

1

Mist lifts on the stream in front,
 sunlight illumines the mountain behind.
 Push away, push away!
 The night tide is almost out,
 soon the morning tide will be coming in.
Chigukcbong chigukcbong osaua!
 Flowers in profusion adorn the river village,
 distant hues are best.

4

Is that the cuckoo singing?
 Is that the willow grove greening?
 Row the boat, row the boat!
 A few fisher houses
 glimmer in and out of the haze.
Chigukcbong chigukcbong osaua!
 Shoals of fish flash
 in a clear deep pool.

THE FISHERMAN'S CALENDAR

SPRING

Yun Són-do

Translated by Kevin O'Rourke

2

The day is hot,
 fish jump in the water.
 Weigh anchor, weigh anchor!
 Seagulls in twos and threes
 fly back and forth.
Chigukcbong chigukcbong osaua!
 I have my fishing pole at the ready;
 did I put the *makkōlli* jar on board?

3

An east wind springs up,
 waves get up a lovely swell.
 Hoist the sail, hoist the sail!
 I leave East Lake behind,
 move on through to West Lake.
Chigukcbong chigukcbong osaua!
 The mountain in front passes by,
 giving way to the mountain behind.

5

Gentle sunlight bathes the water,
 the waves are like oil.
 Row the boat, row the boat!
 Should I cast the net;
 my fishing pole might be better?
Chigukcbong chigukcbong osaua!
 The song of the fisherman stirs my heart;
 I forget all about the fish.

6

The evening sun slants in the sky;
 enough, it's time to go home.
 Lower the sail, lower the sail!
 Willows and flowers are new at every bend.
Chigukcbong chigukcbong osaua!
 Shall I look with envy
 on the three highest offices in the land
 or think of the affairs of men?

7

I long to walk on fragrant grasses,
to pick orchids and gromwells, too.
Heave to, heave to!
What have I loaded
in my tiny leaf-like boat?
Chigukch'ong chigukch'ong osawa!
On the way out, I was alone,
on the way back, I have the moon.

10

Will there be no tomorrow,
how long till the spring night sets?
Beach the boat, beach the boat!
My fishing pole is my walking stick
as I head for the brushwood gate.
Chigukch'ong chigukch'ong osawa!
Days like this
are a fisherman's life.

8

Tipsy, I stretch out,
what if I drift through the fast water?
Tie up, tie up!
Petals drift by in the water,
the Peach Paradise must be near.
Chigukch'ong chigukch'ong osawa!
How well hidden from the red dust
of the world of men?

9

I hang up my fishing line, look at the moon through
the rush-awning window.
Drop anchor, drop anchor!
Has night fallen already?
The cuckoo's call is limpid on the air.
Chigukch'ong chigukch'ong osawa!
Excitement unabated,
I forget where I'm going.

Yun Sŏn-do (1587-1671) is
widely regarded as the greatest
poet of *shijo*, a three-line verse
form that was developed in an-
cient times.

The *Fisherman's Calendar* is a cy-
cle of forty poems describing the
four seasons in one of Yun Sŏn-
do's favorite retreats. The sec-
ond refrain is onomatopoeic,
chigukch'ong, chigukch'ong, rep-
resenting the winding of the an-
chor chain, and *osawa*, the
rhythm of the oars.