

Les traducteurs parlent aux lecteurs

Ateliers « Traduire la contrainte »

Traduire les poèmes de John Clare sur les oiseaux

Poète romantique anglais (1793-1864) et paysan pauvre du Northamptonshire

★ avec Catherine Selosse / Samedi 10 juin de 10h à 12h

SGDL- Hôtel de Massa

38, rue du Faubourg Saint-Jacques - 75014 Paris



Corbil, Crû Fils, imp.

Fig. 174. Le Rossignol philomèle.

Paris, Bellière et Fils, éd.

Les textes sont tirés de *The Midsummer Cushion*, édité par Kelsey Thornton & Anne Tibble, d'après le manuscrit de John Clare A54 conservé au Peterborough Museum, Mid Northumberland Arts Group, Carcanet Press, 1990. J'ai choisi cette édition car elle reproduit fidèlement le manuscrit des poèmes choisis et recopiés dans un cahier par John Clare lui-même en vue d'une publication. La graphie originale a été conservée.

1) Le chant du Rossignol (Nightingale)

The Progress of Ryhme, v. 235-258 ¹

The more I listened & the more
Each note seemed sweeter then before
& aye so different was the strain
She'd scarce repeat the notes again
—"Chew-chew chew-chew" & higher still
"Cheer-cheer cheer-cheer" more loud & shrill
"Cheer-up cheer-up cheer-up"—& dropt
Low "Tweet tweet jug jug jug" & stopt
One moment just to drink the sound
Her music made & then a round
Of stranger witching notes was heard
As if it was a stranger bird
"Wew-wew wew-wew chur-chur chur-chur
"Woo-it woo-it"—could this be her
"Tee-rew tee-rew tee-rew tee-rew
"Chew-rit chew-rit"—& ever new
"Will-will will-will grig-grig grig-grig"
The boy stopt sudden on the brig
To hear the "tweet tweet tweet" so shrill
The "jug jug jug" & all was still
A minute—when a wilder strain
Made boys & woods to pause again
Words were not left to hum the spell
Could they be birds that sung so well—

aye = ever, always, continually; at all times, on all occasions

brig = bridge

1. Long poème de 346 vers qui témoigne du rôle de la poésie dans la vie de John Clare et constitue le credo de sa maturité.

2) Sonnets

Emmonsails Heath in Winter ²

I love to see the old heaths withered brake
Mingle its crimped leaves with furze & ling
While the old Heron from the lonely lake
Starts slow & flaps his melancholly wing
& oddling crow in idle motions swing
On the half rotten ash trees topmost twig
Beside whose trunk the gipsey makes his bed
Up flies the bouncing woodcock from the brig
Where a black quagmire quakes beneath the tread
The fieldfare chatters in the whistling thorn
& for the awe round fields & closen rove
& coy bumbarrels twenty in a drove
Flit down the hedgerows in the frozen plain
& hang on little twigs & start again

odding = one different from the rest of a family; solitary

Crow = Carrion Crow = *Corvus corone* = Corneille noire

Woodcock = *Scolopax rusticola* = Bécasse des bois

Fieldfare = *Turdus pilaris* = Grive litorne

Bumbarrel = Long-tailed Titmouse = *Aegithalos caudatus* = Mésange à longue queue. John Clare emploie ici le terme local.

2. *Emmonsails Heath* est une lande située au sud de Helpston, le village de John Clare. Elle servait de libre pâture avant les enclosures et John Clare y gardait fréquemment les troupeaux quand il était enfant.

The Happy Bird

The happy whitethroat on the sweeing bough
Swayed by the impulse of the gadding wind
That ushers in the showers of april—now
Singeth right joyously & now reclined
Croucheth & clingeth to her moving seat
To keep her hold—& till the wind for rest
Pauses—she mutters inward melodies
That seem her hearts rich thinkings to repeat
& when the branch is still—her little breast
Swells out in raptures gushing symphonies
& then against her brown wing softly prest
The wind comes playing an enraptured guest
This way and that she swees—till gusts arise
More boisterous in their play—& off she flies

Whitethroat = *Sylvia communis* = Fauvette grisette

swee, v. = sway, swing