

風ふく夜なかに
 夜まはりの拍子木の音、
 唯だ二片の木なれど、
 檜の木の堅くして、
 年経つつ、
 手ずれ、膏じみ、
 心から重たく、
 二つ触れては澄み入り、
 嚙喰たる拍子木の音、
 如何に夜まはりの心も
 みづから打ち
 みづから聴きて楽しからん。

拍子木

与謝野晶子

Hyōshigi
 — Yosano Akiko

On nights when the wind blows
 the sound of the night-watchman's clackers,
 though only two shards of wood,
 the hardness of evergreen oak,
 hand-worn and grease-stained
 through the years' passing,
 heavily, from within,
 at their meeting, the clear,
 resounding sound of clackers,
 and how the night-watchman's heart
 itself beats,
 itself is glad to listen.

They nichts when the wind blows
 the stoun o the keepar's ricketies,
 aa but it is twa skelfs o wude,
 the teuch-heirtit aye-green aik,
 palm-weirit an creash-smaddit
 though aa the turn o the yearis,
 hevilie, frae inby,
 at their gaitherin, the cleire,
 stounand sound of the rickities,
 and how the night-keepar's ain heirt
 itsel stouns,
 itsel is blythe tae tak tent.

名月をとつてくれろと泣く子かな
 小林一茶

Bring me
 the harvest moon,
 cries the child.

Fesh til me
 the hairst mune
 greets the bairn.

— Kobayashi Issa