

Ikkaku Sennin



WILLIAM PACKARD

Ikkaku Sennin

English adaptation by William Packard
After the original translation by Frank Hoff

ABOUT THIS ADAPTATION

Ikkaku Sennin was written by Komparu Zembō Motoyasu (1453–1532), although its origins are certainly much earlier, in the Japanese legend of Ekshringa, or “one-horn.” Ikkaku Sennin is a holy hermit unicorn who has captured the dragon gods and kept them from causing rain to fall; eventually this hermit is seduced and loses all his magic power, through an encounter with the beautiful Lady Senda Bunin. It is interesting that there is also a Kabuki play, NARUKAMI, which deals with this legend, and is derived from the older Noh play.

The Institute for Advanced Studies in the Theatre Arts, in New York, had already produced NARUKAMI; it was directed by Onoe Baiko VII; of the Kabuki theatre in Japan. Consequently, when the Institute came to consider the choice of a Noh play, it was natural that *Ikkaku Sennin* should come up for discussion. Sadayo Kita, of the Kita school of the Noh in Tokyo, was IASTA's visiting director in the fall of 1964, and he agreed that *Ikkaku Sennin* would be a good introduction to the Noh theatre for American audiences.

So Sadayo Kita and his assistant, Akiyo Tomoeda, began rehearsals of *Ikkaku Sennin*, with American professional actors, at the Institute's theatre in New York. Incidentally, this was the first time in history that Japanese Noh actors have taught the techniques of their ancient theatre, to non-Japanese, for a production outside of Japan.

But there was a serious problem with the text. Frank Hoff, an American poet presently living in Tokyo, had made a fine literal translation of *Ikkaku Sennin*. However, Mr. Kita and Mr. Tomoeda were afraid that it would compromise the spirit of the Noh theatre, to depart too far from the traditional voice patterns and inflections of the phonetic Japanese text. So it was necessary to make the English adaptation correspond syllable for syllable with the Japanese text; also, certain conspicuous vowel sounds in the Japanese had to have an exact equivalent in English; and finally, the very pronounced rhythms of the Noh theatre required a great many abrupt, distinct monosyllables in English.

In my adaptation, I tried to achieve as much of this as possible. I suppose this is the only English version of a Japanese Noh play, which has been especially adapted to the traditional rhythms and inflections of the Noh. And yet, I do not think the fact that this text has met most of the technical requirements, and is still highly poetic, is all my own doing. The autumn imagery of *Ikkaku Sennin* is so subtle and poignant, that it has somehow survived all the various stages of translation and adaptation and rehearsal and performance. It is still there, and perhaps it is almost as haunting as it is in the original.

—William Packard

In the presentation here, Mr. Packard's version is printed on the left-hand column, Mr. Hoff's version in the center, and the Japanese in Roman alphabet in the right.

—Ed.

Stage assistants bring out two props. One is a “construct” (tsukurimono) suggesting the hut in which the wizard is concealed. The second “construct” represents a rock pile out of which children dressed as dragon gods appear at the end of the play. The props are put out before any characters appear. Placing them is handled as part of the performance proper.

A procession. The *waki* costumed as a court official. Two *wakizure* (his companions) who are the “carriers” for a litter on which the *shite-zure*, the woman, is imagined to be carried. Actually she is not carried at all. The *wakizure* hold something like a baldaquin over her head to suggest the litter.

They take some time getting to the center of the stage before the *waki* speaks.

<p>WAKI: The prince I serve is a great prince, he is the emperor of Barana who rules a kingdom of India, with many lands along the Ganges. Now in the country of this prince there lives a hermit and he is a wizard. He was born from the womb of a deer, and he has a horn, one single long horn, a horn that sprouts out of his forehead, sprouts out of his forehead, and therefore we have named this wizard <i>ikkaku sennin</i>, holy hermit unicorn. Once <i>ikkaku sennin</i> and the great dragon gods had an affair of honor, and the wizard won out, the holy hermit unicorn used his magic to undo the great dragon gods, he drove them into a cave and made them stay inside.</p>	<p>I serve a great prince of India who rules lands along the Ganges.</p> <p>In our prince's country lives a hermit. He is a wizard.</p> <p>He was born from the womb of a deer and has a single horn, one long single horn sprouting up out of his forehead.</p> <p>This single horn gives him his name. They call him <i>ikkaku sennin</i>, “the hermit with the single horn.”</p> <p>An affair of honor came up between the wizard and the dragon gods.</p> <p>The wizard got the upper hand. He had magic powers on his side.</p>	<p>kore wa Tenjiku Barana Koku no teiō ni tsukaetatematsuru shinka nari.</p> <p>Sate mo kono kuni no katawara ni sennin ari</p> <p>shika no tainai ni yadori shyussō shitaru yue ni yori, hitai ni tsuno hitotsu oiidetari.</p> <p>kore ni yotte sono na o Ikkaku sennin to nazuku.</p> <p>saru koto arite Ryujin to i o araso i sennin no jinzū o motte</p>
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Away in that cave, for many years they
could not cause rain to fall.
Since then, my prince has come to grieve,
he sees that his whole countryside is dry,
and so now he knows
he has to free those dragon gods.
Listen, this is the prince's plan, this is
the beautiful young girl
who is going to go up into the mountains,
there where the wizard lives, the holy hermit
unicorn, and he may make a mistake and
think she's lost her way.
Then he may fall in love,
he may say this young girl is so beautiful,
he has lost his heart and art
and all the magic that he used to use.
It may work out that way, that's what the
prince is hoping for,
and so we're going to carry her up to the
unicorn.

Mountains and mountains and mountains,
mists that cover over all the weary travelers,
cold winds that blow through the open
woods, as we keep going,
no sleep on the mountain side,
no sweet dreams for us.
Dew that drops like rain,
dew that drops like rain, like rain
on the deep ravine
so that even the lowest leaves receive water,
change to strange autumn colors.
We are kept so cold
as we keep climbing, climbing, climbing on
our way.
The road goes through so much mist,
through clouds on high hills.
How do we know where we are?
Up in the mountains
we do not know where we are,
we wander around
wondering where does this road go, this road
we're on,
does anyone know anything about this road?

WAKI:

Day after day, we've hurried on our way,
traveling on this old road that no one knows
about,
now we are lost, we are all worn out.
Look, there are many rocks, they are lying
on the ground and piled up in a mound, I
wonder why?
—how sweet the breezes as they blow over
the rock pile, I can tell the smell of pine.
Perhaps this is where the wizard lives, the
holy hermit unicorn, perhaps this is the place.
We could keep quiet and get close to it,
slowly, slowly, get up close so we can see if
the wizard is hiding inside.
Gracious lady, if your patience will permit it,
we would like to stay right here.

SHITE:

I scoop water from deep streams with my
magic gourd, I call forth all my art,
I lift up clouds that have folded over forests
and I make them boil swiftly,

He drove the dragon gods into a cave
and locked them up tight.

But the dragon gods bring the rains, so
with them locked up tight like that inside,
there has been no rain for a number of
years now.

The prince is grieved to have his land
languish in drought.

So he's been trying everything he can to free
the dragon gods.

Now he's come up with this scheme.

The girl riding here is a beauty without
peer. That you can see.

He wants her to be taken for a traveler
who's lost her way.

That's the impression he wants her to give
the wizard once she has made her way,
along with the three of us, up into the
mountains where he lives.

The idea is that he'll fall in love, lose
his heart and with it his magic powers.

That's the prince's plan and why we're
accompanying her now up into the haunt
of the mountain hermit.

(The *waki-zure* join the *waki* in this travel
song.)

Mountain upon mountain
Mists that swallow up travelers
cold winds that roar down over pine forests
No sweet dreams for us on the mountain side.
An uneasy rest is all we get on our way.

Mist, and autumn rains
Pierce the deepest ravines
Drench the lowest leaves
Bring on autumn colors.
An autumn wind chills
Travelers on their way.
Our road lies through patches of mist.
Our road cuts across cloud banks that
cling to the hillsides
No sign of which way's right.
Deep in the mountains
Helplessly

shoryu o iwaya ni fūjikome
okitarishi ue ni

sūnen ame kudarazu sōrō.

Mikado kono koto o nageki tamai

iroiro hōben o megurashi sōrō

Koko ni Sendabunin tote narabinaki

bijin no goza sōrō o

fumi mayoitaru ryōjin no gotoku

senkyō ni wake iri tamawaba

kano bunin ni kokoro o utsushi,
jinzū o ushinoubeki to no go hōben
ni yori,

tadaima Sendabunin no ontomo
mōshi
senkyō ni wakeiri sōrō

kano
(*sashi*)

yama tōkushite wa
kumo kōkaku no ato o uzumi
matsu samūshite wa kaze ryōjin no
yume o mo yaburu
karine kana
(*michiyuki*)
tsuyu shigure
moru yamakage no
shita momiji
moru yama kage no shita momiji
iro sou aki no
kaze made mo
mi ni shimi masaru tabigoromo
kirima o shinogi
kumo o wake,

tatsugi mo shiranu
yama naka ni



THE WIZARD COMES FROM WITHIN THE CAVE. Roger Newman, Maggie Newman, Lavina Nielsen, Peter Blaxill, and Virginia Blue.



LADY SENDA as played by Jack Eddleman.

then I play music.
But I play alone.
The mountains rise up high above river
banks.
Green leaves suddenly become the color of
blood.
I play music and I play alone in autumn.

WAKI:

Listen to me, listen, this is a traveler, we
have lost our way and we want to speak to
you.

SHITE:

Who's there?—I thought I would be free in
these mountains,
I thought I would be able to escape from the
human race,
and now someone comes—
O please leave, please leave as fast as you
can.

WAKI:

No, listen to me, listen, we are travelers and
we are lost,
and the sun is setting,
and the road is dark,
so won't you let us spend the night right
here?

SHITE:

No no, I told you to go, this is no place for
you to stay, so go, I say you should go far
away from here.

WAKI:

You say this is no place for us to stay, and
is that because the holy hermit unicorn lives
here?
Come out I say so we can see your face!

We wander lost.
Where does it lead
Where does it lead, this road we travel?
(*waki*) Day after day we've hurried on
our way. But the truth is we only get more
and more lost, traveling a mountain road
that leads . . . who knows where?
What a strange looking mound of rocks.

How sweet a smell the wind carries away
from it. What an odd hut made of pine
and *katsura* branches.
Could this be the place where the hermit
lives?
Let's look around.
Let's inspect it from up close.

(The *shite*, the wizard, speaks from within
his hut.)

I scoop up water from deep valley streams
in a gourd.
I boil clouds folded over pine forest hill-
sides in a caldron.
Sometimes I play from my own entertain-
ment.

But when the music's over, still no one has
come to call.
Mountains soar up beside the river banks.
When I look up . . . Lo!

Branches green just yesterday are suddenly
crimson.

What a lovely autumn hillside.
(The following dialogue is between the
waki, speaking as if into the hut, and the
shite.)

(*waki*) Hell! - Hello in there.
I want to speak to you.

obotsukanakumo
Fumimayou
michi no yukue wa ikanaran
michi no yukue wa ikanaran
isogi sōrō hodo ni
izuku to mo shiranu sanchu ni
wake iri sōraeba

fuku kaze kōbashiku shōkei eda
o musubitaru iori no sōrō

moshi kano senkyō nite mo ya
sōrōran.
shibaraku haikai shi
koto no yoshi o ukagabaya to
zonji sōrō

byō ni wa kokuren itteki no mizu
o osame
kanae ni wa shōzan suhen no kumo
o senzu
kyoku oete

hito miezu

kōshyō subō ao karishi

kozue mo ima wa kurenai no

aki no keshiki wa omoshiro ya

ika ni kono iori no uchi e
mōsubeki koto no sōrō



THE WAKI and LADY SENDA await the wizard to come from his hiding place in the cave. WAKI (Reid Shelton) and LADY SENDA BUNIN (Jack Eddleman).

SHITE:

I am getting up, I am coming out of here,
I am going to show myself to all these
travelers!

CHORUS:

He takes the great grass gate and swings it
to one side,
he takes the great grass gate and swings it
to one side,
now he is aroused—
look, look at his face!
Black hair snarled on his proud brow,
a single long horn sprouting out of his
forehead.
See how he stands here—if he disappeared
we would still see him stand here,
strange and wonderful!

WAKI:

Are you the hermit we have heard about,
which they call the holy hermit unicorn?

SHITE:

I am ashamed to say it,
but I am he, ikkaku sennin.
Tell me, who is this beautiful young girl, and
tell me, why is one so fair on this rough
road?
She should be found at court, some sort of
princess—O the grace
that gazes from her smiling eyes,
she is like the silent sky,
or like the sweet peace of the deep sea,
she is not like the people of this world.
Travelers, you must tell me, who are you and
why have you come here?

WAKI:

O now, we are no one you would ever notice,
we are only strangers who got lost.
Here is some *sake* which we brought along
with us, to cheer us up on our long journey.
My lady kindly offers it to you, so
do take a cup of this fine wine!

(*shite*) Strange. Mountains piled up high
on all sides. You would think this would
be one place no human could get to. Go
away, won't you. Go away.

(*waki*) We are travelers who have lost our
way. The sun is setting. Already we can't
make out one ridge from the next. Won't
you let us spend the night here?

(*shite*) There you are. Just what you
would expect. This is no place for men
to come to. Off with you. Off as fast as
you can.

(*waki*) You say this is no place for men
to come to. This could be just the place,
then, where the hermit lives. Reveal your-
self. Come, show us your face.

(The *shite* takes the next two lines which
describe his own getting up and coming
out. His speech is then taken over by the
chorus as he comes out of the hut. The
device is a remnant of the narrative origins
of the Nō.)

(*shite*)

Getting up, coming out of the hut I'll show
myself to the travelers.

(*chorus*)

The grass gate

He swings it to one side

Rising, striding out . . .

Look his face!

Green hair tangled on the brow

In the midst sprouts up an antler.

He stands there

An instant only.

But seeing him

Oh wondrous sight!

(*waki*) Are you the hermit we have heard
about, the one with the single horn?

(*shite*) My shame, but true. I am "one
horn."

That girl there. She is not the usual
run of traveler you meet on the road.
She's more like a lady you might find at
court, some beautiful princess or other.

Eyebrows like a crescent moon.

All gossamer and brocades.

No ordinary mortal. Who are you, travelers?

(*waki*) No one special, just travelers who
have lost their way. We have brought
along some *sake* with us to ease the wear
and tear of the road. Why don't you have
some too. Here, drink up!

(*shite*) No. Hermits prefer pine leaves
That's what we eat. Moss is what we use for
dress. The dew that collects on the katsura
tree is our drink. Year after year may pass,
but we are always the same. No change.
No getting old. No dying. We have no need
for *sake*.

(*waki*) If you insist, there's no disputing.
Still . . . if we ask it of you as a special
favor, you can't refuse then, can you?

fushigi ya na koko wa kōzan jōjō
to shite, jinrin kayowanu tokoro
nari.

haya haya kaeri tamae

kore wa fumi mayoitaru ryojin
naru ga, hi mo yōyō kurekakari,
zengo o bōjite sōrō.

ichiya no yado o onkashi sōrae

sareba koso ningen no majiwari
arubeki tokoro narazu
toku toku kaeritamae to yo

somo ningen no kayowanu tokoro
to wa, sate wa senkyō ni ya
iritsuran.

mazumazu sugata o mamie tamae

ideide saraba tachiidete

ryojin ni sugata o mamien to

shiba no toboso o oshihiraki

shiba no toboso o oshihiraki

tachi izuru

sono sugata

midori no kami ni

oinoboru o shika no tsuno no

tsuka no ma mo sennin o

ima miru koto zo

fushigi naru

kore wa uketamawari oyobitaru
ikkaku sennin nite watari sōrō ka

hazukashi nagara ikkaku nite sōrō
sate are ni mashimasu wa yo no
tsune no ryojin ni arazu.

samo utsukushiki kyūjo no katachi,

katsura no mayuzumi

raryō no koromo

sara ni tadabito to wa mietamawazu

sōrō. ika naru hito nite

watari sōrō zo.

iya kore wa fumi mayoitaru ryojin
nite sōrō

tabi no tsukare no nagusame ni

shu o mochite sōrō

hitatsu kikoshimesare sōrae

iya senkyō ni wa matsu no ha o
suki

koke o mi ni ki

katsura no tsuyu o namete,

toshi wa furedomo furō fushi no
kono mi nari

sake o mochiyuru koto arumaji

geni geni ōsewasaru koto naredomo
tada kokorozashi o uketamae to

SHITE:

We hermits prefer to eat the needles of pine trees, the clothes we wear are made of moss, and we do not drink anything but dew.

Year after year, we do not age, we do not change, we do not even die.

And that is why I say I do not want your sake.

WAKI:

You say you do not want our sake, but then would you take just a little if my lady asks it as a special favor?

SHITE:

The young girl rises, rises to pour out some wine,

TSURE:

she urges the hermit to try some sake.

SHITE:

When travelers ask a favor, how can anyone refuse?

—impossible, only the devil would say no.

CHORUS:

A cup of wine is like the moon in the night sky,

a cup of wine is like the moon in the night sky.

The hermit reaches out and takes the cup of wine,

just as a hermit once plucked a chrysanthemum,

the dew dropped down to the ground.

O that was so long ago, so long ago,

but I will love you for that long.

SHITE:

O blessed ecstasy, the cup of wine!

CHORUS:

O blessed ecstasy, the cup of wine!

—it is like the moon that circles in the night sky,

Red leaves on the autumn hills,

see the silk sleeves.

Two leaves move,

like two sleeves that are dancing together, dancing in a great court dance,

blessed ecstasy.

Dance to the music of flutes, dance to the flute music.

Dance to the music of flutes, dance to the flute music.

Pass the cup around, around, pass the cup around, around.

(The following line describing her own action is the only one taken by the *tsure*.)

The woman rises to pour out wine.

She urges the wizard to drink.

She presses it upon him.

(*shite*) not to give way when travelers ask a favor, I would be ungrateful beyond the devil himself.

(The chorus takes the following long passage except for a single line taken by the *shite* midway through it.)

That was what he said.

The moon in the evening sky is like a wine cup.

The moon in the evening sky is like a wine cup.

The hermit takes the cup.

Wasn't it a hermit in the poem once

Who plucked the chrysanthemum?

And a sleeve all sweet with its scent.

Brush away the dew nestled in the flower:

A single instant in their world

But a thousand generations pass in ours.

I'll love you that long.

Let my pledge begin from this moment.

(During the above song the *tsure* rises, goes over to the *shite* and mimes pouring out sake for him.)

(*shite*) Ah pleasure.

Pleasure . . . wine . . . cup (*shite* rises)

(chorus) What ecstasy.

The wine cup passes round.

Like it the moon goes round the night sky,

Its beams all shimmering.

Crimson leaves on the autumn hills

Glimmer under the moon.

Ply upon ply of matched sleeves.

Red and deeper red.

Two dancing together

Fluttering sleeves

A court dance

What ecstasy.

(The *tsure* dances. Somewhere along the way the *shite* is carried off by the beauty of it all and joins the dance.)

(chorus) The music of strings and of flutes accompanies their dance.

The music of strings and flutes accompanies their dance.

Piece after piece is played.

Cups are passed round again and again.

His heart is fixed in her utterly.

Gradually the hermit's dancing feet begin to tremble and falter

like a wagon with a loose wheel.

Still he dances on

Until at last wrapping his still fluttering sleeve about him

He pillows himself down to sleep.

bunin wa shaku ni tachi tamai
sennin ni shu o susumureba

geni kokorozashi o shirazaran wa
kichiku ni wa nao otorubeshi to

yūbe no tsuki no sakazuki o

yūbe no tsuki no sakazuki o

ukuru sono mi wa yamabito no

oru sode niou kiku no tsuyu

uchiharou ni mo

chiyo wa henubeshi chigiri wa

kyo zo hajimenaru

omoshiro ya sakazuki no

omoshiro ya sakazuki no,

meguru hikari mo teri sō ya,

momijigasane no

tamoto o

tomo ni

hirugaeshi hirugaesu

bugaku no kyoku zo

omoshiroki

shichiku no shirame kazukazu ni

shichiku no shirame kazukazu ni

sasu sakazuki no tabi tabi
megureba

bunin no nasake ni kokoro utsuri

sennin wa shidai ni

ashi yowaguruma no meguru mo

tadayou mai no

tamoto o katashiki

fuseba

The hermit has fallen in love, he has fallen in love.

See his feet have grown weak, and see how the hermit is beginning to falter and fall, he keeps turning in circles, now he wraps his sleeve around him and he sleeps.

The beautiful young girl is pleased, she tells everyone to come away and they all go down the mountain, they go down the rough mountain road, until they are already at the court of the prince.

CHOURS:

Rumble rumble rumble, where is it coming from?

Rumbles thunder from deep inside the cave, rumbles cause earthquakes and make all creation shake.

SHITE:

Why have I been sleeping, sleeping all this while?

—it was the wine, it was the beautiful young girl, it was the need for some sleep.

Rumble rumble rumble, something's wrong, there's thunder coming from inside the cave, there where the dragon gods are kept captive.

Rumble rumble rumble, something's wrong, what is it?

DRAGON

GODS:

Holy hermit unicorn, you were dancing with humans, and you let yourself get lost in lust, and you confused your mind with wine. No wonder now you do not know you are undone, no wonder now you have no power. Unicorn, you are about to lose the magic that you used to use.

CHORUS:

Listen, listen to the wind, to the wind whistle.

Listen, listen to the wind, to the wind whistle.

See the darkness of the sky.

Earthquake breaks the cave, breaks the cave, boulder stones thrown down to the ground. Rocks that block the great cave are all cast aside in a landslide.

Behold O holy hermit, here are the great dragon gods!

SHITE:

Now holy hermit unicorn, I do not know what to do.

The woman is pleased with what she has done.

She calls the attendants off with her.

Passing together over the mountain road that seemed so endless in their coming

Already they are back in the capitol.

(The *waki*, *tsure* and the attendants leave the stage. The *shite* is asleep on the floor.)

(chorus) All the while rumblings could be heard coming one after another

deep from within the cave. Heaven and earth reverberate to the rumblings.

(*shite*) Strange! I became drunk with human passion and then, drowsy with wine, lay down to sleep for a while.

Now there is a rumbling and a thundering deep from within the cave where I locked up the dragon gods.

What can it mean?

(Two child-actors who soon appear from the "rock pile" dressed as dragon gods call out from within to the *shite*.)

Oh, Ikkaku, Ikkaku the wizard.

You consorted with men.

You abandoned yourself to lust.

You let yourself become drunk with wine that confounds the will.

And you slept.

You have lost your magic powers.

Now, learn the punishment which heaven sends for your offense.

(chorus)

Winds come whistling down the mountain in their fury.

The sky is overcast.

The cave is wrenched with a violent undulation.

Crags on all four sides are rent apart.

Out rush the dragon gods.

(The "rock pile" breaks into two and they appear.)

(*shite*) The wizard is aghast and trembles

bunin wa yorokobi

kannin o hikitsure

harubaru narishi yamaji o shinogi

teito ni kaerase tamai keru

kakarikereba iwaya no uchi

shikiri ni meidō shite

tenchi mo hibiku bakari nari

ara fushigi ya omowazaru

hito no nasake no sakazuki ni,

eifushitarishi

sono hima ni ryujin o fūjikometari-

shi, iwaya no niwakani meidō

suru wa

nani no ue nite aru yaran

ika ni ya ika ni ikkaku sennin

ningen ni majiwari

kokoro o nayamashi

mumyo no sake ni eifushite

tsūriki o ushinou

tenbatsu no mukui no hodo o

omoishire

yamakaze araku fukiochite

yamakaze araku fukiochite

sora kaki kumori

iwaya mo niwaka ni yurugu to

mieshi ga

banjaku shiō ni yaburekudakete

shoryo no sugata wa awaretari

sono toki sennin odoroki sawagi



Mr. Kita and Mr. Tomoeda prepare American actors for their roles in Ikkaku Sennin.



LADY SENDA leaving the wizard after having made him drunk with wine. LADY SENDA (Virginia Blue); WAKI TSURE or Carriers (Maggie Newman and Lavina Nielson).

CHORUS:

Now holy hermit unicorn, he does not know
 what to do.
 He takes a sword and he goes toward the
 great dragon gods.
 The dragon gods are in the armor of their
 own real rage.
 They create a few naked blades to use on
 the unicorn.
 Now they hit and hit and hit, and now it is
 all over.
 Holy hermit has now lost his heart and art
 and all his magic.
 He goes round and round 'til he drops down
 on the ground.
 Now the great dragon gods call together all
 the rain clouds.
 Now there is rumbling thunder, now there is
 brightness of lightning,
 and it rains and rains and rains,
 the great dragon gods make it rain.
 Then they fly through the sky and over the
 ocean,
 then they fly through the sky and over the
 ocean.
 The great dragon gods return to their great
 dragon home.

(During the following taken by the chorus
 there is very rapid dance or mime.)
 The wizard is aghast and trembles.
 He snatches up a fine-edged sword to meet
 them.
 The dragon gods wear the armor of divine
 wrath.
 They muster a row of naked blades,
 swords to strike down the unbeliever.
 The fight lasts no time at all.
 The hermit has already exhausted his magic
 powers.
 Little by little he flags until at last he
 drops to the ground.
 In their joy the dragon gods call together
 all the clouds in the sky.
 In their joy the dragon gods fill all heaven
 and earth with the noise of thunder and the
 glimmering of lightning.
 The heavens open and there is rain.
 They pour out a deluge.
 Over the white caps of the sea they skip
 Over the white caps of the sea they leap
 And return to their dragon home at last.

sono toki sennin odoroki sawagi
 riken o ottori tachi
 mukaeba
 ryoo wa shinni no katchu o taishi
 jaken no tsurugi no hasaki o soroe
 ichiji ga hodo wa tataikaikeru ga
 sennin jinzū no chikara
 mo tsukite
 shidai ni yowari taore fuseba
 ryoo yorokobi kumo o okoshi
 raiden inazuma tenchi ni michite
 taiu o furashi
 kōzui o idashite
 tatsu shiranami ni tobi utsuri
 tatsu shiranami ni tobi utsutte
 mata ryugu ni zo kaerikeru