MIRÈIO. A PROVENCAL POEM

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Mirèio. A Provencal Poem by Frédéric Mistral

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FRÉDÉRIC MISTRAL

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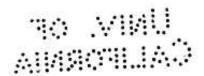
BY

FRÉDÉRIC MISTRAL.

TRANSLATED BY HARRIET W. PRESTON.



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TE CONSECRE MIRÈTO: ES MOUN COR E MOUN AMO,

ES LA PLOUR DE MIS AN.

ES UN RAISIN DE CRAU QU'EMÉ TOUTO SA BAMO,

TE PORGE UN PAÏSAN.

I OFFER THEE MIRÈIO: IT IS MY HEART AND SPIRIT,

THE BLOSSOM OF MY YEARS.

A CLUSTER OF CRAU GRAPES, WITH ALL THE GREEN LEAVES NEAR IT,

TO THEE A PRASANT BEARS.

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PREFACE.

THE words, "Translated from the Provençal," suggest to the ordinary reader only a confused and dazzling image of mediæval life amid southern scenery,—troubadours and courts of love, knights, ladies, and tournaments. Few of us have even been aware that the long-buried root of Romance poetry has of late sent up a green and graceful shoot, and that one of the most charming episodes of recent literary history concerns what is known in France as the Provençal revival. The story is thus told by Saint-René Taillandier, in the "Revue des Deux Mondes," for October, 1859:—

"This new Provençal poetry, which has created a certain sensation of late, had a very simple and touching origin. The son of a gardener of Saint-Rémy, educated in our French schools, wrote verses at the age of twenty, as one fresh from college is apt to do, — simple, unpretending verses, by no means poésie du diable, as a witty critic calls the over-bold attempts of

youth, but rather poésie de famille, which was destined never to transgress the limits of the fireside. These verses the gardener's son designed for his mother, and he sat up late one night to read them to her. But the youth was under a strange illusion. woman had long since forgotten the little French which she had learned at school, and the verses which she had inspired were written in a tongue she could not under-The humble minstrel was a thoughtful soul, and this discovery overwhelmed him with sadness. 'And so,' he mused, 'my mother is debarred from those intellectual joys which delight me. When she has finished her day's toil, she may not listen to noble thoughts expressed in a melodious form. In the middle and north of France some few of the accents of our poets may gladden the shop of the mechanic and the cottage of the laborer. A song, a strophe, a canticle, a grand or joyous strain, may possibly linger in their memory; but, with us, where is the poetry of the poor? Our Provençal tongue has been for centuries dishonored by low singers, tavern catches, vulgar squibs, uncouth and licentious rhymes. Such is the groundwork of our popular literature! Well, then, since our mothers do not comprehend enough of French to understand the songs which filial tenderness has inspired, let us sing in the language of our mothers! Since we have no popular literature save that of the ale-house,

let us create one for the hearths of our sires and grandsires.' The boy of Saint-Remy had written French
verses without the slightest literary pretension. Henceforth he will write Provençal verses, with the very
definite aim of substituting a frank, healthful, honest,
yet gay and genuinely popular style of poetry for that
riot of coarse speech which had slain modesty in the ears
of the young. Such was the birth of that new Provençal poetry which is to-day illustrated by the success
of 'Mirèio.'"

The name of this gardener of Saint-Rémy was Joseph Roumanille. He was a country school-master, as well as a rustic poet and a loving son; and he contrived to inspire with his own enthusiasm for their dishonored dialect, and to enlist in an ardent crusade for its restoration to literary honor, a class of apt and brilliant pupils, the youngest and most remarkable of whom was Frédéric Mistral, the author of "Mirèio." His master and his comrades, the chief of whom are apostrophized by name in the beginning of the Sixth Canto, had attempted only lyrics in their regenerate native tongue. Mistral conceived the bolder idea of employing it for the unfashionable uses of pastoral story, and of making it the medium of a study from nature, of the yet primitive and picturesque rural life of southern France. Discarding all classical models, and seeking to draw his inspiration straight from the soil, he pro-