The Sunday **had been** brilliant without **a stain of** cloud. Now, the burning turquoise sky **began to** gain transparency **as** it lost colour: **from above the trees round the theatre there stole away not only colour but time**. Music—the waltzes, the marches, the gay overture—now began to **command** this hourless place.

The people **lost** their look of uncertainty. The heroic marches made them lift up their heads; recollections of opera moulded their faces into unconscious smiles, and during the waltzes, women’s eyes glittered with delicious tears **about nothing.**

First, note by note, drop by drop, then steadily, the music entered senses, nerves, and fancies that had been **parched**. What first was a mirage **strengthened into** a universe for the shabby Londoners and the exiled foreigners sitting in this **worn glade** in the middle of Regent’s Park. This Sunday **on which** the sun set was the first Sunday of September 1942. Pairs of lovers, fatigued by their day alone with each other, were glad to enter this element **not themselves**: when their looks once more met it was with refreshed love.

Mothers tired by being mothers forgot their children **as** their children forgot them—one held her baby as though **it had been** a doll. Married couples who had sat down in apathetic closeness to one another **could be seen** to begin to draw a little apart, each recapturing some virginal inner dream. Such elderly people as had not been driven home by the disappearance of sun from the last chair fearlessly exposed their years to the dusk, in a lassitude they could have shown at no other time.

These were the English. **As** for the foreigners, some were so intimate with the music that you **could** feel them anticipate every note; some sat with eyes closed: others, **as though** aroused by some unbearable movement inside the breast, glanced behind them or quickly up the sky. Incredulity, as when waking up from a deep sleep, appeared once or twice in faces. But in most of them, as they continued to sit and listen, stoicism **only intensified.**

Expression équivalente ??

Attention aux temps.

Nous avons vu souvent ce « as » qui traduit la simultanéité de deux actions : en même temps que, alors que, à mesure que…

Phrase inversée : attention.

Command : prendre le contrôle

Nous n’avons pas de prétérit progressif mais il s’agit tout de même d’une description.

Sous-entendu : elles n’avaient aucune raison.

On parle ici du changement que la musique va opérer sur les gens qui l’écoutent. Parched : désséché.

Deux idées à traduire : strengthen et la particule ‘into’ qui traduit l’idée que ça se transforme en.

Clairière (glade) usée.

Drôle de tournure qui veut dire que l’élèment was different from them.

Le « as » ici signifie l’égalité/comparaison (comme)

Concordance des temps en anglais ne va peut être pas donner en français un past perfect.

Attention : si l’anglais a besoin de CAN pour parler d’un verbe de perception, le français n’a pas toujours besoin de retranscrire le verbe pouvoir. Forme passive ici.

Ici, AS = en ce qui concerne. Attention au COULD.

As though = as if.

Ce n’est pas SEUL le sentiment de stoicisme s’intensifiait ; mais le stoicisme ne faisait qu’intensifier.