

**Classic Poetry Series**

**Remy Belleau**  
**- poems -**

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## Remy Belleau(1528 - 1577)

The seventh star of the pleiade, he was educated at the famous College de Boncourt in Paris, where his mentors were the humananists Muret and buchanan. At school he performed in Jodelle's Cleopatra (1553. For his early Petites Inventions (1556) Ronsard called him the Peintre de la nature. These delicate poems portray a variety of creatures, abstract or real such as in The Hour, The shadow, The Butterly or The oyster.

After an infatuation with military adventures in 1557, he retired to the forests of joinville to become a tutour for the family d'Elbeuf. Here he prepared his richly chaotic, bucolic masterpiece, La Bergerie (1565.

A year before his death, he published Les Armours et Nouveaux Eschanges de Pierres precieuses, Vertus et Peopprietez d'icelles (1576), an occult treatise on the powers of minerals foreshadowing the Baroque imagery of the late Renaissance.

# April

April, pride of woodland ways,  
Of glad days,  
April, bringing hope of prime,  
To the young flowers that beneath  
Their bud sheath  
Are guarded in their tender time;

April, pride of fields that be  
Green and free,  
That in fashion glad and gay,  
Stud with flowers red and blue,  
Every hue,  
Their jewelled spring array;

April, pride of murmuring  
Winds of spring,  
That beneath the winnowed air,  
Trap with subtle nets and sweet  
Flora's feet,  
Flora's feet, the fleet and fair;

April, by thy hand caressed,  
From her breast  
Nature scatters everywhere  
Handfuls of all sweet perfumes,  
Buds and blooms,  
Making faint the earth and air.

April, joy of the green hours,  
Clothes with flowers  
Over all her locks of gold  
My sweet Lady; and her breast  
With the blest  
Birds of summer manifold.

April, with thy gracious wiles,  
Like the smiles,  
Smiles of Venus; and thy breath  
Like her breath, the Gods' delight,

(From their height  
They take the happy air beneath)

It is thou that, of thy grace,  
From their place  
In the far-off isles dost bring  
Swallows over earth and sea,  
Glad to be  
Messengers of thee, and Spring.

Daffodil and eglantine,  
And woodbine,  
Lily, violet, and rose  
Plentiful in April fair,  
To the air,  
Their pretty petals do unclose.

Nightingales ye now may hear,  
Piercing clear,  
Singing in the deepest shade;  
Many and many a babbled note  
Chime and float,  
Woodland music through the glade.

April, all to welcome thee,  
Spring sets free  
Ancient flames, and with low breath  
Wakes the ashes grey and old  
That the cold  
Chilled within our hearts to death.

Thou beholdest in the warm  
Hours, the swarm  
Of the thievish bees, that flies  
Evermore from bloom to bloom  
For perfume,  
Hid away in tiny thighs.

Her cool shadows May can boast,  
Fruits almost  
Ripe, and gifts of fertile dew,  
Manna-sweet and honey-sweet,

That complete  
Her flower garland fresh and new.

Nay, but I will give my praise,  
To these days,  
Named with the glad name of Her  
That from out the foam o' the sea  
Came to be  
Sudden light on earth and air.

Remy Belleau

# Douce Et Belle Bouchelette

Remy Belleau

# Embrasse-Moi, Mon Coeur...

Remy Belleau

# La Cygalle

Remy Belleau



# La Pierre Aqueuse

Remy Belleau

# La Pierre Du Coq

Remy Belleau

# Le Désir

Remy Belleau

# Pendant Que Vostre Main Docte...

Remy Belleau

# Si Tu Veux Que Je Meure...

Remy Belleau