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La traduction en tant qu'adaptation entre les cultures : les traductions de *Beowulf* jusqu'à Seamus Heaney

Beowulf. Fit 5: 320 – 331

- 320 Stræt wæs stānfāh, stīg wisode
Road was stone-paved, the path guided
gumum ætgædere. Gūðbyrne scān
the men together The corselets shone
heard hondlocen, hringīren scīr
hard handwrought, chain-mail resplendent
song in searwum, þā hīe tō sele furðum
rang in their armour, so they to the hall duly
in hyra gryregeatwum gangan cwōmon.
In their grim gear arrived at the hall
- 325 Setton sǣmēðe side scyldas,
They set sea-weary their large shields
rondas regnhearde wið þæs recedes weal;
shieldbosses wondrously hard against the wall
bugon þā tō bence, - byrnan hringdon,
sat down then on the bench, - mail-coats rang
gūðsearo gumena; gāras stōdon,
war gear of men; spears stood
sæmanna searo samod ætgædere,
seafarers weapons all together
- 330 æscholt ufan græg; wæs se Irenþræt
ashwood from above grey; was the armed band
wæpnum gewurþad.
Weapons ennobled

Seamus Heaney, *Beowulf, A New Translation*, Londres, Faber, 1999.

It was a paved track, a path that kept them
in marching order. Their mail-shirts glinted,
hard and hand-linked; the high-gloss iron
of their armour rang. So they duly arrived
in their grim war-graith and gear at the hall,
and, weary from the sea, stacked wide shields
of the toughest hardwood against the wall,
then collapsed on the benches; battle-dress
and weapons clashed. They collected their spears
in a seafarers' stook, a stand of greyish
tapering ash. And the troops themselves
were as good as their weapons.

Francis B. Gummere, *The Oldest English Epic. Beowulf*, New York, Macmillan, 1909.

Stone-bright the street: it showed the way
to the crowd of clansmen. Corselets glistened
hand-forged, hard; on their harness bright
the steel ring sang, as they strode along
in mail of battle, and marched to the hall.
There, weary of ocean, the wall along
they set their bucklers, their broad shields, down,
and bowed them to bench: the breastplates clanged,
war-gear of men; their weapons stacked,
spears of the seafarers stood together,
gray-tipped ash: that iron band
was worthily weaponed!

Beowulf: The Donaldson Translation. Background and Sources, Ed. Joseph F. Tuso, New York, Londres, W.W. Norton, 1975.

The road was stone-paved, the path showed the way to the men in ranks. War-corselet shone, hard and hand-wrought, bright iron rings sang on their armor when they first came walking to the hall in their grim gear. Sea-weary they set down their broad shields, marvelously strong protections, against the wall of the building. Then they sat down on the bench-mail-shirts, warrior's cloth-

ing, rang out. Spears stood together, seamen's weapons, ash steel-gray at the top. The armed band was worthy of its weapons.

Beowulf. A Prose Translation, with an Introduction, David Wright, Harmondsworth, Penguin, 1957.

The road, paved with stone, served as a guide to the company. Each tough hand-linked coat of mail sparkled, and their shimmering ringlets of iron clinked in their corselets. When they arrived in armour at the hall, the sea-beaten men unslung their broad double-proofed shields and ranged them against the palace wall. Then they seated themselves on the bench; their corselets rang. The seafarers' weapons, iron-headed ash spears, were neatly piled. They were a well-equipped company.