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# Crumpled Leaves

from

# Old Japan

GIFT  
1895 92





# Crumpled Leaves

from

## Old Japan

Translated from The Manyōshū

by

DAN F. WAUGH

and done into English verse

by

FRANK PRENTICE RAND

A complimentary booklet

Amherst

1922

TO VNU  
ANNOUNCED

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*The Manyoshu*, or *Myriad Leaves*, is a remarkable anthology collected in the eighth century.

Our inclusion of the original verses, in Roman characters of course, is to suggest, if possible, the melodic beauty and the airy lightness of the Japanese. The consonants are pronounced as in English and the vowels as in German. *Y* is a consonant. *Ch* is soft. Internal *g* carries the sound of *n*. There are no diphthongs. And there is no accent.

507583

ko mo yo  
mi-ko mochi  
fugushi mo yo  
mi-fugushi mochi  
kono oka ni  
na tsumasu ko  
iye kikana  
na norasane  
sora mitsu  
Yamato no kuni wa  
oshinabete  
ware koso ore  
shikinabete  
ware koso mase  
ware koso nanorame  
iye wo mo na wo mo

—*Emperor Yūryaku*



My, my! You've a basket.  
What a dear little basket!  
And a trowel? Well, well!  
It's a sweet little trowel.  
And here you are digging  
For greens on the hill-side.

What is your name, child?  
Where live you, my pretty one?  
You really won't tell?  
We're not friends after all?

I am the king,—  
King of lofty Yamato;  
All of it, darling.  
So I've told you who I am,  
And where I live also.

uri hameba  
kodomo omōyu  
kuri hameba  
mashite shinubayu  
izuku yori  
kitarishi mono zo  
manakai ni  
motona kakarite  
yasui shinasanu

shirogane mo  
kogane mo tama mo  
nani semu ni  
masareru takara  
ko ni shikame ya mo

— *Yamanoë Okura*

When I eat melons  
I think of my darlings;  
When I eat chestnuts,  
Oh how I miss them!

Out from what bourne  
Do our babies come to us?

And why do they plague me,  
Adorable fairies,  
And trouble my sleep?

Gold—what is gold!  
What are silver and jewels!  
Take them away.  
Dearer and lovelier  
Far are my darlings.

momo-shinu no  
Minu no ōkimi  
nishi no umaya  
tatete kau koma  
himugashi no umaya  
tatete kau koma  
kusa koso wa  
torite kainame  
mizu koso wa  
kumite kainame  
nani shika mo  
ashige no uma no  
ibae-tachitsuru

Why do you whinny,  
Piebald colts of Mino,  
In the eastward barn  
Our master built for you,  
In the westward barn  
He built and left for you?

Grass!  
Is it grass you want?  
I'll gather some grass for you.  
Is it water then?  
I'll draw you some water too.  
Not water or grass?

Then why do you whinny yet,  
And stand by your cribs and fret?

tori ga naku  
Azuma no kuni ni  
inishie ni  
arikeru koto to  
ima made ni  
taezu ii-kuru  
Katsushika no  
Mama no tegona ga  
asa-kinu ni  
ao-eri tsuke  
hitasao wo  
mo ni wa ori-kite  
kami dani mo  
kaki wa kezurazu  
kutsu wo dani  
hakazu aru kedo  
nishiki-aya no  
naka ni kukumeru  
iwai-ko mo  
imo ni shikame ya  
mochizuki no  
tareru omo-wa ni  
hana no goto  
emite tatereba  
natsu-mushi no  
hi ni iru ga goto

In an eastern province,  
In the land of dawn,  
Men of Katsushika  
Still will ramble on,  
Telling of a maiden  
Of the days bygone.

Hempen were the dresses  
That she wove to wear,  
Blue her little collar,  
Unconfined her hair;  
She was just a peasant,  
And her feet were bare.

Yet no high-born lady,  
Splendidly arrayed  
In a figured garment,  
Gorgeous in brocade,  
Ever was so lovely  
As this peasant maid.

When the smiles, like flowers,  
Wreathed her moonly face,  
Like moths entranced by fire,  
So lovers, by her grace;  
Like shallops bound for haven  
The wooers came apace.

*Continued*

minato-iri ni  
fune kogu gotoku  
yuki-kagai  
hito no iu toki  
ikubaku mo  
ikeraji mono wo  
nani su to ka  
mi wo tona-shirite  
nami no oto no  
sawagu minato no  
okutsuki ni  
imo ga koyaseru  
tōki yo ni  
arikeru koto wo  
kinō shi mo  
mikemu ga goto mo  
omōyuru ka mo

Katsushika no  
Mama no ido mireba  
tachi-narashi  
mizu kumashikemu  
tegone shi omōyu



As she heard them pleading,  
    Urging her to wed,  
Her heart was strangely troubled  
    With a nameless dread;  
We found her in the harbor,  
    Beautiful, and dead.

Long ago it happened,  
    Long and far away,  
But I well remember  
    Every one's dismay,  
All as if it happened  
    Only yesterday.

Oft at Katsushika  
    I have sadly paid  
Visits to the well, there;  
    Drinking in the shade,  
Always I remember  
    That unhappy maid.

ama tsuchi no  
wakareshi toki yu  
kamusabite  
takaku tōtoki  
Suruga naru  
Fuji no takane wo  
ama no hara  
furisake mireba  
wataru hi no  
kage mo kakuroi  
teru tsuki no  
hikari mo miezu  
shirakumo mo  
iyuki wa bakari  
tokijiku zo  
yuki wa furikeru  
katari-tsugi  
ii-tsugi yukamu  
Fuji no takane wa

Tago no ura yu  
uchi-idete mireba  
ma-shiro ni zo  
Fuji no takane ni  
yuki wa furikeru

—*Yamabe Akahito*

Since the day that the earth  
Floated forth into space,  
There has stood in Suruga,  
Majestic and dread,  
The Mountain of Fuji.

And lo, its great peak  
Hides the light of the sun,  
The beams of the moon.  
There the clouds never break,  
And the snows never end.  
And here I am telling  
You, over and over,  
Always of Fuji.

Out on the bay,  
Sailing from Tago,  
I can still see the snow,  
The white, falling snow,  
On the Mountain of Fuji.

waga seko wa  
matedo kimasazu  
ama no hara  
furisake mireba  
nubatama no  
yo mo fuke-ni-keri  
sayo fukete  
arashi no fukeba  
tachi-matsu ni  
waga koromode ni  
furu yuki wa  
kōri watarinu  
ima sara ni  
kimi kimasame ya  
sanakazura  
nochi mo awamu to  
nagusamuru  
kokoro wo mochite  
mi-sode mochi  
toko uchi-harai  
utsutsu ni wa  
kimi ni wa awaji  
yume ni dani  
au to mie koso  
ama no tariyo ni

My darling, I'm waiting,  
I'm waiting for you.

The sky is like pitch,  
The night is at hand,  
The wind is a gale,  
And here on my dress  
The snow turns to ice.

There's no use in waiting;  
You'll never come now.

But to-morrow, perhaps;  
Let me think it will be  
To-morrow, my love.

And to-night, with my sleeve,  
I will dust you a place,  
Your dear empty place;  
And I'll look for you then,  
Dearest heart, in a dream.

chichi nomi no  
chichi no mikoto  
haha soba no  
haha no mikoto  
ōroka ni  
kokoro tsukushite  
omoyuramu  
sono ko nare ya mo  
masurao ya  
munashiku aru-beki  
azusa-yumi  
sue furi-okoshi  
naguya mochi  
chi-hiro i-watashi  
tsurugi tachi  
koshi ni tori-haki  
ashibiki no  
yatsu-o fumi-koe  
sashi-makuru  
kokoro sayarazu  
nochi no yo no  
katari-tsugu-beku  
na wo tatsu-beshi mo

masurao wa  
na wo shi tatsu-beshi  
nochi no yo ni  
kiki-tsugu hito mo  
katari-tsugu gane

—*Otomo Yakamochi*

My illustrious father  
And fair lady mother,  
With love passing tender,  
Have cherished their child,—  
Even me.

Shall this all be in vain?

Brandishing high  
My bow of catalpa,  
Hurling my javelins  
A thousand odd fathoms,  
Girding about me  
My long-sword and short-sword,  
Striding far distances  
Over the mountains,  
With heart never chafing  
Against what is ordered,  
I will make me a name  
Which shall truly endure.

A man should establish  
His name among men,  
That always they'll hear it,  
And honor it greatly,  
And speak it again.

tsugi-ne-fu  
Yamashiro-ji wo  
hito tsuma no  
uma yori yuku ni  
ono tsuma no  
kachi yori yukeba  
miru goto ni  
ne nomi shi nakayu  
soko omou ni  
kokoro shi itashi  
tarachine no  
haha no katami to  
aga motaru  
masomi kagami ni  
akitsu-hire  
ohiname mochite  
uma kae waga se

uma kawaba  
imo kachi naramu  
yoshi e ya shi  
ishi wa fumu to mo  
a wa futari yukamu



Over the mountains  
Of Yamashiro  
Their husbands horseback go;  
Mine only, spent and slow,  
Travels afoot.

Whenever I watch him,  
My sorrow is deep;  
And when I remember,  
'Tis only to weep.

Here are the keep-sakes  
Mother gave to me;  
Look at my mirror,  
Bright as can be;  
Veils too, of dragon-flies,  
Airy as wings;  
You must buy a horse, love,  
With my precious things.

If I bought a horse, dear,  
Only one could ride;  
We will walk the cobbles, dear,  
Ever side by side.

satobito no  
are ni tsuguraku  
naga koyuru  
utsukushi-zuma wa  
momiji-ba no  
chiri-midaritaru  
Kaminabi no  
sono yamabe kara  
nubatama no  
kuro-uma ni norite  
kawa no se wo  
nanase watarite  
uraburete  
tsuma wa aeri to  
hito zo tsugetsuru

A man in the village  
Said something to me:

“Your lord, he was riding  
A horse black as coal  
Down Mount Kaminabi;  
It’s as steep as can be  
Down through the maple leaves  
Over the knoll  
To the stream Seven Rapids;  
He was trying to ford  
The stream, when I saw him.  
It went hard with your lord.”

A man in the village  
Said this thing to me.

shikishima no  
Yamato no kuni ni  
hito sawa ni  
michite aredomo  
fujinami no  
omoi-matsuwari  
wakakusa no  
omoi-tsuki ni shi  
kimi ga me ni  
koi ya akasamu  
nagaki kono yo wo

shikishima no  
Yamato no kuni ni  
hito futari  
ari to shi omowaba  
nani ka nagakamu

Multitudes there dwell  
Mid the far-flung islands  
Of Yamato, dear.

Only one of them  
Dwelleth in my fancy,  
As in sweet wistaria,  
Or in meads of May.  
Only one I'm wanting, dear.  
Only you I love.

What if in Yamato,  
Land of far-flung islands,  
Of the mighty multitude  
Only two were left?

I should not be sorry if  
Only *we* were left.

utsuse-mi shi  
kami ni taeneba  
sakari-ite  
asa nageku kimi  
hanare-ite  
aga koyuru kimi  
tama naraba  
te ni maki-mochite  
kinu naraba  
nugu toki mo naku  
aga koimu  
kimi zo kiso no yo  
ime ni mietsuru

What is a woman,  
A mortal like me,  
Compared with thee now,  
My beloved!

What can I do  
Only sorrow at dawn;  
I am lost to thee now,  
My beloved.

Wert thou my jewel,  
Close would I hold thee;  
Wert thou my garment,  
Always I'd wear thee.

And, dearest, last night  
In a beautiful dream  
I saw thee again,  
My beloved.

yasumishishi  
waga ōkimi no  
yū sareba  
meshi-tamaurashi  
akekureba  
toi-tamaurashi  
Kamioka no  
yama no momiji wo  
kyō mo ka mo  
toi-tamawamashi  
asu mo ka mo  
meshi-tamawamashi  
sono yama wo  
furisake-mitsutsu  
yū sareba  
aya ni kanashimi  
akekureba  
urasabi-kurashi  
aratae no  
koromo no sode wa  
hiru toki mo nashi

—*Empress Jitō*



My sovereign lord  
At dusk would look out  
At the coloring leaves  
On Mount Kamioka,  
And at dawn would go forth  
To be with them there.

Ah, but to-night!  
Will he be there to-night?  
And to-morrow again!  
Will he look toward them then?  
I gaze at the mountain,  
And ponder.

During the night  
I am sleepless with grief,  
And when daylight appears  
I am comfortless yet;  
The sleeves of my garment  
Are constantly wet  
With my tears.

mi-watashi ni  
imo-ra wa tatashi  
kono kata ni  
are wa tachite  
omou sora  
yasukara naku ni  
nageku sora  
yasukara naku ni  
sa-ni-nuri no  
kobune moga mo  
tama-maki no  
o-kaji moga mo  
watari-tsutsu mo  
katarawamashi wo

Yonder I see you,  
Her I adore,  
From where I am standing  
Here on the shore.  
Dearest, I long for you;  
Oh how I long for you,  
Here on the shore!

Oh for a little  
Red-lacquered boat,  
With gems on its rudder  
To sparkle afloat!  
Then wouldn't some one row  
Over to see you though!  
Wouldn't he though!

aki-yama no  
shitaburu imo  
nayotake no  
towoyoru kora wa  
ika sama ni  
omoimase ka  
takuzunu no  
nagaki inochi wo  
tsuyu koso wa  
ashita ni okite  
yūbe wa  
kiyu to ie  
kiri koso wa  
yūbe ni tachite  
ashita wa  
usu to ie  
azusa-yumi  
oto kiku ware mo  
ō ni mishi  
koto kuyashiki wo  
shikitae no  
te-makura makite  
tsurugi-tachi  
mi ni soe-nekemu  
wakakusa no  
sono tsuma no ko wa  
sabushimi ka  
omoite nuramu

My tender beloved,  
My dearest indeed,  
Who swayed to my will  
Like a bamboo reed  
In the wind of October  
High on the hill!

What did she mean—  
My beloved—  
Dying so soon!

The dew  
Which has fallen at dawn  
May have vanished by night,  
It is true.  
And the fog  
Which has risen by night  
May be gone  
With the dawn.

But she!  
Had I known her  
Only by sight,  
I still should have wept  
To hear she is dead.  
And she was my bride.  
I had pillowed her head;  
I had slept by her side.

*Continued*

kuyashimi ka  
omoi-koyuramu  
toki narazu  
sugi-ni-shi kora ka  
asa-tsuyu no goto ya  
yū-giri no goto ya

— *Kakinomoto Hitomaro*

With what loneliness now  
Shall I sleep!  
With what thoughts  
Shall I weep!

Untimely  
She vanished;  
She too!  
Like the fog!  
Like the dew!

wagimoko ga  
mishi tomo no ura no  
muro no ki wa  
tokoyo ni aredo  
mishi hito zo naki

isonobe ni  
nebau muro no ki  
mishi hito wo  
ika nari to towaba  
katari-tsugemu ka

—*Otomo Tabito*



By the Bay of Tomo  
Once we paused to see,  
She and I, a juniper;  
Still it's there, the juniper,  
Ah, but gone is she.

If I asked you, juniper,  
Growing by the sea,  
Of the one who saw you there,  
How it is with her, and where,  
Would you answer me?

iye-kaze wa  
hi ni hi ni fukedo  
wagimoko ga  
iye-goto mochite  
kuru hito mo nashi

—*Waniko Otoshi*

---

ware wa mo ya  
Yasumiko etari  
mina bito no  
e-gate ni su to'u  
Yasumiko etari

—*Fujiwara Kamatari*

---

ashi-kaki no  
kumato ni tachite  
wagimoko ga  
sode mo shioo ni  
naki shi somowayu

—*Sakae Chikuni*

The wind from home  
Blows ever, ever;  
But some one to bring tidings of  
The girl I love,  
Comes never.

---

I have won Yasumiko,  
Even I, if you please,  
The proud Yasumiko!  
I did it with ease.  
I have won Yasumiko.

---

Hiding in an angle  
Of the bamboo fence,  
There my love will be,  
Weeping till her sleeves are wet,  
Thinking after me.

komu to iu mo  
konu toki aru wo  
koji to iu wo  
komu to wa mataji  
koji to iu mono wo

—*Lady Otomo Sakanoue*

---

natsu no no no  
shigemi ni sakeru  
hime-yuri no  
shiraenu koi wa  
kurushiki mono wo

—*Lady Otomo Sakanoue*

---

hito mina wa  
ima wa nagashi to  
take to iedo  
kimi ga mishi kami  
midaretari tomo

—*daughter of Sono Ikuha*

I knew that your "yes"  
Might mean only "perhaps";  
But now you said "no",  
And you came just the same.  
Do they both mean "perhaps"?

---

Just like a lily  
Hid in the tangle  
Of summery fields,  
Completely unnoticed,—  
So is my love.

---

My hair is so long  
They have told me to bind it;  
But 'twas down when you saw it,  
And down you shall find it;  
Though it snarl, I'll not mind it.





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