

NININ SAMBASO ~ THE DANCE OF SAMBASO

In the ancient land of Japan,
from the time of the first deity,
seven generations of
sky gods there were.

Then appeared the first earth
god, illuminating the heavens:
Amaterasu Omikami.

Osae osae!

Oh, such joy, such joy.

I won't let it slip away.

To the rhythms of the music,
they dance, clad in holy vestments.

Senzai is danced by the
white-bearded god of Omi.

While in the black mask
is the god of Sumiyoshi.

The drums beat like waves crashing,
their sound echoing across heaven.

The music of the gods,
played before the rock cave.

The flute plays a court melody,
its beautiful tones presage
the coming of spring,
cloaked in rising mists.

Now it's your turn to dance.

On the first day, all wishes are granted.

On the second day, two pillars again.

Uzume no Miko

One, two three, four

Five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten.

Countless fluttering sleeves.

In May, wives in hats all in a row,

singing as they toss high
the early rice seedlings.
A thousand.
Ten thousand.
A billion!
Rice fields far as the eye can see.
Rice fields far as the eye can see.
As far, as far as the eye can see!
If you're planting rice,
make sure you buy a hat.
If you've bought a hat,
make you have fields to plant.
On the third day,
good fortune and long life.
The treasure that is many children,
all lined up in a big circle.
Standing pines,
striking pines, striking fire.
A flint bag hanging idle.
This is the origin of our Sanbaso,
danced over three days.

To the green willows,
the myriad flowers of crimson,
And the sands on the beach,
there is no end.
No end too,
to the poems of our ancient land,
Where the people live peacefully,
Under the wise reign of our lord!