

CNEL 2021  
Département Littératures et Langage

Sujet d'anglais

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« AS CONSEQUENT, *Etc .* », *Autum Rivulets, Leaves of Grass*, Walt Whitman

Commenting in English on the following poem, you will bring out the ambivalent prophetic vision of America it displays.

**AS CONSEQUENT, *Etc.***

AS consequent from store of summer rains,  
Or wayward rivulets in autumn flowing,  
Or many a herb-lined brook's reticulations,  
Or subterranean sea-rills making for the sea,  
5 Songs of continued years I sing.

Life's ever-modern rapids first, (soon, soon to blend,  
With the old streams of death.)

10 Some threading Ohio's farm-fields or the woods,  
Some down Colorado's cañons from sources of perpetual snow,  
Some half-hid in Oregon, or away southward in Texas,  
Some in the north finding their way to Erie, Niagara, Ottawa,  
Some to Atlantica's bays, and so to the great salt brine.

15 In you whoe'er you are my book perusing,  
In I myself, in all the world, these currents flowing,  
All, all toward the mystic ocean tending.

20 Currents for starting a continent new,  
Overtures sent to the solid out of the liquid,  
Fusion of ocean and land, tender and pensive waves,  
(Not safe and peaceful only, waves rous'd and ominous too,  
Out of the depths the storm's abysmic waves, who knows whence?  
25 Raging over the vast, with many a broken spar and tatter'd sail.)

Or from the sea of Time, collecting vasting all, I bring,  
A windrow-drift of weeds and shells.

30 O little shells, so curious-convolute, so limpid-cold and voiceless,  
Will you not little shells to the tympan of temples held,  
Murmurs and echoes still call up, eternity's music faint and far,  
Wafted inland, sent from Atlantica's rim, strains for the soul of the prairies,  
Whisper'd reverberations, chords for the ear of the West joyously sounding,  
35 Your tidings old, yet ever new and untranslatable,  
Infinitesimals out of my life, and many a life  
(For not my life and years alone I give—all, all I give,)  
These waifs from the deep, cast high and dry,  
Wash'd on America's shores?

**Book XXIV. *Autumn Rivulets*, 1881  
Walt Whitman, *Leaves of Grass*, 1892**