ルノワの夢

—むすんでひらいて考（その十二）—

海老沢敏

九、ルノワの夢変奏

前章で明らかにしたように、『ルノワの夢』は、讃美歌として全世界に広まり、神を讃える旋律として親しまれて今日にいたつづけている。だが、『ルノワの夢』がひろく歌われていったのは、ただ一人に讃美歌の世界に特有の現象なのでなかなかった。この章では、『ルノワの夢』が広くひろげていった多様な変奏に耳を傾けてみることにしよう。

第二章で、数年前におこなわれた『むすんでひらいて』をめぐる論議について触れたが、小林善彦氏のエッセイの中に、この旋律がさる英語の歌の本の中で《Days of Absence》なる題で発表されているのは、故宮沢俊義氏所蔵の蔵書中に、氏の母堂が東京女子師範学校に在校されておられたころに求められたと思われる英語歌曲集があり、その中に『むすんでひらいて』のメロディが《不在の日に》なるタイトルで掲載され、しかも作者の欄には《Rousseau, 1775, Rousseau’s Dream》ととうだわれているという宮沢教授の教示であった。
ABSENCE,

THE ARIA

Adapted to the favorite air of

AKAISENS DREAM

HOBSON: Published by G. GRAY, N. 6 Franklin St.

Days of absence, sad and dreary, Cloth'd in sorrow's dark array,

Days of absence, I am weary, Her I love is far away.

Hours of bliss, too quickly vanish'd, When will thou like you return?

When the heavy sigh be banish'd When this bosom cease to mourn

Not till that loved voice can greet me,
Which so oft has charm'd mine ear:
Not till those sweet eyes can meet me,
Telling that I still am dear.

Days of absence then will vanish,
Joy will all my pangs repay,
Soon my bosom's idol vanish,
Gloom, but felt when she's away.

All my love is turn'd to sadness,
Absence pays the tender vow,
Hopes that fill'd the heart with gladness,
Memory turns to anguish now.

Love may yet return to greet me,
Hope may take the place of pain,
Antoinette with kisses meet me,
Breathing love and peace again.

CRADLE HYMN.

1. Hush, my babe, lie still and slumber, Holy angels guard thy bed.
2. Soft and easy is thy cradle, Coward and hard thy Saviour lay;
3. Hush, my child, I did not chide thee, Though my song may seem so hard:

Heav'nly blessings without number, Gently falling on thy head,
When His birthplace was a stable And his softest bed was hay,
'Tis thy mother sits beside thee, And her arms shall be thy guard,

How much better thou'rt attended, Than the Son of God could be;
Oh, to tell the wondrous story, How his foes abused their King;
Mayst thou learn to know and fear Him, Love and serve Him all thy days;

When from heaven He descended, And became a child like thee,
How they killed the Lord of glory, Makes me angry while I sing,
Then to dwell for ever near Him, Tell his love and sing His praise,