

「青 柳 の 話」

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L. Hearn と B. H. Chamberlain は、日本の文化、伝承に興味をもち、エッセイ、評論、あるいは集録、再話によって日本紹介に努めたことは、周知のとおりである。Hearn は帰化し、日本に定着したために、日本の文学史に組み入れられすらしているが、一方の Chamberlain は豊かな才能にめぐまれながらも、イギリスに帰国し、根づかなかったために、一般には、忘れられた存在になってしまっている。

Hearn と Chamberlain が、たがいに競いあうようにして、一つの同じ話を再話によって英訳している作品がある。それが、以下にあげる「青柳の話」である。原典となったのは、「柳精霊妖」であるが、日本人の知人によって、Hearn も Chamberlain も解釈の労をとってもらったのであろう。Hearn は、原典を忠実に再現しようとし、原文の欠落部分を想像によって補うことすら、あえてして、辻褄のあう物語に仕立てようとした。Chamberlain は、筋の運びの写実性をまったく無視して、幻想的な民話の構成に仕上げている。以下に、それぞれの作品と、そのもととなった資料を列挙する。

まず、Hearn による「青柳の話」は、つぎのとおりである。

‘The Story of Aoyagi’

IN the era of Bummei [1469-1486] there was a young samurai called Tomotada in the service of Hatakéyama Yoshimune, the Lord of Noto. Tomotada was a native of Echizen; but at an early age he had been taken, as page, into the palace of the daimyō of Noto, and had been educated, under the supervision of that prince, for the profession of arms. As he grew up, he proved himself both a good scholar and a good soldier, and continued to enjoy the favour of his prince. Being gifted with an amiable character, a winning address, and a very handsome person, he was admired and much liked by his samurai-comrades.

When Tomotada was about twenty years old, he was sent upon a private mission to Hosokawa Masamoto, the great daimyō of Kyōto, a kinsman of Hatakēyama Yoshimuné. Having been ordered to journey through Echizen, the youth requested and obtained permission to pay a visit, on the way, to his widowed mother.

It was the coldest period of the year when he started ; the country was covered with snow ; and, though mounted upon a powerful horse, he found himself obliged to proceed slowly. The road which he followed passed through a mountain-district where the settlements were few and far between ; and on the second day of his journey, after a weary ride of hours, he was dismayed to find that he could not reach his intended halting-place until late in the night. He had reason to be anxious ; — for a heavy snowstorm came on, with an intensely cold wind ; and the horse showed signs of exhaustion. But, in that trying moment, Tomotada unexpectedly perceived the thatched roof of a cottage on the summit of a near hill, where willow-trees were growing. With difficulty he urged his tired animal to the dwelling ; and he loudly knocked upon the storm-doors, which had been closed against the wind. An old woman opened them, and cried out compassionately at the sight of the handsome stranger : “Ah, how pitiful ! — a young gentleman travelling alone in such weather ! . . . Deign, young master, to enter.”

Tomotada dismounted, and after leading his horse to a shed in the rear, entered the cottage, where he saw an old man and a girl warming themselves by a fire of bamboo splints. They respectfully invited him to approach the fire ; and the old folks then proceeded to warm some rice-wine, and to prepare food for the traveller, whom they ventured to question in regard to his journey. Meanwhile the young girl disappeared behind a screen. Tomotada had observed, with astonishment, that she was extremely beautiful, — though her attire was of the most wretched kind, and her long, loose hair in disorder. He wondered that so handsome a girl should be living in such a miserable and lonesome place.

The old man said to him : —

“Honoured Sir, the next village is far ; and the snow is falling thickly. The wind is piercing ; and the road is very bad. Therefore, to proceed further this night would probably be dangerous. Although this hovel is unworthy of your presence, and although we have not any comfort to offer, perhaps it were safer

to remain to-night under this miserable roof. . . . We would take good care of your horse.”

Tomotada accepted this humble proposal, — secretly glad of the chance thus afforded him to see more of the young girl. Presently a coarse but ample meal was set before him ; and the girl came from behind the screen, to serve the wine. She was now reclad, in a rough but cleanly robe of homespun ; and her long, loose hair had been neatly combed and smoothed. As she bent forward to fill his cup, Tomotada was amazed to perceive that she was incomparably more beautiful than any woman whom he had ever before seen ; and there was a grace about her every motion that astonished him. But the elders began to apologise for her, saying : “Sir, our daughter, Aoyagi, has been brought up here, in the mountains, almost alone ; and she knows nothing of gentle service. We pray that you will pardon her stupidity and her ignorance.” Tomotada protested that he deemed himself lucky to be waited upon by so comely a maiden. He could not turn his eyes away from her — though he saw that his admiring gaze made her blush ; — and he left the wine and food untasted before him. The mother said : “Kind Sir, we very much hope that you will try to eat and to drink a little, — though our peasant-fare is of the worst, — as you must have been chilled by that piercing wind.” Then, to please the old folks, Tomotada ate and drank as he could ; but the charm of the blushing girl still grew upon him. He talked with her, and found that her speech was sweet as her face. Brought up in the mountains she might have been ; — but, in that case, her parents must at some time have been persons of high degree ; for she spoke and moved like a damsel of rank. Suddenly he addressed her with a poem — which was also a question — inspired by the delight in his heart : —

“Tadzunétsuru,
Hana ka toté koso,
Hi wo kurasé,
Akénu ni otoru
Akané sasuran?”

[“*Being on my way to pay a visit, I found that which I took to be a flower : therefore here I spend the day. . . . Why, in the time before dawn, the dawn-blush tint should glow — that, indeed, I know not.*”]

Without a moment's hesitation, she answered him in these verses : —

「青柳の話」

“Izuru hi no
Honoméku iro wo
Waga sodé ni
Tsutsumaba asu mo
Kimiya tomaran.”

[*If with my sleeve I hide the faint fair colour of the dawning sun, — then, perhaps, in the morning my lord will remain.*”]

Then Tomotada knew that she accepted his admiration; and he was scarcely less surprised by the art with which she had uttered her feelings in verse, than delighted by the assurance which the verses conveyed. He was now certain that in all this world he could not hope to meet, much less to win, a girl more beautiful and witty than this rustic maid before him; and a voice in his heart seemed to cry out urgently, “Take the luck that the gods have put in your way!” In short he was bewitched — bewitched to such a degree that, without further preliminary, he asked the old people to give him their daughter in marriage, — telling them, at the same time, his name and lineage, and his rank in the train of the Lord of Noto.

They bowed down before him, with many exclamations of grateful astonishment. But, after some moments of apparent hesitation, the father replied: —

“Honoured master, you are a person of high position, and likely to rise to still higher things. Too great is the favour that you deign to offer us; — indeed, the depth of our gratitude therefore is not to be spoken or measured. But this girl of ours, being a stupid country-girl of vulgar birth, with no training or teaching of any sort, it would be improper to let her become the wife of a noble samurai. Even to speak of such a matter is not right. . . . But, since you find the girl to your liking, and have condescended to pardon her peasant-manners and to overlook her great rudeness, we do gladly present her to you, for an humble handmaid. Deign, therefore, to act hereafter in her regard according to your august pleasure.”

Ere morning the storm had passed; and day broke through a cloudless east. Even if the sleeve of Aoyagi hid from her lover’s eyes the rose-blush of that dawn, he could no longer tarry. But neither could he resign himself to part with the girl; and, when everything had been prepared for his journey, he thus addressed her parents: —

“Though it may seem thankless to ask for more than I have already received,

I must once again beg you to give me your daughter for wife. It would be difficult for me to separate from her now ; and as she is willing to accompany me, if you permit, I can take her with me as she is. If you will give her to me, I shall ever cherish you as parents. . . . And, in the meantime, please to accept this poor acknowledgment of your kindest hospitality.”

So saying he placed before his humble host a purse of gold *ryō*. But the old man, after many prostrations, gently pushed back the gift, and said : —

“Kind master, the gold would be of no use to us ; and you will probably have need of it during your long, cold journey. Here we buy nothing ; and we could not spend so much money upon ourselves, even if we wished. . . . As for the girl, we have already bestowed her as a free gift ; — She belongs to you : therefore it is not necessary to ask our leave to take her away. Already she has told us that she hopes to accompany you, and to remain your servant so long as you may be willing to endure her presence. We are only too happy to know that you deign to accept her ; and we pray that you will not trouble yourself on our account. In this place we could not provide her with proper clothing, — much less with a dowry. Moreover, being old, we should in any event have to separate from her before long. Therefore it is very fortunate that you should be willing to take her with you now.”

It was in vain that Tomotada tried to persuade the old people to accept a present : he found that they cared nothing for money. But he saw that they were really anxious to trust their daughter's fate to his hands ; and he therefore decided to take her with him. So he placed her upon his horse, and bade the old folks farewell for the time being, with many sincere expressions of gratitude.

“Honoured Sir,” the father made answer, “it is we, and not you, who have reason for gratitude. We are sure that you will be kind to our girl ; and we have no fears for her sake.” . . .

[Here, in the Japanese original, there is a queer break in the natural course of the narration, which therefrom remains curiously inconsistent. Nothing further is said about the mother of Tomotada, or about the parents of Aoyagi, or about the daimyō of Noto. Evidently the writer wearied of his work at this point, and hurried the story, very carelessly, to its startling end. I am not able to supply his omissions, or to repair his faults of construction ; but I must venture to put in

a few explanatory details without which the rest of the tale would not hold together. . . . It appears that Tomotada rashly took Aoyagi with him to Kyōto, and so got into trouble ; but we are not informed as to where the couple lived afterwards.]

... Now a samurai was not allowed to marry without the consent of his lord ; and Tomotada could not expect to obtain this sanction before his mission had been accomplished. He had reason, under such circumstances, to fear that the beauty of Aoyagi might attract dangerous attention, and that means might be devised of taking her away from him. In Kyōto he therefore tried to keep her hidden from curious eyes. But a retainer of the Lord Hosokawa one day caught sight of Aoyagi, discovered her relation to Tomotada, and reported the matter to the daimyō. Thereupon the daimyō — a young prince, and fond of pretty faces — gave orders that the girl should be brought to the palace ; and she was taken thither at once, without ceremony.

Tomotada sorrowed unspeakably ; but he knew himself powerless. He was only an humble messenger in the service of a far-off daimyō ; and for the time being he was at the mercy of a much more powerful daimyō, whose wishes were not to be questioned. Moreover Tomotada knew that he had acted foolishly, — that he had brought about his own misfortune, by entering into a clandestine relation which the code of the military class condemned. There was now but one hope for him, — a desperate hope : that Aoyagi might be able and willing to escape and to flee with him. After long reflection, he resolved to try to send her a letter. The attempt would be dangerous, of course : any writing sent to her might find its way to the hands of the daimyō ; and to send a love-letter to any inmate of the palace was an unpardonable offence. But he resolved to dare the risk ; and, in the form of a Chinese poem, he composed a letter which he endeavoured to have conveyed to her. The poem was written with only twenty-eight characters. But with those twenty-eight characters he was able to express all the depth of his passion, and to suggest all the pain of his loss : —

Kōshi ō-son gojin wo ou ;

Ryokuju namida wo tarētē rakin wo hitataru ;

Komon hitotabi iritē fukaki koto umi no gotoshi;
Koré yori shorō koré rojin.

*[Closely, closely the youthful prince now follows after the gem-bright maid ; —
The tears of the fair one, falling, have moistened all her robes.
But the august lord, having once become enamoured of her — the depth of his
longing is like the depth of the sea.
Therefore it is only I that am left forlorn, — only I that am left to wander
alone.]*

On the evening of the day after this poem had been sent, Tomotada was summoned to appear before the Lord Hosokawa. The youth at once suspected that his confidence had been betrayed ; and he could not hope, if his letter had been seen by the daimyō, to escape the severest penalty. “Now he will order my death,” thought Tomotada ; — “but I do not care to live unless Aoyagi be restored to me. Besides, if the death-sentence be passed, I can at least try to kill Hosokawa.” He slipped his swords into his girdle, and hastened to the palace.

On entering the presence-room he saw the Lord Hosokawa seated upon the daïs, surrounded by samurai of high rank, in caps and robes of ceremony. All were silent as statues ; and while Tomotada advanced to make obeisance, the hush seemed to him sinister and heavy, like the stillness before a storm. But Hosokawa suddenly descended from the daïs, and, taking the youth by the arm, began to repeat the words of the poem : — “*Kōshiō-son gojin wo ou.*” ... And Tomotada, looking up, saw kindly tears in the prince's eyes.

Then said Hosokawa : —

“Because you love each other so much, I have taken it upon myself to authorise your marriage, in lieu of my kinsman, the Lord of Noto ; and your wedding shall now be celebrated before me. The guests are assembled ; — the gifts are ready.”

At a signal from the lord, the sliding-screens concealing a further apartment were pushed open ; and Tomotada saw there many dignitaries of the court, assembled for the ceremony, and Aoyagi awaiting him in bride's apparel. ... Thus was she given back to him ; — and the wedding was joyous and splendid ; — and precious gifts were made to the young couple by the prince, and by the members of his household.

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* *

For five happy years, after that wedding, Tomotada and Aoyagi dwelt together. But one morning Aoyagi, while talking with her husband about some household matter, suddenly uttered a great cry of pain, and then became very white and still. After a few moments she said, in a feeble voice: "Pardon me for thus rudely crying out — but the pain was so sudden!... My dear husband, our union must have been brought about through some Karmarelation in a former state of existence; and that happy relation, I think, will bring us again together in more than one life to come. But for this present existence of ours, the relation is now ended; — we are about to be separated. Repeat for me, I beseech you, the *Nembutsu*-prayer, — because I am dying."

"Oh! what strange wild fancies!" cried the startled husband, — "you are only a little unwell, my dear one!... lie down for a while, and rest; and the sickness will pass."...

"No, no!" she responded — "I am dying! — I do not imagine it; — I know!... And it were needless now, my dear husband, to hide the truth from you any longer: — I am not a human being. The soul of a tree is my soul; — the heart of a tree is my heart; — the sap of the willow is my life. And some one, at this cruel moment, is cutting down my tree; — that is why I must die!... Even to weep were now beyond my strength! — quickly, quickly repeat the *Nembutsu* for me... quickly!... Ah!"...

With another cry of pain she turned aside her beautiful head, and tried to hide her face behind her sleeve. But almost in the same moment her whole form appeared to collapse in the strangest way, and to sink down, down, down — level with the floor. Tomotada had sprung to support her; — but there was nothing to support! There lay on the matting only the empty robes of the fair creature and the ornaments that she had worn in her hair: the body had ceased to exist....

Tomotada shaved his head, took the Buddhist vows, and became itinerant priest. He travelled through all the provinces of the empire; and, at all the holy places which he visited, he offered up prayers for the soul of Aoyagi. Reaching Echizen, in the course of his pilgrimage, he sought the home of the parents of his beloved.

But when he arrived at the lonely place among the hills, where their dwelling had been, he found that the cottage had disappeared. There was nothing to mark even the spot where it had stood, except the stumps of three willows — two old trees and one young tree — that had been cut down long before his arrival.

Beside the stumps of those willow-trees he erected a memorial tomb, inscribed with divers holy texts; and he there performed many Buddhist services on behalf of the spirits of Aoyagi and of her parents.

続いて、Chamberlain による「青柳」の話。

GREEN WILLOW

TOMOTADA, the young *samurai*, owed allegiance to the Lord of Noto. He was a soldier, a courtier, and a poet. He had a sweet voice and a handsome face, a noble form and a very winning address. He was a graceful dancer and excelled in every manly sport. He was wealthy and generous and kind. He was beloved by both rich and poor.

Now his *daimyo*, the Lord of Noto, wanted a man to undertake a mission of trust. He chose Tomotada and called him to his presence.

"Are you loyal?" said the *daimyo*.

"My lord, you know it," answered Tomotada.

"Do you love me, then?" asked the *daimyo*.

"Ay, my good lord," said Tomotada, kneeling before him.

"Then carry my message," said the *daimyo*. "Ride and do not spare your beast. Ride straight, and fear not the mountains nor the enemies' country. Stay not for storm nor any other thing. Lose your life; but betray not your trust. Above all, do not look any maid between the eyes. Ride, and bring me word again quickly.

Thus spoke the Lord of Noto.

So Tomotada mounted his horse, and away he rode upon his errand. Obedient to his lord's commands, he did not spare his good beast. He rode straight and was not afraid of the steep mountain passes nor of the enemies' country. Ere he had been three days upon the road the autumn tempest burst, for it was the ninth

month. Down poured the rain in a torrent. Tomotada bowed his head and rode on. The wind howled in the pine-tree branches. It blew a typhoon. The good horse trembled and could scarcely keep its feet, but Tomotada spoke to it and urged it on. His own cloak he drew close about him and held it so that it might not blow away, and in this wise he rode on.

The fierce storm swept away many a familiar landmark of the road, and buffeted the *samurai* so that he became weary almost to fainting. Noontide was as dark as twilight, twilight was as dark as night, and when night fell it was as black as the night of Yomi, where lost souls wander and cry. By this time Tomotada had lost his way in a wild, lonely place, where, as it seemed to him, no human soul inhabited. His horse could carry him no longer, and he wandered on foot through bogs and marshes, through rocky and horny tracks, until he fell into deep despair.

"Alack!" he cried, "must I die in this wilderness and my mission be unfulfilled?"

At this moment the great winds blew away the clouds of the sky, so that the moon shone forth very brightly and by the sudden light Tomotada saw a little hill on his right hand. Upon the hill was a small thatched cottage, and before the cottage grew three green weeping-willow trees.

"Now, indeed, the gods be thanked!" said Tomotada, and he climbed the hill in no time. Light shone from the chinks of the cottage door, and smoke curled out of a hole in the roof. The three willow trees swayed and flung out their green streamers in the wind. Tomotada threw his horse's rein over a branch of one of them, and called for admittance to the longed-for shelter.

At once the cottage door was opened by an old woman, very poorly but neatly clad.

"Who rides abroad upon such a night?" she asked, "and what wills he here?"

"I am a weary traveller, lost and benighted upon your lonely moor. My name is Tomotada. I am a *samurai* in the service of the Lord of Noto, upon whose business I ride. Show me hospitality for the love of the gods. I crave food and shelter for myself and my horse."

As the young man stood speaking the water streamed from his garments. He reeled a little, and put out a hand to hold on to the sidepost of the door.

"Come in, come in, young sir!" cried the old woman, full of pity. "Come in to the warm fire. You are very welcome. We have but coarse fare to offer, but it

shall be set before you with great good-will. As to your horse, I see you have delivered him to my daughter; he is in good hands."

At this Tomotada turned sharply round. Just behind him, in the dim light, stood a very young girl with the horse's rein thrown over her arm. Her garments were blown about and her long loose hair streamed out upon the wind. The *samurai* wondered how she had come there. Then the old woman drew him into the cottage and shut the door. Before the fire sat the master of the house, and the two old people did the very best they could for Tomotada. They gave him dry garments, comforted him with hot rice wine, and quickly prepared a good supper for him.

Presently the daughter of the house came in, and retired behind a screen to comb her hair and to dress afresh. Then she came forth to wait upon him. She wore a blue robe of homespun cotton. Her feet were bare. Her hair was neither tied nor confined in any way, but lay along her smooth cheeks, and hung, straight and long and black, to her very knees. She was slender and graceful. Tomotada judged her to be about fifteen years old, and knew well that she was the fairest maiden he had ever seen.

At length she knelt at his side to pour wine into his cup. She held the wine-bottle in two hands and bent her head. Tomotada turned to look at her. When she had made an end of pouring the wine and had set down the bottle, their glances met, and Tomotada looked at her full between the eyes, for he forgot altogether the warning of his *daimyo*, the Lord of Noto.

"Maiden," he said, "what is your name?"

She answered: "They call me Green Willow."

"The dearest name on earth," he said, and again he looked at her between the eyes. And because he looked so long her face grew rosy red, from chin to forehead, and though she smiled her eyes filled with tears.

Then Tomotada made this little song:

*"Long-haired maiden, do you know
That with the red dawn I must go?
Do you wish me far away?
Cruel long-haired maiden, say —
Long-haired maiden, if you know*

*That with the red dawn I must go,
Why, oh why, do you blush so ?*

And the maiden, Green Willow, answered :

*“The dawn comes if I will or no ;
Never leave me, never go.
My sleeve shall hide the blush away.
The dawn comes if I will or no ;
Never leave me, never go.
Lord, I lift my long sleeve so . . .”*

“Oh Green Willow, Green Willow,” sighed Tomotada.

That night he lay before the fire — still, but with wide eyes, for no sleep came to him though he was weary. He was sick for love of Green Willow. Yet by the rules of his service he was bound in honour to think of no such thing. Moreover he had his errand to fulfil that lay heavy on his heart, and he longed to keep truth and loyalty.

At peep of day he rose up. He looked upon the kind old man who had been his host, and left a purse of gold at his side as he slept. The maiden and her mother lay behind the screen.

Tomotada saddled and bridled his horse, and mounting, rode slowly away through the mist of the early morning. The storm was quite over and it was as still as Paradise. The green grass and the leaves shone with the wet. The sky was clear, and the path very bright with autumn flowers ; but Tomotada was sad.

When the sunlight streamed across his saddlebow, “Ah, Green Willow, Green Willow,” he sighed ; and at noontide it was “Green Willow, Green Willow” ; and “Green Willow, Green Willow,” when the twilight fell. That night he lay in a deserted shrine, and the place was so holy and quiet that he slept from midnight till the dawn. Then he rose, having it in his mind to wash himself in a cold stream that flowed near by, so as to go refreshed upon his journey ; but he was stopped upon the shrine's threshold. There lay Green Willow, prone upon the ground. She lay, face downwards, with her black hair flung about her. She lifted a hand and held Tomotada by the sleeve. “My lord, my lord,” she said, and fell

to sobbing piteously.

He took her in his arms without a word, and soon he set her on his horse before him, and together they rode the livelong day. It was little they heeded of the road they went, for all the while they looked into each other's eyes. The heat and the cold were nothing to them. They felt neither the sun nor the rain; of truth or falsehood they thought nothing at all; nor of filial piety, not of the errand, nor of honor, nor plighted word.

At last they came to an unknown city, where they stayed. Tomotada carried gold and jewels in his girdle, so they found a house built of white wood, spread with sweet white mats. In every room there could be heard the dim sound of the garden waterfall, whilst the swallows flitted across and across the paper lattice. Here they dwelt three years of happy days, and for Tomotada and Green Willow the years were like garlands of sweet flowers.

In the autumn of the third year it chanced that the two of them went forth into the garden at dusk, for they had a wish to see the round moon rise; and as they watched, Green Willow began to shake and shiver.

"My dear," said Tomotada, "you shake and shiver, and it is no wonder; the night wind is chill. Come in." And he put his arm around her.

At this she gave a long and pitiful cry, very loud and full of agony, and when she had uttered the cry she failed, and dropped her head upon her love's breast.

"Tomotada," she whispered, "say a prayer for me; I die."

"Oh, say not so, my sweet, my sweet! You are but weary; you are faint."

He carried her to the stream's side, where the iris grew like swords, and the lotus-leaves like shields, and laved her forehead with water. He said: "What is the matter, my dear? Look up and live."

"The tree," she moaned, "the tree. They have cut down my tree. Remember Green Willow."

With that she slipped, as it seemed, from his arms to his feet; and he, casting himself upon the ground, found only silken garments, bright coloured, warm and sweet, and straw sandals, scamlet thonged.

In after years, when Tomotada was a holy man, he travelled from shrine to shrine, painfully upon his feet, and acquired much merit.

Once, at nightfall, he found himself upon a lonely moor. On his right hand he beheld a little hill, and on it the sad ruins of a poor thatched cottage. The door

swung to and fro with broken latch and creaking hinge. Before it stood three old stumps of willow trees that had long since been cut down. Tomotada stood for a long time still and silent. Then he sang gently to himself:

*"Long-haired maiden, do you know
That with the red dawn I must go?
Do you wish me far away?
Cruel long-haired maiden, say —
Long-haired maiden, if you know
That with the red dawn I must go,
Why, oh why, do you blush so?"*

"Ah, foolish song! The gods forgive me. I should have recited the Holy Sutra for the Dead," said Tomotada.

英訳の二作品のもととなったのは、『玉すだれ』の中のつぎの話である。

りう せい れい よう
「柳 精 霊 妖」

文明の年中能登の国の大守 畠 山義統の家臣に岩木七郎友忠と云ふ者有。幼少の比より
才智世に勝れ、文章に名を得、和漢の才に富たり。ようぼういつくしく。いまだ廿にみ
たず義統愛敬して常に秘蔵し給ふ。生国ハ越前にして、母一人古郷にあり、世いまた静
ならねは行とぶらふ事もなし。或とし義統 將軍の命をうけ。山名背き細川に一味して。
北国の通路をひらきぬ。山名方に一城あれば是を責とて義統山名の麓に出陣して
日を送り給へは此ひまをうかゝひ。母の在所も近ければ。友忠ひそかに只一人馬に打乗
おもむきける。比しもむ月の始つた雪千峯を埋み。寒風はだへを通し馬なづむて進ま
ず。路の旁に茅舎の中に煙ふすぶりければ。友忠馬をうちよせてみるに、姥祖父七八
の娘を中に置只三人。焼火に眠り居たり。その軀蓬の髪ハ乱れて。垢付たる衣ハ裾みじ
かなれども花のまなじりうるはしく雪の肌 清らかにやさしく媚て。誠にかゝる山の奥に
もかゝる人有けるをしらす神仙の住居かとあやしまる。祖父夫婦友忠をみてむかへたっ
ていたはしの少人やかく山中に独りまよはせ給へるそや。雪ふり積り寒風忍ひかたし先
火によりてあたり給へと念比に申せは友忠よろこび語るに。日已に暮て雪ハいよいよ降
つもる。こよひハこゝに一夜を明させ給へと侘れは。おうちかゝる片山陰のすみひもて

「青柳の話」

なし申さむよすがもなし。さりとも雪間をしのぐ旅のまくらこよひは何かくるしかるへ
 きとて。馬の鞍をおろしふすまをはりて一間をまふけて。よきにかしつきける。此娘か
 たちをかさり衣裳をかへて帳をかゝけて友忠をみるに。はじめ見そめしには且まさりて
 うつくしさ。あやしきほとにそ有ける。山路の習ひ濁り酒なと火にあたゝめ夜寒をはら
 し給へと。主よりしてはじめて盃をめぐらしける。友忠何となくむすめにさす夫婦うち
 笑ひ。山家そたちのひくきめにて。御心にハおほさすとも。旅の屋とりのうきをはらし
 に。御盃をたうへて上まいらせといらへは。娘も兒うちあかめて盃をとる。友忠此女の
 けしきのよのつねならねは。心を引みむと思ひて何となく

尋つる花かとしてこそ日をくらせ明ぬになとかあかねさすらん
 と口すさみければ娘も又

出る日のほのめく色のわか袖につゝまはあすも君やとまらむ
 とりあへず。その哥から詞のつゞき。只人にあらじと思ひければ。さいあいのつまもな
 し。願は我にたびてんやといへは。夫婦かくまで賤しき身をいかにまいらせん。たゝか
 りそめに御心をもなくさめ給へかしと申せは。むすめも此身君にまかせまいらすうへ
 はともかくもなし給へとひとつふすまにやとりぬ。かくて夜も明れは空もはれ。嵐もな
 ぎて。友忠今は暇を申さん。又逢までの形見ともみ給へとて。一包の金を懐中より出し
 てこれをあたふ。主のいはく。これさらによしなき事なり。娘によき衣をもあたへてこ
 そ参らすへきに。まつしき身なれはいかゝせん。われら夫婦はいかにともくらすへき身
 なれは。とくとかつて行給へと。更に請ねは。友忠も力なく娘を馬にのせ。別をとり
 て帰りぬ。かくて山名細川の両陣破れて。義統も上洛して都東寺に宿陣ありければ。友
 忠ひそかにぐして忍び置けるに。如何しけむ。主の一族なりし細川政元。此女を見そめ
 深く恋侘給ひしが。夜にまぎれ奪とらせ。寵愛なゝめならさりしかは。友忠も無念なが
 ら。貴族に敵対しがたく。明暮と思ひしづみける。或時あまりの恋しさに。みそかに伝
 をもとめ。一通のふみをかけて出しけるその文のおくに

こう し わう せん おふ こう ちんを
 公 子 王 孫 逐 後 塵
 りよく しゅ たれ なみだを したつ ら きんを
 緑 珠 垂 涙 滴 羅 巾
 こう もん ひとたび いりて ふかきこと ころし うみの
 候 門 一 入 深 如 海
 より これ せう ろう これ ろ しん
 従 是 蕭 郎 是 路 人

こう し おう せん こうじん おう
 公子王孫 後塵を逐う。
 りよくしゅ なみだ た ら きん した
 緑珠 涙を垂れ、羅巾を滴る。
 こうもんひと い ふか うみ ごと
 候門一たび入りて、深きこと海の如し。
 これより しゅう これ ろ じん
 是從 蕭郎、是 路人。

とそ書たりける。いかゝしけむ此詩政元へ聞えければ。政元ひそかに友忠思ひよらず一
 定これはわが妻の事顕はれ。恨の程怖れて吾を取込討むずらん。たとへ死すともいま一
 たび見る事もや。折もよくは恨の太刀一かたなと思ひつめて行ける。政元頓出あひ。
 友忠が手を取りて候門一たび入て深き事海のごとしと云句ハ。これ汝の句なりや。誠に

「青柳の話」

ふかく感心^{かんしん}すとして。涙^{なみだ}をうかめ。則^{すなはち}かの女^をを呼^よび出し友忠^{ともたけ}にあたへ刺^ささへ種々^{あまつしゆ}の引手物^{てもの}して返し給ふ。こゝろさしいとやさし。尤^{もつとも}文道^{ぶんどう}の徳^{とく}なりけり。これより夫婦^{ふうふ}偕老^{かいろう}同穴^{どうけつ}のかたらひいよいよ深^{ふか}くとし月^{つき}を送^{おく}るに妻^{つま}の云^ひけるは。吾^{われ}はからずして君^{きみ}と五^いとせの契^{ちぎ}りをなす。猶^やいつまでも八千代^{ちよ}をこめむと思^{おも}ひしに。ふしぎに命^{いのち}こよひに究^{きわ}まりぬ。宿世^{すくせ}の縁^{えん}を思^{おも}ひたまは、跡^{あと}よく吊^とひ給へと。泪^{なみだ}瀧^{たき}のごとくにながせは。友忠^{ともたけ}肝^{きん}をけし、ふしぎなる事^{こと}いかにととへは。妻^{つま}かさねて。今^{いま}は何^{なに}をかつ、み候^なはん。みづからも人間^{にんげん}の種^{たね}ならず。柳樹^{りうじゆ}の精^{せい}はからすも。薪^{たき}の為^{ため}に伐^きれて。已^{すて}に朽^{くち}なむとす。今^{いま}は歎^{なげ}にかひなしとて。袂^{たもと}をかきすとそみえしが霜^{しも}の消^きることくに。衣^{ころも}斗^{はかり}のこれり。これハと思^{おも}ひ立^たよれば。小袖^{こそで}のみにして形^{かたち}軀^{てん}もなし、天^{てん}にこがれ地^ちにふしてかなしめども。さりし面影^{おもかげ}は夢^{ゆめ}にたにみえず。せんかたなければ遂^{つひ}にもとゞり切^きて。諸国^{しよこく}修^{しゆ}行^{ぎやう}の身^みとそ成^{なり}にける。妻^{つま}の古郷^{ふるさと}のもとへ尋^{たづね}て。ありし跡^{あと}を見るに。すべて家^{いえ}もなし。尋^{たづね}るに隣家^{たつね}もなければ。たれし人もなし。唯^{ただ}大^{おほ}きな柳^{やなぎ}のきりかぶ。三^{さん}もと残^{のこ}れり。うたがひもなきこれなんめりと思^{おも}ひ。其^{かたはら}傍^{つか}に塚^{つか}をつき。なくな^{きり}くわかれ去^さけり。

英文の二作品は、たがいに全く趣きの違った物語に仕立てられている。原典の、『玉すだれ』の中^{うち}の作品からも、大きく自由に作りかえられてしまっている。Hearnは、本質的には報道記者であったためか、幻想文学を記述するに際しても、道理あるいは論理性をもってしようとする。順序を追って、いわば、客観的に物語を組み立てようとする。一方、Chamberlainは、前後関係やまわりの状況は全く無視し、ピン・ポイントを拡大して、強い印象を浮き立たせていく。簡素で童話風の語り方は、物語の悲劇性と美しさを一層深め、物語を神話の領域へと高めていく。Hearnの文章の美しさは定評があり、事実そのとおりであるが、Chamberlainの文章の高い悲劇性とは比較にならない。

二人の物語作者は、どのような救いでもって物語の結末としているのかという点に、著しい違いがある。Hearnは、『玉すだれ』の作者とほとんど同じ方法によっている。念佛を唱えることによって青柳の往生をねがうのである。

原作の『玉すだれ』では、友忠は、青柳のすまいで過したその夜に、はや青柳にたいして思いを遂げてしまったことになっている。そういったことは、この国の、かよい婚の習慣のあった風土では、おどろくべきことではなかったであろうが、HearnもChamberlainも、この点については、まったく書き換えてしまっている。Hearnは、老父母の許しをえて青柳をつれていくことにしている。一方、Chamberlainは、友忠が馬を飛ばして一日旅をすすめたにもかかわらず、青柳は一昼夜をかけて徒歩で友忠を追いかけ追いついたことにして、青柳が人間の娘ではなく樹精であることを示し、結末を暗示する伏線にしている。

「青柳の話」

Chamberlain のばあいも、原作にあわせて、友忠は僧になってはいるのだが、ここでは友忠は、僧であるより以前に、悟り切れていない生身^{なまみ}の人間である。友忠は、柳の木の切株の前で、

*“ Long-haired maiden, do you know
That with the red dawn I must go ?
Do you wish me far away ?
Cruel long-haired maiden, say —
Long-haired maiden, if you know
That with the red dawn I must go,
Why, oh why, do you blush so ?*

といって、はじめて青柳に出会ったときの相聞歌を口ずさむのであった。そして、すぐさま、「ああ、愚かしい歌！ 神々よ、許し給え。お経を唱えるべきであったのに」と友忠はいう。

注

‘The Story of Aoyagi’ by L. Hearn (KWAIDAN, Kenkyusha)
GREEN WILLOW by B. H. Chamberlain (JAPANESE FAIRY STORIES, Kenkyusha)
「柳精霊妖」『玉すだれ』より。また、読取りは、本学文学部長鈴木享先生による。感謝致します。資料は国会図書館蔵