

COMMENTAIRE COMPOSÉ DE LITTÉRATURE ANGLAISE

Comparez, en anglais, les textes suivants :

I

FULL MOON

As I walked out that sultry night,  
I heard the stroke of one.  
The moon, attained to her full height,  
Stood beaming like the sun:  
She exorcised the ghostly wheat  
To mute assent in love's defeat,  
Whose tryst had now begun.

The fields lay sick beneath my tread,  
A tedious owlet cried,  
A nightingale above my head  
With this or that replied -  
Like man and wife who nightly keep  
Inconsequent debate in sleep  
As they dream side by side.

Your phantom wore the moon's cold mask,  
My phantom wore the same;  
Forgetful of the feverish task  
In hope of which they came,  
Each image held the other's eyes  
And watched a grey distraction rise  
To cloud the eager flame -

To cloud the eager flame of love,  
To fog the shining gate;  
They held the tyrannous queen above  
Sole mover of their fate,  
They glared as marble statues glare  
Across the tessellated stair  
Or down the halls of state.

And now warm earth was Arctic sea,  
Each breath came dagger-keen;  
Two bergs of glinting ice were we,  
The broad moon sailed between;  
There swam the mermaids, tailed and finned,  
And love went by upon the wind  
As though it had not been.

Robert Graves, *Mock Beggar Hall*, 1924.

II

As I Walked Out One Evening

As I walked out one evening,  
Walking down Bristol Street,  
The crowds upon the pavement  
Were fields of harvest wheat.

And down by the brimming river  
I heard a lover sing  
Under an arch of the railway:  
"Love has no ending.

"I'll love you, dear, I'll love you  
Till China and Africa meet,  
And the river jumps over the mountain  
And the salmon sing in the street,

"I'll love you till the ocean  
Is folded and hung up to dry  
And the seven stars go squawking  
Like geese about the sky.

"The years shall run like rabbits,  
For in my arms I hold  
The Flower of the Ages,  
And the first love of the world."

But all the clocks in the city  
Began to whirr and chime:  
"O let not Time deceive you,  
You cannot conquer Time.

"In the burrows of the Nightmare  
Where Justice naked is,  
Time watches from the shadow  
And coughs when you would kiss.

"In headaches and in worry  
Vaguely life leaks away,  
And Time will have his fancy  
Tomorrow or today.

"Into many a green valley  
Drifts the appalling snow;  
Time breaks the threaded dances  
And the diver's brilliant bow.

"O plunge your hands in water,  
Plunge them in up to the wrist;  
Stare, stare in the basin  
And wonder what you've missed.

"The glacier knocks in the cupboard,  
The desert sighs in the bed,  
And the crack in the teacup opens  
A lane to the land of the dead.

"Where the beggars raffle the banknotes  
And the Giant is enchanting to Jack,  
And the Lily-white Boy is a Roarer,  
And Jill goes down on her back.

"O look, look in the mirror,  
O look in your distress;  
Life remains a blessing  
Although you cannot bless.

"O stand, stand at the window  
As the tears scald and start;  
You shall love your crooked neighbour  
With your crooked heart."

It was late, late in the evening,  
The lovers they were gone;  
The clocks had ceased their chiming,  
And the deep river ran on.

W. H. Auden (November 1937, repr. in *Collected Poems*, 1976)

Tournez la page S.V.P.