Hojio-ki.[1]

Incessant is the change of water where the stream glides on calmly : the spray appears over a cataract, yet vanishes without a moment's delay. Such is the fate of men in the world and of the houses in which they live. Walls standing side by side, tilings vying with one another in loftiness, these are from generations past the abodes of high and low in a mighty town. But none of them has resisted the destructive work of time. Some stand in ruins ; others are replaced by new structures. Their possessors too share the same fate with them. Let the place be the same, the people as numerous as before, yet we can scarcely meet one out of every ten, with whom we had long ago a

(1) This title may be rendered into English as 'a description of a little house.' 'Ki' is the Chinese term which represents one of the primary divisions of prose composition. 'Hojio' literally means 'ten feet by ten,' which Chōmei gave to his house as its name to denote its smallness.

chance of coming across. We see our first light in the morning and return to our long home next evening. Our destiny is like bubbles of water. Whence do we come? Whither do we tend? What ails us, what delights us in this unreal world? It is impossible to say. A house with its master, which passes away in a state of perpetual change, may weil be compared to a morning-glory with a dew drop upon it. Sometimes the dew falls and the flower remains but only to die in the first sunshine: sometimes the dew survives the drooping flower, yet can not live till the evening.

More than forty years of existence have rewarded me with the sight of several wonderful spectacles in this world. On the 28th of April in the 3rd year of Angen (1177) when the wind was raging and the night was boisterous, a fire broke out at eight o'clock in the south-eastern part of the city and spread towards the north-east. The Sujakuden,(1) the Daikyokuden, the Daigakurio, and the Mimbushō were all reduced to ashes in one night. A temporary structure at Tominokōji in Hinokuchi where the sick

(1) Sujakuden and Daikiokuden are the names of two imperial palaces. Daigakurio was an educational institution like modern university Mimbushō was an official institution corresponding to the present Department for Home Affairs.

were lodged, was said to be the starting-point of the winged conflagration. Caught by the wind hovering around, the fire soon proceeded thence in the form of an open fan. It enveloped(1) distant houses in smoke, and licked with fiery tongues the neighbouring ground. Sparks scattered on high, blazing with dazzling light, presented a brilliant glow of immense dimension. Amidst this red chaos, the flames driven by the wind, flew over the distance of one or two *chō* and found their new home in another quarter. The inhabitants were of course out of their wits. Some fell choked with smoke, others died in the conflagration. Those who fortunately escaped with their lives, lost all their property. No estimate could be formed of the treasures and riches that perished. One third of the city was left a wilderness. Thousands of people together with an immense number of cattle, fell victims to this merciless conflagration. Of all human contrivances which prove fruitless, the feeblest is that effort of theirs to reside in cities which are so dangerous.

On the 29th of February in the fourth year of Jishō (1180), a whirlwind arose in

(1) Both the fire and houses are spoken of as if they were animate.

Kiogoku and rushed toward Rokujō with terrible vehemence. Travelling three or four *chō* in one gust, it wrecked all the houses standing in its way. Some were thrown down flat upon the ground; others stood only with their pillars. The roofs of gates were blown off, fences were broken and neighbours found their mansions without any boundaries. Articles of furniture were whirled up into the sky; the bark and thatch which had covered the roofs looked like leaves before a wintry wind. The dust which, like thick smoke, blinded our eyes, the raging of the gale which drowned all human voices, reminded one of the Gō wind of Hell.(1) The wind destroyed not only houses, but maimed many people who were engaged in checking its work. It travelled toward the south-west much to the grief of people living there. Though a whirlwind usually springs up, such a violent one is indeed an exception. I could not help thinking then that it was meant for a warning from the Unseen.

....

(Several paragraphs which follow are devoted to an account of the removal of the

(1) Certain Buddhistic books tell us that when the world comes to an end, a strong wind called Gō, shall arise.

capital to Setstsu in 1180, of the famine during Yōkwa (1181), of the pestilence in the same year, the earthquake in the second year of Genreki. All these however are not essential to the true purport of the piece, so that we can dispense with them with little hesitation.)

Such are the evils of the world, the instability of life and of human habitations. Still greater is the distress which we experience through the shackles of social bonds. Those who enjoy the favour of the great may for a moment be steeped in pleasure, but can not enjoy permanent happiness. Even forcing back their tears, they sometimes counterfeit a careless smile, though always restless in demeanour. Like a sparrow close by the nest of an eagle, they live in a state of perpetual fear. Poor folks, on the other hand, are vexed with their wretched condition, are forced to look on the impotent envy of their wives and children, and to put up with the insolence of their rich neighbours. They too are unable to enjoy even a moment's peace of mind. Again those who live near thoroughfares can never escape the fury of conflagration when it rages. Let them reside in the country; they are then subject to no small disadvantage of bad roads, not to speak of an occasional attack from burglars. The strong knows

no content, the single is the object of contempt; wealth brings with it an equal amount of care; poverty always goes hand in hand with distress; reliance makes one another's slave; charity fetters the mind with affection: to act exactly like others is intolerable; not to act as they do seems to be madness. In what place shall we settle and with what occupation shall we amuse ourselves?

Inheriting my paternal grandmother's estate, I lived long there. Bereft of my family, however, and having lost vigour through a series of misfortunes, I was at last compelled to forsake the paternal estate, when I was thirty years of age and to inhabit a hut with no other companion than my own mind. When compared to my former residence in extent, it was scarcely more than one-tenth. A room there was indeed, but a house it was not in the proper sense of the term. No gate adorned the poor hedge. Bamboo pillars supported the roof: the floor rested upon a wagon.(1) When the wind blew hard or a snow-storm set in, the hut was in constant danger of being swept off or of falling

(1) It is somewhat difficult to imagine a house whose floor rested upon a wagon. Even in the author's time, such a house was not inhabited by any except him who built it after that style so that the house itself could be carried anywhere.

down. Moreover, being situated near the river bank, a flood could easily wash it away. Thus overtaxed with earthly cares, my mind fell an easy prey to despondency. In the meantime, however, changes in physical surroundings and the vicissitudes of fortunes, reminded me of the ephemeral character of human destiny. The time came at last when I left the house and left the world altogether. Bound by no family ties, I left no yearning toward what I had left; being no pensioner, why should I long for my former position? Many springs and summers were spent among the clouds of Mount Ōhara.

Now when the dew of sixty years was on the point of vanishing, once again did it condense upon a tiny leaf.(1) You might compare it to a night's shelter for a belated traveller or a cocoon inhabited by an old silk-worm. In extent, this new hut of mine could not claim even one-hundredth of the former. You see, my life was declining, and the house was reduced along with it. In structure it resembled no ordinary house. The

(1) I wonder whether this metaphor is intelligible at all in English: but I could not help rendering it without any change of expression inasmuch as it is very fine in the original Japanese.

room was ten feet by ten; its height was less than seven. It occupied no permanent site, because I had no mind to settle in a definite place. A clay-built floor, a thatched roof, and planks linked together with hooks, so that they might be removed easily if necessary, constituted my abode. What expense was I liable to in changing my home? Two carts were enough to carry the house itself. Only the little hire for them, nothing more!

Here during my seclusion in the innermost recesses of Hino, I added a temporary blind on the southern side of the hut with a bamboo mat under it: an *akadana* (water-shelf) along the western wall, has become the sacred place for putting the image of Buddha so that his brow may be lit up by the mellow beams of the setting sun. On each of the door leaves, I have hung a picture of Hugen and Hudō. On a little shelf above the northern door sash, are placed a few trunks of black leather, containing some poetical extracts in Japanese, songs, Ōjio-yōshū and the like. Close by, against the wall, you will find a *koto* and a *biwa* to which I gave the name of 'Ori-goto' and 'Tsugi-biwa' respectively. On the east side, a bed consisting of old fern leaves scattered

about and a mat of straw, a writing desk below the window, a brazier beside a pillow, completed its furnishing. A little patch of ground to the north of the hut, was laid out as my garden where I planted several medicinal herbs, enclosed by a broken hedge. This is the condition of my temporary abode.

As to its surroundings: in the south, there is a pipe conducting water to a reservoir made of piled stones. Woods being near in the vine-clad Toyama, there is plenty of fruit and of logs. Though the valley is dark with thickets, is opens towards the west and thus offers much help to meditation.[1] In spring, my sight is attracted by the wavy clusters of the Fuji (Wistaria chinensis) which sends its fragrant odour out of its purple clouds. In summer, the cuckoo with its doleful note[2] puts me in mind of 'the mountain path of Death.' Autumn fills my ears with the shrill chirps of cicadas which I interpret as the dirge for life as empty as their cast-off shells. In winter I sympathize with snow because of its semblance to human sins, accumulating in depth and then melting away.

(1) In Buddhism, the west is associated with Gokuraku (the land of beatitude) which is the abode of all good men after death and lies in the extreme west.
(2) Cuckoo is considered as a mournful bird which crosses the mountain of Shide (the starting-point for death).

If indisposed, I freely neglect to say prayers or to read sacred books (Kyō), without being admonished by any one for the omission. Nor have I any friend before whom I might feel ashamed for this negligence of duty. Though not specially inclined to observe the 'discipline of silence,'[1] I am always observant of it, for I have no companion to enter into conversation, and thereby to break the discipline. Being out of the reach of any temptation, I have no chance of breaking the canons of Buddhism. When in the morning, I chance to come to the river's side, and behold boats sailing in it, I feel that I am just in the same mood and position as Man-shami.[2] When the cinnamon wind rustles among the leaves, I imagine the scene in Junyō-Bay[3] and begin to play upon the *biwa* in imitation of Cinnamon Dainagon.[4] A performance of the 'autumnal wind' may vie with the echoes from the pines: the song of the 'flowing fountain' is

(1) A discipline in which a priest sits during a given time without uttering a word.

(2) An official who lived in the reign of Nara.

(3) The allusion is to the famous poem of Hakurakuten, called "Junyōkō" i. e. the ballad of the Bay of Junyō, in which the poet describes an unfortunate young girl who played upon the *biwa* for him during his banishment from court in that out-of-the-way part of the country.

(4) A famous musician who founded a school of his own, called the Cinnamon after his name.

tuned like the murmurs of water.[1] I do not profess any skill in the art, but then I do not play for others' enjoyment. I croon for myself, thrum for myself, only to refresh my mind.

At the foot of the mountain, there is a little cot in which the keeper of the mountain lives. His boy visits me now and then and is my companion in leisurely strolls. He is sixteen years of age and I am sixty. This difference of age, however, does not cause any difference of pleasure which we equally share.

To collect cranberries, to gather kaya-flowers, to fill our basket with the fruits of the yama-imo, to pick parsley, to weave a mat of the fallen ears of corn — such are our diversions. In fine weather I climb up mountain peaks, to behold my native province in the distance: and enjoy the surrounding scenery to my heart's content. I can do that, because nature is not the private property of particular individuals. Long excursions are also undertaken. Then I go over Sumiyama, pass Kasadori, bow before the shrine of Iwama, make a pilgrimage to Isiyama: or I visit the ruins of the cottage

(1) This playing on words may be almost meaningless in English, but I could not render it better.

of the old Semimaru,[1] far in the moor of Awazu, linger about the grave of Sarumarudaū, on the further side of the Tagami [sic] river. On my way home, I am often rewarded for my walk with a bough of cherry, a branch of maple, a bunch of ferns or a basket of fruit, which I offer to Buddha or keep for my own use. The bright moon in the calm night recalls to me the men of old the cries of monkeys moisten my sleeves with tears: fire-flies in the sward gleam as if they were torchlights of Magijima [sic]: a morning shower is an exact counterpart of the wind rustling through the leaves: the notes of a wild bird make me curious to know whether it is male or female[2]: the bold appearance of a hart reminds me of the wide gap existing between the world and me: the ash-covered charcoal newly stirred up, is an old man's delightful companion, in his midnight awaking from sleep; the moping voice of owls fills my mind with pity. Scenes like these are

(1) Semimaru & Sarumarudaū are two poets of note.

(2) The allusion is to a poem of Ūkimoto [sic]: —

Is that a father or a mother
Who sings *horo, horo* on the heather.

The notes of a bird evoked the sympathy of the poet who assumes that the parental affection which exists between parent and child, likewise exists among little birds. Such an idea is very common in Japanese poetry.

indeed inexhaustible here. Those who are profounder in reflection, and quicker in perception than I, cannot fail to find many other things which may likewise attract their attention.

Five years have elapsed since I first settled here. The temporary shed has now been reduced to an all but dilapidated condition. Deep under the eaves, the fallen leaves have accumulated, being left to moulder there. Moss too has grown upon the floor. Occasional tidings from town have announced to me the death of many noble persons there. And I can easily calculate the number of the humble people who have also been similarly overtaken. Many houses too, must have been burnt in the frequent fires. Only this humble cot of mine is safe and quiet. However narrow, it has been a bed by night and a seat by day, and is enough to shelter me. The gōna[1] likes its little shell because he knows content: the fish-hawk inhabits a rough beach because he is afraid of men. Like them I think of myself alone in this world. I cherish no objects, seek no friendship. Tranquillity is my sole desire, to have no trouble is my happiness. Others

(1) A little parasite which inhabits a small shell.

do not build their houses for themselves; their houses are either for their families or for their friends or for their tutors and lords, or even for their oxen, horses and treasure. But I have built mine for my own sake, because I have no companion, no friend to live with me.

What is friendship but respect for the rich and open-handed and contempt for the just and kind? Better to make associates of music and nature! Our servants only care for rewards and punishments and estimate our favour by the amount of largesses given them. We throw away kindness upon them who never require it. Let us rather be our own servants. To use our own hands and legs, if somewhat irksome, is much easier than employing others. Let us employ our bodies in a double way. Our arms are our servants, our legs are our vehicles. The mind which knows how it goes with the body, may use the latter if fresh, allow it to rest if tired. Let the mind take care not to overtax the body with labour, not to grant the latter's disposition to be idle. To take exercise is healthy: why then should we sit and do nothing? To trouble others is a sin, why should we ask others for help?

As to diet and clothes, I observe the same principle. A garment of 'fuji' and a bed-quilt of hemp are sufficient to cover my body. The kaya-flower, which flourishes in the wilderness, some fruit scattered about the mountain side may very well sustain my life. The poor figure so thinly clad, is no object of ridicule here in solitude. Meals so scanty have still a relish for me. I do not intend those remarks as a sermon for those in easy circumstances, but I want only to compare my former days with the present. Envy and fear have been expelled from my mind since I renounced the world's pleasure. Without regret and without reluctance, I follow my fortune as Providence leads me. Regarding self as a floating cloud, I do not rely on it, nor, on the other hand, am dissatisfied with it in the least. Temporary pleasure has dwindled into nothing over the pillow of the dreamer: his life-long wish still finds its satisfaction in the beautiful in nature.

The three worlds consist of only one mind.(1) Treasures, horses, oxen, palaces, towers, what are they, if the mind is uneasy? I enjoy the peace of mind in this lonely place,

(1) The so-called three worlds are the material, the immaterial and the world of lust.

in this small cottage. In town I might be ashamed to become a beggar; settled here, however, I pity those who toil and moil in the dusty highway of the world. He who doubts what I say, need only look at fishes and birds. Fishes never get weary of water: none but fishes knows their motive. Birds are fond of woods; none but birds may tell you why. The same may be said of seclusion. Its pleasure can not be understood by one who has not led such a life.

The lunar course of my life is fast declining and is getting every moment nearer to the peak of death. If the time comes when I make a sudden start for the darkness of 'the three ways',(1) of what use would it be to trouble my mind with earthly cares? Buddha teaches us to love no earthly things. To love this mossy hut is still a sin: tried tranquillity is certainly an obstruction to salvation. Woe to them! who indulge in useless pleasures to while away time.

One still morning after those reflections, I began to ask myself: "The object of escaping from the world and of living among woods and mountains is nothing but to tranquillize

(1) 'The three ways' is the name of a river corresponding to the Styx.

your mind and to practise your principles. But your mind is soaked in impurity, though your appearance resembles a sage. Your conduct even falls short of Shūri-bandoku's(1) though your hut is like that of Jiomio-Koji.(2) Is it the effect of poverty or is it the influence of some impure thought?" No answer did I give to this question but twice or thrice repeated involuntary prayers.

The last day of March, the 2nd year of Kenreki (1211).

Monk Renin at the hut of Toyama.

"Alas! the mountain peak conceals the moon;
Her constant light's denied to me aboon."

(1) A disciple of Shaka, notorious or his folly, and weak memory.
(2) 'Jiomio' is another name for Yuima, the hero of the Yuima-gio (one of the sacred books of Buddhism).

英詩

Life's Dialogue.

FIRST SPIRIT.

Out of hope and despair,
Man twists the rope of life,
As beautiful and fair,
As born of passion and strife.
He twists and twists and twists.
Forever twisting he dies,
Then his eyes are glazed with mists,
Then cold and naked he lies.

SECOND SPIRIT.

The rope of life is not
The rope of sand; 'tis long,
'Tis strong, 'tis knotty, 'tis hot.
Let man cling to it right or wrong,
Let man cling and cling and cling,
Forever clinging go,
Till the funeral bell we ring
To call him away ho ho!

FIRST SPIRIT.

Out of laughter and tears,
Man weaves the web of time.
With motley paints he smears
The simple texture sublime:
Woof of hatred, warp of love,

Tints of heaven and hues of hell,
Venom of snake and meekness of dove,
An angel in an infidel.

SECOND SPIRIT.

Inch by inch the web he weaves,
And inch by inch he sees it grow;
Yet nothing behind him he leaves.
How and why no mortals know.
Unlike Penelope
His labour has an end.
This only he shall see,
As Death comes all to rend.

FIRST SPIRIT.

In sorrow let him weep:
Sweet are the tears of relief,
Sweeter than pearls o' th' deep, —
Drop by drop melting grief.
Then light up and laugh in glee,
With breast as white as the snow,
With heart and forehead free
To the wind that listeth to blow.

SECOND SPIRIT.

If blood is boiled with fire,
There is the poison to cool:
If bones are eaten by ire,
There is the dagger to fool.
If 'tis of hope he speaks,
There are the Gospel's teachings:
If it is peace he seeks,
There are the Buddha's preachings.

FIRST SPIRIT.

Go on, then, little creature
Called man, in mind deranged,
(The image of God in feature)
Revenging and revenged,
And loving and beloved,
To be hated and to hate!
Thy hands alas! steel-gloved
Are too weak thy passions to bate.

SECOND SPIRIT.

The world is wide ; as wide
The mind thou callest thine own.
Learn over thyself to preside,
Thou art the master alone !
The world itself is in thee,
Not thou in the world dost live.
Then twist and weave and be,
To sleep, to forget and forgive.

August 1, 1901

Silence.

I hail from the Kingdom of Silence,
Where I knew no sun, no moon,
No man, no woman, nor God even.
I lived in Silence and Silence reigned all.
What a difference to me now ! Oh my life !

Once I had a mother,
A fond and tender mother had I,
Who gave me joy and hope and everything bright,
But she is gone now ! Oh my life !

Once I was young: I saw a stream of gold,
Bursting open the Gate of Heaven
Flooding all the earth with amber light,
All was mellow, warm and beautiful.
Where is sunshine now? Oh my life!

I seek within and there are voices,
I seek without and there are rushes,
In vain I seek within and without;
Silence is not there! Oh my life!

Silence!
Ask me why he is so dear?
Because Silence is bliss.
Ask me why Silence is bliss?

Because he is perfect. Oh my life!
Better than the best things we possess,
Sweeter than love we call divine,
Dearer than Fame, Power and Riches,
I weep for him that is no more. Oh my life

I look back and I look forward,
I stand on tiptoe on this planet
Forever pendent, and tremble—
A sigh for Silence that is gone,
A tear for Silence that is to come. Oh my life!

August 1903

Dawn of Creation.

Heaven in her first grief said: "Wilt thou kiss me once more ere we part?"
"Yes dear," replied Earth. "A thousand kisses, if they cure thee of thy grief."
They slept a while, souls united in each other's embrace.
They were one; no Heaven and no Earth yet,
When lo! there came Thunder to lash them out of slumber.
It was in the dawn of creation, and they have never met since.
Now they live wide apart:
And though the pale moon never tires to send her silent message with her melancholy light,
Though all the stars wink and beckon night after night,
Though all the tears fall mute and fresh to crystallise her sorrow on every blade,
They have never met since.
Alas! Earth is beset with too many sins to meet her.

August 15, 1903

Some feelings in the shadowy depth of my heart call to me like melodies sung ten fathoms under the sea. They are melodies contemplated and fed upon, but never heard. Echoes they have none ; yet so sweet is their harmony ; always dying, and falling, never emerging to auricular distinctness.

They bring me sometimes sorrows, — forgotten sorrows, buried in far-off time when I was not. They come like visitors from another world, bringing the faint recollection of the dreamy past in memory dim and forlorn. They come like a voice in the air so strange yet once so familiar, which shakes my single state with something too powerful to resist. They come like clouds on distant mountains ready to melt and fuse undistinguishable in the deep recess of my consciousness.

(no date)

Lonely I sit in my lonesome chamber
And cricket chirps.
My lamp lies lonely half in slumber
And cricket chirps.

Soul, in dim conscious delight
In cricket chirps,
Lost and forlorn, forlorn and bright
With cricket chirps.

Is it my soul or only cricket

That chirps so lonely in my chamber?
Still cricket chirps,
Chirping
Chin—chi—ro—rin.

(no date)

I looked at her as she looked at me:
We looked and stood a moment,
Between Life and Dream.

We never met since:
Yet oft I stand
In the primrose path
Where Life meets Dream.

Oh that Life could
Melt into Dream,

Instead of Dream

Is constantly

Chased away by Life !

November 27, 1963

They had words together :

They measured their swords.

Each sword drank deep of his enemy's blood,

All this for her whom they dearly loved.

Loved was she ; and she killed them both in return.

In killing them she never shed a drop of her blood.

Yet every drop in her is turning gall now.

There she sits ; let her sigh.

There she sighs ; let her lie.

There she lies ; let her die slowly

Without shedding the single drop

Of blood or tear for her lost lovers.

November 27, 1903

I called to the stars in my dream.
The stars came out of the Night's bottom.
I called to the wind in my dream.
The wind came forcing the Gate of North.
But alas! The stars were scattered by the wind.

Early in the morning I went into my garden
And there I found three stars hung heavy
On the slender stems of the snow-drop.
I picked them up and put them in a vase, —
Sweet remembrancer of last night's dream.

November 27, 1903

I rested my head against her heaving bosom;
I cooled my burning forehead on her snowy breast:
She bathed my burning forehead with the amber light
Of her flowing hair, flowing like dreams forlorn:
She supported my feverish head on the downy pillow
Of her soft arms, soft alabaster of serenest hue.

Then came the Twilight; gliding from afar with love:
Soothing it came and wooingly it wrapped us up
In her thickening light, thinner than the moon.
That eternal Twilight! That enchantress who lends

Enchantment to everything we see and makes it all violet.

Then came the stars: they seemed to light on her golden head.
They seemed to move on her golden head—one—two—and three.
The three stars moved and glittered there on her golden head
And lit her dreamy hair, dreamily flowing in the darkness.

The Twilight is violet still; the stars are always three.
Her bosom is heaving, her breast is white even now,
Her hair forever golden; forever flowing like dreams.—
And I? Ask me not who I am; for I am not
What was once thought to be, nor could ever be!

November 29, 1903

Let her dance alone in white,
Let her sing with roses red
Alone in white, alone on the green,
Alone with roses red and white.

Let roses fall from her hand
In flakes red and white,
Let them fall around her
As she goes dancing round and round.

Let her white robe flaunt

Now here, now there and everywhere,
Whirling upon the velvety green
As she goes dancing round and round.

The moon and I will gaze on her
As she goes dancing round and round,
But no one else shall have a peep
As she goes dancing round and round.

December 8, 1903

We live in different worlds, you and I.
Try what means you will,
We cannot meet, you and I.
You live in your world and are happy;
I in mine and am contented.
Then let us understand better
Not to interfere with each other's lot.
We break an ox's horn by bending it;
We are not meant to be broken like that!

Your world is far away from me.
It is veiled with miles of mist and haze.
It is in vain that I should strain my eyes
To catch glimpses of your abode.
Flowers may there be; and lots of things pretty,
Yet never in a dream I wished to be there.
For I am here and not there;
And I am forever mine and not yours!

April 1904

漢詩文

七艸集評

——明治二十二年五月五日、正岡子規稿『七艸集』より摘錄、原文題なし——

詞兄之文情優而辭寡清秀超脫以神韻勝憾間有蕪句鄙言然昆玉微瑕何須凡工下手且先輩評論備至故不敢贅至若韻語僕所不解只覺首々皆實況讀之身如起臥墨江耳擬人夢後雖情景歷々在目不能語人要在心解不必要多舌也葬篇則筆意悽惋文品亦自高讀去不覺黯然嗚呼天地一大劇場也人生如長夢然夢中猶辨聲色俳優能泣人僕讀此篇雖知其出假想然不能無酸悒之情況於身在其境目睹其事乎抑人事之變桑滄之遷誰辨其眞假曷知吾兄十年之後無再遊墨江追憶往昔悟先之假爲後之眞昔之幻爲今之實徊顧望感極而泣下者乎哉又曷知香雲暖雪之下無不勝今昔之感作詩弔阿花忽々若失捧詩嗚咽者乎哉葛篇則一氣奔放縱橫敍去毫無難澁之體議論亦奇特僕輩所不能夢視至瞿麥之篇則自口碑實傳至稗史小說細大無遺洪纖不漏悉取焉而抒自家胸臆可謂巧矣不知吾兄校課之餘何暇綽々能如此僕天資陋劣加疎懶爲風靡靡沒于紅塵裡風流韻事蕩然一掃愧于吾兄者多矣刈萱之篇評存而文缺焉思吾兄才思富贍一唾一珠故割愛不顧乎可惜可惜古人有句云天若有情天亦老月如無恨月長圓欲移以評刈萱而不能

他日得一讀知余言非鄭書燕說則幸甚要之大著七篇皆異趣同巧猶七草不同姿態而至其沿澗倚籬細雨徹風楚々可愛則一也恐愛翫之極得小人抱玉之罪因匆々通讀奉還榻下拙作數首附記供瀏覽僕固不解詩故所作粗笨生硬可笑然無鹽與西施坐則美益美而醜愈醜僕豈謂敢傚顰亦欲爲西施之美耳

青袍幾閱帝京秋　酒點涙痕憶舊遊　故國烟花空一夢　不耐他鄉寫閑愁

幾年零落亦風流　好貨江頭香月樓　麥綠菜黃吟欲盡　又逢紅蓼白蘋秋

江東避俗養天眞　一代風流餞逝春　誰知今日惜花客　却是當年劍舞人

艶骨化成塚上苔　于今江上杜鵑哀　憐君多病多情處　偏弔梅兒薄命來

長堤盡處又長堤　櫻柳枝連櫻柳枝　此裡風光君獨有　六旬閑適百篇詩

浴罷徹吟敲枕函　江樓日落月光含　想君此際苦無事　漫數籌燈一二三

洗盡塵懷忘我物　只看窓外古松鬱　乾坤深夜関無聲　默坐空房如古佛

京客多情都鳥謠　美人有涙滿叉潮　香髏艶骨兩黃壤　片月長高雙枕橋

長命寺中鬻餅家　當壚少女美如花　芳姿一段可憐處　別後思君紅涙加

明治己丑五月念五日　辱知　漱石妄批

木屑錄

余兒時誦唐宋數千言喜作爲文章或極意彫琢經旬而始成或咄嗟衜口而發自覺澹然有樸氣竊謂古作者豈難臻哉遂有意于以文立身自是遊覽登臨必有記焉其後二三年開篋出所作文若干篇讀之先以爲極意彫琢者則頽隳纖佻先以爲澹然有樸氣者則骩骳艱澁譬之人一如妓女奄々無氣力一如頑兒悍傲凌長者皆不堪觀焚稿扯紙面發赤自失者久之竊自嘆曰古人讀萬卷書又爲萬里遊故其文雄峻博大卓然有奇氣今余選叀趦趄徒守父母之鄕足不出都門而求其文之臻古人之域豈不大過哉因慨然欲曳屣遠遊未能果志而時勢一變余挾蟹行書上于鄕校校課役々不復暇講鳥迹之文詞賦簡牘之類空束之高閣先之所謂纖佻骩骳者亦將不得爲又安望古作家哉明治丁亥遂擠鐙登富岳越函嶺行白雲蓬勃之間脚底積雪數尺蹠凍指皸遙瞰八洲之山如培塿豪氣稜々欲凌雲然不能一篇以敍壯遊今茲七月又與季兄遊于興津地爲東海名區滯留十餘日蕭散無聊而遂不得一詩文嗟乎余先者有意於爲文章而無名山大川搖蕩其氣者今則覽名山大川焉而無一字報風光豈非天哉八月復航海遊

於房洲登鋸山經二總溯刀川而歸經日三十日行程九十餘里既歸會秋雨連日閑居一室懷旅中快樂辛酸之事有不堪其情者乃執筆書之積至數葉竊謂先之有記而無遊者與有遊而無記者庶幾于相償焉然余既絶意於文章矣且此篇成于閑適之餘則其纖佻餪皺勿論耳命木屑云者特示其塵陋也

余以八月七日上途此日大風舟中人概皆眩怖不能起有三女子坐于甲板上談笑自若余深愧鬚眉漢不若巾幗者流強倚欄危坐既欲觀風水相鬪之狀蹣跚而起時怒濤掀舟舟欹斜殆覆余失歩傾跌跌時盲風猋至奪帽而去顧則見落帽飄々回流於跳沫中耳舟人皆拍手而大笑三女子亦嘸然如嗤余亡狀爲之忸怩

余自遊于房日浴鹹水少二三次多至五六次浴時故跳躍爲兒戯之狀欲健食機也倦則横臥於熱沙上溫氣浸腹意甚適也如是者數日毛髪漸赭面膚漸黄旬日之後赭者爲赤黄者爲黒對鏡爽然自失

興津之景清秀穩雅有君子之風保田之勝險奇巉峭酷似奸雄君子無奇特驚人者故婦女可狎而近奸雄變幻不測非卓然不群者不能喜其怪奇峭曲之態也嘗試作二絶較之曰

風穩波平七月天韶光入夏自悠然出雲帆影白千點總在水天髣髴邊

西方決眥望茫々幾丈巨濤拍亂塘水盡孤帆天際去長風吹滿太平洋

余長於大都紅塵中無一丘一水足以壯觀者毎見古人所描山水幅丹碧攢簇翠赭交錯不堪神往及遊于東海于房總得窮山雲吐吞之狀盡風水離合之變而後意始降矣賦一絶曰

二十餘年住帝京倪黄遺墨暗傷情如今閑却壁間畫百里丹青入眼明

同遊之士合余五人無解風流韻事者或被酒大呼或健啖驚侍食者浴後輙圍棋鬪牌以消閑余獨冥思遐搜時或呻吟爲甚苦之狀人皆非笑以爲奇癖余不顧也邵青門方構思時類有大苦者既成則大喜牽衣遶床狂呼余之呻吟有類焉而傍人不識也

一夕獨不寐臥聞濤聲誤以爲松籟因憶在家之日天大寒閉戸讀書時星高氣清燥風颼颼窓外梧竹松楓颯然皆鳴屈指既數年矣而余碌々無狀未有寸毫進于學又漫爲山海之遊不知歳月之倏忽老之將至視之當時苦學豈不忸怩哉

南出家山百里程海涯月黒暗愁生濤聲一夜欺郷夢漫作故園松籟聲

客舍得正岡獺祭之書々中戯呼余曰郎君自稱妾余失笑曰獺祭諧謔一何至此也輙作詩酬之曰鹹氣射顔顔欲黄醜容對鏡易悲傷馬齢今日廿三歳始被佳人呼我郎昔者東坡作篔簹竹詩贈文與可曰料得清貧饞太守渭濱千畝在胸中與可與其妻燒筍晩食發函得詩失笑噴飯滿案今獺祭齢不過弱冠未迎室且夏日無得筍之理然得詩之日無噴飯滿案與與可同耶余歸家又得獺祭之書次余韵曰羨君房海醉鵝黄鹹水醫痾若藥傷黄卷青編時讀罷清風明月伴漁郎余笑曰詩佳則佳矣而非實也余心神衰昏不手黄卷久矣獺祭固識余慵懶而何爲此言復作詩自慰曰脫却塵懷百事閑儘遊碧水白雲間仙郷自古無文字不見青編只見山」

余相房地三分之而其二則山矣山不甚高然皆峻削衝空石質土膚絶無合抱樹叔子之所謂孤劍削空從天而仆者比々皆是東北一脉蜿蜒横截房總者最高最峻望之峯々嶮巉如鋸刃向碧空而列名曰鋸山々々之

南端岐爲三中央最高者曰瑠璃峯其東稍低者曰日輪峯其西最低者曰月輪峯而日本寺在峯之中腹聖武帝時僧行基奉勅東下相此山曰是眞靈境也遂開山創寺建院十二坊一百良辨空海慈覺等諸僧先後皆來遊焉其所手刻佛像今猶存云其後興癈[原]不一安永中山僧愚傳得石於伊豆命工刻羅漢像一千合空海等所彫者凡一千五十有三安之山自是寺以羅漢著遊者或比之豐之耶馬溪云已丑八月某日余與諸子登焉溪行五百歩得山門赭堊剝落甍散欄摧遊者皆書其名壁上而去塗鴉滿扉殆不可讀又登數十歩得一小池柳陰四合紅蕖湛然山風時一過荷葉微動葉上露珠瀞々搖曳欲墜不墜沿池左折登石磴數級得平地數十弓芭蕉梧桐之屬森然成陰構小屋二於其中茅檐竹欞如耕織之家問之則曰山僧之居也時日旣高而鎖門閉戸闃如無人導者云維新之變朝廷收寺屬宅地田園沒之官山遂殆墟焉余徘徊重蔭交柯之間想見往時緇徒豪奢袈裟錦繡往來於朱廊彩堦之間愴然久之屋前軟草如氈峯巒缺處遙瞰溟渤雲鳥風帆歷々可指經是路漸險攀岩捉蘿而上遙見石佛雜然列于巖上欲走而就之而峯廻路轉忽失之如此者數次數刻之後始得達像高大者三尺小者一尺或眉目磨滅不可辨或爲遊者所毀損失頭首四肢而其完者姿態百出容貌千狀無一相似者亦可以見刻者用意之深矣配置之法亦不悉萃盡列焉遊者初見石像二百許於路傍大石下以爲羅漢之勝盡于此旣廻巖角忽又見百餘像仰瞻頭上巨巖欹々欲墜欲畏而避之而轉眸則巖上又安數十像或溪窮路盡一洞豁然而滿洞皆羅漢也蓋山路崎嶇不能得平地而萃列之而遊者亦隨歩改觀喜其勝出于意表也午時達山巓憩群山莽蒼先以爲在雲半者今皆在脚底故其蜿蜒起伏之狀晰然可觀余自遊于

房洲日夕望見鋸山而未知其高峻如此也同遊之士川關某豐人也爲余語曰耶馬溪廣袤[原]數十里岩壑之奇固不止于此而羅漢之勝遂不能及焉余壯鋸山之勝廻異群山又觀羅漢之奇而悲古寺癈頽不脩斷礎遺柱空埋沒於荒烟冷雨中也慨然爲之賦

鋸山如鋸碧崔嵬上有伽藍倚曲隈山僧日高猶未起落葉不掃白雲堆吾是北來帝京客登臨此日懷往昔杳噫一千五百年十二僧院空無迹只有古佛坐磅礴雨蝕苔蒸閱桑滄似嗤浮世榮枯事冷眼下瞰太平洋

保田之北沿海行五百歩鋸山萃然當面嶮巇不可歩數年前官命辟巖鑿洞若干以便往來自是過者無復躋蹻曳杖之勞得驅車縱覽山海之勝也洞高二丈廣視高減其半甃甎造洞口以防其崩壞嚴然如關門洞中陰黑溪流浸岩兩壁皆濕或滴瀝流下曳屐而歩跫音戛然久而後已洞路直條過者遙見洞口豁然水光瀲灧映之以爲洞接海旣出洞則石路一曲而身在怪岩亂磄之間如此者數次每過一洞頭上山石益犖确脚底潮水亦益[illegible]匌眞奇觀也同遊之士井原某常好辨[原]每說山水之勝嘖々名狀不已此日緘默不發一言余問其故則曰非不欲言也不能言也

大愚山人余同窓之友也賦性恬澹讀書談禪之外無他嗜好一日寄書曰閑居無事就禪刹讀佛書時與童兒遊園捉蟬其高逸如此山人嘗語余曰深夜結跏萬籟盡死不覺身入于冥漠也余庸俗傭見露地白牛不顧無根瑞草視之山人有愧多矣

余旣看保田隧道樂其觀瑰怪也明日爲之詩曰君不見鋸山全身石稜々古松爲髮々鬅鬙橫斷房總三十里

海濤洗麓聲渤澥別有人造壓天造劈巖鑿石作隧道窟老苔厚龍氣腥蒼崖水滴多行潦洞中遙望洞外山洞外又見洞中灣出洞入洞幾曲折洞々相望似連環連環斷處岸嶄窄還喜奇勝天外落頭上之石脚底濤石壓頭兮濤灌脚

保田之南里許有灣竅然爲半月狀灣之南端一巨岩高五丈上豐下削狀如巨人之拳耆然裂地而起掌之下端稍坦平可坐數人其上嶰岏開張如簦望之欲墜不墜如惴々焉有不安者因憶二年前與柴野是公爲江島之遊黎明上山時海風猋作草樹皆俯是公跳叫曰滿山之樹皆戰々兢々矣余爲絶倒使是公看此岩亦必曰戰々兢々臨深淵巨岩之後又有一大石彌縫之起伏數十步余踞石臨水時天晴風死荇藻毿々然搖藍曳碧游魚行其間錦鱗頳尾忽去忽來水底螺石布列如可捫而觀焉倒竿而測其深則至沒竿水觸手而不能達也蓋潮水澄清日光透下而屈曲故水底之物浮々焉如在近而其實在數尋之下矣余觀其風物之冲融光景之悠遠心甚樂焉乃執筆爲之記而亦不能無嘆也(原)嗚呼天下之奇觀亦多矣雖甚好遊者不能盡觀而盡記也而其平居登臨焉往來焉者概皆樵夫牧童不能記其奇而傳之天下後世也幸而遊者至矣而其文或不足傳既足傳矣而或成於流離困苦竄謫之餘怨憤悽惋徒(原)籍山水而洩其鬱勃不平之氣是特幸乎作者而不幸乎山水耳至其幸乎山水者則非心無憂愁身無疾病陶然而樂悠然忘歸而其文亦卓然足爲水光嵐色吐其氣者不能也豈不至難哉今余之境足陶然樂之悠然忘歸而文章不副焉可悲夫

誕生寺在房之小湊北華宗祖日蓮生于此後人建佛刹於其廬址故名曰誕生寺寺負山面海潮水渚瀇瀰而復狀所謂鯛浦是也余在京聞鯛浦之奇熟矣乃賃舟而發距岸數町有一大危礁當舟濤勢蜿蜒延長而來者遭礁激怒欲攫去之而不能乃躍而起之白沫噴起與碧濤相映陸離爲彩礁上有鳥赤冠蒼脛不知其名濤來一搏而起低飛回翔待濤退復于礁上余與諸子呼奇不歇舟人笑曰此不足道也使客觀更大奇者乃令一人持杓立舳自在艫操(原)槵杓方五寸盛鱧數百柄長五尺立者持其端如將揮杓投鱧於水者竢令未發舟人乃顧余曰客但觀水余因凭舷俯凝視頃之舟人呼曰鱧々四散應聲而下忽有綺紋生於水底簇然而動既漸近諦觀之則赤鬃無數排波騰上以爭鱧也時日方午炎暉射波々光爀爍錦鱗赤章出沒於其間或潑剌露鬣或踴躍出頭胸(原)彩爗然環舟數步間一時皆爲黃金色矣舟人曰漁父舟行十里始能捕棘鬣魚今此水距岸僅數丁而斯魚群生既奇矣爭鱧不畏人更奇矣若夫濤礁相嚙風水相鬪則所至而有安足爲奇哉既捨舟步抵于誕生寺觀其所藏書畫數十幅日蓮所書最多僧云高祖生時其家人得棘鬣二尾釣磯上明日亦得焉如此者七日自是土人以高祖故不敢捕此魚又崇稱明神不稱其名或有竊捕而食者焉必病瘧死

自東金至銚子途上口號

風行空際亂雲飛雨鎖秋林倦鳥歸一路蕭々荒驛晩野花香潑綠蓑衣

賃舟溯刀水舟中夢鷗娘鷗娘者女名而非女也

扁舟行盡幾波塘滿岸新秋芳草長一片離愁消不得白蘋花底夢鷗娘

天明舟達三堀旗亭卽事

烟霧夢々見不看黎明人倚碧欄干江村雨後加秋意蕭瑟風吹衰草寒

客中憶家

北地天高露若霜客心蟲語兩凄涼寒砧和月秋千里玉笛散風雁兩行他國亂山愁外碧故園落葉夢中黄
何當後苑閑吟句幾處尋花徙繡牀

別後憶京中諸友

魂飛千里墨江湄湄上畫樓楊柳枝酒帶離愁醒更早詩含別恨唱殊遲銀釭照夢見蛾聚素月匿秋知雨隨
料得洛陽才子伴錦箋應寫斷腸詞

余之草此篇也執筆臨紙先思其所欲書者既有會心焉輙揮筆而起直追其所思或墨枯筆而禿不已既成拋藁不復改一字或難之曰古人作文有一字未安焉則終日考之有一句未妥焉則經旬思之鍛錬推敲必盡其力而後出之故其文蒼然古色鏘然爲金石之晉今子才不及古人亦遠矣而不知臨紙經營刻苦漫然下筆不速之恐是以不及古人之才欲爲古人難爲也豈不大過哉余笑曰作文猶爲畫爲畫之法有速有遲不必牽束一意匠慘澹十日一水五日一石是王吳之畫山水也振衣而起揮筆而從頃刻成之是文鄭之畫竹與蘭也夫王吳之山水固妙矣而文鄭之蘭竹豈不入神哉今余文亦蘭竹之流耳宜速不宜遲且余之不文假令期年成一篇亦當不過如此則其免起鶻落之速亦不優蚓步蛇行之遲哉陰曆八月既望東都夏目金書于牛籠僑居時庭棗既熟落實撲窓秋意蕭然

自嘲書木屑錄後

白眼甘期與世疎狂愚亦懶買嘉譽爲譏時輩背時勢欲罵古人讀古書才似老駘駑且騃識如秋蛻薄兼虚唯贏一片烟霞癖品水評山臥草廬

（明治廿二年九月九日脫稿）

無題　明治二十二年九月二十日正岡子規宛の手紙の中より

抱劍聽龍鳴　讀書罵儒生　如今空高逸　入夢美人聲

山路觀楓　明治二十二年十一月

石苔沐雨滑難攀　渡水穿林往又還　處々鹿聲尋不得　白雲紅葉滿千山

無題　明治二十三年八月末頃正岡子規宛の手紙の中より

江山容不俗懷塵　君是功名場裏人　憐殺病軀多客氣　漫將翰墨論詩神

無題　同前

仙人墮俗界　遂不免喜悲　啼血又吐血　憔悴憐君姿　漱石又枕石
固陋歎吾癡　君痾猶可癒　僕癡不可醫　素懷定沈鬱　愁緒亂如絲
浩歌時幾曲　一曲唾壺碎　二曲雙涙垂　曲闋呼咄々
衷情欲訴誰　白雲蓬勃起　天際看蛟螭　笑指函山頂　去臥葦湖湄
歳月固悠久　宇宙獨無涯　蜉蝣飛湫上　大鵬嗤其卑　嗤者亦泯滅
得喪皆一時　寄語功名客　役々欲何爲

函山雜咏　十三首　明治二十三年九月

昨夜着征衣　今朝入翠微　雲深山欲滅　天濶鳥頻飛　驛馬鈴聲遠
行人笑語稀　蕭々三十里　孤客已思歸

函嶺勢峥嶸　登來廿里程　雲從鞋底湧　路自帽頭生　孤驛空邊起

廢關天際横　停笻時一顧　蒼靄隔田城
來相峯勢雄　恰似上蒼穹　落日千山外　號風萬壑中　馬逕逢水絕
鳥路入天通　決眦西方望　玲瓏岳雪紅
飄然辭故國　來宿葦湖湄　排悶何須酒　遣閑只有詩　古關秋至早
廢道馬行遲　一夜征人夢　無端落柳枝
百念冷如灰　靈泉洗俗埃　鳥啼天自曙　衣冷雨將來　幽樹沒青靄
閑花落碧苔　悠々歸思少　臥見白雲堆
奈此宿痾何　眼花凝似珂　豪懷空挫折　壯志欲蹉跎　山老雲行急
雨新水響多　半宵眠不得　燈下默看蛾
三年猶患眼　何處好醫盲　崖壓浴場立　湖連牧野平　雲過峯面碎

風至樹頭鳴　偏悅遊靈境　入眸景物明
恰似泛波鷗　乘閑到處留　溪聲晴夜雨　山色暮天秋　家濕菌生壁
湖明月滿舟　歸期何足意　去路白雲悠

送友到元函根　三首

風滿扁舟秋暑微　水光嵐色照征衣　出京旬日滯山館　還卜朗晴送客歸
煙濤天澄秋氣微　風塵不着舊征衣　東都諸友如相問　飽看江山猶未歸
客中送客暗愁微　秋入函山露滿衣　爲我願言相識士　狂生出國不知歸

歸途口號　二首

得閑廿日去塵寰　囊裡無錢自識還　自稱仙人多俗累　黃金用盡出青山

漫識讀書涕涙多　暫留山館拂愁魔　可憐一片功名念　亦被雲烟抹殺過

御返事兕文　明治二十四年七月二十四日正岡子規宛の端書の中より

燬盡朱顏爛痘痕　失來輕傘却開昏　癡漢悟道非難事　吾是宛然不動尊

大井川舟中　年月不詳

青州從事好相親　鼇背嘯風豪氣伸　十八洋頭秋似水　一痕新月度蒼旻

無題　明治二十七年三月九日菊池謙二郎宛の手紙の中より

閑却花紅柳綠春　江樓何暇醉芳醇　猶憐病子多情意　獨倚禪牀夢美人

無題　四首　明治二十八年五月二十六日正岡子規宛の手紙の中より

快刀切斷兩頭蛇　不顧人間笑語譁　黄土千秋埋得失　蒼天萬古照賢邪
微風易碎水中月　片雨難留枝上花　大醉醒來寒徹骨　餘生養得在山家

辜負東風出故關　鳥啼花謝幾時還　離愁似夢迢々淡　幽思與雲澹々閒
才子群中只守拙　小人圍裏獨持頑　寸心空托一杯酒　劍氣如霜照醉顏

二頃桑田何日耕　青袍敝盡出京城　稜々逸氣輕天道　漠々癡心負世情
弄筆慵求才子譽　作詩空博冶郎名　人間五十今過半　愧爲讀書誤一生

駑才恰好臥山隈　夙托功名投火灰　心似鐵牛鞭不動　憂如梅雨去還來
青天獨解詩人憤　白眼空招俗士咍　日暮蚊軍將滿室　起揮紈扇對崔嵬

無題　明治二十八年五月三十日正岡子規宛の手紙の中より

破碎空中百尺樓　巨濤却向月宮流　大魚不語沒波底　俊鶻將飛立岸頭
劍上風鳴多殺氣　枕邊雨滴鎖閑愁　一任文字買奇禍　笑指青山入豫洲

無題　明治二十九年一月十二日正岡子規宛の端書の中より

海南千里遠　欲別暮天寒　鐵笛吹紅雪　火輪沸紫瀾　爲君憂國易
作客到家難　三十巽還坎　功名夢半殘

丙申五月。恕鄕所居庭前生靈芝。恕鄕因徵余詩。余辭以不文。
恕鄕不聽。賦以爲贈。恕鄕者片嶺氏。余僚友也。

五首　明治二十九年十一月十五日

階前一李樹　其下生靈芝　想當天長節　李紅芝紫時
祿薄而無慍　旻天降厥靈　三莖抱石紫　瑞氣滿門庭

朱盞滿甘露　紫莖抽綠苔　恕鄉三顧出　公退笑顏開

茯苓今懶採　石鼎那烹丹　日對靈芝坐　道心千古寒

氤氳出石罅　幽氣逼禪心　時誦寒山句　看芝坐竹陰

無題　明治三十年十二月十二日正岡子規宛の手紙の中より

掉頭辭帝闕　倚劍出城闉　岑嵂肥山盡　滂洋筑水新　秋風吹落日
大野絕行人　索寞乾坤黯　蒼冥哀雁頻

春興　明治三十一年三月

出門多所思　春風吹吾衣　芳草生車轍　廢道入霞微　停笻而矚目
萬象帶晴暉　聽黃鳥宛轉　覩落英紛霏　行盡平蕪遠　題詩古寺扉
孤愁高雲際　大空斷鴻歸　寸心何窈窕　縹緲忘是非　三十我欲老
韶光猶依々　逍遙隨物化　悠然對芬菲

失題　同前

吾心若有苦　相之遂難相　俯仰天地際　胡爲發哀聲　春花幾開落
世事幾迭更　烏兎促鬢髮　意氣輕功名　昨夜生月暈　飆風朝滿城
夢醒枕上聽　孤劍匣底鳴　慨然振衣起　登樓望前程　前程望不見
漠々愁雲橫

春日靜坐　同前

青春二三月　愁隨芳草長　閑花落空庭　素琴橫虛堂　蟰蛸挂不動
篆烟繞竹梁　獨坐無隻語　方寸認微光　人間徒多事　此境孰可忘

會得一日靜　正知百年忙　遐懐寄何處　緬邈白雲鄉

菜花黄　同前

菜花黄朝暾　菜花黄夕陽　菜花黄裏人　晨昏喜欲狂
冲融入波蒼　縹緲近天都　迢遞凌塵鄉　曠懐隨雲雀
恨未化爲鳥　啼盡菜花黄　斯心不可道　厥樂自濆洋

客中逢春寄子規　明治三十二年

春風遍東皐　門前碧蕪新　我懐在君子　君子隔嶙峋　嶙峋不可跋
君子空穆忞　悵望不可就　碧蕪徒傷神　憶昔交遊日　共許管鮑貧
斗酒凌乾坤　豪氣逼星辰　而今天一涯　索居負我眞　客土我問禮
舊廬君賦春　二百餘里別　三十一年塵　塵纓無由濯　徘徊滄浪津
寄語子規子　莫爲官遊人

無題　同前

眼識東西字　心抱古今憂　廿年愧昏濁　而立纔回頭　靜坐觀復剝
虛懐役剛柔　鳥入雲無迹　魚行水自流　人間固無事　白雲自悠々

古別離　明治三十二年四月

上樓湘水綠　捲簾明月來　雙袖薔薇香　千金琥珀杯　窈窕鳴紫簫
徙倚暗淚催　二八纔畫眉　早識別離哀　再會期何日　臨江思邈哉
徒道不相忘　君心曷得回　迢々從此去　前路白雲堆　撫君金刀錯
憐君奪錦才　不贈貂襜褕　却報英瓊瑰　春風吹翠鬟　悵切下高臺
欲遺君子佩　蘭渚起徘徊

失題 同前

仰瞻日月懸　俯瞰河岳連　曠哉天地際　浩氣塞大千
出處唯隨緣　稱師愧呫嗶　拜官足緡錢　澹蕩愛遲日
古意寄白雲　永懷撫朱絃　興盡何所欲　曲肱空堂眠
炊粱颺黃烟　被髮駕神飇　寥沉崑崙巓　長嘯抱珠去
寤寐終歸一　盈歇自後先　胡僧說頓漸　老子談太玄
紫府孰求仙　眇然無倚託　俛仰地與天　物命有常理

無題 明治三十三年

長風解纜古瀛洲　欲破滄溟掃暗愁　縹緲離懷憐野鶴　蹉跎宿志愧沙鷗
醉捫北斗三杯酒　笑指西天一葉舟　萬里蒼茫航路杳　烟波深處賦高秋

無題 同前

生死因緣無了期　色相世界現狂癡　沌邅校屦塵中滯　迢遞正冠天外之
得失忘懷當是佛　江山滿目悉吾師　前程浩蕩八千里　欲學葛藤文字技

無題 同前

君病風流謝俗紛　吾愚牢落失鴻群　磨甎未徹古人句　嘔血始看才子文
陌柳映衣征意動　館燈照鬢客愁分　詩成投筆蹣跚起　此去西天多白雲

無題 明治四十三年七月三十一日

來宿山中寺　更加老衲衣　寂然禪夢底　窓外白雲歸

無題 明治四十三年九月二十日

秋風鳴萬木　山雨撼高樓　病骨稜如劍　一燈靑欲愁

無題　明治四十三年九月二十二日

圓覺曾參棒喝禪　瞎兒何處觸機緣　青山不拒庸人骨　回首九原月在天

無題　明治四十三年九月二十五日

風流人未死　病裡領清閑　日々山中事　朝々見碧山

無題　明治四十三年九月二十九日

仰臥人如啞　默然見大空　大空雲不動　終日杳相同

無題　明治四十三年十月一日

日似三春永　心隨野水空　牀頭花一片　閑落小眠中

無題　明治四十三年十月二日

夢繞星潢泫露幽　夜分形影暗燈愁　旗亭病近修禪寺　一榻疎鐘已九秋

無題　明治四十三年十月四日

萬事休時一息回　餘生豈忍比残灰　風過古澗秋聲起　日落幽篁暝色來
漫道山中三月滯　詎知門外一天開　歸期勿後黃花節　恐有羈魂夢舊苔

無題　明治四十三年十月五日

淋漓絳血腹中文　嘔照黃昏漾綺紋　入夜空疑身是骨　臥牀如石夢寒雲

無題　明治四十三年十月六日

天下自多事　被吹天下風　高秋悲鬢白　衰病夢顔紅　送鳥天無盡
看雲道不窮　殘存吾骨貴　愼勿妄磨礱

無題　明治四十三年十月七日

傷心秋已到　嘔血骨猶存　病起期何日　夕陽還一村

無題　明治四十三年十月八日

秋露下南磵　黃花粲照顏　欲行沿磵遠　却得與雲還

無題　明治四十三年十月十日

客夢回時一鳥鳴　夜來山雨曉來晴　孤峯頂上孤松色　早映紅暾鬱々明

無題　明治四十三年十月

縹緲玄黃外　死生交謝時　寄託冥然去　我心何所之　歸來覓命根
杳窅竟難知　孤愁空遶夢　宛動蕭瑟悲　江山秋已老　粥藥髩將衰
廓寥天尙在　高樹獨餘枝　晚懷如此澹　風露入詩遲

無題　明治四十三年十月二十五日

桃花馬上少年時　笑擁銀鞍拂柳枝　綠水至今迢遞去　月明來照鬢如絲

無題　明治四十三年十月二十七日

馬上青年老　鏡中白髮新　幸生天子國　願作太平民

無題　明治四十三年十月池邊三山宛

遣却新詩無處尋　嗒然隔牖對遙林　斜陽滿徑照僧遠　黃葉一村藏寺深
懸偈壁間焚佛意　見雲天上抱琴心　人間至樂江湖老　犬吠鷄鳴共好音

春日偶成　明治四十五年五月二十四日

其一

莫道風塵老　當軒野趣新　竹深鶯亂囀　淸晝臥聽春

其二

竹密能通水　花高不隱春　風光誰是主　好日屬詩人

其三

細雨看花後　光風靜坐中　虛堂迎晝永　流水出門空

其四

樹暗幽聽鳥　天明仄見花　春風無遠近　吹到野人家

其五

抱病衡門老　憂時涕淚多　江山春意動　客夢落煙波

其六

渡口春潮靜　扁舟半柳陰　漁翁眠未覺　山色入江深

其七

流鶯呼夢去　微雨濕花來　昨夜春愁色　依稀上綠苔

其八

樹下開襟坐　吟懷與道新　落花人不識　啼鳥自殘春

其九

草色空階下　萋々雨後青　孤鶯呼偶去　遲日滿閑庭

其十

渡盡東西水　三過翠柳橋　春風吹不斷　春恨幾條々

無題　明治四十五年六月

雨晴天一碧　水暖柳西東　愛見衡門下　明々白地風

無題　同前

芳菲看漸饒　韶景蕩詩情　却愧丹青技　春風描不成

無題　同前

高梧能宿露　疎竹不藏秋　靜坐團蒲上　寥々似在舟

無題　明治四十五年七月

綠雲高幾尺　葉々疊清陰　雨過更成趣　蝸牛蹤翠岑

大觀畫をやるといふ。余の書をくれといふ。仕方がないから御禮の詩をかくといふてやる。詩の方先づ出來上る。　明治四十五年七月

獨坐空齋裏　丹青引興長　大觀居士贈　圓覺道人藏　野水辭君巷
閑雲入我堂　徂徠隨所澹　住在自然郷

酬横山畫伯惠畫

大觀天地趣　圓覺自然情　任手時揮灑　雲煙筆底生

流山の秋元梧樓又入らざる明治百家短冊帖とかを出板す序をかけと云つて聞かず。手紙に詩を添へてやる。　明治四十五年七月

雲箋有響墨痕斜　好句誰書草底蛇　九十九人渾是錦　集將春色到吾家

百人を九十九人としたるは余を除きたる也。余の短冊は實際物になつてゐるとは思へず、九十九人は謙遜でもなし。事實を申した積也。

妙雲寺觀瀑　大正元年九月

蕭條古刹倚崔嵬　溪口無僧坐石苔　山上白雲明月夜　直爲銀蟒佛前來

題自畫　大正元年十一月

山上有山路不通　柳陰多柳水西東　扁舟盡日孤村岸　幾度鷺群訪釣翁

題自畫

獨坐聽啼鳥　關門謝世嘩　南窗無一事　閑寫水仙花

無題

夜色幽扉外　辭僧出竹林　浮雲回首盡　明月自天心

題畫竹

葉密看風動　枝垂聽雨新　南軒移植後　君子不憂貧

無　題

竹裏清風起　石頭白暈生　幽人無一事　好句嗒然來

題　墨竹　大正三年

二十年來愛碧林　山人須解友虛心　長毫清墨時如雨　欲寫鏘鏘戛玉音

山水ノ圖ノ題　同　前

匡臨碧水老松懸　路過危橋仄徑迂　佇立笻頭雲起處　半空遙見古浮圖

題　自　畫　大正三年二月

澗上淡煙橫古驛　峽中白日照荒亭　蕭條十里南山路　馬背看過松竹青

題　自　畫　大正三年

起臥乾坤一草亭　眼中唯有四山青　閑來放鶴長松下　又上虛堂讀易經

得健堂先生自壽詩及七壽杯次韻以祝　同　前

煙霞不託百年身　却住大都清福新　七壽杯成頒客日　梅花的皪照佳辰

閑居偶成似臨風詞兄　同　前

野水辭花塢　春風入草堂　徂徠何澹淡　無我是仙鄉

遊子吟贈森圓月　大正三年二月

樓頭秋雨暗　樓下暮潮寒　澤國何蕭索　愁人獨倚欄

題自畫

十里桃花發　春溪一路通　潺湲聽欲近　家在斷橋東

題自畫　大正三年十一月

碧落孤雲盡　虛明鳥道通　遲々驢背客　獨入石門中

題自畫　大正四年四月

隔水東西住　白雲往也還　東家松籟起　西屋竹珊々

西川一草亭ノ畫ニ題ス　大正四年九月

十年仍舊灌花人　還對秋風詩思新　一草亭中閑半日　寫從紅蓼到青蘋

題自畫

机上蕉堅稿　門前碧玉竿　喫茶三盌後　雲影入窓寒

題結城素明畫

雪後荊榛裏　猗々綠竹殘　却憐雙凍雀　風急杪頭寒

題自畫　大正五年一月

栽松人不到　移石意常平　且喜靈芝紫　莖々瑞色明

題自畫　大正五年春

幽居人不到　獨坐覺衣寛　偶解春風意　來吹竹與蘭

題自畫　同前

唐詩讀罷倚闌干　午院沈々緑意寒　借問春風何處有　石前幽竹石間蘭

無題　大正五年八月十四日夜

幽居正解酒中忙　華髪何須住醉郷　座有詩僧閑拈句　門無俗客靜焚香
花間宿鳥振朝露　柳外歸牛帶夕陽　隨所隨縁清興足　江村日月老來長

無題　八月十五日

雙鬢有絲無限情　春秋幾度讀還耕　風吹弱柳枝々動　雨打高桐葉々鳴
遙見半峰吐月色　長聽一水落雲聲　幽居樂道狐裘古　欲買緼袍時入城

無題　同前

五十年來處士分　豈期高踏自離群　萓門不杜貧如道　茅屋偶空交似雲
天日蒼茫誰有賦　太虛寥廓我無文　慇懃寄語寒山子　饒舌松風獨待君

無題　八月十六日

無心禮佛見靈臺　山寺對僧詩趣催　松柏百年囘壁去　薜蘿一日上墻來
道書誰點窟前燭　法偈難磨石面苔　借問參禪寒衲子　翠嵐何處着塵埃

無題　同前

行到天涯易白頭　故園何處得歸休　驚殘楚夢雲猶暗　聽盡吳歌月始愁
遶郭青山三面合　抱城春水一方流　眼前風物也堪喜　欲見桃花獨上樓

無題　八月十九日

老去歸來臥故丘　蕭然環堵意悠々　透過藻色魚眠穩　落盡梅花鳥語愁
空翠山遙藏古寺　平蕪路遠沒春流　林塘日々教吾樂　富貴功名曷肯留

無題　八月二十日

兩鬢衰來白幾莖　年華始識一朝傾　薰蕕臭裡求何物　蝴蝶夢中寄此生
下履空階淒露散　移牀廢砌亂蟬驚　清風滿地芭蕉影　搖曳午眠葉々輕

無題　八月二十一日

尋仙未向碧山行　住在人間足道情　明暗雙々三萬字　撫摩石印自由成

「明暗」を艸してゐる時、机上の石印を撫摩する癖を生じたる事を人に話した所、其人轉地先より、自分も量に於ては石印を摩して作る位の作はやる積だと云つてくる。それで此詩を作つた。

無題　同前

不作文章不論經　漫走東西似泛萍　故國無花思竹徑　他鄉有酒上旗亭
愁中片月三更白　夢裏連山半夜青　到處緡錢堪買石　傭誰大字撰碑銘

無題　八月二十二日

香烟一炷道心濃　趺坐何處古佛逢　終日無爲雲出岫　夕陽多事鶴歸松

寒黃點綴籬間菊　暗碧衝開牖外峯　欲拂胡床遺麈尾　上堂回首復呼童

無　題　八月二十三日

寂寞光陰五十年　蕭條老去逐塵緣　無他愛竹三更韻　與衆栽松百丈禪
淡月徵雲魚樂道　落花芳艸鳥思天　春城日々東風好　欲賦歸來未買田

無　題　八月二十六日

結社東台近市廛　黃塵自有買山錢　幽懷寫竹雲生硯　高興畫蘭香滿箋
添雨突如驚鷺起　點睛忽地破龍眠　縱横落墨誰爭霸　健筆會中第一仙

霜山といふ人が來て不折の丙辰潑墨といふものを出すから題を書いてくれといふ。字がまづいから、詩を作つて、詩半人前字半人前合せて一人前にしようと答へて此詩を作る。別に不折の畫に適切な事ばかりは竝べない。但し彼は健筆で無茶に澤山かいて金を取る男である。

無　題　八月二十八日

何須漫說布衣尊　數卷好書吾道存　陰盡始開芳艸戸　春來獨杜落花門
蕭條古佛風流寺　寂寞先生日涉園　村巷路深無過客　一庭修竹掩南軒

無　題　八月二十九日

不愛帝城車馬喧　故山歸臥掩柴門　紅桃碧水春雲寺　暖日和風野靄村
人到渡頭垂柳盡　鳥來樹杪落花繁　前塘昨夜蕭々雨　促得細鱗入小園

無　題　八月三十日

經來世故漫爲憂　胸次欲攄不自由　誰道文章千古事　曾思質素百年謀

小才幾度行新境　大悟何時臥故丘　昨日閑庭風雨悪　芭蕉葉上復知秋

黄興書ヲ書イテ<ruby>呉<rt></rt></ruby>レル。文章千古事トアリ。前聯故ニ及ブ。

無題　同前

詩思杳在野橋東　景物多横淡靄中　緗水映邊帆露白　翠雲流處塔餘紅
桃花赫灼皆依日　柳色糢糊不厭風　縹緲孤愁春欲盡　還令一鳥入虚空

無題　九月一日

不入青山亦故鄕　春秋幾作好文章　託心雲水道機盡　結夢風塵世味長
坐到初更亡所思　起終三昧望夫蒼　鳥聲閑處人應靜　寂室薰來一炷香

石門路遠不容尋　曄日高懸雲外林　獨與青松同素志　終令白鶴解丹心
空山有影梅花冷　春澗無風藥草深　黄髯老漢憐無事　復坐虚堂獨撫琴

無題　九月二日

滿目江山夢裡移　指頭明月了吾癡　曾參石佛聽無法　漫作佯狂冒世規
白首南軒歸臥日　青衫北斗遠征時　先生不解降龍術　閉戸空爲閑適詩

無題　同前

大地從來日月長　普天何處不文章　雲黏閑葉雪前靜　風逐飛花雨後忙
三伏點愁惟泫露　四時關意是重陽　詩人自有公平眼　春夏秋冬盡故鄕

無題　九月三日

獨往孤來俗不齊　山居悠久沒東西　巖頭晝靜桂花落　檻外月明澗鳥啼
道到無心天自合　時如有意節將迷　空山寂々人閑處　幽草芊々滿古蹊

無題　九月四日

散來華髮老魂驚　林下何曾賦不平　無復江梅追帽點　空令野菊映衣明
蕭々鳥入秋天意　瑟々風吹落日情　遙望斷雲還躑躅　閑愁盡處暗愁生

無題　同前

人間誰道別離難　百歲光陰指一彈　只為桃紅訂舊好　莫令李白醉長安
風吹遠樹南枝暖　浪撼高樓北斗寒　天地有情春合識　今年今日又成歡

無題　九月五日

絕好文章天地大　四時寒暑不曾違　夭々正晝桃將發　歷々晴空鶴始飛
日月高懸何磊落　陰陽默照是靈威　勿令碧眼知消息　欲弄言辭墮俗機

無題　九月六日

虛明如道夜如霜　迢遞證來天地藏　月向空階多作意　風從蘭渚遠吹香
幽燈一點高人夢　茅屋三間處士鄉　彈罷素琴孤影白　還令鶴唳半宵長

無題　九月九日

曾見人間今見天　醍醐上味色空邊　白蓮曉破詩僧夢　翠柳長吹精舍緣
道到虛明長語絕　烟歸曖曃妙香傳　入門還愛無他事　手折幽花供佛前

無題　九月十日

絹黄婦幼鬼神驚　饒舌何知遂八成　欲證無言觀妙諦　休將作意促詩情
孤雲白處遙秋色　芳艸綠邊多雨聲　風月只須看直下　不依文字道初清

無　題　九月十一日

東風送暖暖吹衣　獨出幽居望翠微　幾抹桃花皆淡靄　三分野水入晴暉
春畦有事渡橋過　閑草帶香穿徑歸　自是田家人不到　村翁去後掩柴扉

無　題　九月十二日

我將歸處地無田　我未死時人有緣　喞々蟲聲皆月下　蕭々客影落燈前
頭添野菊重陽節　市見鱸魚秋暮天　明日送潮風復急　一帆去盡水如年

無　題　九月十三日

挂劍微思不自知　誤爲季子愧無期　秋風破盡芭蕉夢　寒雨打成流落詩
天下何狂投筆起　人間有道挺身之　吾當死處吾當死　一日元來十二時

無　題　同　前

山居日々恰相同　出入無時西復東　的皪梅花濃淡外　朦朧月色有無中
人從屋後過橋去　水到蹊頭穿竹通　最喜清宵燈一點　孤愁夢鶴在春空

無　題　九月十五日

素秋搖落變山容　高臥掩門寒影重　寂々空舲橫淺渚　疎々細雨濕芙蓉
愁前剔燭夜愈靜　詩後焚香字亦濃　時望水雲無限處　蕭然獨聽隔林鐘

無　題　九月十六日

思白雲時心始降　顧虛影處意成雙　幽花獨發消々水　細雨閑來寂々窓
欲倚孤筇看斷碣　還驚小鳥過苔矼　蕙蘭今尙在空谷　一脈風吹君子邦

無　題　九月十七日

好焚香炷護淸宵　不是枯禪愛寂寥　月暖三更憐雨靜　水閑半夜聽魚跳
思詩恰似前程遠　記夢誰知去路遙　獨坐窈窕虛白裏　蘭釭照盡入明朝

無　題　九月十八日

飣餖焚時大道安　天然景物自然觀　佳人不識虛心竹　君子曷思空谷蘭
黃耐霜來籬菊亂　白從月得野梅寒　勿拈華妄作微笑　雨打風翻任獨看

無　題　九月十九日

截斷詩思君勿嫌　好詩長在眼中黏　孤雲無影一帆去　殘雨有痕半榻霑
欲爲花明看遠樹　不令柳暗入疎簾　年々妙味無聲句　又被春風錦上添

無　題　九月二十日

作客誰知別路賒　思詩半睡隔窓紗　逆追鶯語入殘夢　應抱春愁對晚花
晏起牀頭新影到　曾遊壁上舊題斜　欲將爛醉酬佳日　高揭靑帘在酒家

無　題　九月二十二日

聞說人生活計艱　曷知窮裡道情閑　空看白髮如驚夢　獨役黃牛誰出關
去路無痕何處到　來時有影幾朝還　當年瞎漢今安在　長嘯前村後郭間

無　題　九月二十三日

苦吟又見二毛斑　愁殺愁人始破顔　禪榻入秋憐寂寞　茶烟對月愛蕭閒
門前暮色空明水　檻外晴容律崒山　一味吾家清活計　黃花自發鳥知還

無題　同前

漫行棒喝喜縱横　胡亂衲僧不値生　長舌談禪無所得　禿頭賣道欲何求
春花發處正邪絕　秋月照邊善惡明　王者有令爭赦罪　如雲斬賊血還清

無題　九月二十四日

擬將蝶夢誘吟魂　且隔人生在畫村　花影半簾來着靜　風蹤滿地去無痕
小樓烹茗輕烟熟　午院曝書黃雀喧　一榻清機閑日月　詩成默々對清暄

無題　九月二十五日

孤臥獨行無友朋　又看雲樹影層々　白浮薄暮三叉水　靑破重陰一點燈
入定誰聽風外磬　作詩時訪月前僧　閑居近寺多幽意　禮佛只言最上乘

無題　九月二十六日

大道誰言絕聖凡　覺醒始恐石人讒　空留殘夢託孤枕　遠送斜陽入片帆
數卷唐詩茶後榻　幾聲幽鳥桂前巖　門無過客今如古　獨對秋風着舊衫

無題　九月二十七日

欲求蕭散口須緘　爲愛曠夷脫舊衫　春盡天邊人上塔　望窮空際水呑帆
漸悲白髮親黃卷　既入靑山見紫巖　昨日孤雲東向去　今朝落影在溪杉

無題　九月二十九日

朝洗青研夕愛鵞　蓮池水靜接西坡　委花細雨黃昏到　託竹光風綠影過
一日清閒無債鬼　十年生計在詩魔　興來題句春琴上　墨滴幽香道氣多

無題　九月三十日

閑窓睡覺影參差　机上猶餘筆一枝　多病寛文秋入骨　細心構想寒砭肌
紅塵堆裏聖賢道　碧落空中淸淨詩　描到西風辭不足　看雲採菊在東籬

無題　十月一日

誰道蓬萊隔萬濤　于今仙境在春醪　風吹靺鞨虜塵盡　雨洗滄溟天日高
大岳無雲輝積雪　碧空有影映紅桃　擬將好譃消佳節　直下長竿釣巨鼇

無題　十月二日

不愛紅塵不愛林　蕭然淨室是知音　獨摩拳石摸雲意　時對盆梅見蘚心
麈尾毿毫朱几側　蠅頭細字紫研陰　閑中有事喫茶後　復賃晴暄照苦吟

無題　十月三日

逐蝶尋花忽失蹤　晩歸林下幾人逢　朱評古聖空靈句　青隔時流偃蹇松
機外蕭風吹落寞　靜中凝露向芙蓉　山高日短秋將盡　復擁寒衾獨入多

無題　十月四日

百年功過有吾知　百殺百愁亡了期　作意西風吹短髮　無端北斗落長眉
室中仰毒眞人死　門外追仇賊子飢　誰道閑庭秋索寞　忙看黃葉自離枝

無題　十月六日

非耶非佛又非儒　窮巷賣文聊自娯　採擷何香過藝苑　徘徊幾碧在詩蕪
焚書灰裏書知活　無法界中法解蘇　打殺神人亡影處　虛空歷々現賢愚

無題　十月七日

宵長日短惜年華　白首囘來笑語譁　潮滿大江秋已到　雲隨片帆望將賒
高翼會風霜雁苦　小心吠月老獒誇　楚人寶劍吳人玉　市上相逢顧眄斜

無題　十月八日

休向畫龍漫點睛　畫龍躍處妖雲横　眞龍本來無面目　雨黑風白臥空谷
通身遍覓失爪牙　忽然復活侶魚蝦

無題　十月九日

詩人面目不嫌工　誰道眼前好悪同　岸樹倒枝皆入水　野花傾萼盡迎風
霜燃爛葉寒暉外　客送殘鴉夕照中　古寺尋來無古佛　倚筇獨立斷橋東

無題　十月十日

忽怪空中躍百愁　百愁躍處主人休　點春成佛江梅柳　食草訂交風馬牛
途上相逢忘舊識　天涯遠別報深仇　長磨一劍々將盡　獨使龍鳴復入秋

無題　十月十一日

死々生々萬境開　天移地轉見詩才　碧梧滴露寒蟬盡　紅蓼先霜蒼雁來
冷上孤韓三寸月　暖憐靈至一分灰　空中耳語啾々鬼　夢散蓮華拜我囘

無題　十月十二日

途逢啐啄了機緣　殼外殼中孰後先　一様風旛相契處　同時水月結交邊
空明打出英靈漢　閑暗踢翻金玉篇　膽小休言遺大事　會天行道是吾禪

無題　十月十五日

吾面難親向鏡親　吾心不見獨嗟貧　明朝市上屠牛客　今日山中觀道人
行盡邐迤天始闊　踏殘峆嶒地猶新　縱横曲折高還下　總是虚無總是眞

無題　十月十六日

人間翻手是青山　朝入市廛白日閒　笑語何心雲漠々　喧聲幾所水潺々
誤跨牛背馬鳴去　復得龍牙狗走還　抱月投爐紅火熱　忽然亡月碧浮灣

無題　十月十七日

古往今來我獨新　今來古往衆爲隣　横吹鼻孔逢鄕友　豎拂眉頭失老親
合浦珠還誰主客　鴻門玦擧孰君臣　分明一々似他處　郤是空前絶後人

無題　十月十八日

舊識誰言別路遙　新知郤在客中邀　花紅柳緑前緣盡　鶯暗鴉明今意饒
石上長垂紈繡帳　巖頭忽見木蘭橈　眼睛百轉無奇特　鷄去鳳來我弄簫

無題　十月十九日

門前高柳接花郊　幾段春光眼底交　長着貂裘憐狗尾　愧收鵲翼在鳩巢
萬紅亂起吾知異　千紫吹消鬼不嘲　忽地東風間一瞬　花飛柳散對空梢

無題　十月二十日

半生意氣撫刀鐶　骨肉銷磨立大寰　死力何人防舊郭　淸風一日破牢關
入泥駿馬地中去　折角靈犀天外還　漢水今朝流北向　依然面目見廬山

無　　題　　十月二十一日

吾失天時併失愚　吾今會道道離吾　人間忽盡聰明死　魔界猶存正義軀
擲地鏗鏘金錯劍　碎空燦爛夜光珠　獨吞涕淚長躊躇　怙恃兩亡立廣衢

無　題　三　首　同　前

元是一城主　焚城行廣衢　行々長物盡　何處捨吾愚
元是喪家狗　徘徊在草原　童兒誤打殺　何日入吾門
元是錦衣子　賣衣又賣珠　長身無估客　赤裸々中愚

無　題　三　首　十月二十二日

元是貧家子　相憐富貴門　一朝空腹滿　忽死報君恩
元是東家子　西隣乞食歸　歸來何所見　舊宅雨霏々
元是太平子　寧居忘亂離　忽然兵燹起　一死始醫飢

元成禪人自德源大會囘鉢到余家淹留旬日臨去需余畫余爲禪人作墨竹三竿併題詩以贈　十月三十一日

秋意蕭條在畫中　疎枝細葉不須工　明朝鐵路西歸客　聽否三竿墨竹風

丙辰十月余爲元成禪人作墨竹越一日見壁間所挂圖與忽發乃爲珪堂禪人抽毫作松一株配以石二三不知禪人受余贈否也　十一月一日

君臥一圓中　吾描松下石　勿言不會禪　元是山林客

無　題　十一月十三日

自笑壺中大夢人　雲寰縹緲忽忘神　三竿旭日紅桃峽　一丈珊瑚碧海春
鶴上晴空仙翮靜　風吹靈草藥根新　長生未向蓬萊去　不老只當養一眞

無　題　十一月十九日

大愚難到志難成　五十春秋瞬息程　觀道無言只入靜　拈詩有句獨求淸
迢々天外去雲影　籟々風中落葉聲　忽見閑窓虛白上　東山月出半江明

無　題　十一月二十日夜

眞蹤寂寞杳難尋　欲抱虛懷步古今　碧水碧山何有我　蓋天蓋地是無心

依稀暮色月離草　錯落秋聲風在林　眼耳雙忘身亦失　空中獨唱白雲吟

和歌

對月有感　二首　明治二十二年九月

蓬生の葉末に宿る月影はむかしゆかしきかたみなりけり

情あらば月も雲井に老ぬべしかはり行く世をてらしつくして

山路觀楓　明治二十二年十一月六日

杣人もにしき着るらし今朝の雨に紅葉の色の袖に透れば

吟草

阿蘇山二首　明治三十二年九月五日

赤き烟黒き烟の二柱眞直に立つ秋の大空

山を劈いて奈落に落ちしはたゝ神の奈落出でんとたける音かも（奈落を出んと）

『それから』會の爲にから歌三首を作る　明治四十二年十月十日

高麗百濟新羅の國を我行けば我行く方に秋の白雲

肌寒くなりまさる夜の窓の外に雨をあざむくぽぷらあの音

草繁き宮居の迹を一人行けば礎を吹く高麗の秋風

新體詩

水底の感

藤村操女子

水の底、水の底。住まば水の底。深き契り、深く沈めて、
永く住まん、君と我。
黒髪の、長き亂れ。藻屑もつれて、ゆるく漾ふ。夢なら
ぬ夢の命か。暗からぬ暗きあたり。
うれし水底。清き吾等に、譏り遠く憂透らず。有耶無耶
の心ゆらぎて、愛の影ほの見ゆ。

——明治三十七年二月八日寺田寅彦宛の端書に——

從軍行

一

吾に讎あり、艨艟吼ゆる、
　讎はゆるすな、男兒の意氣。
吾に讎あり、貔貅群がる、
　讎は逃すな、勇士の膽。
色は濃き血か、扶桑の旗は、
　讎を照さず、殺氣こめて。

二

天子の命ぞ、吾讎擊つは、
　臣子の分ぞ、遠く赴く。
百里を行けど、敢て歸らず、
　千里二千里、勝つことを期す。
粲たる七斗は、御空のあなた、
　傲る吾讎、北方にあり。

三

天に誓へば、岩をも透す、
　聞くや三尺、鞘走る音。
寒光熱して、吹くは碧血、
　骨を掠めて、戞として鳴る。
折れぬ此太刀、讎を斬る太刀、
　のり飲む太刀か、血に渴く太刀。

四

空を拍つ浪、浪消す烟、
　腥さき世に、あるは幻影。
さと閃めくは、罪の稻妻、
　暗く搖くは、呪ひの信旗。
深し死の影、我を包みて、
　寒し血の雨、我に灑ぐ。

五

殷たる砲聲、神代に響きて、
　萬古の雪を、今捲き落す。
鬼とも見えて、焰吐くべく、
　劍に倚りて、眥裂けば、
胡山のふゞき、黑き方より、
　鐵騎十萬、莽として來る。

六

見よ兵等、われの心は、
　猛き心ぞ、蹄を薙ぎて。
聞けや殿原、これの命は、
　棄てぬ命ぞ、彈丸を潛りて。
天上天下、敵あらばあれ、
　敵ある方に、向ふ武士。

七

戰やまん、吾武揚らん、
　傲る吾讎、茲に亡びん。
東海日出で、高く昇らん、
　天下明か、春風吹かん。
瑞穗の國に、瑞穗の國を、

守る神あり、八百萬神。

——明治三十七年五月十日『帝國文學』——

鬼哭寺の一夜

百里に迷ふ旅心、
古りし伽藍に夜を明かす。
甍漏る音の雨さびて
憂きわれのみに世死したり。
風なく搖らぐ法幢の、
暗き方へと靡くとき、
佛も寒く御座すらん。
黃金と光る蜘蛛の眼の、
闇を縫ふべき計、
銀(しろがね)糸に引く見れば
冥府(よみ)の色より物凄し。

折しもあれや枕邊に、
物の寄り來る氣合して、
圓かならざる夢冴えつ、
夜半の燈に鬼氣青し、
吾を呼ぶなる心地して、
石を抱くと思ふ間に、
佛眼颯と血走れり。
立つは女か有耶無耶の
白きを透かす輕羅に
空しく眉の緣りなる
佛と見しは女にて、
女と見しは物の化か
細き咽喉に呪ひけん
世を隔てたる聲立てゝ

われに語るは歌か詩か
『昔し思へば珠となる
睫の露に君の影
寫ると見れば碎けたり
人つれなくて月を戀ひ
月かなしくて吾願
果敢なくなりぬ二十年
ある夜私かに念ずれば
天に迷へる星落ちて
闇をつらぬく光り疾く
古井の底に響あり
陽炎燃ゆる黑髮の
長き亂れの化しもせば
土に蘭麝の香もあらん

露乾(ひ)て菫枯れしより
愛、紫に溶けがたく
恨、碧りと凝るを見よ
未了の縁に纏はれば
生死に渡る誓だに
塚も動けと泣くを聽け』

…………

塚も動けと泣く聲に
塚も動きて秋の風
夜すがら吹いて曉の
茫々として明にけり
宵見し夢の迹見れば
草茫々と明にけり

——明治三十七年頃——

俳體詩

送別

道ふなかれ長き別れと
束の間も長きはわかれ
水落ちて鮎さびぬるを
眉てらす月こそ憂けれ
舞ふべくも袖短かくて
綰ねたる柳ちり〳〵
盃に泡また消えて
酒の味にがきか今宵
詩成れども唱へがたし

これは俳體詩にはならぬか。わからぬ處が面白い。如何。

――明治三十七年七月、高濱虚子宛――

無題

先日四方太を訪ふ。お互に愚痴をこぼして別る。四方太桃を喰ひ漱石サイホンを呑む。俳體詩はいまだ出來ぬにや。

朝貌や賣れ残りたるホトヽギス
尻をからげて自轉車に乘る
四方太は月給足らず夏に籠り
新發明の蚊いぶしを焚く
來年の講義を一人苦しがり
パナマの帽を鳥渡うらやむ

――明治三十七年七月、高濱虚子宛――

無題

無人島の天子とならば涼しかろ　漱石
獨り裸で据風呂を焚く　同
いづくより流れよりけんうつろ船　虚子
大き過ぎたる靴の片足　漱石
提灯のやうな鬼灯谷に生え　虚子
河童の岡へ上る夕暮　漱石

――明治三十七年七月、於虚子庵――

富寺

秋風の頻りに吹くや古榎
御朱印附きの寺の境内
老僧が即非の額を仰ぎ見て
餌を食ふ鹿の影の長さよ

——明治三十七年十月十日『ホトトギス』——

無題

ばつさりと後架の上の一葉かな　漱石
壁の破れを出る蜂　虚子
糸車夕の月にひきさして　ゝ
宿乞ふ僧を紙燭して見る　石

——明治三十七年十月十日『ホトトギス』——

無題

なげし浮世に戀あらば
睡中などて詩なからん
春蘭燈の宴罷んで
小袖を寒み臥す椽の
欄に上るや花の影
枕にひゞく星落ちて
李白の醉を忍ぶ時
銀河流れて夢に入る
眠らば春の夜の高殿

——明治三十七年十月十日『ホトトギス』——

無題

行春や未練を叩く二十棒
青道心に冷えし田樂
此頃は京へ頼〔たより〕の狀もなく
兀々として愚なれとよ
僧堂と燒印のある下駄穿いて
門を出づれば櫻かつ散る

——明治三十七年十月十一日野間眞綱宛の繪端書の中より——

尼

虚子
漱石

一

女郎花女は尼になりにけり　子
絃の切れたる琴に音も無く　石
天蓋につゞれ錦の帶裁ちて　子
歌に讀みたる砧もぞ打つ　石

二

白露に悟道を問へば朝な夕な　石
兀々として愚なれとよ　〻
板敷に常香盤の鈴落ちて　子
暫く響く庵の秋風　〻

三

京の便り此頃絶えて薄紅葉　石
父の庄司の鹿を射るらん　〻
夢に入る戀も恨も昔にて　〻
夫の位牌に古き雨漏る　〻

四

蘭の香に月缺けそむるきのふけふ　子
おこりといへる病悲しき　〻
懸巣さへ軒端に近く山深み　〻
粥も食はずに賴む御佛　〻

五

燈火を低き屏風に圍ひかね　石

ねまらんとすればかたき枕よ　〃
うそ寒き鼠の尻尾ほの見えて　〃
朱き漆の剝げし臀臺　〃

六

日のあたる障子に冬は來りけり　子
ましらかと思ふ聲の聞こゆる　〃
木枯の吹く度骨も瘦するらん　〃
眉さへ延びて鏡恥し　〃

七

生きて世に梅一輪の春寒く　石
雪斑なる山を見るかな　〃
身まかりてあらましものを普門品　〃
おこたりそめてなか〲に憂き　〃

八

鶯の啼く時心新たなり　〃
經讀みさして閼伽酌みに行く　〃
苔吹いて青きもの見ゆ桶の底　〃
漏るに任せて汲むに任せて　〃

九

川上は平氏の裔の住みぬらん　石
落ちて椿の遠く流るゝ　〃
花瓣に昔ながらの戀燃えて　子
世を捨てたるに何の陽炎　〃

十

此時か松の綠りの吹き亂れ　〃

茂みにばさと落ちし鳥こそ　ゝ
羽搏きて薊の花の散る中に　ゝ
都作りの征矢を負ひけり　ゝ

十一

征矢抜けば鳥東に飛び去りぬ　ゝ
手に在る征矢の主や何者　ゝ
うるし文字うるはし文字に書かれたるは　ゝ
世にあるまじき夫の名ぞそも　ゝ

十二

夫逝きぬと兵部が來せし玉章は　ゝ
我黒髪の形見なりしを　ゝ
北溟に日出づと我を欺きて　石
佛を誣ゆる罪に恥ぢずや　ゝ

十三

山吹を手向の花と思ひしに　ゝ
今誰が爲に酌む閼伽の水　ゝ
去にしてふ人去なであらば戀すてふ　ゝ
女なりせばなど戀ひめやも　ゝ

十四

月に花に彌陀を念じて知らざりき　ゝ
藕絲にひそむ阿修羅ありとも　ゝ
物狂ひ可笑しと人の見るならば　ゝ
彌生半に時雨降るといへ　ゝ

十五

精進の誓を破る心こそ　ゝ

菩提を慕ふほむらならずや　ゝ
道もゆるせ逢はんと思ふ人の名は　ゝ
孤高院殿寂阿大居士　ゝ

十六

落椿矢にや刺さまし夫の矢に　ゝ
翳して行けば白き衣照る　ゝ
苔踏んで苔の下なる岩の音に　ゝ
君居ますかと心空なり　ゝ

十七

杣人の石にやあらん我を笑ふ　ゝ
否石ならば笑はじものを　ゝ
我も笑へ笑へば耳に風吹きて　ゝ
何を嘲る春の山彦　ゝ

十八

道のべの老木の櫻散るを見よ　子
ゆさぶれば散る石打てば散る　ゝ
征矢を取つて鞭打てば散る音を聞け　ゝ
南無阿彌陀佛〱　ゝ

十九

花吹雪我を送りて里に入る　石
其里の子等石にはあらじ　ゝ
此わたり死にたる人の生きてあらば　ゝ
生きたる我の死ぬと傳へよ　ゝ

二十

古の星きらめくと思ひしが　ゝ

曉方の眉に落ち來る　〃
悟とは釋迦の作れる迷にて　〃
山を下れば煩惱の里　〃

二十一

月もやみね花もやみねと狂ふなり　〃
三世の佛は猶更にやみね　〃
誰かいふ一念一誦功德ありと　〃
紅爐に點ず雪はそもさん　〃

二十二

夜といへる黒きものこそ命なれ　〃
色を隔てゝ鈍き脈搏つ　〃
我を呼ぶ死手の烏の聲凋れて　〃
怪しき星の冥府に尾を曳く　〃

＊　＊　＊　＊　＊　＊

二十三

夏山の茂木が下の草深み　子
祟ありてふ塚は古塚　〃
たま／＼に山郭公の落し文　〃
來り弔ふ二個の好事子　〃

二十四

花供ずれば或は動く塚の上　〃
香一炷に夏の蝶飛ぶ　〃
横樣に苔を透かせば石の面に　〃
狂尼の墓と文字幽なり　〃

——明治三十七年十一月、十二月『ホトトギス』——

冬夜

冬牡丹の　花の影
かたまりて　四つ五つ
金屏に　斜なり

灯をかこふ　乳玻璃のほや
紅は　壁を射て
光琳の　幅を照らす

しん〳〵と　降る雪の
音を聞く　耳寒く
只一人　夜は半

桐火桶　善き炭を
つぎ足せば　ぬく炭に
炭はねて　散る音す

水指の　水さして
たぎりたる　鐵瓶の
暫くは　鳴り已むよ

發句せんと　思へども
成りがたき　上五文字
漸くに　得るは嬉し

寐まらんと　夜着の中
首入れて　南無阿彌陀

襲はれず　夢も無し

——明治三十七年十二月十日『ホトトギス』——

無題

眞綱ある日　眞拆が家を
訪れて　小春の緣に
脊二つほして　垣根にからむ
烏瓜にも　劣りしものを
ぶらり／＼と　時を經にけり
日は落ちかゝり　夕餉となれば
したゝかに　物食ふ眞綱
したゝかに　物食ふ眞拆
眞拆が飯を　眞綱が食ひて
眞綱が歌を　眞拆がよみて

長閑なりける　年のくれかな
うらやまし〱

——明治三十七年十二月十三日、野間眞綱宛——

童謠

源兵衛が　練馬村から
大根を　馬の脊につけ
御歳暮に　持て來てくれた

源兵衛が　手拭でもて
股引の　埃をはたき
臺どこに　腰をおろしてる

源兵衛が　烟草をふかす
遠慮なく　臭いのをふかす
すぱ〱と　平氣でふかす

源兵衛に　どうだと聞いたら
さうでがす　相變らずで
こん年も　寒いと言つた
源兵衛が　烟草のむまに
源兵衛の　馬が垣根の
白と赤の　山茶花を食つた
源兵衛の　烟草あ臭いが
源兵衛は　好きなぢゞいだ
源兵衛の　馬は悪馬だ

——明治三十八年一月一日『ホトトギス』——

無題

元日や歌を味むべき顔ならず
　胃弱の腹に三椀の餅
火燵から覗く小路の靜にて
　瓶に活けたる梅も春なり
山妻の淡き浮世と思ふらん
　厨の方で根深切る音
專念にこんろ煽ぐは女の童
　黄なもの溶けて鍋に珠ちる
じと鳴りて羊の肉の煙る門
　ダンテに似たる屑買が來る

——明治三十八年一月五日井上微笑宛の手紙の中より——

ある鶯の鳴くを聴けば

春がくりやこそ　身を倒しまに
法と法華經で　憂身をやつす。
花にしやうか　柳に鳴こか。
好いた筧に　水が溫んで
羽根も繕へ　のどもうるほせ。
春日春雨　朧月夜の
其數々を　浮れ〳〵て
浮世に飽いて　花も散りそろ。
啼いた昔しは　あら恥かしや。
夢と思への　仰せが無理か
烟る柳に　姿をかくす。
かくす柳が　何故にくらしい。

ある女の訴ふるを聴けば

寒いわびしい　世は忍べども
君がこゝろを　さて計りかね
遠く來て見りや　降る雪の日を
御高祖頭巾も　流行らぬてふよ。
それも道理ぢや　あの故郷は
百里二百里　三百一里
舟に乘るさへ　夢路がゆれる
田舍育ちは　なぜ氣が揉める
花の都に　あら雪がふる
人目つゝめば　頭巾も着やう
戀が積れば　傘も重たし。

——明治三十八年三月十日『ホトトギス』——

無題

雨になろかと　君待つ宵は
雨ともならで　ほとゝぎす
君しまさずば　寐たものを
あの曉の　ほとゝぎす

——明治三十八年八月十日野間眞綱宛の端書の中より——

連句

三吟の屋を撼がす野分かな　虚子
萩しどろなる水の隈々　四方太
後の月跛の馬にうち乗りて　漱石
わからぬ歌も節の可笑しき　虚
年々に淋しくなりし熊祭　四
九郎の館は迹ばかりなり　漱
靜舞今も殘れる曲舞に　虚
黄金作りの太刀佩いて立つ　四
鐵網の中にまします矢大臣　漱
御鼻を食ふ蟲も百年　虚
土用干顏輝が軸を見暮しつ　四

眠い時分に夕立が來る　漱
燈臺を今日も終日守る身にて　虛
浦の漁師に蟹貰ひけり　四
惠比壽屋に娘連れたる泊り客　漱
朧の月に三人の影　虛
花更けて御室の御所を退るなり　四
銘をたまはる琵琶の春寒　漱
入唐を思ひ立つ日に舟出して　虛
反吐を吐きたる乘合の僧　四
意地悪き肥後侍の酒臭く　漱
切つて落せし燭臺の足　虛
綸襖に夜な〳〵見ゆる物の怪　四
百日紅の赤過ぎるなり　漱
白壁に名主の威光ほのめきて　虛
村の出口に立つる高札　四

落人の身を置きかねて花薄　漱
うそ寒き夜を籠に乘るなり　虛
關守も今宵の月を眺むらん　四
歌心ある髷の結様　漱
發句にて戀する術も無かりけり　虛
妹の婿に家を讓りて　四
和歌山で敵に遇ひぬ年の暮　漱
助太刀に立つ魚屋五郎兵衛　虛
鷹の羽の幕打渡す花の下　四
酒をそゝげば燃ゆる陽炎　漱

——明治三十七年十月十日『ホトトギス』——

連句片々

嚢の中は割り瓢なり　東洋城
親類の娘を花に誘ひて　漱石

夕月の下駄を草履にはきたがへ　東洋城
戀の奴に罪な邪魔する　漱石

酔覚の水を呼びたる枕元　漱石
夜出る蜘を斬つて笑はん　東洋城

唐黍の見渡す限り鳴る暮に　漱石
十里續きてけふも退く陣　東洋城

——明治四十一年五月一日『ホトトギス』——

俳句

明治二十二年

五月十三日正岡子規宛の手紙の中より　二句

歸ろふと泣かずに笑へ時鳥
聞かふとて誰も待たぬに時鳥

明治二十三年

西行も笠ぬいで見る富士の山　　七月二十日正岡子規宛の手紙の中より

寐てくらす人もありけり夢の世に　　八月九日正岡子規宛の手紙の中より

九月　三句（子規の添削に從ふ、原句傍註）

峯の雲落ちて筧に水の音（聲あり筧水）

東風吹くや山一ぱいの雲の影

白雲（雲の影）や山又山を這ひ回り

明治二十四年

七月二十三日　十七句　〔七月二十四日及八月三日正岡子規宛の手紙參照〕

馬の背で船漕ぎ出すや春の旅

行燈にいろはかきけり秋の旅（原句）獨り

親を持つ子のしたくなき秋の旅

さみだれに持ちあつかふや蛇目傘

見るうちは吾も佛の心かな（蓮の花）

螢狩われを小川に落しけり

藪陰に涼んで蚊にぞ喰はれける

世をすてゝ太古に似たり市の内

雀來て障子にうごく花の影

秋さびて霜に落けり柿一つ

吾戀は闇夜に似たる月夜かな

柿の葉や一つ一つに月の影

涼しさや晝寐の貌に青松葉

あつ苦し晝寐の夢に蟬の聲

とぶ螢柳の枝で一休み

朝貌に好かれそうなる竹垣根

秋風と共に生へしか初白髮

悼亡　十三句　八月三日正岡子規宛の手紙の中より

朝貌や咲た許りの命哉

細眉を落す間もなく此世をば（未だ元服せざれば）

人生を廿五年に縮めけり（死時廿五歳）

君逝きて浮世に花はなかりけり（容姿秀麗）

假位牌焚く線香に黒む迄

こうろげの飛ぶや木魚の聲の下

通夜僧の經の絕間やきり〴〵す（三首通夜の句）

骸骨や是も美人のなれの果（骨揚のとき）

何事ぞ手向し花に狂ふ蝶

鏡臺の主の行衞や塵埃（二首初七日）

ますら男に染模樣あるかたみかな（記念分）

聖人の生れ代りか桐の花（其人物）

今日よりは誰に見立ん秋の月（心氣淸澄）

明治二十五年

七月十九日正岡子規宛の手紙の中より

鳴くならば滿月になけほとゝぎす

十二月十四日正岡子規宛の手紙の中より

病む人の巨燵離れて雪見かな

明治二十七年

三月九日菊池謙二郎宛の手紙の中より　四句

何となう死に來た世の惜まるゝ

春雨や柳の中を濡れて行く

大弓やひらり／＼と梅の花

矢響の只聞ゆなり梅の中

三月十二日正岡子規宛の手紙の中より　五句

弦音にほたりと落る椿かな

弦音になれて來て鳴く小鳥かな

弦音の只聞ゆなり梅の中

春雨や柳の下を濡れて行く

春雨や寐ながら横に梅を見る

烏帽子着て渡る禰宜あり春の川

風に乗つて輕くのし行く燕かな

菜の花の中に小川のうねりかな

小柄杓や蝶を追ひ〳〵子順禮

十月三十一日正岡子規宛の手紙の中より

尼寺に有髪の僧を尋ね來よ

君を苦しむるは詩魔か病魔かはた情魔か　寄子規　明治二十七年頃

花に醉ふ事を許さぬ物思ひ

明治二十八年

三月五日『日本』

夜三更僧去つて梅の月夜かな

七月二十五日齋藤阿具宛の手紙の中より

ゆく水の朝な夕なに忙がしき

九月『海南新聞』　四句

風吹けば糸瓜をなぐる瓢かな　〔十八日〕

爺と婆淋しき秋の彼岸かな　〔二十日〕

簑虫のなくや長夜の明けかねて　〔二十五日〕

便船や夜を行く雁のあとや先　〔二十七日〕

正岡子規へ送りたる句稿（子規の添削に従ふ、原句傍註）その一

蘭の香や門を出づれば日の御旗

芭蕉破れて塀破れて旗翩々たり

朝寒に樒賣り來る男かな

朝貌や垣根に捨てし黍のから

柳ちる紺屋の門の小川かな

見上ぐれば城屹として秋の空

烏瓜塀に賣家の札はりたり

縄簾裏をのぞけば木槿かな

崖下に紫苑咲きけり石の間

獨りわびて僧何占ふ秋の暮

痩馬の尻こそはゆし秋の蠅

鷄頭や秋田漠々家二三

秋の山南を向いて寺二つ〔承露盤〕

汽車去つて稻の波うつ畑かな

鷄頭の黄色は淋し常樂寺〔承露盤〕

杉木立中に古りたり秋の寺

尼二人梶の七葉に何を書く

聯古りて山門閉ぢぬ芋の蔓

澁柿や寺の後の芋畠〔承露盤〕

肌寒や羅漢思ひ／＼に坐す（思ひ／＼に羅漢）〔承露盤〕

秋の空名もなき山の愈高し

曼珠沙花門前の秋風紅一點

黄檗の僧今やなし千秋寺

三方は竹緑なり秋の水〔承露盤〕

藪影や魚も動かず秋の水〔承露盤〕

山四方中を十里の稻莚

一里行けば一里吹くなり稻の風

色鳥や天高くして山小なり

大藪や數を盡して蜻蛉とぶ

秋の山後ろは大海ならんかし
土佐で見ば猶近からん秋の山〔承露盤〕
歸燕いづくにか歸る草茫々

明治廿八年九月二十三日散策途上口號三十二首

愚陀佛庵主

正岡子規へ送りたる句稿　その二　十月

凩に裸で御はす仁王哉
吹き上げて塔より上（高き）の落葉かな
五重の塔吹き上げられて落葉かな
（何レヲ存セン）
瀧壺に寄りもつかれぬ落葉かな
半途より瀧吹き返す落葉かな
男瀧女瀧上よ下よと木の葉かな
（何レカヨキ）
時雨るゝや右手なる一の臺場より
洞門に颯と舞ひ込む木の葉かな

御手洗や去ればこゝにも石蕗の花
寒菊やこゝをあるけと三俵
多の山人通ふとも見えざりき〔承露盤〕
此枯野あはれ出よかし狐だに
閼伽桶や水仙折れて薄氷
凩に鯨潮吹く平戸かな
勢ひひく逆櫓は五丁鯨舟（鯨ハ季ニナラヌカナ）
枯柳芽ばるべしとも見えぬ哉
茶の花や白きが故に翁の像
山茶花の折らねば折らで散りに梟（碌堂曰ク御免蒙リタシ）
時雨るゝや泥猫眠る經の上
凩や弦のきれたる弓のそり

霽月に酒の賛を乞はれたるとき一句ぬき玉へとて遣はす五句

飲む（飲一斗）事一斗白菊折つて舞はん哉

憂ひあらば此酒に酔へ菊の主

黄菊白菊酒中の天地貧ならず〔承露盤〕

菊の香や晋の（晋の人）高士は酒が好き（落第？）

（酒名を諷歌といふ）兵ものに酒ふる（紿はらん）まはん菊の花

紅葉散るちりゝ〳〵とちゞくれて（「アリテレーション」デアリマス）

蕭吹くは大納言なり月の宴〔承露盤〕

紅葉をば禁裏へ参る琵琶法師

紅葉ちる竹縁ぬれて五六枚

麓にも秋立ちにけり瀧の音

うそ寒や灯火ゆるぐ瀧の音

宿かりて宮司が庭の紅葉かな

むら紅葉是より瀧へ十五丁

雲處々岩に喰ひ込む紅葉哉

見ゆる限り月の下なり海と山

時鳥あれに見ゆるが智恩院

名は櫻物（俗も）の見事に散る事よ〔承露盤〕

巡禮と野邊につれ立つ日永哉（碌堂曰ク無クモガナ）

反橋に梅の花こそ畏しこけれ

初夢や金も拾はず死にもせず

柿賣るや隣の家は紙を漉く

蘆の花夫より川（イの）は曲りけり

（秋）春の川故ある人を脊負ひけり

草山の重なり合へる小春哉〔承露盤〕

時雨るゝや聞としもなく寺の屋根

放蕩を仕盡して風流に入れる人に遣はす

憂き事を紙衣にかこつ一人哉

正岡子規へ送りたる句稿　その三　十月末

煩惱は百八減つて今朝の春

ちとやすめ張子の虎も春の雨

戀猫や主人は心地例ならず（意味ガ通ズルカ）

見返れば又一ゆるぎ柳かな

不立文字白梅一木咲きにけり（梅咲く頃の禪坊主）

春風や女の馬子の何歌ふ

春の夜の若衆にくしや伊達小袖

春の川橋を渡れば柳哉

うねうねと心安さよ春の水

思ふ事只一筋に乙鳥かな（既經檢定）〔承露盤〕

鶯や隣の娘何故のぞく

行く春を鐵牛ひとり堅いぞや（句ニナルカ）

春の雨鶯も來よ夜着の中（月並カ）

春の雨晴れんとしては烟る哉

咲たりな花山續き水續き

　一死報君恩といふ意を一句

櫻ちる南八男兒死せんのみ〔承露盤〕

鶉飼名を勘作と申し哀れ也（既ニ及第）〔承露盤〕

時鳥たつた一聲須磨明石

五反帆の眞上なり初時鳥（けり）

裏河岸の杉の香ひや時鳥

猫も聞け杓子も是へ時鳥

湖や湯元へ三里時鳥

時鳥折しも月のあらはるゝ

五月雨ぞ何處まで行ても時鳥

時鳥名乘れ彼山此峠〔承露盤〕

夏瘦の此頃蚊にもせゝられず

棚經や若い程猶哀れ也

　弔古白

御死にたか今少ししたら蓮の花

　弔逍遙一句

百年目にも參らうず程蓮の飯（は）

蜻蛉や杭を離るゝ事二寸

谿虫すはやと絶ぬ笛の音（落第カ）

谷深し出る時秋の空小し

雁ぢやとて鳴ぬものかは妻ぢやもの（又始ッタ）

鷄頭に太鼓敲くや本門寺（少シ〔一字不明〕ヂタリ）〔承露盤〕

朝寒の鳥居をくゞる一人哉（今度ハ梅屋ノヲ）

稲刈りてあないたはしの案山子かも

時雨るゝや裏山續き薬師堂

時雨るゝや油揚烟る縄簾

海鼠（やよ海鼠）哉よも一つにては候まじ（ワカルカ）〔承露盤〕

淋しいな妻ありてこそ冬籠

辨慶に五條の月の寒さ哉

妹が文候二十續きけり（季ガナイ）

正岡子規へ送りたる句稿　その四

明治二十八年十一月二日河の内に至り近藤氏に宿す翌三日雨を冒して白猪唐岬に瀑を觀る駄句數十

三日夜しるす　　愚陀佛

誰が家ぞ白菊ばかり亂るゝは

澁柿の下に稲こく夫婦かな

茸狩や鳥居の赤き小松山

秋風や坂を上れば山見ゆる

花芒小便すれば馬逸す

鎌倉堂野分の中に傾けり

山四方菊ちらほらの小村哉

二三本竹の中なり櫨紅葉

秋の山靜かに雲の通りけり

谷川の左右に細き刈田哉

瀬の音や澁鮎淵を出で兼る

赤い哉仁右衛門が脊戸の蕃椒

芋洗ふ女の白き山家かな
鷄鳴くや小村々々の秋の雨
掛稻や塀の白きは庄屋らし
四里あまり野分に吹かれ參りたり
新酒賣る家ありて茸の名所哉
秋雨に行燈暗き山家かな
孀の家獨り宿かる夜寒かな
客人を書院に寐かす夜寒かな
亂菊の宿わびしくも小雨ふる
木枕の堅きに我は夜寒哉
秋雨に明日思はるゝ旅寐哉
世は秋となりしにやこの簑と笠
山の雨案内の恨む紅葉かな
鎌さして案内の出たり瀧紅葉
朝寒や雲消て行く少しづゝ

絕壁や紅葉するべき蔦もなし
山紅葉雨の中行く瀑見かな
うそ寒し瀑は間近と覺えたり
山鳴るや瀑とう〳〵と秋の風
滿山の雨を落すや秋の瀧
大岩や二つとなつて秋の瀧
水烟る瀑の底より嵐かな
白瀧や黑き岩間の蔦紅葉
瀑五段一段每の紅葉かな
荒瀧や野分を斫て捲き落す
秋の山いでや動けと瀑の音
瀑暗し上を日の照るむら紅葉
むら紅葉日脚もさしぬ瀑の色
雲來り雲去る瀑の紅葉かな 〔承露盤〕
瀑半分半分をかくす紅葉かな

霧晴るゝ瀑は次第に現はるゝ

大瀧を北へ落すや秋の山

秋風や眞北へ瀑を吹き落す

絕頂や餘り尖りて秋の瀧

旅の旅宿に歸れば天長節

君が代や夜を長々と瀑の夢

長き夜を我のみ瀧の噂さ哉

唐黍を干すや谷間の一軒家 〔承露盤〕

正岡子規へ送りたる句稿 その五 十一月三日

いたづらに菊咲きつらん故鄕は 〔承露盤〕

名月や故鄕遠き影法師

或人に俳號を問はれて 一句

去ん候是は名もなき菊作り

野分吹く瀑碎け散る脚下より

瀧遠近谷も尾上も野分哉

凩や瀧に當つて引き返す

或人を訪うて

炭賣の後をこゝまで參りけり

傾城倚欄

去ればにや男心と秋の空

昔々春秋 一句

春王の正月蟹の軍さ哉 〔承露盤〕

待て座頭風呂敷かさん霰ふる

一木二木はや紅葉るやこの鳥居

三十六峰我も〳〵と時雨けり

初時雨五山の交る〳〵哉

菊提て乳母在所より參りけり

放蕩病に臥して見舞を呉れといふ 一句

酒に女御意に召さずば花に月

菊の香や故郷遠き國ながら

秋の暮關所へかゝる虛無僧あり

來迎寺觀菊

八寸の菊作る僧あり山の寺

正岡子規へ送りたる句稿　その六　十一月十三日

喰積やこゝを先途と悪太郎

婆樣の御寺へ一人櫻かな

雛に似た夫婦もあらん初櫻　〔承露盤〕

裏返す縞のずぼんや春暮るゝ

普陀落や憐み給へ花の旅　〔承露盤〕

土筆人なき舟の流れけり

白魚に己れ恥ぢずや川蒸氣

白魚や美しき子の觸れて見る

女郎共推參なるぞ梅の花

朝櫻誰ぞや紹鞘の落しざし　〔承露盤〕

其夜又朧なりけり須磨の卷　〔承露盤〕

亡き母の思はるゝ哉衣がへ

便なしや母なき人の衣がへ　〔承露盤〕

卯の花に深編笠の隱れけり

卯の花や盆に奉捨をのせて出る　〔承露盤〕

細き手の卯の花ごしや豆腐賣

時鳥物其物には候はず

時鳥弓杖ついて源三位

罌粟の花左樣に散るは慮外なり

願かけて觀音樣へ紅の花

塵埃り晏子の御者の暑さ哉

銀燭にから紅の牡丹哉

客中病

旅に病んで菊惠まるゝ夕哉

行秋や消えなんとして殘る雲

有感一句

二十九年骨に徹する秋や此風

我病めり山茶花活けよ枕元〔承露盤〕

號外の鈴ふり立る時雨哉

病む人に鳥鳴き立る小春哉

廓然無聖達磨の像や水仙花

大雪や壯夫羆を獲て歸る

星一つ見えて寐られぬ霜夜哉

霜の朝袂時計のとまりけり

木枯の今や吹くとも散る葉なし

塵も積れ拂子ふらりと冬籠

人か魚か默然として冬籠

四壁立つ「らんぷ」許りの寒哉

疝氣持臀安からぬ寒哉

凩の上に物なき月夜哉〔承露盤〕

綠竹の猗々たり霏々と雪が降る〔承露盤〕

凩や眞赤になつて仁王尊〔承露盤〕

初雪や庫裏は眞鴨をたゝく音

我を馬に乘せて悲しき枯野哉

土佐坊の生擒られけり冬の月

ほろ武者の影や白濱月の駒

保元物語一句

月に射ん的は梅檀弦走り

市中は人様々の師走哉

三冬氷雪の時什麼と問はれて

何となく寒いと我は思ふのみ

善悪を問はず出來た丈け送るなり左樣心得給へわるいのは遠慮なく評し給へ其代りいゝのは少しほめ給へ

正岡子規へ送りたる句稿 その七 十一月二十二日

我脊戸の蜜柑も今や神無月〔承露盤〕

達磨忌や達磨に似たる顔は誰〔承露盤〕

芭蕉忌や茶の花折つて奉る〔承露盤〕

本堂へ橋をかけたり石蕗の花

乳兄弟名乘り合たる榾火哉

かくて世を我から古りし紙衣哉〔承露盤〕

我死なば紙衣を誰に讓るべき

橋立の一筋長き小春かな

武藏下總山なき國の小春哉〔承露盤〕

初雪や小路へ入る納豆賣

御手洗を敲いて碎く氷かな

寒き夜や馬は頻りに羽目を蹴る

來ぬ殿に寐覺物うき火燵かな

酒菰の泥に氷るや石蕗の花

古綿衣虱の多き小春哉

すさましや釣鐘撲つて飛ぶ霰

昨日しぐれ今日又しぐれ行く木曾路

鷹狩や時雨にあひし鷹のつら

辻の月座頭を照らす寒さ哉

枯柳緣なる頃妹逝けり

枯蓮を被むつて浮きし小鴨哉

京や如何に里は雪積む峯もあり

旅宿の女十二三歳時々發句を云ひ出づ 一句

女の子發句を習ふ小春哉

ほのめかすその上(カミ)如何に歸花

戀をする猫もあるべし歸花

一輪は命短かし歸花

吾も亦衣更へて見ん歸花

太刀一つ屑屋に賣らん年の暮