

S H O C H I K U

Kabuki Play

EHON TAIKOKI

(Tragedy of a traitor)

Written by Chikamatsu Yanagi

To be presented by Somegoro, Tanosuke,
Shikan at Mitsukoshi Theatre From
Nov. 5th to

X X X X X X X X

C.C.D. J-2040



5/10/49

Synopsis:

This is one of the master pieces of the Joruri drama in early ages. Especially this scene is famous for it's characteristic as kabuki play presenting each person's character as they are.

At Amagasaki hermitage, Mitsuhide's mother Satsuki grieves her son's deed with his wife Misao. His son Jujiro comes to get her permission to go to the war and bid farewell to all. Ahead of his visit Mashiba Hisayoshi, disguised as a strolling monk, comes to ask a night's rest. Mitsuhide also comes after him to get a chance to kill him, and he hurts his own mother instead of Hisayoshi. In her pain the mother tells him how deep is his sins of the killing his master to crush his heart. Then Jujiro comes back wounded to Hatsugiku's sorrow.

In the midst of the fatal tragedy, Hisayoshi comes out again and promises to Mitsuhide to fight at Yamazaki later.

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Cast:

Takechi Jubei-Mitsuhide.

Takechi Jujiro Mitsuyoshi.

Satsuki, Mitsuhide's mother.

Misao-no-mae; Mitsuhide's wife.

Hatsugiku; Jujiro's wife.

Mashiba Hisayoshi.

Kato Masakiyo.

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(The main stage shows a three feet wide and a feet high cottage with veranda. In the center of the front is hung a curtain for in and out. Either side of it are rough walls. The paper-sliding doors stand on the right, and the straw-thatched eave is stretched on them. To the left stands a trellis of bottle-gourd, a thick bamboo bush and a gate made by bamboo standing at usual place according to the stage rule. All sets are built those of the hermitage at Amagasaki. Here sits Satsuki, with gray hair wigs dressed that of a noble lady, drinking tea from a kettle on the left. By her side several farmers also sit drinking tea. Beside them a box with a rice cake covered with

bean-stake. With the sound of the Nichiren-drum chanting the player for Buddha, curtain rises.

Farmer A: I say, grand-mother, you look like a noble in the capital. By what reason have you retired here to a lonely place?

" B: Here! Don't talk about it. There is a great trouble in Kyoto. That is the wicked, named Takechi had killed his master Harunaga. There must be a fight, they say, on returning of Mr. Hisayoshi who are now in the west part of the land.

" A: That is why you are here, I understand now. It's dangerous for an old lady like you to stay there. So you have come down here keeping away from the disturbance. Well done! Well done!

" B: And you held a meeting of prayers in the connection of acquaintance with us to-day. It was a good idea, and we p appreciate so much.

Satsuki: Don't mention it any more.
Farmer: We will be good friends hitherto.
Sa: I hope so, too.
Far: We must go now,
Sa: Oh, don't hurry away. Stay here a little longer.
Far: Thank you so much, but we appreciate your favour enough.
Both: Now, let's go.

(Both of them go out to the left.
Satsuki sees them off at the gate.)

Joruri:

"The old woman sees them off to the gate. The gentle breeze blows over the green grass in the garden. When a lady comes to this hut. She is a flower blooming in the garden of Takechi, the wife of Takechi Mitsuhide. Misao-no-mae is her name. No retainer follows her, but her daughter-in-law, her son's fiance, Hatsugiku. Looking into the garden she finds the old lady comforting herself with flower.
She kneels down."

(During this Joruri, Satsuki waters the garden, from the left (stage passage) Misao-no-mae and Hatsugiku come out in Uchikake (long over-dress) tucking up the skirt for long journey. Seeing Satsuki they look each other in their eyes and kneels down before Satsuki.)

Misao: To see you -----.

Both: We are now here -----.

"With ~~th~~ their words, the old lady in smiling,"

Satsuki: Oh! Welcome to you, my dear daughter-in-law and grand-daughter-in-law. You have come down here after a long journey. However since my son Mitsuhide killed his master at the Honnoji Temple on the second of this month, I ashamed myself before my great ancestors for his sin to live in the same house which he lives in and left it for ~~this~~ lonely place. You are impudent to inquire me here. It's the woman's duty ~~th~~ to follow

her husband whether he is good or bad. Misao-no-Mae is Takechi Jubei Mitsuhide's wife, and you belong to my grand-son Jujiro Mitsuyoshi, aren't you? You are wrong to leave your husbands who are about to go to a dangerous battle-field and come to see me in retirement. It's very important to the wife to stay at the castle, and keep it while her husband is away. The joy to the lady in retirement is -----.

"To enjoy the cool under the trellis of bottle-gourd,

It's a weapon to throw away".

"With an old woman's sturdbornness she
~~she~~ declares like this.

Nothing more she wants to say.

They understand her well."

(They all looks each other according to Joruri. Then Misao-no-mae looking toward her mother-in-law,)

Misao:

As you said, there is nothing to worry you, when youlive alone here. I will be here with Hatsugiku beside you from now.✓

Both: And serve you.

(Hatsugiku feigns to draw water from a well and Misao-no+mae to boil rice with bamboo blower.)

"The old mother stop them to move."

Sa: Well, well, and Jujiro stays in the castle, doesn't he?

Misao: Concerning him, I have to ask you something. How do you think about him to take the field? He wants to go to the war for his love of fame. He asked his father to go, but he is afraid of your mind, he doesn't want to, against your will. Anyhow I know him, he asked me to get your approval with him earnestly. How about it?

"Listening this grand-mother sheds tears,"

Sa: What a troublesome story you have brought in. I retired here longing not to hear a discussion for unjust fight by the traitor who killed his own master, you know. And although I don't mean not to praise my own grand-son, it's a

fate that Mistsunide has got
Jujiro as his son. I can't do
Nothing now. I don't want to hear
about the battle. Oh! I don't
like, I don't. What a wretched
world it is now!

"Her heart is too full for
words and she only counts the
beads in her hands."

(She acts following this song)

"Just then a traveller at the
gate."

(Suitable accompaniment, w the
drum for Nichiren, from the
stage-passage Hisayoshi comes out
in travelling monk's suit with a
bundle on his back in haste.

Hisa:

I have something to ask you. I
am a travelling monk for my
training all over the land. I
ask you to give me a night's
rest at your home.

"Listened to this forcing
words, the old mother,"

Sa: As you see, though it's a poor shabby room, you may stay as you want for a night.

Hisa: Thank you very much. Then I appreciate your words.

"Asking the pardon, he sits down at the edge of the veranda. Then two ladies come near him and are going to untie the straw-sandal ~~sa~~ string."

(Hisayoshi comes in and sits down. Misao-no-mae and Hatsugiku are about to untie the straw-sandal string. Hisayoshi stops them. One minute's meditation. Accompaniment begins.)

Hisa: It's too good for me! Never mind about me. As I am a care-free travelling monk, I can sleep at any place, even in a corner of the barn. I need nothing for my beddings neither bed-clothes nor mosquito-net. Take it easy, please.

(Untied the sandal strings, he
takes his seat at a proper place.)

Sa: Oh! Never mind. Even though I
want to treat you good, I can't do
nothing for my old age. But fortu-
nately I have some rice cakes here
from my parishioners. Take these
for your supper and have a good
sleep, I hope.

(Satsuki holds out a box with rice
cakes in it on the tray. Hisayoshi
gladly,)

Hisa: What a good day. I met here. I
like this very much, I will appreciate
your kindness.

(Misao-no-mae draws tea and holds it
to Hisayoshi. Hisayoshi drinks off
without hesitation. After a while,)

Sa: I see ~~you~~ you as a strolling monk,
where have you been in this land?

Hisa: Well, I have come up from the middle
part of the land to Kyoto. But there
is a great trouble in Kyoto now, they
say. A lord named Oda Harunaga was
killed by his retainer, Takechi

you see. It's a treason evidently, and his friend named Hisayoshi will be back for his lord's revenge from his battle-field. Then there must be a fight-in Kyoto. Some various rumours like this prevail all over Kyoto. It's terrible, don't you think so?

(He says in deep thought. Listening this the three look each other a while.)

Sa: And which one defeated the enemy, do you know?

Hisa: Well I never know the conclusion.
Ha-ha-ha. Oh! I have forgot to have my dinner. I have it now.

Sa: Oh! Take as much as you like.
(Hisayoshi, takes a bite. It sticks in his throat. He suffers.)

Oh! What happened to you?

(Satsuki, Misao-no-mae and Hatsugiku take care of him. Then it passes through. Hisayoshi being relieved,)

Hisa: Oh! It's dangerous. I was going to

die with your kindness.

"Just then a soldier of the

Takechi troops runs near hurriedly,"

(From the passage a Samurai with
silk Haori rushes out.)

Samurai: I say, your son Mr. Jujiro Mitsuyoshi
will be here in a minute to ask some-
thing to your mother-in-law.

(Saying this he retires. After a
meditation, Hisayoshi.)

Hisa: I see, you will have some visitors.
I do not want to disturb you.

Satsu: Oh, no! Take it easy, and have more
talk. Ah! what a clumsy woman I am!
Inside of this board enclosure we
have a bath-room. I watered it,
please heat it. As it is very warm
now so you need not heat it so much.
After you I will take bath, too.

Hisa: Oh! It's no use for me to take bath,
but as you want to take then I will
heat it.

"He goes into the bath-room with
a bundle in his hand."

v (Hisayoshi with his bundle retired
to the right after a meditation.)

"After a while Jujiro comes in,
following to his retainers
who carry the armour box."

(From the stage passage two warriors
who carry the armour box, a samurai
in silk haori and Jujiro wearing
kamishimo with long and short swords
come out, and on the stage the box
carriers put it down the proper
place.)

Juji: Well, now I have no use of you here.
Hurry up to your position!

Warriors: All right!
(The three retires to the left.)

"Driven them away, he sits
straight and bows."

(Jujiro bows to Satsuki.)

Juji: Will you please grant my wish which
I have begged you already through
my mother. If you would, I have
nothing, else to want as a samurai.
I entreat your permission.

"Entreats earnestly. The old mother is pleased very much with him,"

Satsu: Oh! Jujiro! welcome to you. Do you beg me to permit you to go out the field? I knew it through your mother. Since you go out to the war, I have one thing to ask you. That is, marry to Hatsugiku this very night in this house. You are very glad, my granddaughter-in-law, aren't you?

"Very much pleased with the words, very much surprised, for he made up his mind to die at his first experience on the field, and now he is here to bid farewell. As they unaware his mind, he becomes so sad and sobs.

Misao-no-mae stands up."

Misao: Oh! We must have a marriage ceremony at once, before grand-mother's mind is changed.

Satsu: Of course, he must be irritated, too. Misao, ready for ceremony, and the bride must ready to help to put on the amour for a first fight for him.

"The three retires into a room rear. The bride knows nothing about the sorrow."

(The three retires leaving Jujiro alone in meditation.)

"A young man, being left alone, in deep sorrow, and seems unbearable of it. He scarcely controls his sorrow."

Jiji: This is my last chance to bid farewell to my mother and grand-mother. As you have granted my wish, I have nothing to say any more.

"Though it's fate to samurai to die in the battle-field, I am sorry to die without any reward to you all for your good care of me in these eighty years. I beg your pardon to die ahead for my fate. And, to Miss Hatsugiku, it's good to us not take marriage ceremony yet. Give me up now and marriage to mother youth."

"When they heard of my death, they would grieve so much. He thinks over them in sorrow. Then Hatsugiku who overhears his sorrow at the next door comes out crying, being startled by her."

(Jujiro acts following the above song, and Hatsugiku, too. Jujiro looks around anxiously.)

Juji: Ah! Don't cry so loud! Miss Hatsugiku, you have heard of me, haven't you?

Hatsu: Yes, I have. I knew all. I knew that you made up your mind to die at the field. Is it wrong to know her husband's mind to die to a wife?

"Though I believe you as my dearest husband, you never think of me your wife, because we haven't our marriage ceremony yet.

You are too bad to me, aren't you, Mr. Mitsuyoshi?"

"Ahead to our marriage ceremony you can't die. No, I mean, I can't send you to the war. Oh! Don't go!" Hatsugiku appeals to him."

Juji: I say, you are a daughter of samurai,
aren't you? Then you know well of
me how to die. If you show your
sorrow to my grandmother I will
break off with you, you see?

Hatsu: Yes, I see.

Juji: Ah! I have taken much time. Now
I must haste. Give me the armour
box. Hurry up!

Hatsu: Yes, sir.
(Hatsugiku hesitates.)

Juji: Well, hurry up. It's no good to
me to be late. Why don't you
understand me?

"Even though you urged me by
scolding, why can I hurry to
help you to arm for death!
With tears she takes out
his red armour."

(With the armour, Jujiro retires
to the rear. Then, Hatsugiku, too.)

"Mother with cups on sambo, Grand-
mother, with a sake-holders,
and noshi tangle for cele-
bration of new start for new

life, Son, in glorious armour,
they all come out again."

(While the song is sang, Satsuki,
Misao-no-mae, Hatsugiku come out
one by one and take their seat
properly. Jujiro, too, in armour,
and sits down on a camp-stool.)

Satsuki:

Oh! Fine! You look so fine!
So brave! Oh! take the cup for
your marriage celemony. It means
the celebration of your start to
battle, too, Oh! hurry up! Be haste!
Oh! Happy your are! Blessed be
on you, my dear bride!

"By her bless, the young
bride grows more sad, even
though the bride-groom is fine,
he must leave her so soon, and
the cup that they change now
means the farewell.

But she doesn't show her sorrow
in smile, and praying for his
brave deed,"

Hatsu:

Oh! I expect you back this night.

"She can't say anything more, but
in deep sorrow, only weeps.

Jujiro who could know her
sorrow well, weeps, too, in his
heart. Then the sound of drum
for an attack is heard in the
wind. It urges him, He
stands up."

(In their sorrowful acts the sound of
drum is heard. Jujiro stands strai-
ght.)

Juji: Now, every body! Farewell to you all,
farewell!

(He comes down on the stage. Hatsu-
giku follows him, and takes him by
hands. But he refuses her and runs
away at once.)

"Oh! He is away! To an endless
journey he started.

Oh! I am sad, so sad,'

Hatsugiku cries so bitterly.

Mother and grand-mother
look each other."

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Satsuki: Oh! My dear! I send him to death,
you know, Hatsugiku.
I knew his mind to die, well,
and I can't stop him! For I would rather
like to see him in brave death than in
disgraceful life as a traitors son,
You see. For farewell to him and your love
I held this ceremony.
Can you understand my sad heart?
Oh! understand me, please.

"Hearing this sad story of grand-mother's
heart, Hatsugiku cries more bitterly.

The mother, too.

When all at once, comes out the monk,"

(Opening the paper-sliding door on the
right, Hisayoshi comes out)

Hisa: Now, the bath is ready. Take it,
some body, please.

"Listening him, as if nothing had happened",

Satsuki: Oh! Thank you very much for your trouble
to boil it. It's no good for an old
woman to take new bath, and they are, too
young, to take it first. Take it first,
please.

Hisa: You said that. It's right to take the

· bath first for the boiler, I heard.

Then I will ahead of you all, parden me.

"He stands up, and to the bath-room,
and the three to the Budahist altar room,"

(Hisayoshi retires to the right and the
three retires to the rear.)

"After they all retired, from the behind
of the trellis of bottle gourd,
Takechi Mitsuhide appears intending
to knock down Mashiba."

(The sound of gong, accompaniment,
the crock of frogs.

Mitsuhide steals out of the bamboo
bush looking around in armour covering by
a straw raincoat and hat.)

Mitsu: Hisayoshi must be here, and it's lucky
to me that he is hiding in this house.
"Irritating to knock down with one blow,
he cuts down a bamboo and sharpens it
for his spear."

(With his sword, he made a spear and is about
to go,)

"Taking care of his foot steps, not to disturb the
frogo concert, and give some attention to
his enemy, he steals in,"

(and he puts in the bamboo spear into the
fireplace. It makes smoke. Mitsuhide
steals slowly to the right stall.)

"-listening the sound inside,
he pushes in his spear strongly.
When a female cry is heard inside.
Wondering the / voice,
he pulls out the wounded one.
It's his own dearest mother,
not Mashiba, who is hurt and
suffering.

(And he pushes the bamboo spear through
the paper-sliding door.

With this blow Matsuki is hurt and groans
with pains.

Mitsuhide takes her out and seeing his own mother
in pain/ very much surprised.)

"Takechi was startled so much what he has
done and suffers himself for his own
fault. Hearing the moaning sound Misao
runs out. Matsugiku, too."

(Misao Matsugiku come out and see what have
happened.)

Misao: Alas! What is the matter with you in this
terrible state, my dear mother?

"As she cries and clings to her mother,
the mother opens her eyes."

(Matsuki painfully)

Matsuki: Don't weep! Oh, don't!

(samisen music arise.

Misao-no-mae takes a clothe which is
on the fulling-block, and binds
up the Satsuki's wound.)

No wonder to die like this for me,
as a member of Takechi Family,
which has been thrown in a dirty name of
a traitor by my disgraceful son who
killed his own master Harunaga, the home
minister. The old good Takechi's name had
disappeared before him.

How can I call him, an undutiful son,
a wicked man, a brute.

"Ill-gotten wealth is like a floating
cloud in the sky. Even though he would be
a general by killing his master,
he is inferior to a beggar in the wild
Don't you know this truth?"

"Not betray to his master, obeying to his
parents, if he goes on, the poorest life is ---"

"Better than a wealthy one.

Oh, you can see your mean heart by yourself.
Among so many fine swords to kill samurai
you used this miserable bamboo spear."

"Heaven's judgement for your sin of killing your master has come to your mother like this, you see.' saying this, she takes the spear and pushes it into her body, and shows her sorrow by suffering.

The wife burst out into tears"

Misao:

Oh! Look at her, "r. Mitsuhide!

"On your start to the war,

I have entreated you not to go.

I think we may not see this sorrow

if you listened to my words at that time.

Even though you did not know,

"You killed your own dear mother by

your hand. To your dieing mother,

please show your repentance at this moment."

"Z 'I pray you', placing her hands

together, she entreates him in tears only

thinking over her husband's future sincerely.

Mitsuhide in loud voice,"

(Misao-no-mae acts following the song seeing

Mitsuhide's eyes in. Mitsuhide glares her.)

Mitsu:

Oh you said impudently. Don't remonstrate

me any more. The resentful Oda Harunaga was not

good master for me. He didn't hear me, and

burned away the shrines and temples as he

liked, and went on worse day by day.

I couldn't bear him in such way and killed him for the country according to the samurai's way. Not only in my country but in China, it is the hereditary way to give the peaceful life to the native. You can't see me just as I am. Apart from me.

Misao: Then you mean, you never ---

Mitsu: Inquisitive you are!

"No words to say any more, against to his firm determination.

Just then the sounds of war-drum, and the sharp sounds of metal drum sound very near."

(The sounds of drum. Mitsuhide stands straight at the edge of the veranda and looking forward,)

Mitsu: I wonder whether they are my soldiers or not.

"Looking forward at the gate in wonder"

(The sounds grows more and more noisy, and Jujiro comes out in heavy wound fighting with his enemy.

"Blood flows down heavily from several wounded places. He reels out supporting himself by his sword."

(At the stage he kills down the enemy.)

"Returning to his grand-mother's home, the son of Takechi takes a breath

at the corner of the garden."

Jujiro: Mother, are you here?

"Calls his mother in death agonies.

No sooner than seeing this, the daughter runs up to him left her mother in surprise.

Hatsu: Oh! poor Jujiro. It's great sorrow to me what happened to your grand-mother and you.

Oh! Cheer up yourself! my daring!

"They gathers around him and take care of him kindly in grief. Mitsuhide urged himself by loud voice and says"

Mitsu: Did you fail, Jujiro? Tell me the story.

(Misao and Hatsugiku bring a cup of water, and Mitsuhide gives it to his son.)

Mitsu: Tell me precisely.

"By his father's voice he braces himself."

(Jujiro becomes conscious of himself, but soon falls in sleep. After a meditation Mitsuhide hits Jujiros back with his war fan. Jujiro is conscious of himself.

Mitsuhide stands at the right.

Constand sounds of drums.)

Jujiro: As you ordered me, I kept my position at the shore with my three thousand brave soldiers, and ~~was~~ was waiting for our enemy's ~~to~~ coming, just then, "Our enemy come up from the shore.

They were the soldiers of Mashiba who

was coming up to Kyoto. We all attacked them bitterly, and they were all disturbed before us. Fighting severely we went after them. When all at once, we heard the loud voice calling 'The retainer of Mashiba Hisayoshi is here. I will drive you away, the son of the traitor Takechi'.

"No sooner than he said he marched into us brandishing his sword with his soldiers.

So my all soldiers had died but me alone,

"Have come back hearing his story, Mitsuhide gets angry so much."

(Jujiro acts as if he is fighting while the song is sang.

Mitsuhide, hearing his story in resentment.)

Mitsu: Unreliable fellows! How about Shioten, Tajima? Where was he?

Jujiro: Oh! Concerned to Tajima, I know him only that he looked for Hisayoshi.

He said that his only enemy was Hisayoshi himself. He went away in early morning and I couldn't see him any more, but I am anxious about you and come back through my enemy's severe attack.

It's dangerous to stay here, hurry up to your country. Oh, haste away!

"In spite of his severe wound, he is anxious about his father. Hearing her grand-son's words grand-mother is pleased"

Satsuki: Oh! Listen to him, my daughter, Not care of his own severe wound he cares of my wicked son, Say! Mitsuhide! Arent you sorry for him? Don't you think him lovely? By your wicked heart you killed my loving first grand-son in disgraceful name of the traitor instead of honor of loyalty. By what fate must he die?

Hearing this moanful voice, Jujiro, Then has she tried to kill herself, grand-mother? Oh! How I wish I could bid farewell to her looking her, but I can see nothing any more. Father, Mother, Miss, Hatsugiku, "Taking her hands in deep love, bids farewell. Thinking of their hearts, the mother lost herself in sorrow."

(All weep)

Misao: It's great sorry to me though I knew well that it's a fate to samurai to die in battle field. He had grown up in training only for eighteen years, had no time to enjoy his hours. When he was leaving this house this morning,

he said to me to fight bravely and expected his
father and grand-mother's compliments in smile"
" 'I can't forget his smiling face.

I can't forget his vision in smile'

as she repeats once and more. Hatsugiku, too.

Hatsu:

There is no one but me who have to see this
sad fate.

"I had no time to talk sincerely with him.

No sooner than we changed our ceremony cups,
I have to see this sad parting.

What sins I have done, to see this sorrow.

I know not. Oh! kill me, too." "

"In great agony she declares, and takes
his hand to bid farewell in full tears.

Watching them in love, mother and grand-
mother burst out into tears. Even Mitsuhide,
too, grows sad and shed tears before them.

The very thought of his sins which comes back
on his son disturbs him."

(As usual they act their part. Jujiro
goes in. Again the sound of drum.)

"Again the foot steps of man and horse,
the noisy sound of the arrow are heard
very near. Mitsuhide stands up."

(Mitsuhide goes up on high place and looks
forward.)

Mitsu:

What's that? I wonder whether they belong
to us or to my foe.

(He comes down and stand straight in high
spirit. The stage moves round to
the right, and shows the bamboo bush in
front. In the center of it stands a pine
tree, and a branch of the pine-tree
hangs down, too. Still the sounds of drum
are heard in the distance.

"Wondering how about the fight, he climbs up
the pine-tree"

(Mitsuhide looks up the pine-tree; and then
begins to climb. Looks around on it.)

"Looking forward to the village"

(By the trick, the branch moves up as if
Mitsuhide climbs up.)

Mitsu:

From the left of Wada promontory so many war-ships
are coming up.

"A strong fortress built up near by.

A flag with gourd represents Mashiba.

Escaping from here, he must come up with his ~~soldiers~~
soldiers to kill me"

"No sooner than he said, he jumps down on the ground.

I will knock down that mean ugly man with a blow."

(He goes to the stage passage.

Then from the room on the right)

Hisá:

Wait! Wait! Takechi Mitsuhide,
Wait a moment. Mashiba Chikuzen-no-kami
Hisayoshi and Sato Toranosuke.

Masakiyo are here. We see you now!

How about Mitsuhide?

(Usual proper accompaniment.

Kato Masakiyo, in proper suit with a
spear comes out supporting Mitsuhide.

They stand straight. The stage moves
back again unconsciously.)

"Instead of clerical robe, wearing a fine armour,
comes out slowly"

(Mitsuhide, Masakiyo come to the stage.

Hisayoshi in armour with armed four soldiers
comes out. Many soldiers follows him with
the flag and lantern.

Seeing this Mitsuhide.)

Mitsu:

Oh! Mashiba Hisayoshi, I, Jubei, Mitsuyoshi
Takechi will put you to death.

" 'Prepare for your death,' Mitsuhide addresses
to Hisayoshi. The old woman addresses herself
to Hisayoshi ".

Satsuki: I say, Mr. Hisayoshi. Please hand down my story. That is for my son's sin I was crucified in miserable way by Heaven's Judgement. I only hope it may wipe out my son's sin.

I have none to say now. It's better to me to go to hell with my dear grand-son than to stay in this troublesome world

Saying this Gand-mother faded away.

Misao-no-mae gets no word,

Hatsugiku, too. They only place their hands together before the dead.

Mashiba Hisayoshi looks toward to Mitsuhide.

Hisa: For my late ~~my~~ lord, I have to fight with you, but I don't want to put you death here, for I am afraid that they see me as a coward, if I kill you now. So I want to fight at Yamazaki before the nation's eyes with you some day. How about this?

Well! Hisayoshi. Well said.

That is what I want to. As a general of the troop, I will go back to Kyoto once more and do some mercy to them all in Kyoto for my mother's memory. We will see each other at the Hora mountain pass in Mt. Tenno.

Prepare for your death.

Hisa: Oh! You said that. Though you are a Hou
(great general in china)
I will treat you with Songo's wisdom.
"And win over you in a minute."

Masakiyo: Me, too, you see, see you in the battle
field. I will crush you, injustice.
Takechi!
" 'Built up a fort at Mt. Tenno, and wait you.
Then I will crush your troop down'.
Talks bravely as a great retainer
of Mashiba."

Mitsu: Then to that time,

Hisa: Takechi Mitsuhide,

Mitsu: Mashiba Hisayoshi.

All: Farewell!

"A man of commanding presence, Mashiba's
name is handed down in a picture record
ever and forever."

They all stand in a line. With wooden clappers,
the curtain falls.