

## LES TRADUCTIONS DU LYS EN ANGLAIS

Marie-Christine Aubin (Collège universitaire Glendon, Université York, Toronto)

EXEMPLE N°1 : *Pléiade*, vol. 9, p. 1055-1057 (215 mots)

*Mais déjà plus haut, quelques roses du Bengale clairsemées parmi les folles dentelles du daucus, les plumes de la linaigrette, les marabouts de la reine des prés, les ombellules du cerfeuil sauvage, les blonds cheveux de la clématite en fruits, les mignons sautoirs de la croisette au blanc de lait, les corymbes des millefeuilles, les tiges diffuses de la fumeterre aux fleurs roses et noires, les vrilles de la vigne, les brins tortueux des chèvrefeuilles ; enfin tout ce que ces naïves créatures ont de plus échevelé, de plus déchiré, des flammes et de triples dards, des feuilles lancéolées, déchiquetées, des tiges tourmentées comme les désirs entortillés au fond de l'âme. Du sein de ce proluxe torrent d'amour qui déborde, s'élançe un magnifique double pavot rouge accompagné de ses glands prêts à s'ouvrir, déployant les flammèches de son incendie au-dessus des jasmins étoilés et dominant la pluie incessante du pollen, beau nuage qui papillote dans l'air en reflétant le jour dans ses mille parcelles luisantes ! Quelle femme enivrée par la senteur d'Aphrodise cachée dans la flouve, ne comprendra ce luxe d'idées soumises, cette blanche tendresse troublée par des mouvements indomptés, et ce rouge désir de l'amour qui demande un bonheur refusé dans les lutttes cent fois recommencées de la passion contenue, infatigable, éternelle ?*

**The Lily of the Valley**  
KPW, Project Gutenberg  
(1891), 191 mots

But higher still, remark the Bengal roses, sparsely scattered among the laces of the daucus, the plumes of the linaria, the marabouts of the meadow-queen; see the umbels of the myrrh, the spun glass of the clematis in seed, the dainty petals of the cross-wort, white as milk, the corymbes of the yarrow, the spreading stems of the fumitory with their black

**The Lily of the Valley,**  
May Tomlinson (1897),  
p. 146-147, 220 mots

But higher up still, a few monthly roses here and there amid the light lacework of the bird's-nest, the feathers of the cottongrass, the marabout of the meadow-sweet, the umbellule of the wild chervil, the fair hairs of the clematis in fruit, the tiny saltires of the milk-white crosswort, the corymb of the milfoil, the diffuse stems of the fumitory with pink and black flowers, the tendrils of

**The Lily of the Valley**  
James Waring (1898),  
p. 103-104, 194 mots

Above these, again, there are a few China roses, mingling with the light tracery of carrot leaves with plumes of cottongrass, marabout tufts of meadow-sweet, umbels of wild parsley, the pale hair of traveler's joy, now in seed; the tiny crosslets of milky white candytuft and milfoil, the loose sprays of rose-and-black fumitory, tendrils of the vine,

**Lily of the Valley**  
Lucienne Hill (1957),  
p.86, 208 mots

Then higher up, a few Bengal roses, strewn among the dancing laces of the daucus, the plumes of the cottongrass, the marabout feathers of the meadow-sweet, the umbels of the wild chervil, the flaxen hair of the clematis in fruit, the winsome crosses of the milk-white crosswort, the corymbes of the yarrow, the diffuse stems of the fumitory with its pink and black flowers, the tendrils of the

and rosy blossoms, the tendrils of the grape, the twisted shoots of the honeysuckle; in short, all the innocent creatures have that is most tangled, wayward, wild,—flames and triple darts, leaves lanceolated or jagged, stalks convoluted like passionate desires writhing in the soul. From the bosom of this torrent of love rises the scarlet poppy, its tassels about to open, spreading its flaming flakes above the starry jessamine, dominating the rain of pollen—that soft mist fluttering in the air and reflecting the light in its myriad particles. What woman intoxicated with the odor of the vernal grasses would fail to understand this wealth of offered thoughts, these ardent desires of a love demanding the happiness refused in a hundred struggles which passion still renews, continuous, unwearying, eternal!

the vine, the winding shoots of the honeysuckle; in short, all that is most disordered, and most heart-rending in these simple creatures, spearworts and triple pistils, lance-shaped, jagged leaves, stems twisted like the desires entangled in the depths of the soul. From the bosom of this prolix torrent of overflowing love, leaps a magnificent red double poppy accompanied by its bursting acorus, flying the sparks of its conflagration above the starry jasmynes and overhanging the incessant shower of the pollen, a beautiful cloud that glitters in the air while reflecting the light in its thousand shining particles! What woman, intoxicated by the fragrance of Aphrodite hidden in the vernal grass, would not understand this wealth of submissive ideas, this fair tenderness stirred by uncontrolled impulses, and this flaming desire of love which seeks a happiness denied in the struggles so oft renewed with the repressed, indefatigable, eternal passion?

twisted branches of the honeysuckle – in short, every form these artless creatures can show that is wildest and most ragged – flamboyant and strident; spear-shaped, dentate leaves, and stems as knotted as desire writhing in the depth of the soul. And from the heart of this overflowing torrent of love, a grand red double poppy stands up with bursting buds, flaunting its burning flame above starry jessamine and above the ceaseless shower of pollen, a cloud dancing in the air and reflecting the sunshine in its glittering motes. Would not any woman, who is alive to the seductive perfume that lurks in the anthoxanthum, understand this mass of abject ideas, this tender whiteness broken by uncontrollable impulses, and this red fire of love imploring joys denied it in the hundred struggles of an undying, unwearied, and eternal passion?

vine, the winding strands of the honeysuckle; in short, all that is most windswept, most ragged, in these artless creatures – triple-darted flames, jagged spear-shaped leaves, stems writhing like the desires tangled deep in the soul.

From the heart of this brimming torrent of love, there springs a magnificent double corn poppy, with its escort of bursting buds, spreading its sparks of fire over the starry jessamine and dominating the incessant rain of pollen, lovely cloud fluttering in the air and reflecting the light of day in its myriad gleaming particles. What woman, intoxicated by the fragrant love-philtre lurking in the vernal grass, would not understand this profusion of submissive thoughts, this white tenderness quivering with untamed movements and the red desire of love demanding a happiness denied, in the battles a thousand times repeated, of contained, tireless and eternal passion?