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the 1990s, the number of publications on the topic has increased steadily, and the number of authors has increased from 1 to 10.

There are a number of reasons for the increase in research on the topic. First, the number of people who are affected by the disease has increased. Second, the disease has become more prevalent in the general population. Third, the disease has become more common in children. Fourth, the disease has become more common in the elderly.

The increase in research on the topic is also due to the fact that the disease has become more common in the general population. This is due to the fact that the disease has become more common in the elderly. This is due to the fact that the disease has become more common in the elderly.

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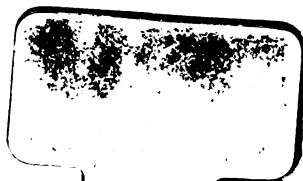
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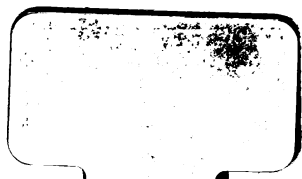
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# LE CIMETIÈRE

DE CAMPAGNE,

ÉLÉGIE ANGLAISE,

DE GRAY,

TRADUCTION NOUVELLE,

EN VERS FRANÇAIS.



A PARIS,

CHEZ DABIN, PALAIS DU TRIBUNAT.

AN XIII. — 1805.





## P R É F A C E.

IL existe déjà dans la langue française plusieurs traductions en vers de cette élégie célèbre ; mais celles qui ont été publiées semblent plutôt des paraphrases que des traductions. Nous avons de plus quelques morceaux de poésie dont elle a évidemment donné l'idée : il en est même qui, sans égaler l'ouvrage du poète anglais pour la plénitude des pensées et l'énergique précision du style, sont du moins fort remarquables par l'élégance et l'harmonie.

En donnant au public cette version nouvelle, composée il y a plusieurs années, je fais imprimer les vers anglais à côté des vers français. On pourra voir d'un coup-d'œil ce que j'ai cru devoir supprimer, changer, ajouter ; on jugera si j'ai su garder un juste milieu entre une imitation infidèle et une traduction servile. J'ai craint pour l'élégie entière la monotonie des stances ; j'ai conservé seulement dans l'épithaphe ces formes de poésie qui m'ont paru lui convenir. J'ai travaillé cette pièce avec soin ; mais, en quelque genre que ce soit, je n'ai jamais donné mes écrits que comme des essais susceptibles d'un perfectionnement graduel. Je serai disposé dans tous les temps

à mettre à profit l'opinion des connaisseurs , et même ce que pourront offrir de judicieux les critiques amères des censeurs de profession.

Voltaire, à son retour de Londres, où l'avaient contraint à se réfugier les premières persécutions qu'il eut essayées en France, fit connaître à sa patrie la philosophie et la littérature des Anglais. Il puisa dans leurs poètes des beautés fortes qu'il sut encore embellir. Durant les dernières années de ce grand-homme, aujourd'hui si ridiculement harcelé, M. Ducis a mérité des succès mémorables, en transportant sur la scène française les créations vigoureuses du poète tragique de l'Angleterre. Plus récemment, dans la traduction du Paradis perdu, ouvrage tantôt sublime et tantôt bizarre d'un génie non moins étonnant que Shakespeare, on a souvent retrouvé tout le talent de M. Delille : on le cherchait dans l'Homme des champs et dans le poème de la Pitié.

Le même M. Delille a traduit autrefois, avec beaucoup de bonheur, la belle Epître de Pope au docteur Arbuthnot. Un autre chef-d'œuvre de Pope, l'Héroïde d'Héloïse, avait déjà fondé la réputation de M. Colardeau. M. Boisjolin mérite d'être cité après ces talents célèbres ; et sa traduction de la Forêt de Windsor est un des morceaux les plus purs qui aient paru depuis long-temps.

Quand il devient difficile d'oser penser soi-même, on peut encore traduire. Indépendamment de l'éloge de Gray, le meilleur ouvrage que nous ayons en ce genre, au moins dans les langues modernes, quelques autres pièces de ce poète sont dignes d'une version élégante et soignée. Par exemple, son Hymne à l'Adversité, ses deux Odes pindariques, l'une sur les progrès de la poésie, l'autre intitulée le Barde; mais plus encore, à mon avis, son Ode charmante sur le collège d'Eton. L'Ode plus fameuse que Dryden a composée sur la Musique; l'Emma de Prior, l'Hermitte de Parnell, l'Épître d'Adisson sur l'Italie, une douzaine de fables de Gay, deux petits poèmes de Goldsmith, le Voyageur et le Village abandonné, mériteraient aussi d'exercer parmi nous des versificateurs habiles. Les littératures ne sont jamais en guerre. Il peut exister des querelles politiques entre les divers gouvernements; le vœu philanthropique de Sully, de l'abbé de Saint-Pierre et de J.-J. Rousseau peut n'être encore que le rêve des hommes de bien : mais il existe pour le génie un traité de paix perpétuelle qui doit être religieusement observé.

# THE COUNTRY

## CHURCHYARD.

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day,  
The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea,  
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,  
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimm'ring landscape on the sight,  
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,  
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,  
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds;

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower,  
The moping owl does to the moon complain  
Of such as, wand'ring near her secret bower,  
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,  
Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,  
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,  
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,  
The swallow twitt'ring from the straw-built shed,  
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,  
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

# LE CIMETIÈRE DE CAMPAGNE.

Le jour fuit ; de l'airain les lugubres accents  
Rappellent au bercail les troupeaux mugissants ;  
Le laboureur lassé regagne sa chaumière ;  
Du soleil expirant la tremblante lumière  
Délaisse par degrés les monts silencieux ;  
Un calme solennel enveloppe les cieux ;  
Et sur un vieux donjon que le lierre environne ,  
Les sinistres oiseaux , par un cri monotone ,  
Grondent le voyageur dans sa route égaré ,  
Qui vient troubler l'empire à la nuit consacré .

Près de ces ifs noueux dont la verdure sombre  
Sur les champs attristés répand le deuil et l'ombre,  
Sous ces frères gazons , parure du tombeau ,  
Dorment les villageois , ancêtres du hameau .  
Rien ne peut les troubler dans leur couche dernière ,  
Ni le clairon du coq annonçant la lumière ,  
Ni du cor matinal l'appel accoutumé ,  
Ni la voix du printemps au souffle parfumé .  
Des enfants , réunis dans les bras de leur mère ,  
Ne partageront plus , sur les genoux d'un père ,

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,  
Or busy housewife ply her evening care;  
No children run to lisp their sire's return,  
Or climb his knees the enviy'd kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,  
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;  
How jocund did they drive their team afield!  
How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not ambition mock their usesul toil,  
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;  
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile  
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,  
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,  
Await alike th' inevitable hour:  
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,  
If Mem'ry o'er their tomb no trophies raise,  
Where thro' the long-drawn isle and fretted vault  
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn or animated bust  
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?  
Can honour's voice provoke the silent dust,  
Or flatt'ry soothe the dull cold ear of death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid  
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;  
Hands that the rod of empire might have sway'd,  
Or wak'd to extacy the living lyre.

Le baiser du retour, objet de leur desir,  
Et le soir au banquet la coupe du plaisir  
N'ira plus à la ronde égayer la famille.

Que de fois la moisson fatigua leur faucille !  
Que de sillons traça leur soc laborieux !  
Comme au sein des travaux leurs chants étaient joyeux,  
Quand la forêt tombait sous les lourdes coignées !  
Que leurs tombes du moins ne soient pas dédaignées ;  
Que l'heureux fils du sort, déposant sa grandeur,  
Des simples villageois respecte la candeur ;  
Que le sourire altier sur ses lèvres expire :  
Biens, dignités, crédit, beauté, valeur, empire,  
Tout vient dans le lieu sombre aboyer son orgueil :  
O gloire ! ton sentier ne conduit qu'au cercueil.

Ils n'obtinrent jamais, sous les voûtes sacrées,  
Des éloges menteurs, des larmes figurées ;  
Les ministres du Ciel ne leur vendirent pas  
Le faste du néant, les hymnes du trépas :  
Mais perçant du tombeau l'éternelle retraite,  
Des chants raniment-ils la poussière muette ?  
La flatterie impure, offrant de vains honneurs,  
Fait-elle entendre aux morts ses accents suborneurs ?  
Des esprits enflammés d'un céleste délire,  
Des mains dignes du sceptre, ou dignes de la lyre,  
Languissent dans ce lieu par la mort habité.  
Grands hommes inconnus, la froide pauvreté  
Dans vos ames glaça le torrent du génie ;  
Des dépouilles du temps la science enrichie



But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page  
 Rich with the spoils of time did ne'er unroll;  
 Chill Penury repress'd their noble rage,  
 And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene  
 The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear:  
 Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,  
 And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village-Hampden, that with dauntless breast  
 The little tyrant of his fields withstood;  
 Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,  
 Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

Th' applause of list'ning senates to command,  
 The threats of pain and ruin to despise,  
 To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,  
 And read their hist'ry in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbad : nor circumscrib'd alone  
 Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd ;  
 Forbad to wade thro' slaughter to a throne,  
 And shut the gates of mercy on mankind,

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,  
 To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,  
 Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride  
 With incense kindled at the muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife  
 Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray ;  
 Along the cool, sequester'd vale of life,  
 They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

A vos yeux étonnés ne déroula jamais  
Le livre où la nature imprima ses secrets ;  
Mais l'avare Océan recèle dans son onde  
Des diamants, l'orgueil des mines de Golconde ;  
Des plus brillantes fleurs le calice entr'ouvert  
Décore un précipice ou parfume un désert.  
Là peut-être sommeille un Hamden de village,  
Qui brava le tyran de son humble héritage ;  
Quelque Milton sans gloire ; un Cromwel ignoré,  
Qu'un pouvoir criminel n'a point déshonoré.

S'ils n'ont pas des destins affronté la menace,  
Fait tonner au Sénat leur éloquente audace,  
D'un hameau dévasté relevé les débris,  
Et recueilli l'éloge en des yeux attendris,  
Le sort qui les priva de ces plaisirs sublimes,  
Ainsi que les vertus borna pour eux les crimes :  
On n'a point vu l'épée, ivre de sang humain,  
Leur frayer jusqu'au trône un horrible chemin ;  
Ils n'ont pas étouffé dans leur ame flétrie  
Et la pitié qui pleure, et le remords qui crie ;  
Jamais leur main servile aux coupables puissants  
N'a des pudiques sœurs prostitué l'encens ;  
Et leurs modestes jours, ignorés de l'envie,  
Coulèrent sans orage au vallon de la vie.

Quelques rimes sans art, d'incultes ornements  
Recommandent aux yeux ces obscurs monuments :  
Une pierre attestant le nom, le sexe et l'âge,  
Une informe élogie où le rustique sage

Yet e'en these bones from insult to protect,  
 Some frail memorial still erected nigh,  
 With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture deck'd,  
 Implores the passing tribute of a sigh

Their name, their years, spelt by th' unletter'd muse,  
 The place of fame and elegy supply:  
 And many a holy text around she strews,  
 That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who to dumb forgetfulness a prey  
 This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,  
 Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,  
 Nor cast one longing, ling'ring look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,  
 Some pious drops the closing eye requires;  
 E'en from the tomb the voice of nature cries,  
 E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who mindful of th' unhonour'd dead  
 Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;  
 If chance, by lonely contemplation led,  
 Some kindred spirit shall enquire thy fate,

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,  
 « Oft have we seen him, at the peep of dawn,  
 « Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,  
 « To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.  
 « There, at the foot of yonder nodding beech,  
 « That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,  
 » His listless length at noon-tide would he stretch,  
 » And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

Par des textes sacrés nous enseigne à mourir,  
Implorant du passant le tribut d'un soupir.

Et quelle ame intrépide, en quittant le rivage,  
Peut au muet oubli résigner son courage ?

Quel œil, apercevant le ténébreux séjour,  
Ne jette un long regard vers l'enceinte du jour ?

Nature, chez les morts ta voix se fait entendre ;  
Ta flamme dans la tombe anime notre cendre ;

Aux portes du néant respirant l'avenir,

Nous voulons nous survivre en un doux souvenir.

Et toi, qui pour venger la probité sans gloire,

Du pauvre dans tes vers chantas la simple histoire,

Si, visitant ces lieux, domaine de la mort,

Un cœur parent du tien veut apprendre ton sort,

Sans doute un villageois, à la tête blanchie,

Lui dira : Traversant la plaine rafraîchie,

Souvent sur la colline il devançait le jour :

Quand au sommet des cieux le midi de retour

Dévorait les côteaux de sa brûlante haleine,

Seul, et goûtant le frais à l'ombre d'un vieux chêne,

Couché nonchalamment, les yeux fixés sur l'eau,

Il aimait à rêver au doux bruit du ruisseau :

Le soir, dans la forêt, loin des routes tracées,

Il égarait ses pas et ses tristes pensées :

Quelquefois, en quittant ces bois religieux,

Des pleurs mal essuyés mouillaient encor ses yeux.

Un jour, près d'un ruisseau, sur le mont solitaire,

Sous l'arbre favori, le long de la bruyère,

« Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn;  
 « Mutt'ring his wayward fancies, he would rove :  
 « Now drooping, woeful, wan, like one forlorn,  
 « Or craz'd with care, or cross'd in hopeless love.  
 « One morn I miss'd him on the custom'd hill,  
 « Along the heath, and near his fav'rite tree :  
 « Another came; nor yet beside the rill,  
 « Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he.  
 « The next, with dirges due, in sad array,  
 « Slow through the church-way path we saw him borne:  
 « Approach, and read (for thou canst read) the lay  
 « Grav'd on the stone beneath yon aged thorn.»

### THE EPITAPH.

HERE rests his head upon the lap of earth  
 A youth to fortune and to fame unknown;  
 Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth,  
 And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,  
 Heav'n did a recompence as largely send:  
 He gave to mis'ry all he had, a tear,  
 He gain'd from Heav'n ('twas all he wish'd) a friend.  
 No farther seek his merits to disclose,  
 Or draw his frailties from their dread abode  
 (There they alike in trembling hope repose)  
 The bosom of his Father and his God.

Je cherchai, mais en vain, la trace de ses pas ;  
Je vins le jour suivant, je ne le trouvai pas :  
Le lendemain, vers l'heure où naissent les ténèbres,  
J'aperçus un cercueil et des flambeaux funèbres ;  
A pas lents vers l'église on portait ses débris :  
Sa tombe est près de nous ; regarde, approche, et lis.

## É P I T A P H E,

Sous ce froid monument sont les jeunes reliques  
D'un homme à la fortune, à la gloire inconnu :  
La tristesse voilait ses traits mélancoliques ;  
Il eut peu de savoir, mais un cœur ingénu.

Les pauvres ont béni sa pieuse jeunesse  
Dont la bonté du ciel a daigné prendre soin ;  
Il sut donner des pleurs, son unique richesse ;  
Il obtint un ami, son unique besoin.

Ne mets point ses vertus, ses défauts en balance ;  
Homme, tu n'es plus juge en ce funèbre lieu :  
Dans un espoir tremblant il repose en silence,  
Entre les bras d'un père et sous la loi d'un Dieu.

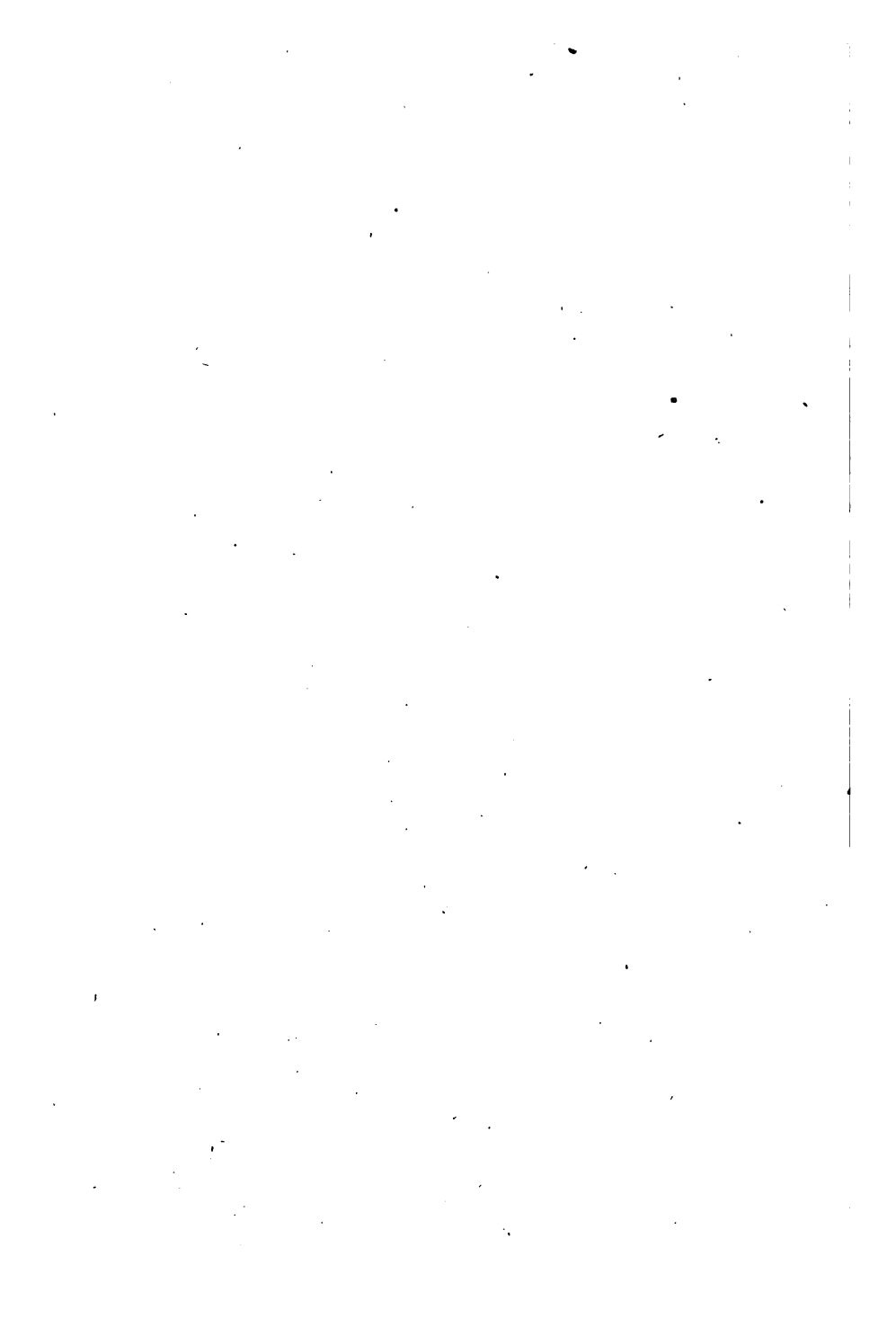


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