

LOVE SECRETS.

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.

Perhaps my traitor blushes will reveal it,
Perhaps thy name will slip out all too soon;
Nay, nay! more skilfully shall I conceal it,
And say it is yon pallid moon
Behind the hills these nights of June.
My secret's hid and none shall steal it.

LONGING.

Alone on the mountains did I stand,
And thought, as I stood, of my absent dear:
And standing plucked with twitching hand
Leaves of the fading year.



ENDLESS LOVE.

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.





THE MAID AND HER DOG.

Silent stands the eager huntsman,
Waiting by the forest's edge
For the deer that slips unthinking
From its leafy hermitage.
So, by sunshine and by moonlight,
Wait I for my lover here.
Silence, doggie, make no barking,
When his coming steps you hear!

SECRET LOVE.

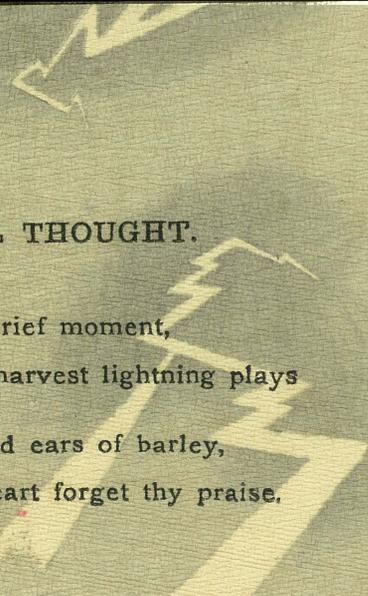
He. To Hatsuse's vale I came by night,
My love, to speak with thee;
Though the snow lay soft on the mountain's height,
And the rain fell drearily.
The pheasant's cry in the woodland's lone,
And the cock crows on the moor;
Night flees apace, it is now half gone;
Haste, love, and open the door.

She. To Hatsuse's vale you have come by night,
Through the rain and snow, to woo;
But my mother is sleeping at my right,
And close lies my father too.
Should I move on my couch, at once they would wake,
They would hear, if I opened to thee;
So I'll just lie still, for our dear love's sake,
For our love must secret be.



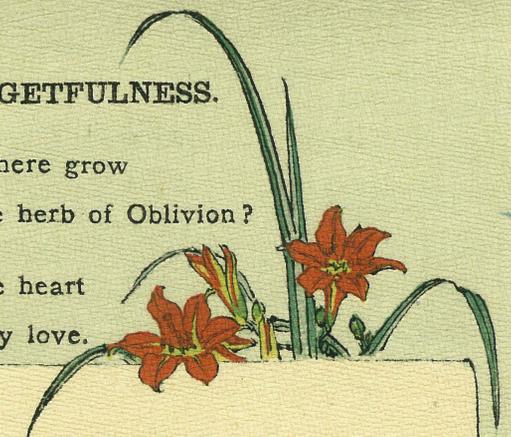
FAITHFUL THOUGHT.

Not e'en for one brief moment,
while the harvest lightning plays
'Midst the garnered ears of barley,
can my heart forget thy praise.



FORGETFULNESS.

Canst thou tell me where grow
the seeds of the herb of Oblivion?
Yes, they grow in the heart
all unaffected by love.



VANITAS VANITATUM.

Vain is the writing that marks
the foaming face of the river:
Vainer thy love, when the maid
never hath dreamt of thy kiss.



THE JEALOUS WIFE.

Yestreen at midnight you'd not come home:
And I watched and waited in vain for you.
When the morning dawned you did not come;
So I waited and fretted the whole day through,
I've made myself a pretty sight,
With crying and sobbing a day and a night.

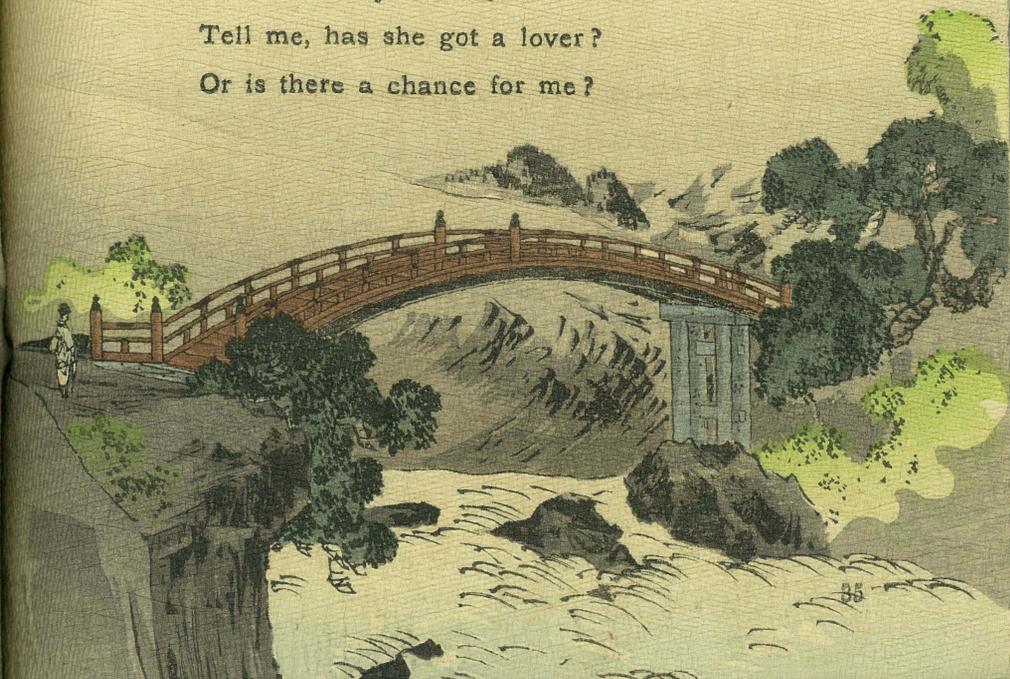
Do you see the roof of yonder house
(I wish it were burnt upon my word),
Where vulgar men hold nightly carouse
Upon dirty mats? Oh fie! mylord;
They tell me that there all night you staid
Making faithless love to a peasant maid.

THE UNACCOMPANIED MAIDEN.

O'er the lacquered bridge, whose slender
Arch spans Katashiwa's stream,
Tripped a maiden fair and tender,
Fairer than my fairest dream.

Tripping lightly came she hither,
Brightly dressed in colours gay;
No attendant had she with her:—
If you know her, tell me pray.

Where's her house? What best can move her?
Is her heart yet whole and free?
Tell me, has she got a lover?
Or is there a chance for me?



ANTICIPATIONS OF SPRING.

Spring has awoke. Though the snow's white cloak
Is spread o'er the landscape fair,
Yet the spring's soft breeze, 'midst the waking trees,
Courts the nightingale forth from her lair:
And soon we shall know that the Sun's kind glow
Has melted her frozen tear.



THE COMING OF SPRING.

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



SPRING AND AUTUMN.

Spring—joyous spring-time—cometh soon :
The flowers revive and bloom again,
The birds are trilling their ancient strain,
But alas ! my heart is not in tune.

Now fain, o'er mountain, moor and dell
Free would I err with aimless foot :
But alas ! the weeds and grasses shoot,
Making the paths impassable.

In Autumn my heart is glad and free :
Then can I make the hillside ring,
As I laugh with scorn at the youngster spring.
Would that the Autumn were here with me !

In Autumn I love to sit, and gaze
At the leaves all tinted with red and gold ;
If the inmost wish of my heart were told,
I would live in Autumn all my days.

THE FOUR

SEASONS.

The twilight gray of a young spring morn
Lies still on the hills around :
There's not a nook on their verdant sides,
But the white flower-clouds abound.

In summer, the scent of the orange groves
Is fragrant ; the iris tall
Blooms on the roof ; through the patt'ring rain
Is heard the cuckoo's call.

Now Autumn comes, with corn and fruit,
And the ending of the year;
As wanes the moon, as wears the night,
So my life, alas, is sere.

'Twas a bitter night; the dawn has come;
O'er the mountains, and through the snow,
My fancy would lead me, to unknown climes,
But no tracks the path do show.

EXPECTATION OF THE CUCKOO.

My cottage stands at the greenwood's edge,
Where the village lies still in the shade:
I listen and wait, yet hear I not
The cuckoo call in the glade.

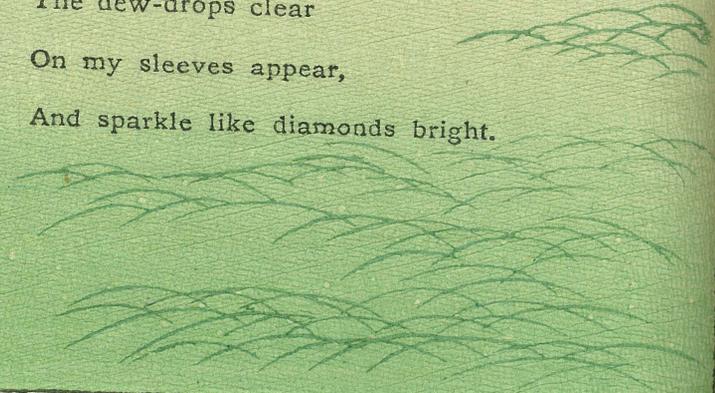
Morn finds me standing at my door:
When the lengthening shadow's lie,
At eventide, I watch the plain;
Still I hear no cuckoo cry.

ON THE CUCKOO.

The noisy cuckoo I wishing to spy
Crept forth in the twilight cold;
But the moon's lone crescent, against the sky,
Was all I could behold.

MOONLIGHT NIGHT.

The moon above rides through the night:
I stand awaiting here:
Its splendour fills me with delight:
The dew-drops clear
On my sleeves appear,
And sparkle like diamonds bright.



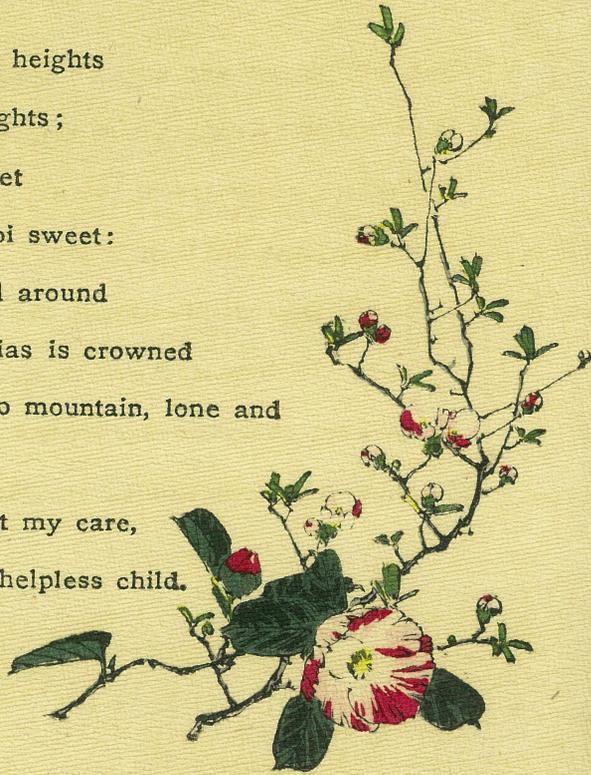
AN OCULAR DELUSION.

I watched a petal fall from the tree
It fell—but flew back again:
What could it be? I rushed to see:
There did I spy
A hovering butterfly!



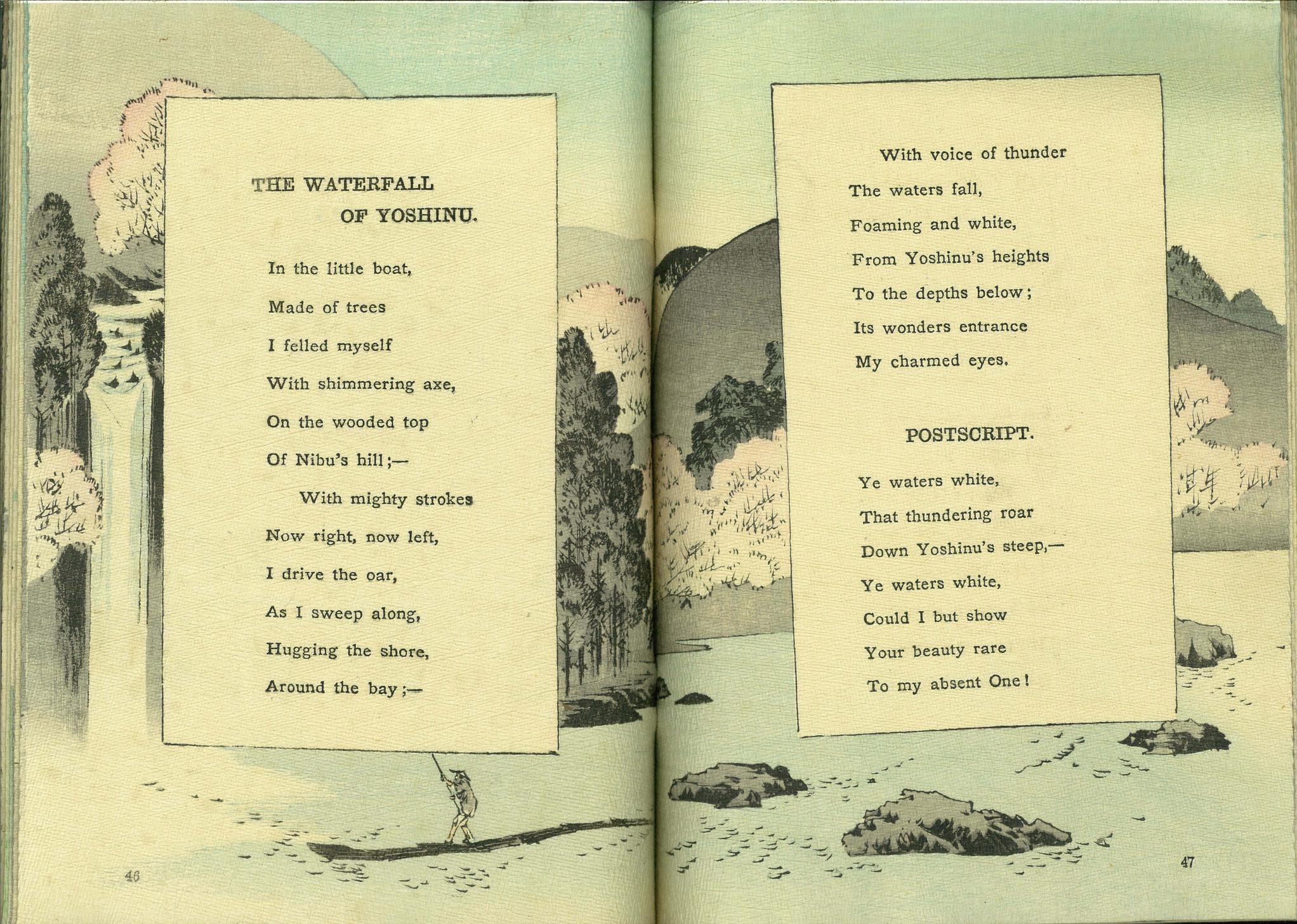
MOUNT MIMORO.

In Mimoro's heights
My eye delights;
For at its feet
Bloom Ashibi sweet:
And its head around
With Camelias is crowned
Dear Mimoro mountain, lone and
wild,
Thou needest my care,
like a helpless child.



TO THE WATERFALL OF OTOHA BY MOUNT HIYE.

Years of sorrow and anguish sped,
With varying fortunes, o'er thy head,
Till with the burdens of thy day,
Thy iron locks did turn to gray.
And now thou stand'st above the plain,
A hoary old man, and shak'st again
Around thy shoulders thy tresses all
In snow white ringlets, oh waterfall!



**THE WATERFALL
OF YOSHINU.**

In the little boat,
Made of trees
I felled myself
With shimmering axe,
On the wooded top
Of Nibu's hill;—
 With mighty strokes
Now right, now left,
I drive the oar,
As I sweep along,
Hugging the shore,
Around the bay;—

With voice of thunder
The waters fall,
Foaming and white,
From Yoshinu's heights
To the depths below;
Its wonders entrance
My charmed eyes.

POSTSCRIPT.

Ye waters white,
That thundering roar
Down Yoshinu's steep,—
Ye waters white,
Could I but show
Your beauty rare
To my absent One!

THE RAINCLOUDS. ⁽¹¹⁾

From every part of those far-stretching lands
That owe allegiance to one Lord's commands;
Where'er the horse-hoof stricken rocks resound,
Or venturous barques transgress the horizon's bound,
With customary reverence, men do bring
Their first-fruit tribute to their lord and king;
Of rice before all others; but, oh woe!
In vain we ploughed this year, in vain did sow:
Day followed day, but still no showers fell
To fertilize the fields we tilled so well.

The tender blades stand withering on the field,
The parched gardens shrunken fruitage yield;
Sadly I look around me, filled with pain,
As a thin child its wasted hands doth strain,
To grasp its mothers breasts; so I, my hand
Raising, do pray that Heaven may showers command.
Oh may yon curling, feathery cloud, that lies
Unfolding on the mountain's summit, rise
And hasten to the world-encircling main,
The sea-god's castle—nursery of rain:—
There drink its fill of vapours, and returning
Pour forth the softening rain, for which the earth is yearning.