O maiden
with a basket
a pretty basket
with a scoop
a pretty scoop
maiden picking greens
on this hillside:
I want to ask about your house;
I want to be told your name.
In the sky-filling land of Yamato,
it is I
who rule everyone,
it is I
who rule everywhere,
and so I think you will tell me
where you live,
what you are called.

------------- Carter

Girl with your basket,
with your pretty basket,
with your shovel,
with your pretty shovel,
gathering shoots on the hillside there,
I want to ask your home.
Tell me your name!
This land of Yamato,
seen by the gods on high—
it is all my realm,
in all of it I am supreme.
I will tell you
my home and my name.

------------- Levy

Your basket, with your pretty basket
Your trowel, with your little trowel,
Maiden picking herbs on this hill—
I would ask you: where is your home?
Will you not tell me your name?
Over the spacious land of Yamato
I am supreme so wide and far,
And I reign so wide and far.
These words, as your lord, will tell you
Of my home and my name.

------------- Keene

With a basket,
A pretty basket,
And a trowel,
A pretty trowel in hand,
Here on this hillside
Gathering herbs: young one,
I would hear your home—
Come, tell me your name!
In the sky-seen
Land of Yamato
Over the bending earth
It is I who reign,
Over the yielding realm
It is I who rule:
I, you may be sure,
Shall tell you
My home and my name.
In Yamato
There are crowds of mountains,
But our rampart
Is Heavenly Mount Kagu:
When I climb it
And look out across the land,
Smoke rises and rises;
Over the sea-plain
Seagulls rise and rise.
A fair land it is,
Dragonfly Island,
The land of Yamato.

-- Carter

In Yamato
There are crowds of mountains,
But our rampart
Is Heavenly Mount Kagu:
When I climb it
And look out across the land,
Smoke rises and rises;
Over the sea-plain
Seagulls rise and rise.
A fair land it is,
Dragonfly Island,
The land of Yamato.

-- Cranston

Many are the mountains of Yamato,
but I climb heavenly Kagu Hill
that is cloaked in foliage,
and stand on the summit
to view the land.
On the plain of the land,
smoke from the hearths rises, rises.
On the plain of the waters,
gulls rise one after another.
A splendid land
is the dragonfly island,
the land of Yamato.

-- Levy

Many are the hills,
the mountains of Yamato,
yet when I ascend
heavenly Kaguyama,
the peerless mountain,
when I look down on the land:
where the land stretches,
hearth smoke rises everywhere;
where the water stretches,
water birds fly everywhere.
Ah, a splendid country,
this land of Yamato
of bounteous harvests!

-- Carter

Many are the mountains of Yamato,
but I climb heavenly Kagu Hill
that is cloaked in foliage,
and stand on the summit
to view the land.
On the plain of the land,
smoke from the hearths rises, rises.
On the plain of the waters,
gulls rise one after another.
A splendid land
is the dragonfly island,
the land of Yamato.

-- Levy

In Yamato
There are crowds of mountains,
But our rampart
Is Heavenly Mount Kagu:
When I climb it
And look out across the land,
Smoke rises and rises;
Over the sea-plain
Seagulls rise and rise.
A fair land it is,
Dragonfly Island,
The land of Yamato.
At Nigitazu
We have waited for the moon
To board and leave.
At last the tide favors us—
Now let us row out our boats!

Waiting to board ship
in Nikita Harbor,
we have waited for the moon,
and now the tides too are right—
let us cast off!

Waiting upon the moon,
at Nigitatsu,
that we might board our boats—
the tides, too, are right,
now let us strike the oars!

At Nikitatsu
We have waited for the moon
Before boarding our boat;
Now the tide is in at last—
Come, let’s get to rowing!

Waiting to board ship
in Nikita Harbor,
we have waited for the moon,
and now the tides too are right—
let us cast off!

Waiting upon the moon,
at Nigitatsu,
that we might board our boats—
the tides, too, are right,
now let us strike the oars!

Waiting to board ship
in Nikita Harbor,
we have waited for the moon,
and now the tides too are right—
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in Nikita Harbor,
we have waited for the moon,
and now the tides too are right—
let us cast off!

Waiting upon the moon,
at Nigitatsu,
that we might board our boats—
the tides, too, are right,
now let us strike the oars!
When spring comes,  
breaking winter’s bonds,  
birds that were still  
come out crying  
and flowers that lay unopening  
split into blossoms.  
But the hillsides being overgrown,  
I may go among the foliage  
yet cannot pick those flowers.  
The grass being rank,  
I may pick  
yet not examine them.  
Looking at the leaves of the trees  
on the autumn hillsides,  
I pick the yellowed ones  
and admire them,  
leaving the green ones  
there with a sigh.  
That is my regret.  
But the autumn hills are for me.

------------ Levy

When, loosened from winter’s bonds,  
The spring appears,  
The birds that were silent  
Come out and sing,  
The flowers that were prisoner  
Come out and bloom;  
But the hills are so rank with trees  
We cannot seek the flowers,  
And the flowers are so tangled with  
weeds  
We cannot take them in our hands.  
But when on the autumn hill-side  
We see foliage,  
We prize the yellow leaves,  
Taking them in our hands,  
We sigh over the green ones,  
Leaving them on the branches;  
And that is my only regret—  
For me, the autumn hills!

------------ Keene

When spring comes forth  
That lay in hiding all the winter  
through,  
The birds that did not sing  
Come back and sing to us once more;  
The flowers that did not bloom  
Have blossomed everywhere again.  
Yet so ripe the hills  
We cannot make our way to pick,  
And so deep the grass  
We cannot pluck the flowers to see.  
But when on autumn hills  
We gaze upon the leaves of the trees,  
It is the yellow ones  
We pluck and marvel for sheer joy,  
And the ones still green,  
Sighing, leave upon the boughs—  
Those are the ones I hate to loose.  
For me, it is the autumn hills.

------------ Cranston

When springtime arrives,  
breaking free of winter’s bonds,  
birds that had been still  
come singing their melodies;  
flowers that had not bloomed  
burst out into blossom;  
yet the hills are too lush:  
we cannot enter and pick;  
the growth is too dense:  
we cannot pick and behold.  
When we gaze upon  
foliage in autumn hills,  
we can pick the leaves,  
red and yellow, to admire.  
As for the green ones—  
lamenting, we let them stay.  
Green leaves must be regretted,  
but I choose the autumn hills!

------------ Carter
On your way to the fields  
Of crimson-tinted lavender,  
The royal preserve,  
Will not the guardian notice  
If you wave your sleeve at me?  

The madder-shining  
Purple fields he goes around,  
The staked fields around:  
Won’t the guardian of the fields  
See you wave your sleeve, my lord?  

If I despised you,  
who are beautiful as the violet,  
from the murasaki grass,  
would I long for you  
though you are another man’s wife?  

Like the purple root,  
Glowing is my comely love:  
Felt I some fault in her  
Would I for another’s wife  
Subject myself to this yearning?

Manshū: Collection of Ten Thousand Leaves
大津皇子 Prince Ōtsu

おほつのみこ
津皇子

Momodzutau / Iware no ike ni / Naku kamo wo / Kyō nomi mite ya / Kumo gakurinamu

momodzutau / Iware no ike ni / naku kamo wo / kyō nomi mite ya / kumogakurinamu

The duck that cries in Iware Pond where the vines crawl on the rocks: will I see it just today, and tomorrow be hidden in the clouds?

-------------- Levy

On Iware Pond (Fifty of a hundredfold) The mallards cry; Shall I see them only today And vanish into the clouds?

-------------- Cranston

At ever-growing Boulder Pond, will I see the crying mallards just this day, only to disappear in the clouds?

-------------- Collins

大伯皇女 Princess Ōku

おほくのひめみこ

Utsusomi no / Hito naru ware ya / Asu yori wa / Futagamiyama wo / Irose to a ga mimu

utsusomi no / hito naru ware ya / asu yori wa / Futagamiyama wo / irose to a ga mimu

I who stay among the living shall, from tomorrow, look on Futakami Mountain as you, my brother

-------------- Levy

I, who belong To the race of mortal man— From tomorrow Shall I look on Futagami, A mountain, as my brother?

-------------- Cranston

万葉集 Man'yōshū: Collection of Ten 'Thousand Leaves
I draw and tie together branches of the pine on the beach at Iwashiro. If all goes well, I shall return to see them again.

I pull the branches of the pine of Iwashiro Beach and bind them together; if all goes well, I will return to see them again.

Levy

At Iwashiro, I draw together and bind branches of the pine; if all goes well, I will return to see them again.

Cranston

The rice I would heap into a vessel if I were home—since I journey, grass for pillow, I heap into an oak leaf.

When I am at home I eat rice heaped in a dish, but since I am away, on a journey, grass for pillow, I heap it on leaves of oak.

Levy

At home I pile rice in a bowl; but now on a grass-pillow journey, I pile it on pasania leaves.

Cranston

Watson
From that hallowed age
When the monarch Suzerain of the Sun
Reigned at Kashihara
By Unebi, called the Jewel-sash Mount,
Each and every god
Made manifest in the world of men
One by one in evergreen succession like a line of hemlock trees,
Ruled under heaven
All this realm with uncontested sway:
Yet from sky-seen
Yamato did one depart—
Whatever may have been
The secret of his sage intent—
And passed across
The slopes of blue-earth Nara Mountain
To a land, remote
Beyond the distant heaven,
The land of Ōmi

Where water dashes on the rocks,
To the palace of Ōtsu
In Sasanami of the gently lapping waves;
And there, as it is said,
He ruled this realm beneath the sky:
That sovereign god,
August ancestral deity—
His great palace stood
Upon this spot, as I have heard;
Its mighty halls
Rose here, so all men say;
Where now spring grasses
Choke the earth in their rife growth,
And mists rise up
To hide the dazzling springtime sun;
Now I view this site
Where once the mighty palace stood,
And it is sad to see.

------------ Cranston
Ever since the day of the August Emperor who made his abode at Kashihara where rises holy Mount Unebi, every sovereign born to us had exercised sway over all beneath the skies, each one in his turn, from the land of Yamato. But for a reason beyond our understanding, there was a ruler who left the sky-filling land crossed the mountains of Nara where the earth is rich, and exercised sway over all beneath the skies at Ōtsu Palace the place of rippling wavelets in Ōmi where the water breaks on the rocks, rural though it was, and distant as the heavens. But though we are told here rose the palace compound where dwelt the sovereign, the godlike Emperor, and though people say here soared the mighty halls, now haze veils the sky above luxuriant growths of springtime grasses, and the spring sun shines weak on the site where stood the great stone-built palace—the place I sorrow to see.

------------------Carter

Still Cape Kara stands In Shiga of the gently lapping waves, Changeless from of old; But it will wait in vain to see The courtiers’ boats row back.

------------------Cranston

It remains unchanged—Cape Karasaki in Shiga of the rippling wavelets—but it will await in vain the courtiers in their boats.

------------------Carter

Broad the waters stand By Shiga of the gently lapping waves: The lake is still; But how can it ever meet again The men of long ago?

------------------Cranston

They lie quietly, the shore waters at Shiga of rippling wavelets: but will they ever meet again those whom they knew in the past?

------------------Carter
日並皇子尊殯宮之時柿本朝臣人麻呂作歌一首

天地の初めの時ひさかたの天の河原に八百万千万神の神集ひまして神分り分りし時に

天地の八重雲別きて神下しらせまつりし高照らす

皇帝の名の天の下知らせば春花の貴か

太敷きましてすめろきの敷きます国と

天の原岩戸を開き神上り上りいましに

我が大君皇子の命の天の下知らせば

四方の人の大船の思ひ頼みて天つ水仰ぎて待つにかさまに思ほしめせか

万葉集

Man'yōshū: Collection of Ten Thousand Leaves
At the beginning
Of the heaven and the earth
In the riverbed
Of the shining realm of heaven
Eight hundred myriad,
A thousand myriad of gods
In godly assembly
Assembled together,
With godly counsel
Took counsel together:
The heaven-illumining
August Goddess of the Sun
Over heaven
Should be the one to rule,
And the Plain-of-Reeds
Country of the Sweet Rice-Ears,
To where heaven and earth
Merge together at their bound
Should for the august
God who would rule over it
Have him who brushed aside
The eightfold clouds of heaven,
Him who was sent down
In godly descent to earth:

Divine Child
Of the High-Shining Sun,
At his palace,
Kiyomi of the Flying Bird,
In all his godhead
He established firm his reign;
But he knew the land
Was one for Sovereigns to reign in,
And swinging open
The rock door of heaven’s plain,
In godly ascent
He has ascended and is gone.
If our great lord,
His Highness our most noble Prince,
Had come to rule
This realm of all beneath the heaven,
He would have been
As flourishing as flowers in spring,
He would have been
As all-fulfilling as the round full
moon,
So under heaven
The people of the four directions
thought,

As in a great ship
Placing their trust in him,
As for water from heaven
Gazing upward, waiting:
What was the nature
Of the thought he pondered?
Where he had no bond,
On the hill of Mayumi.
He planted firm
The pillars of his palace halls,
He raised on high
The lofty halls of his divine abode.
Morn after morn
Has passed without command,
Days and months pile up
Many, without a word:
All because of this
The courtiers of the Prince now wait,
Not knowing where to go.

-------------Cranston

In the beginning
of heaven and earth,
when eight million--
ten million--
gods assembled,
as gods in assembly,
on the banks of the river of heaven
and judged,
as gods in judgment,
it was decreed
that Amaterasu,
the maiden who illuminates the firmament,
should reign over the heavens
and that the child of the sun
who shines on high
should descend as a god,
dividing the eight-fold
clouds of heaven,
to sit in brilliant rule
over the nation
of fertile rice plants
among the reed fields
to the time and place
where heaven and earth unite.

At Kiyomi Palace--
of birds in flight--
his highness, a very god,
set sturdy pillars of his reign,
until that time
when the stone gates opened
and he ascended
as a god ascends
to the plain of the heavens.
Had his highness,
Our Lord Prince,
assumed his father’s reign,
he would have been as noble
as the blossoms in spring;
he would have shone as brightly
as the full moon.
From the four directions
under heaven,
men placed faith in him
as in a great ship,
and looked up to him
as at rains from heaven.
What was it that came over
his thoughts?
On distant Mayumi Hill
he has set
the sturdy pillars
of his palace,
and rules on high
his eternal hall.
Many have become
the days and months
since his morning commands
were last heard.
And for this reason
the courtiers
of the prince
do not know
in which direction
to turn their footsteps.

-------------Collins
As if we looked
To the shining realm of heaven,
So we once gazed up
At our lord our Prince’s gates,
Whose ruin will be bitter with regret.

---Cranston

How regrettable
that the palace of the prince--
to whom I looked
as at the eternal heavens
should fall to ruins!

---Collins

That the palace
of the Prince I held in awe
as I would look up
to the far firmament
should fall to ruins—
alas!

---Levy

Although, madder-red,
The sun illuminates the day,
Through the jet-black night
The moon no longer sails the sky;
Its dark eclipse is bitter with regret.

---Cranston

Though the bright crimson sun
continues to shine
how sad that the moon
which crosses the pitch black of night
has been concealed from view

---Collins

The crimson-gleaming sun
still shines,
but that the moon is hidden
in the pitch-black night it crosses—
alas!

---Levy
柿本朝臣人麻呂妻死之後泣血哀懸作歌二首

天飛ぶや
軽の路は
吾妹子が
里にしあれば
人目を多み
まねく行かば

ねもころに
見まく欲しけど
止まず行かば
黄葉の
過ぎて去にと
吾妹子が
止まず出で見し

恋ししつつあるに
照る月の
雲隠る如

狭根葛
後も逢はむと

黃葉の
過ぎて去にとき

玉桙
道行く人も
一人だに

玉かぎる
磐垣淵の
隠りのみ

照る月の
雲隠る如

照る日の

玉梓の
使の言へば

為むすべ知らに
声のみを
聞きてあり得ば

是をなみ
妹が名喚びて

わが恋ふる
千重の一重も
慰もる

わが立ち聞ければ

声も聞すれば
玉桙

玉さるも

妹が名喚びて

目を多み
まねく行かば

その言はむ術

為むすべ知らに
声のみを

聞きてあり得ば

万葉集

Man'yōshū: Collection of Ten Thousand Leaves
Since in Karu lived my wife,  
I wished to be with her to my heart’s content;  
But I could not visit her constantly  
Because of the many watching eyes—  
Men would know of our troth,  
Had I sought her too often.  
So our love remained secret like a rock-pent pool;  
I cherished her in my heart,  
Looking to after-time when we should be together,  
And lived secure in my trust  
As one riding in a great ship.

Suddenly there came a messenger  
Who told be she was dead—  
Was gone like a yellow leaf of autumn.  
Dead as the day dies with the setting sun,  
Lost as the bright moon is lost behind the cloud,  
Alas, she is no more, whose soul  
Was bent to mine like the bending seaweed!  
When the word was brought to me  
I knew not what to say;  
But restless at the mere news,  
And hoping to heal my grief

On the autumn hills  
The trees are dense with yellow leaves—  
She has lost her way,  
And I must go and search for her,  
But do not know the mountain path.

Suddenly there came a messenger  
Who told be she was dead—  
Was gone like a yellow leaf of autumn.  
Dead as the day dies with the setting sun,  
Lost as the bright moon is lost behind the cloud,  
Alas, she is no more, whose soul  
Was bent to mine like the bending seaweed!  
When the word was brought to me  
I knew not what to say;  
But restless at the mere news,  
And hoping to heal my grief

On the autumn hills  
The trees are dense with yellow leaves—  
She has lost her way,  
And I must go and search for her,  
But do not know the mountain path.

On the autumn mountain  
The fallen leaves are dense.  
Yet I shall seek  
The wife I have lost  
Though I do not know the way

Even as the golden leaves  
scatter from the trees  
the sight of the messenger  
with his catalpa staff  
brings to mind the days we were together.