

QUELQUES POÈMES DE JEUNESSE EN ANGLAIS ET EN FRANÇAIS*

* Seuls dix poèmes sur les vingt cinq écrits et recueillis par Abbadie à la fin du carnet de voyage ont été transcrits. Cf. les fac-similés de quelques poèmes non transcrits in chapitre 6.

LA HARPE SI MELODIEUSE

La harpe si mélodieuse
 dont Tara paraît ses concerts,
 la harpe plus silencieuse
 n'anime plus ses murs déserts.
 Telle dort dans notre mémoire
 la noble fierté d'autrefois
 tel coeur qui battait pour la gloire
 n'en connaît plus la sainte voix.

La harpe de Tara n'entonne
 las d'amour guerrière festin
 le bris des cordes qui résonne
 dit à la nuit son noir destin.
 Ainsi la liberté soumise
 ne gémit sur son cruel sort
 que lorsqu'un coeur trop fier se brise
 pour montrer qu'elle vit encor.

REGNANT CE ROI ...

Régnant ce Roi de petit nom,
 Louis Philippe sans renom,
 ceci fut fait & mis à fin
 pour le castel de Méharin.
 à son châtelain le dédie
 ami pèlerin d'Abbadie.

IF SOME SOFT HOPES ...

If some soft hopes some thoughts of happier days
melt the dark tenour of they wandering soul
turn pilgrin from the road the noughth of praise
or wordly merit deck this marble seroll.
But stop & pray Y may not then unroll
the memory of one my youth held dear
in this tone handet ... Virtue's soft controul
haply, kind stranger, swells thy kindred tear
ther spirit lives above, her asher crumble here.

July, 1835

MOTIF POUR MIMI

On Ocean's breast by rock or cave
follow follow bounding wave
till & tempest breathing billows meet
to die innocuous at me feet.
So may my soul escape the strife
and dread abyss of mortal life
there silent pur kiss the heavenly shore
where passion's throbs an heard no more.

TRANSLATION OF THE EXTEMPORE VERSES OF A SLEEPER

My little bird, whence comes this sudden fright?
What friend forsakes, what for pursues thee now?
Tho this asylum wing thy hurried flight:
here gifts of peace & science ever flow.
The sage, to all who suffer, day & night
has consecrated here his earthly lot:
to claim from him misfortune is a right:
my little bird thou shalt not be forgot.

IMITATION OF CHENIER'S¹⁵⁶ LAST VERSES

As some soft bruze some ray of heavenly fire
 tells the last splendours of a glorious day
 upon the sarffold's verge I tempt once more my lyre:
 perhaps my turn is come... perhaps for aye
 before this hour within its rolling bound
 of sixty paces on th' unamelled plate
 has told once more its noisy watchful round
 the sleep of death will close my demal fats.
 Perhaps that ere this measured line
 has met its kindred rhyme
 Death's herald grim black messenger of time
 will shout from vault to vault this fated name of mine:
 perhaps..... & he walked off tho the guillotine.

OH GUIDE ...

Oh guide his ways sweet mother of my God
 across the wave upon the Ocean blue
 in desarts dread no warrior ever trod
 oh may they fostering eye his steps pursue.
 For der to true as to his Emma tre
 his mons care has often dicked thy shrine
 and strewed gay flowers and told his beads anew
 nor der in vain implored thine and divine
 for tho I own his heart, his batter soul is thine.

156. André de Chénier, poète français (Constantinople, 1762 - Paris, 1794). D'abord poète de la Révolution libérale, il s'indigna contre les excès de la Terreur et mourut guillotiné. Après sa morte parurent *La jeune captive*, *La Jeune Tarentine*, etc.

TO MY GLASS OF CHAMPAIGN

Pure off spring of the dark & knotly vine
no bloody hues deform thy crystal wave
thy beauty is thine own
pure gladdening & sweet.

Unused in the Zephyr on the stony hill
the limpid living pearl grew rich & fair
while fauning leaves around
in frendly clusters hung.

Oft did the proud divain of thy parent France,
watch the fair progres of thy luscious grororth
and shower his pions prayer
upon they parent vine,

Then as pale Autum led his genial days
gay was this triumph in the vintner's stores
when every grape bestowed
its love inspiring sweets.

More prized than diamonds from the Indian short
or golden treasures from the cacique's lands
thine is the boon divine
t'unite the hearts of man.

Wept to the fountain that a Mother's breast
breathes for the morture of her first-born child
thy genial draughts are still
the brightest gift of heaven.

For they are nighty in the hearts of men
& oft when discord lights her whitering torch
they quench the rising flame
in bonds of social peace.

Soothes each deep passion as it burns aloff
on the dark brow by pride & anger ruled
and makes th'impethous soul
innocuous & meet.

Like some fair breeze that soothes the rising storm
and bids the thunderboldt depart in peace
yet fans the breath of man
with fragrance & delight.

Mild is the off spring of the Champaign grapes
to him betimes my poet soul was limited
by heartfelt gratitude
& recollection sweet.

MENDIAN¹⁵⁷ etc.

(Metr. ♩ = 126.)

Men-di-an zoi-nen e-der e-pher chan-go gor-rit

Men-di-an zoi-nen e-der e-pher chan-go gor-rit

Men-di-an zoi-nen e-der e-pher chan-go gor-rit

From my mother's verdant isle
when last I chose to flee
I saw my dear Anna smile
to heaven & to me.

Glistened too in sad array
the tears beneath her brow
and vanished thus for away
my dreams of joy below.

Now alone on Afric's sand
or on the stormy sea
I fly far from house or land
and, Anna, far from thee.

Till some good my wags betide
my wanderings be forgiven
Anna, too may then divide
her smiles with me & heaven.

157. cf. *Chants populaires du Pays Basque*. Paroles et musiques originales, recueillies et publiées avec traduction française par J.-D. Sallaberry. Bayonne, Veuve Lamoignon, 1870, pp.148-149.

AITARIC¹⁵⁸ etc.

CHANT.

(Metr. ♩ = 69.)

Dolce.

Ai - ta - rik ez - dut e - - - - ta

PIANO.

p

As far from Erin sad tho proud
my frigate weaved her bow
the sun's last glories burst the cloud
and gilt Eblana's brow.

Sleep 'neath that diadem of lighth
enshrined in waters deep:
thy day was fair thy star is bright
my gentle Erin, sleep.

Tomorrow brings thy bridal morn
towed proud Glory's crown
with fairest gifts thy brow t'adorn
of wisdom & renown.

Sleep on nov dream of former wo
soft bosomed on thy deep:
in sweetest slumbers while I go
my mother's Erin sleep.

I've wept with thee on till that's past
'tis time to weeps no more,
for tho' far off my soul be cast
it ever haunts thy shore.

Then sleep my chosen isle of rest
let time or noiseless creep
as those last sunbeams in the west
still sleep, avourneen, sleep.

158. cf.: J.-D. Sallaberry, op. cit. pp. 276-277