A long moment of empty silence—  
Then, suddenly the bird shook itself free

And flew away to be seen no more. 21 July, 1971.

34. THE MORNING ON THE HILLS

The calm is on the hills,  
White clouds float banking in the sky.  
The morning reigns here  
On everything below,  
On the trees, the ponds, the trails,  
The precipitous valleys descending deep,  
On the lone soul of mine,  
Looking out into the light,  
As the world slowly awakens for the day  
1 September, 1971.

35. ALONE

Between sleep and study  
I sit alone  
In my chair  
This summer afternoon  
Of a long, weary day—  
Somewhere there is a cicada  
Chirping its life away  
Alone.  
19 August, 1971.

36. LIFE'S MORNING

Copper leaves,  
Golden leaves,  
Falling, falling, falling  
In the silence of the morning,  
As I trudge up a hill,  
In the pale autumnal light,  
Slowly, pensively,  
Copper leaves,

Golden leaves,  
Carpeting the path.

19 Nov., 1971.

37. CLOUDS IN THE SKY

A speck of white cloud  
In the late autumnal sky,  
Floating as lonely as my soul,  
Adrift, aimless, yet intent  
In the vast vacant life.

It looks down, and I look up,  
In common thought. 25 Nov., 1971.

38. AN EPILOGUE

My Way  
Koshi michi wo  
Kaerimisureba  
Tōjiroshi  
Tabi-yukite  
Waga yukiyamanukamo.

As I look back upon my way  
That I have traced until today,  
It sinks into the distance, long and white,  
But still I press on with endless steps,  
Plodding traveller that I am.

## II

### 1. ああ大和にしあらましかば

薄 田 泣 董

ああ、大和にしあらましかば、  
いま神無月、  
うは葉散り透く神無備の森の小路を、  
あかつき露に髪ぬれて、往きこそかよへ、  
斑鳩へ。平郡のおほ野、高草の  
黄金の海とゆらゆる日、  
塵居の窓のうは白み、日ざしの淡に、  
いにし代の珍の御経の黄金文字、  
百済緒琴に、祝ひ瓮に、彩画の壁に  
見ぞ恍くる柱がくれのたたずまひ、  
常花かざす芸の宮、齋殿深に、  
焚きくゆる香ぞ、さながらの八塩折  
美酒の甕のまよはしに、  
さこそは酔はめ。

新墾路の切畑に、  
赤ら橘葉がくれに、ほのめく日なか、  
そことも知らぬ静歌の美し音色に、  
目移しの、ふとこそ見まし、黄鶯の  
あり樹の枝に、矮人の楽人めきし  
戯ればみを。尾羽身がろさのともすれば、  
葉の漂ひとひるがへり、  
籬に、木の間に、——これやまた、野の法子児の  
化のものか、夕寺深に声ぶりの、  
読経や、——今か、静ころ  
そぞろありきの在り人の  
魂にしも泌み入らぬ。

## II. FROM THE JAPANESE

### 1. WOULD THAT I WERE IN YAMATO

By SUSUKIDA KYŪKIN

O! Would that I were in Yamato now,  
In this month of October!  
Along a woody lane in Kannabi  
Under the sparse leaves bereft of their mates,  
You wend your way at dawn, your tresses wet with dew,  
To Icaruga ward. On the Heguri plain  
The tall grasses are waving in a golden sea;  
Through the dust-covered window, powdery white,  
Pale sun-rays are falling on the quaint, old sutras writ in gold,  
A stringèd harp of Korea Old, ritual pots, and frescoed walls,  
Half-hid behind the pillars, a lovely scene,  
In a palace of Muse decked with fadeless flowers gay,  
The incense burning in the inmost sanctuary,  
Like as the smell of mellow, double-brewed wine,  
Which snare-like sends you giddy with joy.

In a clearing by the new-built road,  
Behind the reddish orange leaves, in the glimmering sun,  
A sweet rural tune sounds, you know not whence,  
You look around, and chance to see a jaunty magpie,  
On a near-by bough, frolicking like a pigmy player.  
Floating in plumèd cloaks so light,  
He hovers in the air like a leaf adrift,  
Now on the hedge, now among the trees—  
What now? is it a foundling  
Of a fairy race that in an evening cell intones  
The holy text in a deep, guttural voice?—  
This instant does it sink into the soul of a stroller  
Placid in mind, and slow in steps.

日は木がくれて、諸とびら  
ゆるにきしめく夢殿の夕庭寒に、  
そそ走りゆく乾反葉の  
白膠木、榎、凍、名こそあれ、葉広菩提樹、  
道ゆきのさざめき、諳に聞きほくる  
石廻廊のたたずまひ、振りさけ見れば、  
高塔や、九輪の錆に入日かけ、  
花に照り添ふ夕ながめ、  
さながら、緋衣の裾ながに地に曳きはへし、  
そのかみの学生めきし浮歩み、——  
ああ大和にしあらましかば、  
今日神無月、日のゆふべ、  
聖ごころの暫しをも、  
知らましを、身に。

## 2. 蔵 王 山

斎 藤 茂 吉

蔵王をのぼりてゆけば  
みんなみの吾妻の山に  
雲の居る見ゆ

たち上る白雲のなかに  
あはれなる山鳩啼けり  
白くものなかに

The sun went down behind the trees,  
All the doors in the Hall of Dreams  
Creak to slowly, leaving the backyard to darkness and cold,  
Where dry and wrinkled leaves are scurrying along  
Of lacquer trees, hackberries, sandalwoods, the famed  
    broad-leaved linden-tree ;  
The voices are heard of people coming,  
Which intent on hearing stands the paved cloister.

\*

High above you see a storied tower,  
Whose nine rusty roofs send back the dying rays,  
Vying with the flowers on the evening scene ;  
On such a scene, if you would go,  
As did an ancient student on sprightly steps,  
With his sable cloak of the holy order trailing behind—  
Ah! if I were in Yamato  
Now in October towards the evening of the day,  
I would know, if for the moment,  
The devout thoughts of a holy sage.

## 2. MT. ZAO

By SAITŌ MOKICHI

As I come up  
    Mt. Zao higher,  
I ken in the south,  
    Atop the peaks in Azuma,  
    White clouds afloat.

In the rising clouds  
    So fleecy white,  
I hear a dove  
    Cooing alone  
In the rising clouds

ま夏日の日のかがやきに  
桜実<sup>は</sup>熟<sup>み</sup>て黒<sup>し</sup>も  
われは食<sup>み</sup>たり

あまつ日に目蔭<sup>を</sup>すれば  
乳<sup>いろ</sup>の湛<sup>かな</sup>しき  
みづ<sup>うみ</sup>の見<sup>ゆ</sup>

死<sup>にし</sup>づむ火山<sup>の</sup>うへに  
わが母<sup>の</sup>乳汁<sup>の色</sup>の  
みづ<sup>見</sup>ゆるかな

ひんがしの遠空<sup>にして</sup>  
一<sup>すぢ</sup>のひかりは悲<sup>し</sup>  
荒磯<sup>しら</sup>なみ

### 3. う つ し 身

斎 藤 茂 吉

雨<sup>にぬ</sup>るる 広葉<sup>細</sup>葉<sup>の</sup>  
若<sup>葉</sup> 森  
あ<sup>が</sup>言<sup>ふ</sup>こゑ<sup>の</sup>  
やさしく<sup>きこ</sup>ゆ

いとまなき吾<sup>なれば</sup>  
いま時<sup>の間</sup>の青葉<sup>の</sup>揺<sup>も</sup>  
見<sup>む</sup>としお<sup>も</sup>ふ

In the glare bright  
Of a summer's day,  
The black cherries  
Are so rich and ripe,  
I have pluck'd them to eat.

With my hand I shade  
My eyes from the sun,  
There I scan a lake  
Full of milky waters,  
So sad to the sight.

Atop a volcano  
Sunk low in death  
I scan a pool  
As white as the milk  
My mother gave me to suck.

In the distant east,  
Beyond the sky,  
I see a pale streak  
Of light where on the shore  
White waves are bickering.

### 3. MORTAL LIFE

By SAITŌ MOKICHI

The rain is falling  
On the broad leaves and slender  
Of this verdant wood—  
Even the accents of my words  
Fall soft and kind.

Bereft of time  
As I am now,  
Even for a moment  
I would gaze on  
The waving leaves so green.

しみじみとおのれ親しき  
朝じめり  
墓原の蔭に道ほそるかな

うつしみは死しぬ此のごと  
吾は生きて  
夕いひ食しに  
帰りなむいま

#### 4. さんげの心

齋藤茂吉

雪のなかに  
日の落つる見ゆほのほのと  
懺悔の心かなしかれども

こよひはや  
学問したき心起りたり  
しかすがにわれは  
床にねむりぬ

風ひきて寝てるたりけり  
窓の戸に雪ふる聞ゆ  
さらさらといひて

雪のうへ照る日光の  
かなしみに  
我がつく息は  
ながかりしかも

How close is  
Myself to me  
This rainy morning,  
The path tapering out  
Beyond the graveyard.

So has a mortal life  
Passed away today,  
Yet I will live,  
To dine for the night,  
Let me go home now.

#### 4. CONTRITION

By MOKICHI

The sun is seen  
To set in the snow,  
In faint streaks of light,  
While my rueful heart  
Bleeds so deep.

This very evening  
I took it into my mind  
To go the way of learning,  
But I went to bed and slept  
For all that and all that.

As I lay in bed  
With a bad cold,  
I heard on the window-lattice  
The sound of the falling snow,  
Rustling ever so faint.

On the snow there fell  
The sunshine white,  
Saddening my heart,  
I heaved a sigh  
Ever so deep, so deep.

「おひろ」より  
なげかへばものみな暗し  
ひんがしに出づる星さへ  
あかからなくに  
(以上すべて「赤光」より。)

5. アヴェ マリヤ

三 木 露 風

桔梗の花の、  
うすむらさき、  
香台に咲く、  
夏の朝。

修道女が被ぎのころも、  
弥撒に行く、  
廊下の壁の、  
冷やかなそのかげ。

アヴェ マリヤ  
アヴェ マリヤ  
アヴェ マリヤ  
鐘そぞろなり。

日出でて早や扉の鍵に照り、  
山の林静かに、  
見ゆる海も静かに、  
丘よりのぼる祈禱の声。

6. 帰 帆

三 木 露 風

船はゆめごこち、ひとり帰る。  
ああ、ゆめごこち、茜の船。  
暮れゆく空を漕ぎて帰る。

## SORROW

In my sorrows I see  
Everything in sombre hues,  
Even the eastern star,  
The light of the evening sky,  
Hangs low and lustreless.

## 5. AVE MARIA

By MIKI ROFŪ

It is morning in summer—  
The bell flowers are blooming,  
Pale purple flowers,  
On a censer table ;  
The sisters in hooded robes,  
Going to the mass,  
Their shadows falling  
Coldly on the cloister-walls.

Ave Maria !  
Ave Maria !  
Ave Maria !

The bells are chiming somewhere.  
The sun is up, shining now on the door-key,  
It is quiet in the woods,  
Quiet on the sea in view,  
The prayers rising thick from the hillside.

## 6. HOME-SAILING

By MIKI ROFŪ

The ship sails home alone, tossed in a dream.  
Ah! the raddled ship goes, tossed in a dream.  
She is oaring home through the darkening sky.

見れどあかぬ夕、  
しづけき祈空に聞ゆる。  
星のかなたにひびく歎乃(なな)。

7. さびしきみち

高村光太郎

かぎりなくさびしけれども  
われは  
すぎこしみちをすてて  
まことにこよなきちからのみちをすてて  
いまだしらざるつちをふみ  
かなしくもすすむなり  
——そはわがころのおきてにして  
またわがころのよろこびのいづみなれば  
わがめにみゆるものみなくしくして  
わがてにふるるものみなたへがたくいたし  
されどきのふはあぢきなくもすがたをかくし  
かつてありしわれはいつしかにきえさりたり  
くしくしてあやしけれど  
またいたくしてなやましけれども  
わがころにうつるもの  
いまはこのほかになければ  
これこそはわがあたらしきちからならめ  
かぎりなくさびしけれども  
われはただひたすらにこれをおもふ  
——そはわがころのさげびにして  
またわがころのなぐさめのいづみなれば  
みしらぬわれのかなしく  
あたらしきみちはしろみわたれり  
さびしきはひとのよのことにして  
かなしきはたましひのふるさと  
ころよわがころよ

What a charm this evening holds for one to see!  
Silent prayers are heard in the sky.  
Sailors' songs are echoing beyond the stars.

## 7. A LONELY ROAD

By TAKAMURA KŌTARŌ

Lonely, O ever so lonely,  
I have left behind  
The old path that I came,  
The path of power, of charm without compare,  
Into an unknown road turning,  
Heavy with new sorrows.

—Here I obey the laws of my heart,  
Here I seek the fount of the joys of my heart.

Strange is everything that I can see,  
Painful past endure is all that I can touch ;  
All my yesterday, in vain, has faded out of sight,  
And my former Self was gone I know not when.  
Strange and weird,  
Painful and annoying,  
The only shadows  
Mirrored in my heart,  
These are my new power, ah! what else?  
Lonely, O ever so lonely,  
I muse on them alone.

—Here do I shout my heart's inmost song,  
Here rises the source of my heart's comfort.

Rueful stand I, a stranger on the road,  
That untrodden stretches far and dim.  
In loneliness is man's abode,  
In sorrow the home of his soul.  
My heart, O my heart!

ものおぢするわがころよ  
おのれのすがたこそずゐちなれ  
さびしきにわうごんのひびきをきき  
かなしさにあまきもつやくのほひをあぢはへかし  
——そはわがころのちちははにして  
またわがころのちからのいづみなれば

## 8. 山

高村光太郎

山の重さが私を攻め囲んだ  
私は大地のそそり立つ力をところに握りしめて  
山に向つた  
山はみじろぎもしない  
山は四方から森厳な静寂をこんこんと噴き出した

たまらない恐怖に  
私の魂は満ちた  
ととつ、とつ、ととつ、とつ、と  
底の方から脈うち始めた私の全意識は  
忽ちまつばだかの山脈に押し返した

「無窮」の力をたたへろ  
「無窮」の生命をたたへろ  
私は山だ  
私は空だ  
又あの狂つた種牛だ  
又あの流れる水だ  
私の心は山脈のあらゆる隅々をひたして  
其処に満ちた  
みちはじけた

My little, timid heart!  
Peerless is thy own image. O hear!  
Loneliness speaks with a golden tongue,  
Know that sorrow is scented with myrrh so sweet  
—Here's the life has fathered my heart,  
The spring whence she has drunk her power.

## 8. THE MOUNTAIN

By TAKAMURA KŌTARŌ

The gravity of the mountain pressed around me,  
I stood against the mountain,  
With the towering force of the great earth gripped in my mind,  
But the mountain did not budge an inch.  
The mountain spouted forth solemn solitude from all around.  
  
With fears past endure  
Was my soul filled.  
Thud, thud, thud, thud, thud  
Began my whole consciousness to beat its pulse from the depth,  
Pressing back suddenly towards the naked mountain range.  
  
Praise the power of "eternity".  
Praise the life of "eternity".  
I am the mountain.  
I am the sky.  
I am that mad bull, too.  
I am the flowing water, too.  
My heart, dipping every corner of the range,  
Filled there,  
Burst there.

山はからだをのして波うち  
際限のない虚空の中へはるかに  
又ほがらかに  
ひびき渡った  
秋の日光は一ぱいにかがやき  
私は耳に天空の勝鬨をきいた

山にあふれた血と肉のよろこび！  
底にはほゑむ自然の慈愛！  
私はすべてを抱いた  
涙がながれた

## 9. 千鳥と遊ぶ智恵子

高村光太郎

人つ子ひとり居ない九十九里の砂浜の  
砂にすわって智恵子は遊ぶ。  
無数の友だちが智恵子の名をよぶ。  
ちい、ちい、ちい、ちい、ちい——  
砂に小さな趾あとをつけて  
千鳥が智恵子に寄って来る。  
口の中でいつでも何か言ってる智恵子が  
両手をあげてよびかへす。  
ちい、ちい、ちい——  
両手の貝を千鳥がねだる。  
智恵子はそれをぱらぱら投げる。  
群れ立つ千鳥が智恵子をよぶ。  
ちい、ちい、ちい、ちい、ちい——  
人間商売さらりとやめて、  
もう天然の向うへ行ってしまった智恵子の  
うしろ姿がぼつんと見える。  
二丁も離れた防風林の夕日の中で  
松の花粉をあびながら私はいつまでも立ち尽す。

The mountain stretched itself in undulations  
Far away into the infinite void,  
Sounding forth ever so loud  
In cold, clear clangs.  
The autumn sun shone everywhere in all its radiance,  
I heard the shouts of triumph in the skies.  
  
The joys of flesh and blood abounding in the mountain!  
The merciful love of the smiling Nature hid in the depth!  
I embraced them all.  
Tears overflowed.

## 9. CHIEKO AND THE PLOVERS

By TAKAMURA KŌTARŌ

Alone, not a soul besides, on the sands of the Long Beach,  
Chieko plays with herself.  
A flock of innumerable companions call Chieko by her name,  
Cheep, cheep, cheep, cheep—  
The plovers come up to Chieko,  
Tracing their tiny fylfots on the sands.  
Chieko mutters to herself, and again muttering,  
Answers back, both her hands raised,  
Cheep, cheep, cheep—  
The plovers all cry for the shells in her hands,  
So she throws them in little showers.  
The plovers rising in a flock call Chieko,  
Cheep, cheep, cheep, cheep, cheep—  
Her human lot Chieko claims no more,  
For she has passed beyond the bar of Nature,  
I see her lonely figure down there, her back turned towards me.  
In the evening sun that falls on this wood, a long way off from  
her,  
I stand for ever under a shower of pollen from the pines.

## 10. 少年時

中原中也

黝い石に夏の日が照りつけ、  
庭の地面が、朱色に睡ってるた。  
地平の果に蒸気が立って、  
世の亡ぶ兆のやうだった。  
麦田には風が低く打ち、  
おぼろで、灰色だった。  
翔びゆく雲の落とす影のやうに、  
田の面を過ぎる、昔の巨人の姿——

夏の日午過ぎ時刻  
誰彼の午睡するとき、  
私は野原を走って行った……  
私は希望を唇に噛みつぶして  
私はギロギロする目で諦めてゐた……  
噫、生きてゐた、私は生きてゐた！

## 11. 失せし希望

中原中也

暗き空へと消え行きぬ  
わが若き日を燃えし希望は。  
夏の夜の星の如くは今もなほ  
暁きみ空に見え隠る、今もなほ。  
暗き空へと消えゆきぬ  
わが若き日の夢の希望は。  
今はた此処に打伏して  
獣の如くは、暗き思ひす。  
そが暗き思ひいつの日  
晴れんと知るよしなくて、

## 10. IN MY BOYHOOD

By NAKAHARA CHŪYA

On a dark-blue rock the summer sun shone,  
The garden-plot was asleep in vermilion.  
Vapors were rising in the farthest horizon,  
Like an omen of the death of the world.  
The wind was lashing low in the cornfield,  
It was hazy, it was gray.

Like the falling shadow of wingèd clouds,  
Passed the paddy-fields the figure of a Giant Old.  
The hour was past the noon of a long summer's day,  
When everyone had a siesta,  
I went rushing across a field——  
I bit Hope on my lips;  
Despair seized me, glaring in my eyes——  
Ah! but I was alive, I was alive.

## 11. L'ESPOIR ABANDONNÉ

Par NAKAHARA CHŪYA

——Dans le ciel obscur il s'est en allé,  
L'espoir brûlant de ma jeunesse.  
——Comme une étoile d'été,  
Il se voit et se cache dans le firmament.  
——Dans le ciel obscur il s'est en allé,  
Le rêve et l'espoir de ma jeunesse.  
——Voici je me couche bas dès maintenant,  
Comme une bête noire, dans la pensée lugubre.  
——Quand cette pensée obscure s'éclaircirait  
Je ne sais jamais.

溺れたる夜の海より  
空の月、望むが如し。  
その浪はあまりに深く  
その月はあまりに清く、  
あはれわが若き日を燃えし希望の  
今ははや暗き空へと消え行きぬ。

12. 生ひ立ちの歌

中原中也

I

幼年時  
私の上に降る雪は  
真綿のやうでありました

少年時  
私の上に降る雪は  
霰のやうでありました

十七——十九  
私の上に降る雪は  
霰のやうに散りました

二十一——二十二  
私の上に降る雪は  
雹であるかと思はれた

二十三  
私の上に降る雪は  
ひどい吹雪とみえました

二十四  
私の上に降る雪は  
いとしめやかになりました——

II

私の上に降る雪は  
花びらのやうに降ってきます

—C'est comme si on regardait à la lune du ciel,  
En se noyant dans la mer nocturne.

—Mais si profondes étaient les vagues,  
Si pure était la lune,

Ah ! l'espoir brûlant de ma jeunesse,  
Il s'est évanoui à cette heure dans le ciel obscur.

## 12. A SONG OF MY LIFE

By NAKAHARA CHŪYA

### I

When a child  
The snow fell on me  
Like fine, soft cotton.

When a boy  
The snow fell on me  
Like wet, cold sleet.

From seventeen to nineteen  
The snow fell on me  
Like scattering hails.

From twenty to twenty-two  
The snow fell on me  
As hailstones hard.

At twenty-three  
The snow fell on me  
Like a blinding blizzard.

At twenty-four  
The snow fell on me  
Very quiet and gently.

### II

The snow falls on me now  
Like petals of flowers,

薪の燃える音もして  
凍るみ空の黝む頃

私の上に降る雪は  
いとなよびかになつかしく  
手を差伸べて降りました

私の上に降る雪は  
熱い額に落ちもくる  
涙のやうでありました

私の上に降る雪に  
いとねんごろに感謝して、神様に  
長生したいと祈りました

私の上に降る雪は  
いと貞潔でありました

13. 原体 剣舞連  
(mental sketch modified)

宮 沢 賢 治

Dah-dah-dah-dah-dah-sko-dah-dah!

こよひ異装のげん月のした  
鶏の黒尾を頭巾にかざり  
片刃の太力をひらめかす  
原体村の舞手たちよ  
若やかに波だつむねを  
アルペン農の辛酸に投げ  
ふくよかにかがやく頬を  
高原の風とひかりにささげ  
菩提樹皮と縄とをまとふ  
気圏の戦士わが朋たちよ  
青らみわたる瀬気をふかみ  
檜と榎とのうれひをあつめ  
蛇紋山地に籐をかかげ

When the faggot-fire crackles  
And the freezing sky darkens.

The snow fell on me  
So gracefully, wistfully,  
Extending its hand towards me.

The snow fell on me  
Like the drops of tears  
Falling on my heated brow.

The snow that fell on me  
I thanked for it kindly,  
And prayed to God for a long life.

The snow fell on me,  
It was ever so chaste.

13. THE SWORD-DANCERS' TROUPE OF HARATAI  
—A MENTAL PICTURE

By MIYAZAWA KENJI

Dah-dah-dah-dah-dah-sko-dah-dah!  
Tonight under the crescent moon,  
On their head-dress black feathers flown,  
Dancers in disguise, men of Haratai,  
Blandish high one-bladed swords,  
And throw up their youthful chests, heaving,  
To the hardships of Alpine farming;  
Their shining cheeks, so plump and soft,  
To the highland wind and light they dedicate,  
Clad in linden bark, with rope for girdle,  
Warriors of the air, my comrades all.  
In the depth of empyrean blue,  
Gather the griefs of oak and beech,  
Build a bonfire on the serpentine rocks,

ひのきの髪をうちゆすり  
まるめろの匂のそらに  
あたらしい星雲を燃せ

dah-dah-sko-dah-dah

肌膚を腐植と土にけづらせ  
筋骨はつめたい炭酸に粗び  
月月日光と風とを焦慮し  
敬虔に年を累ねた師父たちよ  
こよひ銀河と森とのまつり  
准平原の天末線に  
さらにも強く鼓を鳴らし  
うす月の雲をどよませ

Ho! Ho! Ho!

むかし達谷の悪路王  
まっくらくらの二里の洞  
わたるは夢と黑夜神  
首は刻まれ漬けられ

アンドロメダもかがりにゆすれ

青い仮面このこけおどし  
太刀を浴びてはいっぷかぶ  
夜風の底の蜘蛛おどり  
胃袋はいてぎったぎた

dah-dah-dah-dah-dah-sko-dah-dah

さらにも強く刃を合はせ  
四方の夜の鬼神をまねき  
樹液もふるふこの夜さひとよ  
赤ひたたれを地にひるがへし  
電雲と風とをまつれ

dah-dah-dah-dahh

Shake up the locks of cypress trees,  
And into the void of quince-scented air  
Kindle your new-born nebula aflame!

Dah-dah-sko-dah-dah!

Their skins grazed by the mould and soil,  
Their brawns washed by cold carbonic acid,  
Harried month after month by sunshine and wind,  
Pious fathers hoary in age.

Tonight's the fête for the Milky Way and Woods,  
On the plateau where heaven and earth do meet,  
Beat your drums hard and harder,  
Let the echo resound in the clouded moon.

Ho! Ho! Ho!

Long ago had the Evil One,\*  
Prince of the dark two-mile cave,  
Where Dreams and Black Night pass,  
His head struck off and brined.

The bonfire rocks the Andromeda.

Behind the blue mask, but for a show,  
Gasping under a thrashing sword,  
Dancing a tarantella in the windy pit,  
Spitting his maw in giddiness.

Dah-dah-dah-dah-dah-sko-dah-dah!

With harder dints now clash your swords,  
From the four corners calling the nightly demons,  
Shaking the tree-sap all the night,  
And flapping the red trappings along the ground,  
In the cult of hail-clouds and winds.

Dah-dah-dah-dahh!

---

\*An old legendary rebel prince.

夜風とどろきひのきはみだれ  
月は射そそぐ銀の矢並  
打つも果てるも火花のいのち  
太刀の軋りの消えぬひま

dah-dah-dah-dah-dah-sko-dah-dah

太刀は稲妻萱穂のさやぎ  
獅子の星座に散る火の雨の  
消えてあとない天のがはら  
打つも果てるもひとつのいのち

dah-dah-dah-dah-dah-sko-dah-dah

#### 14. 桃李の道

—老子の幻想から

萩原朔太郎

聖人よ あなたの道を教へてくれ  
繁華な村落はまだ遠く  
鶏や犢の声さへも霞の中にきこえる。  
聖人よ あなたの真理をきかせてくれ。  
杏の花のどんよりとした季節のころに  
ああ私は家を出てなにの学問を学んできたか  
むなしく青春はうしなはれて  
恋も名誉も空想もみんな楊柳の牆に涸れてしまった。  
聖人よ  
日は田舎の野路にまだ高く  
村村の娘が唱ふ機歌の声も遠くきこえる。  
聖人よ どうして道を語らないか  
あなたは黙し さうして桃や李やの咲いている夢幻の郷で  
ことばの解き得ぬ認識の玄義を追ふか。  
ああ この道徳の人を知らない  
昼頃になって村に行き  
あなたは農家の庖厨に坐るでせう。  
さびしい路上の聖人よ

The night-wind roars into the dishevelled cypress,  
The moon its silvery arrows pours,  
Strike and be struck, sparks of life,  
The short while the heavy swords do clang.

Dah-dah-dah-dah-dah-sko-dah-dah!

The swords flash like lightning, like miscanthus stirring,  
The fiery rain in the Leo falls  
Traceless into the Milky Way,  
Strike and be struck, life is one.

Dah-dah-dah-dah-dah-sko-dah-dah!

#### 14. UNDER THE PEACH-BLOSSOMS

—From Laotse's Illusions

By HAGIWARA SAKUTARŌ

Holy man! Teach me thy ways.  
The thriving village lies afar off,  
The call of the cocks and calves echo in the mist.  
Holy man! Tell me thy Truth.  
In the leaden season of almond flowers  
I left home and studied I knew not what,  
And so my youth has vanished in the air.  
Love, honour, fancy—all hung dry on the willow hedges.  
Holy man!  
The sun is still high above the country road.  
Far away sound the weaving songs of the village maids.  
Holy man, why dost thou not tell me of thy ways?  
Art thou silent? Pursuest thou thy esoteric way of truth  
In this land of illusion under peaches and almonds?  
Ah! I hardly know this man of virtue.  
Towards noon you will go to the village  
And sit in a farmer's kitchen.  
Holy man, forlorn on the road,  
I must part with you now,

わたしは別れ もはや遠くあなたの沓音を聴かないだらう。  
悲しみしのびがたい時でさへも  
ああ 師よ！ 私はまだ死なないでせう。

15. 若葉は燃える

室 生 犀 星

僕の室の前にも  
艶の良い水水しい若葉がそよぐ  
風が渡ると美しさは限りない  
みな生きてゐて鮮やかすぎる  
心も胸もやすまるのだ  
呼吸の新しさ！  
喜ばしさ！

私はここから  
楽器をかかへて力いっぱい弾く  
弾かれゆく音いろに心を澄ましながら  
若葉のそよぎをかんじながら  
いとまある一日を送る

16. 終戦とトマト

富 田 孝 子

「おじいちゃん  
戦争が終ったんよ」  
「ほう、ようがんだのう」  
納屋の前にむしろをひろげて  
ささぎを干していた祖父が  
静かに笑いました  
夏の日午後でした

Nor will I hear your footsteps in the distance any more.  
Even when I am crushed with sorrow,  
O master, I shall not die yet!

## 15. THE TENDER LEAVES AFLAME

By MURŌ SAISEI

The tender leaves are waving,  
In front of my own room, too,  
The lustrous, young leaves, dripping with green,  
O their rare beauty when the wind passes!  
All alive and all too bright!  
Bringing peace to my mind and heart.  
O fresh breath!  
O jubilation!  
With all my heart  
I strike the strings of the lute in my hand  
To the best of my art;  
I listen to the tune of the music struck out,  
Attentive and calm,  
Sensing the waving greenish leaves,  
And so I spend this timeless day.

## 16. THE END OF THE WAR AND TOMATOES

By MRS TOMITA TAKAKO

"Say, Grandpa,  
"There's no more war today."  
"Why, that was good, daughter."  
Grandpa smiled peacefully,  
On a straw-mat spread before the barn,  
Drying the beans in the sun.  
It was a summer's afternoon.

「ばんざい」

戦争が終わったんだ  
人間が生きながら焼殺される  
あのいまわしい戦争は  
もうどこにもない  
再びよみがえった平和を思う時  
涙が止めどもなくほおを伝って  
落ちました  
わたしが十五の年の  
夏の日の午後でした

あれから二十五年  
十五の少女は二人の子の母と  
なりました  
平和な光に包まれて生を受けた  
子供たちよ  
再び戦いは許すまじ  
祖父はすでになく  
まっかなトマトはテーブルの上に  
ありました。

“Hooray!

“The war is nowhere now.

“The war, that detestable war,

“That cremates men alive,

“Is ended and gone.”

I turned my thought to Peace

That revived that same afternoon,

Endless tears bathing my cheeks.

It was a summer’s afternoon,

And I was a lass of fifteen.

A generation since,

I am a lass of fifteen no more,

But mother of two dear children.

O young ones born in the lap of the serene

light of Peace!

There MUST be no more war!

We see Grandpa nowhere now,

But red, red tomatoes on the table.