

L'Etranger, poème de Rudyard Kipling

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L'article en anglais : *Rudyard Kipling : The White Man's Poet*, est du 30 décembre 2011.
<http://www.counter-currents.com/2011/12/rudyard-kipling-the-white-mans-poet-2/>

La traduction française : *Rudyard Kipling : Le poète de l'homme blanc*, qui a été faite par Counter-currents, est du 28 janvier 2012. <http://www.counter-currents.com/2012/01/rudyard-kipling-le-poete-de-lhomme-blanc/>

The poems quoted below are available in the Wordsworth Poetry Library edition of Rudyard Kipling, *Collected Poems*.

**The Collected Poems of Rudyard Kipling (Wordsworth Poetry) (Wordsworth Poetry Library)
Paperback – December 5, 1999**

by [Rudyard Kipling](#)

This edition of the poetry of Rudyard Kipling (1865-1936) includes all the poems contained in the Definitive Edition of 1940. In his lifetime, Kipling was widely regarded as the unofficial Poet Laureate, and he was awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1907. His poetry is striking for its many rhythms and popular forms of speech, and Kipling was equally at home with dramatic monologues and extended ballads. He is often thought of as glorifying war, militarism, and the British Empire, but an attentive reading of the poems does not confirm that view. This edition reprints George Orwell's hard-hitting account of Kipling's poems, first published in 1942, and generally regarded as one of the most important contributions to critical discussion of Kipling.

The Stranger

The Stranger within my gate,
He may be true or kind,
But he does not talk my talk—
I cannot feel his mind.
I see the face and the eyes and the mouth,
But not the soul behind.

The men of my own stock
They may do ill or well,
But they tell the lies I am wonted to.
They are used to the lies I tell,
And we do not need interpreters
When we go to buy and sell.

The Stranger within my gates,
He may be evil or good,
But I cannot tell what powers control
What reasons sway his mood;
Nor when the Gods of his far-off land
Shall repossess his blood.

The men of my own stock,
Bitter bad they may be,
But, at least, they hear the things I hear,

And see the things I see;
And whatever I think of them and their likes
They think of the likes of me.

This was my father's belief
And this is also mine:
Let the corn be all one sheaf—
And the grapes be all one vine,
Ere our children's teeth are set on edge
By bitter bread and wine.

L'Etranger

L'étranger qui passe mon portail,
Il peut être sincère ou aimable,
Mais il ne parle pas ma langue,
Je ne peux pas connaître son esprit
Je vois son visage et ses yeux et sa bouche,
Mais pas l'âme qui est derrière.

Les hommes de mon propre sang,
Ils peuvent faire le mal ou le bien,
Mais ils disent les mensonges que je connais.
Ils connaissent les mensonges que je dis,
Et nous n'avons pas besoin d'interprète
Lorsque nous allons acheter et vendre.

L'étranger qui passe mon portail,
Il peut être mauvais ou bon,
Mais je ne peux pas dire quel pouvoir le contrôle
Quelle raison gouverne son humeur ;
Ni quand les dieux de son lointain pays
Reprendront possession de son sang.

Les hommes de mon propre sang
Ils peuvent être très mauvais,
Mais au moins ils entendent les choses que j'entends
Et voient les choses que je vois ;
Et quoi que je pense d'eux et de leurs goûts
Ou qu'ils pensent de mes goûts.

C'était la croyance de mon père
Et c'est aussi la mienne :
Le grain doit former une seule gerbe
Et la grappe doit donner un seul vin,
Et nos enfants doivent se faire les dents
Sur le pain dur et le vin.