

英語で楽しむ「日本の古典」

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Richmond E. S.

<万葉集>

淡海の海 夕波千鳥 汝が鳴けば 心もしのに 古思ほゆ

(柿本朝臣人麿)

*Plover skimming evening waves on the Omi sea,
when you cry, so my heart trails, pliantly down to the past.*

(訳：リービ英雄)

田見の浦ゆ うち出でて見れば 真白にそ 不尽の高嶺に 雪は降りける

(山部赤人)

*Coming out from Tago's nestled cove, I gaze: white, pure white
the snow has fallen on the Fuji's lofty peak*

(訳：リービ英雄)

<枕草子>

春はあけぼの。やうやうしろくなりゆく山ぎはすこしあかりて、むらさきだちたる雲のほそくたなびきたる。

夏はよる。月の頃はさらなり……

(清少納言)

In spring, at dawn, the dark mass of the mountain lightness little by little at the

edge and slowly the blue mists float away. How lovely!

But in summer the night is the best. Need I speak of the moon?

(訳 : Nobuko Kobayashi)

< 平家物語 >

祇園精舎の鐘の聲、諸行無常の響あり。

娑羅雙樹の花の色、盛者必衰のこゝろをあらはす。

おごれる人も久しからず、唯春の夜の夢のごとし。

たけき者も遂にほろびぬ、偏に風の前塵に同じ。

The knell of the bells at the Gion temple echoes the impermanence of all things.

The colour of the flowers on its double-trunked tree reveals the truth that to flourish is to fall.

He who is proud is not so for long, like a passing dream on a night in spring.

He who is brave is finally destroyed, to be no more than dust before the wind.

(訳 : P.G.O'Neill):

< 方丈記 >

ゆく河の流れは絶えずして、しかも、もとの水にあらず。淀みに浮かぶうたかたは、かつ消えかつ結びて、久しくとどまりたる例なし。

世中にある、人と栖と、またかくのごとし。

(鴨長明)

Incessant is the change of water where the stream glides on calmly: the spray appears over a cataract, yet vanishes without a moment's delay. Such is the fate of men in the world and of the houses in which they live.

(訳：夏目漱石)

<おくの細道>

月日は百代の過客にして 行きかう年も又旅人也。 舟の上に生涯をうかべ、馬の口とらえて老をむかふる物は、日々旅にして旅を栖とす。 古人も多く旅に死せるあり。 予もいつれの年よりか、片雲の風にさそわれて、漂泊の思ひやまず、海浜にさすらえ、去年の秋、江上の破屋に蜘蛛の古巣をはらひて、やや年も暮れ、春立てる霞の空に白川の関こえんと、そぞろ神の物につきて心をくるわせ、道祖神のまねきにあひて取るもの手につかず、もも引の破れをつづり笠の緒付かえて、三里に灸すゆるより、松嶋の月先心にかかりて、住る方は人に譲り杉風が別しよに移るに、

(芭蕉)

Days and months are travellers of eternity. So are the years that pass by. Those who steer a boat across the sea, or drive a horse over the earth till they succumb to the weight of years, spend every minute of their lives travelling. There are a great

number of ancients, too, who died on the road. I myself have been tempted for a long time by the cloud-moving wind - filled with a strong desire to wander.

It was only toward the end of last autumn that I returned from rambling along the coast. I barely had time to sweep the cobwebs from my broken house on the River Sumida before the New Year, but no sooner had the spring mist begun to rise over the field than I wanted to be on the road again to cross the barrier-gate of Shirakawa in due time. The gods seemed to have possessed my soul and turned it inside out, and roadside images seemed to invite me from every corner, so that it was impossible for me to stay idle at home. Even while I was getting ready, mending my torn trousers, tying a new strap to my hat, and applying moxa to my legs to strengthen them, I was already dreaming the full moon rising over the islands of Matsushima. Finally, I sold my house, moving to the cottage of Sampu for a temporary stay

夏草や 兵どもが 夢の跡

A thicket of summer grass is all that remains

Of the dreams and ambitions, of ancient warriors

閑さや 岩にしみ入 蟬の聲

*In the utter silence of a temple,
A cicada's voice alone penetrates the rocks.*

荒海や 佐渡によこたふ 天河

*The great Milky Way spans in a single arch
The billow-crested sea, falling on Sado beyond.*

五月雨を あつめて 早し最上川

*Gathering all the rains of May,
The River Mogami rushes down in one violent stream.*

(Excerpts from BASHO, Penguin Classics)

(参考)

古池や 蛙とびこむ 池の音

(小林一茶)

*Breaking the silence of an ancient pond,
A frog jumped into water – a deep resonance.*

<雪国>

国境の長いトンネルを抜けると雪国であった。夜の底が白くなった。

信号所に汽車が止まった。向側の座席から娘が立って来て、島村の前のガラス窓を落とした。雪の冷気が流れ込んだ。

(川端康成)

The train came out of the long tunnel into the snow country. The earth lay white under the night sky.

The train pulled up at a signal stop. A girl who had been sitting on the other side of the car came over and opened the window in front of Shimamura. The snowy cold poured in.

(訳: Edward. G. Seidensticker)

(追補)

春望 — 杜甫

国破山河在	国破れて山河あり
城春草木深	城(しろ)春にして草木深し
感時花濺淚	時に感じて花に涙をそそぎ
恨別鳥驚心	別れを恨んで鳥に心を驚かす
烽火連三月	烽火(ほうか)三月(さんげつ)に連なり
家書抵万金	家書万金にあたる
白頭搔更短	白頭を搔けば更に短く
渾欲不勝簪	渾(すべて)簪(しん)に勝(た)えざらんと欲(す)。

A Spring View

by Tu Fu

Though a country be sundered, hills and rivers endure;

And spring comes green again to trees and grasses

Where petals have been shed like tears

And lonely birds have sung their grief.

... After the war-fires of three months,

One message from home is worth a ton of gold.

... I stroke my white hair. It has grown too thin

To hold the hairpins any more