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Author(s)	Honda, Heihachiro
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THE POETRY OF WAKAYAMA BOKUSUI

H. H. Honda

On the morning of April 13, 1912 Ishikawa Takuboku died. Bokusui lamenting the young poet's death sings;

The cherries bloom beneath the gloom
Of pallid early summer skies,
And oh, how drear they now appear,
Since death has closed my sick friend's eyes!
From "Death or Art"

Takuboku was a born poet who could lisp in numbers. Though a silver spoon was not seemingly his fairy's gift, he had another gift. And every verse he wrote came full-fledged from his facile pen. A realist to the backbone, he found little leisure to be romantic.

Now Bokusui, antipodal to Takuboku, was a romanticist by nature. Sometimes he endeavoured to be realistic, as Takuboku had moments to pretend to be romantic. At such times, however, neither was in his element. Takuboku was a hard worker, drank little, and did not travel much. Though circumstances sometimes compelled him to go on a journey, he did not do so for either leisure or pleasure.

On the other hand, Bokusui was a dreamer, an addict to wander lust, something in him ever impelling him to start for the mountains or the sea:

Oh, let us go now, for I yearn
For mountains I not yet have seen;
Does not within your bosom lurk
This pathos rankling in me keen?
From "Singing Alone"

Here on the mountain heights I go
Amid the scenes forlorn and bleak,
Leaving my footprints in the snow
Of autumn spread upon the peak.
From "On the Road"

Nowhere, however, could he find a peace for which he yearned. Still the dreamer must go on chasing his rainbow:

If over hill on hill I go
And stream on stream, shall I one day
Come to a land where ends my woe?
So, still forlorn I trudge my way.
From "Voices of the Sea"

Next to travelling he loved wine. And it is said that when he was drunk he took pleasure in reciting his favourite poems. In his work we find a lot of verses on drinking, revealing both the pleasure and sorrow, the bliss and woe, of a chronic drinker. A few quotations will suffice.

How sweet is wine! Nothing so much
Soothes me. Of an autumn night
When my teeth feel its stinging touch,
In my slow bowls I take delight.
From "On the Road"

If some one come and ask me why
For wine I have so great a love,
What answer shall I give whereby
This taste of wine I well can prove?
From "White Plum-Blossoms"

I'm weary now of medicine,
And only yearn and long for wine;
And everything forgetting, I
Now in my cups desire to die.
From "Singing Alone"

Bokusui came into the world in 1885, the same year in which Takuboku was born. At the age of 20 he went up to Tokyo and entered Waseda University. After graduating from the University, he like Takuboku again worked for some time as a newspaperman. His interest in verse-writing led him to associate with Onoe Saishu, one of the leading poets of his day. He also made friends with a young bard, Yugure Maeda by name. In such an artistic atmosphere he wrote verse after verse, the sweet rhythm of which captivated the hearts of the younger generation of that time.

Although some of his earlier verses are rather sentimental, many are so good that he who reads them will not fail to love them. It is my conviction that the reader will enjoy a sweet flow of rhythm in his poems (though my translations may leave much to be desired), and appreciate the beauty of his poetry arising from his profound knowledge of, and keen insight into, the mysteries of life and art. He died at the age of 44.

The following are my renderings of one hundred of his most well-known poems.

VOICES OF THE SEA

1 Forlorn the sea appears to me,
 The mountains likewise so appear:
 To my head dazed by love and crazed
 Heaven and earth themselves look drear.

2 'Tis early summer, and the sky
 How azure, and the leaves how green!
 And oh, how soft the breezes sigh!
 Nothing, my love, but is serene.

3 Lonesome the floating swan must be
 Amidst the cobalt of the sea,
 Beneath the azure of the sky,
 As white upon the waves they lie!

4 The night is dark, and it is chill.
 And the sands, oh, how colder still,
 As prone I lie upon the shore,
 Hearing the murky ocean roar!

5 Grudge me no kiss, such pink of bliss!
 Oh, may the ocean waveless lie,
 The sun above now cease to move,
 And yonder birds there flying die!

6 Look at the mountains and the sea:
 The world is bright, so filled with light.
 Look up above and down, my love,
 And give your rosy lips to me!

7 If yonder ocean did love you,
 And ever chanced to come to woo,
 I pray, my love, do tell me true,
 What on earth, then, would you do?

8 Let yonder seagull on the wing,
 Come down upon this day of spring,
 And with its pinkish bill for me
 Peck the cobalt of the sea!

9 A leaf falls, then another one
 Falls off yonder ancient tree,
 Which deep in thought appears to be,
 Now glowing in the setting sun.

10 Covering with silken veil her face,
 The harvest moon is seen to creep
 Over the land, the dwelling-place,
 Of men and women locked in sleep.

11 O Fuji, I apologize:
 I do not know the reason why,
 Yet tears keep standing in my eyes,
 As I see you this eve on high.

12 Oh, why have you, aware my eyes
 Are filled with painful tears, to keep
 Talking of sorrow, and to steep
 My heart in more grief in this wise?

- 13 I hear a bird sing with a tune
 As of the bubbling of a fountain,
 Standing amidst the trees this noon, —
 Pines and cherries of the mountain.
- 14 The lane ends, and I come in view
 Of distant billows surging blue;
 Behind me lies the town aglow
 With cherry-trees hung thick with snow.
- 15 I contemplate the clouds on high,
 Standing with gathering dusk around,
 And air-borne from the town near by
 I hear the evening bells resound.
- 16 If over hill on hill I go
 And stream on stream, shall I one day
 Come to a land where ends my woe?
 So, still forlorn I trudge my way.
- 17 Under the temple tower serene
 Hemmed in between the mountains green
 Now on this early summer morn
 There stands a traveller forlorn.
- 18 No trace is left of spite or spleen;
 Only love stays and burns within,
 As on the railing of the inn
 Now in the gathering dusk I lean.

19 Flow, my tears, now freely flow:
 The mast here is a screen; and oh,
 You have the clouds above aglow,
 And the tide glittering below.

20 O Traveller, never, never think
 Of making love all for her wink,
 But pass the *Naniwa* maid by,
 Ignoring her coquettish eye!

21 The liquor mounting to my head,
 Only a flower large and red
 Blowing upon the waitress' sash
 Unto my drunken eyes did flash.

22 Pray, do not move, my little dove,
 But quiet lie in Mother's arm,
 And sleep now tight, for all is right:
 Heaven and earth is free from harm.

23 Although the mountains groan and shake,
 Making the ocean wail and break,
 Never fear, for not a hair
 Shall stir upon your head, I swear.

SINGING ALONE

24 Oh, let us go now, for I yearn
 For mountains I not yet have seen;
 Does not within your bosom lurk
 This pathos rankling in me keen?

- 25 No trees Mt. Asama can bear,
 All for its fire, the cause of dearth,
 And lorn it stands high in the air,
 Planted upon the dreary earth.
- 26 Is it because my heart is cold
 That, though the ocean I behold
 And the sun shining clear and bright,
 I am blind, senseless of their sight?
- 27 Weary I am of medicine,
 And only yearn and long for wine;
 And everything forgetting, I
 Now in my cups desire to die.
- 28 No poison's worse, they say, than wine
 To one who must use medicine,
 But yet, what matters? For above
 All 'tis the very thing I love.
- 29 Feeling forlorn, I think that each
 Piece of my poetry and song
 Is a trace upon life's beach
 By my feet printed all along.
- 30 Perhaps I'll find the peace of mind
 If but I breathe the ocean air;
 Thus yearning for it, to the shore
 Came I, but ah, 'twas found nowhere.

- 31 A wretched man I have become,
 Eyeless and earless, also dumb.
 Gone too, alas, my hand and foot;
 And am so nondescript a brute.
- 32 Sometimes I lived for love awhile,
 Sometimes I tried to versify,
 Only my poor life to beguile
 With naught whereon I could rely.
- 33 O that I knew a country where
 Solitude reigns the seasons round,
 And no man's feet are heard to sound,
 That I might go to perish there.
- 34 Falling a thousand times in love,
 Quitting each time, I wonder if
 The wanton woman can now prove
 She ever shed a tear in grief.
- 35 Do you not think the end of love
 Sadder still than the death will prove
 Of a wild animal of the wood
 Coming to it in solitude?
- 36 How foolish was I not to see
 For a long time before my eye
 Death, the kind mother, all for me
 Kept waiting calm and on the sly!

37 Grant me, O god, that as austere
 As mountains stand and oceans lie,
I too may live from year to year
 Until I bid the world good-bye.

38 I dreamed a dream, but in the dream
 No one but strangers did appear,
And lonely waking the tears gleam
 I shed and wept for you, my dear.

PARTING

39 Ahead the hills lie as in sleep,
And at their foot the drowsy deep,
As in the dreary land of spring
Alone I go on travelling.

40 The grove is still, and not a bird
In the deep solitude is heard,
As underneath the tree I lie,
Hearing the autumn lonely sigh.

41 Upon this lovely day of spring
At this our port not sojourning,
Oh, why does yonder sailing ship
Go past the promontory tip?

ON THE ROAD

42 There lives upon the ocean bed
A fish without an eye, 'tis said.
And from my heart I wish to be
Such a lone creature of the sea.

- 43 Oh, how forlorn it is and drear
 To live on earth in this my plight!
I go on groping in the dark
 Where comes in not a ray of light.
- 44 Alas, I'm six-and-twenty now,
 And my vocation is not nice,
For songs I must compose somehow
 To sell them for my daily rice.
- 45 The autumn flower by my side
 Says whispering, "How dear to me
Are things, whate'er they be, that died,
 Returned to dust, and ceased to be!"
- 46 How sweet is wine! Nothing so much
 Soothes me. Of an autumn night
When my teeth feel its stinging touch,
 In my slow bowls I take delight.
- 47 Over the mountain heights I go
 Amid the scenes forlorn and bleak,
Leaving my footprints in the snow
 Of autumn spread upon the peak.
- 48 O that I could find some one whom
 I too might love when row on row
Sweet dandelions deck the sands
 Where *Tama*'s waters gently flow.

- 49 As in the shadow of the hill
 I sit and contemplate the rill,
 Pathos I find with me all one,
 And with the flowing waters run.
- 50 O sad Dog, each and every hair
 Upon this chilly night and bleak
 My fingers touch on you, I swear,
 Is a word whereby you speak.
- 51 I love you like a precious stone,
 One-*go* Bottle of my own,
 Of *Masamune*, my stand-by;
 So, wait until I drink you dry.
- 52 Forlorn would be a fish's doom
 Had it to live upon a bough;
 And musing weary in my room,
 I feel more lonesome than it now.
- 53 How cold the bed I wake up in
 Every morning! 'Tis to me
 More dreary than an oozy stone
 Laid on the bottom of the sea.

DEATH OR ART

- 54 The breath of autumn air I hear,
 And sweeter day by day will grow
 The *Sake* brewed from ripened ear
 Of rice raised in this Yamato.

- 55 Waves, waves and waves I contemplate:
 Waves in the offing, more waves still
Upon the beach. Oh, let them wait;
 For I will hasten down the hill.
- 56 I fondly lean against the bole,
 But oh, the spirit of the tree
Will not whisper to my soul.
 How sad and bleak the woods can be!
- 57 To you my gratitude, O Earth!
 For soft my heart burns at your touch,
Yet with full vigour in its mirth,
 Defying any fingers' clutch.
- 58 A raven in the woods I hear,
 And on the cold trunk of the tree
I see my lonesome shadows drear,
 With pathos creeping secretly.
- 59 The cherries bloom beneath the gloom
 Of pallid early summer skies,
And oh, how drear they now appear,
 Since death has closed my sick friend's eyes!
- 60 I've reached a score and ten aright
 With such a feeling as I bite
A greenish fruit of summertide
 Not without a sense of pride.

61 Musing, I start to ease my thirst:
 Drinking a *go* of *sake* first,
 And then another, as the night
 Comes on the fading summer light.

UPPER STREAM

62 This tiny rose that sweetly blows
 Would not for ever wither if
 It only grew, and lifeblood drew
 From this my heart, and from its grief!

66 The lovely rose resplendent blows
 Because in grief it has to moan,
 And there is seen behind the green
 Of sprig and leaf to weep alone.

64 We have a rain today again.
 And frogs are in great ecstasies;
 They all are set on getting wet
 With cherry-blooms above their eyes.

65 With early summer clouds aglow
 Through the pine grove the breezes sing,
 As to the temple Seiryō
 I go in Saga sauntering.

66 Let there be truth in words of mine, —
 Even their briefest be its sign,
 As they emerge to play their role
 From the deep silence of my soul.

SONGS OF AUTUMN WIND

- 67 For long years were we separate,
 So do not talk now, pray, but take
The cup, and have a toast, my mate,
 For our old acquaintance sake!

SANDHILL

- 68 Across the brine Mt. Saw's outline
 Is drawn in haze; still off the shore
The wintry wave to roar and rave
 Is heard from Long Beach as before.
- 69 Palmfans, rapeflowers, and barley shone
 They all kept quivering,
Lit brightly by the summer sun, --
 The long day flickering.
- 70 As restful as the sound of dew
 Heard dripping from the ancient tree,
So is the morning wine; and so
 Is it of such serenity.
- 71 Is that a whirl of wind I see
Yonder above the gorge? Oh, nay,
'Tis a flock of swallows gay
Together flying round in glee.

SONGS OF MORNING

- 72 The autumn wind is on the wing;
And tiny crabs go scampering
Which burrow in the sands their hole,
And plovers run too as I stroll.

73 Across the autumn sunlit hill
 With little straggling pines I hear
The sea-waves laving yonder beach, —
 The whole day whispering in my ear.

74 The crimson *manjusaka* stands
 Fanned by the fire, aquivering,
Beside the caldron of sardine.
 And in the sea the bright waves sing.

WHITE PLUM-BLOSSOMS

75 In Shinobazu Pond, behold,
 A flock of egrets are down, where
Now in the morning twilight air
 The lotus flower-leaves unfold.

76 My limbs o'ercome by weariness,
 I am a man without a role,
And wandering all but purposeless,
 I am a thing without a soul.

77 I have no interest in life:
 So tired I am of worldly strife!
Yet 'tis as strange as strange can be
 That I'm a man of thirty-three.

78 If some one come and ask me why
 For wine I have so great a love,
What answer shall I give whereby
 This taste of wine I well can prove?

LONELY TREES

79 The rustling sounds, oh, what are these?
 I look up through the windowpane
At the leaves wavering in the breeze
 Like torrents of green-coloured rain.

80 A winecup stands in front of me,
Wherein a lot of leaves I see
Mirrored calm and all serene —
Leaf after leaf of vivid green.

81 How nice and warm! All in my sight
Is as a mirror clear and bright.
Now the green foliage has begun
To rustle in the summer sun.

82 The twilight wraps the earth and me,
But looking up, above I see
A single heron on the wing
In the fresh sunlight glittering.

83 Oh, for a little let me rest,
Forgetting all things here below,
And only by myself stand so
Here by the morning breeze caressed.

IN THE VALE

84 Upon a cloudless winter day
 Paulownias look serene and clear;
And lonesome and all white are they,
 Standing against the heavens drear.

85 Here on the windy wintry hill
 The grass is sere, the rocks are bare.
Below the field lies waste and still;
 Only a bulbul calls somewhere.

86 The setting sun is shining soft
 Upon peaks far and near, and all
The mountains towering aloft
 Are in the cold mist of the fall.

87 I see the trickling water fall
 Down the rocks, and brown crabs crawl
There seemingly themselves to please.
 And hushed the woods of cedar-trees.

CLAY

88 The broad leaves of paulownia-tree
 Relieved against the moonlit skies
Waver and flicker shiningly,
 Fanned by the autumn breeze that sighs.

89 Drinking at breakfast I'll give up;
 No noon shall find me tippling sit.
But once the night falls, let the cup
 Be mine to cheer me up a bit!

90 Many are the worldly pleasures
 I might enjoy, but without wine
What's the good of all the treasures
 I may possess, declaring mine?

91 There in the morning of the vale,
 Beside the stream a wee wagtail
 Leaping alert I see at play, —
 Lighter than the torrent spray.

92 Although I know my heart is free
 As a wild river, poverty
 Will make it turbid now and then
 As the soiled water of a fen.

SONG OF MOUNTAIN CHERRIES

93 Two tiny crabs play on the heap
 Of pomegranate blossoms red
 Which are laid on the earth so deep
 Like a crimson carpet spread.

94 Fair as the fine scales glittering
 Of trout that shoot the rapids through,
 So fair the cherry-flowers to view,
 Decking the mountains in the spring.

95 The bottle stands now sleepily,
 Leaving its neck on kettle brim,
 To sleep, it seems, inviting me;
 So I too for the land of dream.

THE BLACK PINE

96 O little Children, grow up blithe
 And healthy, every one of you,
 And be in heart and body lithe
 And straight as is the young bamboo!

- 97 Let children, as good children, grow,
 And never be like monkeys vain
 That have not wit enough to know
 From mimicking man to refrain.
- 98 Oh, let me, in my tears, declare
 What poison could at all there be
 In this my wine for which I care,
 And which I drink respectfully!
- 99 How fair and beautiful the tree
 Growing in sylvan solitude,
 And oh, how kindly it can be!
 So is the charcoal from the wood.
- 100 How beautiful the cup whereon
 The bats flit by the willow green!
 In indigo the work is done,
 And oh, the vessel looks serene!

原文選歌

海 の 声

1. 海哀し山またかなし酔い痴れし恋のひとみにあめつちもなし
2. 風わたる見よ初夏のあを空を青葉がうへをやよ恋人よ
3. 白鳥はかなしからずや空の青海のあをにも染まずただよふ
4. 闇冷えぬいやがうえにも砂冷えぬ渚に臥して黒き海聴く
5. ああ接吻海そのままに日は行かず鳥翔ひながら死せ果てよいま
6. 山を見よ山に日は照る海を見よ海に日は照るいざ唇を君
7. 君かりにかのわだつみに思はれて言ひよられなばいかにしたまふ
8. 春のそら白鳥まへり鶯紅しついでみてみよ海のみどりを
9. 見てあれば一葉先づ落ちまた落ちぬ何おもふとや夕日の大樹
10. 十五夜の月は生絹のかつぎして男をみな寝し国をゆく
11. 富士よゆるせ今宵は何の故もなう涙はてなしなれを仰ぎて
12. 涙もつ腫つぶらに見はりつつ君かなしきをなほ語るかな
13. 水の音に似て啼く鳥よ山ざくら松にまじれる深山の屋を
14. 行きつくせば浪青やかにかにうねりぬ山ざくらなど咲きそめし町
15. われはいま暮れなむとする雲を見る街は夕べの鐘しきりなり
16. 幾山河越えさり行かば寂しさのはてなむ国ぞ今日も旅ゆく
17. はつ夏の山のなかなる古寺の古塔のもとに立てる旅びと
18. ただ恋しうらみ怒りは影もなし暮れて旅籠の欄に倚るとき
19. わが涙いま自由なれや雲は照り潮ひかれる帆柱のかげ
20. 浪華女に恋すまじいぞ旅人よただ見て通れそのながしめを
21. 酔ひはててはただ小をんなの帯に咲く緋の大輪の花のみが見ゆ
22. みじろがでわが手にねむれあめつちになにごともなし何の事なし
23. 山動け海くつがへれ一すぢの君がほつれ毛ゆるがせはせじ

独 り 歌 へ る

24. いざ行かむ行きてまだ見ぬ山を見むこのさびしさに君は耐ふるや
25. 火を噴けば浅間の山は樹を生まず茫として立つ青天地に
26. あはれこころ荒みぬればか眼も見えず海を見れども日を仰げども
27. つひにわれ薬に飽きぬ酒こひし身も世もあらず飲みて飲み死なむ
28. やまひには酒こそ一の毒といふその酒ばかり恋しきは無し
29. あめつちにわが残り行くあしあとのひとつづつぞと歌を寂しむ
30. 海に行かばなぐさむべしとひた思ひこがれし海に來は来つれども
31. 耳もなく目なく口なく手足無きあやしきものとなりはてにけり
32. 恋もしき歌もうたひきよるべなきわが生命をば欺かむとて
33. うちたえて人の足音の無かるべき国のあらじや行きて死なまし
34. 千度び恋ひ千度びわかれてかの女けだしや泣きしこと無かるらむ
35. 山奥にひとり獣の死ぬるよりさびしからずや恋の終りは
36. 知らざりきわが眼のまゑに死にといふなつかしき母のとく待てりしを

37. 海山のよこたはるごとくおごそかにわが生くとふを信ぜしめたまへ
38. ゆめみしはいづれも知らぬ人なりき寝ざめさびしく君に涙す

別 離

39. 山ねむる山のふもとに海ねむるかなしき春の国を旅ゆく
40. 林には一鳥啼かず木のかげにたふれて秋に身を浸し居り
41. 春白昼ここの港に寄りもせず岬を過ぎて行く船のあり

路 上

42. 海底に眼のなき魚の棲むといふ眼の無き魚の恋しかりけり
43. 光なきいのちのありてあめつちに生くといふことのいかに寂しき
44. われ二十六歳歌をつくりて飯に代ふ世にもわびしきなりはひをする
45. かたはらに秋ぐさの花かたるらくほろびしものはなつかしきかな
46. 白玉の齒にしみとほる秋の夜の酒はしづかに飲むべかりけり
47. いただきの秋の深雪に足あとをつけつつ山を越ゆるさびしき
48. 多摩川の砂にたんぽぽ咲くころはわれにもおもふひとのあれかし
49. 山のかげ水見てあればさびしさがわれの身となりゆく水となり
50. 指に触るるその毛はすべて言葉なりさびしき犬よかなしきゆふべよ
51. まさむねの一合瓶のかはゆさは珠にかも似ぬ飲むまで居るべし
52. わが部屋にわれの居ること木の枝に魚の棲むよりうらさびしけれ
53. わだつみの底にあを石ゆるるよりさびしからずやわれの寝覚は

死 か 芸 術 か

54. 秋かぜや日本の国の稲の穂の酒のあちはひ日にまさり来れ
55. 浪、浪、浪、沖に居る浪、岸の浪、やよ待てわれも山降りてゆかむ
56. 木に倚れどその木のころと我がころ合ふこともなしさびしき森かな
57. 地よ感謝すなれとし居れば我がころしづかに燃えて指も触れ難し
58. ただ一羽山に鳥の啼くことも幹にわが影のうつるもさびしや
59. 初夏の曇りの底に櫻咲き居りおとろへはてて君死ににけり
60. うす青き夏の木の果を噛むごとくとしの三十路に入るがうれしき
61. かんがへて飲みはじめたる一合の二合の酒の夏のゆふぐれ

み な か み

62. わが孤独に根を置きぬればこの薔薇の褪する日永久にあらじと思ふ
63. 薔薇は薔薇の悲しみのために花となり青き枝葉のかげに悩める
64. けふも雨ふる蛙よろこびしゝぼしゝぼに濡れて櫻も咲きいでにけり
65. はつ夏の雲は輝き松風吹く嵯峨の清凉寺にけふ詣で来ぬ
66. 言葉に真実あれ、わがいのちの沈黙より滴りおつる短きことばに

秋 風 の 歌

67. 語らむにあまり久しく別れぬし我等なりけり先づ酒酌まむ

砂 丘

68. 海越えて鋸山はかすめども此処の長浜浪立ちやまず
69. 棕櫚の葉の菜の花の麦のゆれ光り揺れひかり永きひと日なりけり

70. 時をおき老樹の雫おつるごと静けき酒は朝にこそあれ
71. あはれこは風の渦かもつばくらめ峡間の空にまひつどひたる

朝の歌

72. 白砂に穴堀る小蟹ささ走り千鳥も走り秋の風吹く
73. 秋日さすまばら小松の丘越しに磯あらふ浪のひねもす聞ゆ
74. 鰯煮る大釜の火に曼珠沙華あふり揺られつ昼の浪聞ゆ

白梅集

75. 蓮ひらくしらじら明けに不忍の池にまひ降るる白鷺のむれ
76. つまらなさ手足にあふれふらふらとさまよひあるく身體なりけり
77. わがことのやうにはあらねこれやこの三十三歳になるといふなり
78. それほどにうまきかと人のとひたらばなんと答へむこの酒の味

さびしき樹木

79. さやさやにその音ながれつ窓ごしに見上ぐれば青葉滝とそよげり
80. 置かれたる酒杯のさけにもこまごまと静けき青葉うつりたるかな
81. あたりみな鏡のごとき明るさに青葉はいまし揺れそめにけり
82. 比処はなほうす闇ながら朝空を輝きてゆく白鷺一羽
83. 暫くは世のことぐさを思はずてひとりぞあらむこの朝風に

溪谷集

84. 晴れし日は冴えてたふとく曇りては寂びてま白し冬の桐の木
85. 草枯れて岩あらはれし冬の野の高きに居れば鶉鳥の啼く
86. をちこちの峰のとがりにうらさむく夕日にほひて秋霞せり
87. ちろちろと岩つたふ水に這ひあそぶ赤き蟹ゐて杉の山静か

くろ土

88. 月かげにうかべる桐のひろき葉にかすけき風のありてゆらげる
89. 朝酒はやめむ昼ざけせんもなしゆふがたばかり少し飲ましめ
90. 人の世にたのしみ多し然れども酒なしにしてなにのたのしみ
91. 飛沫よりさらに身かろくとびかひてせき鶉はあそぶ朝の溪間に
92. ゆく水のとまらぬところ持つといへどをりをりを濁る貧しさのゆゑに

山櫻の歌

93. 散りたまる柘榴の花のくれなるをわけてあそべり子蟹がふたつ
94. 瀬々走るやまめうぐひのうろくづの美しき頃の山ざくら花
95. 鉄瓶のふちに枕しねむたげに徳利かたむくいざわれも寝む

黒松

96. 若竹の伸びゆくごとく子ども等よ真直ぐにのばせ身をたましひを
97. 子供等は子供らししかれ猿真似の物真似をして大人ぶるなかれ
98. われはもよ泣きて申さむかしこみて飲むこの酒になにの毒あらむ
99. 山に生ふる木々はうつくしみな親し焼きて作れるこの炭もまた
100. 青柳に蝙蝠あそぶ絵模様の藍深きかもこの盃に