TTR

Traduction, terminologie, re?daction



L'intertexte du poème

The Quarry

W. H. Auden

Volume 12, Number 2, 2e semestre 1999

Poésie, cognition, traduction II — Autour d'un poème de W. H. Auden Poetry, Cognition, Translation II — On a Poem by W. H. Auden

URI: https://id.erudit.org/iderudit/037368ar DOI: https://doi.org/10.7202/037368ar

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Publisher(s)

Association canadienne de traductologie

ISSN

0835-8443 (print) 1708-2188 (digital)

Explore this journal

Cite this document

Auden, W. H. (1999). L'intertexte du poème: The Quarry. TTR, 12(2), 11–12. https://doi.org/10.7202/037368ar

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The Quarry

O what is that sound which so thrills the ear Down in the valley drumming, drumming? Only the scarlet soldiers, dear, The soldiers coming.

O what is that light I see flashing so clear Over the distance brightly, brightly? Only the sun on their weapons, dear, As they step lightly.

O what are they doing with all that gear,
What are they doing this morning, this morning?
Only their usual manœuvres, dear
Or perhaps a warning.

O why have they left the road down there, Why are they suddenly wheeling, wheeling? Perhaps a change in their orders, dear. Why are you kneeling?

O haven't they stopped for the doctor's care, Haven't they reined their horses, their horses? Why, they are none of them wounded, dear, None of these forces.

O is it the parson they want, with white hair, Is it the parson, is it, is it?

No, they are passing his gateway, dear, Without a visit.

O it must be the farmer who lives so near.

It must be the farmer so cunning, so cunning?

They have passed the farmyard already, dear,

And now they are turning.

O where are you going? Stay with me here! Were the vows you swore deceiving, deceiving? No, I promised to love you, dear, But I must be leaving, »

O it's broken the lock and splintered the door,
O it's the gate where they're turning, turning;
Their boots are heavy on the floor
And their eyes are burning.

W. H. Auden (1958)