

古今和歌集

恋歌一

k o k i n w a k a s h u

小坂克子 篆刻作品集

品悦文化
艺术机构
P I N
Culture & Art
Institution

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古今和歌集假名序



夫和歌者託其根於心地發其華於詞林者也人之在世不能無為思
慮易述哀樂相變感生於地志詠形於言是以逸者其聲樂怨者其吟悲
有六義一曰興二曰賦三曰比四曰興五曰雅六曰頌若夫春驚之轉
花中蟬之吟樹上雖無曲折各發歌謠物皆有之自然之理也然而
神世七代時質人淳情欲無分也和歌未作逮于素戔尊到出雲國始
歌有三十二字之詠今反歌之作也其後雖天孫之孫海童之女莫不
歌通情者平成壬辰中秋節後二日小坂克子記於杭州昶齋



古今和歌集 仮名序

やまとうたは、人のこゝろをたねとして、よろづのことはとぞなれりける。よの中にあるひとことわざしげきものなれば、心におもふ事を、みるものきくものにつけていひいだせるなり。はなになくうぐひす、みづにすむかはづのこゑをきけば、いきとしいけるものいづれかうたをよまざりける。ちからをもいれずしてあめつちをうごかし、めに見えぬおにかみをもあはれとおもはせ、をとこをむなのなかをもやはらげ、たけきものゝふのこゝろをもなくさむるはうたなり。

このうた、あめつちのひらけはじまりける（時）よりいできにけり。しかあれども、よにつたはれることは、ひさかたのあめにしては、したてるひめにはじまり、あらがねのつちにしては、すさのをのみことよりぞおこりける。ちはやぶるかみよには、うたのもじもさだまらず、すなほにして、ことこのゝろわきがたかりけらし。人のよとなりて、すさのをのみことよりぞ、みそもじあまりひともしはよみける。

かくてぞはなをめで、とりをうらやみ、かすみをあはれば、つゆをかなしぶこゝろことばおほく、さま／＼になりける。とほきところもいでたつあしもとよりはじまりて年月をわたり、たかき山もふもとのちりひちよりなりて、あまぐもたなびくまでおひのぼれるごとくに、このうたもかくのごとくなるべし。なにはづのうたは、みかどのおほむはじめなり。あさかやまのことばうねめのたはぶれよりよみて、このふたうたは歌のちゝはゝのやうにてぞ、（て）ならふ人のはじめにもしける。そも／＼歌のさまむつなり。からのうたにもかくぞあるべき。そのむくさのひとつにはそへ歌。おほさゝきのみかどをそへたてまつれるうた

なにはづにさくやこのはなふゆごもりいまははるべとさくやこのはなといへるなるべし。ふたつにはかぞへうた

さくはなに思ひつくみのあちきなさみにいたづきのいるもしらずてといへるなるべし。みつにはなすらへうた

きみにけさあしたのしものおきていなばこひしきごとにきえやわたらむといへるなるべし。よつにはたとへうた

わがこひはよむともつきじありそうみのはまのまさごはよみつくすともといへるなるべし。いつゝにはたゞことうた

いつはりのなきよなりせばいかばかり人のことはうれしからましといへるなるべし。むつにはいはひうた

このとはむべもとみけりさきくさのみつばよつばにとのづくりせりといへるなるべし。

いまのよの中、いろにつき人のこゝろはなになりけるより、あだなるうたはかなきことのみいでくれば、いろごのみのいへにむもれぎの人しれぬことゝなりて、まめなるところにははなすすきほにいだすべき事にもあらずなりたり。そのはじめをおもへばかゝるべく（も）なむあらぬ。いにしへのよゝのみかど、春のはなのあした、あきの月のよごとにさぶらふ人／＼をめして、ことにつけつゝ歌をたてまつらしめたまふ。あるははなをそふとてたよりなきところにまどひ、あるは月をおもふとて、しるべなきやみにたどれるこゝろ／＼をみたまひて、さかしおろかなりとしろしめしけむ。しかあるのみにあらず、さざれいしにたとへ、つくばやまにかけてきみをねがひ、よろこびみにすぎ、たのしびこゝろにあまり、ふじのけぶりによそへて人をこひ、まつむしのねにとをしのび、たかさごすみのえのまつもあひおひのやうにおぼえ、をとこやまのむかしをおもひいでゝ、をみなへしのひとゝきをくねるにも歌をいひてぞなくさめける。又春のあしたにはなのちるをみ、あきのゆふぐれにこのはのおつるをきゝ、あるはとしごとに、かゞみのかげにみゆるゆきとなみとをなげき、くさのつゆみづのあわをみて、わがみをおどろき、あるはきのふはさかえおごりて、（今日は）ときをうしなひよにわび、したしかりしもうとくなり、あるはまつ山のなみをかけ、野なかの（し）みづをくみ、あきはぎのしたばをながめ、あか月のしぎのはねがきをかぞへ、あるはくれたけのうきふしを人にいひ、よしのがはをひきてよの中をうらみきつるに、いまはふじのやまもけぶりたゝずなり、ながらのはしもつくるなりときく人は、うたにのみぞこゝろをばなくさめける。

いにしへよりかくつたはれるうちにも、ならのおほむ時よりぞひろまりに



古今和歌集真名序

纪贯之 原作

纪淑望 汉泽

夫和歌者，托其根于心地，发其花于词林者也。人之在世不能无为，思虑易迁，哀乐相变，感生于志，咏形于言。是以逸者其声乐，怨者其吟悲，可以述怀，可以发愤，动天地，感鬼神，化人伦，和夫妇，莫宜于和歌，和歌有六义，一曰风，二曰赋，三曰比，四曰兴，五曰雅，六曰颂。若夫春莺之啭花中，秋蝉之吟树上，虽无曲折，各发歌谣，物皆有之，自然之理也。然而神世七代，时质人淳，情欲无分，和歌未作。逮于素盏鸣尊到出云国，始有三十一字之咏，今反歌之作也。其后虽天神之孙，海童之女，莫不以和歌通情者。爰及人代，此风大兴，长歌、短歌、旋头、混本之类，杂体非一，源流渐繁，譬犹佛云树生自寸苗之烟，浮天浪起于一滴之露。至如难波津之升献天皇，富绪川之篇报太子，或事关神异，或兴入幽玄，但见上古之歌，多存古质之语，未为耳目之玩，徒为教诫之端。古天子每良辰美景，诏侍臣预宴筵者献和歌，君臣之情，由斯可见，贤愚之性，于是相分，所以随民之欲择士之才也。自大津皇子之初作诗赋，词人才子慕风继尘，移彼汉家之字，化我日域之俗，民业一改，和歌渐衰。然犹有先师柿本大夫者，高振神妙之思，独步古今之间，有山边赤人者并和歌仙也。其余业和歌者，绵绵不绝。及彼时变浇漓，人贵奢淫，浮词云兴，艳流泉涌，其实皆落，其花孤荣，至有好色之家，以之为花鸟之使，乞食之客，以之为活计之媒，故半为妇人之右，难进丈夫之前。近代存古风者，才二三人，然长短不同，论以可辨。花山僧正，尤得歌体，然其词华而少实，如图画好女徒动人情，在原中将之歌，其情有余，其词不足，如委花虽少彩色而有薰香。文琳巧咏物，然其体近俗，如贾人之著鲜衣。宇治山僧喜撰，其词华丽而首尾停滞，如望秋月遇晓云。小野小町之歌，古衣通姬之流也，然艳而无气力，如病妇之著花粉。大友黑主之歌，古猿凡大夫之次也，颇有逸兴而体甚鄙，如田夫之息花前也。此外，氏姓流闻

者，不可胜计，其大底皆以艳为基，不知歌之趣者也。俗人争事荣利，不用咏和歌，悲哉，虽贵兼将相，富余金钱，而骨未腐于土中，名先灭于世上，适为后世被知者唯和歌之人而已，何者，语近人耳，义贯神明也。昔平城天子诏侍臣，今撰万叶集。自尔以来，时历十代，数过百年，其后，和歌弃不被采，虽风流如野宰相，雅情如在纳言，而皆以他才闻，不以斯道显。伏惟陛下御宇，于今九载，仁流秋津洲之外，惠茂筑波山之阴，渊变为濑之声，寂寂闭口，砂长为岩之颂，洋洋满耳，思继既绝风，欲兴久废之道。爰诏大内记纪友则、御书所预纪贯之、前甲斐少目凡河内河内躬恒、右卫门府生壬生忠岑等，各献家集并古来旧歌，日续万叶集。于是重有诏，部类所奉之歌勒为二十卷，名曰古今和歌集。臣等词少春花之艳，名窃秋夜之长，况乎进恐时俗之嘲，退渐才艺之拙，适遇和歌之中兴，以乐吾道之再昌。嗟乎，人磨既没，和歌不在斯哉！于时延喜五年，岁次乙丑，四月十八日，臣贯之等谨序。



KANAJO

THE JAPANESE PREFACE

by Ki no Tsurayuki

The seeds of Japanese poetry¹ lie in the human heart and grow into leaves of ten thousand words.² Many things happen to the people of this world, and all that they think and feel is given expression in description of things they see and hear.³ When we hear the warbling of the mountain thrush in the blossoms or the voice of the frog in the water, we know every living being has its song. It is poetry which, without effort, moves heaven and earth, stirs the feelings of the invisible gods and spirits, smooths the relations of men and women, and calms the hearts of fierce warriors. Such songs came into being when heaven and earth first appeared.⁴ However, legend has it that in the broad⁵ heavens they began with Princess's Shitateru,⁶ and on earth⁷ with the song of Susano—o no mikoto.⁸

This alludes to the marriage songs of the female god and the male god sung beneath the floating bridge of heaven.⁹ Princess Shitateru was the wife of Prince Amewaka. Her song was an ebisu song¹⁰ praising the beauty of her elder brother's¹¹ figure as it lit up slope and valley.

These songs do not have a fixed number of syllables or the regular form of a poem.

In the age of the awesome¹² gods,¹³ songs did not have a fixed number of selves directly, without polish. By the time of the age of humans, beginning with Susano—o no mikoto, poems of thirty—one syllables were composed. Susano—o was the elder brother of Amaterasu omikami.¹⁴ When he was building a palace in Izumo Province to live in with his wife, he saw clouds of eight colors rising above the land and composed this poem:

yakumo tatsu	in izumo eight
izumo yaegaki	clouds rise forming an eightfold
tsumagome ni	fence to enclose the
yaegaki tsukuru	husband and wife forming an
sono yaegaki o	eightfold fence that eightfold fence

Since then many poems have been composed when people were attracted by the blossoms or admired the birds, when they were moved by the haze or regretted the swift passage of the dew, and both inspiration and forms of expression have become diverse.¹⁵ As a long journey to distant places begins with one step and is completed after many months and years, and as a high mountain is created by the accumulation of dust and mire at its skirts and gradually reaches the trailing clouds of the heavens, so too has poetry been.¹⁶

The "Naniwa Bay" poem¹⁷ celebrates the beginning of a reign.¹⁸

When Osasagi tenno¹⁹ was in Naniwa and was Prince, he and the Crown Prince²⁰ both ceded their rank and refused to take the throne for three years.²¹ Because of this the man called Wani²² became uneasy and composed a poem to present to the sovereign. The reference to blossoms of trees is probably to plum blossoms. The Asaka Mountain poem²³ was composed by a waiting woman²⁴ trying to pique someone's interest.

When Prince Kazuraki was sent to the Far North, although a banquet had been arranged in his honor, he was disgruntled because he felt that the Governor of that district was not treating him well enough. Thereupon, a woman who had been a waiting woman at court offered him sake and composed this song, raising his spirits. These two songs are considered the mother and father of poetry and are used as the first texts for calligraphy practice. Now, there are six poetic principles.²⁵ This is true of Chinese poetry as well. The first type is Suasive.²⁶ This poem was presented to Osasagi tenno:

naniwazu ni	at Naniwa Bay
saku yak o no hana	the trees are dressed in blossoms
fuyu komori	the winter-shrouded
ima wa harube to	trees are now dressed in blossoms
saku yak o no hana	to tell the world spring has come ²⁷

The second type of poem is Description,²⁸ of which this poem is an example:

saku hana ni	fascinated by
omoitsuku mi no	the opening blossoms how
ajikinasa	brief their life will be
mi ni itatsuki no	for they never notice the
iru mo shirazure	arrow which will carry it! ²⁹

In such poems things are described as they are without analogies. What is the meaning of this example? Why this poem belongs in this category is difficult to understand; it seems to fit into the fifth category, the Elegantia.

The third is Comparison,³⁰ of which one example is:

kimi ni kesa	if this morning as
ashita no shimo no	cold white frosts of dawn settle
okite inaba	you rise to leave me
koishiki goto ni	each time I yearn for you I
kie ya wataran	too will turn to melting ice ³¹

Such poems present similes describing one thing as like another. This poem is not really a good example. Perhaps the following one is better:



tarachime no
oya no kau ko no
mayu komori
ibuseku mo are ka
imo ni awazute

sikeworms raised by
my aging drooping parent
hidden in cocoons
shall I live only in gloom
unable to meet my love³²

The fourth principle is Evocative Imagery.³³ This is an example:

waga koi wa
yomu tomo tsukiji
ariso umi no
haha no masago wa
yomitsukusu tomo

though I count the ways
I love you I could never
reach the end even
if I could count each grain of
sand on the rough seas' shores

In such poems feeling is expressed through use of all the plants, trees, birds, and animals that exist. There is no hidden meaning. However, this is true of the first principle, Suasion, too, so there is a slight difference in the style.³⁴ Perhaps this poem is a better example:

suma no ama no
shiri yaku keburu
kaze o itami
omowanu kata ni
tanabikinikeri

smoke from the salt fires
of the Suma fisherfolk
buffeted by fierce
winds sways and drifts away in
unexpected directions³⁵

Fifthly there is the Elegancia,³⁶ of which this is an example:

itsuwari no
maki yo nariseba
ika bakari
hito no koto no ha
ureshikaramashi

if this world of ours
were a world without falsehood
how greatly I would
rejoice to hear burgeoning
words of new love unfolding³⁷

These poems tell of a world well ordered and running smoothly. The spirit of this poem is inappropriate. It should perhaps be termed a tomeuta.³⁸ A better example is:

yamazakura
aku made iro o
mitsuru kana
hana chiru beku mo
kaze fukanu yo ni

I have gazed my fill
at the hues of the mountain
cherry blossoms
in this era in which no
winds blow the petals away³⁹

Sixthly there are the Eulogies.⁴⁰ For example:

kono tomo wa
mube mo tomikeri
saki kuas no
mitsuba yotsuba ni
tono zukuriseri

we knew it would be
as opulent as this one—
this palace built with
wings numbering three or four
this palace like branching twigs⁴¹

These poems praise the world and are pronouncements to the gods. The poem above does not seem to belong in this category. Perhaps this is a better example:

kasugano ni
wakana tsumitsutsu
yorozuyo
iwau kokoro wa

gathering young herbs
on the Plain of Kasuga
we celebrate your
many years the awesome god

kami zo shiru ran

surely knows how I rejoice⁴²

On the whole, it does not seem that there are six different principles of poetry.⁴³

Nowadays because people are concerned with gorgeous appearances and their hearts admire ostentation, insipid poems, short-lived poems have appeared. Poetry has become a sunken log submerged⁴⁴ unknown to others in the homes of lovers. Poems are not things to bring out in public places as openly as the opening blossoms of the pampas grass.⁴⁵

Japanese poetry ought not to be thus. Consider its origins. Whenever there were blossoms at dawn in spring or moonlit autumn nights, the generations of sovereigns of old summoned their attendants to compose poetry inspired by these beauties. Sometimes the poet wandered through untraveled places to use the image of the blossoms; sometimes he went to dark unknown wilderness lands to write of the moon. The sovereigns surely read these and distinguished the wise from the foolish.

Not only at such times, but on other occasions as well, the poet might make comparison to pebbles⁴⁶ or appeal to his lord by referring to Tsukuba Mountain;⁴⁷ joy overflowing, his heart might be filled with delight;⁴⁸ he could compare his smoldering love to the smoke rising from Fuji.⁴⁹

turn his thoughts to friends when he heard the voice of the pining cricket.⁵⁰

think of the pine trees of Takasago and Suminoe as having grown up with him.⁵¹

recall the olden days of Ootoko Mountain.⁵²

or protest the swift passage of the maiden flowers' beauty;⁵³ seeing the blossoms fall on a spring morn, hearing the leaves fall on an autumn with each passing year.⁵⁴

he was startled to realize the brevity of his life when he saw the dew on the grass or the foam on the waters;⁵⁵

he who yesterday had prospered lost his influence;⁵⁶ falling in the world, he became estranged from those he had loved;⁵⁷

he might invoke the waves on Matsuyama,⁵⁸

dip water from the meadow spring,⁵⁹

gaze upon the underleaves of the autumn bush clover,⁶⁰

count the flutterings of the wings of the snipe at dawn,⁶¹

or bemoan the sad lengths of the black bamboo;⁶²

alluding to the Yoshino River, he complained of the ways of the world of love;⁶³

or he might hear that there was no smoke rising from Mount Fuji⁶⁴ or that the Nagara Bridge had been rebuilt—⁶⁵

At such times, it was only through poetry that his heart was soothed.



This poetry has been handed down since days of old, but it is especially since the Nara period that it has spread far and wide.⁶⁶ In that era the sovereign must truly have appreciated poetry, and during his reign Kakino—mōto no Hitomaro of the Senior Third Rank was a sage of poetry.⁶⁷ Thus ruler and subjects must have been one.

On an autumn evening the crimson leaves floating on the Tatsuta River looked like brocade to the sovereign,⁶⁸ and on a spring morning the cherry blossoms on Yoshino Mountain reminded Hitomaro of clouds.⁶⁹ There was also a man named Yamabe no Akahito.⁷⁰ He was an outstanding and superior poet. Hitomaro cannot be ranked above Akahito, nor Akahito ranked below Hitomaro.

We have such examples as the Nara Mikado, Heizei's poem:

tatsuta gawa
momiji midarete
nagarumeri
wataraba nishiki
naka ya taenan

a covering of
bright scattered leaves floats on the
Tatsuta River—
were I to ford the waters
the brocade would tear in half⁷¹

Hitomaro's:

ume no hana
sore to mo miezu
hisakata no
amagiri yuki no
nabete furereba

the plum blossoms now
are indistinguishable—
for snow mists the broad
heavens and masks all below
in a whirling world of white⁷²

the anonymous poem:

honobono to
akashii no ura no
asagiri ni
shimagakureyuku
fune o shi zo omou

dimly through morning
mists over Akashi Bay my
longings trace the ship
vanishing from sight floating
silently behind the isle⁷³

Akahito's:

haru no no ni
sumire tsumi ni to
koshi ware-so
no o natsukashimi
hitoyo nanikeru

it was I who came
to the spring green meadows to
pluck sweet violets
and it was there I lost my
heart and stayed to sleep one night⁷⁴

and the anonymous poem:

waka no ura ni
shio nichikureba
kata o nami
ashibe o sashite
tazu nakiwataru

into Poetry
Bay the salt tides rush leaving
no dry land at all
toward the shore where rushes
grow the crying cranes fly⁷⁵

Aside from these, other great poets were heard, as generations succeeded each other like the segments of the black bamboo⁷⁶ in a line unbroken as a twisted thread.⁷⁷ Earlier poems were gathered in a collection called the Man'yōshū.

After that there were one or two poets who knew the ancient songs

and understood the heart of poetry. However, each had strengths and weaknesses. Since that time more than on hundred years and ten generations have gone by.⁷⁸ Of those who composed during this century, few have known the ancient songs and understood poetry. I would like to give some example, but I will exclude those of poets of high rank and office, whom I cannot criticize lightly.

Among the others, one of the best known of recent times⁷⁹ was Archbishop Henjō, whose style is good but who lacks sincerity. His poetry is like a painting of a woman which stirs one's heart in vain.

asamidori
ito yorikakete
shiratsuyu o
tama ni mo nukeru
haru no yanagi ka
hachisuba no
mgori ni shimanu
kokoro mote
nani ka wa tsuyu o
tama to azamuku

along slender threads
of delicate twisted green
translucent dewdrops
strung as small fragile jewels—
new willow webs in spring
the lotus leaves rise
unsullied from the muddy
waters why do these
unblemished blooms deceive us
with dewdrops glowing like pearls⁸¹

Written after falling off his horse in Saga Meadow.

na ni medete
oreru bakari zo
ominaeshi
ware ochiniki to
hito ni kataru na

lplucked you only
because your name entranced me—
oh maiden flower
please do not tell all the world
that I have broken my vows⁸²

Ariwara no Narihira has too much feeling, too few words. His poems are like withered flowers, faded but with a lingering fragrance.⁸³

tsuki ya aranu
haru ya mukashi no
haru naranu
waga mi hitotsu wa
moto no mi ni shite
okata wa
tsuki o mo medeji
kore zo kono
tsumoreba hito no
oi to naru mono
nenuru yo no
yume o hakanami
madoromeba
iya hakana ni mo
narimasaru kana

is this not that moon—
is this spring not that spring we
shared so long ago—
it seems that I alone am
unaltered from what was then⁸⁴
the moon beloved
by all yet my own pleasure
is tinged with sadness
for every wax and wane
numbers the months of our lives⁸⁵
how fleeting the dream
of the night we two slept side
by side trying to
recapture it I dozed but
it only faded faster⁸⁶

Fun'ya no Yashuhide used words skillfully but the expression does not suit the contents. His poetry is like a tradesman attired in elegant robes.

fuku kara ni
nobe no kusaki no
shiorureba
mube yama kaze o
arashi to iu ran

as soon as the gales
begin to rage the trees and
field grass bend before
them no wonder they call this
wind from the mountains



For the anniversary of the Fukakusa Mikado's death:

kusa fukaki	the grass is deep
kasumi no tani ni	a haze dims the valley where
kage kakushi	the last reflection
teru hi no kureshi	of the sun's rays once vanished—
kyo ni yaw a aranu	is today not that sad day88

The poetry of Priest Kisen of Mount Uji is vague, and the logic does not run smoothly from beginning to end. Reading his poems is like looking at the autumn moon only to have it obscured by the clouds of dawn. Since few of his poems are known, we cannot make comparisons and come to understand them.

waga io wa	this is how I live
miyako no tatsumi	in my retreat southwest of
shika zo sumu	the capital though
yo o uji yama to	men call Uji Mountain a
hito wa iu nari	reminder of wordly sorrow89

Ono no Komachi is a modern Princess Sotori.90 She is full of sentiment but weak. Her poetry is like a noble lady who is suffering from a sickness, but the weakness is natural to a woman's poetry.

omoitsutsu	tormented by love
nurebaya hito no	I slept and saw him near me—
mietsuran	had I known my love's
yume to shiriseba	visit was but a dream I
samezaramashi o	should never have awakened91
iro miede	that which fades within
utsurou mono wa	without changing its color
yo no naka no	is the hidden bloom
hito no kokoro no	of the heart of man in
hana ni zo arikeru	this world of disillusion92
wabinureba	I have sunk to the
mi to ukikusa no	bottom and like the rootless
ne o taete	shifting water weeds
sason mizu araba	should the currents summon me
inan to zo omou	I too would drift away93
waga seki ga	this is the night when
kubeki yoi nari	my beloved will come to me
sasagani no	already I know
kumo no furumai	for the spiders are weaving
kanete shirushi mo	the webs that will seize his heart94

Otomo no Kuronushi's songs are rustic in form; they are like a mountaineer with a bundle of firewood on his back resting in the shade of the blossoms.

omoi idete	when memories of
koishiki toki wa	love burn I retrace my steps
hatsu kari no	weeping as the first
nakite wataru to	geese traverse the skies with
hito wa shirazu ya	lonesome cries how can she know95
kagami yama	well now I'll go to
iza tachiyorite	Mirror Mountain gaze upon
mite yukan	on for I wonder if I've
oi ya shinuru to	aged in all these years I've lived96

There are others as well who are known, as numerous as the leaves of the trees of the forest, as widespread as the ivy which crawls in the fields, but they think anything they compose is poetry and do not know what poems are.

In the reign of the present sovereign97 the four seasons have unfolded nine times. The boundless waves of his benevolence flow beyond the boundaries of the Eight Islands;98 his broad compassion provides a deeper shade than Mount Tsukuba. During his moments of leisure from the multifarious affairs of state, he does not neglect other matters; mindful of the past and desiring to revive the ancient ways, he wishes to examine them and to pass them on to future generations. On the eighteenth day of the Fourth Month of Engi 5(905), he commanded Ki no Tomonori, Senior Secretary of the Ministry of Private Affairs, Ki no Tsurayuki, Chief of the Documents Division, Private Affairs, Ki no Tsurayuki, Chief of the Documents Division, Oshikochi no Mitsune, Former Junior Clerk of kai Province, and Mibu no Tadamine, functionary in the Headquarters of the Palace Guards, Right Division, to present to him old poems not included in the Man'yoshu99 as well as our own. We have chose poems on wearing garlands of plum blossoms, poems on hearing the nightingale, on breaking off branches of autumn leaves, on seeing the snow. We have also chosen poems on withing one's lord the lifespan of the crane and tortoise, on congratulating someone, on yearning for one's wife when one sees the autumn bush clover or the grasses of summer, on offering prayer strips on Osaka Hill, on seeing someone off on a journey, and on miscellaneous topics that cannot be categorized by season. These collected poems will last as long as the waters flowing at the foot of the mountains; they are numerous as the grains of sand on the shore. There will be no complaints that they are like the shallows of the Asuka River;100 they will give pleasure until the pebbles grow into boulders.101

Now then, our102 poems have not the fragrance of spring blossoms, but a vain reputation lingers, long as the endless autumn night.103 Thus we fear the ear of the world and lack confidence in the heart of our poetry, but, whether going or staying like the trailing clouds, whether sleeping or rising like the belling deer,104 we rejoice that we were born in this generation and that we were able to live in the era when this event occurred. Hitomaro is dead, but poetry is still with us. Times may change, joy and sorrow come and go, but the words of these poems are eternal, endless as the green willow threads, unchanging as the needles of the pine, long as the trailing vines, permanent as birds' tracks.105 Those who know poetry and who understand the heart of things will look up to the old and admire the new as they look up to and admire the moon in the broad sky.106



- 四六九 あやめもしらぬこひもするかな 壹
四七零 ひるはおもひにあへずけぬべし 叁
四七一 人をおもひそめてし 伍
四七二 あとなきかたにゆくふねも 柒
四七三 あふさかのせき 玖
四七四 あはれとぞおもふ 拾壹
四七五 世の中 拾叁
四七六 こひしくはあやなく 拾伍
四七七 あやなく 拾柒
四七八 かすがののゆきまをわけておひいでくる
草のはつかに見えしきみはも 拾玖
四七九 見てし人こそこひしかりけれ 貳壹
四八零 あやしき 貳叁
四八一 物を思ふ 貳伍
四八二 逢ふ事はくもぬはるかになる 貳柒
四八三 なにをたまのをにせむ 貳玖
四八四 あまつそらなる 叁壹
四八五 人しつげずは 叁叁
四八六 つれもなき人 叁伍
四八七 ひと日もきみを 叁柒
四八八 ゆく方もなし 叁玖
四八九 こひぬ日はなし 肆壹
四九零 いつともわかぬ 肆叁
四九一 あしひきの山した水のこがくれて
たぎつ心をせきぞかねつる 肆伍
四九二 おとにはたてじこひはしぬとも 肆柒
四九三 わがこひのふちせともなき 肆玖
四九四 ながれてこひむ 伍壹
四九五 おもひいづるとき 伍叁
四九六 ひとしれずおもへばくるし 伍伍
四九七 花のいろにやこひむあふよしをなみ 伍柒
四九八 なきぬべきこひもするかな 伍玖
四九九 あしひきの山郭公わがことや 陸壹
君にこひつついねがてにする
五零零 いつまでわが身したもえをせむ 陸叁
五零一 恋せじとみだらし河にせしみそぎ 陸伍
五零二 こひのみだれ 陸柒
五零三 おもふには忍ぶる事ぞまけにける 陸玖
五零四 わがこひを人しるらめや 柒壹
五零五 ひとしるらめやいふ人なしに 柒叁
五零六 あふよしのなき 柒伍
五零七 とくる下ひも 柒柒
五零八 人なとかめそ 柒玖
五零九 こころひとつをさだめかねつる 捌壹
五一零 いせのうみあまのつりなは打ちはへてくるしとのみや
思ひ渡らむ 捌叁
五一一 なみだがはなにみなかみをたづねけむ 捌伍
五一二 あはざらめやは 捌柒
五一三 うきておもひのあるよ 捌玖
五一四 おもひみだれてねをのみぞなく 玖壹



- 五一五 かへすがへすぞ人はこひしき 玖叁
五一六 まくらさだめむかた 玖伍
五一七 しにはやすくぞあるべかりける 玖柒
五一八 あはずしていざ心みむこひやしぬると 玖玖
五一九 たれにかたらむ 壹零壹
五二零 こむ世にもやはり成りななむ 壹零叁
五二一 つれもなき人をこふとて 壹零伍
五二二 おもはぬ人をおもふなりけり 壹零柒
五二三 あらねばや 壹零玖
五二四 ゆめち 壹壹壹
五二五 ねむ方もなし 壹壹叁
五二六 よるはすがらに 壹壹伍
五二七 まくらながるるうきね 壹壹柒
五二八 さりとて人にそはぬものゆへ 壹壹玖
五二九 なみだのかわ 壹貳壹
五三〇 もゆるなりけり 壹貳叁
五三一 みるめ 壹貳伍
五三二 みだれてのみや 壹貳柒
五三三 人をかくこひむとは 壹貳玖
五三四 ふじの山こそ 壹叁壹
五三五 ふがき心を人はしらなむ 壹叁叁
五三六 ひとやこひしき 壹叁伍
五三七 おもひこそすれ 壹叁柒
五三八 ふかきころ 壹叁玖
五三九 山びこのこたへぬやまはあらじと思ふ 壹肆壹
五四〇 かたこひ 壹肆叁
五四一 おなじ心にいざむすびてむ 壹肆伍
五四二 心はわれにとけなむ 壹肆柒
五四三 ほたるのもえこそわたれ 壹肆玖
五四四 ひとつおもひ 壹伍壹
五四五 ゆふされば 壹伍叁
五四六 あやしかりけり 壹伍伍
五四七 などか 壹伍柒
五四八 われやわするる 壹伍玖
五四九 はなすすき 壹陸壹
五五〇 わが物おもひ 壹陸叁
五五一 けぬとかいはむ 壹陸伍

四六九

題しらず 読人しらず

郭公なくやさ月の

あやめぐさ

あやめもしらぬこひもするかな

无题

佚名

五月杜鹃鸣，菖蒲到处生，

不知香草味，竟自爱多情。

Topic unknown.

hototogisu

naku ya satsuki no

ayamegusa

ayame mo shiranu

koi mo suru kana

Anonymous

when nightingales sing

in the sweet purple iris

of the Fifth Month I

am unmindful of the warp

on which we weave love's pattern





あやめもしらぬこひもするかな

(3.9cm×4.0cm×17.0cm)

(缩小85%)

四七〇

素性法師

おとにのみきくの白露

よるはおきて

ひるは思ひにあへずけぬべし

素性法師

风闻多白露，夜起为彷徨，

及昼思无及，露消早已亡。

Topic unknown.

oto ni nomi

kiku no shiratsuyu

yoru wa okite

hiru wa omoi ni

aezu kenu beshi

Sosei

the white dew settling

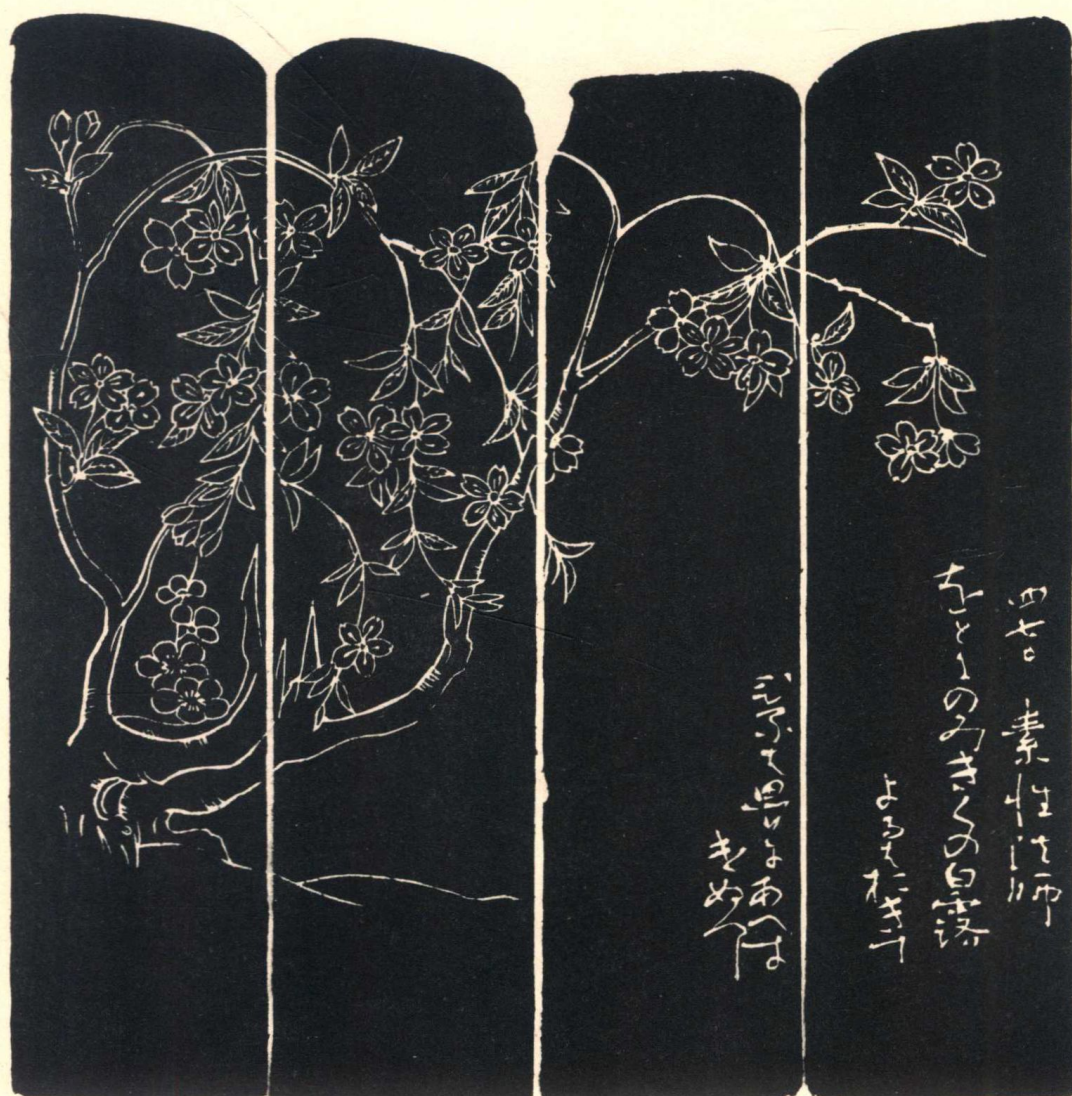
on the chrysanthemums and

I whose nights are made

restless by these barren tidings

will vanish in the morning sun





ひるはおもひにあへずけぬべし

(3.5cm×3.5cm×14.7cm)

(缩小90%)