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A  
**BIRTH-DAY BOOK**  
OF  
JAPANESE VERSE, OLD AND NEW,  
BY MANY AUTHORS

TRANSLATED

BY

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THE SHIMBI SHOIN

1910

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*Goy Waterhouse*  
*Jill Brunt*

52169008



## PREFACE.

The great majority of the Poems in this collection are taken from the works of the late Madame Saisho Atsuko, for many years one of the ladies of the Imperial court, and the trusted friend of many of the makers of new Japan.

I have also taken a few poems from my English Translation of Professor Florenz's '*Dichtergrüsse aus dem Fernen Orient*,' and from my own collection of *Imperial Songs*. Professor Chamberlain's article on the Japanese Epigram, and Dr. MacCaulay's on the *Hyakuninissu* (published among the Transactions of the Asiatic Society of Japan) have also furnished me with much material, as have also various collections of Buddhist sermons. In all these cases I have given the name and date of the Japanese author.

A certain number of poems marked (H) are interpretations of *Hokku* (very brief epigrams) which I have found scattered about the pages of the late Mr. P. Ehmann's admirable collection of "Japanese Proverbs and Figures of Speech," but without any indication of the original author.

I do not claim to be more than an interpreter. Still I hope that my interpretation may be of some value in helping to explain the spirit of Japanese poetry. The translations were mostly made in the summer of 1906.

A. LI.

10. May. 1910.





JANUARY.

A lone bleak rock amidst the roaring waves,  
Emblem of lonesome life. But, lo! the Sun  
Rises above the waves, and straight the rock  
Becomes a Paradise, the grateful cranes  
Sing prime and lauds, and e'en the tortoise creeps  
Forth from her watery home to sun herself.





## JANUARY

- 1 The ancient pinetrees on the mossy rock  
Stand firm against all storms : their roots are strong,  
And deeply bedded in the heart of earth.  
So may Heav'n bless our land with rooted peace  
To stand unshaken' 'midst the shocks of time,  
'Midst jarring elements and outward foes.

*H. M. The Emperor of Japan.*

- 2 The moon at early dawn sinks in the West,  
And all the world is bathed in silver light.  
What glory can the Rising Sun bestow  
To better those pure beams?

*Minamoto Toshiyori.*

- 3 "The genial Spring hath open'd wide its gates,"  
The happy burghers say, and sally forth,  
With kindly smiles, to welcome the New Year.

*Saisho.*

- 4 Crisp on my garden lies the year's first snow,  
Snow that shall feed the hungry soil, and coax  
The dry, dead, trees back into leaf again.

*Saisho.*

## JANUARY

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# JANUARY

- 5 If in thy heart there burns the self-same flame  
That tortures mine with never ceasing pain,  
What hinders thee to tell it? If there came  
Some maid, and asked me to explain  
Why so unquiet I remain,  
What answer should I give that curious dame?

*Manyoshu.*

- 6 Rain, sleet, and snow, the gathering mists that creep  
Adown the mountain-side, the dashing stream  
That babbles o'er the pebbles to the sea,—  
We give them different names to suit their forms,  
But th'underlying Substance is the same.

*Anon.*

- 7 The pine tree, 'neath its heavy load of snow,  
Stood stoutly stiff, nor seemed to feel its weight;  
But when the pliant *Fuji* wooed his strength  
With soft-entwined embraces, then he stooped,  
And bent his arms to give a helping hand.

*Saisho.*

- 8 The night is cold, the mournful sighing wind  
Howls through the chamber door, and then I know  
How cold must be the dwellings of the poor.

*Emperor Gotoba,*

# JANUARY

- 5 *Charlie Calver*

6

7

8





## JANUARY

Uproar and noise

- 9 Mark not the mind's immeasurable depth.  
See'st thou yon spot where idle waves do chatter?  
The stream is shallowest there.

*Soseihoshi.*

- 10 Now the great Cold begins: the god of Frost  
Reigns everywhere supreme; but they, whose veins  
Still pulse with Youth's hot blood, derisively  
Snap thumb and finger at him. Only we,  
Whose blood is thin—elderly people—dread  
Bone-piercing Winter's rule tyrannical.

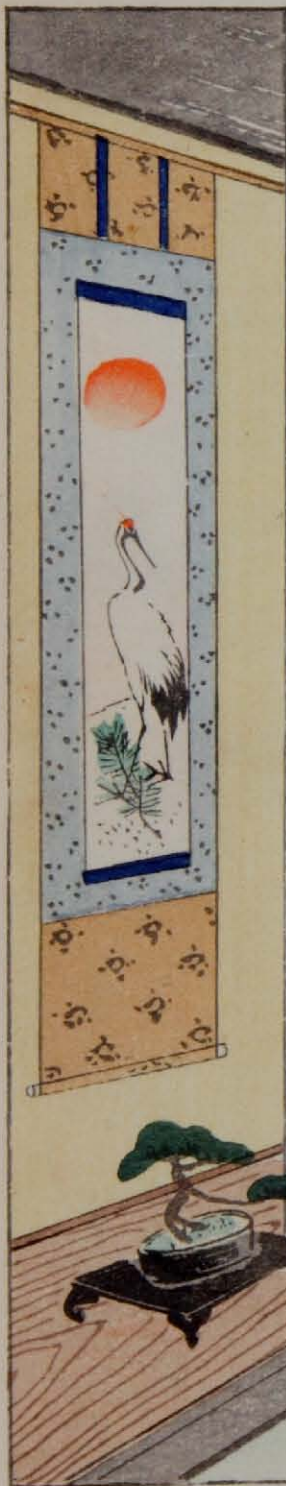
*Saisho.*

- 11 The true heroic spirit—when a man,  
Wounded, and lying on a bed of pain,  
Feels the desire for fight arise anew,  
And cannot rest: but, ere his wounds are healed,  
Longs to go forth to war,—'tis surely this.

*Takakura Hisako.*  
(A lady of the court).

- 12 Deep water and thin ice!"—the man that sees  
This notice by the frozen lake, and still  
Ventures upon the ice, call him a fool.

*Kusunoki Masashige.*



## JANUARY

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# JANUARY

- 13 With screens, and quilts, and warming-pans, my host  
Has done his best to keep me snug and warm:  
But borrowed pillows lend no sleep, and nights  
Feel cold when spent 'twixt other people's quilts.  
My bed at home's the only bed for me.

*Saisho.*

- 14 What! Traveling in winter? The mere verb  
'To travel', e'en midst flowers, and blooming trees,  
And vernal skies, is redolent of pain  
And stern discomfort; whereas I have now  
Been toiling days and weeks through snow and slush.

*Saisho.*

- 15 You say my winter garden has no flowers.  
Just come and look: I'll show you where they bloom,  
Like hardy virtues in a brave man's breast,  
A dozen plants of beauty and fair name,  
In spite of frosts and Winter's adverse blasts.

*Saisho.*

- 16 Sharp are old Winter's eyes, and when the Moon  
Fails with her search-light rays to find a chink,  
Old Winter sends his knife-like blast right through,  
In spite of paste and paper.

*Saisho.*



# JANUARY

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# JANUARY

- 17 I've barred my doors to keep the cold wind out,  
And drawn the noisy shutters, and piled up  
Logs on the hearth that fills the house with smoke,  
And, all day long, have sat and warmed myself:  
How long these short midwinter days can be!

*Saisho.*

Ever and anon,

- 18 Life's wintry path o'er snow and ice is cheered  
By fair oases in the wilderness,  
Like fertile Uji, with its sheltering screen  
Of kindly mountains, where the flowers bloom  
In cold midwinter, and defy the blasts  
Of all the jealous crew of winter winds.

*Saisho.*

- 19 True; but the heavy snow-clouds move away,  
And through the mist the mighty Sun doth shine,  
Melting the vapours, and the clearer air  
Tells us of Summer coming soon to birth.

*Saisho.*

- 20 So, though the first of months hath two-thirds sped,  
Its hastening course, I send these fronds to thee,  
Which humbly growing in the dell I found,  
At the hill's base, this early morn, and plucked  
As first fruits of my love, oh friend, for thee.

*Saisho.*

# JANUARY

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# JANUARY

- 21 The willow, bending 'neath its weight of snow  
Looks like a weeping cherry,—so I feel  
Happy, as if 'twere spring, to look at it.

*Saisho.*

- 22 Inari's shrine is still bedecked with snow  
That lingers 'midst the pines beyond its time;  
And cold the wind: yet, through it all, we go  
To pay our Hatsu-uma worship there,  
Before the Fox-god, on the first Horse-day.

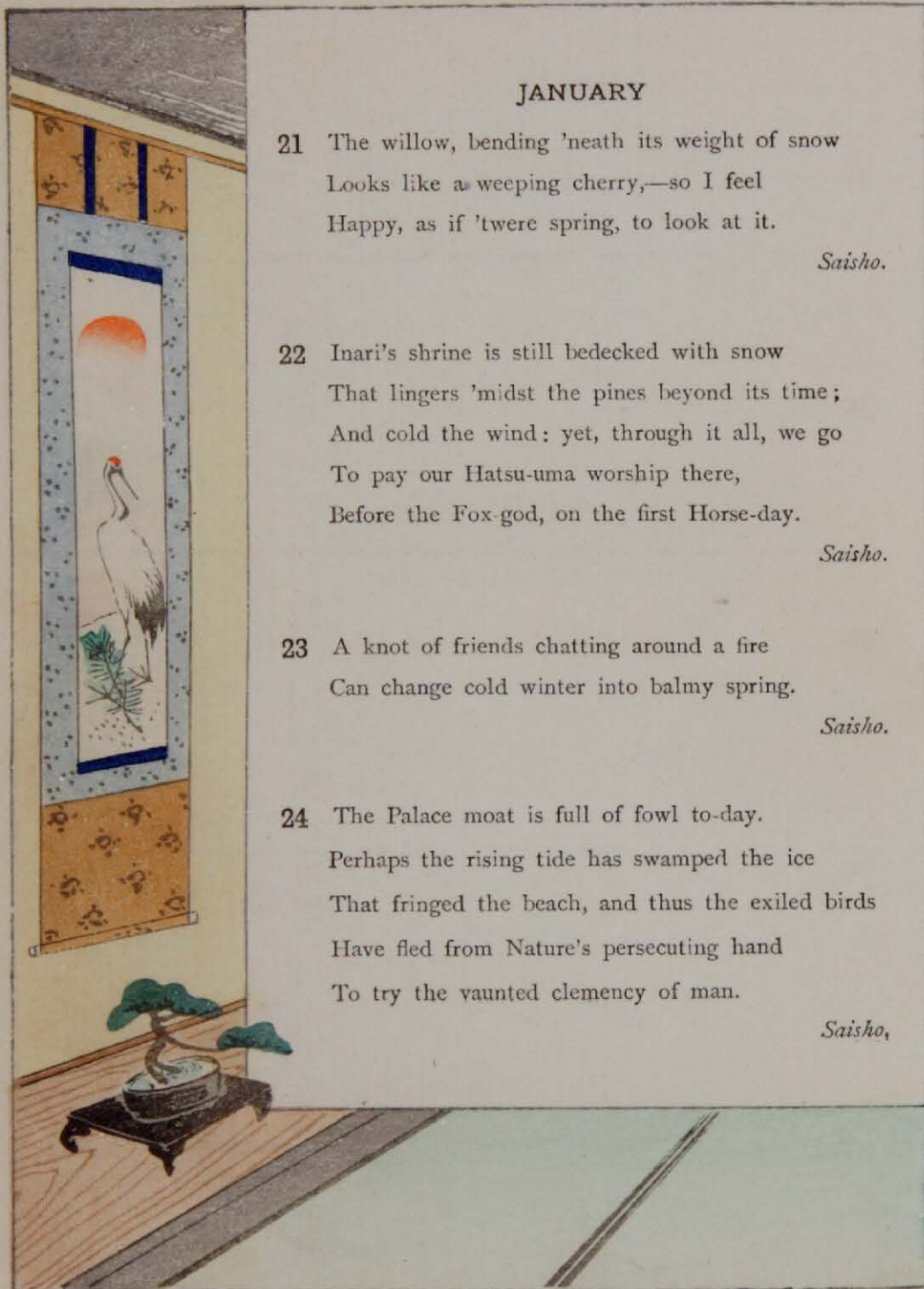
*Saisho.*

- 23 A knot of friends chatting around a fire  
Can change cold winter into balmy spring.

*Saisho.*

- 24 The Palace moat is full of fowl to-day.  
Perhaps the rising tide has swamped the ice  
That fringed the beach, and thus the exiled birds  
Have fled from Nature's persecuting hand  
To try the vaunted clemency of man.

*Saisho.*



# JANUARY

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# JANUARY

- 25 Shivering with cold, we pass the fire, and say,  
 "Just for one minute," and sit down by it.  
 How soon that minute stretches into hours!

*Saisho.*

- 26 Last night the waves ran high, and my poor bark  
 Tossed so that sleep fled from me; but to-night,  
 When all is still and calm, the crying gulls  
 Hover around with sobs that kill my sleep.

*Saisho.*

- 27 Let others, if they please, go snow-balling.  
 I'm not disposed to join. I'd rather sit  
 Over the brazier, and with open hands  
 Take in the genial heat that comes therefrom.

*Saisho.*

- 28 On the cold winter nights I lay me down,  
 And feel the warm folds of my bed,—and then  
 My heart portrays the sufferings of the poor.

*H. M. The Emperor of Japan.*



# JANUARY

25 .....

26 .....

27 *John Hammond*

28 *Jays Birthday*

*Brown*

*Bar*





## JANUARY

- 29 The winter, with its rigours, touches not  
Our bodies, clad in vestments warm and rich;  
But when we think upon the shivering poor  
That freeze in their thin rags, the cruel tooth  
Of pitiless Winter bites our inmost heart.

*H. M. the Emperor of Japan.*

- 30 What to me are diamond treasures,  
Silver, gold, or copper pure?  
Nobler joys and higher pleasures  
My boys and girls for me procure.

*Manyoshu.*

- 31 They've had a good day's hunting on the moor.  
The huntsmen are not weary, nor the steeds;  
And e'en the hawks are fresh.

Tis not the chase  
That wearies, but the disappointed heart.

*Saisho.*



## JANUARY

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30 .....

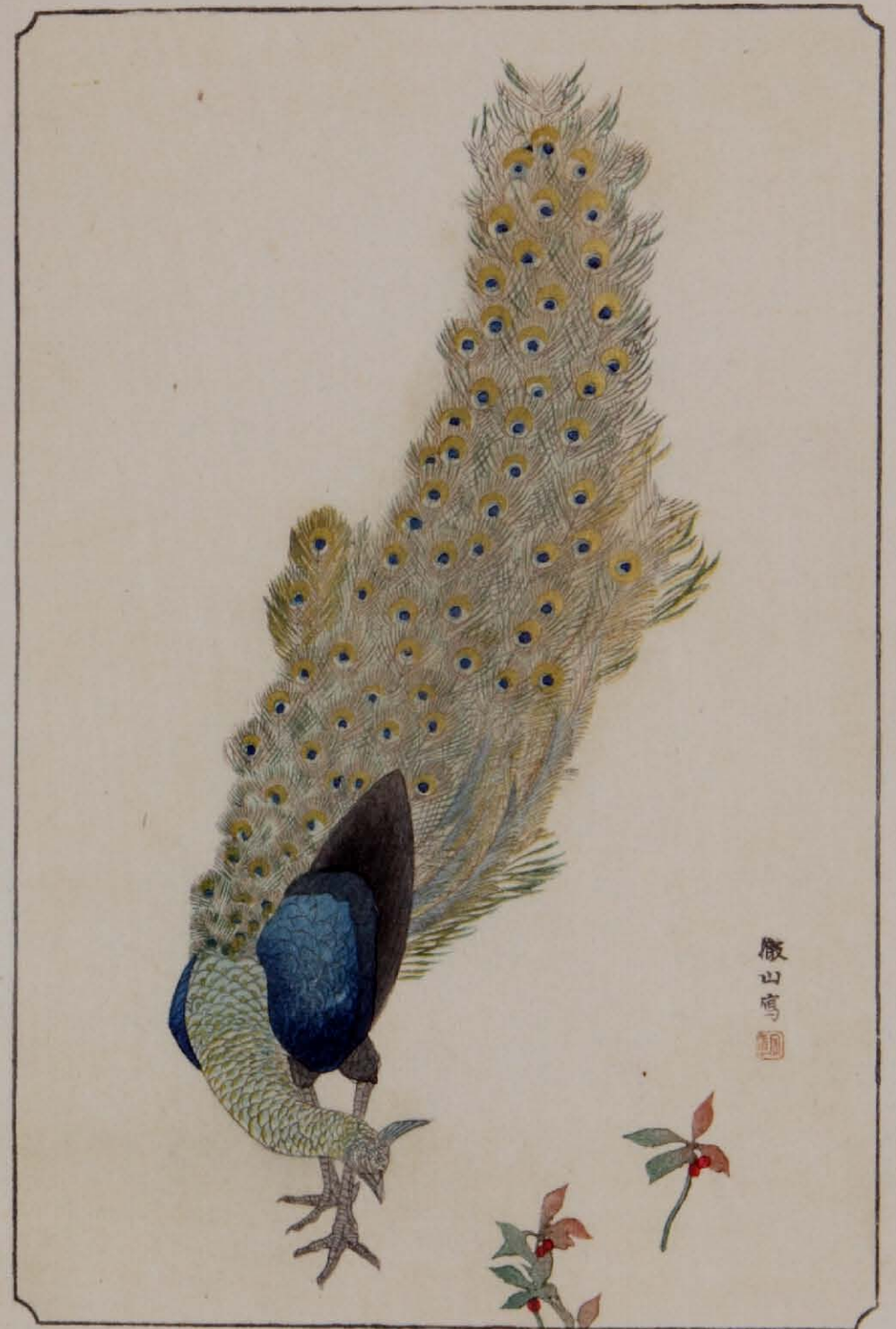
31 .....





FEBRUARY.

Proud peacock! with thy train of blue and gold,  
A thousand eyes thou hast, thou should'st be wise;  
Yet art thou but a vain, conceited, bird.





## FEBRUARY

The morning Sun

- 1 Shines through the snow, and, with his plumes all wet,  
Robin reluctant chirps his mournful dirge.

*Saisho.*

- 2 Lured by fallacious hopes of warm spring days,  
The foolish willow put forth tender buds;  
But the cold wind this morning brought a frost,  
And with white rime enveloped her again,  
Killing her nascent hopes: as when a man  
Hopes, plans, or acts, a thing before its time.

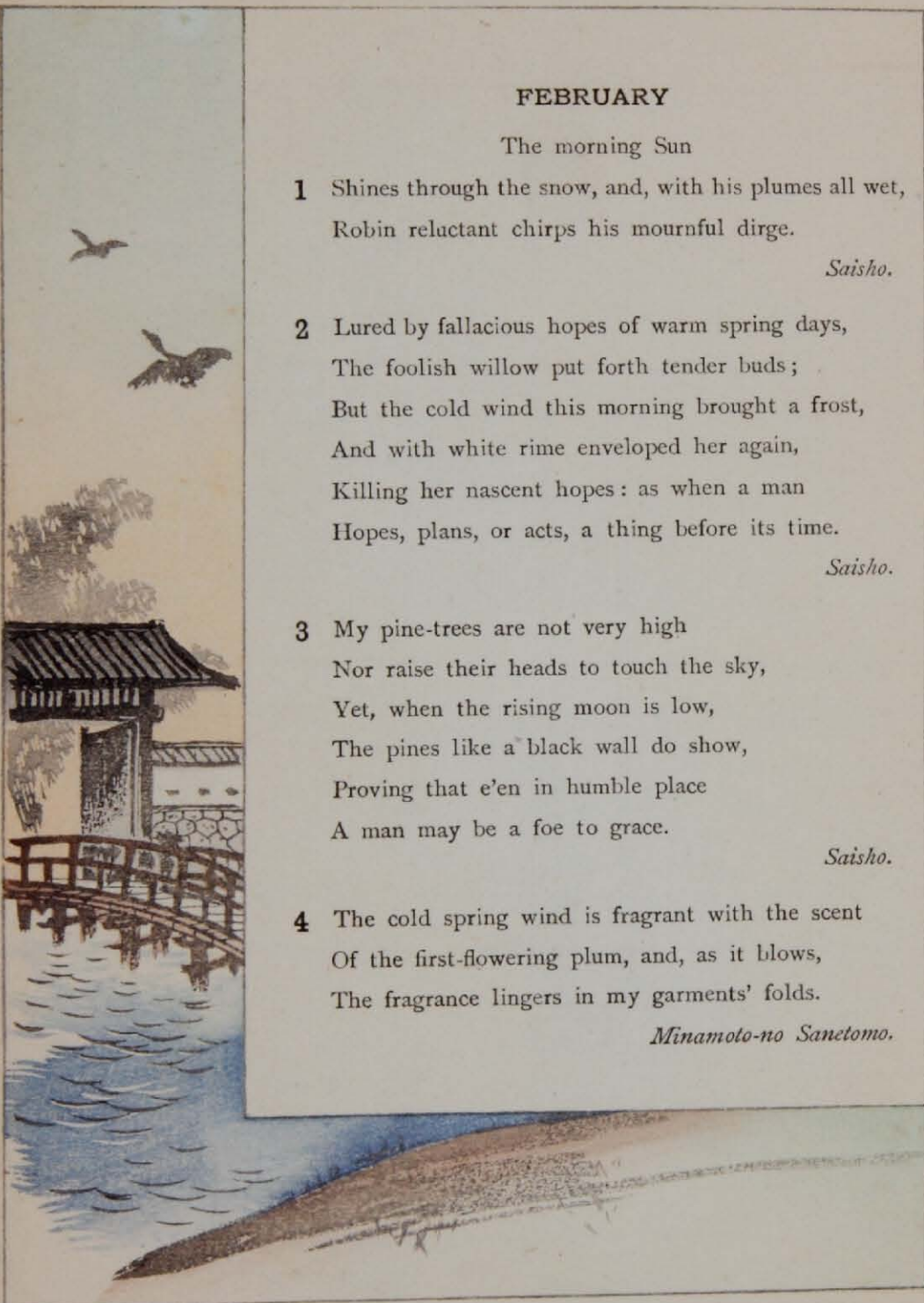
*Saisho.*

- 3 My pine-trees are not very high  
Nor raise their heads to touch the sky,  
Yet, when the rising moon is low,  
The pines like a black wall do show,  
Proving that e'en in humble place  
A man may be a foe to grace.

*Saisho.*

- 4 The cold spring wind is fragrant with the scent  
Of the first-flowering plum, and, as it blows,  
The fragrance lingers in my garments' folds.

*Minamoto-no Sanetomo.*



## FEBRUARY

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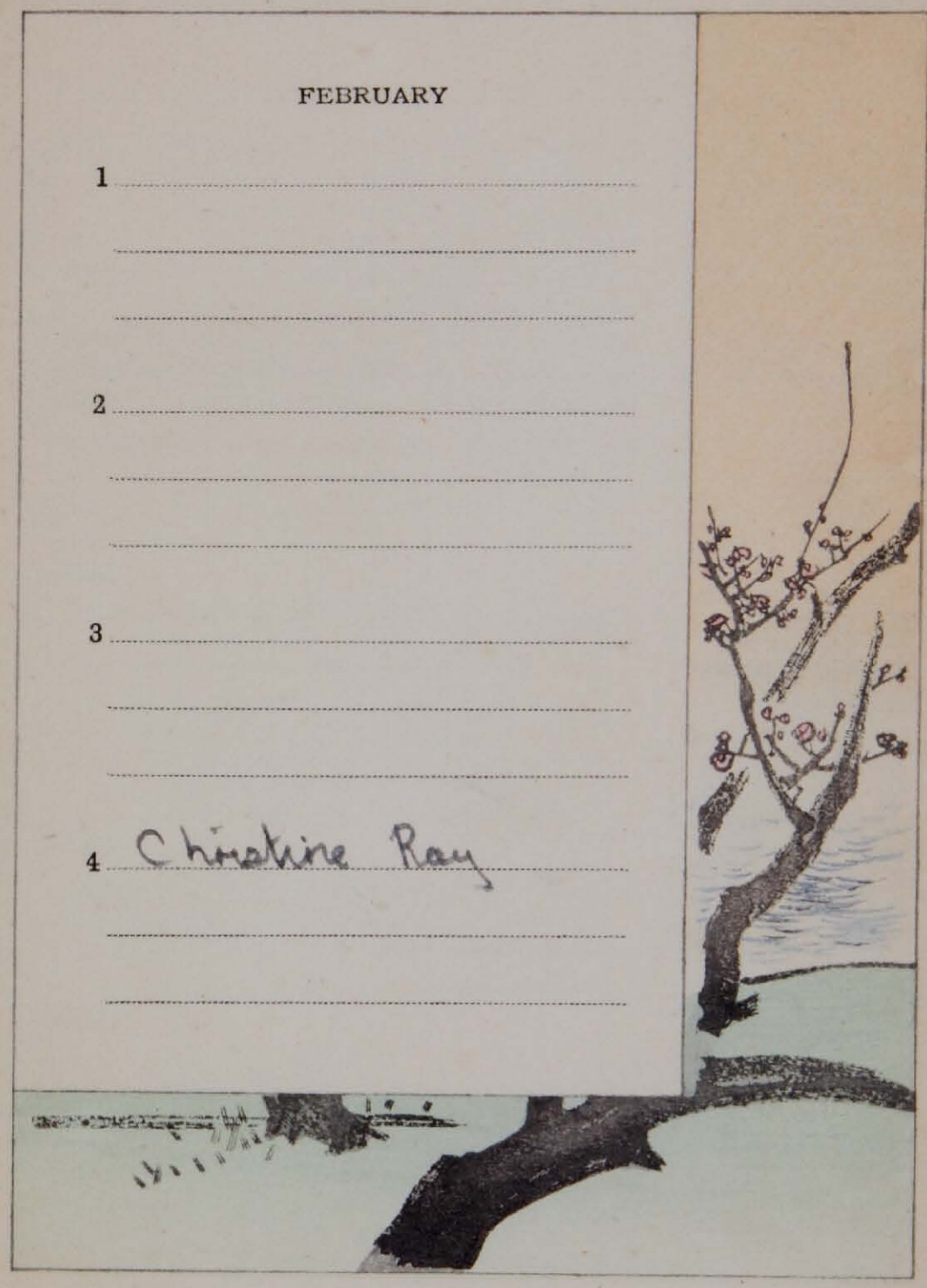
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4 *Christine Ray*

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## FEBRUARY

- 5 Ah me! The all-renewing spring-tide rain  
Falls in the Temple precincts, and the fire,  
Sign of a living Faith, that ever burns  
Before the altars of the holy gods,  
Is quenched by potent show'rs; and, for the while,  
Because the fire of holy faith is dead,  
The place, though sacred to the gods, and decked  
With flowers and costly pomp, is cold and drear.

*Saisho.*

- 6 Pale moon, whose cold and silvery ray doth deck  
The evening sky with glory, dost thou not  
Live, as we do, in an enlightened age?  
Then why should mists of spring obscure thy face?

*Saisho.*

- 7 Thou seest thy brother bowed beneath the load  
Of adverse fortune, and thy pitying heart  
Moves thee to succour him, and moves thee well.  
Yet do so with discernment; for the plum,  
Pushing its buds beneath a weight of snow  
Gains fragrance from its cold environment,  
And they that idly brush away the snow  
May haply break the noble-hearted flower.

*Saisho.*

- 8 Noon and high-tide—and on the summ'ry waves  
The Spring-haze loomed, and all was warm and fair;  
But back came winter when the sun went down,  
And the cold moon shone in a frosty sky.

*Saisho.*

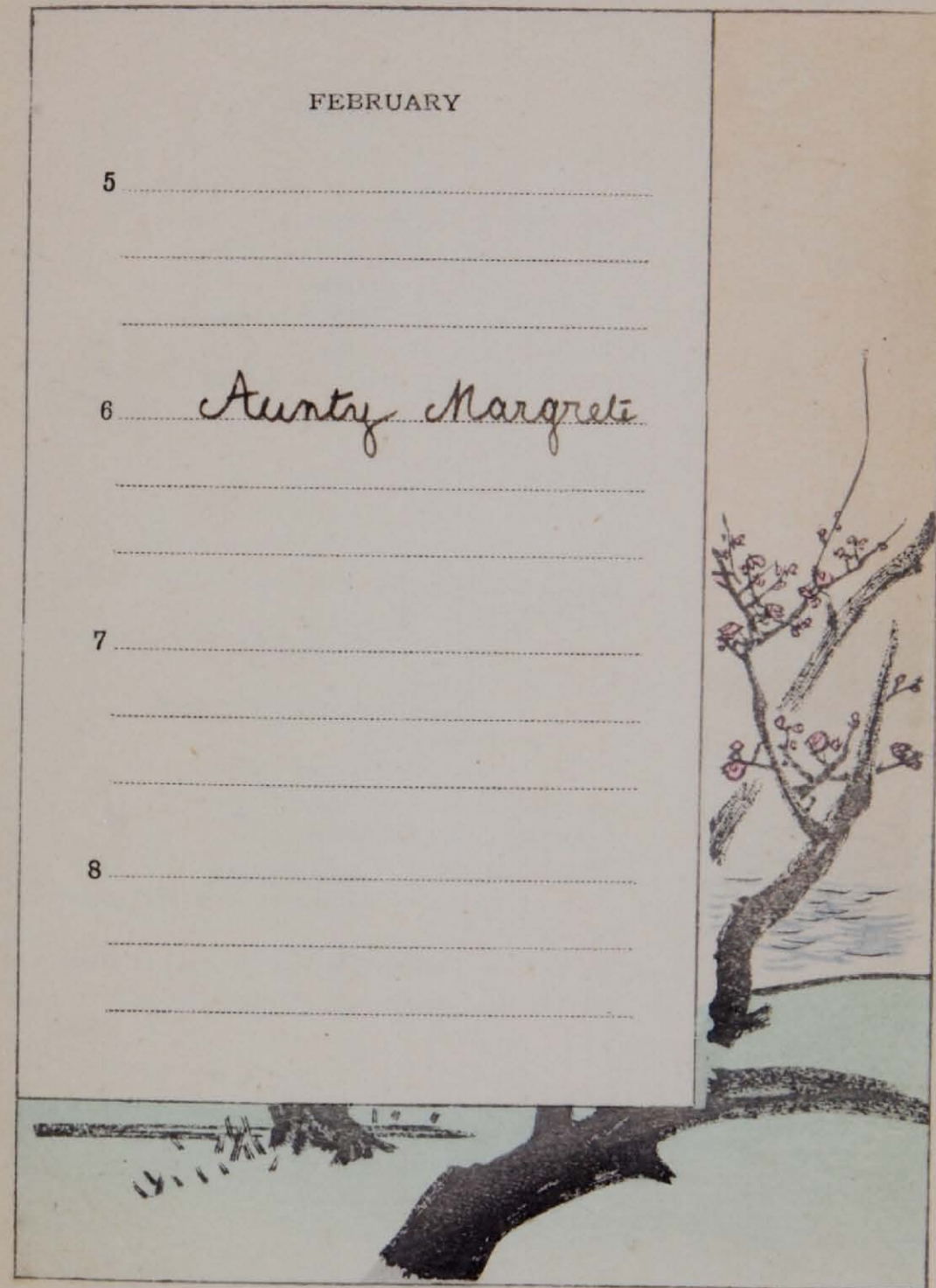
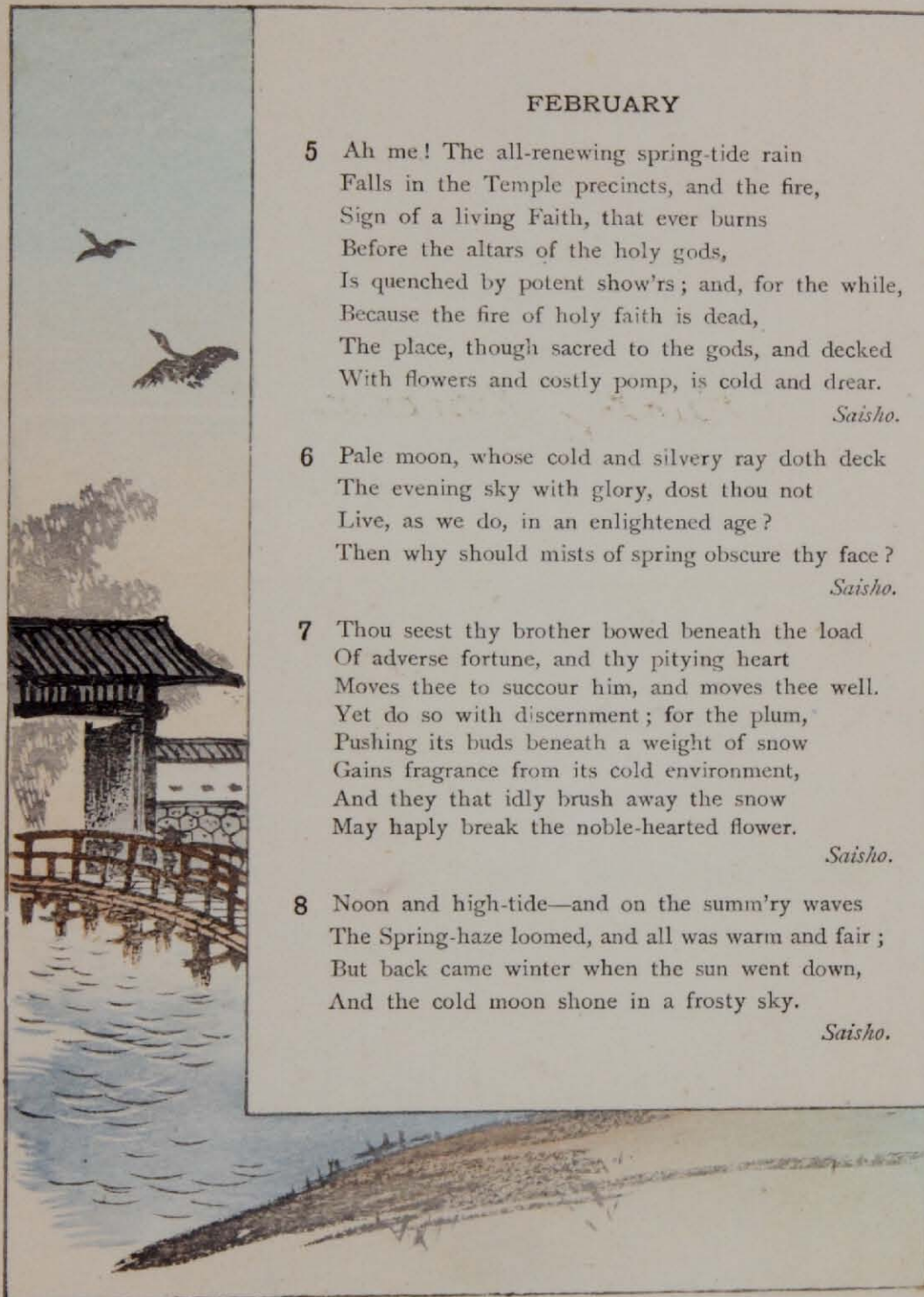
## FEBRUARY

5 .....

6 *Aunty Margret*

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## FEBRUARY

- 9 Far away I see Mikane  
     Raise his towering peaks on high:  
 Here it rains without cessation,  
     There the snow falls ceaselessly.  
 As it rains without cessation,  
     As the snow falls ceaselessly,  
 So unending is my passion.  
     Since thy face I first did see.

*Manyoshu.*

- 10 The jewel of a lady's coronet  
 Gleams in her hair, and sparkles in the gloom,  
 And yet 'tis naught,—a sparkle, not a light.  
 The book, whose page enlightens the dark mind,  
 Is the true treasure.

*H. M. the Empress of Japan.*

- 11 There is no second way whereby to show  
 The love of Fatherland.

Whether one stand,  
 A soldier under arms, before the foe,  
 Or stay at home, a peaceful citizen,  
 The way of loyalty is still the same.

*H. M. the Emperor of Japan.*

- 12 He that loves flowers will wait for them to bloom.  
 And, waiting, grudges not the lapse of time.

*Saisho.*



## FEBRUARY

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10 .....

11 *Lillian Brunt*

12 .....





## FEBRUARY

- 13 Some years ago (as old folk use to play  
At gardening labours, just to pass the time),  
I laid a plum-stone in the pregnant ground,—  
To think I've lived to see my plum-tree flower!

*Saisho.*

- 14 The hardy plum, that blooms beneath the snow,  
Is oft half crushed beneath its heavy load,  
And Truth, that ventures in a wintry world,  
Is often all but stifled by the weight  
Of cruel falsehood, worldliness, or guile.  
Yet sweep the snow off with a careful hand,  
Lest thou remove the tender flower as well.

*Saisho.*

- 15 Fair moon, good evening. You're a welcome friend  
With whom I like to talk, and knowing not  
Whether another month will see me here,  
To speak with you, as friend doth speak to friend,  
I'll take this chance, and show you all my mind.

*Saisho.*

- 16 Since these my plums have blossomed, not a day  
Hath passed for me, but that, on outspread mat,  
Beneath their fragrant branches, I have drunk  
My fill of joy, to see, to smell, to feel,  
The hopes of new-born spring. And every day  
Hath seen renewed the vernal festival,  
That tells of new sap mounting in the trees,  
And new-formed buds upon their gnarled stems,—  
A sight for mourning hearts.

*Saisho.*

## FEBRUARY

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*Marjorie Agar.*



## FEBRUARY

- 17 That cloud, around the base of yonder hill,  
Is it where men prepare their morning meal?  
No! tis the first haze of the opening spring.

*Saisho.*

- 18 'Tis a pervading fragrance. See, the leaves  
Of yonder flow'ring willow by the fence,  
Where blows my neighbour's plum-tree, in their turn  
Borrow its fragrance.

*Saisho.*

- 19 A mind that cares not, though the days and months  
Pass by in idle fruitlessness,—such is  
The mind of him that idly waits for flowers  
To open. For the course of Nature brings  
Its blessings in due time, whether we wait,  
Or wait not for them. And the powers of Heaven  
Ask not that we should wait, but that we work.

*Saisho.*

You see that man,

- 20 Whose sleeve brushed past me in the street just now.  
Whence comes he? From what garden? For his dress  
Still bears the subtle fragrance of the plum.

*Saisho.*

## FEBRUARY

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19 \_\_\_\_\_

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Toni Caroline  
Heard



## FEBRUARY

- 21 The Imperial Moon with splendour fills the skies,  
And earth rejoices. But the lesser lights,  
That ruled, each in his sphere, have hid themselves  
For very shame, and modestly refuse  
To match their paler fires with his bright beams.

*Saisho.*

- 22 The water placed in goblet, bowl, or cup,  
Changes its shape to its receptacle,  
And so our plastic souls take various shapes  
And characters of good or ill, to fit  
The good or evil in the friends we choose.  
Therefore be careful in your choice of friends,  
And let your special love be given to those  
Whose strength of character may prove the whip  
That drives you onward to fair wisdom's goal.

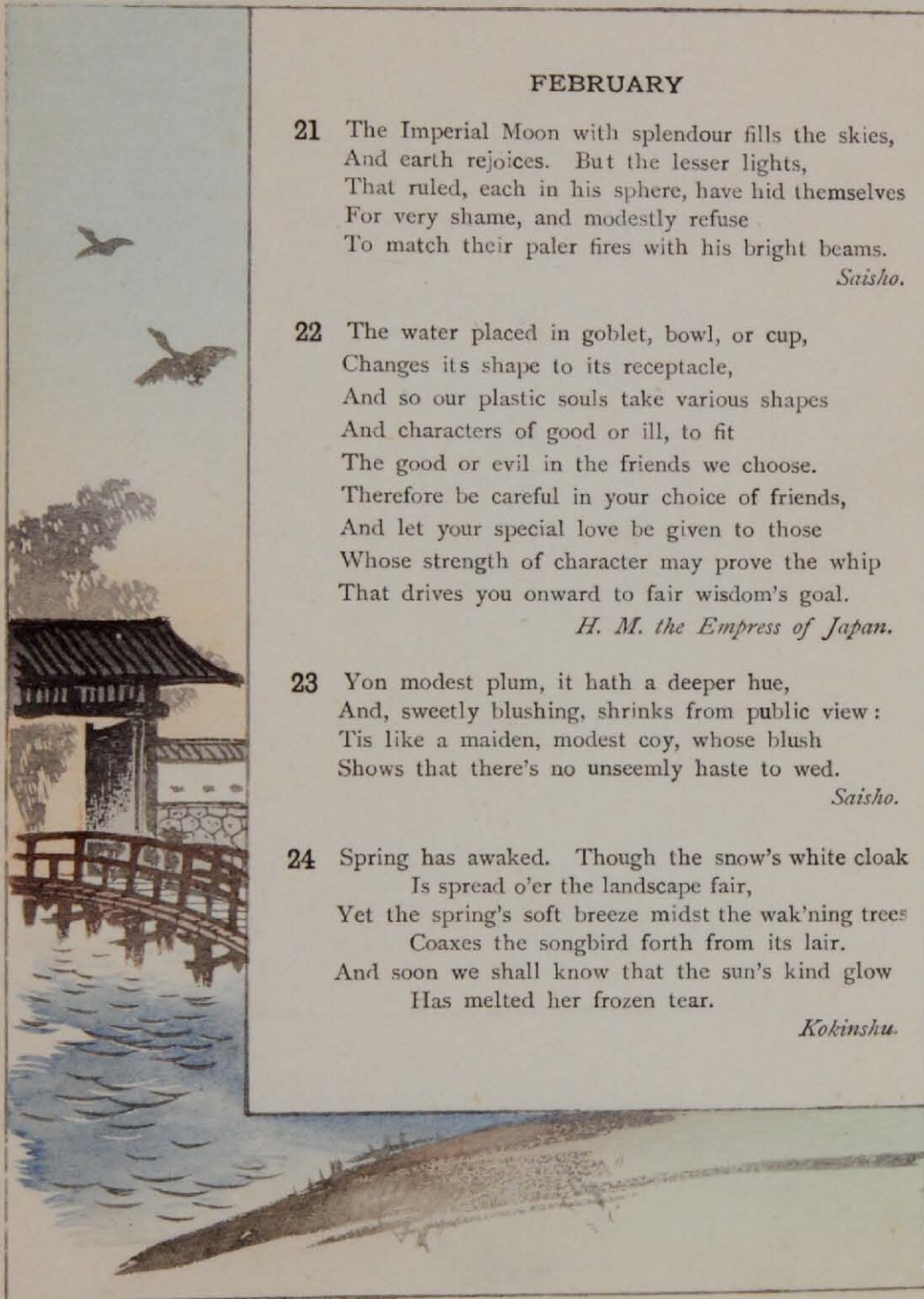
*H. M. the Empress of Japan.*

- 23 Yon modest plum, it hath a deeper hue,  
And, sweetly blushing, shrinks from public view:  
Tis like a maiden, modest coy, whose blush  
Shows that there's no unseemly haste to wed.

*Saisho.*

- 24 Spring has awaked. Though the snow's white cloak  
Is spread o'er the landscape fair,  
Yet the spring's soft breeze midst the wak'ning trees  
Coaxes the songbird forth from its lair.  
And soon we shall know that the sun's kind glow  
Has melted her frozen tear.

*Kokinshu.*



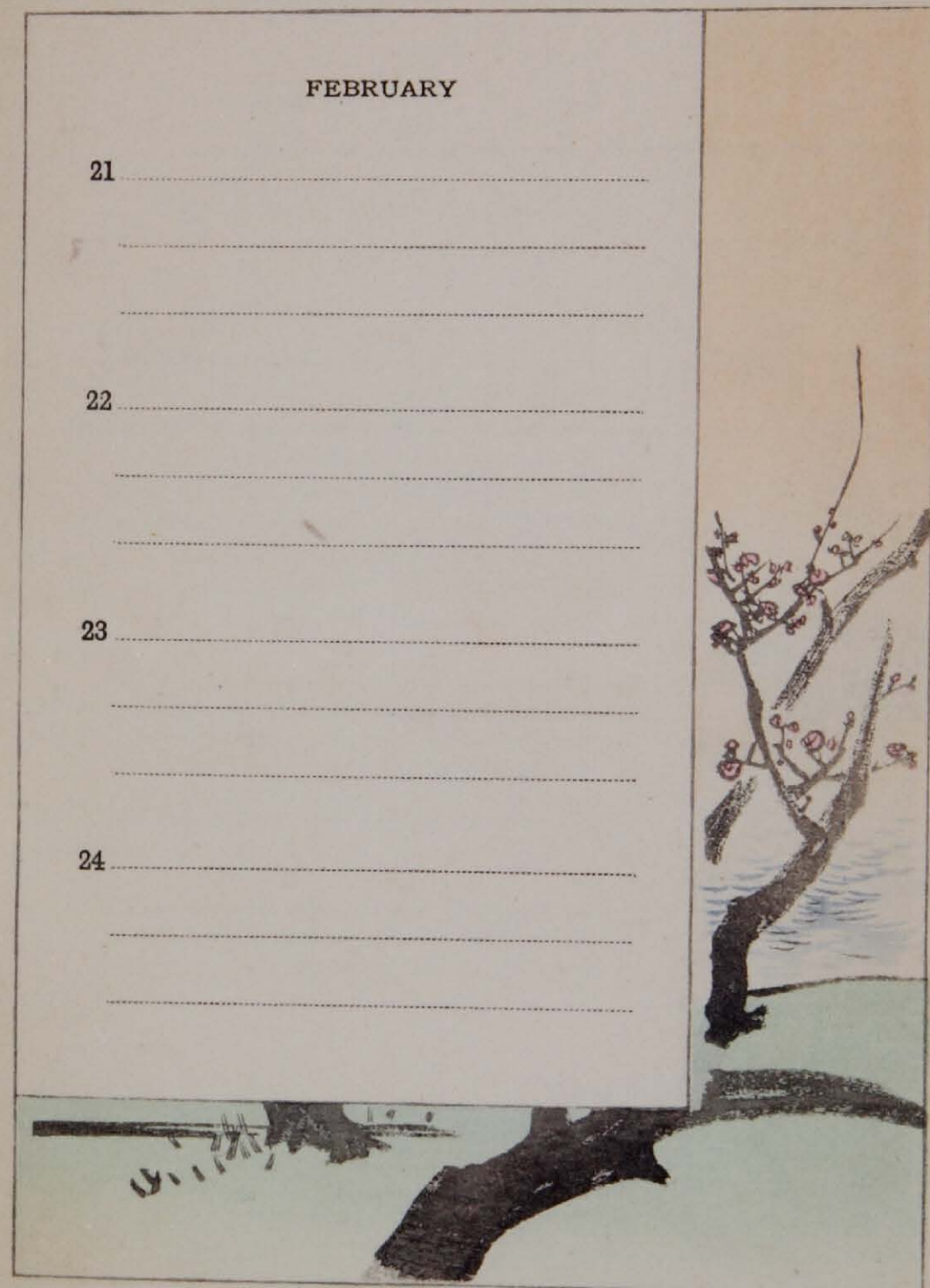
## FEBRUARY

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## FEBRUARY

Dark the night,

- 25 And with no star to guide me, yet the gloom  
Is full of hope, for, wafted on the wind  
The plum-tree's fragrance comes to cheer my heart.

*Saisho.*

- 26 A wayward maiden, longing to be free,  
And chafing 'gainst the narrow bars of home,  
I scorned the beauties of familiar fields,  
And deemed this plum-tree, old and bent with age,  
A useless relic of a by-gone age,  
Unfit to flower! But still my plum-tree blooms  
Year after year, as in my childhood's days;  
And its perpetual fragrance still excels  
The rival beauties of the younger trees,  
Which recent hands have planted.

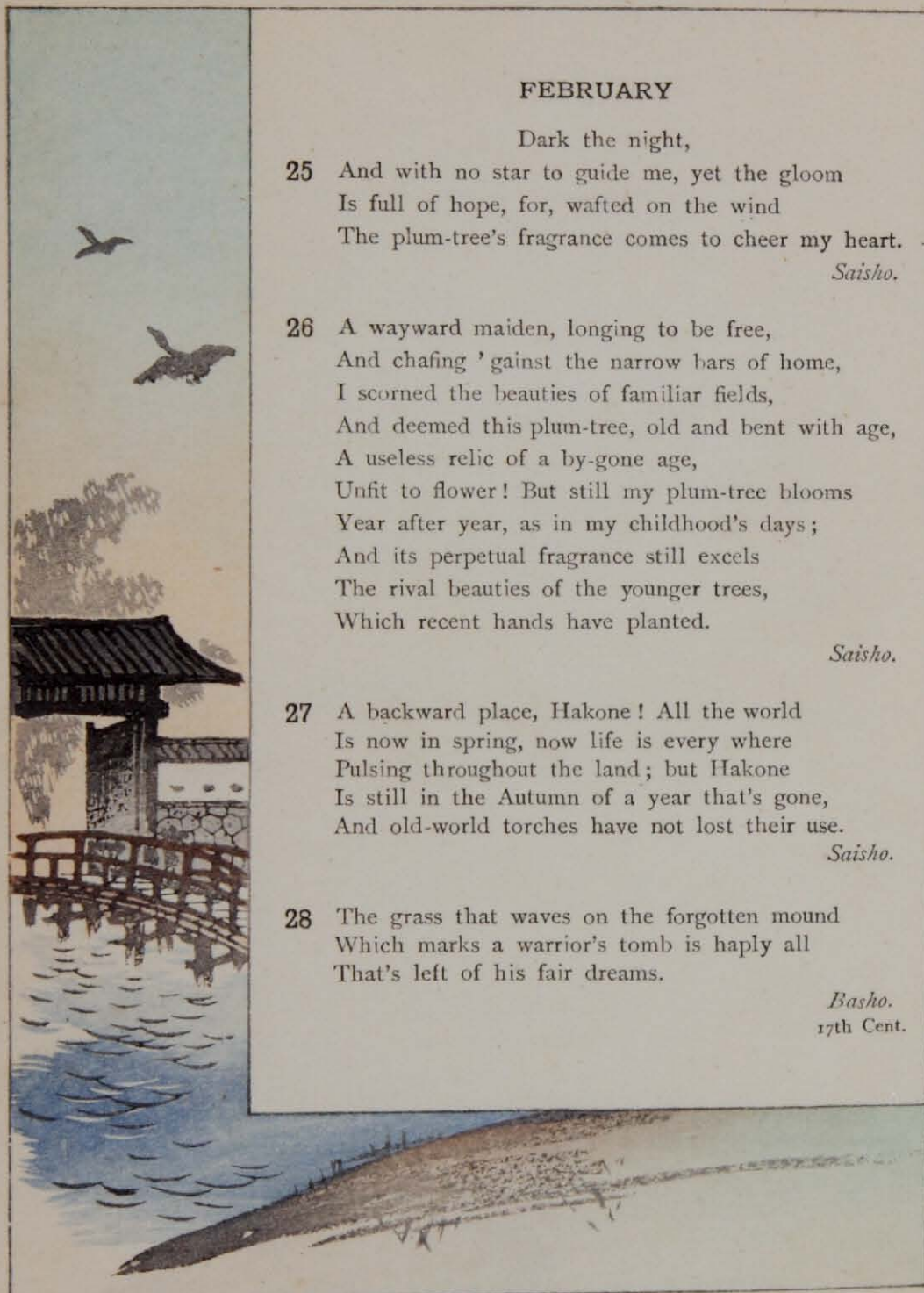
*Saisho.*

- 27 A backward place, Hakone! All the world  
Is now in spring, now life is every where  
Pulsing throughout the land; but Hakone  
Is still in the Autumn of a year that's gone,  
And old-world torches have not lost their use.

*Saisho.*

- 28 The grass that waves on the forgotten mound  
Which marks a warrior's tomb is haply all  
That's left of his fair dreams.

*Basho.*  
17th Cent.



## FEBRUARY

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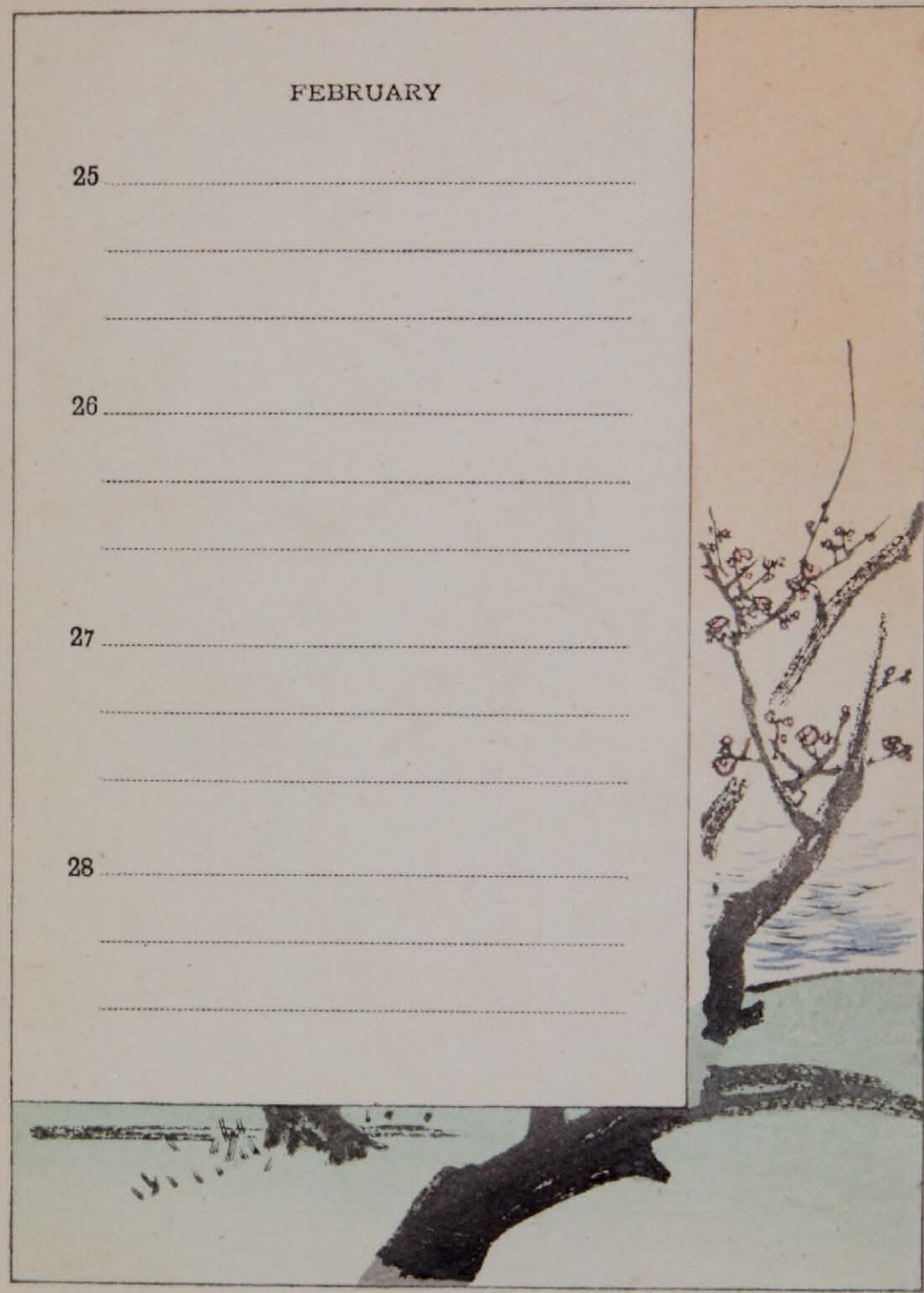
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# MARCH.

The cherry blooms, and when it blooms we're gay,  
Sporting beneath its fragrant shade. Alas!  
One pelting shower, one blast of heedless wind,  
And all our joy lies scattered on the earth.





## MARCH

- 1 In the low lands upon the marshy shore,  
He rages in his wrath, and stamps and snorts,  
As though to show his mettle and high blood.  
Give but one touch of the provoking lash,  
And straight into the rolling surf he'll leap,  
And all the perils of the deep defy.

*Saisho.*

- 2 The lonely farms peep out amidst the leaves  
Of flowering plums, and all the countryside  
Is pleasant,—e'en amongst the lonely hills  
Hath nature spread a feast of beauty rare.

*Saisho.*

- 3 Spring's Advent opes the fast-closed stable door:  
The new-born colt, who saw the first faint light  
In the dark days of winter, now comes forth  
Into the meadow, breathes the balmy air,  
And crops the tender grass, and, with his heart  
Full of the joy of living, frisks and plays,  
Because at last his happy spring has come.

*Saisho.*

- 4 Thick lies the mist upon Hakone's lake,  
And all the lower heights are lost to sight,  
Behind me and before. Perplexed in mind  
I stay my step and ponder. Lo! I see  
Kingship in Fuji raise his royal head  
Far over all the mists, and, on the lake,  
A boat with bellying sail is scudding fast  
In spite of fogs. Soon the life-giving breeze  
Will clear the air and show the mountain's base.

*Saisho.*



## MARCH

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4 J.S. Austin

Y. Schaff





## MARCH

- 5 The night is dark and starless:—with no ray  
To pierce the gloom and light me on my path.  
Yet is the night not cheerless:—lo! the plum  
With subtle fragrance fills the atmosphere.

*Saisho.*

- 6 Better a man confess his inmost sin,  
Than build a Temple to the holy gods.

*Minamoto-no Sanetomo.*

A. D. 1203.

- 7 Today again, beneath the bloom-clad boughs  
I wandered joyfully with well-pleased eye,  
Praising each well-loved scene, and full of mirth  
Because the spring hath brought new life to birth.

*Saisho.*

- 8 Down in his sheltered valley, warm and snug,  
The warbler waits for tardy Spring to come,  
Nor sees why he should hurry.

*Saisho.*



## MARCH

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# MARCH

- 9 How goes the night? It surely must be late.  
Baby's asleep: and just outside the gate  
The wild geese in the fields do congregate.

*Saisho.*

- 10 The spring haze rises on the pine-clad hills,  
And all the fields are shimmering with green:  
Yet see, in yon deep vale there lingers yet,  
In patches here and there, belated snōw  
That has defied the Sun's persuasive heat.  
So lingers evil in a world that's good,  
So lives the good amidst a world that's bad.

*Saisho.*

See! I too have passed

- 11 Through the plum-orchard, and the fragrance still  
(So deem they, blindly led by erring sense,)  
Clings to my garments, to my outer self.  
They little know:—'tis hidden deeper far,  
Right in my heart of hearts.

*Saisho.*

- 12 The spring shower comes not, like the summer rain,  
With sweep of bursting torrent, such as tears  
O'er fields and valleys, when the big clouds burst  
Among the hills.—See, all the jutting rocks,  
That peep above the grass, are wet with rain,  
And yet the rivulet that flows between,  
Has not increased in volume, but flows on,  
With ceaseless splash and rattle, gathering strength  
But imperceptibly.

*Saisho.*



# MARCH

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## MARCH

But when I tried

- 13 To seize a branch and break it-for myself,  
As private perquisite and greedy gain,  
Lo! from the branches fell protesting showers,  
And all my sleeve was wet with mournful tears  
Shed by the tree which I essayed to rob.

*Saisho.*

- 14 The loyal hearts that think not of themselves  
And private cares, but of the common weal,  
God has for them a special meed of praise.

*Hirata Mitsuue*

(a lady of the Court).

- 15 Methinks each spring the first thing I should hear  
Should be the warbler singing on the hills:  
This year he lingers long.

*Saisho.*

- 16 The balmy breeze blows blithely o'er the land,  
And all that lies within the four great seas  
Is peaceful. But the spring colt in the field,  
Touched by the fresh breeze to his inmost heart,  
Moves restless up and down his green domain.

*Saisho.*



## MARCH

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15

*Baby Oliver Smith  
Birthday*

16





# MARCH

- 17 My plum-tree's blossom now hath lost its pride,  
And the inconsistent bird, like friends that flee  
When wealth is gone, has flown across the fence,  
And, flattering, sings his faithless songs next door.

*Saisho.*

- 18 By Yosa's sea, the Heavenly ladder lies  
Prostrate, and cut by fog: yet the spring moon  
Climbs boldly on, and makes the shining mist  
The stair by which to reach the gate of Heaven.

*H. M. the Emperor of Japan.*

- 19 And yet the warm spring rain that brings this joy  
Hath its discomforts: in the gloomy road,  
That dips far down the valley, through the trees,  
The red tsubaki sucks the falling rain,  
And sucking swells, and with excessive weight  
Snaps, falls, and breaks upon the earth beneath,  
Till the old moss is red with rotting buds.

*Saisho.*

- 20 Even the camelia-flowers that frequent fall,  
When the spring-rain doth give them over-weight,  
No hand doth sweep away with careful broom;  
But where they fall they lie, and where they lie,  
They rot. Such is the recluse life that shuns  
The ways of man, and, shunning, loses fear  
And self-respect, nor cares with frequent broom  
To sweep the untrodden paths of daily life.

*Saisho.*



# MARCH

- 17 *Flora Smith's*  
*Birthday*

18

19

20





# MARCH

- 21 No twinkling lights upon Akashi's Bay  
Show where the fishermen do ply their trade  
Amidst the fog at night. The very pines  
That line the rocky coast are lost to sight,  
And none would know that they were near at hand,  
But for the noisy chatter of the cranes,

*Saisho.*

- 22 What human voice can tell me 'this is good  
For man to do', or, 'this is bad for thee?'  
For human voice speaks as the heart doth think,  
And in the heart is nought but constant change.

*Kobo Daishi.*

- 23 Take heed unto thyself: the mighty god,  
That is the Soul of Nature, sees the good  
And bad that man in his most secret heart  
Thinks by himself, and brings it to the light.

*H. M. the Emperor of Japan.*

- 24 The moon, late ling'ring in the morning air,  
Draws the tide after it,—a gentle stream  
Of ebbing current bears our ship of state,  
Without the punter's labour, out to sea.

*Saisho.*



# MARCH

- 21 *Hilda Allen*

- 22

- 23

- 24







## MARCH

- 25 The boisterous winds of March have rudely mauled  
The fragile mountain cherries, and the rains  
Have dashed their bloom. Yet, see, the clouds disperse,  
The spring moon shows her face, and, reaching forth  
His storm-torn limbs, the plucky tree revives,  
And greets his bright friend smiling thro' his tears.

*Saisho.*

- 26 With faggot on his back, and hook in hand,  
The weary woodman leaves the upland slopes,  
And seeks the cot that nestles, like a child,  
Close to the mother mountain's peaceful breast.  
The gentle moon then rises from her lair  
Behind the hill, to guide him on his way  
Through woods and darkling valleys, till he reach  
That well-loved home, where he himself may rest.

*Shimoda Utako.*

- 27 What is man's life? A bubble on the stream,  
Raised by the splashing rain, which merrily  
Dances along the swiftly gliding wave,  
Full of apparent life, then suddenly  
Breaks and dissolves, and leaves no trace behind  
To show where it hath been.

*Saisho Atsuko.*

- 28 (a) Where goes the flame when the too envious breath  
Of heaven tears it from its burning wick?  
Where but to its first home, obscurity?  
(b) The image thou beholdest in thy soul,  
What is it but a trail of glory, brought  
From some pre-natal life yonside the womb?

*Muso Kokushi.*

## MARCH

25 .....

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## MARCH

It is good

- 29 To have a friend that speaks another tongue,  
And lives with people of a distant sphere,  
With different thoughts from those that I have known,  
And yet a friend.

*Takasaki Masakaze.*

- 30 You gather stones from off the waste hill-side,  
And therewith build a cottage, snug and warm,  
But the hut falls with time, till, by and by,  
There's naught but just the waste hill-side again.

*Anon.*

- 31 Mountains and seas, with bars material, keep  
Our little lives asunder, as themselves  
Are kept apart and severed: but beyond  
The mountains and deep seas, the world of soul  
Unites our hearts inseparably in love.

*Takasaki Masakaze.*



## MARCH

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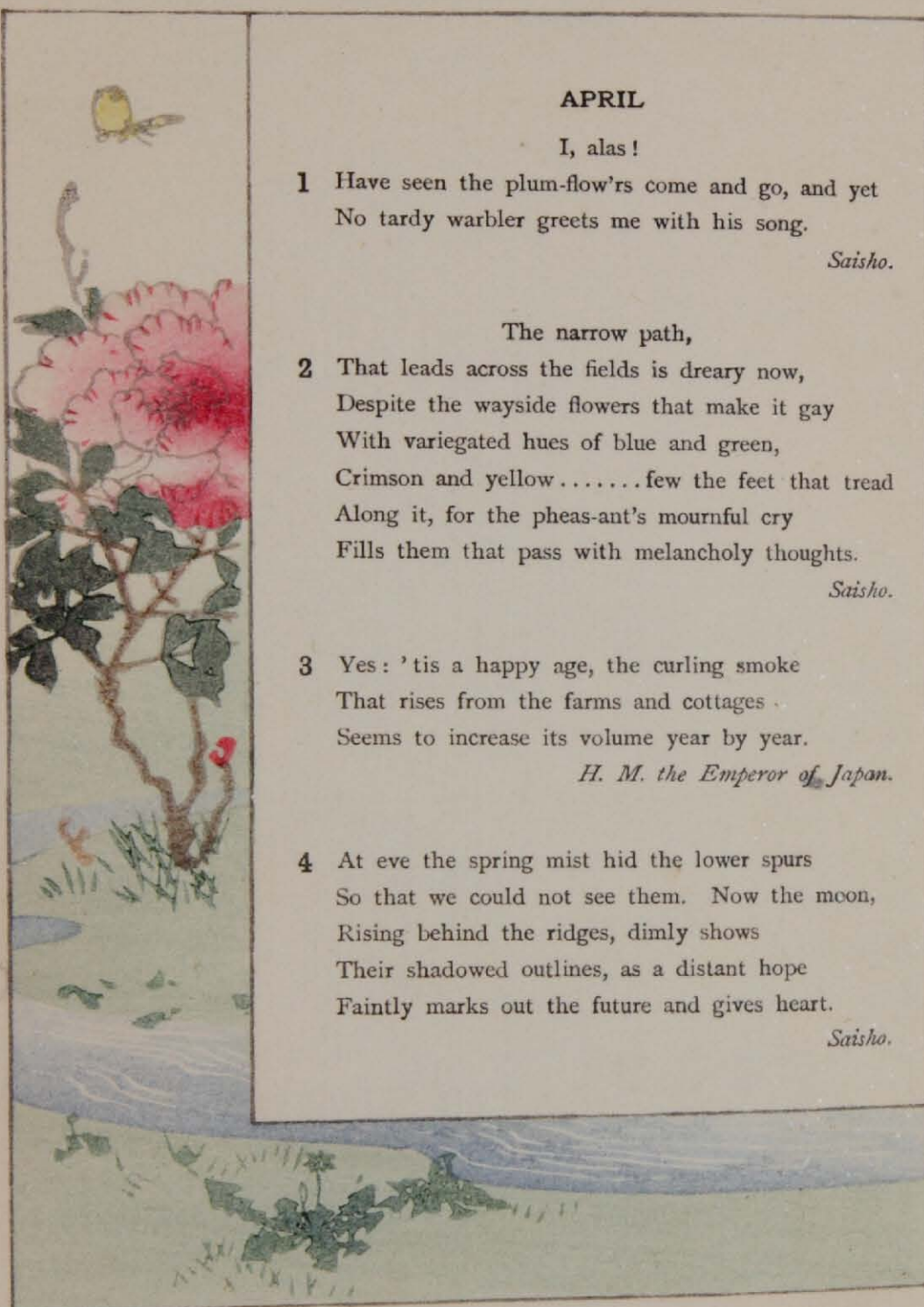


APRIL.

An April breeze, a gently rippling sea,  
A boat with beauty in it, and the sport  
More harmful to men's hearts,—who would not love  
A Spring day's picnic in such company?







## APRIL

I, alas!

- 1 Have seen the plum-flow'rs come and go, and yet  
No tardy warbler greets me with his song.

*Saisho.*

The narrow path,

- 2 That leads across the fields is dreary now,  
Despite the wayside flowers that make it gay  
With variegated hues of blue and green,  
Crimson and yellow.....few the feet that tread  
Along it, for the pheas-ant's mournful cry  
Fills them that pass with melancholy thoughts.

*Saisho.*

- 3 Yes: 'tis a happy age, the curling smoke  
That rises from the farms and cottages  
Seems to increase its volume year by year.

*H. M. the Emperor of Japan.*

- 4 At eve the spring mist hid the lower spurs  
So that we could not see them. Now the moon,  
Rising behind the ridges, dimly shows  
Their shadowed outlines, as a distant hope  
Faintly marks out the future and gives heart.

*Saisho.*

## APRIL

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## APRIL

- 5 A nine-fold hedge of reverence and awe  
Fences around, as with a fearsome cloud,  
The place where Ancient Majesty doth dwell,  
That none may look on it with eyes profane.  
Yet, in those quiet glades and pastures, grows  
Full many a blade of tender, juicy grass,  
Fit for the Imperial Horse to feed upon.

*Saisho.*

- 6 On the hill's slopes the proud azalea blooms,  
Shedding its glory o'er the country side,  
And all men praise its beauty. Underneath,  
The key-like fronds of *warabi* push up  
Their humble heads amidst the tangled grass.  
And men pluck these, and leave the azalea there,  
Fruitlessly blooming. 'Tis not Beauty's show,  
But Virtue's modest worth that men do prize.

*Saisho.*

- 7 I cross the narrow bridge of planks that leads  
The traveller from my humble village home,  
Then turn to take a last fond look, when lo!  
The weeping willow with its dropping tears  
Shuts out my dear home from my longing eyes.

*Saisho.*

- 8 In spring, the young colt gambols on the plain,  
This way and that, nor heeds the rightful path,  
Which only they can find who know the marks  
That lead them to the way.

*Kuya.*

A. D. 893--972

## APRIL

5 .....

6 .....

7 .....

8 *Edith Heller.*





# APRIL

- 9 Last night I marked upon the fallow field  
Fair flowers, and waving grasses, and methought  
To rise betimes, and gather them today.  
But when I reached the field, industrious hands  
Had been before me and the ruthless hoe,  
Turning the soil, had torn up all my flowers  
And laid them prostrate. It is thus we lose,  
Procrastinating, many a chance of good.

*Saisho.*

- 10 And yet perchance I wrong him. Where I live  
Is far from haunt of men, and seldom comes  
A foot of man to cheer me. Yet this spring  
No day has passed but that my warbler friend  
Has let me have at least a friendly trill.  
Sure he must deem me still his well-loved friend.

*Saisho.*

- 11 Whose house is this, embowered in the trees,  
With plums and opening cherries? Again today  
The sound of laughter and gay mirth I hear.  
Sure 'tis the home of some contented mind.

*Saisho.*

- 12 Spring with its thousand hues is all around  
In grass and leaf and flower. And amidst  
These scenes so gay, where all is happiness,  
The pheasant's voice is heard. Ah! well-a-day!  
Her voice is full of sadness, for she mourns  
Her children that are lost.

*Saisho.*

# APRIL

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APRIL

- 13 Oi's smooth face is white with fallen leaves,  
And all is peace,—even the restless fish  
Seem to be well content, and leap no more.  
*Saisho.*
- 14 I dwell apart, and seldom comes to me  
A human friend that knocks upon my door  
And asks admittance. But the spring has come  
Each year without a fail, and every year  
My faithful willow, standing by my gate,  
Hath welcomed spring's return, and when the months  
Have ripened into summer, still hath stood,  
Clad in more sombre vesture, and hath watched  
Departing Spring melt into Summer's heat,  
And Summer fade to Autumn, Is he not  
My faithful friend then?  
*Saisho.*
- 15 I heard the spring-rain falling in my dreams,  
And scarce could waken, but on pillowing arm  
Resting my drowsy head, I dreamed again,  
Lulled by its gentle patter, of the hopes  
That come with spring,—and Oh! what dreams  
they were.  
*Saisho.*
- 16 'Tis hard for common folk to sit and wait  
Till the proud cuckoo comes with his bold call  
To cheer them. Think then what t's to me,  
Whose ears are slow, to try and catch its note.  
*Saisho.*

APRIL

- 13 \_\_\_\_\_  
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- 14 *Mummys Birthday*  
*Mary Mattison.*  
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- 15 \_\_\_\_\_  
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- 16 \_\_\_\_\_  
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# APRIL

See, in the depths

- 17 Of yon still moat the falling rain of spring  
Brings joy and life, and the impatient fish  
Leap from their waves to meet the welcome drops,  
And fall back impotent. So we, also stand,  
And see the grey clouds low'ring from the sky,  
And feel the dampness of the air, and hear  
The sad splash on the water that bespeaks  
A foiled attempt, may only know the grief,  
Not seeing yet the joy that is to be.

*Saisho.*

- 18 Yes: so it comes that every one this year  
Has heard Friend Cuckoo oftener than enough,  
While I, poor slow-coach, dull of ear, am yet  
Straining to catch its first prolonged note.

Some go before,

- 19 Some after: and by divers paths we walk,  
Plodding our way through life: but when the trees  
Are white with cherries, I am sure to meet  
My friends long missed; for Beauty draws us all  
To gather round its soul-contenting charms.

*Saisho.*

- 20 O'er all the Imperial city lies the joy  
Of spring, and every tree is full of flowers!  
And yet how quiet is this day that dawns  
Over its streets, temples, and palace-roofs.

*Saisho.*

# APRIL

- 17 *hesley Morison*

18

19

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68



# APRIL

- 21 My neighbour, humdrum soul!-is going to bed.  
I hear his shutters rattle, and the bolts  
Creak in their sockets. But, this heavenly night,  
With glorious moonlight flooding all the air,  
I cannot go to bed, I simply won't.

*Saisho.*

- 22 Yes: we who stand and watch the falling rain,  
With time to contemplate—we feel the hopes  
And taste the sadness of the year that comes  
To its full birth. But yonder village hind,  
His cares all cooped within his parish bounds,—  
Ōhara of the mountains—bears his load  
Of faggots, upright, on his patient crown,  
Nor heeds the falling showers.

*Saisho.*

- 23 The wind sweeps o'er the petal-covered ground  
Beneath my flowering cherries, and the drift  
Of floating snow flakes covers everything—  
Pond, fence, and winding walks, with faded white.

*Saisho.*

- 24 The world's a dream, a cherry-flower that blows,  
And sheds its petal-snow, and is no more.

*Minamoto Sanetomo.*

A. D. 1203,

# APRIL

21 .....

22 *M. E. Brunt*

23 .....

24 .....



# APRIL

- 25 The wind itself pitied alone to watch  
The fall of those last-lingering cherry-blooms;  
So out of pity tempered its rough gales  
And with soft breath hath spared them hitherto  
*Saisho.*
- 26 Above the fence, and bigger than the house,  
The *unohana* pours its thousand waves  
Of flow'rets like a summer torrent-flood  
Rushing with freshet from the distant hills  
To flood the hamlets on the river's bank.  
*Saisho.*
- 27 I see the blossoms falling from the trees,  
And floating on the lakes scarce ruffled face,  
And, idly musing, find a sad delight  
To think of change, and fallen state, and how  
The end awaits the greatest and the least.  
Thus musing I find rest. What joy it is  
To own a garden which contains a pond!  
*Saisho.*
- 28 Say not 'there'll be a morrow;' for to-night  
The wind may rise, and ere the night is o'er  
The cherry-flower lie scattered on the earth.  
*Shinran Shonin.*

# APRIL

- 25 .....
- 26 .....
- 27 .....
- 28 .....



# APRIL

- 29 The hill behind obstructs the rising moon,  
Hiding its earliest rays, and all the base  
Is covered with thick trees and leafy brush,  
Therein embowered, the clear transparent pool  
Of fresh spring water needs must patiently  
Wait, ere it catch the moon's enlightening face  
Reflected on its waters. Yet, how fair  
The Light that comes to him that waits for it  
Keeping his soul in patience till the end.

*Saisho.*

- 30 Oh fool, that with misguided confidence,  
Bragg'st of tomorrow and tomorrow's hopes!  
Tomorrow's hopes? What are they but refrains  
Still trembling in the air from yesternight?

*Minamoto Ietaka.*

# APRIL

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MAY.

Sweet May for thoughtless beauty. Ah! reflect  
How soon the Summer will go fleeting by,  
And cold December chill thee to the bone.  
Be wise, fair maid, as thou art beautiful.





MAY

Imperceptibly

- 1 It falls, this vernal blessing. On the panes,  
No sound to mark its life renewing fall—  
Only the tear-drops on the willow boughs.

*Saisho.*

- 2 As when a maiden, walking by the bank  
Of some fair stream, doth stoop to pluck the flowers  
That blossom there, and stooping low lets fall  
Into the stream the roses that she wore  
In hair or bosom as an ornament:  
So trying to grasp more we oft-times lose  
Even the little we possessed before.

*Saisho.*

- 3 Lark, that thy matin lay dost bring  
To Heaven's gate with soaring wing,  
Then falling like a dropped stone,  
Seek'st thy poor nest with grass o'ergrown,  
To rise again.

Dost thou well know  
Thy course our human life doth show?  
For man successful, soars on high,  
Then falls through some calamity  
To rise once more.

Vicissitude  
Is all man's boasted beatitude.  
Rising or falling, may we sing  
Like thee, brave lark, on happy wing.

*Takasaki Masakazu.*  
Court Poet.

- 4 I see the water on my paddy fields  
Shimmers with green, and know that, underneath,  
My rice is pushing forth its baby sprouts.

*Saisho.*

MAY

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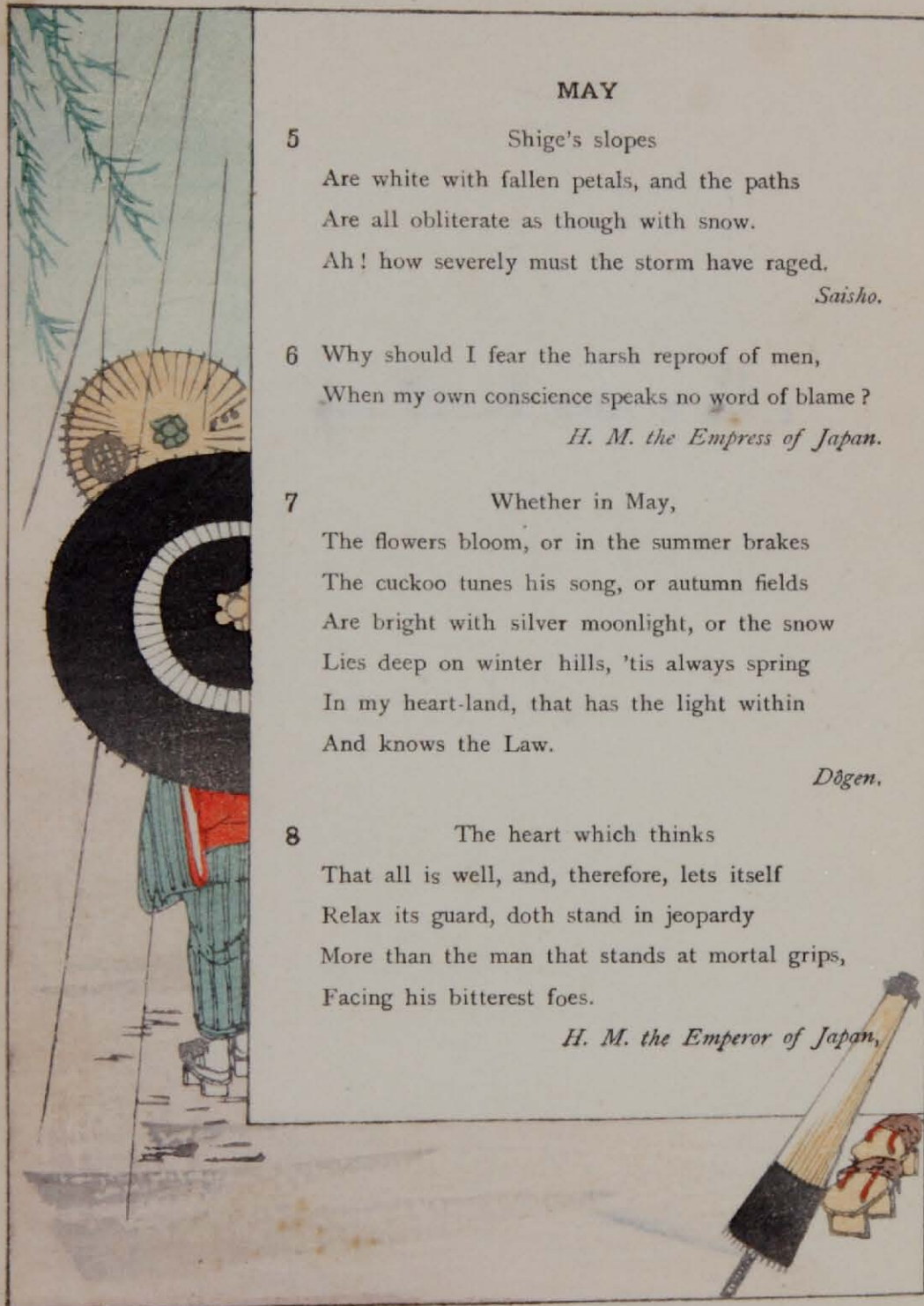
2 *Pannies Birthday*

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82





## MAY

- 5 Shige's slopes  
Are white with fallen petals, and the paths  
Are all obliterate as though with snow.  
Ah! how severely must the storm have raged.  
*Saisho.*
- 6 Why should I fear the harsh reproof of men,  
When my own conscience speaks no word of blame?  
*H. M. the Empress of Japan.*
- 7 Whether in May,  
The flowers bloom, or in the summer brakes  
The cuckoo tunes his song, or autumn fields  
Are bright with silver moonlight, or the snow  
Lies deep on winter hills, 'tis always spring  
In my heart-land, that has the light within  
And knows the Law.  
*Dôgen.*
- 8 The heart which thinks  
That all is well, and, therefore, lets itself  
Relax its guard, doth stand in jeopardy  
More than the man that stands at mortal grips,  
Facing his bitterest foes.  
*H. M. the Emperor of Japan,*

## MAY

- 5 .....
- 6 .....
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- 8 .....







## MAY

- 9 Today I waited for the cuckoo's song  
With glad anticipation, but the bell  
Calling to vespers in the Temple there,  
Changed all my joy to gloomy pensiveness.

*Saisho.*

- 10 Not long ago (it seems but yesterday)  
I planted, as I thought, a single root  
Of feathery bamboos: today it makes  
The whole grove dark with its exuberance:  
So grow our efforts over all our thoughts.

*Saisho.*

- 11 I take no rope in my unskilful hands,  
Nor labour at the oar to cross the stream:  
The boatman whom I trust will row me o'er  
To the safe haven of the bank beyond.

*Anon.*

- 12 It has no voice, the butterfly—but if  
It had, perchance they'd put it in a cage,  
And make it sing like some poor dickie-bird.

*Danrin.*

17th Cent.



## MAY

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MAY

- 13 Be thou not like the croaking frog, who opes  
His wide stretched mouth, and shows you everything  
That he has in him.

*Anon*

- 14 How sweet is home, with leisure in the spring!  
When lengthening days, drawn out as is the root  
Of the tall *suga rush*, pass idly by  
In lightsome talk, and pleasant-dreaming sleep.

*Saisho.*

*Sugawara Michizane.*

- 15 He heard the taunt, that such a studious lad,  
Who never from his book his eye could lift,  
But sat and studied through the livelong day,  
Must be perforce unskillful in the arts  
Of war: and straightway from his desk uprose,  
Seized his long bow, fitted his shaft, and drew.  
The arrow in the middle gold proclaimed  
Brain, hand, and eye, alike were trained to serve.

*H. M. the Empress of Japan.*

- 16 The hermit in his cell apart from men  
Dwells all alone; but evermore his thoughts,  
Like the persistent *fuji*, wander forth  
Climb up the beams, and put their branches out  
To breathe the freedom of the upper air.

*Saisho.*

MAY

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16

Jack Ellis



MAY

- 17 The whole world is but Buddha:—then to make  
Distinction between high and low, or rich and poor,  
'Twixt folk and folk,—how great a sin this were

*Emperor Kwazan-in.*

A. D. 985—987.

- 18 The pushing *fuji* trails its pliant arms  
Adown the trembling crags and rocks that line,  
On this side, and on that, the cataract.  
I see the leaves, and stems, and clustering flowers: the root  
Lies hid from sight in some dark cleft of rock.

*Saisho.*

- 19 Vain is the writing that marks  
The foaming face of the river:  
Vainer thy love, when the maid  
Never hath dreamed of thy kiss.

*Kokinshū.*

- 20 I walked within the garden with my Lord  
After a long, long, rain this afternoon,  
And praised the blossoms clustering on the boughs,  
And thought to do him pleasure, breaking down  
A thickly-laden bough, when, lo! a rain  
Of petals frail fell on his sleeve that stood  
Beneath them. Ah! unhappy flowers, that died!  
Yet happy flowers that fell upon the robe  
Of Monarchy, and died touching his garment's hem

*Saisho.*

MAY

17 .....

18 .....

19 John Higgins

20 .....

48



MAY

- 21 Winter has gone, the spring is seen,  
In the morning dewdrop's pearly sheen:  
With fragrant lips, the evening mist  
The darkening meads and fields hath kissed:  
And now in Kaminabi's dale  
Is heard the voice of the nightingale.

*Manyôshû.*

- 22 And when the flow'rs, that need the flattering sun  
And favouring breezes, fear to open out  
Their beauties in unsympathetic gloom,—  
There, in the dark, damp valley at the foot  
Of yon proud hill, the humble fern puts forth  
Its early fronds,—there will we go and seek,  
And proudly bring our much-prized trophies home.

*Saisho.*

- 23 The plum hath lost its flow'r:—the warbler, too,  
Like fickle friend that flies when fortunes fail,  
Hath ceased to haunt my garden. In her stead,  
The spring rain, warm and gentle on the hedge  
Falls with persuasive drops, and all is well.

*Saisho.*

- 24 Take that good tea: it tastes a little rough  
When first you drink it: but a longer use  
Will show you that in bitter things there lies  
A hidden sweetness.

*Takasaki Masakazu.*  
Court Poet

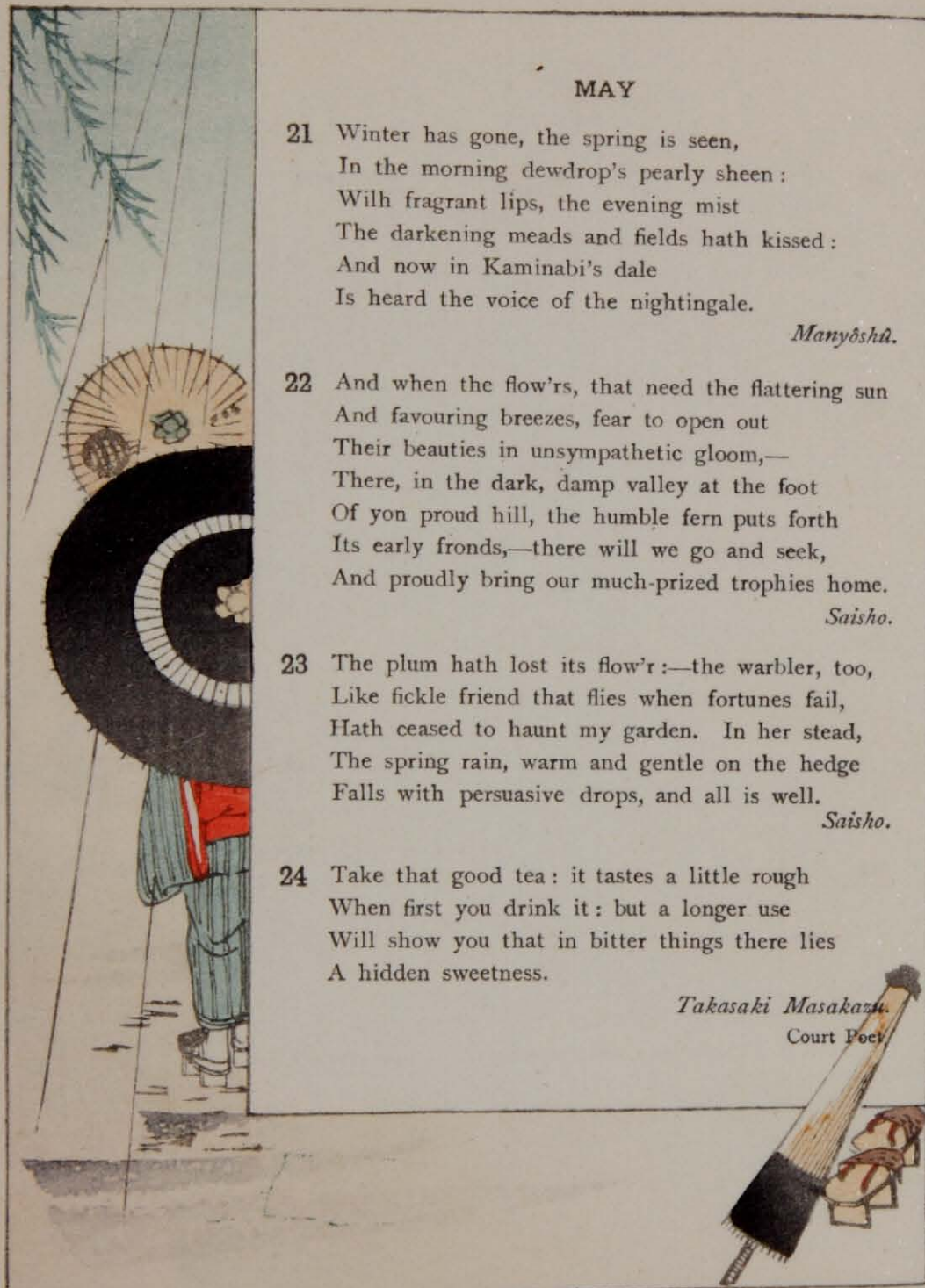
MAY

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MAY

- 25 The snow still lies on Fuji's peerless slopes,  
As in the winter-time, but round its base  
The hazes lift;—Spring's end is near at hand.

*Saisho.*

- 26 In stole and scarf, the counterfeited priests  
Of this decadent age go round the streets  
Deceiving men with outward pomp and pride:  
But, see, the fox peeps out beneath their robes

*Hideyoshi.*

- 27 What does the wood pecker? Amidst the flowers  
And living Nature, a poor withered tree  
Is what it seeks, death in the midst of life.

*Joso.*

1663—1704.

- 28 Sweet lark! 'tis very well for you each moon  
To sing at Heaven's high gate your matin song;  
But think of your poor young ones in their nest,  
Waiting for breakfast!

*Sugiyama.*

1643—1733.

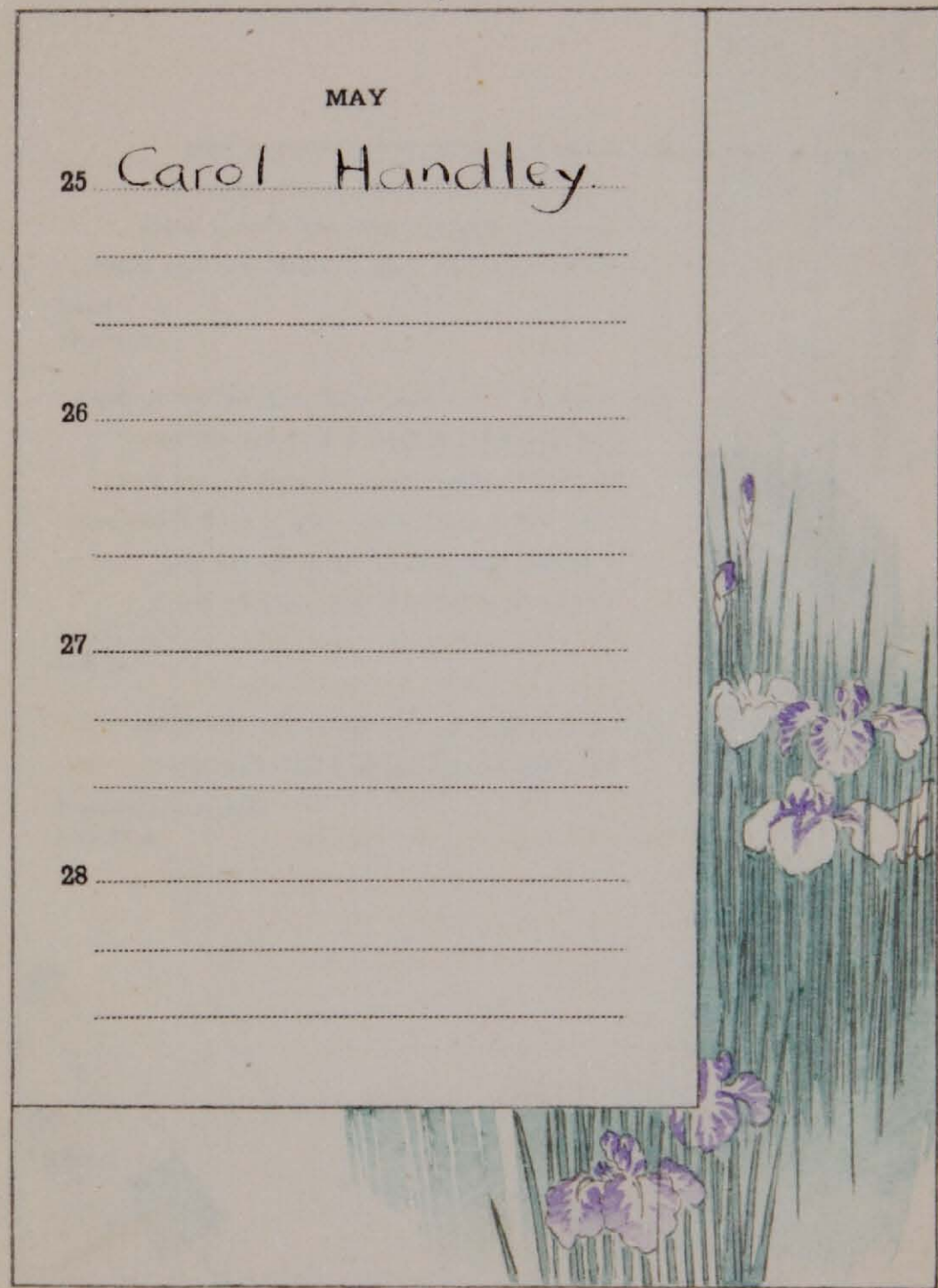
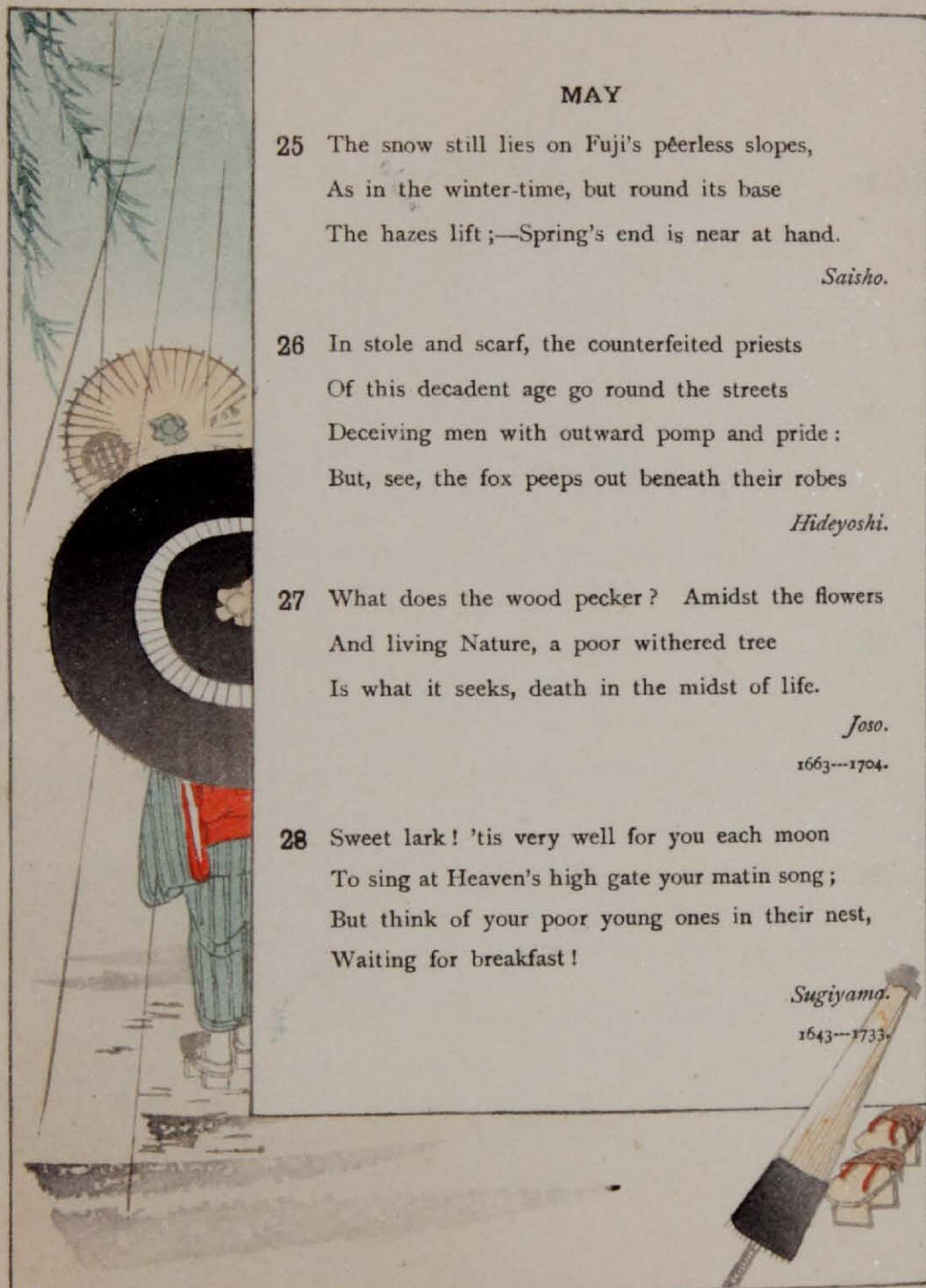
MAY

- 25 *Carol Handley*

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27

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MAY

- 29 Soul-rapt, I listen to th'entrancing song  
Of that fair nightingale, which carries me  
Almost to Heaven's gate, and then a knock  
Which brings me back to earth—the *tofu* man's.

*Yaha.*

1663---1740.

- 30 "Cuckoo!" cried one. "why sings he not to day?  
Tell him I'll kill him, if he sings not soon."  
"Cuckoo! another cried, "Knows he not how?  
Then will I teach him." But a third there was,  
A patient statesman: "If he do not sing  
Today," said he, "I'll wait until he does.

*Shôha.*

ob. 1600.

- 31 Spring verges on to summer, and the bloom  
That pleased my eye in April is no more.

*Minamoto Sanetomo.*

A. D. 1203.

MAY

29 .....

30 .....

31 *George Bayes* .....



JUNE.

A lantern to my feet! that throws a light  
From step to step, until I reach my home,  
Safe from the perils of the darksome night.





## JUNE

- 1 All day the farmer, toiling in the sun,  
Has planted out his rice, with painful sweat,  
And weary steadfastness. Sweet, after toil,  
Is rest: and now beside his humble cot,  
He sits, and, drinking in the moon's cool light,  
Forgets the sorrows of the noon-tide heat.

*Saisho.*

- 2 A plant we have,<sup>†</sup> which, in our flower-talk,  
Betokens woman's virtue, Since it's bloomed,  
Who deigns to cast an eye on other flowers,

<sup>†</sup> The Ominaeshi See Oct. 31.

*Saisho.*

- 3 Today the Court assumes its summer garb  
To greet the coming Summer, See, how pure  
Their white robes gleam, as busily they flit  
Behind the *tamadare* to and fro.  
I too have changed my robes, and now I feel  
But all too chilly in this summer garb:  
I miss my good warm dress, and-sad at heart  
I also miss my friend, the spring that's gone.

*Saisho.*

- 4 No more obstructed by the evening mist,  
The summer moon shines clear, and, through the leaves,  
The last long-lingering flowers of spring peep out.

*Saisho.*



## JUNE

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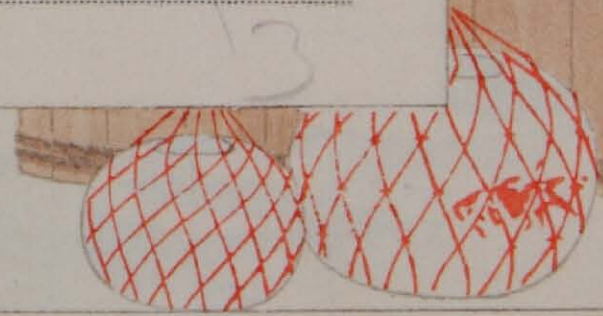
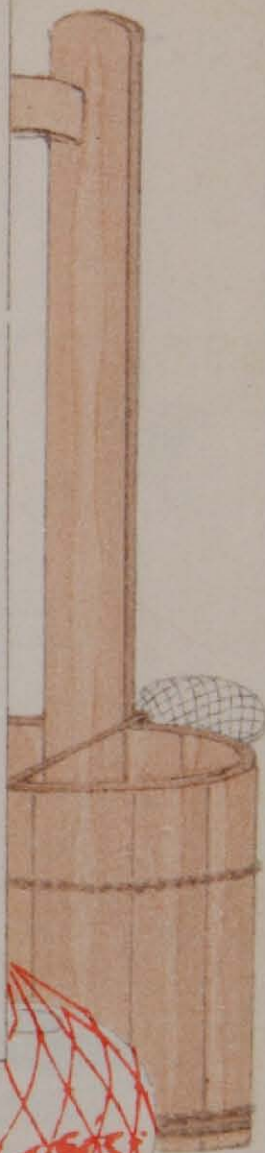
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# JUNE

- 5 The village maidens, busily at work,  
Sing as they pick the first young leaves of tea:  
And as I listen to their songs, I know  
Summer has reached fair Uji's fertile hills.

*Saisho.*

- 6 Through bush and brake you climb to seize the branch  
Of the wild cherry tree that lures you forth  
To seek it for its beauty. When 'tis seized,  
Beware lest in the hour of joy, you shake  
The quickly falling petals from the branch.

*Bukkoku Zenji.*

- 7 The hollyhock has bloomed, and when it blooms  
All Kyoto keeps its Kamo Festival  
With old-time pageantry. In ruder days  
(So ancient stories tell) two noble dames  
Marred with their jealous strife the happy feast:  
So will not we: but, as becomes an age  
Of Reason, Light, and Culture, we will meet  
In amity and seemly harmony.

*Saisho.*

- 8 Yet not destructive is this flood of flowers:  
The way-side hut, with neither wall nor fence,  
Stood all unguarded in the public view,  
Till with abounding wealth of leaf and flower  
The *unohana* came and fenced it round  
Like outstretched arms of tender charity.

*Saisho.*



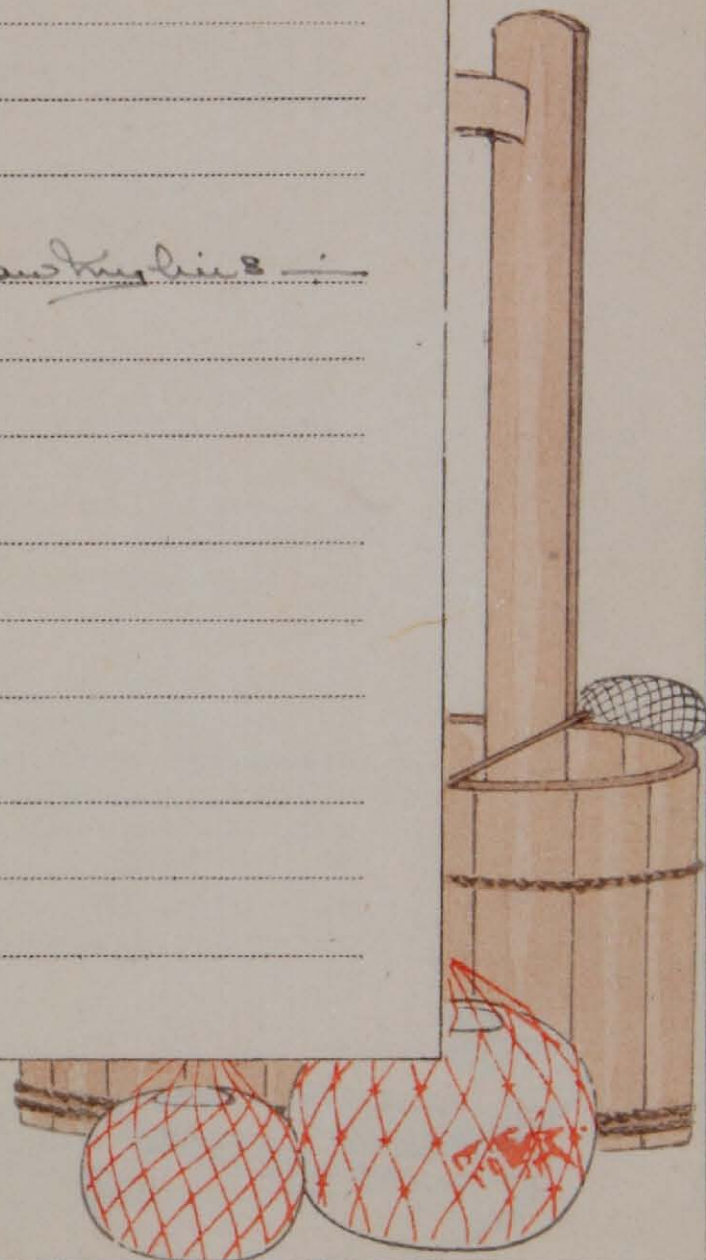
# JUNE

5 .....

6 *Sunbeachyline* .....

7 .....

8 .....





## JUNE

- 9 I gaze upon the *unohana*, piled  
Like snow-drifts in the garden, and perforce  
My mind goes back to cold December's frosts  
And January's piles of driven snow.

*Saisho.*

- 10 From Otsu's strand o'er Biwa's wave we glide,  
And lo! Mount Shiga's flower-bedecked slopes  
Loom dimly through the haze.

*Saisho.*

- 11 But, see, in yon deep bottom, where the grass  
Grows thick in spring, with many a ranking weed  
Of tangled scrub, where never eye of man  
Comes seeking worth or beauty,—there the fronds,  
Like virtue doomed to blush unrecognized,  
Reach unmolested to their full estate  
And proudly overtop all meaner growths.

*Saisho.*

- 12 The ambitious lark that woke the early morn,  
And, sobring, trilled its matin lay on high,  
Hath vanished. Hath it, think you, passed away  
Right through Heaven's portal to the Unseen Land?  
I know not,—only overhead the mist  
Shuts out its body from my straining eyes,  
Its distant notes, scarce reach my straining ears,  
And all above me hangs the silent mist.

*Saisho.*



## JUNE

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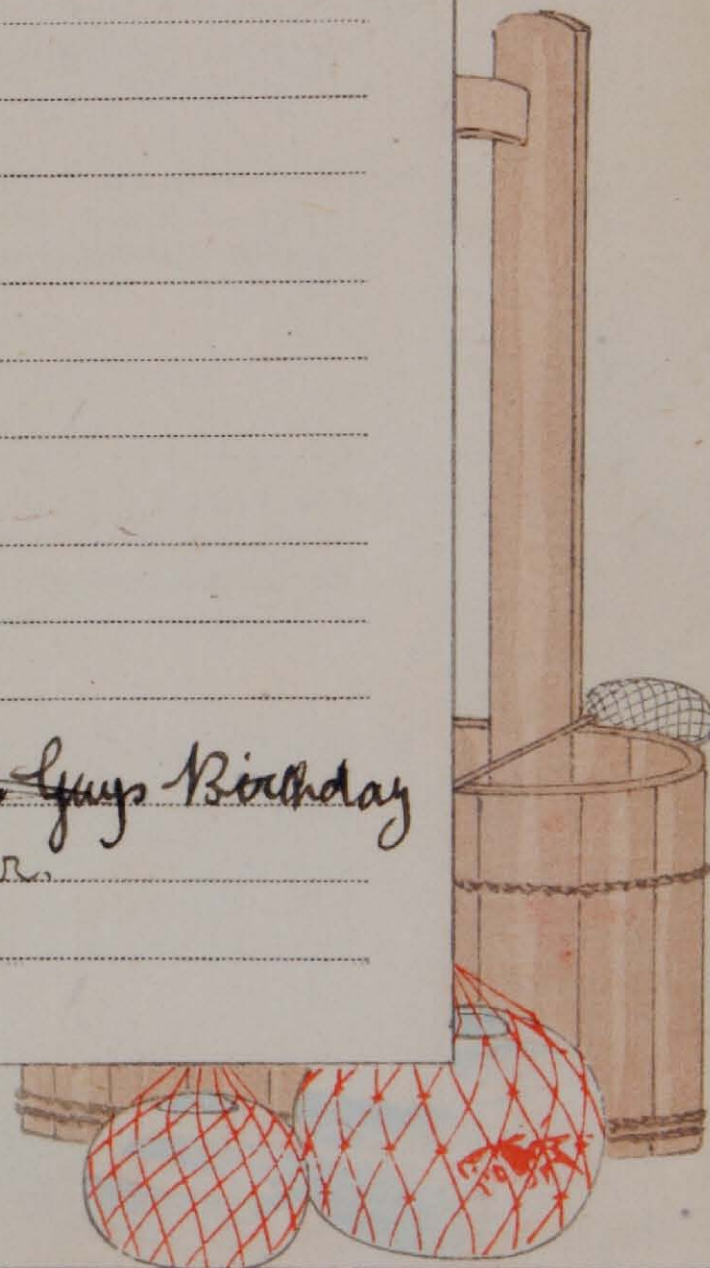
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12 .....

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*Uncle Guy's Birthday  
Father.*





# JUNE

And now, methinks,

- 13 My boat is lost to vision from the shore  
Whence we rowed out—thick haze cuts off the land.  
*Saisho.*

- 14 Yes: Spring has gone, and, though the cuckoo calls  
Loudly, it won't return, and we are left  
Sad in our mountain solitude.  
*Saisho.*

- 15 Roused by that sweet lay,  
I rise at length, and wander forth, and pluck  
The humble flowers, and grasses in the field:  
Then, resting by a farm-house, hear again  
My friend the warbler singing in a grove.  
Ah! would that I could pluck that song, and take  
It home, as now I take these withering flowers.  
*Saisho.*

- 16 And though no plum, nor cherry, nor the vine  
Of creeping *fuji* cheer us with their store  
Of colours and sweet odours, in the fields  
Behold the rape, and mingling with the corn  
The flowering *sugana* with gleams of gold.  
The country, too, hath its brocade to wear.  
*Saisho.*



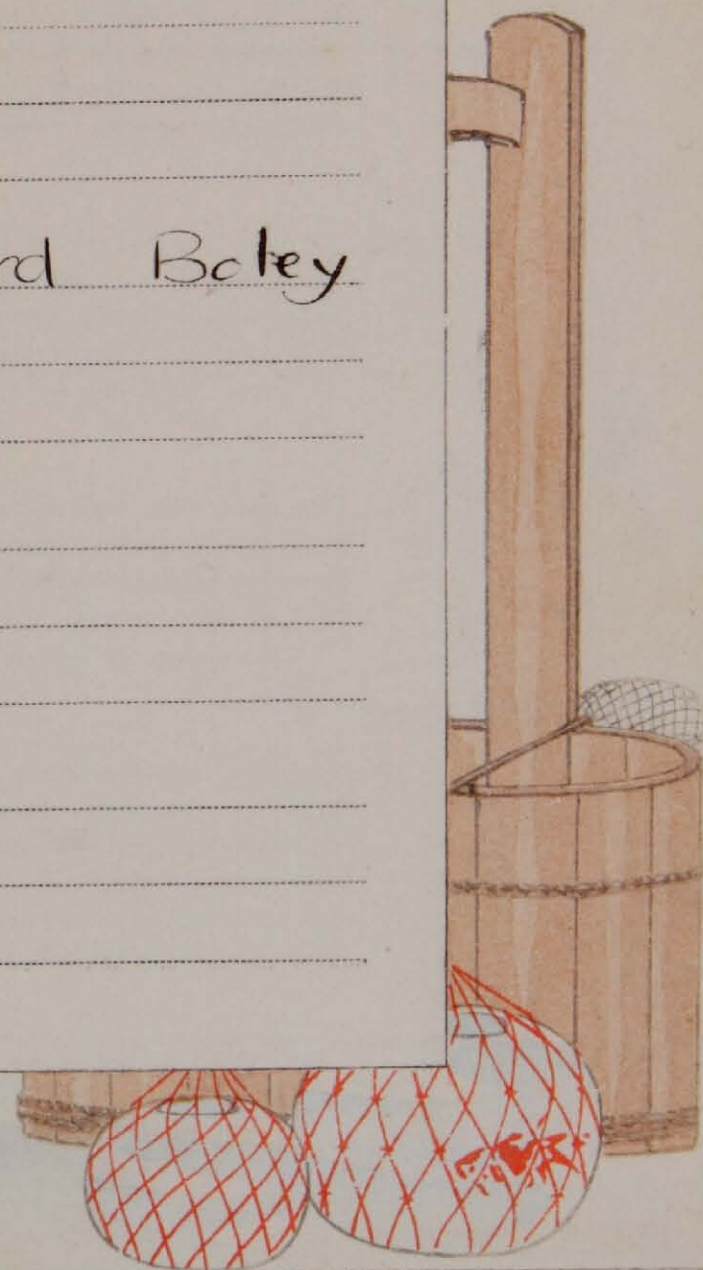
# JUNE

13 \_\_\_\_\_

14 Bernard Boley

15 \_\_\_\_\_

16 \_\_\_\_\_





# JUNE

- 17 I think they've drawn the water from the stream  
Into the paddy field within our fence,  
Where the young rice has just been planted out.  
How else doesn't come that the melodious frog  
Tonight should seem to croak so near the house.

*Saisho.*

- 18 The night is calm, the silent, peaceful, moon  
Smiles through the mist, and sweet repose around  
Lulls the whole scene; but ere the peace the storm  
Raged, and the fallen petals neath the trees  
Show how severe the shock and din of war

*Saisho.*

- 19 The summer rain hath fall'n, and all day long  
The orange fragrance, from the tree that once  
My old forefather planted, haunts the grove  
With its sweet pungent odour. Thus the just  
Live to posterity in their good deeds

*Saisho.*

- 20 From early dawn, until the setting sun  
Brings back the night, the farmer in the field  
Toils planting busily the sprouts of rice,  
Nor pauses in his labour. 'Tis because  
He's weatherwise, and scents the coming showers,  
And strives to be before-hand with his work.

*Saisho.*



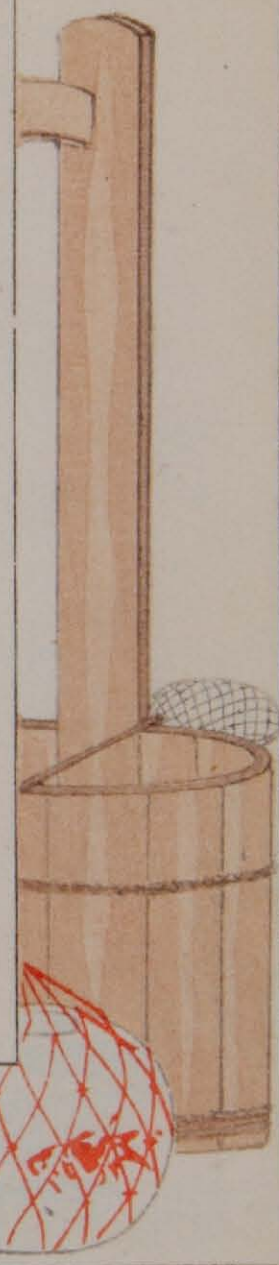
# JUNE

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18 .....

19 .....

20 .....





# JUNE

- 21 Even the *yamabuki's* golden pride  
Has bloomed and fallen, and the placid pool<sup>4</sup>  
Through which my boat pushes its silent way,  
Is yellow with its petals. Yet I see,  
In yon wind-sheltered corner on the bank,  
Like some old-fashioned virtue, out of date,  
A laggard cherry blooming behind its time.

*Saisho.*

- 22 When lo! towards sunset, from the village church  
Amidst the sombre pines boomed out the bell  
Calling to vespers,—solemn monitor  
That in the midst of life we are in death.

*Saisho.*

- 23 Tadasu's grove beside fair Kamo's flood,  
Was thronged some days ago with visitors,  
Ostensibly to join in sacred rites  
Of sacred purification. But today,  
Though there's no festival, the seats that line  
The paths are crowded. Was't religious zeal,  
Or only summer heat, that brought them there?

*Saisho.*

- 24 The nightingale doth sing at dinner-time,  
And when it sings midst clash of plates and cups,  
And chattering tongues, who is't would care to hear?

*Buson.*

1716---1783.



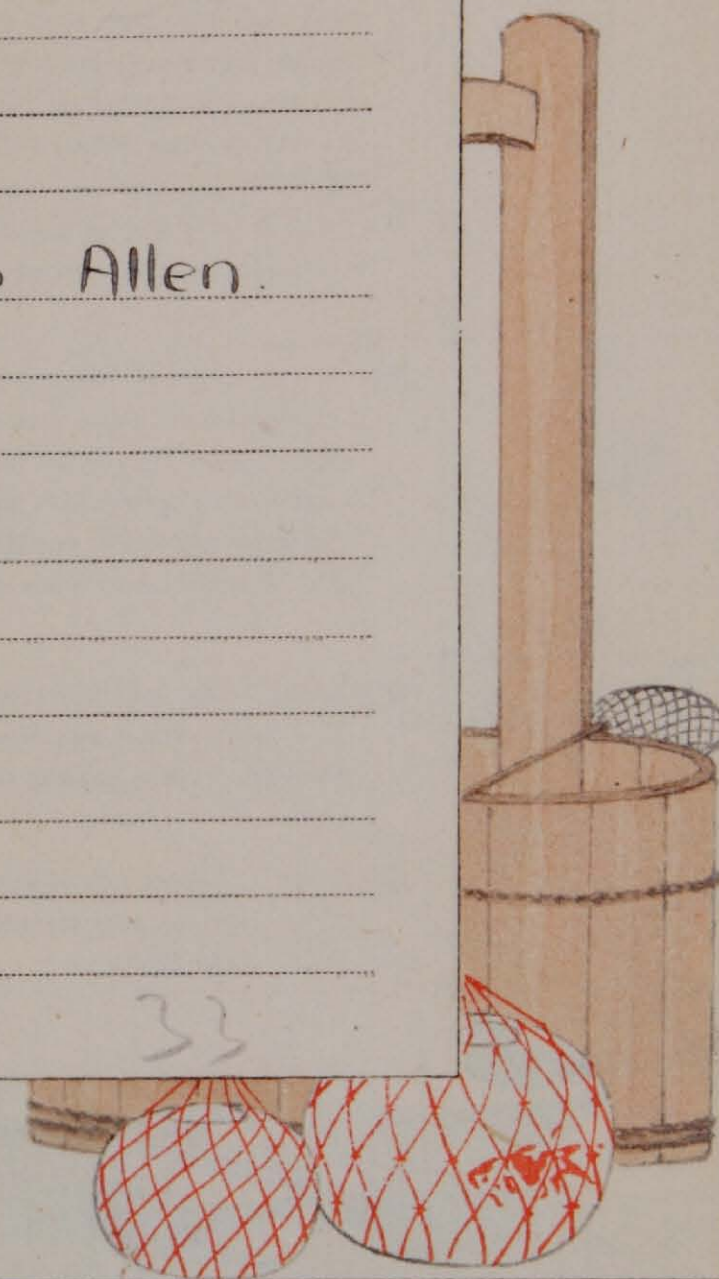
# JUNE

21.....

22 Philip Allen.

23.....

24.....





# JUNE

- 25 The old order changeth, giving place to new,  
And some look back with fond regrets, and fain  
Would keep the memory of the things that were.  
For such the *iris* blooms; when the long rain  
Of summer with sustained showers fills  
The old dry ditch with water then it bears  
Its rainbow flow'rs as fair today as when  
Our simpler fathers praised its varied hues.

*Saisho.*

- 26 So my neighbour's house  
Stands, with its rustic gate of woven grass  
Closed 'gainst all comers, though the willow tree  
Fresh clad in softest hues and tender leaves  
And sweet cool shade, proclaims that spring has come,  
Who shuts his heart when willows are in bloom?

*Saisho.*

- 27 Just hear that stag that's calling to his mate  
Upon the mountain-side, now here, now there:  
I fear his mate is gadding on the hills.

*Saisho.*

- 28 Something's always wrong:  
When noisy boatmen are not quarreling,  
Then its the frogs.

*Yûya.*



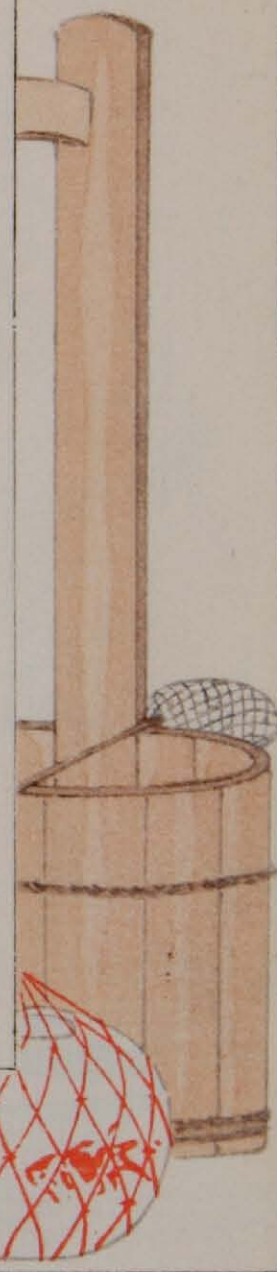
# JUNE

25 .....

26 .....

27 David Green,

28 .....





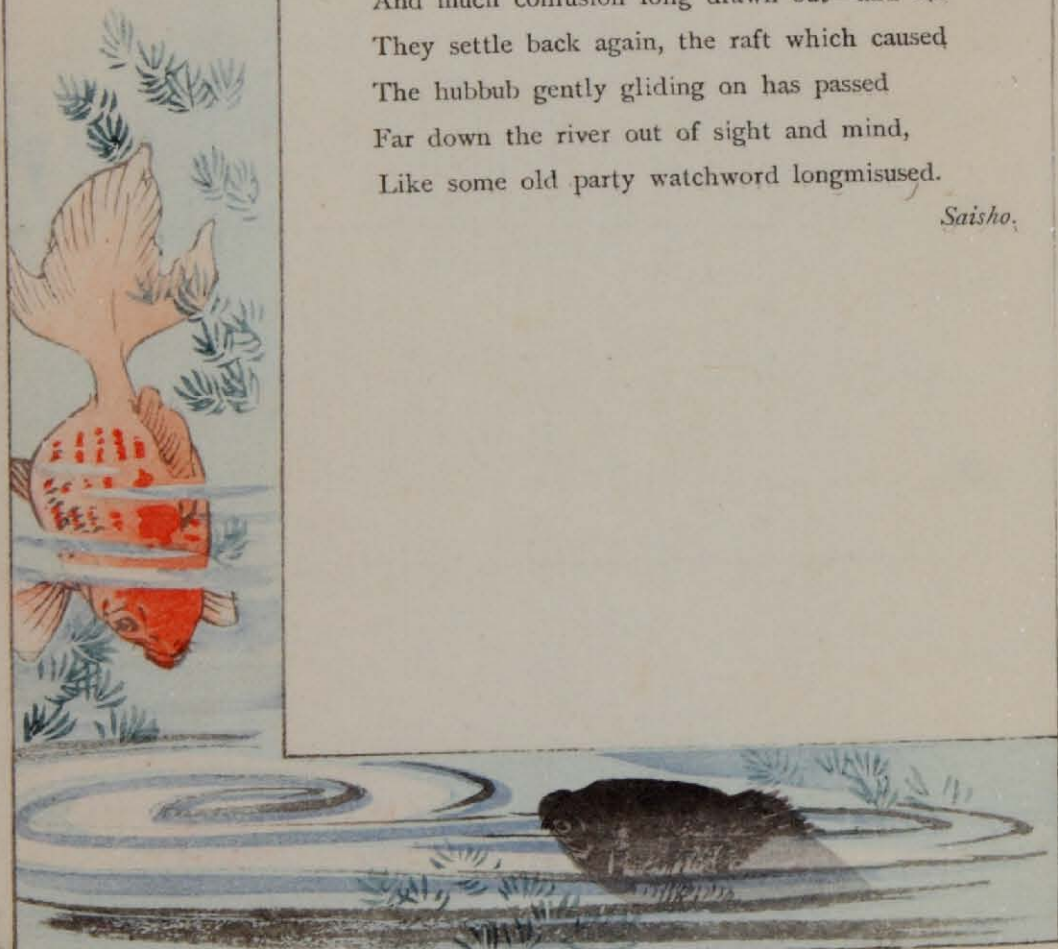
## JUNE

- 29 At morn, the warbler pours his matin lay,  
Full throated by his nest. I, on my bed,  
By open window hear his pleasant song,  
And lie day-dreaming.

*Saisho.*

- 30 The water-fowl along the river's banks  
Rise with excited cries and flutterings  
And much confusion long drawn out—and ere  
They settle back again, the raft which caused  
The hubbub gently gliding on has passed  
Far down the river out of sight and mind,  
Like some old party watchword longmisused.

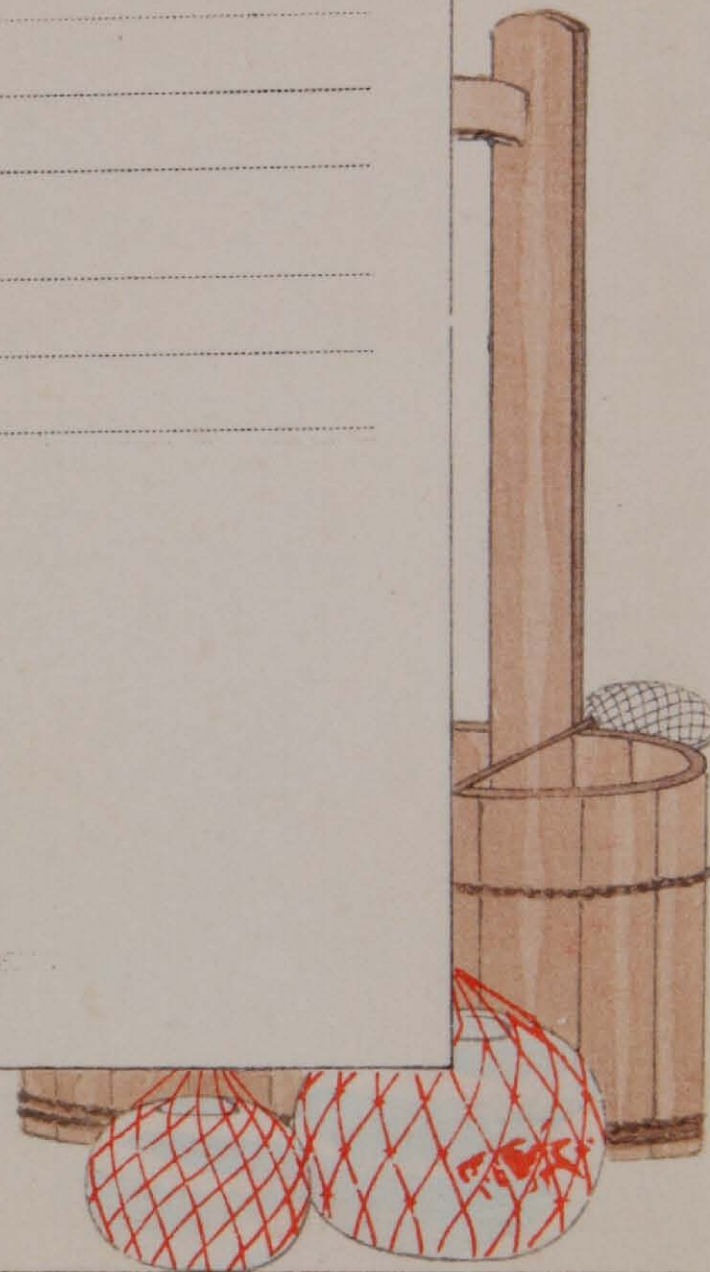
*Saisho.*



## JUNE

29 .....

30 .....





JULY.

Launch out into the deep, let down thy net,  
Nor hug the shore, thou idle fisherman,  
So shall a plenteous catch reward thy toil.





## JULY

- 1 We watch the changing phases of the Moon  
From crescent back to crescent, and perchance  
Think it has relly changed.

'Tis thus the world

Fixes its gaze upon the transient show  
And pomp of this material world of ours,  
Nor heeds the unchanging Truth that dwells beneath.

*Takeda Shingen.*

- 2 The morning-glory opes its eye at dawn,  
And dies at sunset. Such this mortal life.

*Arakida*  
1472-1549.

- 3 Thus sung I lately : then one morning came,  
When the grey dawn o'ertook the waning moon  
Still hanging in the sky, and twixt the lights,  
I, waking, heard a cuckoo's single note.  
Since then how many nights without his song?  
Without his song? Nay, since the cuckoo found  
His voice, the nights are rare indeed, and few,  
On which the hoarse bird calls not to his mate.

*Saisho*

- 4 The world is nothing but today. Today  
Is present, yesterday is past, and lo,  
Who knows what will be when tomorrow dawns?

*Anon*



## JULY

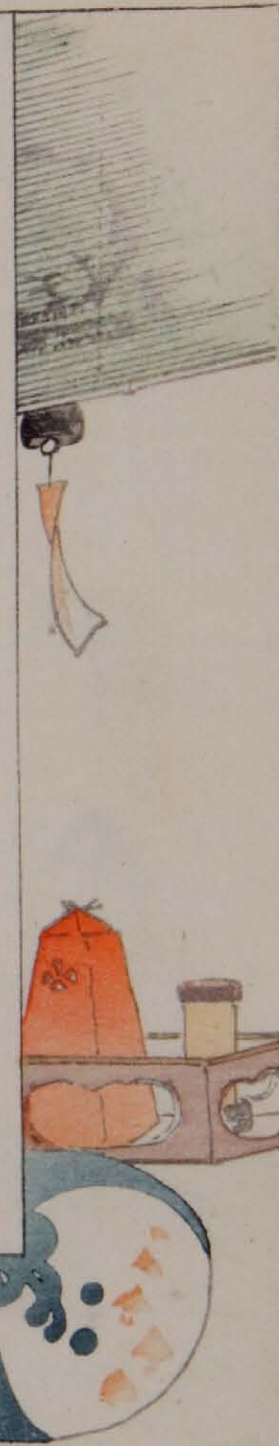
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4 .....

43





# JULY

- 5 All day, among the hills, I sought in vain  
To hear the cuckoo give his welcome notes :  
This morn, at break of day, he comes himself,  
And, perching on a garden bough, sends forth  
His morning cry to wake me from my sleep.

*Saisho*

- 6 (a) In my curved palm I hold a tiny drop  
Of water, where, for one brief space, I see  
The moon's round face reflected. Such is life.  
(b) The dew-drops fall on the broad lotus leaf,  
Linger a little while, and then roll off,  
One here, one there, and are not. Such is life.  
(a) *Ki Tsurayuki. (A. D. 905)*  
(b) *Sôjô Henjô.*

- 7 My frail old fence is broken, but the Powers  
That care for my poor welfare, will not leave  
Me unprotected. The convolvulus  
Has stepped into the breach, and, putting out  
Its twisting tendrils and morn-opening flowers,  
Protects me from Intrusion's impious foot.

*Saisho*

- 8 My garden's full of weeds: I pluck up one,  
To find another in its place, and thus  
The summer's ended ere my work's half done.

*Takasaki Masakaze*  
(Court poet)

# JULY

5 .....

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7 .....

8 .....



# JULY

- 9 Last night, a traveller. I took my rest  
Midst the rude comforts of a rustic inn  
Upon the banks of Oi. Hard my bed,  
And plain enough my fare. But when the day  
Broke, and the sun with level rays 'gan flood  
The hill with brightness, and the many flowers  
Put on their gala faces, then my heart  
For very joy its previous pains forgot.

*Saisho*

- 10 A cuckoo crying in the undergrowth  
That lines the lawn, and when men look around  
No bird is to be seen, but still the cry  
Of "Cuckoo! Cuckoo!" floateth in the air.

*Saisho*

- 11 "Leave me," he said, "my faithful follower,  
Comrade in arms, sharer in all my woes.  
My day is done: I will not have it said  
That, in the hour of black calamity,  
My thoughts were but of pleasuring with thee:  
Leave me." They parted: he, to meet his death,  
She, widow'd yet no widow, to a life  
Of cloistered solitude and chaste desire,  
Noblest of pines that grow on Kiso's heights.

*Saisho*

- 12 My love was like the billow rolling in  
Upon the shore, and she, the obdurate rock  
That broke the billow into hopeless spray.

*Hyakuninisshu.*

# JULY

9 .....

10 .....

11 *Linda Roff.*

12 .....



# JULY

- 13 Midsummer tide has come and gone, and now  
The days are past their longest, yet the clouds  
Still hang like lead upon the summer sky.

*Saisho*

- 14 The children on the upland field of rice  
Pursue the humble locust, happy crew,  
Without or care or thought of coming pain.  
Yet see an omen of the grief to come.  
Their sleeves are wet with tears of Autumn dew,

*Saisho*

- 15 They come  
In troops to their ancestral home,  
The happy dead!  
And we, with lamps, and banquets spread,  
And words of welcome kindly said,  
Make holiday,  
And for their aid  
Do humbly pray.

*Saisho*

- 16 The fire-flies yesternight, tonight the dew  
Glistening in sparklets on the moonlit grass:  
So moves the world, with quickly varying scenes,  
From grave to gay, from glad to sorrowful.

*Saisho*

# JULY

- 13 .....

- 14 .....

- 15 *Linda Martin.*

- 16 .....



# JULY

- 17 With careful pains, I made myself a lawn  
Of picked-out turfs laid down by skilful hands,  
And hoped to have it for my pleasure-ground:  
But now't has disappeared, and in its stead,  
Foul weeds I fain would kill, have whilst I sat  
Neglectful by, grown up on every hand,  
Till now I have no lawn, but only weeds.

*Saisho*

- 18 Fain would I hide my love,  
But ever does my conscious face betray  
Its inward load, so that he looks at me,  
And tenderly, "What ails thee, love?" he asks.

*Hyakuninissu.*

- 19 That crooked pine that grew upon the slopes  
Of Kamakura's hills, what grace was his,  
That he should be transplanted to the court,  
And there should flourish?

*Saisho*

- 20 A little rill trickling adown the slopes  
Of double-peaked Tsukuba: further down,  
The stream of Mina, conscious of its strength,  
And flowing placidly through grass-grown banks:  
Such the whole story of my love hath been.

*Hyakuninissu.*

# JULY

- 17 Susan Bean

18

19

20





# JULY

- 21 He says he'll not forget me: should that prove  
Too hard a task for his inconstant heart,  
Then would I die at once.

*Hyakuninissu.*

- 22 Two lives in one fair stream,  
We flowed together. Suddenly we found  
An adverse rock across our river bed,  
Which parted us. But, when the rock was past,  
We flowed together in one stream again.

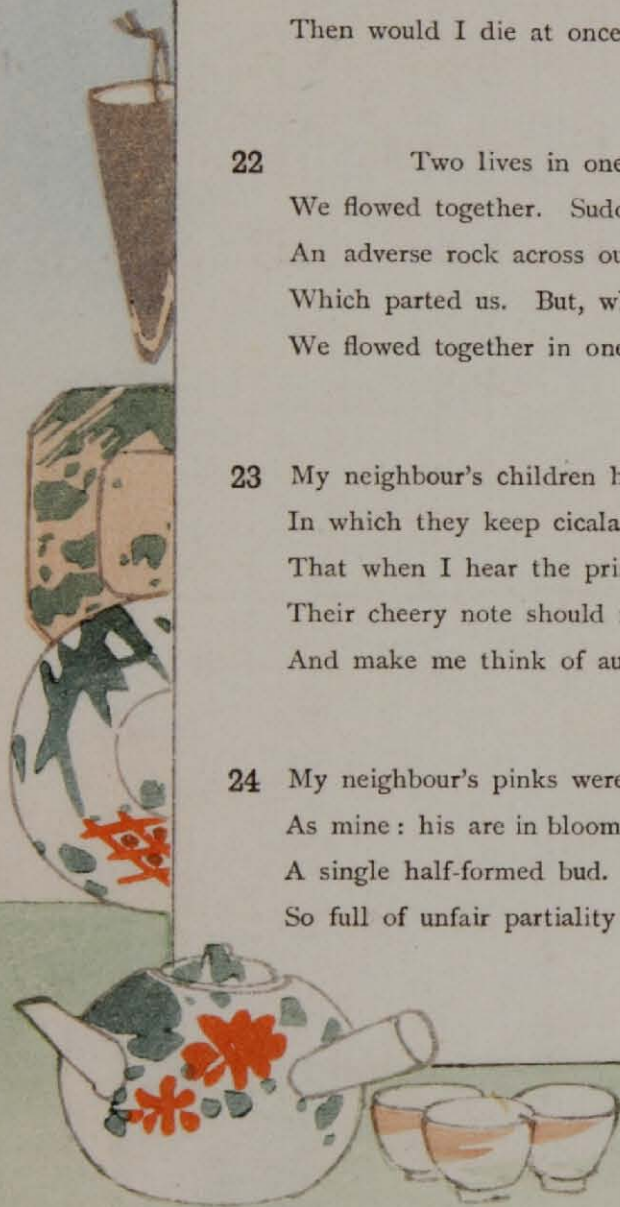
*Hyakuninissu.*

- 23 My neighbour's children have a little cage,  
In which they keep cicadas. How is it  
That when I hear the prisoned insects chirp,  
Their cheery note should fill my heart with grief,  
And make me think of autumn?

*Saisho*

- 24 My neighbour's pinks were planted the same day  
As mine: his are in bloom, while mine scarce show  
A single half-formed bud. Why is the world  
So full of unfair partiality?

*Saisho*



# JULY

- 21 Alan Shurlock  
Rodney Giddings

22

23

24





# JULY

- 25 At night, upon Nagara's peaceful flood  
With flambeau at his prow and cormorants  
To act as henchmen, see the fisherman  
Goes forth to labour. When the morning dawns  
The flambeau's fires burn dim against the East.

*Saisho*

- 26 The quail are stirring in the grass: the breeze  
Which wafts the sound is fragrant: can it be  
That, as when some great man by Nature formed  
For honour'd place, but forcibly constrained  
By envious Fate, doth grace a lower sphere,  
Ennobling all he touches, so there lurks  
Midst humbler weeds, some tall chrysanthemum,  
Filling the waste with its august perfume?

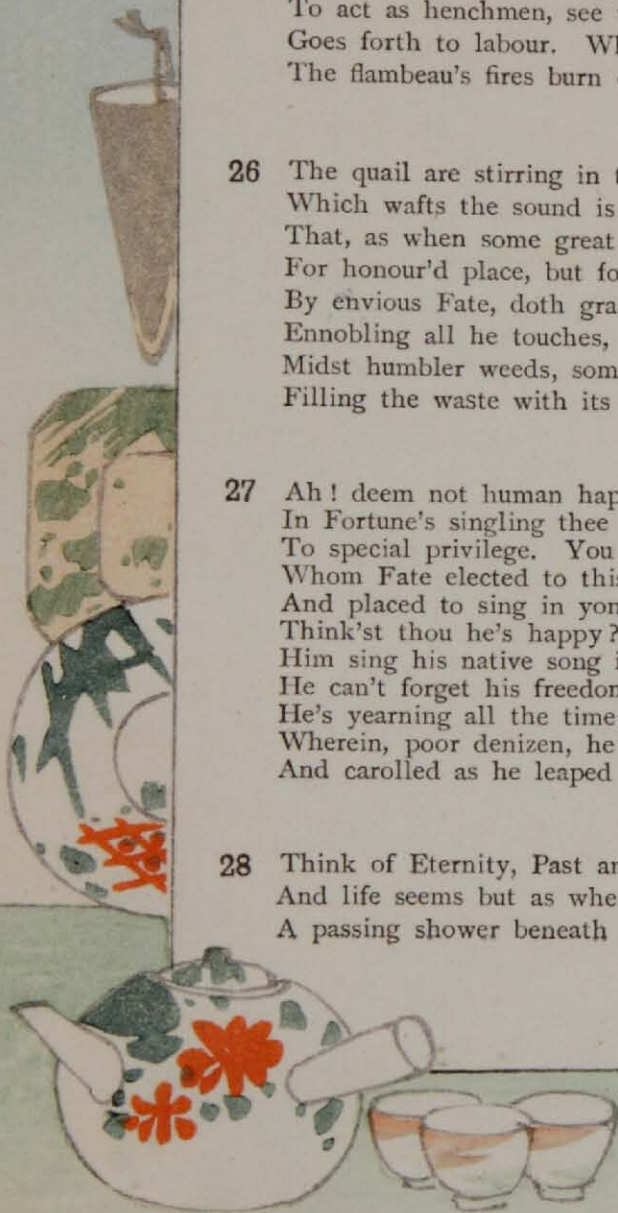
*Saisho*

- 27 Ah! deem not human happiness to lie  
In Fortune's singling thee from out thy mates  
To special privilege. You grasshopper,  
Whom Fate elected to this high estate,  
And placed to sing in yonder gilded cage,  
Think'st thou he's happy? Nay, although thou bid  
Him sing his native song in that strange place,  
He can't forget his freedom, and I'm sure  
He's yearning all the time for the lost fields,  
Wherein, poor denizen, he took the air,  
And carolled as he leaped for want of care.

*Saisho*

- 28 Think of Eternity, Past and To Come,  
And life seems but as when a man escapes  
A passing shower beneath some shelt'ring roof.

*Sôgi, 1421-1502*



# JULY

25 .....

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26 Killy Agae

Jeremy Bunt

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27 .....

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28 .....

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# JULY

- 29 The Magpies built that bridge you see  
Across the sky,  
And by that bridge continually  
Ascend on high.  
And when that bridge shines clear and bright,  
Then know it is a frosty night.

*Hyakuninshu.*

- 30 You would not deem the fair *nadeshiko*  
A pensive flow'r. Yet why, this happy morn,  
When all is gay and smiling, should there stand  
Sad drops of dew upon its drooping face?

*Saisho*

- 31 A key, a needle's eye, a bamboo pipe,  
All are small things, yet through them thou may'st see  
As far as Heaven's gate. Despise not thou  
The power for good that lies in smallest things.

*Saisho*

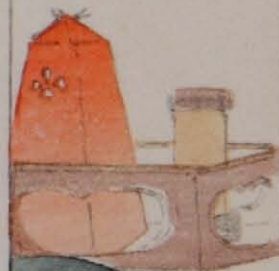


# JULY

- 29 *Derek Wheat.*

- 30

- 31 *Boa Kane.*





AUGUST.

Sleep, madam, an thou will. Thy life is gay:  
Late hours at night make sleepy heads at noon.  
But whilst thou sleep'st and dreamest of the joys  
Of last night's junketings, beware! that boy  
Will play the very mischief in the house.





## AUGUST

- 1 The towering peak catches the rising sun,  
And all men see it: but the dried-up stick  
That lies beneath the brushwood in the glen,  
Escapes the ken of man.

*Emperor Gotoba*  
A. D. 1186-1209

- 2 Seated within the ferry-boat, I watched  
The cuckoo's flight, that seemed to pass away  
Through the reft clouds into the space beyond.  
And whilst I watched, the keel upon the beach  
Grating announced the crossing to be o'er.

*Saisho*

- 3 The waterfall hath long since ceased to flow,  
Which once splashed foaming o'er those tumbled rocks;  
And yet its name still lingers in this spot,  
Like fragrant mem'ry of a good deed done.

*Hyakuninissu.*

- 4 On summer nights, upon some open hill,  
Where blows the evening breeze, we light the torch  
And pass, in mirth and lusty merriment,  
The swiftly speeding hours. But, oh! how slow  
Pass those same hours for him who, with his torch,  
Lies ambushed, waiting for the stag to come.

*Saisho*

## AUGUST

1 .....

2 .....

3 *Fry Fry Smith*

4 .....

74



# AUGUST

- 5 On Matsuo's beach the fishermen pile up  
The drift of weeds and burn it. My poor heart,  
Wasting with unrequited love, is like  
Those idly smouldering fires.

*Hyakuniisshu.*

- 6 Free from all sin and all defect,  
The Lotus lifts its head erect:  
So men do say.  
And yet the dew on its smooth broad leaves  
Sparkles like diamonds, and deceives.

How's this, I pray?

*Kokinshu.*

- 7 A dew-drop life, a brief and sparkling hour  
Upon the lotus leaf! And as I gaze,  
My fellow drops that sparkled in the sun,  
Have vanished into nothingness, and I  
Am left alone to marvel at my age.

*Anon.*

- 8 The summer days are long, the nights are short,  
The breathless moon scarce finds the time to run  
Its measured course, ere the pursuing day  
Overtakes it, and its cold rays linger still  
(Like cherished relics of an age that's past)  
On dew-gemmed petals, when the lotus flow'r  
Opens its eyes to greet the new-born sun.

*Saisho*

# AUGUST

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# AUGUST

- 9           Why did I spend  
The night in restless vigil vainly kept,  
          O faithless friend,  
For one at breaking troth adept?  
Better have gone to bed and slept.

*Hyakuninisshu.*

- 10 To night the moon rests on my deep, dark, well,  
And, as I look into its inmost depths,  
I see the melon which was placed to cool  
Beneath its waters. Thus the Truth lays bare  
With piercing ray the inmost heart of man,  
And brings its hidden secrets to the light.

*Saisho*

- 11 At midnight in the glistening drops of dew,  
That sparkle on the lotus petal, see  
The moon's bright face reflected wholly there.  
So in thine heart, enlightened by the Truth,  
Thou mayest see great Buddha self-revealed.

*Minamoto Sanetomo.*

A. D. 1203.

- 12 At eve, I hear the sad cicada sing  
The knell of darkening days,—a mournful song,  
In case no morrow's dawn should break for me.

*Umetsubo no Nyogyo.*

# AUGUST

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12 .....





# AUGUST

- 13 Yamato's land hath many a band  
Of heroes brave and free :  
But I set no store by heroes galore ;  
My love is all for thee.

*Manyōshū.*

- 14 I gaze within, at my own heart, and see  
The whole wide world in brief, reflected there,  
Each passion, pride, hope, fear, and burning lust :  
And, gazing, comprehend the ancient saw :  
Man is a mirror that reflects the world.

*Ryōnen.*

- 15 The Imperial Moon with splendour fills the skies  
And earth rejoices. But the lesser lights  
That ruled, each in his sphere, have hid themselves  
For very shame, and modestly refuse  
To match their paler fires with his bright beams.

*Saisho*

- 16 How can I tell him of my hidden love ?  
Yet if I tell him not, he'll never know  
The painful fires that torture my poor heart,  
Like *moxa* from Ibuki.

*Hyakuninissū.*

# AUGUST

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# AUGUST

- 17 I wonder if you know,  
How slow the night-hours pass for one that sighs.

*Hyakuninissu.*

- 18 What is man's life? what but a summer moth,  
Hovering at night around the candle flame,  
And finding, first, its transient joy of life,  
And then its ending?

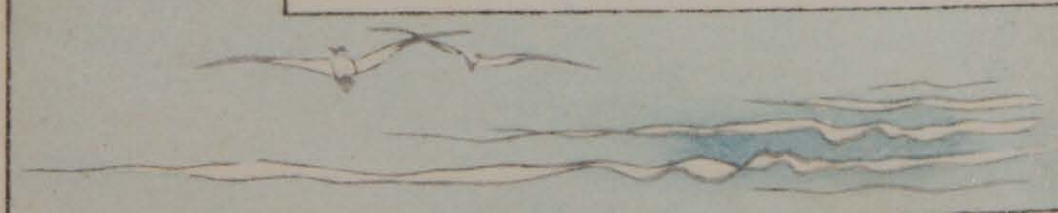
*Zeisho Atsuko.*

- 19 "Thou hast a devil," says my friend to me,  
And I, indignantly, give him the lie.  
But when my conscience whispers me, and says,  
"Thou hast a devil," how can I retort?

*Abe Suruga no Kami.*

- 20 'Tis sad to hear, upon the mountain side,  
The stag call on his mate, and with that cry  
To start from sleep to action. Lonelier far  
To toss at anchor in a little boat,  
And helpless, hear the stag call o'er the waves.

*Saisho*



# AUGUST

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# AUGUST

- 21 The noontide heat on forest, hill, and glen,  
Has lulled the winds to sleep: yet, lo, the trees  
Sway to the chirping of a lusty crew  
Of gay cicadas, and the waterfall  
Is hushed to silence by their chattering noise.

*Saisho*

- 22 A waving mass of green, with broad expanse  
Of shining leaves, and islets here and there  
Of opening flowers, where Saints might sit enthroned,—  
You'd think it was a field, but for the sound  
Of water lapping underneath the green.

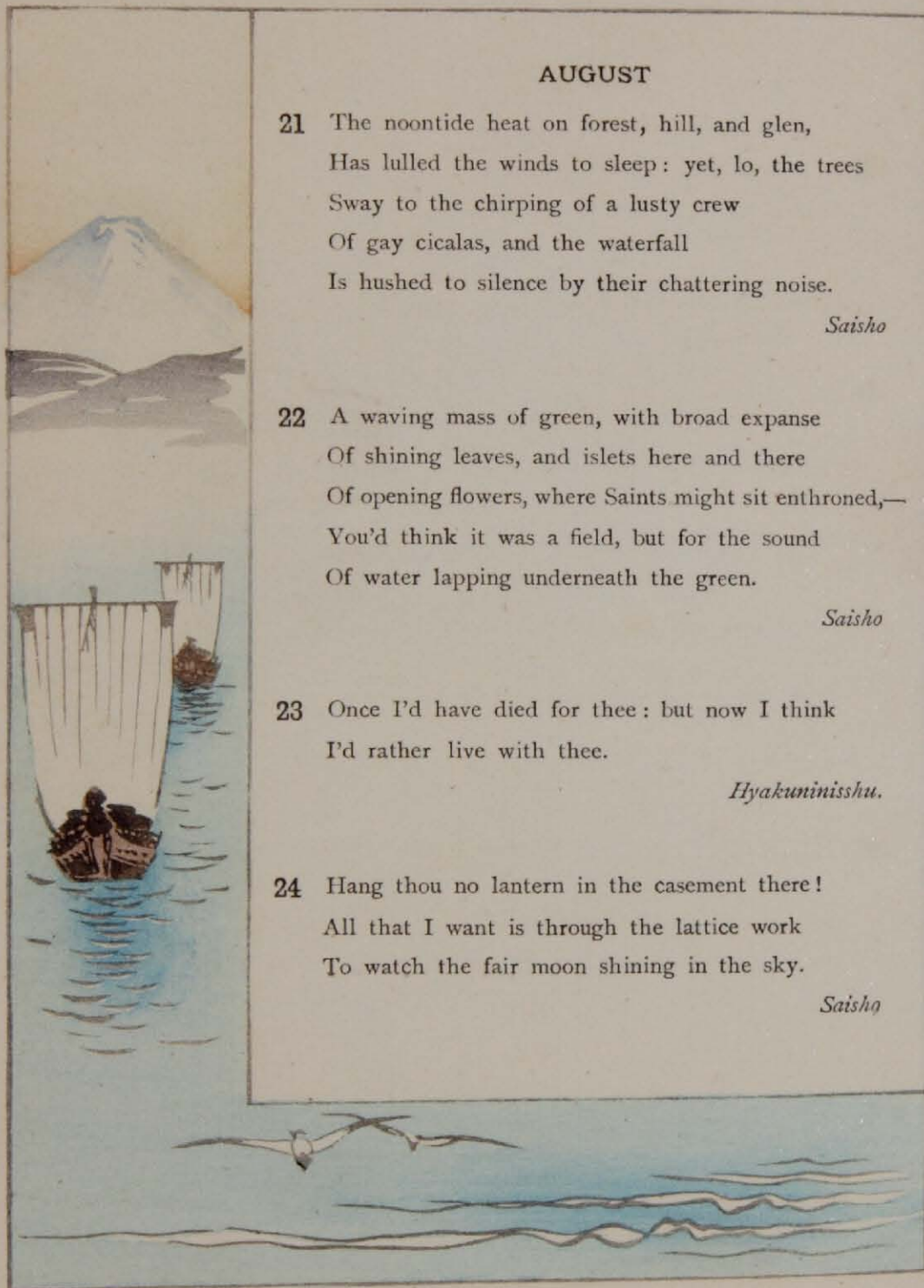
*Saisho*

- 23 Once I'd have died for thee: but now I think  
I'd rather live with thee.

*Hyakuninshu.*

- 24 Hang thou no lantern in the casement there!  
All that I want is through the lattice work  
To watch the fair moon shining in the sky.

*Saisho*



# AUGUST

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# AUGUST

25 If that your feet  
Stand on the path that leads to future bliss,  
Then will your sky today be bright and clear.  
*Hōnen Shōnin*

26 How profitless a thing is this same self,  
That I should think of it! A few more months,  
And lo! 'tis scattered to the winds that blow,  
And all resolved into nothingness.  
*Emperor Shujaku.*  
A. D. 931-957

27 The night is dark around: the longed-for lights,  
That mark my journey's end, are not in sight,  
And I am weary. Then the fire-fly comes,  
Like some kind friend that whispers words of hope  
When life is black with clouds of dull despair,  
And shows his flickering light, and cheers my way.  
*Saisho*

28 Lulled by the heat, one dewy August eve,  
I slumbered out of doors, and dreamed,—such dreams!  
Of youth, and love, and high ambition's hope,  
Till Autumn's herald-wind across my face  
Struck with a chill, like some rheumatic twinge,  
And brought me back to stern reality.  
*Saisho*



# AUGUST

25 .....

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# AUGUST

- 29 All day the wind blows rustling through the pines,  
And my dull ears heed not the wonted sound :  
But when the rustling wind doth cease to blow,  
My soul starts, conscious of a something missed.

*Rengetsu.*

- 30 How came that cricket in my sleeping room ?  
I thought I'd closed each chink and cranny tight,  
And banished him as one would drive away,  
With impotent resolve, an evil thought.

*Takasaki Masakaze.*  
(Court Poet)

- 31 Love is the fire with which the faithful spouse  
Kindles the torch that guides her huntsman lord,  
O'er rocks and treacherous fell, what time he tracks  
The mountain stag at night. This self same love  
Kindles at home the guardian fire that keeps  
Poisoned mosquito-thoughts from her own self.

*Saisho*

# AUGUST

29 .....

30 .....

31 .....





# SEPTEMBER.

An aged pine, we cannot count its years,  
A monument that tells of ancient deeds,  
And long-departed virtue. And, behold,  
Three maids that heed nor monument nor pine.







# SEPTEMBER

- 1 Autumn? what is it but the shell cast off  
By some *cicada* which itself has died?  
*Jōsō. 1663-1704.*
- 2 Man needs his rest: he's not a mill that works  
Morn, noon, and night, without an interval.  
*H.*
- 3 Sneeze once, and someone's praising you: sneeze twice,  
And 'tis a sign of hate: a threefold sneeze  
Shows you the object of some person's love.  
But if you sneeze four times, you 've caught a cold.  
*H.*
- 4 The mulberry trees that line my native field  
Stand out, like isles amidst a surging sea,  
So great has been the rain, and, nearer home,  
The garden rockery which I had made  
With new-dug stones, is freshly overspread  
With mildew-moss, and mouldy fungus growth.  
So great is summer rain's creative force.

*Saishō*

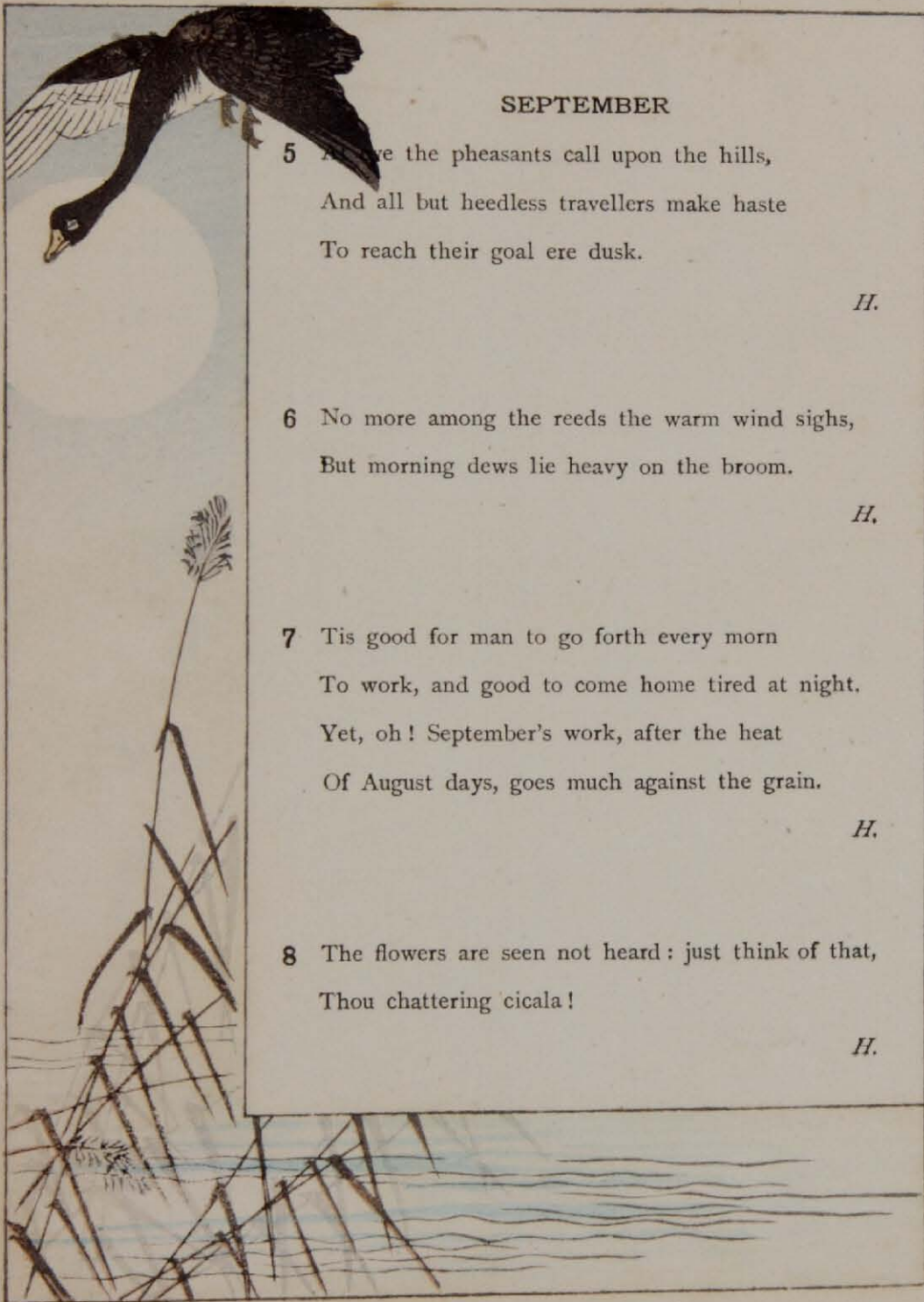


# SEPTEMBER

- 1 .....
- 2 .....
- 3 .....
- 4 .....







## SEPTEMBER

5 Above the pheasants call upon the hills,  
And all but heedless travellers make haste  
To reach their goal ere dusk.

*H.*

6 No more among the reeds the warm wind sighs,  
But morning dew lies heavy on the broom.

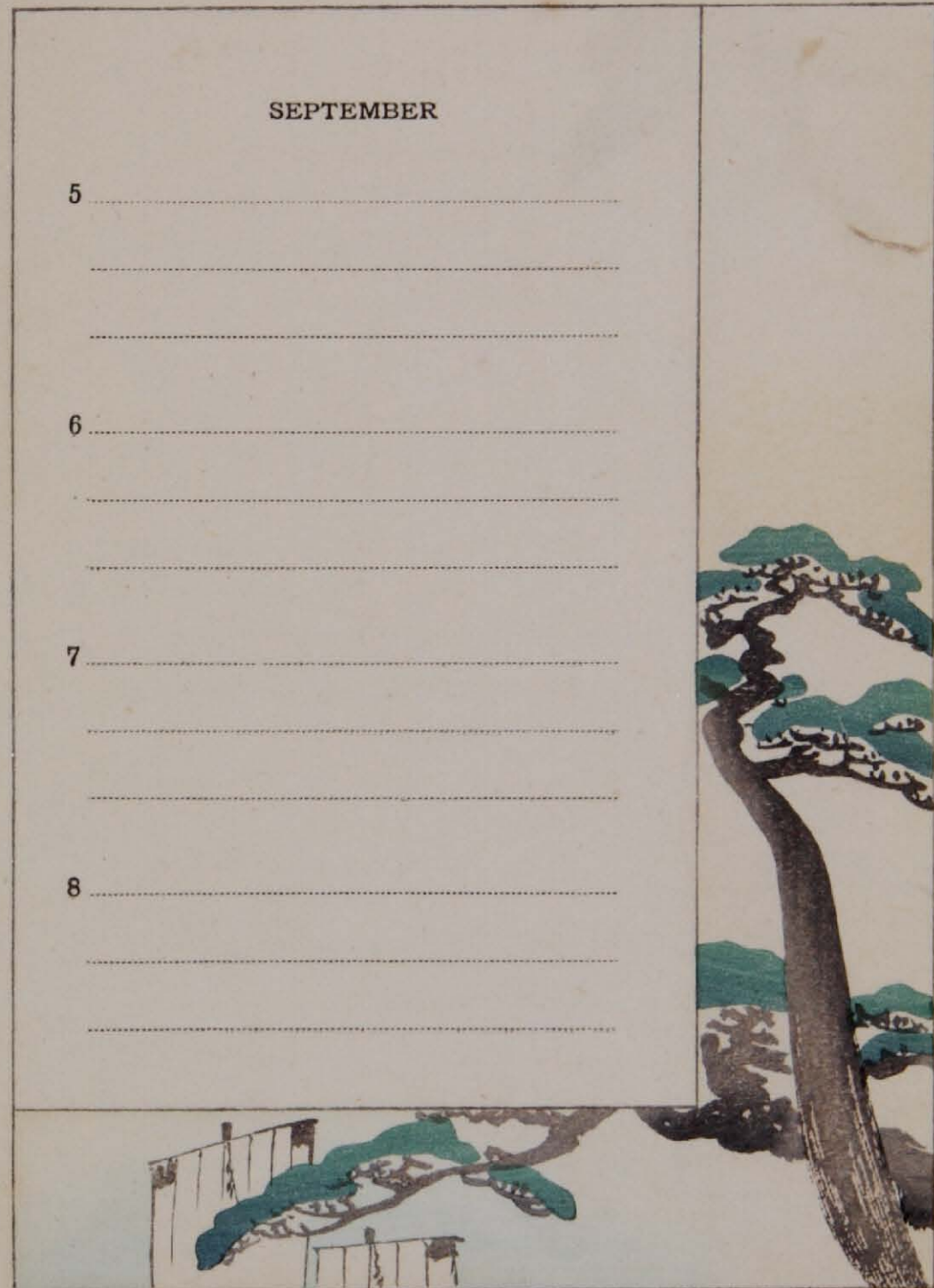
*H.*

7 'Tis good for man to go forth every morn  
To work, and good to come home tired at night,  
Yet, oh! September's work, after the heat  
Of August days, goes much against the grain.

*H.*

8 The flowers are seen not heard: just think of that,  
Thou chattering cicada!

*H.*



## SEPTEMBER

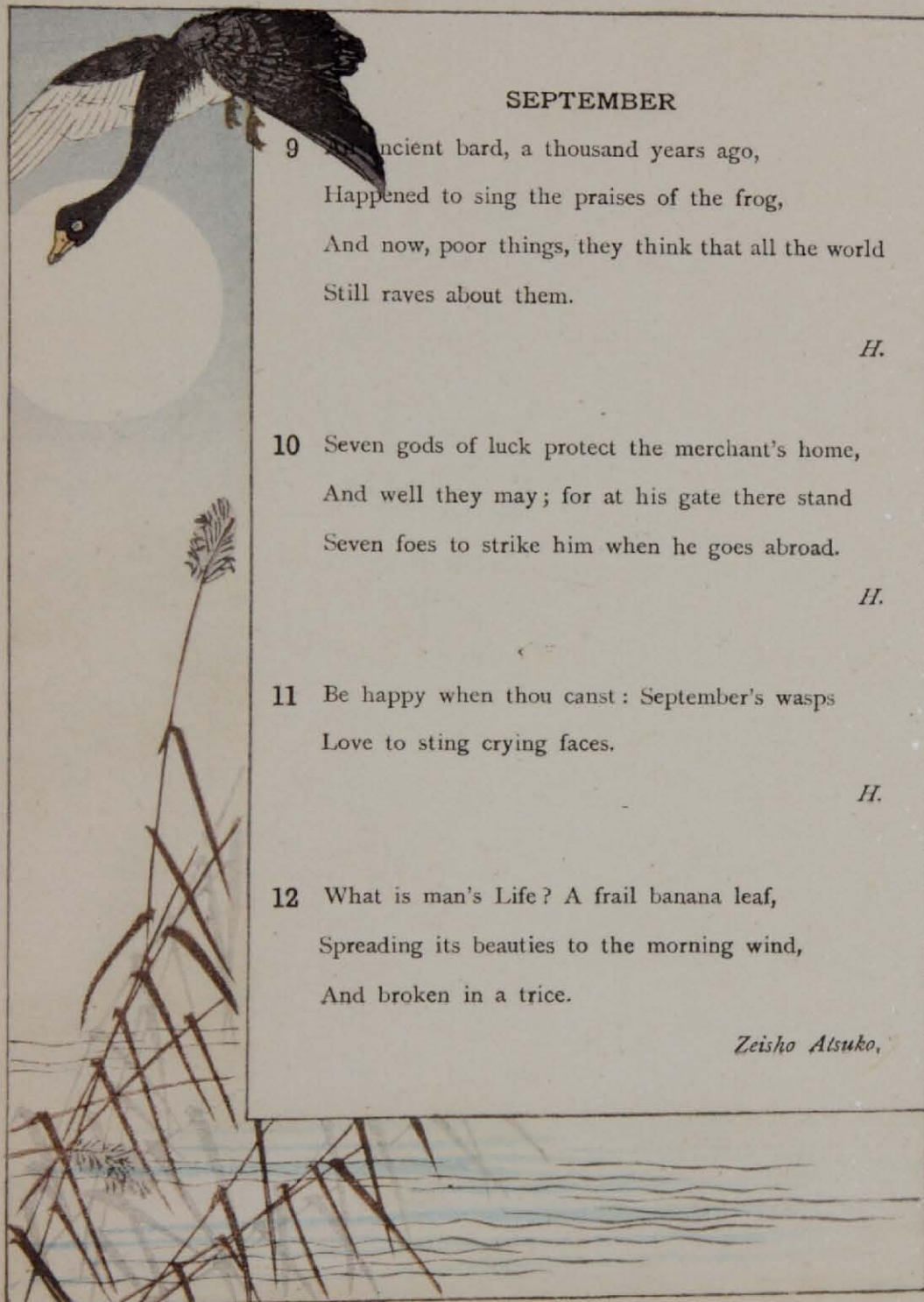
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## SEPTEMBER

9 An ancient bard, a thousand years ago,  
Happened to sing the praises of the frog,  
And now, poor things, they think that all the world  
Still raves about them.

*H.*

10 Seven gods of luck protect the merchant's home,  
And well they may; for at his gate there stand  
Seven foes to strike him when he goes abroad.

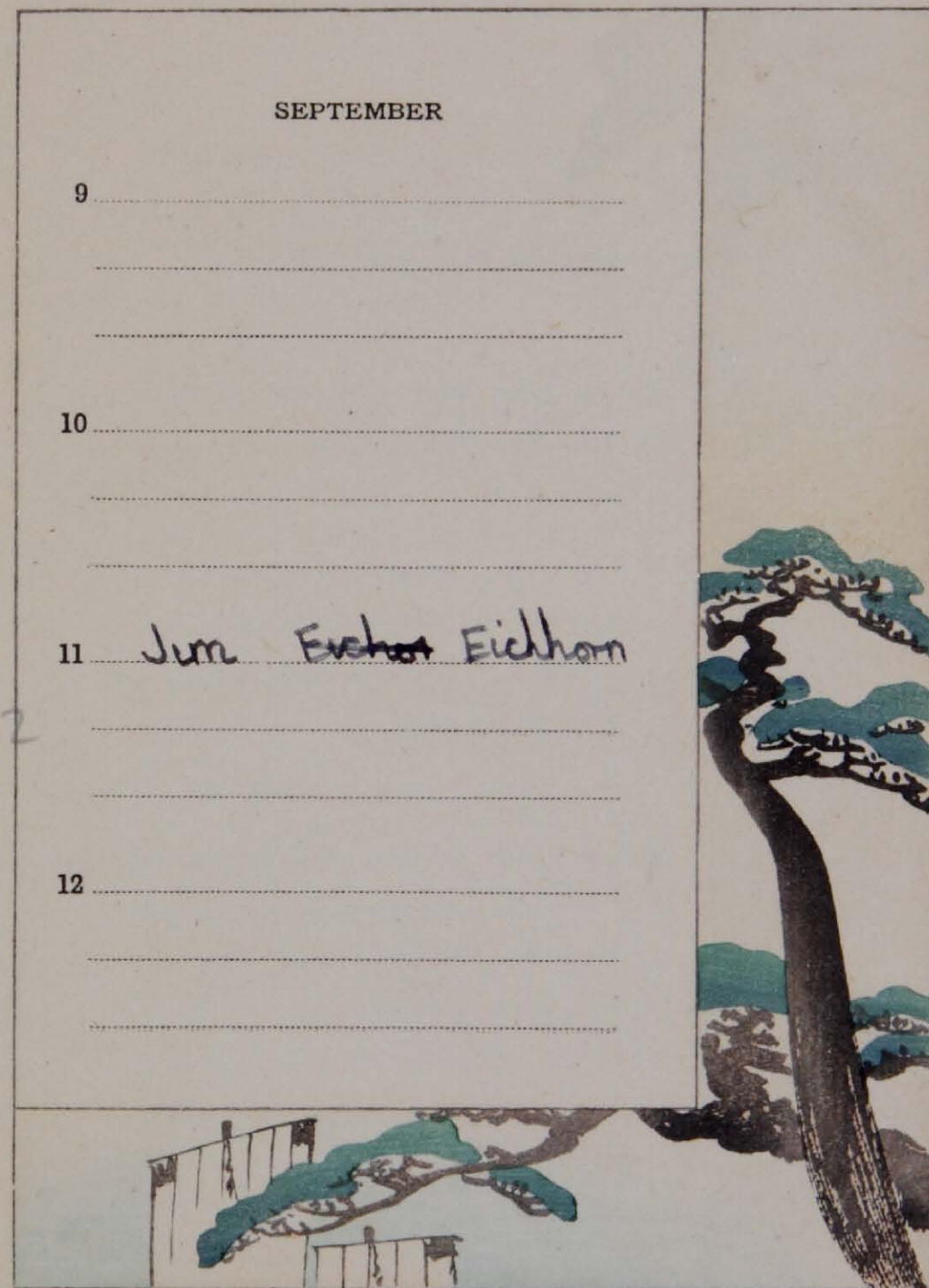
*H.*

11 Be happy when thou canst: September's wasps  
Love to sting crying faces.

*H.*

12 What is man's Life? A frail banana leaf,  
Spreading its beauties to the morning wind,  
And broken in a trice.

*Zeisho Atsuko,*



## SEPTEMBER

9 .....

10 .....

11 Jun Eicho Eichon

12 .....

112





# SEPTEMBER

- 13 The summer *kiri* sheds its first sere leaf,  
And lo! the broom, that waited for the sign,  
Bursts into flower along the Palace moat.

*Saisho*

- 14 Peace-loving flow'rs! The butterflies that flit  
Around you never quarrel.

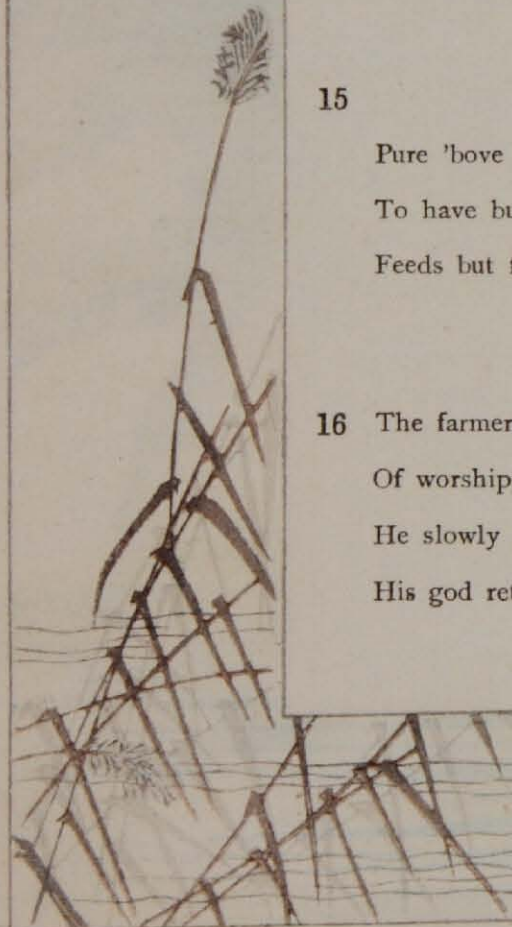
*H.*

- 15 If thou would'st live  
Pure 'bove thy fellows, then be thou content  
To have but few as friends: the limpid stream  
Feeds but few fishes.

*H.*

- 16 The farmer's god 's the setting sun: his hour  
Of worship, when, with tools upon his back,  
He slowly plods his homeward way, and sees  
His god retire to rest.

*H.*



# SEPTEMBER

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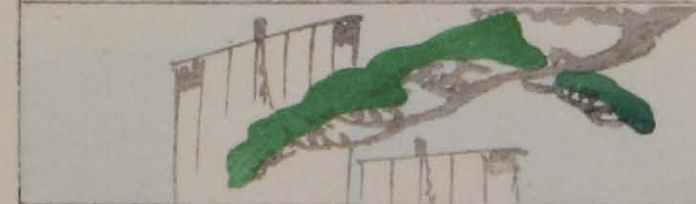
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## SEPTEMBER

- 17 September's storms work havoc in the fields :  
Still, they do clear the air.

*H.*

- 18 September's sun is hot : its grass is dry,  
And those two coolies smoking in the shade  
May chance to cause a mountain fire, whose end  
None can foreknow.

*H.*

- 19 A fallen tree bridges the deep ravine :  
See thou walk warily in crossing it,  
Pilgrim through life.

*H.*

- 20 A good stout wall  
Twixt me and Neighbour Crank is better far  
Than paper screen : but far the best of all,  
A nice wide street betwixt his door and mine.

*H.*

## SEPTEMBER

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# SEPTEMBER

- 21 The grub's a humble thing, but when the wings  
Grow, then the thoughtless butterfly forgets  
That it was once nought but a humble grub.

H.

- 22 The tiny dew-drop lies upon the leaf:  
When it grows heavy, then the leaf will bend,  
And let it roll upon the earth beneath.

H.

- 23 Be thou reserved, fair maid; the flow'r that flaunts  
Its beauties by the highway often falls  
Prey to the beasts that graze along the road.

H.

- 24 The world's a poorish place: but all the same  
You have to work to stay in it for long.

H.



# SEPTEMBER

21 .....

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22 W. J. Brunt

Senior

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23 .....

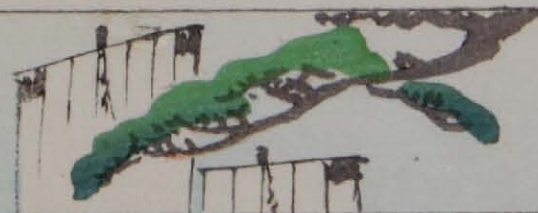
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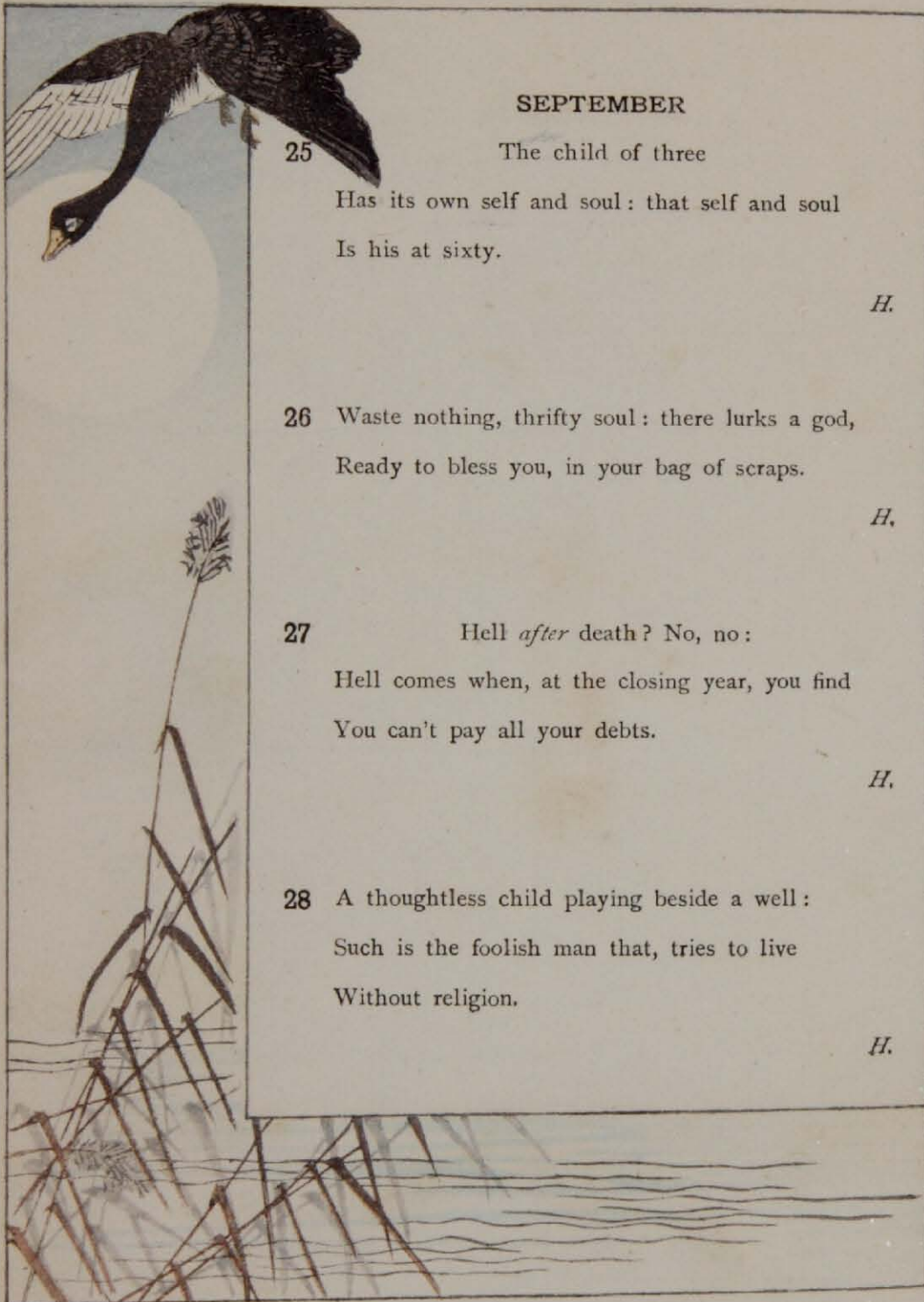
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## SEPTEMBER

25

The child of three

Has its own self and soul: that self and soul  
Is his at sixty.

*H.*

26 Waste nothing, thrifty soul: there lurks a god,  
Ready to bless you, in your bag of scraps.

*H.*

27 Hell *after* death? No, no:  
Hell comes when, at the closing year, you find  
You can't pay all your debts.

*H.*

28 A thoughtless child playing beside a well:  
Such is the foolish man that, tries to live  
Without religion.

*H.*

## SEPTEMBER

25

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## SEPTEMBER

29

The ill thyself hast done,  
Think not thou canst escape its penalty.

*H.*

30 Your shoestring's broken, but you must not stoop  
To mend it, as you cross you melon-patch,  
Lest those who see should misinterpret you.

*H.*



## SEPTEMBER

29

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# OCTOBER.

October's sun his mellow light doth pour  
O'er sea and distant headlands, gentle gales  
Drive the slow-sailing argosies, the while  
The transient guest within life's hostelry  
Gazes his fill, nor wants to quit the scene.





## OCTOBER

- 1 A hermit's cell,.....and by its lonely door  
A formless mist,.....but by and by, the mist  
Transforms itself into the purple cloud  
That forms the vestibule of paradise.

*Honen Shonin.*

- 2 I could not find a branch of crimson leaves,  
To suit my fancy, so I 've brought, instead,  
A fair chrysanthemum I found by chance  
Blooming upon the hills this afternoon.

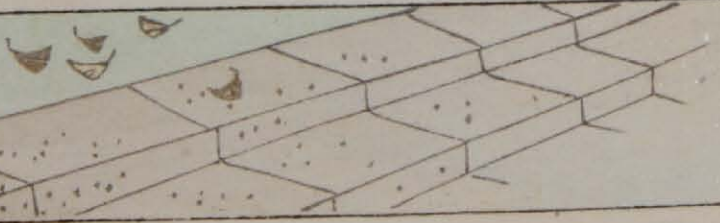
*Saisho*

- 3 The darkly gathering night  
Falls fast with lowering clouds, yet through the gloom  
The fowl, unerring, finds its homeward way.  
Trailing across the sky a long, black, line.  
So flies my soul back to its native rest,  
Deep in the mountain fastness—to itself.

*Dôgen.*

- 4 The Autumn moon! and o'er its placid face  
A passing cloud, and from the cloud a rain,  
Short as in spring. On such a night they say  
The fox goes forth to court a vixen bride.

*Saisho*



## OCTOBER

- 1 .....
- 2 .....
- 3 .....
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# OCTOBER

- 5 The Autumn moon hangs silent in the sky:  
And all is hushed. Even the fisherman  
Whose household industry ekes out the toil  
Of fishing boat and net upon the sea,  
Lured by her beauty, lays his mallet by.

*Saisho*

- 6 The tender Autumn dew which freely falls  
At the least breath of air among the trees,  
What is't but as it were that ready fount  
Of sympathetic tears which riper years  
Have for each sorrow, and each tale of woe.

*Saisho*

- 7 Two nights ago, I heard the wild geese cry,  
Feeding at midnight in the paddy fields.  
Today, with dawn's first streak, I open wide  
My shutters, drinking in the cool, crisp, air,  
And see, omen of good, against the sky,  
Returning homeward from their feeding-grounds,  
A line of geese, the first I 've seen this year.

*Saisho*

- 8 A mariner  
Oarless, and rudderless, and anchorless,  
Drifting on Yosa's sea,—such is my love  
*Hyakuninissu.*

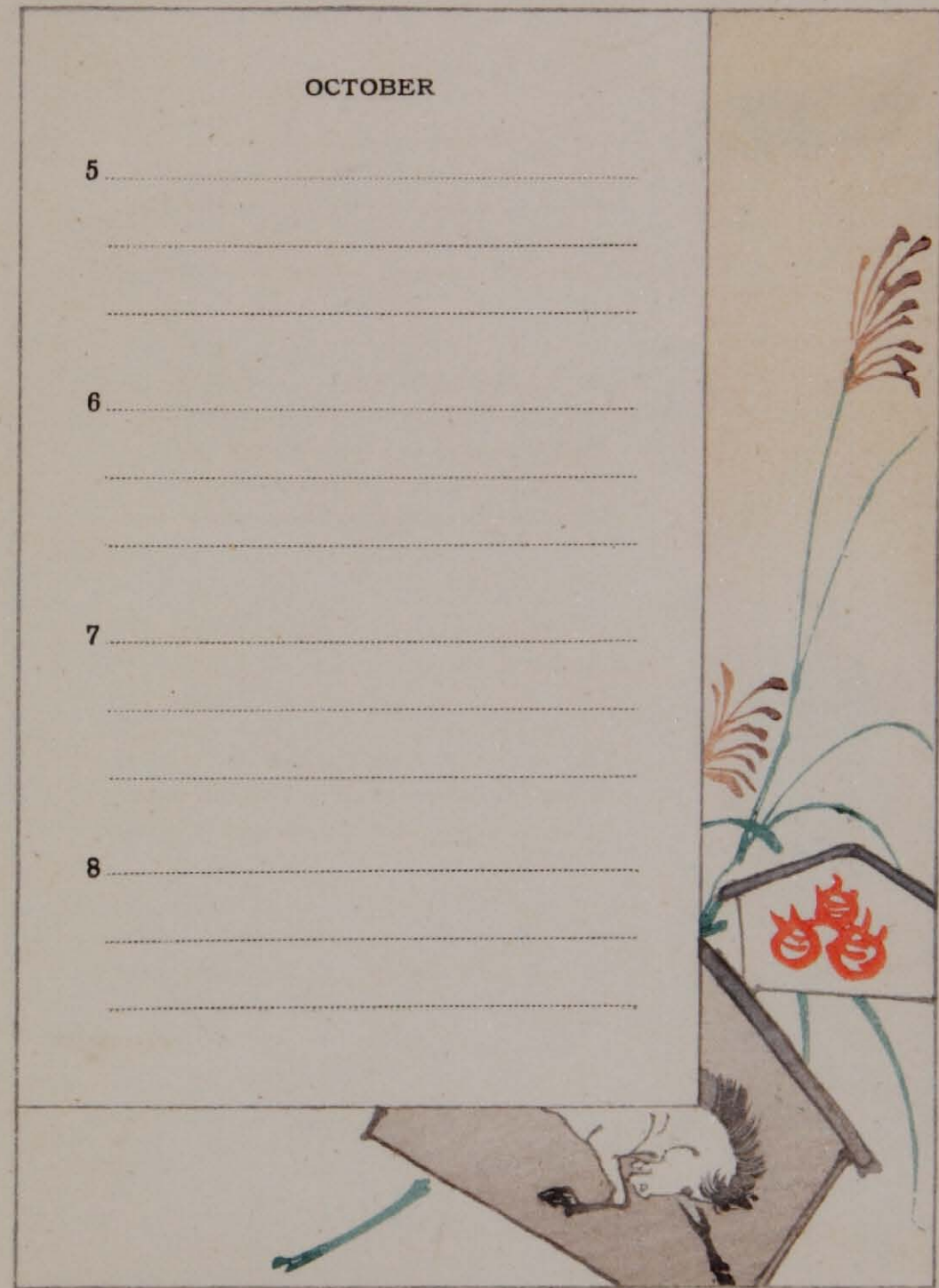
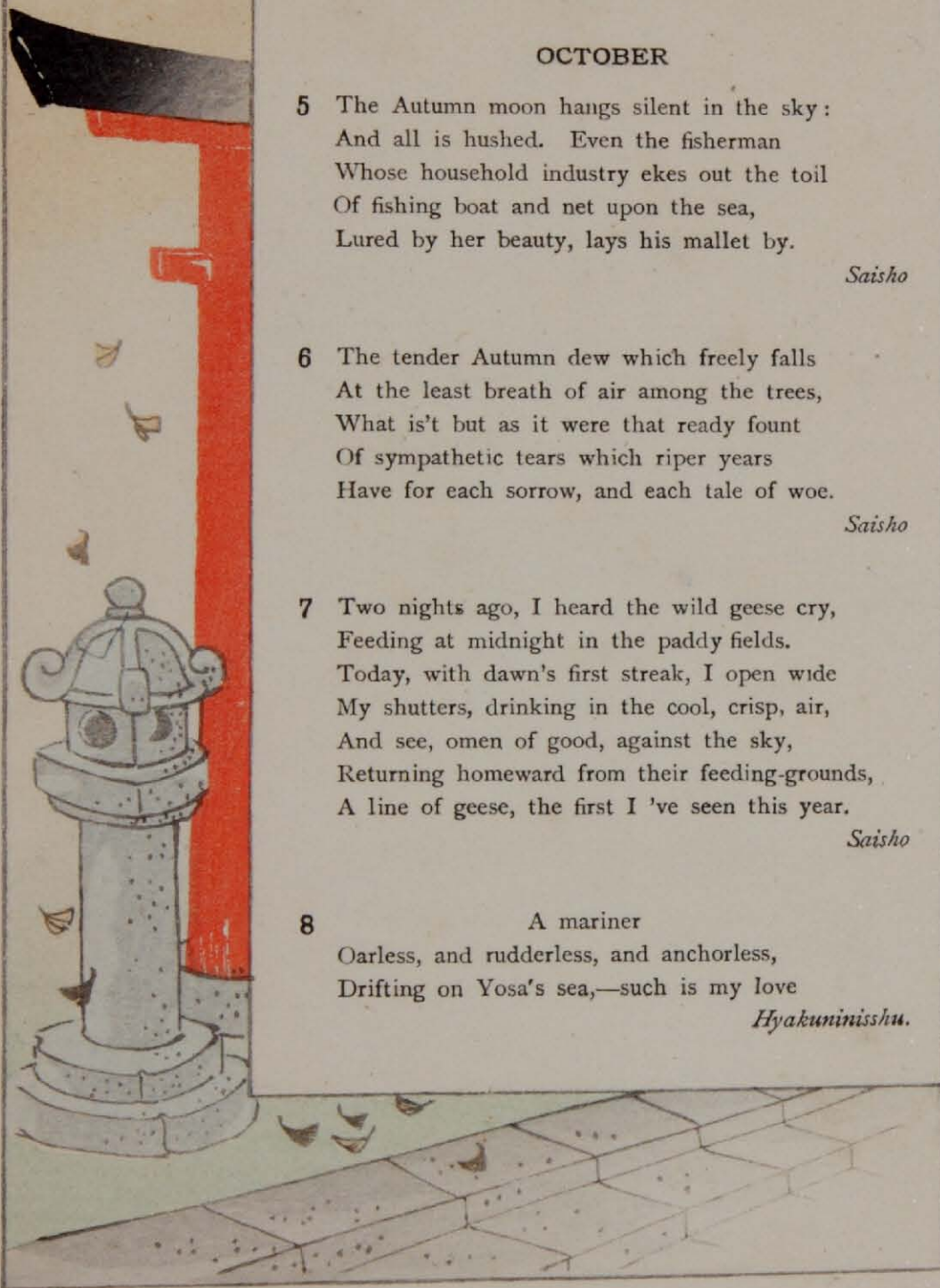
# OCTOBER

5 .....

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# OCTOBER

9

Forgotten? Yes.

But not to be condoled with. Rather he,  
Who gave a pledge, and left it unredeemed,  
Deserves your pity.

*Hyakuninissu.*

- 10 What time the summer sun, upon the plains,  
Scorched all the lower land's, and filled our hearts  
With aching thirst, how oft we climbed the hill,  
And dipped our vessels in the icy spring  
That bubbles from the mountain, clear and sweet.  
It bubbles still, but men forget its use  
Now that the Autumn winds have cooled the air.  
Only the moon, constant in heat and cold,  
Mirrors herself on its unruffled face.

*Saisho*

- 11 True: I do love him, but how came the town,  
With all its gossips young and old, to know,  
Before I knew myself, that I do love him?

*Hyakuninissu.*

- 12 The storm cloud burst, and every other sound  
Was silenced by the voice of wind and rain:  
The storm has ceased: and everywhere around  
The dauntless cricket 'gins his song again.

*Saisho*

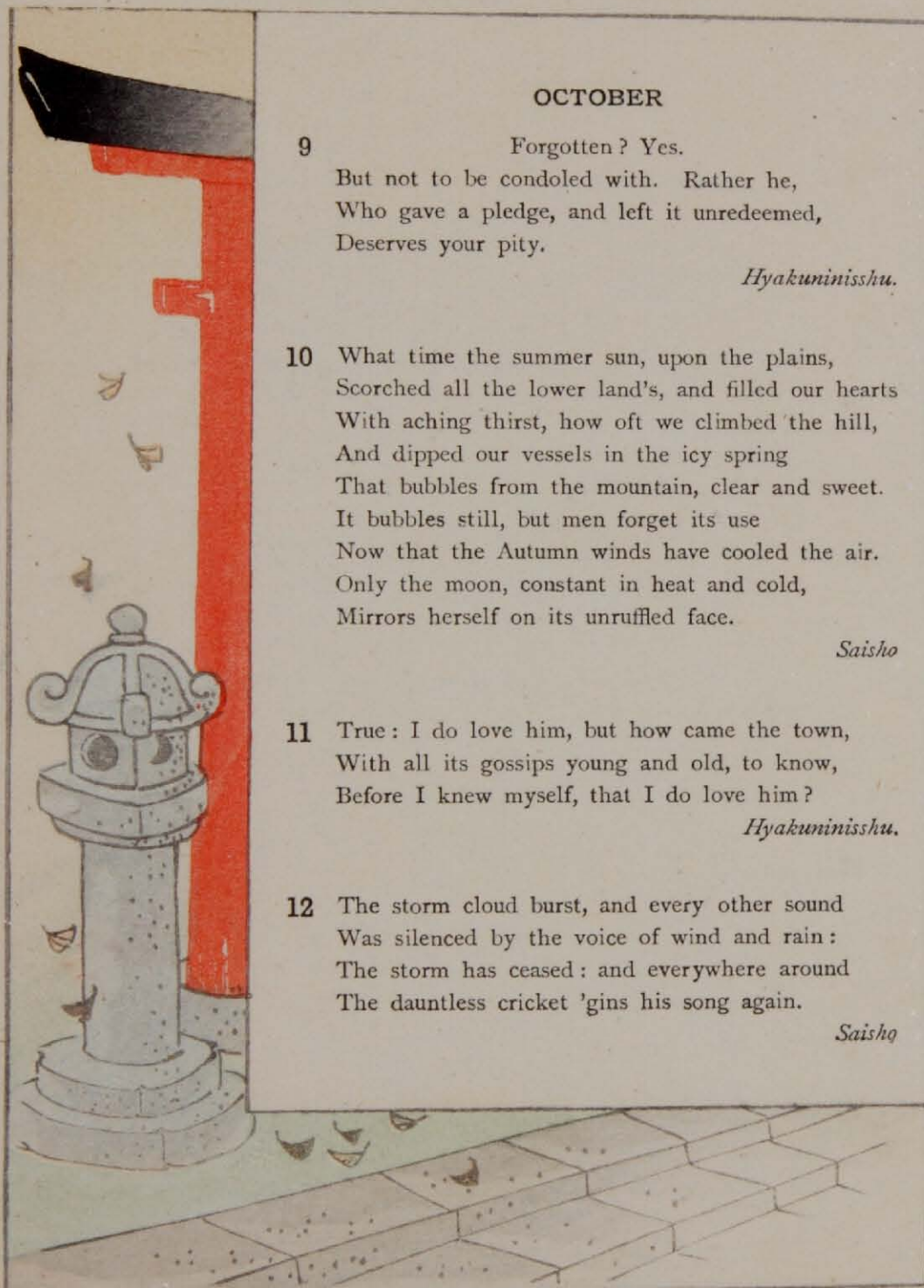
# OCTOBER

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# OCTOBER

- 13 What time the evening fell upon the land,  
With deepening shades, and wild disordered clouds,  
We heard the wild geese crying in the fields,  
But could not see them, till the Imperial moon  
Broke through the clouds, and ordered all the sky.  
Then o'er her face we saw them flying by,  
Or mirrored in the placid pool, and knew  
How Sovereign's Worth brings out the subjects' praise,  
And servants shine best in their master's light.

*Saisho*

- 14 The Autumn days draw in, the nights are long,  
And early-gathering darkness draws men in  
To fireside and hearth. Industrious hands  
Bring out the mallet and prepare the cloth  
With much monot'nous thumping for the mart:—  
A weary sound, yet one I love to hear.  
It tells of honest work that seeks to add  
A well-earned penny to the household stock:  
It tells of patient watching, when the wife  
Waits for her lord's return from storm-tossed seas,  
And scorns to wait with idly folded hands:  
And when the nights are cold, and reed-built huts  
Let in the frosts, it tells of glowing cheeks,  
And bodies warmed with healthful exercise  
That gives contented minds and peaceful sleep.

*Saisho*

- 15 The Autumn wind plays havoc in the field:  
The broad-leaved *kazu* shows too great a front,  
And falls, in well-deserved punishment  
For too great confidence and haughty pride.  
Meanwhile the prudent, thread-like *suzuki*  
Throws her frail arms round Friend Convolvulus,  
And, locked in close embrace, weathers the storm.

*Saisho*

- 16 Just hear that stag that's calling to his mate  
Upon the mountain-side, now here now there.  
I fear his wife is gadding,—poor old boy.

*Saisho*

# OCTOBER

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# OCTOBER

- 17 Is't late? The wind has ceased to stir the reeds,  
Distinctly on the silent air I hear  
A snipe upon the beach, scratching its wings.

*Saisho*

- 18 An Autumn morn: and o'er the October beach  
A flock of sea-birds circling in the air,  
Gives life to landscapes that would else be dead.

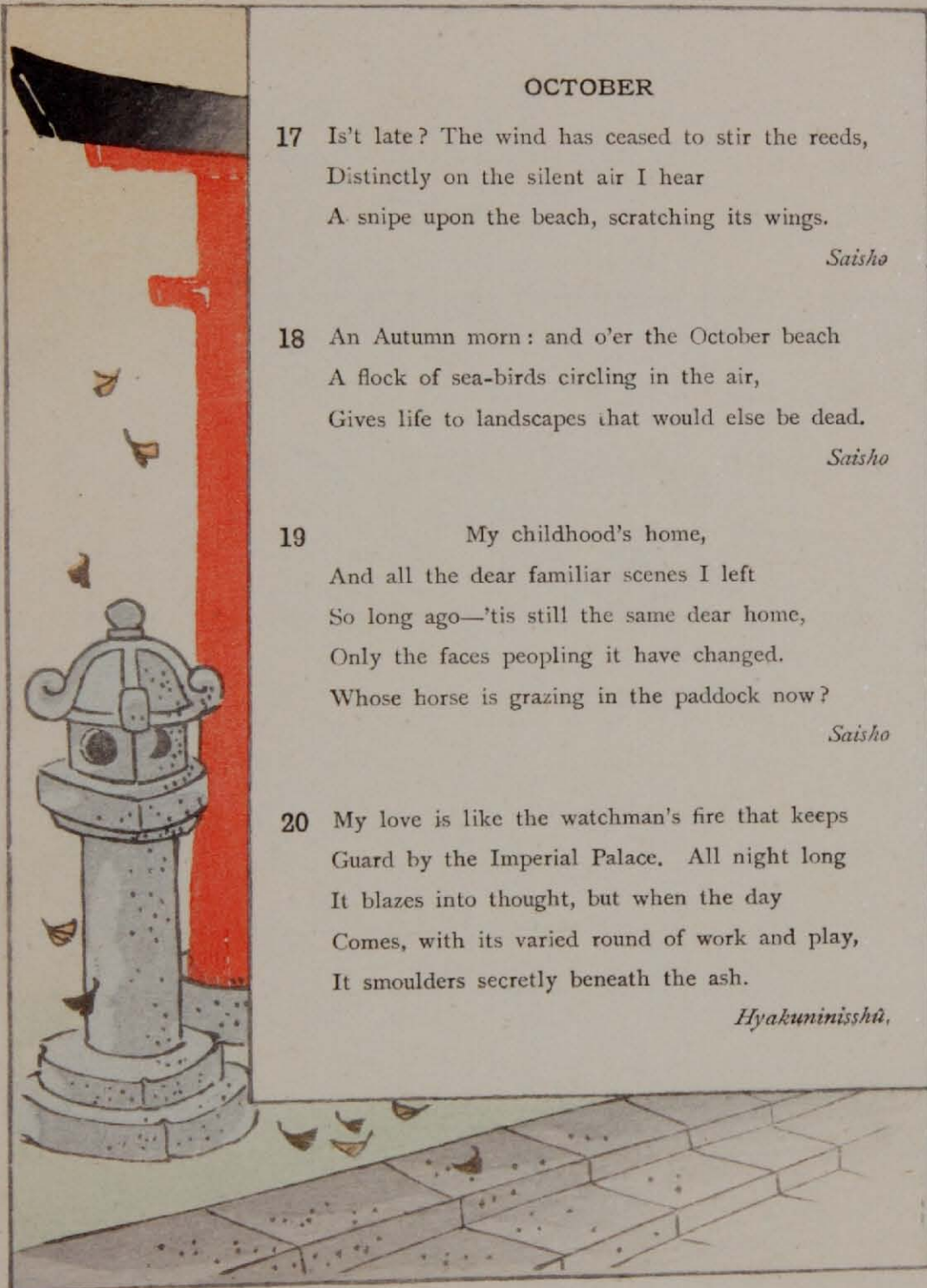
*Saisho*

- 19 My childhood's home,  
And all the dear familiar scenes I left  
So long ago—'tis still the same dear home,  
Only the faces peopling it have changed.  
Whose horse is grazing in the paddock now?

*Saisho*

- 20 My love is like the watchman's fire that keeps  
Guard by the Imperial Palace. All night long  
It blazes into thought, but when the day  
Comes, with its varied round of work and play,  
It smoulders secretly beneath the ash.

*Hyakuninissu.*



# OCTOBER

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# OCTOBER

- 21 When shall I meet again  
My peerless friend, and grasp his well. loved hand,  
And speak once more to him as friend to friend?  
I know not when, but still I long and wait.

*Takasaki Masakaze.*

- 22 Rank grows the grass beside the narrow path  
That leads me through the jungle—type of life,  
Confused and full of ill. But underneath,  
Through tangled weeds, I see fair flow'rs of hope  
Raising their modest heads.

*Saisho*

- 23 She asked a friendly token, and I gave  
All that she asked—the first red maple leaf  
That Autumn painted in my shrubbery.

*Saisho*

- 24 Where crimson leaves upon the ground  
Lie thickly strown,  
The stag doth make his nightly round,  
Sad and alone.  
And when I hear his mournful sound,  
I know, ah me!  
How sad October's night can be.

*Hyakuninisshu.*



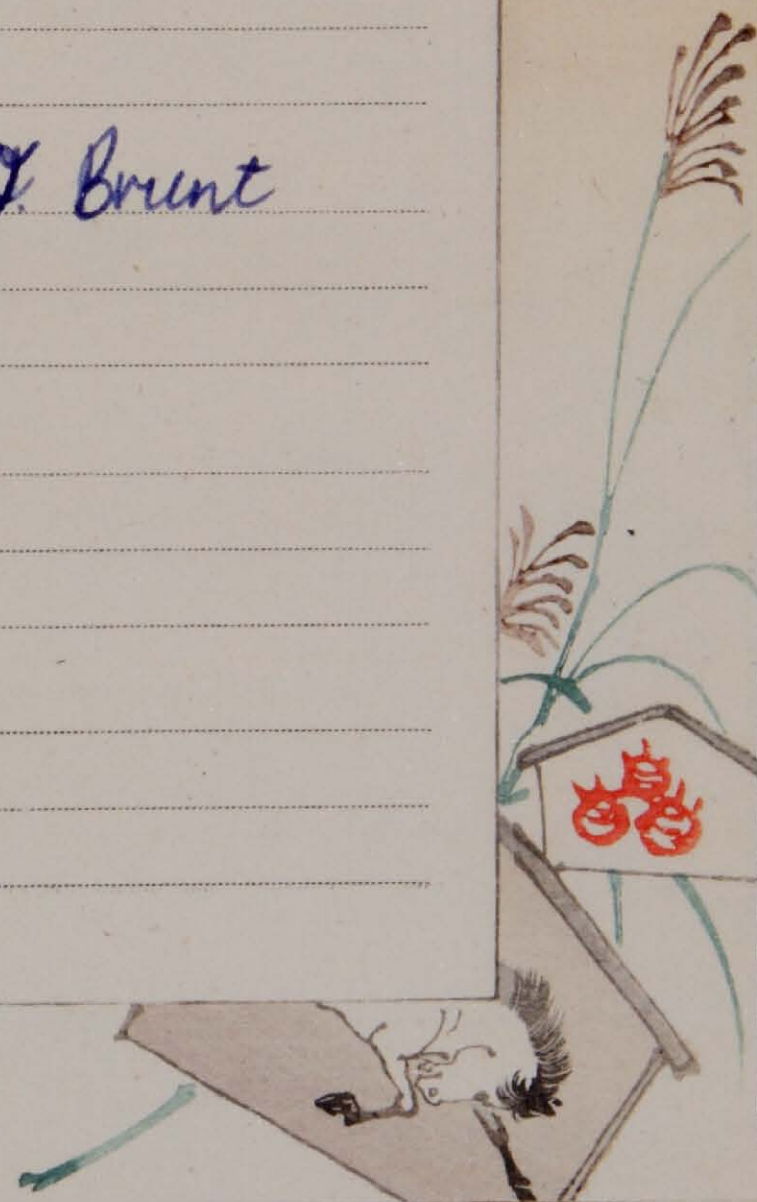
# OCTOBER

- 21 .....

- 22 *W. J. Brunt* .....

- 23 .....

- 24 .....





# OCTOBER

- 25 'Tis not yet Winter by the Almanack,  
But when old folks get full of aches and pains,  
They don their winter clothes in autumn time,  
And scorn appearances.

*Saisho*

- 26 This chrysanthemum  
Was sent me by a simple countryman.  
It's fragrance is the right one, is it not?

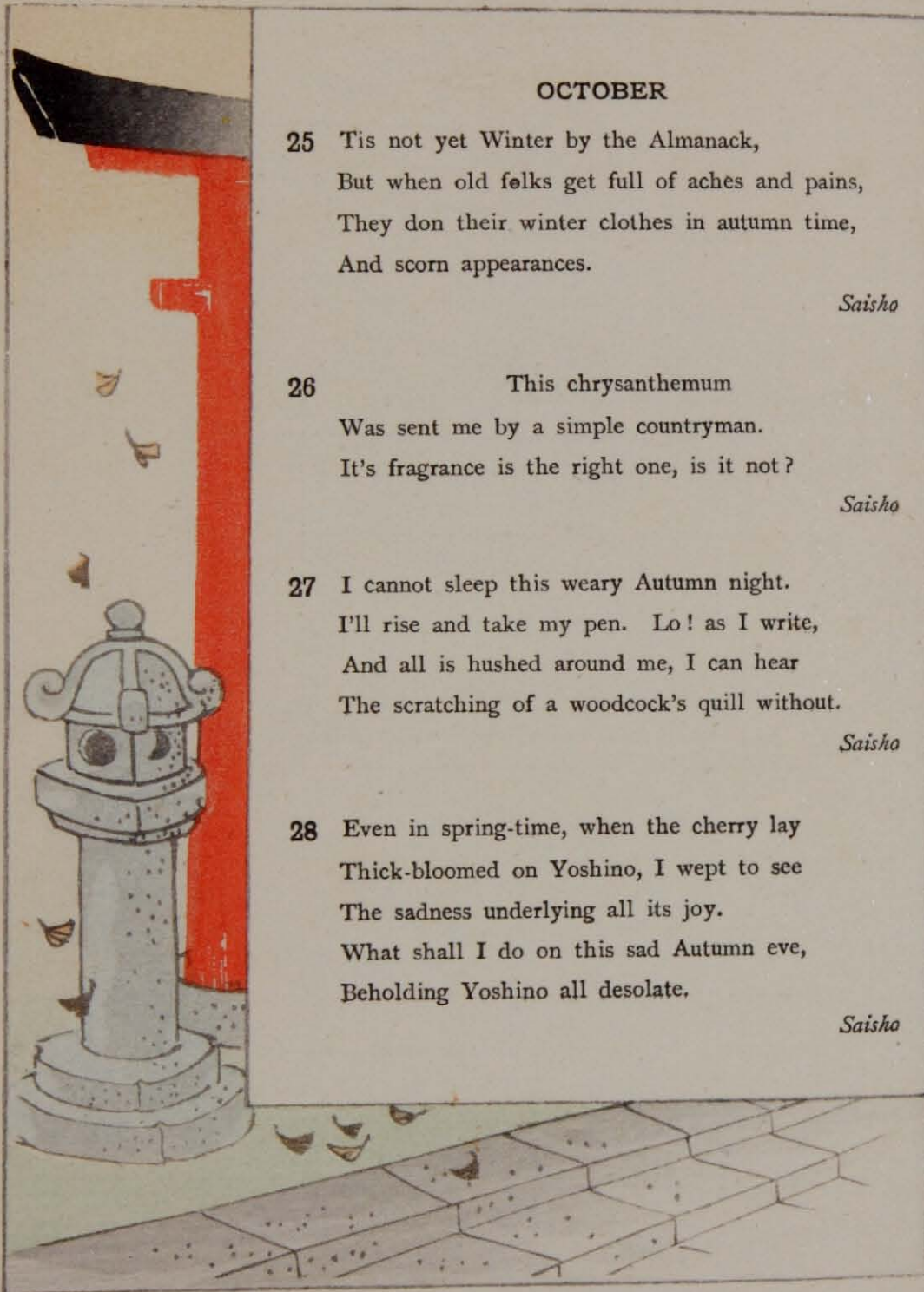
*Saisho*

- 27 I cannot sleep this weary Autumn night.  
I'll rise and take my pen. Lo! as I write,  
And all is hushed around me, I can hear  
The scratching of a woodcock's quill without.

*Saisho*

- 28 Even in spring-time, when the cherry lay  
Thick-bloomed on Yoshino, I wept to see  
The sadness underlying all its joy.  
What shall I do on this sad Autumn eve,  
Beholding Yoshino all desolate.

*Saisho*



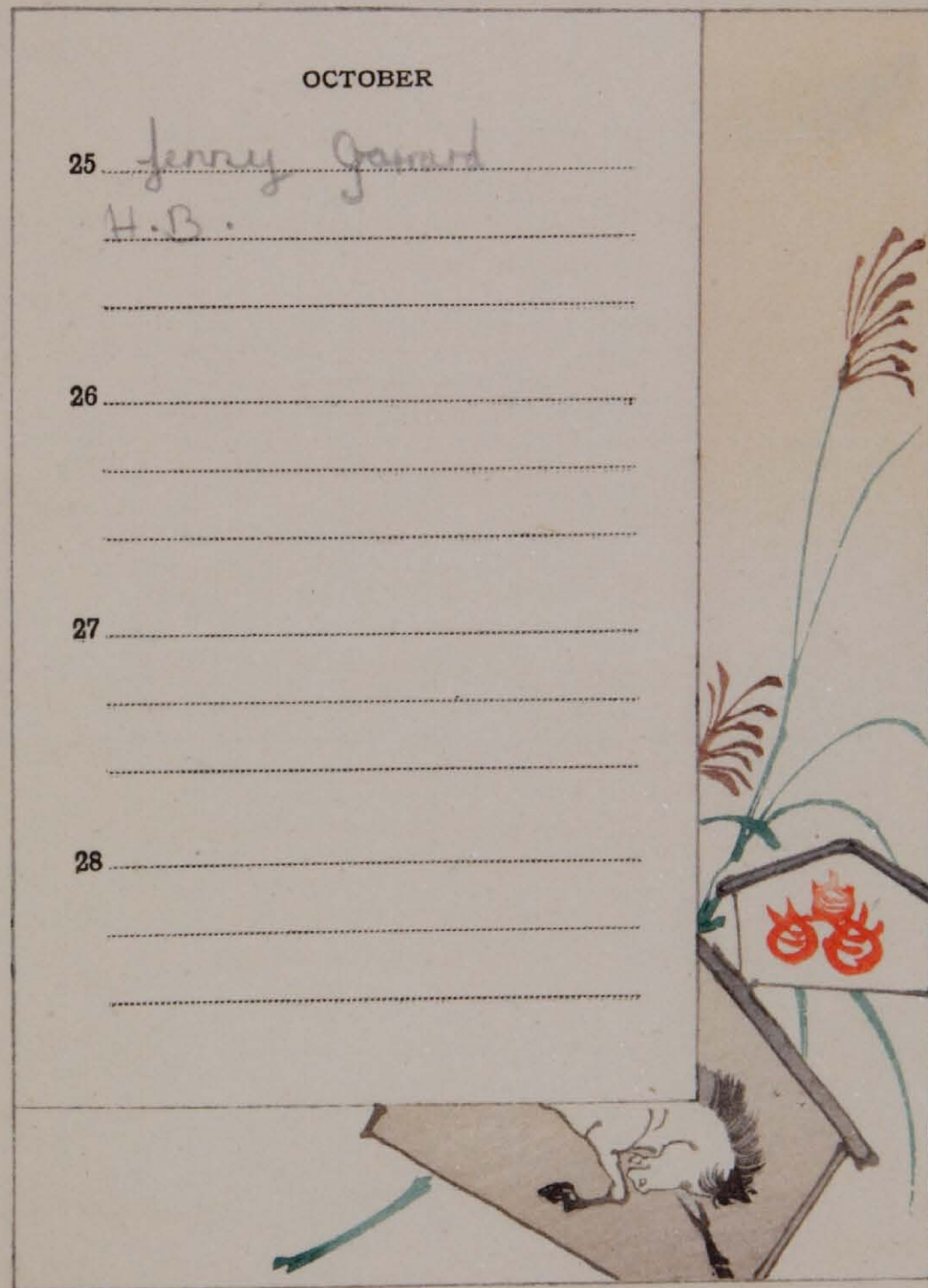
# OCTOBER

- 25 *Jenny Gaird*  
*H.B.*

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# OCTOBER

- 29 The Autumn winds begin not yet to shrill,  
Yet on the slender *ogi* leaves appear,  
Premonitory signs of speeding time,  
The gem-like drops of matutinal dew.

*Saisho*

- 30 The caged insect all the summer long  
Shrilled its blithe song. Today its voice is hoarse  
And harshly rasping. Has it caught a cold?  
These Autumn mornings are so very chill.

*Saisho*

31

*Gi-wo*

"Whether a weed be cut down by the scythe,  
Or stand unscathed in some forgotten nook,  
It hath its Autumn-tide, when leaf and stem  
Fall withered, dry and dead." Thus from her cell  
Wrote *Gi-wo*, once beloved, but now abhorred,  
Yet faithful to her faithless paramour,  
What time her rival sought to win her back  
(Thinking thereby to please both her and him)  
By smooth-tongued wiles to her abandoned life.  
"It had its Autumn"—this poor, broken, flower,  
This *ominaeshi*, and from its griefs  
Men learned how e'en to outcast flow'rs is given  
Grace to be pure and chaste, with constancy.

*Saisho*

# OCTOBER

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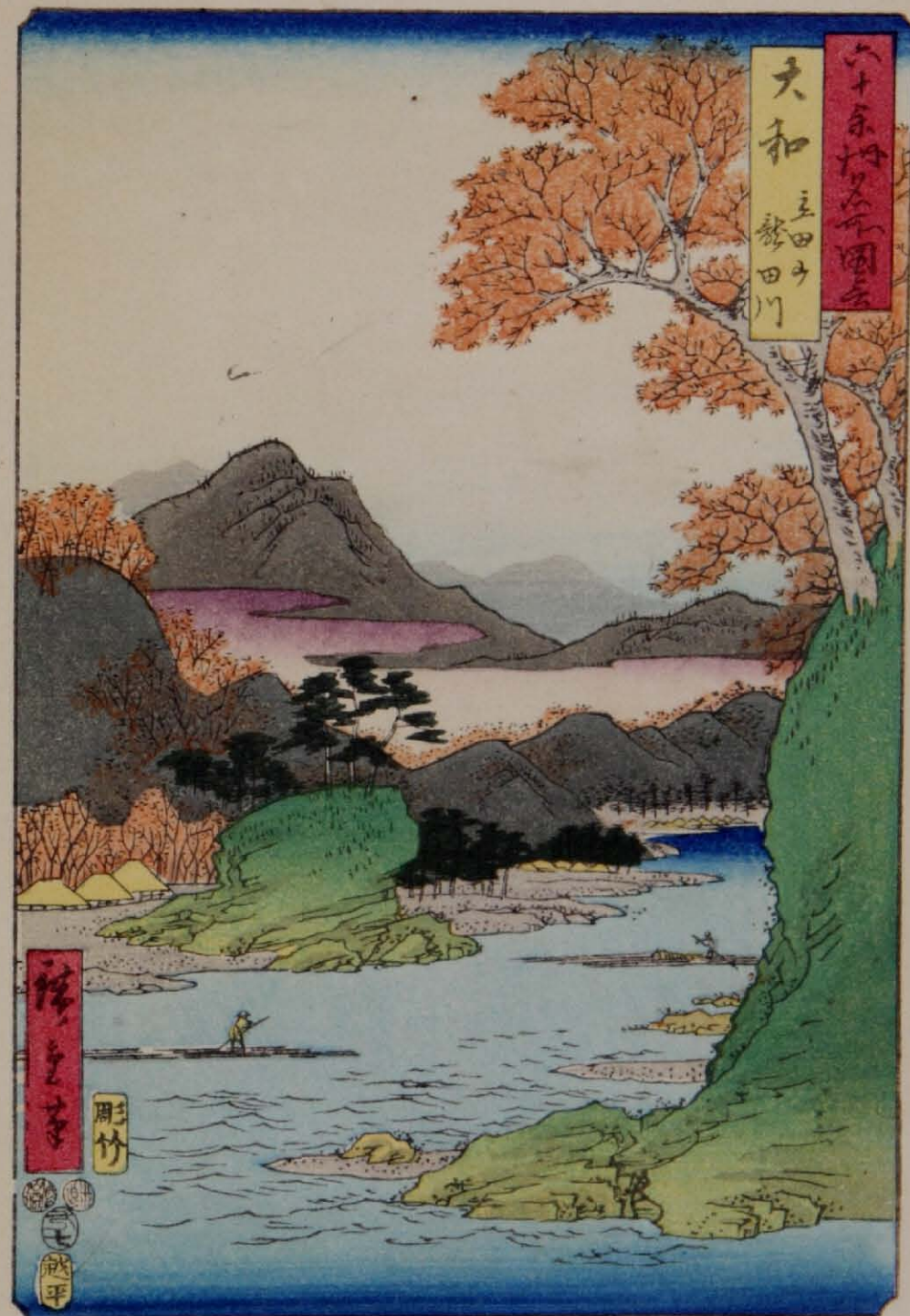
*Sue Smith*

*H. B.*



# NOVEMBER.

November's woods are fair with windless days  
And golden foliage. Life's Autumn, too,  
Tranquil and silvered, hath its proper charm.







## NOVEMBER

- 1 The sweet-juiced orange puts on robes of gold,  
And ripens in the glorious Autumn-tide,  
The while the doctor, sadly patientless,  
Grows green with envy.

*H.*

- 2 Heat or cold,  
Sunshine or rain, the crow is always black,  
And always happy.

*H.*

- 3 Thou shar'st the Birthday of an Emperor:  
Be thou thyself a Ruler,—over self,  
And all that self implies in thine own heart.

*Saisho*

- 4 At early morn, the knight's son, in his dreams,  
Hears armour clashing, and starts up forthwith:  
The merchant's son dreams of the counting-house  
And rattling abacus, and wakes from sleep.

*H.*

## NOVEMBER

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# NOVEMBER

- 5 A hundred flowers have bloomed this year, and last,  
Lo! the fair maid, Chrysanthemum, appears,  
Surpassing all in stature, form, and grace.

*Saisho*

- 6 Strive, man, to win the light; so when thy frame  
Melts as the dew before the growing light  
Of the Great Truth, thou'lt know that all this while  
Thou hast been Buddha.

*Anon.*

- 7 The autumn wind blows strong, the crimson leaves  
Fall from the trees, and on the storm-beat coast  
The plovers, with wild cries, flit to and fro:  
The year draws near its end,

*Saisho*

- 8 Dame Nature strips the leaves from off the trees,  
And with the leaves the acorns. Thus I see  
How housewifely she cares for beast and worm,  
That none may starve in cold December days.

*Saisho*

# NOVEMBER

5 .....

6 *Gulany Bell* .....

7 .....

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## NOVEMBER

- 9 The white chrysanthemum is gemmed with dew,  
Yet who would know it, if the Imperial moon,  
Shone not to give the sparkles to the drops.

*Saisho*

- 10 Is there no other way  
Than by a messenger for me to say  
That we must part,  
Sweet heart?  
May I not meet thee once, and once, more tell,  
Ere we do part, that I do love thee well?

*Hyakuninisshu.*

- 11 Black lie the shadows of the stalwart pines  
Upon the white sea beach, and white the waves  
That break upon the shore, and whiter still,  
Because more pure, the moonlight flooding all.

*Saisho*

- 12 The summer bat! How oft it told a tale  
Of dog-day heat. Now that it sadly flits  
Among the willow-branches sere and bare,  
Its very shadow casts a chilling gloom.

*Saisho*

## NOVEMBER

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## NOVEMBER

- 13 I am not anxious for a long, long, life,  
And therefore plant this tall chrysanthemum  
Not as the emblem of longevity,  
But as the sweetest flower upon God's earth  
*Takasaki Masakaze.*

- 14 The autumn wind plays on the dew-decked field,  
Like to some silly child that heedlessly  
Tosses its mother's necklace in the air,  
Nor fears to lose its costly diadems.  
*Hyakuninissu.*

- 15 The surly pine still keeps its sombre hues  
Amidst our harvest joys. It only serves  
To make more prominent the crimson wealth  
Of sympathetic maples, freely shed  
To purchase with their death the richer life  
That shall be ours in happier months to come,  
When winter shall be merged in new-born spring.  
*Saisho*

- 16 The sheaves of rice stand white along the paths  
That skirt the harvest-fields and on the slopes  
The crimson maple's wealth bespeaks the joy  
Of finished labours and a well-spent life.  
*Saisho*

## NOVEMBER

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## NOVEMBER

- 17 The maple sheds its red autumnal wealth  
Into the stream, and, as when prejudice  
Blocks man's advance, its further course is dammed  
With close-packed barriers of decaying leaves.

*Hyakuninissu.*

- 18 My thoughts oft fly back to the peaceful home  
Of my young days,—the home in which I fain  
Would end my earthly days, and after death  
Haunt lovingly to all eternity.  
'Tis Autumn now, and all its fields and glades  
Are dry and dead, save for the Imperial flower  
Blooming in Autumn, true chrysanthemum.

*Saisho*

- 19 How wise those wild geese are! See how they turn  
From Autumn's fading flowers to find their joy  
In crimson maple's store of red and gold.

- 20 He that lives all for gold, with jaundiced eye,  
Sees all things yellow.

*H.*

## NOVEMBER

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## NOVEMBER

- 21 Virtue in man (in woman too, my dear)  
Is like the bamboo stem, knotty and straight.

*H.*

- 22 The rose and thorn,—the same stem beareth both,  
One root is theirs.

*H.*

- 23 When children strive,  
Father and mother oft must join the fray.

*H.*

- 24 Fame or disgrace, what are they but the cup  
Of sparkling wine whose fumes delude the mind  
With idle dreams and fancies? what the years,  
Forty and nine, of my unworthy life?  
What but an empty shell? why speculate  
On life and death, seeing they are but dreams,  
With quickly shifting scenes of days and months?

*Uesugi Kenshin.*  
A. D. 1529-78.

## NOVEMBER

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# NOVEMBER

- 25 In all thy speech observe proportion's rule.  
Some things are fine as needles, others coarse  
As robbers' clubs. Call thou a club a club,  
And speak of needles as thou shouldest speak.

H.

- 26 As fair October's moon shines bright and clear,  
Without a cloud to dim its brilliancy,  
Or mar its perfect outline, so my soul,  
Clear and distinct, without or hope of Heaven  
Or fear of Hell, to warp its symmetry,  
Moves like a king across the blue expanse  
That leads from birth to death that men call life.

*Uesugi Kenshin.*  
1529-78.

- 27 Man's tongue is but three inches in its length,  
Yet, with that little tongue, he oft can harm  
A body five feet long, and broad to boot.

H.

- 28 At early dawn I hear the shy snipe's cry  
Amidst the dewy rice, but, when the day  
Calls out the farmer to the busy fields,  
His cry becomes more distant. But at eve,  
When flickering fire-flies hover, once again  
He comes back to the rice-fields, till the boys,  
Chasing the fire-flies, frighten him away.

*Saisho*

# NOVEMBER

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# NOVEMBER

- 29 The farmer in his barn, these cold short days,  
Thrashes his rice, the while the cricket's song  
Chirrup around—He knows, the artful knave,  
On which side of the bread his butter lies!

*Saisho*

- 30 How long I thought the evenings, when, at home,  
My mother made me spend my leisure time  
In darning, mending, sewing, laundry work!  
And yet not half so long methinks as these  
Dull autumn nights which never seem to end.  
Yet why complain that the long autumn nights  
Drag slowly through the appointed tale of hours  
When cruel Fate stands ready with her shears  
To cut at any hour my thread of life?

*Saisho*

# NOVEMBER

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DECEMBER.

When cold December's winds are bleak and chill,  
The gnarled old plum doth bloom, its aged heart  
Unchilled by age or freezing poverty.





## DECEMBER

- 1 Trust Heaven with all thy heart, and do what's right,  
And Heaven will hear thy prayer, and will protect,  
E'en when thou prayest not; but if thou be  
A lying hypocrite, thou pray'st in vain,  
For neither god nor saint will hear thy prayer.

*Hôjô Sôun.*  
cir. 1250.

- 2 O fickle heart of ever-changing man  
That, like the summer vestment of a girl,  
Is all one mass of varied hues and forms.

*H.*

- 3 The Moon shines bright. until the envious cloud  
Obscures its face a moment: then the breeze  
Sweeps off the cloud, and straightway there is light.  
That cloud is death, and when its envious gloom  
Hath passed, the moon shines as it shone before.

*Hôjô Ujimasa.*  
ob. 1590.

- 4 A needle's eye is but a tiny thing,  
Yet through thaty eye a mighty wind can blow  
Great as a tree: such power of evil lies  
In smallest things.

*H.*



## DECEMBER

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# DECEMBER

- 5 He's somewhat fat, I grant: but that he's fat,  
I take it, is no proof for you and me.  
That he's respectable.

H.

- 6 The man that steals a purse, men brand him thief.  
And put him into gaol; but he that steals  
A country's dubbed a hero, conqu'ror, King.

H.

- 7 Seest thou not how one Pow'r doth rule the world,—  
A spirit, one in fact, but with two names,—  
Justice in God, in man Sincerity?  
Nor earth nor Hell prevail against these two.

*Commander Hirose.*

died at Port Arthur 1904.

- 8 Does flow'ry Spring resent it, when the wind  
Sweeps all the blossoms from its cherry trees?  
And can I hope that Autumn's crimson leaves  
Should stay for ever?

*Hôjô Ujimasa.*

ob. 1590.



# DECEMBER

- 5 May Calver

- 6 Phillis Bishopp

7

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# DECEMBER

- 9 Now and again the clumsy smith contrives  
To forge a blade worthy a *bushi's* hand:  
And now and then a clumsy archer hits  
The middle gold—so there is hope for you

H.

- 10 My summer sojourn in my native home  
Passed like a dream: I marked not how it fled,  
Till, lo! I found the *hagi* past its bloom,  
And Autumn's rule established everywhere.

Saisho

- 11 Where's Paradise? Why at the gate  
Of every man that's honest, just, and pure.

H.

- 12 Ask no man's counsel, if thou do not mean  
To follow it: for wholesome physic's use  
Lies in the drinking, not the buying it.

H.



# DECEMBER

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# DECEMBER

- 13 The more you give the more you have :  
Some receive and never have.

H.

- 14 A little lynch-pin three poor inches long,  
And, lo, your cart, that's gone a thousand miles,  
Lies useless by the road.

H.

- 15 The viper has no feet, the fish no ears :  
Yet should'st thou say the viper cannot go,  
Nor the fish hear, thou surely would'st be wrong.  
Be not precipitate nor over-rash  
In forming judgments.

H.

- 16 The wind is going to change its course, I think ;  
The prudent *suzuki* has changed its leaves  
To suit the veering currents.



# DECEMBER

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DECEMBER

- 17 There is a gate whereby good luck and ill  
May enter in; but of that gate yourself  
Holds the one key.

*H.*

- 18 A thief may sometimes take a holiday:  
A watchdog, never.

*H.*

- 19 The moon is shining: gaze at her thy fill.  
But mind thou do not overset the lamp  
That burns beside thee on the parlour floor.

*H.*

- 20 What time the thunder rolls, I fold my hands  
In humble pray'r and call the thunder "god;"  
But when the storm has ceased I lay aside  
My fears of Thunder's sham divinity.

*H.*



DECEMBER

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# DECEMBER

- 21 A foolish falcon always shows his claws:  
A wise one hides them.

H.

- 22 Keep on thy hat, for so thou 'lt learn to keep  
Thy thoughts downcast with all humility:  
Yet doff it, and look up, and thou shalt know  
How far above thee is the throne of Heaven.

H.

- 23 A snow-drift lies athwart my gate this morn.  
And I, that seek an exit, flounder in  
Deeper and deeper.—Thus the entanglements  
Of mundane love bar progress of the soul.

H.

- 24 When cold December fills the air with frost,  
The shiv'ring fowl takes refuge in a tree.  
The wild duck takes the water. Over tastes  
There's no disputing.

H.



# DECEMBER

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23 *poel Bell,* .....

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# DECEMBER

- 25 In summer, lightly clad, I went to draw  
The water from the spring high up the hill,  
But now the *hagi* leaves and blossoms fall  
And float upon its face, to let me know  
That summer clothes would be quite out of place.

*Saisho*

- 26 *Ashi* at Osaka, on Ise's strand,  
A *Hamaogi*,—but a common reed,  
Whose worth lies in its nature not its name.

*H.*

- 27 The year grows old, the well-worn winter robes  
Come from their camphor chest, and in their stead  
In go the summer dresses,—and alas!  
The summer joy goes with them.

*Danrin.*  
17th. cent.

- 28 The day-light dies, my life is at its end:  
Tomorrow night the Temple bell will sound  
I may not hear it—not as I—yet, merged,  
In the great Whole of Things, I too shall hear.

*Anon.*



# DECEMBER

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# DECEMBER

- 29 I waited for my friend to come and view  
My garden in its virgin dress of snow,  
But ere he came, my dog rushed frisking in,  
Like trampling fool where angels fear to tread,  
And, unaesthetic beast, spoiled everything.

*Saisho*

- 30 'Tis lonely on the mountains, when the snow  
Drifts on the snow, and e'en the wood cutter  
Has gone home early to avoid the storm.

*Saisho*

- 31 I stand upon the unknown Ocean's brink,  
My long land-journey done, and by the strand,  
The good ship "Saving Faith" lies anchoring  
To waft me, with fair tides and favouring gales,  
To the pure land upon the other side.

*To-a,*



# DECEMBER

29

*Ma Smith*

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MR. T. A.  
BOOK

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