

JAPAN

Koishimaru Izutsuya: Master of the **Kawachi Ondo** Epics



This is a recording of Koishimaru Izutsuya (1932–1992), a master of *Kawachi Ondo*, the little-known genre of epic-based song performed at large Bon Odori festivals popular in the industrial Kawachi plain between Osaka and Nara, Japan. Accompanied by a double-sided *taiko* drum, a plucked string instrument called the *shamisen*, and occasional vocal interjections, Izutsuya performs three epic stories in sung verses and dramatic spoken passages. Beautifully recorded in 1991, the timbre and melisma of the singer's voice and the contrasts between the regular rhythm and melody of the drum and *shamisen* and their improvised accompaniment during the spoken sections reveal the beauty of a popular art form that continues to evolve in the 21st century. *70 minutes, 16-page notes, full-length epic transcripts in Japanese and English.*

This is a previously-unpublished volume of the UNESCO Collection of Traditional Music, which was transferred to the Smithsonian to keep the series publicly available.



Koishimaru Izutsuya on the *yagura* (outdoor podium) at a Bon Odori festival at Jokoji Temple in Yao, Osaka. Summer 1986.

1. **Uta Iri Kannon Kyo** (Kannon Sutra in Song) 31:14

Recorded on June 11, 1991

2. **Hotoke Kuyo Jizo Wasan** (Service for the Buddha: Hymn to Jizo) 17:02

Original epic text by Koishimaru Izutsuya

Recorded on June 13, 1991

3. **Yoshiwara Hyaku Nin Giri: Okon Koroshi** (The Slaughter of the Hundred in Yoshiwara: The Killing of Okon) 22:20

Recorded on May 20, 1991

JAPAN: Koishimaru Izutsuya: Master of the Kawachi Ondo Epics

Produced by Emmanuelle Loubet



Koishimaru Izutsuya performing
at the Nakaza Variety Theater in
Osaka. 1991.

This is a rare recording of Koishimaru Izutsuya (1932–1992), a singer at the forefront of the post-World War II generation that developed the modern *Kawachi Ondo*, one of a number of forms of popular epic recital still enjoyed today in parts of Japan. The characteristic style of this generation of singers is a fusion of the modernized *Hirano Bushi*—an ancient style

from Kawachi—and the *Rokyoku*, a form of epic storytelling that is half-spoken and half-sung. From the end of the 19th century onward, the *Rokyoku* has been performed in variety theaters located in working-class districts, which offered popular musical and theatrical entertainment to locals. Koishimaru Izutsuya became a master of *Kawachi Ondo* and developed his own unique performance style, which he called *Kawachi Rokyoku Ondo*. His epic recital proceeds in long melodic sections and is only occasionally interrupted by the customary interjected responses. His vocal register extends from low guttural sounds to entrancing high melismatic

singing. His voice moves in long ornamentations around the syllables of the rhyming text. Koishimaru captivates his audience in the magical world of his musical epic recital. He was seriously ill at the time of these recordings in 1991 and died a few months later. Aside from this recording, he left only a single audio cassette of karaoke (*Izutsuya Koishimaru: Kawachi Ondo no Sekai* [*Koishimaru Izutsuya: The world of Kawachi Ondo*], Nippon Columbia).

This recording presents three of his epic performances. These notes, first written in 1992 and edited in 1994, 2001, and again in 2013, provide some background on the *Kawachi Ondo* genre and the context in which it is still enthusiastically performed. For further reading, consult the works in the bibliography.

Below: Map of Japan showing Osaka prefecture.

Right: Map of Osaka prefecture showing the major cities of Kawachi.

Kawachi is historically an ancient province in Japan. During the Meiji era in 1896, it was divided into three parts: North Kawachi, Central Kawachi, and South Kawachi. The region developed to become the modern cities shown in this map.



Kawachi

Kawachi is a plain that stretches between Osaka and Nara. Once a province of Japan, Kawachi was so called because of the many streams that flow in the area (*kawa*: stream; *uchi*: within). Today, Kawachi encompasses several cities of the Osaka prefecture, which were founded after World War II: Higashi-Osaka, Yao, Kashiwara, Matsubara, Fujiidera, Kawachi-Nagano, Tondabayashi, and others. The landscape is made up of a jumble of factories, smoking chimneys, expressways, newer settlements, older villages, rice fields, and open land.

Behind this unattractive landscape lurks a remarkable socio-musical phenomenon. Every summer, people from diverse backgrounds turn into resplendent singers who, clothed in kimonos, demonstrate their art on top of high outdoor platforms, while dancers circle around the platforms to the music. It is the time of the “Bon Odori,” the dance of the Bon. “Bon” is the Buddhist memorial day, celebrated annually on August 15th. The dance celebrations are performed in front of temples and shrines, in parking lots, or on school grounds. Although festivities in Japan typically last only three days, in Kawachi they extend from mid-July to mid-September. *Kawachi*





Dancers at the Bon Odori festival in Kawachi. Summer 1991.

Ondo, the music to be heard there, rings out simultaneously in hundreds of places on the Kawachi plain.

The present *Ondo* community, called “community of 100 groups and 1000 singers,” continues to evolve and expand. Younger people learn the *Ondo* songs from old masters, revitalizing them by arranging older forms of *Ondo* into newer *Ondo* tunes. They introduce new instruments, speed up the tempo, and sometimes incorporate rock elements. In this way, the Bon Odori performances transform into a fantastic, free-form dance party.

Ondo

Originally, the word *Ondo* belonged to the world of *Gagaku* Music (court music of Japan with Chinese origins); it referred to the director of the ensemble, who, at the start of a performance, initiates a short song that the ensemble members answer in responsorial form. Later, the word became more broadly defined in the realm of traditional music, indicating any folk songs in responsorial form. Not all the *Ondos*, however, can be simply categorized as folk songs. Some, which may be rooted in folk tradition and point to a responsorial form, are decidedly also related to the Japanese epic storytelling tradition. *Kawachi Ondo*, a form of *Ondo* with a strong epic component, is an example and the focus of these introductory notes here.

There are three important characteristics that distinguish *Kawachi Ondo*, the *Ondo* of the Kawachi plain, from folk songs. First, *Kawachi Ondo* is not composed of the simple repetition of a single melodic pattern within a song, but rather uses various melodic patterns, called *fushi*, within a sung epic story. Second, the *Ondo* is a type of *kudoki* rather than *nagashi*. *Kudoki* refers to stories, fables, and legends with rhymed verses that are read. By contrast, *nagashi* refers to the form that is sung. *Kawachi Ondo*, a *kudoki*, is read rather than sung, even though it employs a musical structure. Third, while what remains of most folk songs today lasts only a couple of minutes, *kudoki*, and by extension *Kawachi Ondo*, reflects the duration of the epic story and can take up to 30 or 40 minutes. Finally, *Kawachi*

Ondo, in contrast to many folk songs, does not have a fixed text: any text, once rhymed in verse, can be poured into the *Ondo's fushi* musical structure. This allows for the epic text-improvisation, and facilitates the incorporation of topics of current interest.

The origins of *Kawachi Ondo* can be traced to the 18th century, when it was solely performed outside at the Bon Odori festivals. During the second half of the 19th century, the form evolved into a genre which could be performed indoors as well as at outside venues. New texts were set to pre-existing melodic structures, and melodic variations were added to the *fushi*. Around 1890 the name *Kawachi Ondo* appeared in Osaka for the first time. Around 1921 the singer Tasaburo Hatsuneya incorporated new stylistic elements into the *Kawachi Ondo*. He added onomatopoeic syllable “an-, an-” to the last words of each epic sequence, creating the syllabic verse rhyme: 7 7 7 5 . 7 5 . 7 5 7 5. The change allowed smaller sections of *fushi* to be repeated without a gap in the melody, and lead, without a break, to the next section. Thus the duration of a *fushi* could be lengthened at will, and the singing attained a new vitality and flexibility that was good for epic narration.

In the post-World War II era, the newly named *Kawachi Ondo* was mixed with elements of the *Rokyoku*. Four principal singers moved to the forefront during this period: Mitsusaburo Teppo, Hirosaburo Teppo (same lineage as Mitsusaburo Teppo), Kenji Hatsuneya, and Koishimaru Izutsuya, who is featured on this recording. Together, these four singers created what could be considered the classic style of modern *Kawachi Ondo*. The masters and their followers employed their own unique *fushis*, naming them after the creators: *Teppo Bushi*, *Hatsune Bushi*, and *Koishi Bushi*. Izutsuya poetically described the melodic components of his own *Koishi Bushi* in his opening verses, which could be heard on this recording.

With the folk songs I remembered from the time I loved to sing them when I was young
I've added a bit of *Kawachi Ondo*
Mixing in *Rokyoku*, folk song, and popular songs
To spin the thread of my own song of *Koishi Bushi*

This post-war *Kawachi Ondo* was more suited for the variety theaters in the city than for the open-air stages. When performed outside, it retained its form, but the tempo increased and the dancers had to adapt their steps to the new rhythm.

Verse Structure and Performance

Kawachi Ondo is recited in verses in a mixture of Kawachi and Osaka dialects, words and expressions of the ancient epic language, and current Japanese. The fundamental verse structure, indicated here by the number of syllables per line, is: 7 7 7 5 . 7 5 (similar to traditional haiku poems). The verse sequences are subdivided into a rising and a sinking part between which onomatopoetic interjections are added. These interjections—the *hayashi kotoba* (*hayashi* words)—vary according to the branch of *Ondo*. The verse rhythm of a sequence can vary according to the singer; the interjections of *hayashi* can be reduced or otherwise flexibly altered.



Bon Odori festival in Kawachi.
Summer 1990.

These epic poems have three principal parts: *makura*, the introduction that often incorporates current events (political scandals, baseball news, anecdotes with double meanings, jokes, and so forth); *hondai*, the main text of the epic poem, which usually employs epic stories from the Edo period (1603–1868); and *musubi*, the conclusion. The main text (*hondai*) of the epic traditionally would go on for hours. The modern-day Bon Odori festival performances last about 20 to 30 minutes; these excerpted versions exclude details of the complete epic and often consist of subplots to the central historical plot. This structural progression

(*makura, hondai, musubi*) varies according to spontaneous inspiration, as well as the location and date; parts are left out or added. The structural progression of the *Ondo* is newly improvised at every performance.

At the conclusion of his performance at a Bon Odori festival, a singer typically introduces the next singer, announces dates of

the next performances, makes a statement about the present Bon Odori festival and the sponsors, and apologizes for any deficiency in his voice and for the shortage of time to lead the dancers into the actual plot of the epic story. Finally he hands the microphone over to the next singer.

The text of *Kawachi Ondo*, with few exceptions, derives from various genres of epic storytelling, in particular the *Rokyoku*. Frequently performed epics include: “The Tale of the 47 Ronin,” “The Slaughter of the Hundred in Yoshiwara” (track 3), “The Samurai Suzuki Mondo,” “The Pilgrim Nareto from Awa,” “The Robber Kinezumi Kichigoro” (a part of this story can be heard on track 1), “The Merchant Kinokuniya Bunzaemon,” and “The Nobleman Shuntokumaru.”

As is typical in this tradition, Koishimaru Izutsuya uses text excerpts from the *Rokyoku* and adapts them to the verse rhythm of the *Ondo*, excepting “Hotoke Kuyo Jizo Wasan” (track 2). Very rarely is there “original” text in *Ondo*. Almost every text is taken from orally transmitted epic stories and legends. The notion of authorship is very loose. The mere adaptation of an existing text is considered “authoring”—an indication of the dynamic nature of this oral tradition. On this recording, only “Hotoke Kuyo Jizo Wasan” (track 2) can be regarded as a Koishimaru Izutsuya “original”: he put it on paper himself and rhymed it to the rhythm of the *Kawachi Ondo*. To this piece he contributed text as well as some melodic elements from a Buddhist song in memory of children who have died. The other pieces are adapted from *Rokyoku* pieces made famous by the interpretations of *Rokyoku* singers like Hiroshi Mikado (famous for singing “Uta Iri Kannon Kyo”) and Yonewaka Suzuki (known for his rendition of “Yoshiwara Hyaku Nin Giri”).

The musical instruments have changed somewhat over the years. Traditionally, only a *taiko* (Japanese two-sided drum) and responsorial vocal interjections (*hayashi*) accompanied the *Ondo* singer. At the beginning of the 20th century, a *shamisen* (a three-stringed, long-necked lute that is struck with a plectrum) was added; at the end of the 1960s, the electric guitar became part of the performance. The standard instrumental configuration of the *Ondo* now is the *taiko*, the *shamisen*, and

the electric guitar. The hand clapping of the dancers adds to the overall acoustic ensemble. Originally, the dancers shouted out responsorial interjections (*hayashi*) to enliven and engage the audience during the performance. Since World War II, however, as a result of the acoustic imbalance created by the use of microphones, the amplified musicians now perform the *hayashi* interjections rather than the dancers. In the 1970s and '80s, additional instruments not traditionally Japanese have been added to the accompanying ensemble, including bongos, maracas, a percussion set, rhythm machine, piano, synthesizer, and others, depending on the context.

Social Context

Kawachi Ondo has been orally transmitted over generations from master to disciple. The name of the master is transferred to the chosen follower at a ceremony. Nowadays it is not uncommon to see names that end with “ninth-” or “tenth generation.” Koishimaru Izutsuya is a second-generation disciple, although this is not clearly expressed in the name:

“Ko-Ishimaru” means “Little Ishimaru,” therefore the successor of Ishimaru Izutsuya.



Koishimaru Izutsuya performing at the Nakaza Variety Theater in Osaka. 1991.

The *Ondo* singers are, with few exceptions, not professionals. Almost all of them have other occupations during the rest of the year. Every week they rehearse the *Ondo* in garages, small factories, communal practice rooms, or parks. There is little publicity about the location and dates of the group performances at the Bon Odori festivals. The mass media pays little attention to this underground traditional culture. It is worth noting that the rapid development of the Kawachi suburbs presents a

threat to the availability of rehearsal and performance spaces, and consequently, the number of Bon Odori performances is decreasing every year.

There are two other significant points related to the social context. First, the Kawachi plain is notorious for the visible presence of members of Japan's organized crime syndicates. According to the local people, they were until recently a common sight at the Bon Odori festivals, and one can still see them here and there, strutting around with their tattoos exposed.

A novel entitled *Akumyo* (The Cursed Name), written in the 1960s by the author Toko Kon, contributed to the legend of the thugs and gangsters of Kawachi. Toko Kon depicted the godfather Asakichi Oyabun—a man who lived in the middle of the 20th century—against the backdrop of Kawachi dialect, cock fights, gambling, street quarrels, and Bon Odori festivals with their celebrated *Ondo* singers. The novel was immediately

made into a film that met with success, and it brought the raw reality of the cursed hero and *Ondo* singers into the mainstream consciousness.

As an *Ondo* singer, Koishimaru Izutsuya identifies with the character Kinezumi Kichigoro, a thief of the Edo period (1603–1868), who put the profit from his robberies to good use by helping the poor. Izutsuya tells this story on track 1. In 1991, he organized a charity concert and gave the profits to the local authority of the suburban city of Yao in the Osaka Prefecture.

Second, inhabitants of Kawachi are primarily members of socially and economically disadvantaged and marginalized communities living in villages apart from mainstream society. They are commonly associated with the world of *Kawachi Ondo*. This may explain why, combined with the organized crime syndicates scene, the *Kawachi Ondo* has been, and continues to be, ostracized by both the media and the mainstream cultural milieu. Nevertheless, it would be inaccurate to make an exclusive link between the marginalized social and economic status of Kawachi inhabitants and the



Koishimaru Izutsuya performing at the Nakaza Variety Theater in Osaka. 1991.

Kawachi Ondo musical form at large, the latter belonging to the broader tradition of *Ondo*, whose roots can be found in diverse contexts all over Japan.

Ondo Perspectives

For the first time after the golden years of the post-war star Mitsusaburo Teppo, a young figure, Kikusuimaru Kawachiya,

has made his way into the media and onto the international stage. The young artist sings in the *shinmon yomi*, or “newspaper-reading style,” incorporating into his performances current events and political scandals, such as the controversial “Recruit Scandal” (*Rikuruto Sukyandaru*) of 1989. And for the first time an *Ondo* singer is represented by an artist manager, thus entering into the world of mainstream, commercial music. As a result, the peculiar, husky voice of the traditional *Ondo* singer is gradually being replaced by a “prettier” voice that appeals to a wider audience targeted through the mainstream media and mass

advertising. In this way, the *Ondo* is becoming “just another song,” losing the characteristics that traditionally defined the genre.

Only the future will tell whether *Kawachi Ondo* will develop in the direction of commercialization and musical generalization, or whether newer impulses from its own powerful roots will enable *Kawachi Ondo* to continue to evolve within its own realm.

Notes on the Recording Technique

I chose to record in a situation somewhat similar to the live context in which the musicians perform during the annual Bon Odori festivals. In this recording, they perform in the traditional style without an audience or accompanying dancers. The



Koishimaru Izutsuya performing at the Nakaza Variety Theater in Osaka. 1991.

Dancers shown in locally
designed costumes. Summer
1990.

pieces were recorded several times, each in one take, on April 11–13 and May 20–21, 1991. The microphones for the “spatial” stereo master recording were situated in the middle of the hall, where the audience would normally be. The sound sources of the singer, *shamisen*, and *hayashi* (responsorial vocal interjections) were taken respectively by microphones and transmitted through the mixing board to the acoustic space of the hall, where they sounded through the PA speakers system. Only the *taiko* (drum) was played without any amplification or microphone. It was placed a little bit apart on the stage to avoid dominating the microphones of the other musicians. The complete acoustic image for the master recording was captured by the two master microphones situated in the middle of the hall. This recording can be described as a “real stereo” recording, as opposed to a “pseudo stereo recording,” which would make use of the intermediate stage of a multi-mono-channel recording (“directed monophony”). With this technique, I intended to capture in its entirety the space-specific and group-specific acoustic image, including the ambient space reverberation.



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Emmanuelle Loubet is currently visiting professor and researcher at the Osaka University of Economics and Law (2013–present). Passionate about sounds, environment, art, and new technologies, she was a DAAD fellow (1981–1982) and conducted post-graduate research in Communication Sciences at Technische Universität Berlin (1981–1985). She holds a doctorate in Musicology from Université Paris-Sorbonne (1985). She moved to Tokyo in 1986 and began conducting research on Japanese contemporary and electronic music and the modern soundscape. In 1989, she made her first visit to the villages in Kawachi, where she started producing documentaries, radio dramas, and acoustic art inspired by the local culture, mostly for German public broadcasters like WDR, HR, and SWF. She also holds a professional certificate in web development from Conservatoire National des Arts et Métiers, France.

Musicians

Koishimaru Izutsuya, epic singer; Ishihiro Izutsuya, *shamisen*; Ishiwaka Izutsuya and Shiro Mitsuneya, *taiko* (alternating); Milky Sisters (Hitomi and Miyuki), *hayashi*

Credits

Produced by Emmanuelle Loubet

Recorded, mixed, and mastered by Takafumi Umezaki
Recorded at Silky Hall, Yao, Osaka Prefecture, April 11–13 and
May 20–21, 1991
Sound production supervised by Emmanuelle Loubet
Annotated by Emmanuelle Loubet
Japanese transcriptions of epics by Mitsuhiko Ueda
Japanese-English translations of epics by Akira Marc Oshima
Photos by Mitsuhiko Ueda
Executive producers: Daniel E. Sheehy and D. A. Sonneborn
Production managed by Joan Hua and Mary Monseur
Editorial assistance by Anthony Seeger and Joan Hua
Design and layout by Anna Bitskaya
Maps by Dan Cole

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EPIC TRANSCRIPTS

Track 1 Uta Iri Kannon Kyo (Kannon Sutra in Song)

(E— n)¹

Well, to all of you here in this hall

I've just slipped out here

And as you hear, my voice isn't so good (yoho— hoi hoi)²

(a— enyakorase— dokkoise)

I'm not just trying to please you but

With the folk songs I remembered from the time I loved to sing them when I was young

I've added a bit of *Kawachi Ondo*

Mixing in *Rokyoku*, folk song, and popular songs

To spin the thread of my own song of *Koishi Bushi*

I squeeze out this voice that I don't really have

And will sing with all my might

(sora— yo—i tokosassano yoi ya— sassa)

(E— n)

Even someone whose is fated to live in the water trade

Who naps after a night of heavy drinking

Will wake, only to want a drink of water

There is a snatch of *shamisen* music echoing over the water

A song of lovers who have washed away their scandals by jumping into the big river

When rain falls, the water of the river clouds up

Still, they always call it the Sumida River ["Clear River"]

(sora— yo—i tokosassano yoi ya— sassa)

A bridge extends far across the Sumida River linking two countries

The flower Musashi plain on one side and the country of Shimosa on the other

Ryogoku Bridge, the bridge of two countries, ties them together

Across the bridge from Edo is the Eko-in Temple

Here the gallant thief Nezumi Kozo has his grave

Perhaps praying for prosperity in business, the stream of visitors never ends

Burning incense and making prayers of a hundred rounds

¹ The singer typically makes this onomatopoeic sound to begin a *Kawachi Ondo* verse. Since it is characteristic of *Kawachi Ondo*, it serves to differentiate the piece from *Rokyoku*—the half-spoken, half-sung storytelling form from which the epic texts are derived.

² These are *hayashi kotoba* (onomatopoetic interjections) sung by the soloist, which are then answered by the accompanying singers.

Circling the grave a hundred times barefoot or in clogs that clatter as they walk
(sora— yo—i tokosassano yoi ya— sassa)
In the distance, the flames flicker
Over there is Kototoi Bridge, here by the river (yoho— hoi hoi)
(a— enyakorase— dokkoise)

[speech]

"Hail to the Amidha Buddha. Namu Amida Butsu, Namu Amida Butsu."

"Hey, old man, you're really going at it. What do you plan to do with all those stones in your sleeves? You planning to become a *dozaemon* [a floating corpse]? Hey you, old man!"

"Don't stop me. I have to die."

"Who said they were stopping you? Who could stop you when you're in that state? But the river's deep here and it's just the time of high tide, old man. If you're going to jump in, do it big and make the biggest splash you can. Having trouble? Want me to help you?"

"It's inhuman to be so cold."

"Don't make me laugh. If I was really inhuman, I wouldn't have stopped to talk. If I didn't feel some concern, I would have walked right on by, old man. Now there's no rush, is there? Old man, your ears are still all right, aren't they? Listen to that song coming from over there."

The old man looks in the direction that he points.
There is the quiet flow of the great Sumida River (yoho— hoi hoi)
(a— enyakorase— dokkoise)

There a man poles a shuttered pleasure boat on its accustomed course along the river
Inside a geisha strums a *shamisen*
She raises her voice to the sound of the three strings
"You are too cruel. It's too cowardly
Don't be so short-sighted
If you die, will flowers blossom and fruit ever appear?
I beg you, reconsider once more
Endure, (a an an an) won't you (an aan)³?"

[speech]

"How about it old man? Listen to the words of that song. It's a terrible waste to throw away one's life, isn't it? If there's some reason you absolutely have to die, tell me about it. There's not much I can do, but at least it will make you feel a little better."

³ The drawn-out syllables are part of a melodic pattern used at climactic moments.

To a little eating place at the foot of the bridge
He leads the old man
And listens to his story from beginning to end
The old man comes from Shirai in Oshu, the far northeast country, from Kosuga Village
He is a farmer named Jimbei
He carried the yearly taxes for the entire village, fifty gold coins in all
And came to Edo

[speech]

"I was robbed! I was robbed! When I got to the inn I hardly slept a wink. But even so, when I looked, the fifty gold coins were gone and I was left without a cent. What a disaster! What could I do? I thought and thought, but death was the only answer. If I don't deliver these fifty gold coins to the lord in Edo, the entire village of Kosuga will suffer. I could apologize forever and still never be able to go home. The only solution is death. The only way is to throw myself into the river . . . isn't it?"

"So that's what happened. You really are in a tough situation. Fifty gold coins! I seem to have run into a very expensive suicide. Old man, I could give you two or three gold coins, but fifty . . . that's an awful lot. But if you don't have those fifty gold coins, who knows how the people of your village will suffer. Now I know why you're going to the other world. Maybe there is nothing else to do.

Listen old man, take this purse. Inside is fifty gold coins. Here are five gold coins for the road. Fifty-five gold pieces in all. Here. Take it and go."

"Ehhh!"

"Don't make such funny sounds."

"You'll give me that money?"

"Yeah. Now with that much, you should have nothing to complain about."

"Thank you, thank you. Master, what is your name?"

"My name, why do you want to know my name?"

"You saved my life. At least let me know your name."

"Don't be shocked."

"Is it that surprising a name?"

"Yeah. I'm one of the forty-two wanted men with warrants issued personally by Edo's wise judge Ooka, Lord of Echizen.⁴ I'm Kinezumi Kichigoro, the gold-plated thief."

"Master, you are a thief?!"

"Shh, keep your voice down."

"You are a thief. Thank you for your help, but I will have to return this money."

⁴ Ooka Echizen no Kami is a legendary magistrate and his exploits appear in Kodan stories, popular fiction, and even on television today. The title "Lord of Echizen" is one of the honors bestowed by the Tokugawa government and was an empty title, having little or nothing to do with the Echizen area.

"So you changed your mind after you heard my name?"

"Thank you, but the punishment for receiving so much money and getting involved with a thief is too frightening."

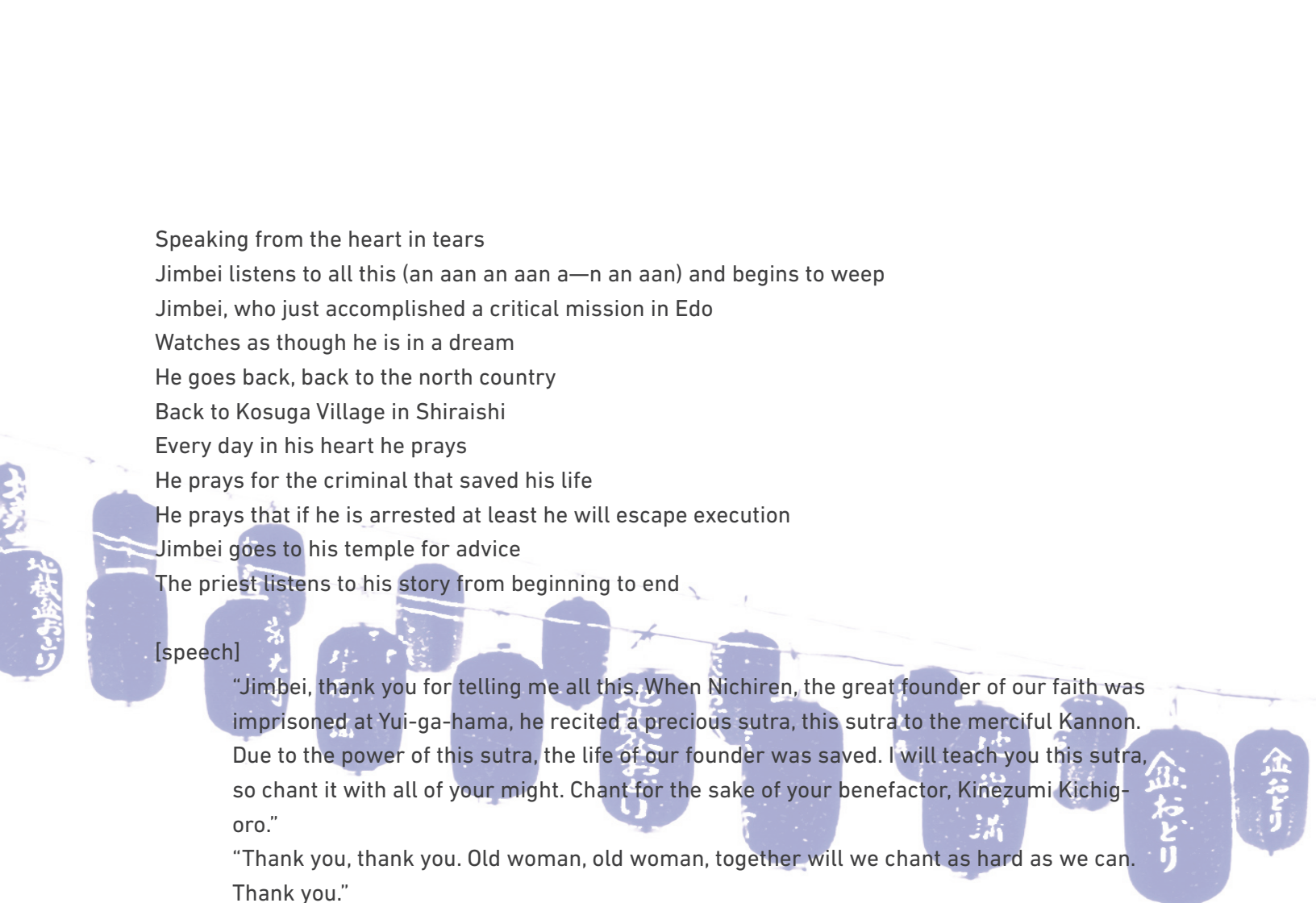
"That's no laughing matter. The burden of my crimes that I have to carry is almost more than I can bear. Go ahead. I won't ask for anything in return. Go and take that money."

"Thank you. Your help is like meeting a saint in hell. Thank you. Thank you."

"Does that make you happy, old man? It makes me feel good too. Ah, what a beautiful moon out there tonight. It even looks good through the window. Old man, just take a look at that fine moon, Hey, what's wrong? You're crying. You shouldn't cry. That will cloud over this rare moon. You know, I didn't become a criminal because I wanted to. I didn't want to end up with a criminal record. But I've always lived on life's back alleys. I don't even know my mother's face. A solitary man without parent or child. It's not easy being a yakuza. Old man, I didn't give you money to try to force you to do this for me, but there is just one favor that I would like to ask of you."

This year, I am at that unlucky age that everyone fears
I won't be able to avoid an evil fate (yoho— hoi hoi)
(a— enyakorase— dokkoise)

My legs will never be enough to help me run away from my punishment
After my judgment is passed then
Three feet of earth, three feet of wood
Six feet high, I will be given my end
That's all that is left at the end of evil
"Let's do him the favor of laughing at him." So the crowd will show their contempt
I won't be able to escape the executioner's spear
(sora— yo—i tokosassano yoi ya— sassa)
If Edo's Kinezumi Kichigoro is executed
And you get word of this out in the north country
If you hear that, then
Not in return for today's favor
But only if you think I'm worthy of pity
Burn some incense for me, even a broken stick will do
And offer even a single branch of dried funeral leaves
Say a prayer for me, will you, old man
Now even the sound of the wind rattling the shutters
Fills me with terror as I think that the police have finally come
As this long-time criminal confesses his torment



Speaking from the heart in tears
Jimbei listens to all this (an aan an aan a—n an aan) and begins to weep
Jimbei, who just accomplished a critical mission in Edo
Watches as though he is in a dream
He goes back, back to the north country
Back to Kosuga Village in Shiraishi
Every day in his heart he prays
He prays for the criminal that saved his life
He prays that if he is arrested at least he will escape execution
Jimbei goes to his temple for advice
The priest listens to his story from beginning to end

[speech]

"Jimbei, thank you for telling me all this. When Nichiren, the great founder of our faith was imprisoned at Yui-ga-hama, he recited a precious sutra, this sutra to the merciful Kannon. Due to the power of this sutra, the life of our founder was saved. I will teach you this sutra, so chant it with all of your might. Chant for the sake of your benefactor, Kinezumi Kichigoro."

"Thank you, thank you. Old woman, old woman, together will we chant as hard as we can. Thank you."

Jimbei and his wife leave the temple
"Mama, you mustn't forget these words
The words of the Kannon sutra the priest just taught us
Sing for the sake of the savior of our lives
I'll sing the first half
You join in and help with the second half"
So instructed, the old woman laughs
"Papa, listen to me
I may be as wrinkled as a pickled plum now
But when I was a girl, I had the prettiest voice in the village
At the time of the Bon Odori
I stood on the center platform with all the young men to lead the singing for the dance
Papa, I won't let you get the better of me
So sing and try your best."

[speech]

"Old woman, stop talking such nonsense."

Jimbei steps forward
And raises his raspy voice in song
“Nenpi Kannonbi Tojin”
As he starts to sing, the old women
Opens her mouth wide, and exposes her blackened teeth, thrusting out her jaw resolutely as she sings
“Tojin Dandanne”

[speech]
“That’s it, keep it up, Mama!”

Jimbei and his wife sing with all their might
Singing as they walk about
The young men of the village watch them as they sing

[speech]
“Moju”
“What is it, Jiro?”
“What is it that old Jimbei is singing?”
“That song? I don’t know.”
“I know, old man Jimbei went to Edo a while back. It must be the latest song from the big city. Let’s copy him.”

Not knowing that it is a song for the Kannon
Thinking that it must be a popular song from Edo
One after another, everyone copied it
Finally, everyone in the entire north country
Went around singing the Kannon sutra
It even became a song for babysitters with their little charges on their backs
A lullaby to put the babies to sleep
“Don’t cry, it’s all right. Go to sleep. Baby, where has your mother gone? Gone beyond the mountains, gone to her home. What presents will she bring you? A toy drum and bamboo flute. What sounds do they make? (an aan an an)
Try blowing the flute. See, it made a sound! How wonderful. Nenpi Kannonbi Tojin.”⁵ (a— ko— rya sho)

⁵ The song is a well-known lullaby.

(sora— yo—i tokosassano yoi ya— sassa)

(E— n)

In heaven and hell, no matter what tricks you use
There is no example that has prospered from evil
Even for a virtuous thief like Kinezumi
The time came when he
Had to pay for his crimes
He sat on the white gravel of the magistrate's court
The Lord of Echizen himself presided

[speech]

"Are you Kinezumi Kichigoro? I am the Lord of Echizen. Lift up your face."

"Haa—"

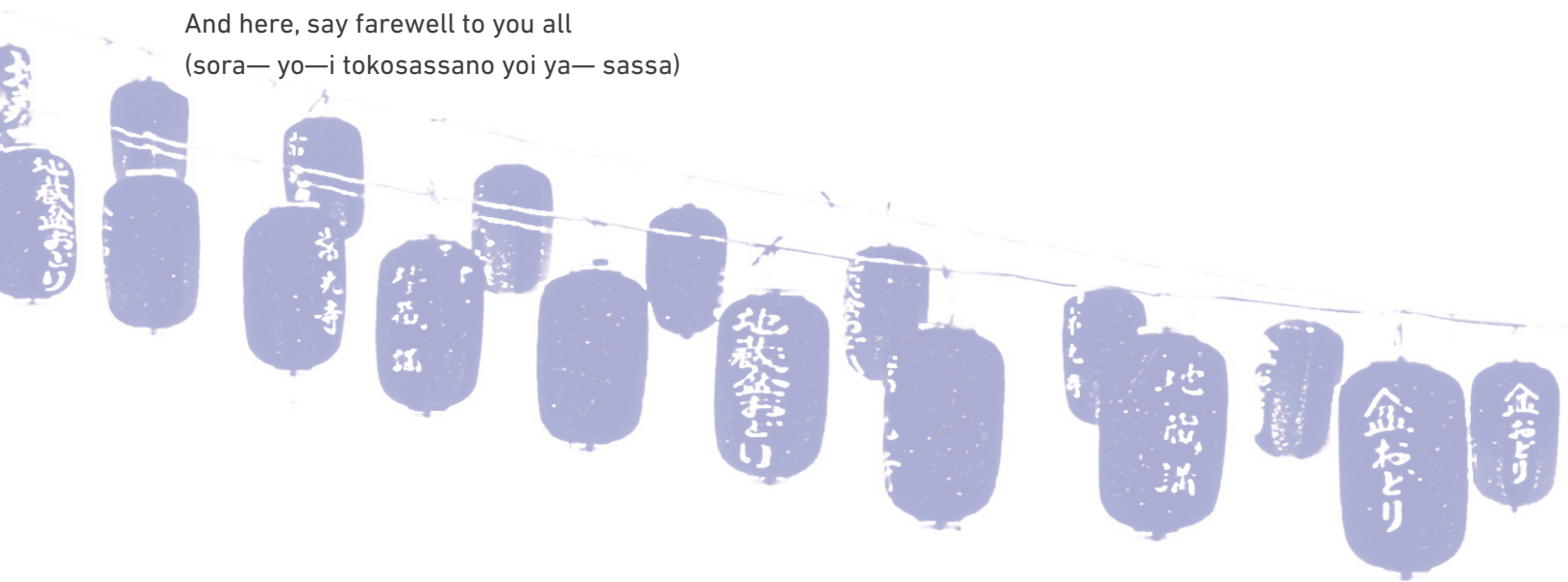
"Kichigoro, you cannot escape the punishment for your many crimes. However, something strange has happened. The seal on the document listing your crimes has disappeared. By law, if the document is not marked with a seal properly, the accused is to be released immediately. All it needs is my approval. How about it? Will you repent? It is a shame for such a fine man to be a thief. What do you say?"

"Yes I will, magistrate. For the first time in my life, I have truly learned what human kindness is. I, Kinezumi Kichigoro, will repent as of this day."

"Kichigoro, what a fortunate event. How fortunate indeed. Look at that blue sky. It is clearer and more beautiful than ever, as though to celebrate this event."

Repenting his former crimes, Kichigoro changes his name to the priestly name Sainen
Shaves his head and enters the way of the Buddha
He travels from province to province
Wandering on a never-ending pilgrimage
The months and years pass, how many days of frost and stars
Finally he reaches the northern country
And comes to Kosuga Village in Shiraishi
He meets Jimbei again, the farmer whose life he saved
As they say
If there is hidden virtue, it will be publically rewarded
And this story is remembered for ages
As a prayer to the Jizo for averting misfortune
Who is honored with never-ending offerings of incense and flowers
So the story has been handed down

A hymn to human kindness
Known as “A Sutra to the Kannon in Song”
With your help I’ve been able to sing the whole story
There must have been moments difficult to listen to
As it lasted so long. But you listened without tiring
And I thank you for your kindness
And here, say farewell to you all
(sora— yo—i tokosassano yoi ya— sassa)



Track 2 Hotoke Kuyo Jizo Wasan (Service for the Buddha: Hymn to Jizo)

by Izutsuya Koishimaru

(E— n)

Well before all of you here in the hall I've appeared

And as you can hear, my voice is not so good (yoho— hoi hoi)

(a— enyakorase— dokkoise)

I'm not singing just to please

With the songs I've loved since childhood

A string of *Kawachi Ondo*

Woven together with *Rokyoku*, folk song, and popular song to make *Koishi Bushi*

I squeeze out this raspy old voice

And sing with all my might

(sora— yo—i tokosassano yoi ya— sassa)

(E— n)

Blossoms are but illusions

And fruits are only dreams

Which will fall; what will make them scatter?

As the saying goes, meeting is but the beginning of parting

The flow of time never stops

And a heart must always live embracing sadness

The Buddha was once but a man

When we die, we shall all become Buddhas¹

Our beings all have the nature of Buddha within us

To separate from ourselves is sad indeed

Although I am not worthy, I, Izutsuya Koishimaru

Will pray for the lives of men

In a song I've woven together

Like singing a hymn to Jizo

I will sing with all my might

(sora— yo—i tokosassano yoi ya— sassa)

(E— n)

Although there are many prayers to the Buddha

At the temple of my long-ago ancestors

I clasp my hands morning and night (yoho— hoi hoi)

¹ In Japanese, a dead person is often referred to as *hotoke* (Buddha).

(a— enyakorase— dokkoise)

Safety and security in the home

Although one prays for it, in this world

A wind of impermanence always comes beckoning

And some go to travel in the land of the dead

There are those who lose father and mother to illness

A child may die in an accident

Although one sends him off with the most caring funerals

Emotions gather when one remembers him

Making one feel as though one's chest would split

(sora— yo—i tokosassano yoi ya— sassa)

Good fortune and bad are nothing but two sides of the same thin sheet of paper

A parent's momentary inattentiveness invites misfortune

Through the gap of the heart's carelessness

Comes an accident that lasts but an instant

The accidents of traffic and war surround us always

Too cruel to look at, the figure of my child

There is no way to treat him

Quietly he breathed his last

(sora— yo—i tokosassano yoi ya— sassa)

(E— n)

Daily, every day, what fills my mind

Are thoughts of my dear child

I wonder why he had to die as I face the Buddhist altar

Looking at his picture, speaking to myself

The cry of neighboring children playing

How like my child's voice, the sounds outside

When I hear them, unbidden, tears run down my cheeks

(E— n)

Every seventh day, every seventh day, full of memories

I light a candle and burn incense (yoho— hoi hoi)

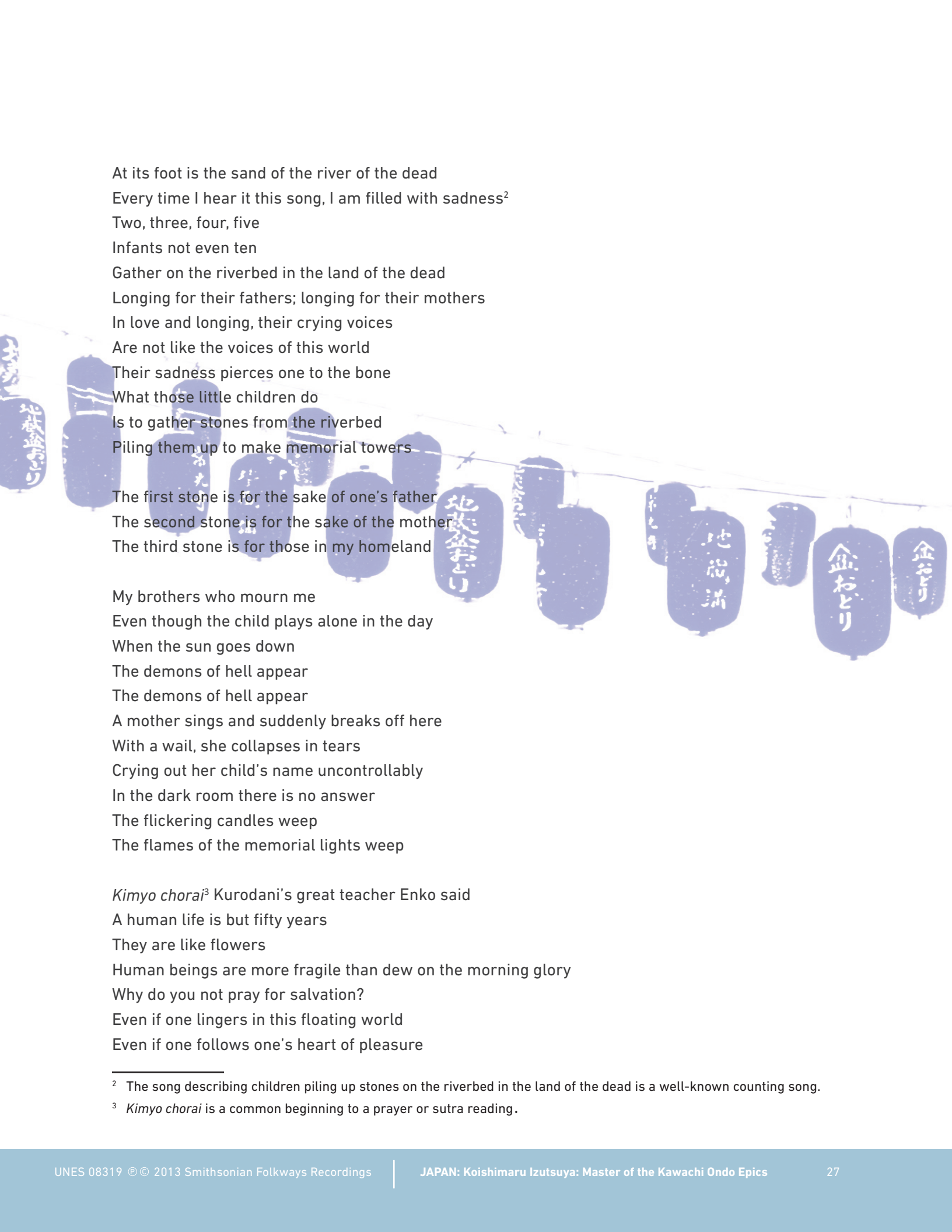
(a— enyakorase— dokkoise)

My chest chokes up at the hymn

The hymn to Jizo

This tale is not of this world

It tells of the mountain road of the dead



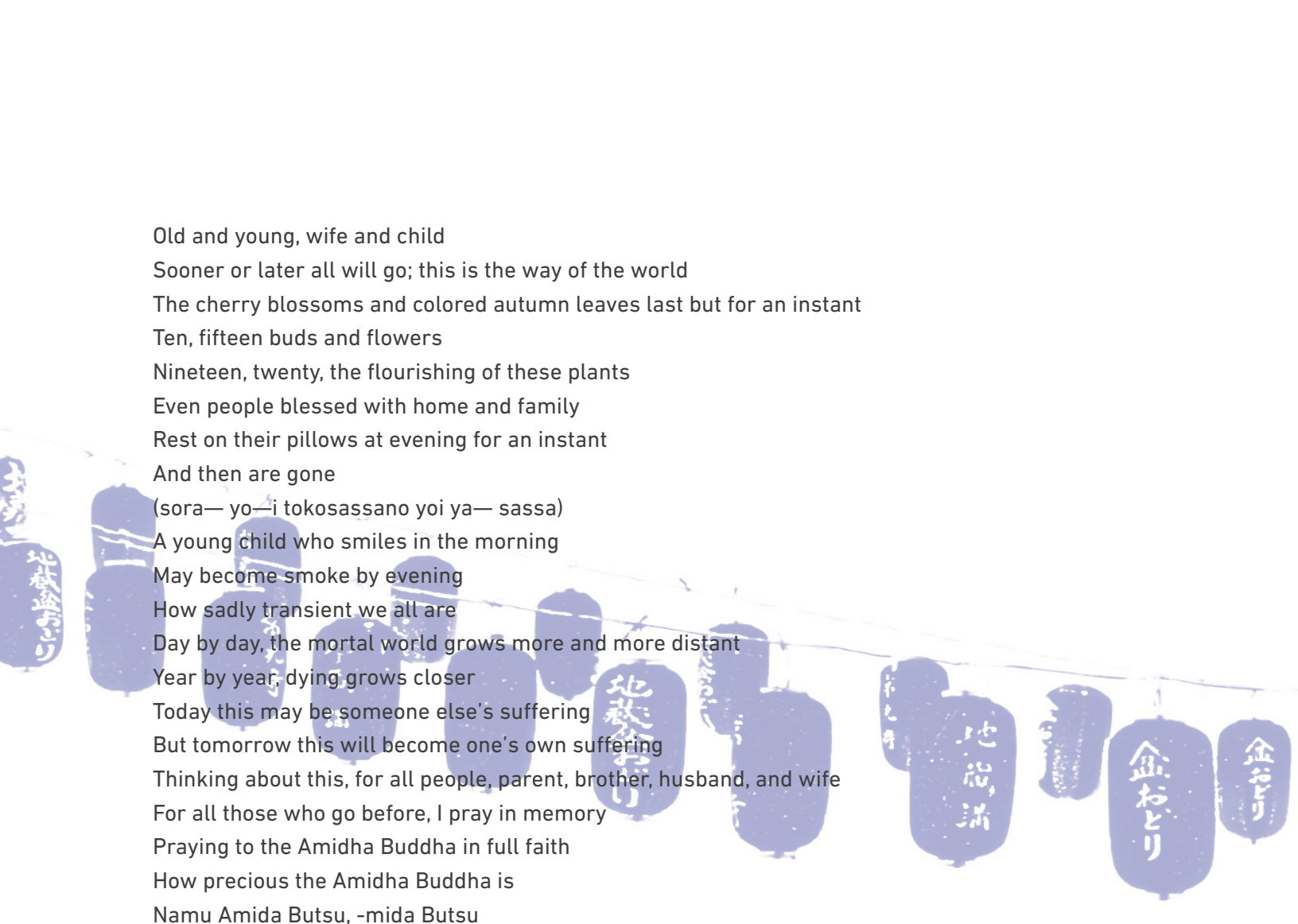
At its foot is the sand of the river of the dead
Every time I hear it this song, I am filled with sadness²
Two, three, four, five
Infants not even ten
Gather on the riverbed in the land of the dead
Longing for their fathers; longing for their mothers
In love and longing, their crying voices
Are not like the voices of this world
Their sadness pierces one to the bone
What those little children do
Is to gather stones from the riverbed
Piling them up to make memorial towers
The first stone is for the sake of one's father
The second stone is for the sake of the mother
The third stone is for those in my homeland

My brothers who mourn me
Even though the child plays alone in the day
When the sun goes down
The demons of hell appear
The demons of hell appear
A mother sings and suddenly breaks off here
With a wail, she collapses in tears
Crying out her child's name uncontrollably
In the dark room there is no answer
The flickering candles weep
The flames of the memorial lights weep

*Kimyo chorai*³ Kurodani's great teacher Enko said
A human life is but fifty years
They are like flowers
Human beings are more fragile than dew on the morning glory
Why do you not pray for salvation?
Even if one lingers in this floating world
Even if one follows one's heart of pleasure

² The song describing children piling up stones on the riverbed in the land of the dead is a well-known counting song.

³ *Kimyo chorai* is a common beginning to a prayer or sutra reading.



Old and young, wife and child
Sooner or later all will go; this is the way of the world
The cherry blossoms and colored autumn leaves last but for an instant
Ten, fifteen buds and flowers
Nineteen, twenty, the flourishing of these plants
Even people blessed with home and family
Rest on their pillows at evening for an instant
And then are gone
(sora— yo—i tokosassano yoi ya— sassa)
A young child who smiles in the morning
May become smoke by evening
How sadly transient we all are
Day by day, the mortal world grows more and more distant
Year by year, dying grows closer
Today this may be someone else's suffering
But tomorrow this will become one's own suffering
Thinking about this, for all people, parent, brother, husband, and wife
For all those who go before, I pray in memory
Praying to the Amidha Buddha in full faith
How precious the Amidha Buddha is
Namu Amida Butsu, -mida Butsu
So praying, giving comforting funeral prayers
All those people to whom I am linked
Go onto the petals of the lotus
And they are embraced by the merciful Kannon
Gaining Buddhahood
Praying for their salvation is for my sake as well
Observing funeral remembrances is the way of human beings
Let us comfort their souls
Let us pray to the Buddha to comfort their souls
(sora— yo—i tokosassano yoi ya— sassa)

Track 3 Okon Koroshi (The Killing of Okon)

from Yoshiwara Hyaku Nin Giri (The Slaughter of the Hundred in Yoshiwara)

(E— n)

In the west is Mt. Fuji; in the east is Mt. Tsukuba
Mt. Fuji and Mt. Tsukuba; between these two mountains
Is what is called the capital of the east
Above it is the Arakawa River Flowing down to Shinagawa
In the offing are birds called seagulls everywhere else
But if they fly and glide here, even the names of birds change
Here they are called “capital birds”¹
(sora—yo—i tokosassano yoi ya—sassa)

(E— n)

The time was the Kyoho period [1716–1736], the sixth year of that era
The fifth day of the fifth month, the night of the monthly festival
On that night, a hundred people were killed²
Another time. We are now on the 27th-to-last day of the year
A man leaves Edo behind him
Traveling down the Nakasendo road to the Todogawa riverbank
He arrived. This man
Was named Sanoya Jirobei
(sora—yo—i tokosassano yoi ya—sassa)

[speech]

Suddenly a solitary beggar appeared, aged 40 and 5 or 6. The hair hanging loose, that is, what was left of it; the nose having fallen off. On the left hand, two fingers were gone, leaving three. On the right hand, the three middle fingers were gone, leaving two. Put together, the two hands had five fingers between them. These two hands were placed respectfully on the ground in front as the beggar bowed.

¹ This is a reference to an episode in the 10th-century poem, “The Tales of Ise,” in which the poet Ariwara no Narihira is exiled to the east and encounters seagulls called *miyako dori*, or “birds of the imperial capital in Kyoto.” Narihira recites a poem asking the birds to tell him if his lover back in the capital is still alive. The poem is also used in the Noh play *Sumida Gawa*, which is about a mother driven mad with grief as she searches for her son. Not only is the theme of lost loved ones relevant to this piece, but later, the handsome young Jirozaemon—who conducted the massacre—is compared with Narihira, one of the most celebrated lovers of his time.

² The story of Sanoya Jirozaemon killing large numbers of people in the pleasure quarters is an old folk tale that also appeared in several kabuki plays, of which the latest, *Kagotsurube Sato no Eizame* (1886), is the most well-known. The story of Sanoya Jirobei (Jirozaemon’s father) murdering his former wife Okon forms the preluding background of the most famous scenes of this play.

"I beg for your kindness to grant me a copper. Illness has brought me to this sad state."

"How awful. Are you man or woman?"

"I am a woman. Once I made small birds in spring cry out in song at my beauty."

"Well, well. This is not much but go ahead and take it."

"Thank you. You have saved my life."

As she looks up, face meets face

"It's Jirobei, it's Jirobei, it's Jirobei. Jirobei, it's you!"

How could you have deceived me so

We are related as husband and wife

I am what is left of Edo-bushi Okon

The samurai supervisor of Sendai in the remote northeast country

Inoue Sukezaemon, kept me as his mistress

In a fine house with a wooden fence with tall pines that could be seen from the outside

I lived without the slightest desires

But I dropped my ornamental comb

And you picked it up and returned it; that was the beginning

After that, you and I

Were pulled together like the ropes on the fishing nets at Akogi bay

Time and time again you came visiting

After a while, my benefactor heard about it

Together we should have become rust on his sword

But instead, the master was kind and generous

And let me go with the gift of thirty gold pieces

Giving me leave, once and for all

After that, you and I

Lived together openly as husband and wife

What is more, in Akasaka, in Denmacho

We had a home that was the envy of all

How happy I was, but it was so brief

From what evil karma, I do not know

On my face and head, blisters grew

Soon no one could look at my face

Our deep love of three years vanished in an instant

Fading as the cherry blossoms in spring

(sora— yo—i tokosassano yoi ya— sassa)

You abandoned me and disappeared

Due to my illness

To this day, how much I have suffered
How I hated you
(sora— yo—i tokosassano yoi ya— sassa)
Okon, Okon listen to me
I did not leave you because I lost my love for you
I had things to stake my future on
I too struggled and suffered
But my suffering bore fruit
Now I have become a man
Okon, I will never make you worry again
I will take you home with me
Once more we will be husband and wife
He speaks sweetly and Okon responds

[speech]

"Is that true Jirobei? I am ashamed to have hated you for so long."

As her eyes cloud over with tears of joy, Jirobei looks all around. In the distance a temple bell tolls six times. Evening falls and the shadows gather ominously. The place is none other than the lonely Todogawa riverbank. He watches intently for Okon to let down her guard. Without a word he comes from behind. He aims at Okon and strikes. Okon staggers under the unexpected blow. With a splash she falls over backwards into the Toda River. As she tries to crawl out of the river, Jirobei twists back and slashes her shoulder.

"You have deceived me again. Now are you going to kill me? How I hate you. How I hate you Jirobei."

Her face is a terrifying mask of pure hatred. Jirobei turns his face away.

I did not kill you out of hate
Since parting from you
I have a new wife. Between us
We have had a child, a fine son
Next march, there is to be a wedding
The date is already set
How could I bring you home and say that you were my former wife
How could I do that and go against all the morals of the social world
(sora— yo—i tokosassano yoi ya— sassa)
All of this came as punishment for sins in a former life
Resign to your fate
And find salvation. May your soul not be lost in darkness

He wipes the blood from his sword and slips it back into its sheath
And Jirobei flees that place, aiming at the river crossing

"Chobei! Boatman, boatman, Chobei!"

"Who is it?"

"It's me, Sanoya."

"Oh, Master Sanoya. My goodness, you look pale!"

"It's nothing! It's . . . it's nothing. Take me to the opposite bank. Quickly!"

"Yes, yes. Please get into the boat. Watch out! Be careful, don't get in so roughly. Remember, as they say . . . there is only a thin boat bottom between you and the hell below. Careful as you board. We're off. Master, that's a nice breeze, isn't it?"

"Blow river wind; roll up the blind on that pleasure boat. Let me see the customer inside."

So he sings (an aan a—n an aan)³ and begins rowing

The stage turns, revolving creakily, and the scene changes

How terrifying the power of human hatred is

The sins of the fathers are visited on the sons

Once the handsomest man in Japan

Celebrated as the Narihira of today

Jirozaemon, Jirobei's cherished son

Changed his face and form in a single night

Turning into a hideous monster that no one could face with two eyes

When he lost his looks, his disfigurement caused

The marriage with the daughter of the wealthy Yorozu-ya

To be cancelled immediately

After many different events, through some tragic chance

Jirozaemon started visiting the Manjiro brothel in the flowery Yoshiwara pleasure quarters

Obsessed with love, he visited constantly for two years

But then suddenly, he could no longer endure

He drew his sword, the precious Kagotsurube, from its sheath

And killed a hundred

This is the conclusion of this history of the workings of karma

But my allotted time is gone

Thank you for patiently listening for so long

And listening quietly

With all my gratitude, I thank you for listening to this poor song, which comes to an end here

³ Although the dramatic climax of the piece is the killing of Okon, these drawn-out syllables create musical excitement and form another culminating point in the piece. They help to speed up pace of the story of Jirozaemon, which is the most well-known part of the legend but only a minor part of this *Kawachi Ondo* piece as a whole.

唄入り 観音経 清井筒家 小石丸

六／一一

エー

さては一座の 皆様方へ
チョイト出ました 私は
お聞きの通りの 悪声で

(ヨホーホイホイ)

(アー エンヤコラセー ドッコイセ)

お気に召すよに 詠めねども

幼い頃から 好きで覚えた 民謡の

河内音頭の 一節の

浪曲、民謡、歌謡曲

綾に織りなす 小石節

出もせぬ声を 絞り上げて

一生懸命に唄いましょう

(ソーラー ヨーイトコサツサノ ヨイヤーサツサ)

エー

水の流れに 任す身も

宵の深酒 うたた寝の

醒めて枕の 水恋し

水面に伝わる 爪弾きが

浮き名を流した 大川も

雨が降るなら 水も時々 濁るのに

誰が付けたか 隅田川

(ソーラー ヨーイトコサツサノ ヨイヤーサツサ)

九十六間 掛け渡す

花の武蔵野と 下総の

中を取り持つ 両国を

渡ればここは 回向院

鼠小僧の 次郎吉さんに

商売繁盛を 願うのか

香を手向けて お百度踏んで

祈る素足の 東下駄

(ソーラー ヨーイトコサツサノ ヨイヤーサツサ)

遠くチラチラ 明かりが揺れる

あれは言問い こちらを見れば

(ヨホーホイホイ)

(アー エンヤコラセー ドッコイセ)

「南無阿弥陀仏。南無阿弥陀仏。」

「おやつ、やるらしいな。おいつ、とつつあん。袂に小石を入れてどうする気だ。

土左右衛門にでもなる気か。おいつ、とつつあん。」

「エエエエ。止めて下さるな。死なねばならぬ訳あつて。」

「誰が止めると言った。止めるもんけえ。下は深えぞ、いい潮時だ、とつつあん。

飛び込むなら威勢良くザバーンと行きな。飛び辛えか、手伝おうか。」

「エッ、人情味のないお方」

「笑わすねえ。人情があるから何とか言つた。情が無きやあ素通りだ、

地　とつつあん。そう慌てることはねえやなあ、とつつあん。耳が聞こえるだろう。
ほら、来たで、あの唄をよく聞きな。」

指さす方を　見るなれば
流れ静かな　隅田川　（ヨホーホイホイ）

（アー　エンヤコラセー　ドッコイセ）

慣れた御棹の　屋形船
中で芸者の　爪弾きに
三の糸音に　声をば乗せて
そりやあんまりな　意気地なし
さりとて狭い　御料間
死んで花実が　咲くかいな
思い直して　もう一度
辛抱（アアンアン）する気は（アンアン）ないかいな

「どうだい、とつつあん。あんな唄を聞くと死ぬのが馬鹿馬鹿しくなるだろう。
そんなに死ななきゃならねえ辛い訳があるなら、おいらに聞かせてくれねえか。
あんまり役には立たねえが、少しは楽になるぜ、とつつあん。」

橋のたもとの　小料理屋に
とつつあん　連れ込んで
一部始終の話を　聞いたなら
奥州白石在は　小菅村
百姓仁兵衛と　言うおやじ
村の年貢の　お金五十両
預かり江戸にと　出てきたが

「盗られちゃなんめえ。盗られちゃなんめえと、おらあ宿に泊まってもろくろく
寝もやらず、気が付きや五十両すられて無一文です。えれえことになつちま
った、どうすりや良かんべやと、思案に明け暮れて、死ぬしか仕方がねえ。こ
の五十両の金は、江戸表のお殿様の元に届けなければ、小菅村一カ村が難儀を
するのでがす。おらあどの面下げて国さ帰れますでやあ。死ぬしか仕方がねえ
でがす。落ちるしか仕方がねえ・・・ねえでがす。」

「そうかい。そいつは気の毒だなあ、とつつあん。五十両とは高い身投げに会っ
ちまったなあ。二両か三両で止まって置け。五十両とは高すぎらあなあ。その
五十両が無けりや、村の人々は苦勞をして難儀をする。そしてとつつあんはあ
の世行きかあ。仕方、仕方ねえ、おうとつつあん、この財布の中に五十両入っ
てらあ。別に路銀として五両、合わせて五十五両ここにある。さあ、持つて行
きな。」

「エッエエーッ。」

「何ちゆう声を出しやがる。」

「下さいやすか。」

「おう。それだけ有りやあ、文句あるめえ。」

「有り難うござえます。有り難うござえます。親方、親方のお名前は何と申しま
すえ。」

「名前を聞いてどうする。」

「命の親だ。せめて名前なりとお聞かせ下せえませ。」
「驚くな。」
「エエーッ。そんなにおつかねえ名前でごぜえますか。」
「おう。今お江戸で、あの有名な名奉行大岡越前守様が、四十二名の割り符を出してのお尋ね者。おらあ、木鼠吉五郎という金箔付きの大泥棒さ。」
「親方、泥棒様で。」
「しっ。声が高いやな。」
「へえ、へえ。泥棒様でごぜえますか。ああ、泥棒様。親方、折角でごぜえますが、今いただいた五十五両、お返し申しますだあ。」
「どうしたい。名前を聞いて気が変わったか。」
「エエーエ。どう仕りまして。もうにことをかえ泥棒様からこんな大金いただいたら、後のたたりが恐ろしいです。」
「冗談言うねえ、とつつあん。こちとらあ背負って背負いきれねえ凶状持ち。とつつあんには迷惑かけねえから、さあ遠慮せず持つて行きな、持つて行きな。」
「エエエ。有り難うござえますだ。地獄で仏ですが。有り難うござえます。有り難うござえます。」
「とつつあん嬉しいかえ。俺も気持ちがいいぜえ。ああー、いい月だなあ。窓越しに見る月もきれいぜ。とつつあん、月を見てみろい。おやあ、どうした、泣いているのかあ。泣くんじゃねえやなあ、折角の月がにじんでくるじゃねえかあ。俺も好きでなつたやくざじゃねえ、凶状持ちじゃねえ。産まれたときからとつつあんや、おつかあ顔さえ知らねえ人生の裏街道をさまよいながらの凶状持ち、親無し子無しの一人旅、嫌な稼業だなあ。ヤクザかあ。とつつあん、今銭を呉れてやつて恩にきせる訳じゃねえが、一言だけ言つて置きてえことがある。」

俺は今年 人の嫌がる 厄年よ
厄負けなして 運悪く (ヨホーホイホイ)

(アー エンヤコラセー ドッコイセ)

もしも御用を 貰ったら
幾つ有つても 足らない身体
罪の調べが 済んだなら
土で三尺 木で三尺
六尺高い その上で
悪の終わりは あのざまよ
笑つてやれと あまたの人に あざけられ
槍の仕置きは 免れぬ

(ソーラー ヨーイトコサツサノ ヨイヤーサツサ)

江戸の木鼠 吉五郎が
仕置きになったと いうことを
風の便りで 奥州に
もしも聞こえた その時に
今日の恩をば 返せじゃないぞ
哀れな奴と 思し召し
折れた線香の 端なりと
枯れたしぎびの 一枝でも
手向けておくれよ とつつあんよ

盆おどり

盆おどり

雨戸に当たる 風音にさえ
御用じゃないかと 気を使う

凶状持つ身が 心から
涙を流し 懺悔をすれば

聞いた仁兵衛が（アンアアンアアンアアンアアン）もらい泣き

江戸の大役 果たした 仁兵衛が

夢に夢見る 心地して

戻り来ました 奥州は

白石在は 小菅村

毎日にち 心の中で 思うよう

あの恩人の 凶状持ち

もし召し取られても 仕置きにだけは ならぬよう

訪ね来ました 旦那寺

住職に一部始終を物語る

「ええ、仁兵衛さん、よく打ち明けられた。法華の太祖日蓮上人が、由比ヶ浜辰

口のご災難の時唱えられた、観音経という有り難いお経がある。上人はこれのお経の
御利益によって一命がすくわれた。このお経を教えてあげるから、恩人木鼠吉五郎様

のためじやと、一生懸命唱えてやりなされ。」

「有り難うございます。有り難うございます。婆さん、婆さん。二人で一懸命唱えよ
うぞ。有り難うございました。」

仁兵衛夫婦 表に出た

忘れちゃいけない 婆さんよ

今教わった 観音経

ありや大恩人の 為だから

わしが半分 前をやるで

あとから婆さん ついて来いと

言われた婆さん につこり笑い

これさ爺さん よくお聞き

今は梅干し ばばあでも

娘の頃は 村一番の 声よしで

盆踊りの 時などは

櫓の上で 若い衆と

音頭取りした こともある

これさ爺さん 如きに 負けはせぬ

しつかりおやり

「何をこく、このばばあ、ほざきやがって。」

先に立ったる 仁兵衛も

しわがれ声を 張り上げて

ねんぴ 観音日 唐人と

唄いだしたら 婆さんが

お齒黒だらけ 齒をむき出して

とうじん だんだんね

地「にいつはいいやなあ、婆さん頑張ろうぞ。」

仁兵衛夫婦 一生懸命に
唱えて 行く姿
村の若い衆 これを見て

「茂じゅう。」

「何だね、次郎べえ。」

「上の仁兵衛爺さん唄っているあれ何。」

「あれ唄かあ。おらあ知らねえだ。」

地「はあー、こないだ仁兵衛爺さん、江戸さ行った。その時覚えてきた江戸のは
やり唄じゃなかんべえ。覚えちまえ。」

観音経とは 知らないで

江戸のはやり唄じゃ ないかいのと
それからそれへと 真似をして

果ては奥羽州 一円に

観音経で 持ちきりです

おんば子守の 歌にまで

子どもを寝かす 守歌に

『泣くなよしよし ねんねしな 坊やのかあさん どこへ行った
あの山越えて 里へ行った 里の土産に 何もろた
でんでん太鼓に しょうの笛 鳴るか鳴らぬか（アンアアンアン）
吹いてみな さあさあ出したぞ よういやあな ねんび 観音日 唐人
来たこりや だんだんね （アーコーリヤシヨ）
（ソーラー ヨーイトコサツサノ ヨイヤーサツサ）
ねんねこせ （アーコーリヤシヨ）』
（ソーラー ヨーイトコサツサノ ヨイヤーサツサ）
眠るどころか 目が覚めた
（ソーラー ヨーイトコサツサノ ヨイヤーサツサ）

エー

地獄極楽 からくりでさえ

悪の栄えた ためし無し

義賊といわれた 木鼠も


年貢を納める 時が来た

白州の上に 据えられて

越前自ら 取り調べ

「その方が木鼠吉五郎か。越前じゃ、面を上げい。」
「ははあー。」

「吉五郎、数々の大罪は免れぬぞ。がしかし、その方に一つ不思議なことが。その不思議なことを申すのは、その方の罪状書の裏に請け判が消えているということじゃ。請け判の無き者は即日赦免となるが、この越前の胸三寸にある。どうじゃ、このあたりで改心いたさぬか。盗人には惜しい心意気、その方改心いたせ。どうじゃ吉五郎。」



「ん。吉五郎。あー目出たい。目出たいのお吉五郎。見よ、今日の空は日本晴れじゃあ。」

前非を悔いた 吉五郎は
名もサイネンと 改めて
頭を丸めて 仏門の
御弟子となりて 国々へ
諸国行脚の 旅に出る
巡る歳月 幾星霜
たどり着いたは 奥州の
白石在は 小菅村
助けた百姓 仁兵衛と
二度目の 対面にと 移りましたが
世のたとえ ことわざに あるごとく
陰徳有れば 陽報有り
まさに陰徳有れば 陽報有りと
後の世まで 皆様方
地蔵和讃と 厄除け地蔵と なぞらえつ
花と線香の 絶え間がない
語り継がれた 物語
人情美談の 一席は
題して 唄入り観音経
どうやら詠みきり出来ました
お聞き苦しき その中も
長々と 飽きもいたさず
厚く御礼 奉り
それでは皆様 ごきげんよう

(ソーラー ヨーイトコサッサノ ヨイヤーサッサ)

佛供養地藏和讃

作・井筒家小石丸 6/13 シンキョー・サール

エー

さては一座の 皆様方へ
ちよいと出ました 私は

お聞きの通りの 悪声で

(ヨホーホイホイ)

お気に召すように 詠めねども

(アー エンヤコラセー ドッコイセ)

幼い頃より 唄い綴った

河内音頭の 一節に

浪曲、民謡、歌謡曲 綾に織つたる 小石節

出もせぬ声を 絞り上げ

一生懸命に 唄いましょう

(ソラー ヨーイトコサッサノ トイヤーサッサ)

エー

花も幻 実も夢ばかり

誰が散るのか 散らすのか

一期一会の たとえの通り

時の流れは とどまらず

哀れ同胞 心せよ

釈迦も 昔は凡夫なり

我等も終には 佛なり

いづれも佛性 具せる身を

へだつるのみこそ 悲しけれ

不肖 井筒家小石丸

人の命の 供養とて

唄い綴った 一編を

地藏和讃と なぞらえて

一生懸命に つとめましょう

(ソラー ヨーイトコサッサノ ヨイヤーサッサ)

エー

佛供養も 数々あれど

遠き祖先の 菩提寺に

朝な夕なに 手を合わせ

(ヨホーホイホイ)

(アー エンヤコラセー ドッコイセ)

家内安全 息災を

願う中にも 世の中は

無情の風に 誘われて

冥土へ旅立つ 人もある

病で亡くした ちゝはゝや

事故で亡くした 幼な子を

手厚く葬らい 送れども

思いを寄せて 偲ぶとき

胸はりさける 思いかな

(ソラー ヨーイトコサッサノ ヨイヤーサッサ)

金おどり

金おどり

幸と不幸は紙一重

親の不注意 災い招く

心の油断 隙間から

僅かな間に 起きた事故

交通戦争にと 巻きこまれ

見るも無惨な 吾が子の姿

手当施す すべもなく

静かに息を 引きとった

エーン

日にち毎日 思うのは

いとし我が子の 事ばかり

なぜに死んだと 佛壇の

遺影に向かい ひとり言

遊ぶ近所の 子供達

我が子に似たり 外の声

聞いて涙が 頬つたう

エーン

七日、七日の 思い出に

灯明あげて 香を焚き

胸つまらせて 唱和する

地蔵和讃の 御詠歌に

これは此の世の 事ならず

死出の山路の 裾野なる

賽の河原の ものがたり

聞くにつけても 哀れなり

二ツや 三ツや 四ツ五ツ

十にも足らない みどり子が

賽の河原に 集まりて

父上恋し 母恋し

恋し、いとしと 泣く声は

この世の声とは 事かわり

悲しさ骨身を 通すなり

彼のみどり子の 所作として

河原の石を とり集め

これにて回向の 塔をつむ

一ツつんでは 父のため

二ツつんでは 母のため

三ツつんでは ふるさとの

兄弟我が身と 回向して

ひるは一人で 遊べども

日も入りあいの その頃は

(ソラー ヨーイトコサッサノ ヨイヤーサッサ)

(ヨホーホイホイ)

(アー エンヤコラセー ドッコイセ)

金おどり

金おどり

金おどり

地獄の鬼が 現われて

地獄の鬼が 現われてと

そこまで唱えた 母親が

「ワッ」と その場に泣き伏して

思わず我が子の 名を呼べど

暗き部屋には 答えなく

ゆれる明りが 泣いている

ゆれる灯明が 泣いている

帰命頂禮 黒谷の

圓光大師の 仰せに

人間僅かし 五十年

花にたとえば 朝顔の

露よりもろき 身をもちて

なぜに後生を 願わぬぞ

たとえ浮世に ながらえても

楽しむ心に 任すとも

老いも若きも 嫁も子も

遅れ先きだつ 世のならい

花も紅葉も ひと盛り

十や十五の つぼみ花

十九 二十の 花盛り

世帯ざかりの 人々も

今宵まぐらを 傾けて

すぐに去り逝く 人もある

朝なに笑いし 幼な子も

暮れには煙と なるもあり

哀れはかなき 我らかな

娑婆は日に日に 遠ざかり

死するは年々 近づきて

今日は他人の 事なれど

明日は我が身の 事なるぞ

これを思えば みな人に

親兄弟や 夫婦とも

先き立つ人の 追善し

念佛唱えて 信ずべし

あら有難や あみだぶつ

南無阿弥陀佛 みだぶつと

念佛となえて 供養をすれば

縁につながる 人々が

蓮のうてなの その上で

観音様に いだかれて

成佛される ことでしょう

佛供養を 怠らず

供養するの 己がため

(ソー
ヨーイトコサッサノ ヨイヤーサッサ)



回向するこそ 人の道
こぞつて供養 いたしましょう
佛供養を いたしましょう

(ソラー ヨーイトコサツサノ ヨイヤーサツサ)

吉原百人斬（お紺殺し）

井筒家 小石丸 めや真と二十

エー

西は富士 東は筑波

富士と筑波の 山合に

見ゆるは東の 都というて

上は荒川 下に流れて 品川

沖で鷗と いうけれど

ここへ飛び来りや 鳥の名も

いきに変わりて 都鳥

地獄おどり

（ソラー ヨーイトコサツサノ ヨイヤーサツサ）

頃は享保 六年の

五月五日は 節句の夜に

百人斬りに およぶという

暮れの二十と 七日に

お江戸表を あとにして

中仙道は 戸田川堤

やって来ました この人は

佐野屋次郎兵衛と いえる人

（ソラー ヨーイトコサツサノ ヨイヤーサツサ）

突然その場に現れましたのが一人の乞食

年の頃なら四十と五六

髪の毛は散んばらに抜け果てて、鼻は取れ

左手の指は二本取れて三本

右手の指も中指三本取れまして二本

両の手合わせて五本の指をば前にとつき

「お手許様には 御面倒で御座居ますが、お情を持ちまして どうか一文いただ

かして下さいませ。病のために難儀する哀れな者でございます。」

「オッ、なんと醜いおこも。そちは男か、それとも女ごかい。」

「ハイ。女ごで御座居ます。昔は鶯小枝にヒョイと止めて、ホケキヨと泣かした

ハイ、事もございます。」

「ほう、面白いおこもじゃ。ささ、これは少ないが取っておけ。ほら。」

「有難うございます。お蔭で生命が助かりました。」

ひょいと見上げる 見おろす顔と顔

「おっおっお、お前は次郎兵衛、次郎兵衛、次郎兵衛、次郎兵衛だなあ。」

よくも私を だましたな

お前の為には 女房の

江戸節お紺の なれの果て

奥州仙台 重役の

井上助左衛門と いう方に

私じゃ引かされ 囲い者

舟板塀に 見越しの松よ

何不自由はなくなると 暮らしていたが

私の落とした かんざしを



お前が拾い、届けてくれたため
そのあとお前と、この私が
あこぎの浦で、引く網も
度重なれば、現われる
何時しかダンナの、耳に入り
二人揃えて、一刀の錆に
なされる所を、お情けいただいて
三十両の、手切金

綺麗さっぱり、暇くれて
そのちのお前と、この私
天下晴れての、夫婦じゃと
しかも赤坂、伝馬町で
人が羨む、新所帯
やれ嬉しやも、束の間よ
何の因果か、知らないけれど
顔や頭に、吹き出物
ふた目と見られぬ、顔となり
三年の恋も、一時にさめて
ボンとはる着の、糸桜

(ソラー
ヨーイトコサッサノ
ヨイヤーサッサ)

お前はどこかへ、姿をかくし
そののち、私は病いのために
今日が日まで、苦勞を重ね
お前を恨んで、いたわいな

(ソラー
ヨーイトコサッサノ
ヨイヤーサッサ)

これこれお紺、これお紺、わしじやとて
決してお前を、いやではないが
何か一と儲け、したいと思ひ
いろいろ苦勞を、しましたが
苦勞いたした、甲斐あつて
今ではどうやら、男になれた
もうこれからは心配かけぬぞ、これお紺
お前を連れて家にと戻り
もともとどおりの、夫婦じやと
やさしくいわれて、彼のお紺

「それは誠か次郎さん。今の今まで恨んだ私が悪かった。」
嬉し涙に暮れる折、あたりを見廻す次郎兵衛
人の髪さえいと冴えて
いずこで打つのか、六ツの鐘
陰にこもりて物凄く、ポォーン
所もちょうど戸田川堤
お紺の油断を見澄まして
物もいわずに後ろから
お紺めがけて、パァーッ
不意を喰った彼のお紺

金おどり

金おどり

戸田川中にと真逆さま ドボオーン

這い上がろうとする奴を

腰をひねった次郎兵衛が

肩先深く ビシッ

「またも私を騙したな。お前は私を殺す気か。恨みますぞ、恨みますぞよ次郎兵

衛よ……」

ハッタとにらんだ形相物凄く

顔を背けた次郎兵衛が

恨みあつて 殺すじゃないが

お前と別れた その後に

持った女房と その中に

出来たその子が 男の子

来年三月 婚礼の

日迄決まった その内へ

これが以前の女房じゃと

連れて帰りよが 浮世の義理に

(ソラー ヨーイトコサッサノ ヨイヤーサッサ)

皆何事も 前生の

約束事じゃと 諦めて

迷わず成仏 してくれよ

血のりぬぐって さやにと納め

その場後に 次郎兵衛が

やって来ました 渡場へ

「長兵衛。これ舟頭。長兵衛。」

「はい、どのどなた様でございます。」

「わしじゃ、佐野屋じゃ。」

「おうおー、これは佐野屋の旦那様。旦那様、大変お顔の色が悪うございます。」

「いやー・・・、なななんでもいいから、この舟を早く向こうが岸まで着けてくれぬか。」

「へえへえ、ようござんす。ささ、乗っておくんなんせえ。おつとと、旦那慌て

ちやいけませんぜ。舟底三寸底地獄、しつかり乗っておくんなせえよ。じゃ

あ、出しますよ。ドッコイショ。」

もやいは解かれて 白帆は張られ

ぐつと一押 左竿

「旦那、いい風が吹いてきますねえ。」

『吹けよ川風 上がればすだれ 中のお客の 顔みたや』

唄いながらに (アンアアンアーンアアン) こぎ出す

廻り舞台が きりぎりきりと廻れば

人の恨みは 恐ろしや

親の因果が 子に報い

八洲一での 美男子よ

今業平と 唄われた

可愛いせがれの 次郎佐衛門が



一夜に変わる 顔かたち
二目と見られぬ 化物面に
変わりましたる そが為に
萬屋娘の 縁談も
ここに破談と なりまして
あれやこれやの 手違いよりも
花の吉原 萬字楼に
通い詰めたる 二年間
堪忍袋の緒を 切って
さやを払った 籠釣瓶
百人斬りを いたすという
因果ばなしに 移りましたが
もはや受け持ち 時間です
御長々と 飽きもせず
ようこそご静聴 賜りました
厚く厚く 御礼奉り
オソまつでした
まずこれまでーーー