

A Carol Closing Sixty-Nine

2007/12/20

水落一朗

B i b l i o g r a p h y & C h r o n o l o g y

- ❖堀田善衛 (1918/7/7- 1998/9/5)
『ゴヤ 1-4 』(新潮社、1974-1977)
『定家明月記私抄』(新潮社、1986)
『定家明月記私抄 続編』(新潮社、1988)
『ミシエル 城館の人 1-3 』(集英社、1991-1994)
- ❖丸谷才一 (1925/8/27 -)
『新々百人一首』(新潮社、1999)
- ❖藤原定家 (1162 – 1241)
- ❖Michel de Montaigne (1533 – 92)
『モンテニユ エセー抄』宮下志朗編訳 (みすず書房、2003)
- ❖William Shakespeare (1564 – 1616)
- ♠Francisco de Goya (1746 – 1828)
- ❖Walt Whitman (1819 – 92)
全訳 (長沼重隆・酒本雅之) 部分訳 (有島武郎・飯野友幸)
- ❖Mark Twain (1835 – 1910)
- ❖Thomas Hardy (1840 – 1928)
Claire Tomalin, *Thomas Hardy* (2007)
Michael Millgate, *Thomas Hardy: A Biography Revisited* (2004)
Ralph Pite, *Thomas Hardy: The Guarded Life* (2006)
- ❖Marcel Proust (1871 – 1922)
鈴木道彦『プルーストを読む』(集英社新書、2002)
- ❖Edward Morgan Forster (1879 – 1970)
『老年について』小野寺健編訳 (みすず書房、2002)
- ❖Malcolm Cowley (1898 – 1989)
『八十路から眺めれば』小笠原豊樹訳 (草思社、1999)

Walt Whitman

A Carol Closing Sixty-Nine

A carol closing sixty-nine--a resume--a repetition,
My lines in joy and hope continuing on the same,
Of ye, O God, Life, Nature, Freedom, Poetry;
Of you, my Land--your rivers, prairies, States--you, mottled Flag I love,
Your aggregate retain'd entire--Of north, south, east and west, your items all;
Of me myself--the jocund heart yet beating in my breast,
The body wreck'd, old, poor and paralyzed--the strange inertia falling pall-like round
me,
The burning fires down in my sluggish blood not yet extinct,
The undiminish'd faith--the groups of loving friends.

Shakspeare-Bacon's Cipher

I doubt it not--then more, far more;
In each old song bequeath'd--in every noble page or text,
(Different--something unreck'd before--some unsuspected author,)
In every object, mountain, tree, and star--in every birth and life,
As part of each--evolv'd from each--meaning, behind the ostent,
A mystic cipher waits infolded.

The Mystic Trumpeter

Now trumpeter for thy close,
Vouchsafe a higher strain than any yet,
Sing to my soul, renew its languishing faith and hope,
Rouse up my slow belief, give me some vision of the future...
Quoted in Ron Rogers' *Mark Twain: A Life* (Free Press, 2005)

Shakespeare

Sonnet 30

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past,
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
And with old woes new wail my dear time's waste:
Then can I drown an eye, unused to flow,
For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,
And weep afresh love's long since cancell'd woe,
And moan the expense of many a vanish'd sight:
Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
The sad account of fore-bemoaned moan,
Which I new pay as if not paid before.

But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,
All losses are restor'd and sorrows end.

As You Like It

The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slippered pantaloon.
With spectacles on nose and pouch on side,
His youthful hose well saved, a world too wide,
For his shrunk shank, and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness, and mere oblivion,
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

(II.vii.160-169)

Thomas Hardy

UNDER THE WATERFALL

For, down that pass
My lover and I
Walked under a sky
Of blue with a leaf-woven awning of green,
In the burn of August, to paint the scene,
And we placed our basket of fruit and wine
By the runlet's rim, where we sat to dine;
And when we had drunk from the glass together,
Arched by the oak-copse from the weather,
I held the vessel to rinse in the fall,
Where it slipped, and sank, and was past recall,
Though we stooped and plumbed the little abyss
With long bared arms. There the glass still is.
And, as said, if I thrust my arm below
Cold water in basin or bowl, a throe
From the past awakens a sense of that time,
And the glass both used, and the cascade's rhyme.
The basin seems the pool, and its edge
The hard smooth face of the brook-side ledge,
And the leafy pattern of china-ware
The hanging plants that were bathing there.

By night, by day, when it shines or lours,
There lies intact that chalice of ours,
And its presence adds to the rhyme of love
Persistently sung by the fall above.
No lip has touched it since his and mine
In turns therefrom sipped lovers' wine."

The Voice

Woman much missed, how you call to me, call to me,
Saying that now you are not as you were

When you had changed from the one who was all to me,
But as at first, when our day was fair.

Can it be you that I hear? Let me view you, then,
Standing as when I drew near to the town
Where you would wait for me: yes, as I knew you then,
Even to the original air-blue gown!

Or is it only the breeze, in its listlessness
Travelling across the wet mead to me here,
You being ever dissolved to wan wistlessness,
Heard no more again far or near?

Thus I; faltering forward,
Leaves around me falling,
Wind oozing thin through the thorn from norward,
And the woman calling.

December 1912

Paul Durcan 1999

By Brian Friel.

<http://donegal.goireland.com/scripts/low/xq/asp/areatype.c/areaid.175/qx/area.htm>



藤原定家

「人生七十稀ナリ。先祖ニオイテハ多ク六十ヲ過ぎ給ハズ。先孝独リ九旬ニ余リ給フト雖モ、遁世ノ後ナリ。白髪を戴キコノ齡ニオヨブノ人、氏ノ公卿中、始祖以来四十六人。尤モ稀ト謂フベシ。」(『続編』 263頁)

しらざりき山よりたかきよはいまで春の霞の立つを見んとも

丸谷才一『新々百人一首』(355－372)

駒とめて袖うちはらふかげもなし佐野のわたりの雪の夕ぐれ

万葉集 本歌とり

長忌寸奥麻呂

苦しくも降りくる雨か三輪が崎佐野のわたりに家あらなくに

『源氏物語』 「東屋」薫の引歌

杜甫

曲江

朝 回 日 日 典 春 衣
毎 日 江 頭 盡 醉 歸
酒 債 尋 常 行 處 有
人 生 七 十 古 來 稀
穿 花 蛺 蝶 深 深 見
點 水 蜻 蜓 款 款 飛
傳 語 風 光 共 流 轉
暫 時 相 賞 莫 相 違

(通釈) 朝廷から戻ってくると、毎日のように春着を質に入れ、
いつも、曲江のほとりで泥酔して帰るのである。
酒代(さかだい)の借金は普通のことで、行く先々にある。
この人生、七十まで長生きすることは滅多にないのだから、
今のうちにせいぜい楽しんでおきたいのだ。
花の間を縫って飛びながら蜜を吸うアゲハチョウは、奥のほうに見え、
水面に軽く尾を叩いているトンボは、ゆるやかに飛んでいる。
私は自然に対して言つてしたい、
「そなたも私とともに流れて行くのだから、ほんの暫くの間でもいいから、
お互いに愛(め)で合って、そむくことのないようにしようではないか」と。

<http://www.geocities.jp/sybrma/14toho.shi.koki.htm> 検索日 2007/12/17

長沼重隆（明治 40 年 18 歳で渡米）

完訳『草の葉』上下 2 巻（1950 年）

角川文庫『草の葉』（1959）

『ホイットマン詩集』（白鳳社,1966）

亀井俊介『近代文学におけるホイットマンの運命』（1970）

「なかでも長沼重隆は、この時代の Whitman 派のリーダーとなって精力的に働き、「ウォルト・ホイットマン評伝」を諸雑誌に書き続けるかたわら、その副産物たる『ホイットマン雑考』（昭和 7 年 4 月）にまとめた。彼はまた翻訳も進めて、『草の葉』（1）（昭和 4 年 1 月）により有島武郎以来はじめての価値ある訳詩集を世に出し、*Leaves of Grass* 完訳という大仕事のための第一歩とした。」（599 頁）

