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 MÉLODIEUSE

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 cœur 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 nough 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'S 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 strewred 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 mort 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 fragance & delight.

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

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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 light
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