

Between French and English: a little bilingual game

20315880

Student Number		Text Number	1
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Source Text		Target Text	
Title	Collection of nursery rhymes	Title	<i>Sélection de comptines</i>
Year Published	/		
Author	/		
Language	English	Language	French
Word Count	232 words	Word Count	907 words
Description of Source Text • <i>understanding of source text</i> • <i>knowledge of genre within source contexts</i> • <i>situation of source text familiarity with the formal features of a text (language variation(s), register, dialect)</i> (200 words max)	The sources text is a collection of English nursery rhymes. They are part of the English folklore and mostly do not have a proper author, as they are shared orally and have been for a long time. One of the most well-known nursery rhymes in the English language is the collection of Mother Goose, known as <i>Mother Goose Rhymes</i>. As for most nursery rhymes, the identity of Mother Goose is unknown, but their work has left its mark on children for centuries. Nursery rhymes are supposed to be sung, and they have a teaching purpose: whether it is teaching children challenging pronunciation, or teaching them to count or spell, some argue that they help them assimilating the language. Thus, they are aimed at young children, most of the time between 0 and 10 years old, and show key elements of children literature: the vocabulary is quite simple, the themes are linked to animals, parts of the body or toys, and the imagery is mostly basic and straightforward, even if there may be a double meaning. However, some nursery rhymes contain elements of fear, as in <i>Ring around the Rosie</i>, and some argue that this could be to turn fear into fun, in order to help children fight their fears.		
Strategy • <i>identification of translation problems</i> • <i>knowledge of genre within target context and situation of target text</i> • <i>justification of translation</i>	This translation contains elements that can be challenging, as in a lot of songs and poetry, and, my inspiration originated with Mots d'Heures : Gousses, Rames by Luis van Rooten. This book is a collection of English nursery rhymes that were phonetically transcribed into French. I wanted to imitate his work in my translation. My translation would be aimed at French children or teenagers that are learning English, to emphasize on the similarities and disparities of sounds between the two languages. The goal is to use French words to represent English words that would almost sound the same, so that the student has a better idea of how the English pronunciation can work.		

<i>production of genre for target context</i> (200 words max)	However, finding words that mimic English sounds in French could be challenging and I might have to stretch the sounds a little to write something readable. I will also try to create something that makes sense in French and that will not be too much gibberish. That will be another great challenge. In French, nursery rhymes have a similar purpose than in English: teaching about the language, pronunciation, numbers... Creating such a translation would continue this purpose of teaching, while creating a fun pronunciation game for learning students.
Critical Reflection <i>textual analysis</i> (200 words max)	My translation was not fully successful, as I tried to imitate Luis Van Rooten but was not able to create meaning in French in the body of the nursery rhyme. However, I imitated him once more and created little paragraphs at the end of each nursery rhyme to create meaning from the gibberish. I managed to transcribe the English sounds into French most of the time without altering them too much, but I had to choose between creating a word that would have similar sounds than the English word and creating sentences that made sense in themselves. I failed in my attempt to create a piece of poetry that has cohesion regarding grammar or meaning. However, my translation is readable phonetically, thus I did succeed in creating a text that would help English learners to mimic English sounds by using French words. This would only be used as introduction because it is not a sufficient tool to learn English pronunciation, but it might be useful for people that have no idea how to pronounce certain words. The simple structure, repetitions and rhymes were more challenging than I thought they would be, because I had to adapt my words, structures and rhymes several times for them to match the rest of the nursery rhyme. All in all, I managed to create what I wanted to create.
Works Cited <i>use of sources and reference material</i>	- Nursery Rhymes in Music and Language Literacy, Audrey Berger Cardany, First Published October 17, 2012 Research Article, https://doi.org/10.1177/1048371312462869 - Nursery Rhymes: Foundation for Learning, Susan Kenney First Published October 1, 2005 Research Article, https://doi.org/10.1177/10483713050190010108 - Nursery Rhymes, Elizabeth Galway, DOI: 10.1093/OBO/9780199791231-0124 - Go deeper: Fear in children's books, Kimberley Reynolds, Michael Rosen, Published: 21 Feb 2020, https://www.bl.uk/childrens-books/articles/fear-in-childrens-books# - "Mots d'Heures: Gousses, Rames" The d'Antin Manuscript "Discovered, Edited, and Annotated" by Luis d'Antin van Rooten, H. Paul Lillebo, Blue Ridge Journal, "A Potpourri of Good Sense", https://www.blueridgejournal.com/poems/mots.htm - Poetry Foundation's entry on Mother Goose, https://www.poetryfoundation.org/poets/mother-goose

Collection of nursery rhymes

I'm a little teapot

I'm a little teapot
Short and stout

Sélection de comptines

Aime Ali tôt le ti-pote

Aime Ali tôt le 'ti-pote
Chaud, train de stop

Here is my handle
Here is my spout.

When I get all steamed up
Hear me shout
“Tip me over
and pour me out!”.

Head, shoulders, knees and toes

Head, shoulders, knees and toes,
Knees and toes.
Head, shoulders, knees and toes,
Knees and toes.
And eyes, and ears, and mouth, and nose.
Head, shoulders, knees and toes,
Knees and toes.

Baa, baa black sheep

Iris maille âne dôle
Iris maille suppôt.

Ou haine ail guêtre oïl estime dop,
Ire mi chat août,
« Type mi ô vert,
An de pour mi-août ».

C’est l’histoire d’un jeune homme qui rencontre son ami Ali à la gare un jour d’été. Il parle de la pension qu’il gagne pour son âne. L’âne porte un chandail tissé de fleurs. Le jeune homme suspecte son âne de faire partie d’une secte. Ensuite, les deux amis parlent cuisine, et des bienfaits de l’ail, alors qu’ils organisent leurs prochaines vacances au vert.

Aide, Chou l’odeur, Nice an tôt ce

Aide, chou l’odeur, Nice an tôt ce,
Nice an tôt ce,
Aide, chou l’odeur, Nice an tôt ce,
Nice an tôt ce,
An de ail zen de ire zen ma housse zen n’ose.
Aide, chou l’odeur, Nice an tôt ce,
Nice an de tôt ce.

C’est l’histoire d’une habitante de la ville de Nice qui a cuisiné un grand plat de choucroute pour la venue de sa famille originaire du grand est. Elle a vraiment prévu gros, avec plus d’une centaine de chou hachés et mis à cuire dans de larges chaudrons partout dans sa cuisine. De bon matin, l’odeur se répand dans les rues de la ville, et les habitants, peu habitués à ce genre de mijotage, crient au secours. L’ail qu’a rajouté la cuisinière leur pique les yeux alors qu’ils s’enfuient en courant, incapable de garder leur zen.

Abat flaque chipe

Baa, baa black sheep
Have you any wool
Yes sir, yes sir
Three bags full.

One for my master
And one for my dame
And one for the little boy
Who lives down the lane.

Incy wincy spider

Incy wincy spider
climbed up the water spout,
Down came the rain
and washed poor Wincy out,

Out came the sun shine
and dried up all the rain,
And Incy Wincy spider
climbed up the spout again.

Abat flaque chipe
Avenue henni houle
Y-est sœur, y-est sœur
Tri bacs foule.

Ou ânes fort maille masse tueur
Ou ânes fort maille dame
An de ou âne fort de lit tel beau y
Ou lit veut don de l'aine.

C'est l'histoire d'un mouton qui a une sœur, et ils habitent au bord de la mer. Ces deux moutons sont des adeptes du tri et de l'écologie en général, et ne font pas de vagues. Cependant, un jour, on découvre un troupeau d'ânes assassinés par un tueur de masse. Il s'avère qu'il s'agissait de la sœur du mouton. On enterre les ânes avec respect, sur de beaux lits, et pour se repentir, la sœur du mouton fait don de son aine.

Annecy Vennecy c'est paille d'heure

Annecy Vennecy c'est paille d'heure
Clef humble huppe de ouate heure suppôt,
Don crème de reine
An de ou hache de pour Vennecy août.

Août crème de saint chaine
An de draille huppe oïl de reine,
An de Annecy Vennecy c'est paille d'heure
Clef humble huppe de support à gaine.

C'est l'histoire d'un marchand qui va de Vennecy à Annecy, pour vendre sa paille, mais il est toujours en retard. Il possède une clef magique très discrète sur ses capacités, et porte toujours un chapeau de plumes et de coton. Récemment, la reine l'a mandaté pour lui rapporter de la crème, et donc le petit marchand change sa route habituelle pour porter de la crème à

Rock a bye baby

Rock a bye baby, on the tree top,
When the wind blows the cradle will rock,
When the bough breaks the cradle will fall,
And down will come baby, cradle and all.

Row, row, row your boat

Row, row, row your boat
Gently down the stream
Merrily, merrily, merrily, merrily
Life is but a dream

la reine. Il décide d'acheter la crème à Vennecy, au mois d'août. Pour se protéger, il se munit d'une hache. Malheureusement, sur la route, alors qu'il croise un troupeau en transhumance sur une draille, la crème de la reine se renverse et couvre les plumes de son chapeau de gras. La clef décide alors d'utiliser sa magie pour restaurer la crème et le chapeau, et crée un support avec une gaine pour fixer le pot de crème et éviter le nouvel accident.

Roque heu baille baie bi

Roque heu baille baie bi, âne de tri top,
Ou haine de oui ne de bloc de crax deuil oui le roque,
Ou haine de bol braie que se de craie deuil oui le fol,
An don oui le comme baie bi, craie deuil an de oïl.

C'est l'histoire d'un jeune homme bisexuel qui joue au roque et s'ennuie, il baille donc beaucoup, et mange des baies. Son âne qui lui sert à trier ses accessoires de roque le regarde jouer. L'âne a récemment perdu un de ces amis proche, un oiseau, un crax, et est en train de faire le deuil de cet ami un peu extravagant en se plongeant dans son rôle d'aide de roque. Cependant, l'âne ressent de la colère envers son métier, car c'est lui qui doit fournir les baies au jeune homme bisexuel, sans pouvoir faire son deuil en paix. Le dernier caprice de son maître concerne de la craie et de l'huile, et l'âne doit partir en chercher, au mépris de sa douleur.

Rot, rot, rot y où re botte

Rot, rot, rot y où re botte
Gentilly don de strie me
Mais riz lit, mais riz lit, mais riz lit, mais riz lit,
La if hisse botte heu dring.

Row, row, row your boat
Gently down the stream

If you see a crocodile
Don't forget to scream!

Rot, rot, rot y où re botte,
Gentilly don de strie me.

If y où si heu croco daille
Don te fort guette tous crime !

C'est l'histoire d'un jeune marin qui souffre de d'éruclation chronique. Il est né à Gentilly et dans son temps libre, pour aider ses voisins, il creuse des stries dans le sol et plante du riz, dont il fait don aux habitants pour qu'ils puissent se sourire et en garnir leur matelas, pour leur lit. Un jour, lors d'un de ses voyages en bateau, il affront un crocodile avec une daille qui lui servait a récolter le riz, avant de se réfugier dans un fort pour camoufler son crime.

Student Number	20315880	Text Number	2
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Source Text		Target Text	
Title	1-2-3 chante avec moi !	Title	1-2-3 sing with me!
Year Published	2011		
Author	Conseil d’alphabétisation des Territoires du Nord-Ouest		
Language	French	Language	English
Word Count	226 words	Word Count	982 words
Description of Source Text <i>understanding of source text</i> <i>knowledge of genre within source contexts</i> <i>situation of source text familiarity with the formal features of a text (language variation(s), register, dialect)</i> (200 words max)	The source text is an extract of a collection of nursery rhymes produced by the NWT Literary Council (Canada). This council aims at promoting alphabetisation in the North West territories of Canada. This specific collection was made to share traditional French Canadian nursery rhymes. In the North West Territories of Canada, around 10% of the population speaks both English and French, and French is the mother tongue of around 3.1% of the population, according to the Office of the Commissioner of Official Languages’ website. As the website reads, “the number of people who can speak French has tripled since the 1950s”, and therefore, there is a growing audience for this type of content. As it was produced in Canada, the type of French used is Canadian French. Nursery rhymes are both useful when learning a language and a crucial part of a nation’s cultural heritage, since it is often deeply rooted within childhood and are “part of a long verbal tradition”, according to Dr. Chhavi Kulshreshtha. As many nursery rhymes, those are supposed to be sung, and are thus linked to a little lullaby; they also contain simple grammar and imagery that may include a double meaning, as “Initially, rhymes originated to parody the British politics and royal persons as there was no other medium for spreading gossips or rebellious messages.” writes Dr. Kulshreshtha.		
Strategy <i>identification of translation problems</i> <i>knowledge of genre within target context and situation of target text</i> <i>justification of translation production of genre for target context</i> (200 words max)	This text will be targeted towards bilingual people who speak both French and English as sort of wordplay (this represents around 18 percent of the Canadian population according to the Government of Canada’s website), or towards English speakers willing to learn French sounds, using the easy-to-remember aspect of the nursery rhyme, (“a use of rhythm and rhyme that makes them easy to remember.”, Elizabeth Galway in <i>Nursery Rhymes</i>). For this translation, I will try and imitate Luis van Rooten in his book <i>Mots d'Heures : Gousses, Rames</i>, where he transcribes English sounds using French words, whereas this time I will be translating from Canadian French to English. Canadian French is close to Metropolitan French. Furthermore, as those nursery rhymes are in the written form and not the oral form, and they are close to Metropolitan French rhymes, so I will use Metropolitan French pronunciation for my translation. As in my other translation based on nursery rhymes, I will try and create sentences that make as much sense as possible, as well as trying to maintain the grammatical structure if I can. However, as I experienced in my previous translation, this might turn out hard to achieve. Therefore, I will also create short paragraphs (around 4 to 8 lines) to try and create meaning out of the gibberish of my phonetical translation.		
Critical Reflection <i>textual analysis</i> (200 words max)	It was easier to translate from English to French than from French to English. It may be because French is my first language and I know more vocabulary in French, so it might be easier to think of a word that would have a similar pronunciation than the source text English. All in all, the translation is efficient in achieving the goal I set, to be a wordplay that could be an introduction for French learners. However, I had trouble with selecting between the British pronunciation and the American pronunciation and		

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Source Text

Click or tap here to enter text.

Target Text

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	should have chosen first in my strategy and kept to my choice. My indecisiveness made me rework some passages several times, as I alternatively chose one of the other. Moreover, some French sounds are hard to replicate in English and thus can hardly be imitated, therefore some of my work sounds off. I had to rely heavily on onomatopoeia, which was not the case in my other translation. This creates a different effect when reading the text, it feels a little more forced and unnatural. However, when read at loud and as a whole, it is sufficiently efficient in its purpose.
Works Cited • <i>use of sources and reference material</i>	- <i>Infographic: The French Presence in the Northwest Territories</i>, Office of the Commissioner of Official Languages website, 2020-09-18 [link] - <i>Nursery Rhymes: a linkage between society and culture</i>, Dr. Chhavi Kulshreshtha, IJELLH (International Journal of English language, literature in humanities), Volume V, Issue IX, September 2017 - <i>French language</i>, Posner, R. and Sala, . Marius, Encyclopedia Britannica, July 18, 2018. https://www.britannica.com/topic/French-language - Nursery Rhymes, Elizabeth Galway, 25 June 2013, DOI: 10.1093/OBO/9780199791231-0124, https://www.oxfordbibliographies.com/view/document/obo-9780199791231/obo-9780199791231-0124.xml

Source Text

Click or tap here to enter text.

Fais dodo

Fais dodo Colas mon p'tit frère
Fais dodo tu auras du lolo
Papa est en haut
Qui fait du gâteau
Maman est en bas
La crème au chocolat
Fais dodo Colas mon p'tit frère
Fais dodo tu auras du lolo

Pomme, pêche, poire, abricot

Pomme, pêche, poire, abricot
Y'en a une, y'en a une
Pomme, pêche, poire, abricot
Y'en a une de trop
Qui s'appelle Marie-Margot !

Target Text

Click or tap here to enter text.

Fade dodo

Fade dodo Cola mount tiff rare
Fade dodo duo rad due law law
Papa "A" Mmm oh
Key fay due gat oh
Mammal hay Mmm baa
Lack REM oh show Cola
Fade dodo Cola mount tiff air
Fade dodo duo rad due law law

This is the story of two brothers that had a fight on a mountain, which does not happen often. This brought them to court, where the eldest accused the youngest of erasing his bird, an exceedingly rare, genetically engineered dodo. The youngest explained that because of his law sight, he could not be the culprit, and that the animal he erased was a mammal, not a bird. The youngest understood and decided to organise a party with a lot of cola.

Palm pair ship war a brick'o

Palm pair ship war a brick'o
Liana rune, liana rune
Palm pair ship war a brick'o
Liana rune the trod
Kiss a pail ma rim are go!

This is the story of a little war ship made from bricks that could fit in the palm of the hand of a child that often ate peaches. So much so that the little boat was covered in sugary goo. The

Source Text

Click or tap here to enter text.

Target Text

Click or tap here to enter text.

Do ré mi

Do ré mi fa sol la si do
Gratte-moi la puce que j'ai dans le dos
Si tu l'avais grattée plus tôt
Elle ne serait pas montée si haut

Un, deux, trois

Un, deux, trois
Nous irons au bois.
Quatre, cinq, six
Cueillir des cerises.
Sept, huit, neuf
Dans mon panier neuf.

child brought the boat everywhere, on many adventures,
though the jungle and the old temples full of lianas and runes,
and even created scenes of the boat kissing buckets' edges and
leaving without a trace.

Though ray me

Though ray me far soil lass eel though
Grate moire lap pus cache hay den lido
Si stew lava grate hay pew toe
Ail surrey pas mount hay sea oh

This is the story of me and my friend, the female eel. I was a creature of light that could summon rays of sun, and I was often far from the earth. My friend was a cute little female eel. She had a shiny skin and often laid on my lap while we were hiding in her den, close to her indoor pool. She cooked using what she had, such as lava and hay, and I shot rays though the room through my toes while making little gun sounds. She fell ill and I had to bring her to my home on the mountain, and feed her hay until she could come back to the sea.

Hun, dough, twat

Hun, dough, twat
News iron oh boa,
Cat, sink, sis'
Queue year day cherries
Set, wit, naff
Dan mount pan year naff

Source Text

Click or tap here to enter text.

Dix, onze, douze
Elles seront toutes rouges.

Un éléphant

Un éléphant se balançait
Sur une toile, toile, toile d'araignée
C'était un jeu tellement, tellement amusant
Quand tout à coup... Ba Da Boum !

Target Text

Click or tap here to enter text.

This, ounce, deuce
Ail serum twit rouge

This is the story of a snake made of metal that was a descendant of the Huns, liked to eat raw dough and was some kind of twat. He was at the core of a rough conflict between cats and snake after he sank one of the cats' military ships. He was sentenced to queue up and eat cherries for a year and a day. Thank to his wit he was set to run away, but got caught and spent another year on a mountain with his cellmate Dan. Finally, he collected twelve ounces of ailment serum and could run away, helped by a little red bird that twitted their victory.

Hun hay lay fate

Hun hay lay fate quid sebum lance eh
Sir rune teal dab ray nae
See tail unjust tail mental muse ant
Can twit acute, baa da boom!

This is the story of a Hun, Ellak, son of Atilla, who was always late, had the bad habit of laying on hay and had a bit of an oily face, due to his puberty and associated acne. The young sir had several runes tattooed to prove his worth. He used teal coloured ink to dab onto his skin and used a ray of sun to poke the ink in. He was rumoured to have a tail that gave him an unfair advantage in combat, and was the muse of many great thinkers of our time, including the Ant people. Of course he could not twit, because he was not a bird, but liked TNT.

Source Text

Click or tap here to enter text.

Coccinelle, demoiselle !

Coccinelle, demoiselle,
Bête à bon Dieu.
Coccinelle, demoiselle,
Vole jusqu'aux cieux.
Petit point blanc, elle attend
Petit point rouge, elle bouge
Petit point noir...
Hop ! Envolée !
Coccinelle au revoir.
Au revoir petite coccinelle !

Un éléphant

Un éléphant, ça trompe, ça trompe
Un éléphant, ça trompe énormément.
La peinture à l'huile

Target Text

Click or tap here to enter text.

Cock see nail, dough mouah sell

Cock see nail, dough mouah sell
Beta bomb dew
Cock see nail, dough mouah sell
Foal juice cow sir
Petty point blank, ail a taint
Petty point rouge, ail beige
Petty point more
Hop, and volley !
Cock see nail oh revere
oh revere petty cock see nail!

This is the story of a cock that saw nails everywhere and always kissed the dough he bought the day before when he woke up every morning, to bring luck on his family. He was also a scientist, he experimented on a beta bomb that would use dew as its primary raw material. He was friend with a male cow that adopted a foal and fed it juice. He was a trained shooter and often shot blank bullets to resolved petty arguments, but one day, he accidentally shot his friend the cow and wounded him, tainting his black and white coat, creating beige stains that remained forever. To absolve his crime, the cock entered the volley team and some of his true fan created a cult to revere him and celebrate the petty cock that saw nails.

Hun hay lay fate

Hun hay lay fate so trump, so trump,
Hun hay lay fate so trump and or may meant
Lap pain dura will

Click or tap here to enter text.

Source Text

Click or tap here to enter text.

C'est bien difficile
Mais c'est bien plus beau
Que la peinture à l'eau.

Target Text

Click or tap here to enter text.

Say bin deify sill
May say bin pew bow
Clay pain dura low.

This is the story of a member of the Trump family that had hair as silky as hay and was often late. He suffered from chronic lap pain and bought against evil bins whenever he could. One may say that he even shot them. This was the origin of his chronic lap pain, which was most surely chronic knee pain, but he refused to call it that. He used clay as auto medication to ease his lap pain.

Student Number	20315880	Text Number	3
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Source Text		Target Text	
Title	<i>Paris s'éveille</i>	Title	<i>London wakes up</i>
Year Published	1968		
Author	Jacques Lanzmann, Anne Ségalen, sung by Jacques Dutronc		
Language	French	Language	English
Word Count	189 words	Word Count	187 words
Description of Source Text • <i>understanding of source text</i> • <i>knowledge of genre within source contexts</i> • <i>situation of source text familiarity with the formal features of a text (language variation(s), register, dialect)</i> (200 words max)	This text is a song that was published in the album <i>Il est cinq heures</i>. Variety songs are a type of popular music in France, performed by artists such as Charles Aznavour, Georges Brassens or Jacques Brel (Raje, 2019). 1968 was also a special year for France, as it was shaken by civil unrest, with student occupying the Sorbonne and people protesting for what they called the sexual revolution (Bourg, 2017, page 179). The song mentions Parisian sexual life with places that have a sexual connotation, such as the Pigalle neighbourhood, that is full of “d’intenses réjouissances nocturnes : cabarets, salles de spectacle, bars, clubs, boutiques coquines...” [intense nighttime festivities: cabarets, shows, bars, clubs and sex shops] according to the website of the Parisian tourist office. The first stanza has rhyming couplets (AABB) and then all stanzas are in a CCCC pattern. Most of the verses are octosyllables, thus creating a strong sense of continuity throughout the song. The evolution of the themes evoked is smoothed by the continuity of the pattern, perhaps to signify how sexuality in Paris is as common as the milkman delivering the milk in the morning. The chorus has 4 syllables a verse and does not have a rhyming pattern, (“heures” vs “éveille” [“hours” vs “waking up”]). This results in a break in the narration, a moment of contemplation of a Parisian life that slowly awakes.		
Strategy • <i>identification of translation problems</i> • <i>knowledge of genre within target context and situation of target text</i> • <i>justification of translation production of genre for target context</i> (200 words max)	My target audience for this text is people from 18 to 55 attending a conference in London about Sex Workers and Night-time Entertainers in Britain and France, such as Drag Queens, strippers, and other performers. This translation will be used as a fun introduction to the subject. My aim is to transform this song into a description of London, from the sexual neighbourhood to the butchers and bakers. As the topic of the conference is Nightlife entertainment and the struggles of the performers that are often ill-regarded, and are more often susceptible to being assaulted, I will keep the sexual imagery at all costs, while adapting the references (for example, from the French neighbourhood Pigalle to the brothels of Soho), and this stanza about workers will also be maintained as it denounces the struggles of those underpaid and under protected workers. I will also keep the formal features of the song as it still needs to be sung for the conference and create an internal rhythm, using accentuation as well as internal and external rhymes; I also have to be aware of the line’s length to ensure that the song is still singable using the same audio. Furthermore, I will adapt references to Parisian monuments into references to London monuments, while trying to find examples that have similar fame.		
Critical Reflection • <i>textual analysis</i> (200 words max)	All in all, my strategy was appropriate for my goal. I managed to transform the song into a singable text, while maintaining the innuendos and most of the references (selecting Soho as an equivalent was a good choice). I kept around the same number of syllables for each line which makes it singable over the source audio. I created a new rhythm using internal and external rhymes, making it into a ABAB rhythm, an AABB rhythm or even a CCCC rhythm, which was a great part of what makes it a good translation for the initial purpose that I stated, in my opinion. This will make for a nice opening for the conference. I kept the crucial parts, such		

Source Text

Click or tap here to enter text.

Target Text

Click or tap here to enter text.

	as the sexual references and the labour workers' mention and managed to successfully adapt the location from Paris to London using what might be considered as equivalents, such as Soho for Pigalle or Golden Square, near Soho, for the Place Blanche, which is near Pigalle, or Kensington Square, which is in London's richest part of the city, for the Place Dauphine, which is in Paris 1st arrondissement, among the richest too. All in all, I think this translation is very suitable for the purpose of opening a conference on sex work and night-time entertainment.
Works Cited • <i>use of sources and reference material</i>	- Dozolme, Max. "Il Est Cinq Heures, Paris S'éveille : L'accord Parfait Du Classique Et De La Chanson." France Musique, October 23, 2020. https://www.francemusique.fr/emissions/maxxi-classique/maxxi-classique-du-vendredi-23-octobre-2020-87933#:~:text=Une%20chanson%20sorti%20en%20mars,%C3%A9veille%2C%20allons%20nous%20coucher%20%C2%BB. - Bourg, Julian. "From Revolution to Ethics, Second Edition: May 1968 and Contemporary French Thought." Essay. In <i>From Revolution to Ethics : May 1968 and Contemporary French Thought</i>, Second Editioned. Montréal, Québec: McGill-Queen's University Press, 2017. - "Five Key Moments in Britain's Sexual Revolution." BBC News. BBC, January 18, 2010. http://news.bbc.co.uk/2/hi/uk_news/magazine/8456543.stm#:~:text=The%20sexual%20revolution%20may%20have,for%20attitudes%20to%20really%20change.&text=For%20a%20long%20time%20sex,1970s%20that%20started%20to%20change - L'équipe de Rédaction. "La Variété Française." RAJE, June 17, 2019. https://raje.fr/article/la-variete-francaise - Office du Tourisme et des Congrès de Paris. "Quartier Pigalle - Office De Tourisme Paris." www.parisinfo.com. Accessed May 5, 2021. https://www.parisinfo.com/transports/73267/Quartier-Pigalle.

Source Text

Click or tap here to enter text.

Je suis le dauphin de la place Dauphine
Et la place Blanche a mauvaise mine
Les camions sont pleins de lait
Les balayeurs sont pleins de balais

Il est cinq heures
Paris s'éveille
Paris s'éveille

Les travestis vont se raser
Les stripteaseuses sont rhabillées
Les traversins sont écrasés
Les amoureux sont fatigués

Il est cinq heures
Paris s'éveille
Paris s'éveille

Le café est dans les tasses
Les cafés nettoient leurs glaces
Et sur le boulevard Montparnasse
La gare n'est plus qu'une carcasse

Il est cinq heures
Paris s'éveille
Paris s'éveille

Les banlieusards sont dans les gares
A la Villette on tranche le lard

Target Text

Click or tap here to enter text.

I am the prince of Kensington Square
And Golden Square looks all sleepy
The delivery trucks are all out there
And the sweepers are all sweepy

It's five o'clock
London awakes
London awakes

Drag Queens are shaving their faces
Stripers are getting dressed again
Pillows are crushed in our embraces
Lovers are feeling a bit drained

It's five o'clock
London awakes
London awakes

Coffee cools down in the bowls
Coffees shops clean up their tables
And on Euston Road
The station is but a node

It's five o'clock
London awakes
London awakes

The commuters are in the stations
In Southwark the meat seasoned

Source Text

Click or tap here to enter text.

Paris by night, regagne les cars
Les boulangers font des bâtards

Il est cinq heures
Paris s'éveille
Paris s'éveille

La tour Eiffel a froid aux pieds
L'Arc de Triomphe est ranimé
Et l'Obélisque est bien dressé
Entre la nuit et la journée

Il est cinq heures
Paris s'éveille
Paris s'éveille

Les journaux sont imprimés
Les ouvriers sont déprimés
Les gens se lèvent, ils sont brimés
C'est l'heure où je vais me coucher

Il est cinq heures
Paris se lève
Il est cinq heures
Je n'ai pas sommeil

Target Text

Click or tap here to enter text.

The partiers return to their coaches
Bakers prepare some brioches

It's five o'clock
London awakes
London awakes

Big Ben's feet are a bit cold
London Eye is tad bold
And London Tower is quite old
Between the bright day and nightfall

It's five o'clock
London awakes
London awakes

The newspapers are printed out
The working class is all depressed
People are rising and oppressed
For me, this hour is lights out

It's five o'clock
London gets up
It's five o'clock
I am not tired

Student Number	20315880	Text Number	4
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Source Text		Target Text	
Title	<i>God Save The Queen</i>	Title	<i>Que Dieu tue le roi</i>
Year Published	1977		
Author	Sex Pistols		
Language	English	Language	French
Word Count	185 words	Word Count	193 words
Description of Source Text • <i>understanding of source text</i> • <i>knowledge of genre within source contexts</i> • <i>situation of source text familiarity with the formal features of a text (language variation(s), register, dialect)</i> (200 words max)	This song was published at the time of the Queen's Silver Jubilee, the 25th year anniversary of her crowning (Manzoni, 2019). Still according to the journalist, the country was facing at the time serious issues, such as high rates of unemployment, inflation, and racial riots. There was a lot of civil unrest, and while the Queen hoped to organise peaceful celebrations for her Jubilee, and even rekindle national pride, the release of the song, entitled "God Save The Queen" as a mockery of the national anthem, was like "une grenade dégoupillée dans un parterre de glaïeuls" [a grenade of which the pin has been pulled out, thrown in a gladiolus flowerbed] according to Jon Savage (Manzoni, 2019). Needless to say, it was a very disruptive song. The song is 12 stanzas, each formed of 4 lines. The register is quite low as it contains several swearwords and is aimed at being outrageous and to provoke strong reactions. According to Manzoni, this was part of a plan created by their manager, to make them efficiently disorderly, as a marketing plan. The sacrilegious idea of parodying the national anthem is one of the key elements of this songs, and it is still quite famous to this day.		
Strategy • <i>identification of translation problems</i> • <i>knowledge of genre within target context and situation of target text</i> • <i>justification of translation production of genre for target context</i> (200 words max)	The intended audience of my translation is young French students from 15 to 18 (high schoolers) attending an event that aims at educating young people about the social tensions in the 1970s and 80s in the UK. This song will be used as promotional material shared in several high schools to promote the event. In order to attract the targeted audience, my goal is to create a French version of <i>God Saves The Queen</i> entitled <i>God Kill the King</i>, or <i>Que Dieu tue le roi</i>. This song will use the punk images used in the source text, such as war imagery and the "no future" reasoning, while transferring the references to a French field of images. I want to incorporate quotes from the French national anthem, La Marseillaise, which was created for the French Revolution. Therefore, I will keep the structure of the song because it still has to be performed, but I will adapt it as much as necessary to convey the ideas I introduced. As the song will be used as promotional material, it has to remain provocative to attract the attention of the audience, however, as it is aimed at high schoolers, I might downplay it a bit to make it ok for 15 years old students.		
Critical Reflection • <i>textual analysis</i> (200 words max)	In the end, I translated the source text song as I would any other, and then I selected which lines to alter and which to replace with quotes of the Marseillaise. All in all, my translation might be a little too crude for a young audience, but those crude words were either equivalents of the source text words in English or elements of the Marseillaise. Keeping it acceptable for 15-year-old students was quite hard as both the source text and the Marseillaise contain some strong language (such as reference to cutting throats, bloody flags, and the guillotine). However, I decided to keep it that way, as this would be used as promotion material and therefore, the provocative language and references would make it more entertaining. I thought that a teens/young adults audience		

Click or tap here to enter text.

Source Text

Click or tap here to enter text.

Target Text

Click or tap here to enter text.

	could handle this text. As this song is a punk rock song, trying too hard to keep the rhythm and rhymes did not make much sense as “punk intentionally violates widely held aesthetic norms” (Prinz, 2014). Adding elements of the Marseillaise worked wonderfully. I chose to only include elements of the chorus and first couplet as it is what I think is the most well-known to the French people. It should ring a bell and add to the provocative aspect of the text.
Works Cited • <i>use of sources and reference material</i>	- Manzoni, Rebecca. “Tubes & Co - Avec ‘God Save The Queen’, Les Sex Pistols Ont Saboté Le Jubilé De La Reine.” France Inter, March 29, 2019. https://www.franceinter.fr/emissions/pop-co/pop-co-29-mars-2019. - Sandbrook, Dominic. “Why Does the 1970s Get Painted as Such a Bad Decade?” BBC News. BBC, April 15, 2012. https://www.bbc.com/news/magazine-17703483. - Prinz, Jesse. (2014). The Aesthetics of Punk Rock. Philosophy Compass. 9. 10.1111/phc3.12145.

Source Text

Click or tap here to enter text.

God save the queen
The fascist regime
They made you a moron
A potential H bomb

God save the queen
She's not a human being
and There's no future
And England's dreaming

Don't be told what you want
Don't be told what you need
There's no future
No future
No future for you

God save the queen
We mean it man
We love our queen
God saves

God save the queen
'Cause tourists are money
And our figurehead
Is not what she seems

Oh God save history
God save your mad parade
Oh Lord God have mercy
All crimes are paid

Target Text

Click or tap here to enter text.

Que Dieu tue le roi
Et son régime monarchique
Ils t'ont rendu débile
Une bombe H en puissance

Que Dieu tue le roi
Ce n'est pas un humain
Et y'a pas de lendemain
Aux enfants de la patrie

Te laisse pas dire ce que tu veux
Te laisse pas faire sur tes besoins
Y'a pas d'avenir
Pas d'avenir
C'est notre jour de gloire

Que Dieu tue le roi
Contre la tyrannie
Qu'on le guillotine
Que Dieu tue

Que dieu tue le roi
Les touristes c'est la thune
Et notre étendard
Sanglant est levé

Que Dieu sauve l'histoire
Qu'il sauve votre mardi gras
Oh mon Dieu ayez pitié
Tous les crimes se paient

Source Text

Click or tap here to enter text.

Oh when there's no future
How can there be sin
We're the flowers
In the dustbin
We're the poison
In your human machine
We're the future
Your future

God save the queen
We mean it man
We love our queen
God saves

God save the queen
We mean it man
There's no future
In England's dreaming God save the queen

No future
No future
No future for you

No future
No future
No future for me

No future
No future
No future for you

Target Text

Click or tap here to enter text.

Quand y'a pas d'avenir
Comment peut-on pécher
On est les victimes
Egorgées dans vos bras
On est le poison
Dans votre machine humaine
On est le futur
Votre futur

Que Dieu tue le roi
Contre la tyrannie
Qu'on le guillotine
Que Dieu tue

Que Dieu tue le roi
Contre la tyrannie
Y'a pas d'avenir
La guillotine, Révolution

Pas d'avenir
Pas d'avenir
Pas d'avenir pour toi

Pas d'avenir
Pas d'avenir
Pas d'avenir pour moi

Pas d'avenir
Pas d'avenir
Pas d'avenir pour toi

Student Number	20315880	Text Number	5
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Source Text		Target Text	
Title	<i>Twelfth Night and Romeo and Juliet</i>	Title	<i>La nuit des Dieux et Pâris et Hélène</i>
Year Published	1602 and 1597		
Author	William Shakespeare		
Language	English	Language	French
Word Count	1277 words	Word Count	1460 words
Description of Source Text • <i>understanding of source text</i> • <i>knowledge of genre within source contexts</i> • <i>situation of source text familiarity with the formal features of a text (language variation(s), register, dialect)</i> (200 words max)	The two plays are some of Shakespeare's most renowned works. They were published in the Elizabethan era, both close to its end. The Queen was Elizabeth the 1st. She was Henry the VIII's second daughter, daughter of his second wife, Anne Boleyn. She was a protestant and acted against her elder sister's previous politics. During her reign, "England asserted itself vigorously as a major European power in politics, commerce, and the arts." (Morrill, Greenblatt & Stephen, 2021). Queen Elizabeth also had a major role in the popularization of theatre in England: "in 1574, regular weekday performances were legitimized and when, in 1576, the first playhouse was built, by James Burbage." (Grahame, 2019). Shakespeare is considered as the biggest playwright England ever had, and his work is known internationally. He was "often called the English national poet and considered by many to be the greatest dramatist of all time." (Spencer, Bew, Bevington, David and Brown, Russell, 2021). <i>Romeo and Juliet</i> is a tragic love story, whereas <i>Twelfth Night</i> is a romantic comedy. Those two plays can be considered good examples of Shakespeare's work.		
Strategy • <i>identification of translation problems</i> • <i>knowledge of genre within target context and situation of target text</i> • <i>justification of translation production of genre for target context</i> (200 words max)	My target audience is teens and young adults studying Shakespeare in school in France. My goal is to use classical French tragedy aspects of the theatre to translate Shakespeare's plays. I will turn the lines into Alexandrins and add a caesura, add rhymes when there are none and change the references to Greek and Roman gods, antic places and imagery, such as Greek cities like Athens or Sparta, and monsters like the Lerna Hydra or Charybdis and Scylla. I will change the characters' names and modify their speech to match the elements of a classical tragedy, such as the ones written by Racine or Corneille. "Pierre Corneille, the founder of French classical tragedy" (Izenour, Barker, Clive, and Bay, 2020) is my main source of inspiration, I will try to imitate his style. I will use as an inspiration Britannicus, Horace or Le Cid. All in all, this translation must be understandable, readable by a teen/young adult audience, and keep as much from the source text as possible while still adapting what is necessary to transform the story into a classical French tragedy. I will use antic plays such as Medea by Euripides (rewritten by Corneille) and Antigone by Sophocles (rewritten by Anouilh).		
Critical Reflection • <i>textual analysis</i> (200 words max)	All in all, my strategy was efficient, and I managed to create Alexandrins, rhyme schemes and add many useful Greek mythology references. However, I was not always able to create a proper caesura, as I had to choose between keeping some of the meaning of the source text or create the caesura. As my text is created with the goal of being used as studying material, it must be readable first and foremost. However, I did not properly prepare the change of names for the characters and was faced with several issues linked to incoherence between the source text characters and their new names. If I were to publish such a translation, I would ask to be able to add a translator introduction in which I would explain my choice of names, as I had to select what would be the most appropriate. This might have been quite ambitious, as my strategy was sufficient, in my opinion, but not detailed enough, and left		

Source Text

Click or tap here to enter text.

Target Text

Click or tap here to enter text.

	me with several unanswered questions I had to answer while translating. This is suitable to be studied by high schoolers, and it might be used as an introduction to theatre studies.
Works Cited <i>use of sources and reference material</i>	- Shakespeare, William. Edited by MIT. Twelfth Night: Entire Play. Accessed May 5, 2021. http://shakespeare.mit.edu/twelfth_night/full.html. - Shakespeare, William. Edited by MIT. Romeo and Juliet: Entire Play. Accessed May 5, 2021. http://shakespeare.mit.edu/romeo_juliet/full.html. - Morrill, J. S. and Greenblatt, . Stephen J.. "Elizabeth I." Encyclopedia Britannica, March 20, 2021. https://www.britannica.com/biography/Elizabeth-I. - Rea, K. Grahame. "Western theatre." Encyclopedia Britannica, November 15, 2019. https://www.britannica.com/art/Western-theatre. - Rea, K. Grahame. "Western theatre." Encyclopedia Britannica, November 15, 2019. https://www.britannica.com/art/Western-theatre. - Bevington, D. , Brown, . John Russell and Spencer, . Terence John Bew. "William Shakespeare." Encyclopedia Britannica, April 19, 2021. https://www.britannica.com/biography/William-Shakespeare. - Izenour, G. C. , Barker, . Clive and Bay, . Howard. "Theatre." Encyclopedia Britannica, December 3, 2020. https://www.britannica.com/art/theater-building.

Source Text

Click or tap here to enter text.

Twelfth Night

ACT I

SCENE II. The sea-coast.

Enter VIOLA, a Captain, and Sailors

VIOLA

What country, friends, is this?

Captain

This is Illyria, lady.

VIOLA

And what should I do in Illyria?

My brother he is in Elysium.

Perchance he is not drown'd: what think you, sailors?

Captain

It is perchance that you yourself were saved.

VIOLA

O my poor brother! and so perchance may he be.

Captain

True, madam: and, to comfort you with chance,
Assure yourself, after our ship did split,
When you and those poor number saved with you
Hung on our driving boat, I saw your brother,
Most provident in peril, bind himself,
Courage and hope both teaching him the practise,
To a strong mast that lived upon the sea;
Where, like Arion on the dolphin's back,

Target Text

Click or tap here to enter text.

La nuit des Dieux

Acte I

Scène II, au bord de la mer

Entre ELECTRE, ULYSSE et ses marins

ELECTRE

Quel est donc ce pays que je ne connais pas ?

ULYSSE

C'est l'Attique mon enfant, terre d'Athènes et des dieux.

ELECTRE

Et que dois-je donc faire dans ce pays somptueux ?

Mon frère est de Mycènes et je ne le vois pas,

Il est sûrement noyé, qu'en pensez-vous, marins ?

ULYSSE

C'est une chance en soit que vous-même n'ayez rien.

VIOLA

Oh mon malheureux frère, puisse-t-il être épargné.

ULYSSE

Il est vrai, demoiselle, et pour vous conforter,
Rassurez-vous, madame, après votre naufrage
Quand vous et le peu qu'on sauva du carnage
Vous serraient en tremblant sur notre frêle canot,
J'aperçu votre frère, en grand danger, sans doute,
Fort courage et espoir, et fier dans sa déroute,
Attaché comme un fou au mât de son bateau

Source Text

Click or tap here to enter text.

I saw him hold acquaintance with the waves
So long as I could see.

VIOLA

For saying so, there's gold:
Mine own escape unfoldeth to my hope,
Whereto thy speech serves for authority,
The like of him. Know'st thou this country?

Captain

Ay, madam, well; for I was bred and born
Not three hours' travel from this very place.

VIOLA

Who governs here?

Captain

A noble duke, in nature as in name.

VIOLA

What is the name?

Captain

Orsino.

VIOLA

Orsino! I have heard my father name him:
He was a bachelor then.

Captain

And so is now, or was so very late;
For but a month ago I went from hence,
And then 'twas fresh in murmur,--as, you know,
What great ones do the less will prattle of,--
That he did seek the love of fair Olivia.

Target Text

Click or tap here to enter text.

Où, comme Arion chevauchant les dauphins à crue,
Je l'ai vu badiner, et faire ami des vagues,
Autant que j'ai pu voir, jamais d'eau il n'a bu.

ELECTRE

Ainsi donc, mon ami, vos mots sont comme des dagues,
Car si mon sauvetage de miraculée
Mon frère tant aimé n'a pu être épargné
La douleur de sa perte me perce le cœur.
Connaissez-vous bien ce beau pays qui m'entoure ?

ULYSSE

Ce pays qui vous parle est le mien par nature,
J'y suis né, à trois jours de là où nous parlons.

ELECTRE

Et qui est donc maître en ces terres mon ami ?

ULYSSE

Oh, un très noble roi, de nature et de nom.

ELECTRE

Et quel est donc ce nom que vous taisez ainsi ?

ULYSSE

Oh, ne vous souciez gère, car Thésée est son nom.

ELECTRE

Thésée ?
Par les dieux tout puissants ce nom m'est familier,
Il était à cet âge encore prêt à marier.

ULYSSE

Et il l'est toujours, selon toute nouvelle,

Source Text

Click or tap here to enter text.

VIOLA

What's she?

Captain

A virtuous maid, the daughter of a count
That died some twelvemonth since, then leaving her
In the protection of his son, her brother,
Who shortly also died: for whose dear love,
They say, she hath abjured the company
And sight of men.

VIOLA

O that I served that lady
And might not be delivered to the world,
Till I had made mine own occasion mellow,
What my estate is!

Captain

That were hard to compass;
Because she will admit no kind of suit,
No, not the duke's.

VIOLA

There is a fair behavior in thee, captain;
And though that nature with a beauteous wall
Doth oft close in pollution, yet of thee
I will believe thou hast a mind that suits
With this thy fair and outward character.
I prithee, and I'll pay thee bounteously,
Conceal me what I am, and be my aid
For such disguise as haply shall become
The form of my intent. I'll serve this duke:

Target Text

Click or tap here to enter text.

Bien qu'il cherche à quérir l'affection d'une belle,
Une douce jeune femme qu'on appelle Antigone,
Et qu'aucun ne critique tant sa beauté rayonne.

ELECTRE

Et qu'est donc cette princesse que vous me vantez tant ?

ULYSSE

Une bien noble dame, sachez-le mon enfant,
Elle est fille de roi, le roi de Thèbes la grande.
Qui est mort il y a peu, la laissant à son frère,
Décédé à son tour, oh dieux quelle misère.
Et elle a depuis lors refusé d'entrevoir
Le visage d'un homme, le matin ou le soir.

ELECTRE

Que je serve cette dame, et puis-je fuir ce monde,
Quel bonheur velouté, quelle joie profonde,
Plutôt que cet état qui de chagrin m'accuse.

ULYSSE

Ce ne serait pas simple car la dame refuse
La moindre visite, et surtout celle du roi.

ELECTRE

Oh, il y a en vous un grand courage, ma foi,
Et bien qu'une belle face cache parfois des vices
Votre physionomie complimente votre âme
J'aimerais obtenir de vous une pelisse
Pour bien me camoufler, masquer ma peau de femme
Et rejoindre le roi en me faisant passer
Pour un eunuque savant, un homme de qualité.
Je vous paierai grassement, ne soyez point caustique,

Source Text

Click or tap here to enter text.

Thou shall present me as an eunuch to him:
It may be worth thy pains; for I can sing
And speak to him in many sorts of music
That will allow me very worth his service.
What else may hap to time I will commit;
Only shape thou thy silence to my wit.

Captain

Be you his eunuch, and your mute I'll be:
When my tongue blabs, then let mine eyes not see.

VIOLA

I thank thee: lead me on.

Exeunt

Romeo and Juliet

ACT I

PROLOGUE

Two households, both alike in dignity,
In fair Verona, where we lay our scene,
From ancient grudge break to new mutiny,
Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean.
From forth the fatal loins of these two foes

Target Text

Click or tap here to enter text.

Vous pourrez lui conter que je sais bien chanter,
Et que je peux parler de nombreuses musiques,
Mon service lui serait, et ce j'en suis certaine
D'un certain amusement, et je puis l'affirmer
Et vous aurez de lui une alliance souveraine
Pour lui avoir porté un si bon amuseur,
Gardez donc mon secret, de vous je n'ai pas peur.

ULYSSE

Vous serez son eunuque, et moi votre obligé,
Si ma langue se délie, que mes yeux soient crevés.

ELECTRE

Je vous en remercie, montrez-moi le chemin.

Les deux sortent.

Pâris et Hélène

ACT I

PROLOGUE

Deux maison, deux drapeaux, et toute deux très fières,
En la ville de Troie, où se déroule cette pièce,
Ou de rancunes anciennes créent de nouvelles barrières,
Ou le sang de certain tache des mains traîtresses.
D'aussi loin que remonte cette offense terrible,

Source Text

Click or tap here to enter text.

A pair of star-cross'd lovers take their life;
Whose misadventured piteous overthrows
Do with their death bury their parents' strife.
The fearful passage of their death-mark'd love,
And the continuance of their parents' rage,
Which, but their children's end, nought could remove,
Is now the two hours' traffic of our stage;
The which if you with patient ears attend,
What here shall miss, our toil shall strive to mend.

ACT II

SCENE II. Capulet's orchard.

Enter ROMEO

ROMEO

He jests at scars that never felt a wound.

JULIET appears above at a window

But, soft! what light through yonder window breaks?
It is the east, and Juliet is the sun.
Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,
Who is already sick and pale with grief,
That thou her maid art far more fair than she:
Be not her maid, since she is envious;
Her vestal livery is but sick and green
And none but fools do wear it; cast it off.
It is my lady, O, it is my love!
O, that she knew she were!
She speaks yet she says nothing: what of that?

Target Text

Click or tap here to enter text.

Un couple d'amant maudits s'arrachent à la vie.
Et leur mésaventure au dénouement risible
Enterre avec leur mort la querelle infinie.
Le passage incertain de l'amour mortifère
Et la continuité de la rage parentale
Que rien à part la mort d'un enfant peut-y faire
Et vous serez témoin de ce cycle infernal
Où vos oreilles patientes seront récompensées
De notre incompetence par le zèle masquée.

ACTE II

SCENE II, sous la fenêtre d'Hélène, à Sparte

Entre PÂRIS

PÂRIS

Il est des cicatrices qui n'ont connu blessure.

HELENE apparait à la fenêtre

Oh, si douce, une lueur féérique adorée,
Si nous sommes à l'est, Juliette est mon Hélios,
Oh, astre magnifique, fait pâlir Séléné,
Qui est malade et pâle comme le sont les os,
Que toi, sa suivante, la dépasse en beauté,
Ne sois plus sa suivante, car elle brûle d'envie,
Car sa beauté vestale n'est que vert abimé,
Et qu'aucun ne la porte, jette-la mon amie.
C'est bien toi, ma princesse, c'est bien toi, mon amour,
Si seulement tu savais que tu es tout mon jour,
Elle parle mais ne dit rien, qu'est-ce donc que ceci ?

Source Text

Click or tap here to enter text.

Her eye discourses; I will answer it.
I am too bold, 'tis not to me she speaks:
Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,
Having some business, do entreat her eyes
To twinkle in their spheres till they return.
What if her eyes were there, they in her head?
The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars,
As daylight doth a lamp; her eyes in heaven
Would through the airy region stream so bright
That birds would sing and think it were not night.
See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand!
O, that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might touch that cheek!

JULIET

Ay me!

ROMEO

She speaks:
O, speak again, bright angel! for thou art
As glorious to this night, being o'er my head
As is a winged messenger of heaven
Unto the white-upturned wondering eyes
Of mortals that fall back to gaze on him
When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds
And sails upon the bosom of the air.

JULIET

O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou Romeo?
Deny thy father and refuse thy name;

Target Text

Click or tap here to enter text.

Ses yeux font des discours, et je lui parle aussi.
Je suis trop téméraire, elle ne me parle pas,
Deux des étoiles du ciel, deux morceaux d'Elysées,
Ont envahi ses yeux. Elles luisent comme Héra.
Si ces lueurs fragiles se mouvaient sans bouger,
La couleur de ses joues donnerait honte aux étoiles,
A la lumière du jour, ses yeux sont Elysées,
Et ils brillent si fort qu'un oiseau hébété,
Tout au cœur de la nuit se croirait matinal.
Comme sa joue parfaite se pose au creux du poing,
Si j'étais ce doux gant que sa main enveloppe,
Je toucherais sa joue et mourrait de chagrin
De ne pouvoir baiser ces paupières nyctalopes.

HELENE

Par les dieux de l'Olympe, mon cœur est dévasté.

PÂRIS

Sa douce voix résonne, elle commence à parler
Oh parle encore, mon ange, car tu es toute glorieuse
Comme la nuit qui m'entoure, et ta voix de porter
Mon corps comme les plumes d'une harpie orgueilleuse
Qui dans les airs parade aux yeux des doux mortels
Qui devant cette image ne peuvent que contempler
La beauté irréelle des êtres immortels
Que les nuages divins dans nos vies ont porté
Et ont fait voltiger comme des dieux dans les airs

HELENE

Oh, Pâris, cher Pâris, pourquoi est tu si fier,
De porter ce prénom ; renie-le, je t'accuse,

Source Text

Click or tap here to enter text.

Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,
And I'll no longer be a Capulet.

ROMEO

[Aside] Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this?

JULIET

'Tis but thy name that is my enemy;
Thou art thyself, though not a Montague.
What's Montague? it is nor hand, nor foot,
Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part
Belonging to a man. O, be some other name!
What's in a name? that which we call a rose
By any other name would smell as sweet;
So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd,
Retain that dear perfection which he owes
Without that title. Romeo, doff thy name,
And for that name which is no part of thee
Take all myself.

ROMEO

I take thee at thy word:
Call me but love, and I'll be new baptized;
Henceforth I never will be Romeo.

JULIET

What man art thou that thus bescreen'd in night
So stumblest on my counsel?

ROMEO

By a name
I know not how to tell thee who I am:

Target Text

Click or tap here to enter text.

Renie ce nom maudit, et si tu le refuse,
Je serai une spartiate jusqu'au cœur des Enfers.

PÂRIS

Dois-je écouter encore ou dois-je lui répondre ?

HELENE

Il n'est que de ton nom pour qu'on croise le fer,
Tu es toi, tu n'es pas le produit de ton nom,
Tu es fils de Troie, mais qu'est-ce donc que ça ?
Ni un bras, ni un pied, un visage ou un son,
Qui appartient à l'homme. Un autre nom, mille fois,
Car un nom, c'est une rose, aux pétales fragiles,
Et un nom différent sentirait aussi doux,
Alors mon doux Pâris, toi à la verve agile,
Comprends mon désarroi façon à ce rêve fou,
Qu'est celui de te voir renoncer à ton nom,
Et à en renoncer, tu me gagnes tout entière.

PÂRIS

Je te prends donc au mot et renonce à mon nom,
Appelle moi « mon amour » et avec une prière,
Baptise moi à nouveau, et que mon nom s'enfuie,
Je ne suis plus Pâris, je ne suis qu'un épris.

HELENE

Qui es-tu, que j'entends épier à ma fenêtre ?
Ecouter mes secrets et vilement t'en faire maître ?

PÂRIS

Je ne sais sous quel nom me présenter à toi,
Car ma douce adorée, ce nom t'est repoussant,

Source Text

Click or tap here to enter text.

My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself,
Because it is an enemy to thee;
Had I it written, I would tear the word.

JULIET

My ears have not yet drunk a hundred words
Of that tongue's utterance, yet I know the sound:
Art thou not Romeo and a Montague?

ROMEO

Neither, fair saint, if either thee dislike.

JULIET

How camest thou hither, tell me, and wherefore?
The orchard walls are high and hard to climb,
And the place death, considering who thou art,
If any of my kinsmen find thee here.

ROMEO

With love's light wings did I o'er-perch these walls;
For stony limits cannot hold love out,
And what love can do that dares love attempt;
Therefore thy kinsmen are no let to me.

JULIET

If they do see thee, they will murder thee.

ROMEO

Alack, there lies more peril in thine eye
Than twenty of their swords: look thou but sweet,
And I am proof against their enmity.

Target Text

Click or tap here to enter text.

Je le déteste aussi car il n'est plus à moi,
Si je l'avais écrit, il serait en déchiré,
Et pour l'amour de toi, ce serait peu payer.

HELENE

Cette vois m'est nouvelle mais je la reconnais,
N'es-tu donc pas Pâris, fils du roi Troyen ?

PÂRIS

Je ne suis pas cet homme, si cela vous déplaît.

HELENE

Pourquoi es-tu ici, et par quels moyens ?
Les murs sont si hauts et si dur à franchir,
Et ce lieu est ta mort, à bien y réfléchir,
Si par malheur un jour mes parents te trouvaient.

PÂRIS

Ces murs sont des margelles avec les ailes d'amour,
Car des murailles de pierres ne bloquent pas l'amour vrai.
Tout ce que je peux faire, je le promets toujours,
Pour ton cœur, ma princesse, j'apprendrais à voler,
C'est pourquoi tes parents ne peuvent pas m'effrayer.

HELENE

Si jamais ils te voient, ils te feraient occire.

PÂRIS

Oh mon amour, hélas, il y plus de danger,
A perdre ton regard qu'à croiser leur épée.
Et si je dois te voir, je préfère mourir
Que de perdre à jamais ton sourire sans souci.

Click or tap here to enter text.

Source Text

Click or tap here to enter text.

Target Text

Click or tap here to enter text.

JULIET

I would not for the world they saw thee here.

HELENE

Je préférerais mourir s'ils te voient ici.

Student Number	20315880	Text Number	6
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Source Text		Target Text	
Title	<i>Horace and Medea</i>	Title	<i>James et Emma</i>
Year Published	1640 and 1682		
Author	Corneille		
Language	French	Language	English
Word Count	1292 words	Word Count	874 words
Description of Source Text <i>understanding of source text</i> <i>knowledge of genre within source contexts</i> <i>situation of source text familiarity with the formal features of a text (language variation(s), register, dialect)</i> (200 words max)	Both plays were written by Corneille, he was “considered the creator of French classical tragedy” (Nelson, 2021). He wrote many plays such as Le Cid (1636), Cinna (1643) and Polyeucte (1643). “The French playwrights submitted themselves to the severe discipline they derived from the Greek models and especially the “rules,” as they interpreted them, laid down by Aristotle. The unities of place, time, and action were strictly observed.” (Conversi and Sewall, 2020). This means that the plays could only take place in one place (a castle, a house, no more), at one relatively short time (a day, maybe two but not more) and with one main red line that must be follow throughout the plot. The writers also had to abide to the “règle de bienséance” [rule of decorum] which meant that there shall be no death on stage. All those rules made for a strict theatre, with tragedies in three acts, using Ancient Greece and Rome as a source of inspiration. Those plays often contains rhyming schemes in ABAB or AABB and alexandrins. The poetic aspect of the writings has a strong significance to the story, as the character portrayed are from the noble class, the only class worth writing about in tragedies, according to the playwrights.		
Strategy <i>identification of translation problems</i> <i>knowledge of genre within target context and situation of target text</i> <i>justification of translation production of genre for target context</i> (200 words max)	My target audience is young adults and adults that participate in a theatre festival in London. The goal of this translation is to be performed by a company on stage. The plays will be adapted to fit the theme of the conference: Questioning the limits of imitation and inspiration. The texts will be translated into modern English, and the two plays will be modernized. It will change the name of the characters (from ancient Greek and roman names to modern day ones), I will also adapt the setting and the references to match a modern-era London setting. I will break the rhyming schemes and the set number of syllables to create a freer verse. The aim is to anchor the story deep into a completely different setting, changing the vocabulary. However, the events will be kept as such: the murder of the sister by her brother, for example, will remain in the script, but as the “règle de bienséance” [rule of decorum] does not fit in the translation, the sister will be killed on stage. The characters speech will also be altered to fit modern-day criteria using slurs and some elements of a low register.		
Critical Reflection <i>textual analysis</i> (200 words max)	All in all, my strategy was successful in adapting the text to a more modern setting. However, the text might need other information: since I stripped the source text from the characters names, the setting, the structure... it cannot be recognizable at first glance. This translation would need to be accompanied by at least a leaflet that would explain my approach, give the correspondences between the plays and the source texts, as well as explaining the characters names and relationships. However, choosing modern day English to translate those plays may have been a little too extreme: the result looks little like the source text. It was my goal, to change everything and keep the storyline only, but it might be so that the violent change of setting was too severe. Maybe setting it in modern France would have been less brutal. However, I think this translation could be used in a conference like the one I mentioned. I would indeed open the discussion on imitation and inspiration, as the status of such a		

Source Text

Click or tap here to enter text.

Target Text

Click or tap here to enter text.

	translation might be ambiguous: it is a translation, I created the text by translating the source text, however, it is so far away that it might not be just a translation anymore.
Works Cited • <i>use of sources and reference material</i>	- Corneille, Pierre. <i>Horace</i>. October 2015: Gwénola, Ernest et Paul Fièvre, 1641. - Corneille, Pierre. <i>Médée</i>. May 2013: Paul Fièvre, 1682 - Nelson, R. J.. "Pierre Corneille." Encyclopedia Britannica, March 17, 2021. https://www.britannica.com/biography/Pierre-Corneille. - Conversi, L. W. and Sewall, . Richard B.. "Tragedy." Encyclopedia Britannica, November 13, 2020. https://www.britannica.com/art/tragedy-literature. - Rea, K. Grahame. "Western theatre." Encyclopedia Britannica, November 15, 2019. https://www.britannica.com/art/Western-theatre. - Fievere, Paul. "Discours Des Trois Units D'action De Jour, Et De Lieu." Thtre classique - Corneille : Discours des trois units, 2012. http://www.theatre-classique.fr/pages/theorie/CORNEILLE_TROISUNITES.HTM. - Fievere, Paul. Théâtre classique, 2012. http://www.theatre-classique.fr/index.html.

Source Text

Click or tap here to enter text.

HORACE

ACTE IV SCÈNE V

Horace, Camille, Procule.

Procule porte en sa main les trois épées des Curiaces.

HORACE.

Ma soeur, voici le bras qui venge nos deux frères,
Le bras qui rompt le cours de nos destins contraires,
Qui nous rend maîtres d'Albe ; enfin voici le bras
Qui seul fait aujourd'hui le sort de deux états ;
Vois ces marques d'honneur, ces témoins de ma gloire,
Et rends ce que tu dois à l'heur de ma victoire.

CAMILLE.

Recevez donc mes pleurs, c'est ce que je lui dois.

HORACE.

Rome n'en veut point voir après de tels exploits,
Et nos deux frères morts dans le malheur des armes
Sont trop payés de sang pour exiger des larmes :
Quand la perte est vengée, on n'a plus rien perdu.

CAMILLE.

Puisqu'ils sont satisfaits par le sang épandu,

Target Text

Click or tap here to enter text.

JAMES

ACTE IV SCENE V

James, Lucy, Charles.

Charles is carrying the the guns from the Peters family.

JAMES

Lucy, you see the hand that avenged our brothers, the hand that stopped the flow of destiny. I made us safe again using this hand, I took back what was ours. Don't you see? Don't see how victorious I am?

LUCY

You will have no gratitude from me, you psycho.

JAMES

You owe it to me, sister. I won. Our brothers are dead, but I won. And that should make you proud I won. They sacrificed themselves for that, Lucy.

LUCY

They sacrificed themselves for that little war of yours. For that mockery of a war. Those childish plays between little children who wanted more power than they could handle. Yeah, you avenged Luke

Source Text

Click or tap here to enter text.

Je cesserai pour eux de paraître affligée,
Et j'oublierai leur mort que vous avez vengée ;
Mais qui me vengera de celle d'un amant,
Pour me faire oublier sa perte en un moment ?

HORACE.

Que dis-tu, malheureuse ?

CAMILLE.

Ô mon cher Curiace !

HORACE.

Ô d'une indigne soeur insupportable audace !
D'un ennemi public dont je reviens vainqueur
Le nom est dans ta bouche et l'amour dans ton coeur !
Ton ardeur criminelle à la vengeance aspire !
Ta bouche la demande, et ton coeur la respire !
Suis moins ta passion, règle mieux tes désirs,
Ne me fais plus rougir d'entendre tes soupirs ;
Tes flammes désormais doivent être étouffées ;
Bannis-les de ton âme, et songe à mes trophées :
Qu'ils soient dorénavant ton unique entretien.

CAMILLE.

Donne-moi donc, barbare, un coeur comme le tien ;
Et si tu veux enfin que je t'ouvre mon âme,
Rends-moi mon Curiace, ou laisse agir ma flamme :
Ma joie et mes douleurs dépendaient de son sort ;
Je l'adorais vivant, et je le pleure mort.
Ne cherche plus ta soeur où tu l'avais laissée ;

Target Text

Click or tap here to enter text.

and Mike when you won this fucking battle. But who will avenge me, James?

JAMES

What are you saying, you bitch?

LUCY

You killed my lover, you psychopath!

JAMES

You're joking, I can't believe it. I killed those bastards. I took back our territory. I Fought them for what was ours, what belonged to our father. I WON AND YOU DARE DEFY ME? You owe me gratitude, and I will make you thankful, you'll see. You better obey me.

LUCY

If you ant any kind of love r gratitude from me, give me back my lover, give me back my Anthony. You killed him for your stupid childish war. I never wanted him to die. I never wanted Luke or Mike to die. But because of your fucking games, I lost my lover and two brothers. You want me to feel grateful? How will I live now that everything has burnt down? Now that we proudly stand on a pile of corpses.

JAMES

Are you crazy? This is how we were raised. We were raised to be strong, and to fight the Peters. You should be ashamed of yourself. You're tainting my victory. You're making ME ashamed, and I am the fucking winner of this battle. London is ours now. Our clan is the winner.

Source Text

Click or tap here to enter text.

Tu ne revois en moi qu'une amante offensée,
Qui comme une furie attachée à tes pas,
Te veut incessamment reprocher son trépas.
Tigre altéré de sang, qui me défends les larmes,
Qui veux que dans sa mort je trouve encore des charmes,
Et que jusques au ciel élevant tes exploits,
Moi-même je le tue une seconde fois !
Puissent tant de malheurs accompagner ta vie,
Que tu tombes au point de me porter envie ;
Et toi, bientôt souiller par quelque lâcheté
Cette gloire si chère à ta brutalité !

HORACE.

Ô ciel ! Qui vit jamais une pareille rage !
Crois-tu donc que je sois insensible à l'outrage,
Que je souffre en mon sang ce mortel déshonneur ?
Aime, aime cette mort qui fait notre bonheur,
Et préfère du moins au souvenir d'un homme
Ce que doit ta naissance aux intérêts de Rome.

CAMILLE.

Rome, l'unique objet de mon ressentiment !
Rome, à qui vient ton bras d'immoler mon amant !
Rome qui t'a vu naître, et que ton coeur adore !
Rome enfin que je hais parce qu'elle t'honore !
Puissent tous ses voisins ensemble conjurés
Saper ses fondements encore mal assurés !
Et si ce n'est assez de toute l'Italie,
Que l'orient contre elle à l'occident s'allie ;
Que cent peuples unis des bouts de l'univers

Target Text

Click or tap here to enter text.

LUCY

Our clan, our clan, only that fucking word in your mouth. Our clan is responsible of all that. Our clan is what I hate with all my soul. I hate its name because they're praising you for what I ache. They're praising you for killing my love! I hate them, I hate you. I hate the clan. I would kill you all and die a happy death.

JAMES, *grabbing his gun and pointing it at his sister that is trying to run away*

I can't anymore. You went to far. Go to hell meet that lover of yours, fucking traitor. You opened your legs for the enemy. You deserve this.

He shoots at her twice, once in her leg and once in her abdomen

LUCY, *wounded, bleeding out on stage*

You're the trator, you psycho...

JAMES

Here is your punishment, bitch. And it'll be the same for anyone dishonouring the clan.

Source Text

Click or tap here to enter text.

Passent pour la détruire et les monts et les mers !
Qu'elle-même sur soi renverse ses murailles,
Et de ses propres mains déchire ses entrailles !
Que le courroux du ciel allumé par mes vœux
Fasse pleuvoir sur elle un déluge de feux !
Puissai-je de mes yeux y voir tomber ce foudre,
Voir ses maisons en cendre, et tes lauriers en poudre,
Voir le dernier Romain à son dernier soupir,
Moi seule en être cause, et mourir de plaisir !

HORACE, *mettant l'épée, à la main, et poursuivant sa soeur qui s'enfuit.*

C'est trop, ma patience à la raison fait place ;
Va dedans les enfers joindre ton Curiace.

CAMILLE, *blessée derrière le théâtre.*

Ah ! Traître !

HORACE.

Ainsi reçoive un châtiment soudain
Quiconque ose pleurer un ennemi romain !

Target Text

Click or tap here to enter text.

Source Text

Click or tap here to enter text.

MÉDÉE

ACTE I SCÈNE IV.

MÉDÉE.

Souverains protecteurs des lois de l'hyménée,
Dieux garants de la foi que Jason m'a donnée,
Vous qu'il prit à témoins d'une immortelle ardeur
Quand par un faux serment il vainquit ma pudeur,
Voyez de quel mépris vous traite son parjure,
Et m'aidez à venger cette commune injure :
S'il me peut aujourd'hui chasser impunément,
Vous êtes sans pouvoir ou sans ressentiment.
Et vous, troupe savante en noires barbaries,
Filles de l'Achéron, pestes, larves, furies,
Fières sœurs, si jamais notre commerce étroit
Sur vous et vos serpents me donna quelque droit,
Sortez de vos cachots avec les mêmes flammes
Et les mêmes tourments dont vous gênez les âmes ;
Laissez-les quelque temps reposer dans leurs fers :
Pour mieux agir pour moi faites trêve aux enfers ;
Apportez-moi du fond des antres de Mégère
La mort de ma rivale, et celle de son père ;
Et si vous ne voulez mal servir mon courroux,
Quelque chose de pis pour mon perfide époux :
Qu'il coure vagabond de province en province,
Qu'il fasse lâchement la cour à chaque prince ;
Banni de tous côtés, sans bien et sans appui

Target Text

Click or tap here to enter text.

EMMA

ACTE I SCENE IV.

EMMA

There's laws about weddings and all this stuff. He promised me love and he promised me a life together. He swore that he'll be faithful. He lied to get me. He tricked me into following him. God, if you can hear me, help me take revenge. And if you think revenge is not pure, Satan, hear my voice and give me your strength. I'll summon all the demons in hell and throw them in his face. If there's any justice in the wretched world, I'll give him hell, literally. Demons, abandon the souls you're torturing for a minute and answer my prayer. Kill Alicia and her fucking father. Kill the girl that stole my husband and kill the father who gave her the idea. But make it worse for my husband. For Eric, make it so much worse. Make him run for his life again and again. Make everyone hate him. Make his family hate him, so that is he alone until the day he dies. Make him hope for a good ending and crush that hope again and again. Make so that he regrets ditching me. He's throwing me away, who would believe that? After everything I've done for him, is his memory short or is he stupid? I betrayed my father for his sorry ass. And my brother died too, dismembered. Does he think that I'm not capable of that anymore? Why doesn't he fear me? I could burn him too. What I did out of love I can do out of hate. There will be no divorce, only death and pain. Killing the children in front of him will only be a fraction of what I'll do to him. The crimes I committed were trainings for this one. I'll make a masterpiece out of that final death. I'll need the help of Satan

Source Text

Click or tap here to enter text.

Accablé de frayeur, de misère, d'ennui,
Qu'à ses plus grands malheurs aucun ne compatisse ;
Qu'il ait regret à moi pour son dernier supplice ;
Et que mon souvenir jusque dans le tombeau
Attache à son esprit un éternel bourreau.
Jason me répudie ! Et qui l'aurait pu croire ?
S'il a manqué d'amour, manque-t-il de mémoire ?
Me peut-il bien quitter après tant de bienfaits ?
M'ose-t-il bien quitter après tant de forfaits ?
Sachant ce que je puis, ayant vu ce que j'ose,
Croit-il que m'offenser ce soit si peu de chose ?
Quoi ! Mon père trahi, les éléments forcés,
D'un frère dans la mer les membres dispersés,
Lui font-ils présumer mon audace épuisée ?
Lui font-ils présumer qu'à mon tour méprisée,
Ma rage contre lui n'ait par où s'assouvir,
Et que tout mon pouvoir se borne à le servir ?
Tu t'abuses, Jason, je suis encore moi-même.
Tout ce qu'en ta faveur fit mon amour extrême,
Je le ferai par haine ; et je veux pour le moins
Qu'un forfait nous sépare, ainsi qu'il nous a joints ;
Que mon sanglant divorce, en meurtres, en carnage,
S'égale aux premiers jours de notre mariage,
Et que notre union, que rompt ton changement,
Trouve une fin pareille à son commencement.
Déchirer par morceaux l'enfant aux yeux du père
N'est que le moindre effet qui suivra ma colère ;
Des crimes si légers furent mes coups d'essai :
Il faut bien autrement montrer ce que je sais ;
Il faut faire un chef-d'oeuvre, et qu'un dernier ouvrage

Target Text

Click or tap here to enter text.

and of all his demons. I'll need all the help I can, and since the heavenly justice is against me, Lucifer, help me fulfil my wish. Grant me this desire, lord of hell, burn them, burn them all. Destroy whatever you touch, I don't care about the consequences. I want my punishment and won't accept no for an answer. Let them burn.

Click or tap here to enter text.

Source Text

Click or tap here to enter text.

Target Text

Click or tap here to enter text.

Surpasse de bien loin ce faible apprentissage.
Mais pour exécuter tout ce que j'entreprends,
Quels dieux me fourniront des secours assez grands ?
Ce n'est plus vous, enfers, qu'ici je sollicite :
Vos feux sont impuissants pour ce que je médite.
Auteur de ma naissance, aussi bien que du jour,
Qu'à regret tu dépars à ce fatal séjour,
Soleil, qui vois l'affront qu'on va faire à ta race,
Donne-moi tes chevaux à conduire en ta place ;
Accorde cette grâce à mon désir bouillant :
Je veux choir sur Corinthe avec ton char brûlant ;
Mais ne crains pas de chute à l'univers funeste :
Corinthe consumé garantira le reste ;
De mon juste courroux les implacables vœux
Dans ses odieux murs arrêteront tes feux ;
Créon en est le prince, et prend Jason pour gendre :
C'est assez mériter d'être réduit en cendre,
D'y voir réduit tout l'isthme, afin de l'en punir,
Et qu'il n'empêche plus les deux mers de s'unir.

Student Number	20315880	Text Number	7
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Source Text		Target Text	
Title	<i>Le fabuleux destin d'Amélie Poulain</i>	Title	<i>The amazing fate of Laura Jones</i>
Year Published	2001		
Author	Jean-Pierre Jeunet and Guillaume Laurant		
Language	French	Language	English
Word Count	1522 words	Word Count	1491 words
Description of Source Text <i>understanding of source text</i> <i>knowledge of genre within source contexts</i> <i>situation of source text familiarity with the formal features of a text (language variation(s), register, dialect)</i> (200 words max)	The material used here is the scenario of <i>Le fabuleux destin d'Amélie Poulain</i>, a French movie that came out in 2001. The movie was a huge success and had an international influence. It made Montmartre famous overseas and is one of the most famous French movies of all times (INA). The movie has a friendly and soft aspect to it. According to Jeunet, the director, in an interview, "Between the first day and the last day of shooting, it was nothing but happiness. They say that dreamers are going through a hard time right now, but we do not, because we could enjoy the dream. We can share this happiness and we're paid for that!". The movie focuses on Amélie, a young French girl that spends all her time dreaming. Afraid of missing out on her own life, she embarks on an adventure through Paris to find a mysterious photo collector, and herself. The movie was a new beginning for Jeunet's career who had just directed <i>Alien</i> and wanted to go back to his roots (INA), and he also directed a second movie in 2004, also starring Audrey Tautou.		
Strategy <i>identification of translation problems</i> <i>knowledge of genre within target context and situation of target text</i> <i>justification of translation production of genre for target context</i> (200 words max)	My target audience are the people from a fan club of Amélie Poulain. To celebrate the 20th anniversary of the release of the movie, this translation will be used as material to produce a short film that would be an English adaptation of the movie. I will adapt the scenario to fit this box. I will change the names of the people, places and event mentioned, and I will set the story in London, not Paris. The aim is creating a similar female character that would be an English dreamer, instead of a French one. The short film would be screened at a celebration for the source movie, in front of many aficionados, therefore I will have to be careful on the information I choose to keep and those I will discard, I will try and keep my translation as untouched as possible, only modifying the references, names and places, but keeping the tone and the atmosphere created by the source scenario. To do so, I will use a vocabulary from the same register and try to fit rhymes where there are rhymes in the source text. I will also use places and names that would have a similar connotation if possible.		
Critical Reflection <i>textual analysis</i> (200 words max)	All in all, my strategy was adequate. I was able to create a similar story with the focus being an English girl. Most of the reference in the text are experiences that can be common in Europe, and the specifically French references were quite easily replaceable by English ones (such as Notre Dame in Paris and Saint Paul in London, for example). However, imitating the rhymes when the parents are introduced is impossible. I tried several times, but I had to choose meaning of poetic features. The translation will serve as the base of the production of a short film, and as the film is focusing on replicating Amélie Poulain's story in England, it is sense that was the most crucial. Furthermore, replacing names was also useful as it created a sense of coherence with the events that were told. The strategy worked for the beginning of the story, but it might not be applicable to the whole scenario, as it might create incoherencies. However, it was efficient enough to work for the extract I selected.		

Click or tap here to enter text.

Source Text

Click or tap here to enter text.

Target Text

Click or tap here to enter text.

Works Cited

- *use of sources and reference material*

- *Le Fabuleux Destin D'Amélie Poulain*. Ina.fr, 2001. <https://www.ina.fr/video/CAB01020682>.
- Jeunet, Jean-Pierre, *Le Fabuleux Destin D'Amélie Poulain*., France: UGC Victoire Productions Tapioca Films France 3 Cinéma MMC Independent, 2001.
- Institut National de l'Audiovisuel – Ina.fr. “2001, L'extraordinaire Succès Du ‘Fabuleux Destin D'Amélie Poulain.’” Ina.fr, July 20, 2020. <https://www.ina.fr/contenus-editoriaux/articles-editoriaux/2001-l-extraordinaire-succes-du-fabuleux-destin-d-amelie-poulain/>.

Source Text

Click or tap here to enter text.

Séq. 1, ext. & int.

Voix off :

Le trois septembre 1975, à douze heures vingt-huit minutes et trente-deux secondes, un moucheron de la famille des Forcipomyia, merveille de la nature capable de produire 62670 battements d'aile à la minute, se posait sur la route de Banon, dans les Alpes-de-Haute Provence...

(Une voiture surgit de l'arrière et l'écrase...)

... À la même seconde, à la terrasse d'un restaurant, dans un petit village grec de l'île de Kalymnos, le vent s'engouffrait comme par magie sous une nappe, faisant danser les verres, sans que personne ne s'en aperçoive...

(Les verres tanguent sur la nappe gonflée)

Au même instant, à New York, au sud de Manhattan, Joseph Polonski, de retour de l'enterrement de son meilleur ami Wendel Curtis, en effaçait le nom de son carnet d'adresses...

(Le vieil homme triste souffle sur la poussière de gomme qui s'envole)

Toujours à douze heures vingt-huit minutes et trente-deux secondes, un spermatozoïde pourvu d'un chromosome X, appartenant à M. Raphaël Poulain, se détachait du peloton pour atteindre un ovule appartenant à Mme Poulain, née Amandine Fouet.

(Images scientifiques de spermatozoïdes en pleine course.

L'un d'eux est entouré d'un cercle rouge)

Neuf mois plus tard naissait... Amélie Poulain.

(La main de la sage-femme brandit le bébé tout gluant)

Target Text

Click or tap here to enter text.

Sequence 1, ext.& int.

Voice over:

On the third of September 1975, at twenty-eight minutes past noon plus thirty-two seconds, a fly from the Forcipomyia order, a wonderful creature capable of flapping its wings 62670 times a minute, landed in the road to Banon, in the Alpes-of-Haute Provence...

(A car appears and crushes the fly)

... At the same second, on the outside area of a beautiful restaurant in a small village of the Greek island of Kalymnos, the wind was gushing under a tablecloth, making the glasses that were sitting on it dance without anyone noticing...

(Glasses reeling on a inflated tablecloth)

At the same time, in New York, south of Manhattan, Joseph Polonski who was back from the funerals of his best friend, Wendel Curtis, was erasing his name from his address book.

(An old man sadly blows away rubber particles)

Still at twenty-eight minutes past noon plus thirty-two seconds, a spermatozoid carrying an X chromosome, property of Mr. Jones, was winning the race to the ovule of Mrs. Jones, born Juliet Smith.

(scientific image of a racing sperms, one of them is circle in red)

Nine month later... Laura Jones was born.

(The hand of the mid-wife is holding a gooey baby)

Source Text

Click or tap here to enter text.

Générique.

Séq. 2, int. & ext.

Le père d'Amélie, ancien médecin militaire, travaille aux Établissements thermaux d'Enghien-les-Bains.

(Raphaël Poulain pose comme pour une photo. On se rapproche très près de sa bouche, tandis qu'apparaît une inscription fléchée: bouche pincée, signe de manque de cœur)

Raphaël Poulain n'aime pas:

- pisser à côté de quelqu'un;
- tituber en marchant dans le couloir d'un train;
- sortir de l'eau et sentir coller son maillot de bain.

Raphaël Poulain aime:

- couper les virages dans les descentes sans les freins;
- aligner toutes ses chaussures et les cirer avec soin;
- vider sa boîte à outils, la nettoyer et tout ranger enfin.

Séq. 3, int. & ext.

La mère d'Amélie, Amandine Fouet, institutrice originaire de Gueugnon, a toujours été d'une nature instable et nerveuse.

(La mère pose également comme pour une photo. On se rapproche très près de sa paupière qui bat légèrement, tandis qu'apparaît un : léger tic nerveux indicateur d'agitation névrotique)

Amandine Poulain n'aime pas:

- avoir les doigts plissés par l'eau chaude du bain;
- être, par quelqu'un qu'elle n'aime pas, effleurée de la main;
- avoir les plis des draps imprimés sur la joue le matin.

Amandine Poulain aime:

- couper les virages dans les descentes sans les freins...
- (En réalité, assise à côté de son mari, elle se tasse sur le

Target Text

Click or tap here to enter text.

Titles

Seq. 2, int. & ext.

Laura Jones father, former military doctor, works at the Thermal establishment of Southend-on-Sea.

(James Jones is standing, as if he were photographed. Big zoom on his mouth, and an arrow appears with the words: pinched lips, sign of a lack of heart)

James Jones does not like:

- Peeing next to someone
- Stumbling when walking on a train
- Getting out of the water and having his bath suit cling to his skin

James Jones likes:

- Cutting turns while going down, without braking
- Aligning all his shoes and polishing them carefully
- Emptying his tools box, cleaning it up and putting everything back

Seq. 3, int. & ext.

Laura's mother, Juliet Smith, a middle school teacher from Wrenbury, always had an unstable and nervous nature.

(The mother is also posing. Big zoom on her eyelid that twitches, while appears: nervous tic that indicates neurotic disturbances)

Juliet Jones does not like:

- Having her finger crease because of the bath warm water
- Being lightly touched by someone she does not like
- Having the sheets leave mark on her face in the morning

Juliet Jones likes:

- Cutting turns while going down, without braking

(actually, sitting next to her husband, she curls up in her seat, very frightened)

Source Text

Click or tap here to enter text.

siège du passager, terrorisée)

- faire briller le parquet en marchant toute la journée avec des patins;

- vider son sac à main, bien le nettoyer et tout ranger enfin.

Séq. 4, int. jour, salon du pavillon familial.

Amélie a six ans. Comme toutes les petites filles, elle aimerait que son père la serre dans ses bras de temps en temps. Mais il n'a de contact physique avec elle qu'au cours de l'examen médical mensuel. La fillette, bouleversée par cette intimité exceptionnelle, ne peut empêcher son cœur de battre la chamade. Dès lors, son père la croit victime d'une anomalie cardiaque. (Le père d'Amélie, qui ausculte l'enfant avec un stéthoscope, lui lance un regard lourd d'inquiétude...)

À cause de cette maladie fictive, la petite Amélie ne va pas à l'école. C'est sa mère qui lui tient lieu de préceptrice.

La mère désigne une phrase écrite au tableau: Les poules couvent souvent au couvent.

Amélie (lisant):

Les poules couvent...

La Mère :

Très bien...

Amélie :

...souve au couve...

La Mère :

Nooon...

Target Text

Click or tap here to enter text.

- Making the wooden floors shine by walking with shoe covers
- Emptying her purse, deep cleaning it and put everything back

Seq. 4, int. day, the family home

Laura is six. Like every other little girl, she wished her father would hug her from time to time. But their only physical contact is when he performs his monthly medical exam. The little girl, moved by the unhabitual contact, can prevent her heart from beating too fast. From then on, her father believes her to suffer from a cardiac malformation.

(Amélie's father who is examining his daughter gives her a concerned stare) Because of this fictitious illness, Laura does not go to school. Her mother is the one being her preceptor.

The mother points at a sentence on the board: The cuckoo often broods in the hood.

Laura (reading):

The cuckoo often...

The mother:

Very good...

Laura:

bread in the...

The mother:

Nooooo...

Source Text

Click or tap here to enter text.

Séq. 5, int. & ext.

Privée du contact des autres enfants, ballottée entre la fébrilité perpétuelle de sa mère et la distance glaciale de son père, Amélie n'a de refuge que dans le monde qu'elle invente.

(La fillette déguisée en infirmière, imitant son père, ausculte un crocodile imaginaire [en dessin animé], qui la

regarde avec une bonne tête gentille et craintive)

Dans ce monde, les disques vinyles sont fabriqués comme des crêpes...

(Sur l'écran, une main étale avec une spatule la pâte à disque sur une plaque chauffante, formant une crêpe-microsillon)

Les nuages français sont produits par les usines atomiques...

(La vapeur s'échappant d'une tour de refroidissement de centrale forme de magnifiques cumulonimbus)

... et la femme du voisin, dans le coma depuis des mois, a en réalité choisi d'effectuer d'une traite la totalité de ses heures de sommeil...

(La femme allongée sur son lit sort du coma et s'assoit très tranquillement)

La femme (très calmement):

Comme ça, je pourrai rester éveillée nuit et jour tout le reste de ma vie...

Et elle se rendort...

Séq. 6, int. jour.

Amélie contemple un poisson rouge dans son bocal.

Le seul ami d'Amélie s'appelle «Le Cétacé». Malheureusement, l'ambiance familiale a rendu le poisson rouge neurasthénique et suicidaire...

Target Text

Click or tap here to enter text.

Seq. 5, int. & ext.

Deprived of the company of other children, tossed about between her mother's perpetual febrility and her father's glacial distance, Laura only has her imaginary world.

(the little girl dressed up as a nurse, imitating her father, examines an imaginary crocodile [in animated pictures], who looks at her with a nice and worried face)

In this word, records are fabricated like pancakes

(on the screen, a hand splashes some black pancake dough on a pan and spreads it to create a record)

English clouds are produces by power plants...

(Vapor produced by a cooling tower from a power plant creates beautiful cumulonimbus clouds)

... and the neighbour's wife, who has been in a coma for several months, has actually chosen to have her lifetime sleep all at once...

(The lady, laying down, suddenly gets out of her coma and calmly sits up)

The lady (very calmly):

That way I can stay awake night and day for the rest of my life...

And she goes back to sleep

Seq. 6, int. day.

Laura is looking at her goldfish in his tank.

Laura's only friend in called "The Cetacean". Unfortunately, the family atmosphere has rendered the poor goldfish neurasthenic and suicidal...

Source Text

Click or tap here to enter text.

Le poisson saute hors de son bocal et atterrit sur le carrelage de la cuisine. Gigotant, il glisse sous la machine à laver. La petite appelle au secours tandis que la mère pousse des hurlements hystériques, essayant de récupérer l'animal avec un manche à balai. Finalement, Le Cétacé a réintégré son aquarium, où il nage, tout blanc. On a bouché le bocal avec un annuaire surmonté d'une cocotte en fonte. Les tentatives de suicide répétées du cétacé ne font qu'augmenter le stress maternel... Et réciproquement. Finalement, une décision est prise...

Séq. 7, ext. jour.

Sous la pluie, la mère et la fille pénètrent dans un jardin public, sous l'œil attendri du gardien. En effet, la mère semble enceinte de neuf mois. Arrivée devant le bassin du square, la mère ouvre son manteau et en extirpe le bocal du poisson qu'elle déverse dans la pièce d'eau. Un sanglot noué au fond de la gorge, Amélie voit son seul confident disparaître sous la surface troublée par la pluie. Quand elles repassent devant le gardien, celui-ci reste bouche bée. La mère aurait-elle accouché dans les taillis?

Séq. 8, ext. & int.

Pour consoler Amélie, sa mère lui fait cadeau d'un instamatic Kodak d'occasion... Amélie l'inaugure en photographiant des nuages en forme d'animaux. À l'instant précis où elle appuie sur le déclencheur, un accident de voiture se produit au coin de la rue. Un voisin profite de la naïveté d'Amélie, pour lui faire

Target Text

Click or tap here to enter text.

The fish jumps out of his tank and lands in the kitchen's tiles. Wriggling around, he slithers under the washing machine. The little girl calls for help while her mother screams hysterically, trying to push the animal with the handle of a broom. Finally, the Cetacean is returned to his tank, where he swims, very pale. The tank was shut close with a phone book and a large pan. The recurrent suicide attempts of the fish only make her mother more stressed... and reciprocally. In the end, they make a decision...

Seq. 7, ext. day.

It's raining. The mother and daughter enter a public parc, while the watchman looks at them with a touched expression. In fact, the mother looks 9 months pregnant. In front of the little river of the parc, the mother takes out the fish tank from under her coat. She empties it in the little nearby river. With a lump in her throat, Laura looks at her only friend disappear under the surface rendered blurry by the rain. When they pass in front of the watchman again, he is flabbergasted. Did she give birth in a bush?

Seq. 8, ext. & int.

To cheer up Laura, her mother gifts her a Polaroid camera. Laura inaugurates it by taking the picture of animal-shaped clouds. At the exact moment she presses on the trigger, a car crash happens at the corner of the street. A neighbour takes advantage of Laura's gullibility to make her believe that her camera has a default: it triggers accident. As she took picture the whole

Source Text

Click or tap here to enter text.

croire que son appareil photo a un défaut: il déclenche des accidents. Comme elle a pris des clichés tout l'après-midi, un doute affreux l'assaille le soir venu. Elle s'effondre devant la télé, accablée par la responsabilité d'un gigantesque carambolage, de deux déraillements et du crash d'une Caravelle.

Séq. 9, int. soir.

Quelques jours plus tard, réalisant qu'il s'est moqué d'elle, Amélie décide de se venger du voisin...

Fanatique de football, le voisin regarde une finale à la télévision. Amélie, cachée dans la cave, un poste à transistors collé contre l'oreille, suit l'action afin de débrancher le câble de l'antenne dès que le ballon approche des buts. Les jurons et les trépignements de rage du voisin lui parviennent jusque dans sa cachette...

Séq. 10, ext. jour.

Et puis un jour, c'est le drame. Comme chaque année, Amandine Fouet emmène sa fille brûler un cierge à Notre Dame, afin que le ciel lui envoie un petit frère. La réponse divine intervient trois minutes plus tard... Malheureusement, ce n'est pas un nouveau-né qui tombe du ciel sur le parvis de Notre Dame, mais une touriste québécoise, Marguerite Bouchard, résolue à en finir avec la vie à la suite d'un chagrin d'amour. Amandine Poulain, née Fouet, est tuée sur le coup.

Target Text

Click or tap here to enter text.

afternoon, a terrible doubt grows in her head when the night comes. She slumps in front of the TV, weighed down by the responsibility of a gigantic pile-up, of two derailments and the crash of a Boeing.

Seq. 9, int. night.

A few days later, realising that he made fun of her, Laura decides to take revenge on the neighbour.

A huge fan of football, the neighbour is watch finals on the television. Laura, sitting on the roof of his house, a radio against her ears, moves the antenna every time the ball gets close to the goals. She can hear the slurs and pacing of the neighbour from her hiding spot.

Seq. 10, ext. day.

And one day, tragedy happens. Like every other year, Juliet Smith brings her daughter burn a candle at Saint Paul, so that God can give her a little brother.

The divine answer comes three minute later, but it's not a new-born that falls from the sky on the forecourt of Saint Paul, but a Canadian tourist Marguerite Bouchard, decided to end her life because of a heartache. Juliet Jones, born Smith, is killed in the spot.

Source Text

Click or tap here to enter text.

Séq. 11, ext. jour.

Après la mort de sa mère, Amélie se retrouve en tête à tête avec son père. Celui-ci, déjà peu liant, se replie encore davantage sur lui-même. Il se lance dans la construction maniaque d'un mausolée miniature pour y recueillir les cendres de sa femme.

Le mausolée est au milieu du jardin. Il y rajoute des fioritures et des accessoires avec un soin obsessionnel, tandis qu'Amélie le regarde par la fenêtre.

Les jours, les mois, puis les années passent. Le monde extérieur paraît si mort qu'Amélie préfère rêver sa vie en attendant d'avoir l'âge de partir.

En dessous de la fenêtre, un ours en peluche, oublié par la fillette, gît sur le gazon.

Les années passent. L'ourson se désagrège peu à peu.

Alors qu'il ne reste qu'un petit tas de crin, un oiseau se pose à côté. Il saisit un brin dans son bec et s'envole. Nous le suivons et découvrons Amélie, devenue adolescente, qui quitte la maison, valise à la main

Séq. 12, int. & ext.

Cinq ans plus tard, Amélie Poulain est serveuse dans un café-restaurant de Montmartre, le «Tout va mieux».

On la voit travailler. Elle a vingt-deux ans.

Nous sommes le vingt-huit août 1997, exactement à trois jours de l'événement qui va changer sa vie. Mais ça, pour le moment, elle n'en sait rien.

On voit brièvement une grosse Mercedes qui fonce à toute allure sur les voies sur berge, puis une nuée de paparazzis en scooter et motos. Enfin, un flacon de parfum tombe

Target Text

Click or tap here to enter text.

Seq. 11, ext. day

After the death of her mother, Laura is alone with her dad. Her dad, already distant in nature, shuts himself away even more. He starts the manic construction of a miniature mausoleum for his wife's ashes.

The mausoleum is in the middle of the garden. He adds details and accessories with obsessional care, while Laura looks at him from the window.

Days, months, and years pass by. The outside world looks so dead that Laura prefers to wait to be an adult and to be old enough to leave.

Under the window, a forgotten teddy bear lies on the grass.

Years go by, the teddy bear withers away slowly. At the end, only a little strand of fur is left. A bird lands next to the remains, takes the strand in his beak and flies away. We follow him and see Laura, young adult, a suitcase in her hand.

Seq. 12, int. & ext.

Five years later, Laura Jones is a waitress at a pub in Camden, the "Happy Days". We see her working. She is 22 years old. It is the 20th of August 1997, exactly three days before the event that will change her life forever. But for now, she has no idea.

On TV, we briefly see a Mercedes that drives very fast on the bank of the Seine, and a swarm of paparazzi chasing it by motorbike or scooter.

A flask of perfume falls down on the bathroom floor and bounces a few times. We are back at the "Happy Days".

Click or tap here to enter text.

Source Text

Click or tap here to enter text.

Target Text

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et rebondit sur le carrelage d'une salle de bain.
Nous revenons au «Tout va mieux».

Student Number	20315880	Text Number	8
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Source Text		Target Text	
Title	<i>Bienvenue chez Moi</i>	Title	<i>Welcome Home</i>
Year Published	2018		
Author	Bigflo & Oli		
Language	French	Language	English
Word Count	835 words	Word Count	725 words
Description of Source Text <i>understanding of source text</i> <i>knowledge of genre within source contexts</i> <i>situation of source text familiarity with the formal features of a text (language variation(s), register, dialect)</i> (200 words max)	This song is a French rap. It lists several French cities and mentions neighbouring countries. The two rappers are well-known in France, and this song is part of their third album <i>La vie de rêve</i> [Dream Life]. The two brothers are from Toulouse and released their first album in 2015 (Universal Music). This song is a part of the French rap scene, but the duo does not tackle the same subject as the other French rappers. The genre has been banalized in the 2000s, but paradoxically, many French rappers had issues with the justice system for writing antisemitic and misogynistic texts (Hammou, 2012, p 189). The two brothers usually things about everyday life issues that concerns most French teens, and their music is often cheerful and light, and contains humour and parody (de Kerpoisson, 2018). In the lyrics, the duo raps about clichés regarding the cities' inhabitants. Each stanza is about one city, and each time they state the name of the city, and describe it using stereotypes about its activities, places, and people. It uses internal and external rhymes and wordplay with city names and added references to French folklore and mythology.		
Strategy <i>identification of translation problems</i> <i>knowledge of genre within target context and situation of target text</i> <i>justification of translation production of genre for target context</i> (200 words max)	My target audience is student learning English in a French high school (from 15 to 18). This text will serve as an introduction to the study of the American territory. It will be used as a way to open the discussion on the United States, the stereotypes we have as French people and the reality of the life there. In this translation, I will imitate what the duo did but in place French cities, I will use American ones. My aim is to create a similar text, a humorous text based on clichés and stereotypes. I will find cities with similar attributes. Every French city does not have an American equivalent, and vice-versa, but I will use attributes such as the localisation (North/South, near the ocean...) or the clichés about the population. I will also find equivalent for local dishes (such as the Classic Southern Pound Cake in place of the cannelé, as both cakes have a similar shape), local monuments, and activities, in order to create a picture as detailed as possible. The product will be deliberately overly stereotyped, and the idea is to learn about the United States to break down those stereotypes. The singable aspect of the song does not matter here as the text will be presented with the source text, as a translation.		
Critical Reflection <i>textual analysis</i> (200 words max)	In the end, my strategy proved to be successful. Since I abandoned the idea of trying to make is a song that could be rapped, I just had to focus on what were the clichés about the American population, and the major cities. Finding equivalents was indeed difficult, and I should have selected the cities more carefully, as I had to rewrite some passages because the city did not fit in the text. All in all, I think this translation could be used as an introduction to a lesson on the United States, as it describes many cities from all over the country. However, finding clichés about each of them proved to be harder than I thought, and I would maybe cut some part of the source text in my translation to make it shorter and more accessible to my audience.		
Works Cited	- Bigflo & Oli - Bienvenue Chez Moi (Clip Officiel). YouTube. YouTube, 2019. https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=PTJLmBfG8yc.		

Click or tap here to enter text.

Source Text

Click or tap here to enter text.

Target Text

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- *use of sources and reference material*

- "Bigflo & Oli." Bigflo & Oli - Universal Music France. Accessed May 5, 2021. <https://www.universalmusic.fr/artistes/30871472657>.
- Karim Hammou, *Une histoire du rap en France* in Tamagne, Florence. *Revue D'histoire Moderne Et Contemporaine* (1954-) 61, no. 1 (2014): 189-91. Accessed May 5, 2021. <http://www.jstor.org/stable/24753498>.
- de Kerpoisson, Tanneguy. "Bigflo & Oli, Rappeurs Des Familles." *leparisien.fr*, November 15, 2018. <https://www.leparisien.fr/culture-loisirs/musique/bigflo-oli-rappeurs-des-familles-15-11-2018-7942836.php>.

Source Text

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Je t'ai déjà parlé de Bordeaux? (Non)
Sur les quais on aime appeler les jolies filles taillées comme des cannelés
J'ai vu l'étendue des vignobles à travers le hublot
Miroir, miroir d'eau, dis-moi qui est le plus beau
J'suis passé en Normandie, j'ai vu les villes et les plages (ah ouais?)
Pour pas te mentir, j'ai surtout vu des vaches (haha)
J'ai vu des lions et des lionnes au cœur rugissant
Un Havre de paix Caen j'suis passé par Rouen
Un arrêt à Lille, c'est vrai que c'est pas la plus belle des villes
Mais sur la grand place je me suis comme senti libre
Senti petit, senti ch'ti dans le décor
Les gens étaient plus chaleureux que le temps dehors (c'est vrai)
J'suis passé par Lyon et j'ai pas compris tout de suite
Quand je disais "bonjour" on me répondait 69 la trik
J'ai traîné place Bellecour avec tous mes zonards
On m'a dit qu'à Saint-Étienne y a que des connards
Faut que j'te parle de Marseille, son port, ses ruelles un peu crades
Et j'ai même pris l'accent en chantant dans le stade
Au milieu de ces grandes gueules moi j'en menais pas large
J'ai entendu des cigales mais pas le bruit des Kalash
J'suis allé à Saint-Étienne prendre un peu l'air (ouais)
On m'a forcé à enfiler un foutu maillot vert (putain)
J'ai traîné Rue des Martyrs avec tous mes zonards (et ouais)
On m'a dit qu'à Lyon (quoi?) Y a que des connards (mais non!)
Bienvenue chez moi
Que tu viennes d'une grand ville, ou d'un petit village
Faut qu'tu vois ça, ah, ah (ah)
On a les plus belles filles, les plus beau paysages
Viens faire un tour chez moi
Viens faire un tour chez moi
Viens faire un tour chez moi
À Brest et Rennes, je me suis senti un peu con

Target Text

Click or tap here to enter text.

Have I ever told you about Los Angeles? (No)
In the streets, we like complimenting pretty girls that are shaped like an Hot Fudge
Sunday
I saw the vineyards through the plane's window
I saw my reflection in the Venice Canals
I went to the Midwest, I saw thousands of miles of fields (Really?)
But I mostly saw cattle (ahah)
I saw the fierce Chicago hockey players
And Pearl Harbor still displays the scars of the war
A stop at Seattle, it's not the prettiest city
But among to skyscrapers, I felt like I could fly
People were warmer than the weather (it's true)
I went to Miami, and I did not get it at first
All about the Florida men doing crazy stuff
I spent time on the beach and saw a lot of surfers
They told me that everybody in Clemson is stupid
I need to talk to you about Dallas, the desert, and the dust
The weather is always hot and they're big football fans
In the middle of the legends, I couldn't say a word
I heard the sounds of the sandstorms from miles away
I went to Clemson, it was tropical there
I saw the lake Hartwell and the borders of Georgia
They made me wear an orange jersey (Really?)
And they told me that in Miami (What?) all the people are stupid! (Really?)
Welcome Home
Whether you're from the big city or the middle of nowhere
You need to see, see, see
We have the prettiest girl and the most beautiful landscapes
Come visit my hometown
Come visit my hometown
Come visit my hometown
In Hawaii, I felt a little stupid

Source Text

Click or tap here to enter text.

Quand les gens m'ont dit qu'ils étaient pas français mais bretons
Des marins au grand cœur, un petit peu trop ivres (ouais)
Naviguant sur une mer de cidre
Une journée à Paris et Notre Dame a fait une seine (ah ouais?)
Elle m'a dit que j'étais trop lent et que nos petits accents la gênent
Elle est pressante et oppressante, elle est stressante et cruelle
Elle est blessante, elle est glaçante mais putain ce qu'elle est belle
Je suis allé sur une île, le volcan m'a ouvert ses bras
Et l'océan me chuchotait "la Réunion lé la"
Y a pas de religion ou de couleur sur la photo
Une engueulade c'est aussi rare que de voir un dodo
Tu connais pas Montpellier? La plage est tout prêt d'ici
On passe tout l'après-midi place de la comédie
On prend notre temps, ne viens pas croire qu'on est fainçant (non)
Les arènes de Nîmes jusqu'au palmiers de Perpignan
J'suis allé à Strasbourg, j'suis revenu avec du kouglouf sous le coude
C'est fou j'ai encore dans la bouche le goût de la choucroute
Les charmes des limites de l'hexagone
Et j'écris cette phrase avec la plume d'une cigogne
Bienvenue chez moi
Que tu viennes d'une grande ville, ou d'un petit village
Faut qu'tu vois ça, ah, ah (ah)
On a les plus belles filles, les plus beaux paysages
Viens faire un tour chez moi
Viens faire un tour chez moi
Viens faire un tour chez moi
J'suis allé en Belgique, logique, j'ai fait le plein de frites
J'ai cru voir de la bière sortir du Manneken Pis
Y a de la vie quand le carré s'anime
J'y suis tellement allé, j'ai l'impression de voir la famille (bah oui) (une fois)
À Nantes j'ai commencé un safari géant
J'ai croisé des canaris, volé autour d'un éléphant

Target Text

Click or tap here to enter text.

When the people told me they were not Americans, but Hawaiian
There were white sand and the beautiful ocean
They wore necklaces of flowers
A day in New York and the Hudson rebels
He told me I was too slow, and that my accent was annoying
The city feels urgent, violent, too fast, and stressful
It is hurtful, cold, but so pretty
I went on an island and was welcomed with open arms
And the ocean smelled like the good cigars of Cuba
Everything seems so colourful there
And the streets all resonate with Spanish
Do you know Phoenix? It's also in the desert
We spend the whole afternoon at Copper Square
We take our time, don't think we're lazy
It's just very hot here
I went to Minneapolis, I came back with Tater Tot Hotdish
I've still got the taste of the potato in my mouth!
The charms of the Great Lakes region
And I'm writing you from the bank of the Lake Superior
Welcome Home
Whether you're from the big city or the middle of nowhere
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Come visit my hometown
Come visit my hometown
Come visit my hometown
I went to Canada, and I ate delicious Poutine
I drank their best Maple Syrup
And I visited the great white tundra
I went there so many times, Canadians feel like family
I saw Salt Lake City
The town was founded by Mormons

Source Text

Click or tap here to enter text.

J'ai vu des kickers, des skippeurs, des kiffeurs
Le seul endroit où j'ai croisé des dealers, des p'tits beur
J'me suis posé en Suisse calmement
Près des cygnes sur les rives du lac Lemman
J'ai coupé mon atel pour pas qu'on m'appelle
Là-bas j'ai abusé sur l'emmental et la montagne de chocolat
Première fois en Corse, le choc
La terre, la mer, au début j'ai eu du mal avec le caractère
Sur la terrasse, les blagues de vieux m'ont fait rire
Je voulais plus partir, plus remonter dans le ferry
J'suis né à Toulouse, forcément j'suis pas vraiment honnête
Elle a vu mes premiers pas et m'a porté chaque seconde
Et tu demanderas à tous ceux qui la connaissent
Ils te diront "c'est la plus belle ville du monde!"
Bienvenue chez moi
Que tu viennes d'une grand ville, ou d'un petit village
Faut qu'tu vois ça, ah, ah (ah)
On a les plus belles filles, les plus beau paysages
Viens faire un tour chez moi
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Target Text

Click or tap here to enter text.

I saw the Temple on Temple Square
And many people on the street surely were from there
I went to Mexico
I ate delicious food and heard fantastic music
I got a little bit drinking Tequila
And met some of the nicest people I've ever seen
I went to Alaska
It's still the USA but it feels so far away
There was snow everywhere and people had fluffy dogs
I hunted deer and learned to skin them
I was born in New Orleans, so I can't be objective
But Cajun food is the best, and voodoo, not so scary
The swamps are beautiful, and I saw an alligator
And it is the most beautiful city on earth!
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