



Winchester College
Modern Languages Department

Speech Prize Final
Tuesday, 26th September 2023
Chantry

The French Speech Prize

Finalists: William (A), Ben (H), Mario (B), William (D) Fausto (K)

'Terreur', Guy de Maupassant, *Des Vers* (1876)

Ce soir-là j'avais lu fort longtemps quelque auteur.
Il était bien minuit, et tout à coup j'eus peur.
Peur de quoi ? je ne sais, mais une peur horrible.
Je compris, haletant et frissonnant d'effroi,
Qu'il allait se passer une chose terrible...
Alors il me sembla sentir derrière moi
Quelqu'un qui se tenait debout, dont la figure
Riait d'un rire atroce, immobile et nerveux :
Et je n'entendais rien, cependant. O torture !
Sentir qu'il se baissait à toucher mes cheveux,
Et qu'il allait poser sa main sur mon épaule,
Et que j'allais mourir au bruit de sa parole !...
Il se penchait toujours vers moi, toujours plus près ;
Et moi, pour mon salut éternel, je n'aurais
Ni fait un mouvement ni détourné la tête...
Ainsi que des oiseaux battus par la tempête,
Mes pensers tournoyaient comme affolés d'horreur.
Une sueur de mort me glaçait chaque membre,
Et je n'entendais pas d'autre bruit dans ma chambre
Que celui de mes dents qui claquaient de terreur.

Un craquement se fit soudain ; fou d'épouvante,
Ayant poussé le plus terrible hurlement
Qui soit jamais sorti de poitrine vivante,
Je tombai sur le dos, roide et sans mouvement.

'Terror', Guy de Maupassant, *Verses* (1876)

That evening I had read some author for a very long time.
It was well past midnight, and suddenly I was afraid.
Afraid of what ? I don't know, but a horrible fear.
I understood, panting and shivering with dread,
Something terrible was going to happen...
So I seemed to feel behind me
Someone who stood upright, whose face
Laughed with an atrocious laugh, motionless and nervous:
And I couldn't hear anything, though. Oh torture!
To feel him stoop to touch my hair,
And he was going to put his hand on my shoulder,
And that I was going to die at the sound of his word!...
He always leaned towards me, always closer;
And I, for my eternal salvation, I would not have
Neither moved nor turned his head...
Like storm-tossed birds,
My thoughts swirled around in horror.
A sweat of death froze every limb,
And I heard no other noise in my room
Than my teeth chattering in terror.

Suddenly there was a crack; terrified,
Having uttered the most terrible howl
Who ever came out of a living chest,
I fell on my back, stiff and motionless.

The German Speech Prize

Finalists: Jos (G), Mario (B), Mike (B)

‘Ein alter Mann geht vorüber’ Erich Kästner (1946)

Ich war einmal ein Kind. Genau wie ihr.
Ich war ein Mann. Und jetzt bin ich ein Greis.
Die Zeit verging. Ich bin noch immer hier
Und möchte gern vergessen, was ich weiß.
Ich war ein Kind. Ein Mann. Nun bin ich mürbe.
Wer lange lebt, hat eines Tags genug.
Ich hätte nichts dagegen, wenn ich stürbe.
Ich bin so müde. Andre nennen's klug.

Ach, ich sah manches Stück im Welttheater.
Ich war einmal ein Kind, wie ihr es seid.
Ich war einmal ein Mann. Ein Freund. Ein Vater.
Und meistens war es schade um die Zeit...
Ich könnte euch verschiedenes erzählen,
Was nicht in euren Lesebüchern steht.
Geschichten, welche im Geschichtsbuch fehlen,
Sind immer die, um die sich alles dreht.
Wir hatten Krieg. Wir sahen, wie er war.
Wir litten Not und sah'n, wie sie entstand.
Die großen Lügen wurden offenbar.
Ich hab' ein paar der Lügner gut gekannt.

Ja, ich sah manches Stück im Welttheater.
Ums Eintrittsgeld tut's mir noch heute leid.
Ich war ein Kind. Ein Mann. Ein Freund. Ein
Vater.
Und meistens war es schade um die Zeit...

Wir hofften. Doch die Hoffnung war vermessen.
Und die Vernunft blieb wie ein Stern entfernt.
Die nach uns kamen, hatten schnell vergessen.
Die nach uns kamen, hatten nichts gelernt.
Sie hatten Krieg. Sie sahen, wie er war.
Sie litten Not und sah'n, wie sie entstand.
Die großen Lügen wurden offenbar.
Die großen Lügen werden nie erkannt.

Und nun kommt ihr. Ich kann euch nichts
vererben:
Macht, was ihr wollt. Doch merkt euch dieses
Wort:
Vernunft muß sich ein jeder selbst erwerben,
Und nur die Dummheit pflanzt sich gratis fort.
Die Welt besteht aus Neid. Und Streit. Und Leid.
Und meistens ist es schade um die Zeit.

‘An old man passes by’ Erich Kästner (1946)

I was once a child. Just like you.
I was a man. And now I'm old..
Time passed. I am still here
And I'd like to forget what I know.
I was a child. A man. Now I'm weary.
Those who live long, one day have enough.
I wouldn't mind if I were to die.
I am so tired. Others call it wise.

Oh, I've seen many a play on the world's stage.
I was once a child, as you are.
I was once a man. A friend. A father.
And it was mostly a pity about the time
I could tell you various things
Not found in your textbooks.
Stories missing from history books
Are always the ones that matter the most.
We had war. We saw what it was.
We suffered hardships and saw their cause.
The great lies became evident.
I knew some of these liars well.

Yes, I've seen many a play on the world's stage.
The ticket price I still regret to this day.
I was a child. A man. A friend. A father.
And it was mostly a pity about the time ...

We hoped. But our hope was presumptuous.
And reason remained like a distant star.
Those who came after us had quickly forgotten.
Those who came after us had learned nothing.
They had war. They saw what it was.
They suffered hardships and saw their cause.
The great lies became evident.
The great lies are never recognised.

And now you come. I can't pass anything on to
you:
Do what you want. But remember this word:
Reason must be acquired by each on their own,
And only stupidity multiplies freely.
The world consists of envy. And dispute. And
sorrow.
And it's mostly a pity about the time.

The Russian Speech Prize

Finalists: Mario (B), Mike (B), Fabian (D)

‘Девушка пела в церковном хоре’ Александр Блок (1905)

Девушка пела в церковном хоре
О всех усталых в чужом краю,
О всех кораблях, ушедших в море,
О всех, забывших радость свою.

Так пел ее голос, летящий в купол,
И луч сиял на белом плече,
И каждый из мрака смотрел и слушал,
Как белое платье пело в луче.

И всем казалось, что радость будет,
Что в тихой заводи все корабли,
Что на чужбине усталые люди
Светлую жизнь себе обрели.

И голос был сладок, и луч был тонок,
И только высоко, у Царских врат,
Причастный Тайнам, — плакал
ребенок
О том, что никто не придет назад.

‘A girl sang in the church choir’ Alexander Blok (1905)

A girl sang in the church choir
Of all who are weary in foreign lands,
Of all the ships gone out to sea,
Of all who have forgotten their joy.

Thus her voice sang, flying up to the dome,
And a ray of sun shone on her white shoulder,
And from the darkness all watched and listened
As the white dress sang in the ray.

And it seemed to all that joy would come,
That all ships had reached shelter in peaceful harbors,
That all weary people in foreign lands
Had found themselves a serene life.

And the voice was sweet, and the ray was thin,
And only above, at the altar gates,
In touch with Mystery, — a child wept
Because no one will ever return..

The Spanish Speech Prize

Finalists: Anders (K), Caden (D), Ranai (B)

'Romance del Duero' (1923) **Gerardo Diego**

Río Duero, río Duero,
nadie a acompañarte baja;
nadie se detiene a oír
tu eterna estrofa de agua.

Indiferente o cobarde,
la ciudad vuelve la espalda.
No quiere ver en tu espejo
su muralla desdentada.

Tú, viejo Duero, sonríes
entre tus barbas de plata,
moliendo con tus romances
las cosechas mal logradas.

Y entre los santos de piedra
y los álamos de magia
pasas llevando en tus ondas
palabras de amor, palabras.

Quién pudiera como tú,
a la vez quieto y en marcha,
cantar siempre el mismo verso
pero con distinta agua.

Río Duero, río Duero,
nadie a estar contigo baja,
ya nadie quiere atender
tu eterna estrofa olvidada,

sino los enamorados
que preguntan por sus almas
y siembran en tus espumas
palabras de amor, palabras.

'Ballad of the Douro' (1923) **Gerardo Diego**

River Douro, River Douro,
No one comes down to walk with you;
No one takes the time to listen
To your eternal, watery verse.

Indifferent or perhaps afraid
The city turns its back on you
Loath to look in your mirror
And see its toothless walls.

You are smiling still, old Douro,
Your silvery whiskers show,
Grinding as you sing your ballads of love,
The failed harvests of long ago.

Flowing on, past stony saints,
By magic poplar trees,
You pass through carrying on your waves
Such words of love, words.

Who, like you, could be at once
Both calm and on the move. And still
Sing those same lines you've always sung,
Yet with different waters fill.

River Douro, River Douro,
No one comes down to be with you;
Now no one wants to heed
Your eternal, forgotten verse.

None but besotted lovers
Who for their souls will ask
And into your foamy waves will sow
Words of love, words.