

Classic Poetry Series

**Rene Francois Armand  
Prudhomme  
- poems -**

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# Rene Francois Armand Prudhomme(1839 - 1907)

Rene Francois Armand Prudhomme, the son of a French shopkeeper. He also went by the name of René François Armand Sully-Prudhomme and Sully Prudhomme. An eye disease terminated his training at a polytechnic institute where he hoped to become an engineer. Instead, his studies concentrated on literature. His first job was as a clerk in a factory office, which he left in 1860 to study law. Sully Prudhomme was a member of the Conference La Bruyere, a distinguished student society, and the favourable reaction from his fellow members encouraged him to go on writing poetry.

His first volume, *Stances et Poemes* (Stanzas and Poems) (1865), was well reviewed by Sainte-Beuve and established his reputation. The volume was filled with fluent and melancholic verse inspired by an unhappy love affair. He was a leading member of the Parnassian movement, which sought to restore elegance, balance, and aesthetic standards to poetry, in reaction to the excesses of Romanticism.

Sully Prudhomme combined perfection and elegance with philosophic and scientific interests, which are revealed, for instance, in his translation of the first book of Lucretius' *De Rerum Natura* (1878-79). Some of his other poetic works are: *Croquis Italiens* (Italian Notebook) (1866-68); *Solitudes* (1869); *Impressions de la guerre* (Impressions of War) (1870); *Les Destins* (Destinies) (1872); *La Révolte des fleurs* (Revolt of the Flowers) (1872); *La France* (1874); *Les Vaines Tendresses* (Vain Endearments)(1875); *La Justice* (1878); and *Le Bonheur*(Happiness) (1888). *Les Epaves* (Flotsam) (1908), published posthumously, was a collection of miscellaneous poems. A collected edition of his writings in five volumes appeared in 1900-01. He also wrote essays and a book on Pascal, *La Vraie Religion selon Pascal* (Pascal on true Religion) (1905). He was awarded the first Nobel Prize for Literature in 1901.

Sully Prudhomme was a member of the French Academy from 1881 until his death in 1907.

# A Ronsard

Rene Francois Armand Prudhomme

# A Vingt Ans

Rene Francois Armand Prudhomme

# Ah! Le Cours De Mes Ans...

Rene Francois Armand Prudhomme

# At The Water's Edge

To sit and watch the wavelets as they flow  
Two - side by side;  
To see the gliding clouds that come and  
And mark them glide;

If from low roofs the smoke is wreathing pale,  
To watch it wreath;  
If flowers around breathe perfume on the gale,  
To feel them breathe;

If the bee sips the honeyed fruit that glistens,  
To sip the dew;  
If the bird warbles while the forest listens,  
To listen too;

Beneath the willow where the brook is singing,  
To hear its song;  
Nor feel, while round us that sweet dream is clinging  
The hours too long;

To know one only deep over mastering passion -  
The love we share;  
To let the world go worrying in its fashion  
Without one care -

We only, while around all weary grow,  
Unwearied stand,  
And midst the fickle changes others knows,  
Love - hand in hand

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# Au Bord De L'Eau

Rene Francois Armand Prudhomme



# Au Jour Le Jour

Rene Francois Armand Prudhomme

# Aux Amis Inconnus

Rene Francois Armand Prudhomme

# Aux Poètes Futurs

Rene Francois Armand Prudhomme

# Aux Poètes Futurs

POÈTES à venir, qui saurez tant de choses,  
Et les direz sans doute en un verbe plus beau,  
Portant plus loin que nous un plus large flambeau  
Sur les suprêmes fins et les premières causes;  
Quand vos vers sacreront des pensers grandioses,  
Depuis longtemps déjà nous serons au tombeau;  
Rien ne vivra de nous qu'un terne et froid lambeau  
De notre œuvre enfouie avec nos lèvres closes.

Songez que nous chantions les fleurs et les amours  
Dans un âge plein d'ombre, au mortel bruit des armes,  
Pour des cœurs anxieux que ce bruit rendait sourds;  
Lors plaignez nos chansons, où tremblaient tant d'alarmes,  
Vous qui, mieux écoutés, ferez en d'heureux jours  
Sur de plus hauts objets des poèmes sans larmes.

Rene Francois Armand Prudhomme

# Broken Vase

The vase where this verbena is dying  
was cracked by a blow from a fan.  
It must have barely brushed it,  
for it made no sound.

But the slight wound,  
biting into the crystal day by day,  
surely, invisibly crept  
slowly all around it.

The clear water leaked out drop by drop.  
The flowers' sap was exhausted.  
Still no one suspected anything.  
Don't touch! It's broken.

Thus often does the hand we love,  
barely touching the heart, wound it.  
Then the heart cracks by itself  
and the flower of its love dies.

Still intact in the eyes of the world,  
it feels its wound, narrow and deep,  
grow and softly cry.  
It's broken. Don't touch!

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# Ce Qui Dure

Rene Francois Armand Prudhomme

# Combats Intimes

Rene Francois Armand Prudhomme

# Corps Et Âmes

Rene Francois Armand Prudhomme



# Cradles

Along the quay, the great ships,  
that ride the swell in silence,  
take no notice of the cradles.  
that the hands of the women rock.

But the day of farewells will come,  
when the women must weep,  
and curious men are tempted  
towards the horizons that lure them!

And that day the great ships,  
sailing away from the diminishing port,  
feel their bulk held back  
by the spirits of the distant cradles.

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# Déception

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# Dernière Solitude

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# Douceur D'Avril

Rene Francois Armand Prudhomme

# Eclaircie

Rene Francois Armand Prudhomme

# Enfantillage

Rene Francois Armand Prudhomme

# Hora Prima

Rene Francois Armand Prudhomme

# Ici-Bas

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## In This World

In this world all the flow'rs wither,  
The sweet songs of the birds are brief;  
I dream of summers that will last  
Always!

In this world the lips touch but lightly,  
And no taste of sweetness remains;  
I dream of a kiss that will last  
Always.

In this world ev'ry man is mourning  
His lost friendship or his lost love;  
I dream of fond lovers abiding  
Always!

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# Invitation À La Valse

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# Joies Sans Causes

Rene Francois Armand Prudhomme

# Juin

Rene Francois Armand Prudhomme

# La Beauté

Rene Francois Armand Prudhomme

# La Bouture

Rene Francois Armand Prudhomme

# La Chanson De L'Air

Rene Francois Armand Prudhomme

# La Colombe Et Le Lis

Rene Francois Armand Prudhomme



# La Coupe

Rene Francois Armand Prudhomme

# La Grande Allée

Rene Francois Armand Prudhomme

# La Grande Chartreuse

Rene Francois Armand Prudhomme

# La Jacinthe

Rene Francois Armand Prudhomme

# La Laide

Rene Francois Armand Prudhomme

# La Mer

Rene Francois Armand Prudhomme

# La Musique

Rene Francois Armand Prudhomme

# La Pensée

Rene Francois Armand Prudhomme



# La Reine Du Bal

Rene Francois Armand Prudhomme

# La Terre Et L'Enfant

Rene Francois Armand Prudhomme

# La Valse

Rene Francois Armand Prudhomme

# La Vieillesse

Rene Francois Armand Prudhomme

# L'Agonie

Rene Francois Armand Prudhomme

# L'Âme

Rene Francois Armand Prudhomme

# L'Amour Maternel

Rene Francois Armand Prudhomme

# L'Automne

Rene Francois Armand Prudhomme



# Le Coucher Du Soleil

Rene Francois Armand Prudhomme

# Le Cygne

Rene Francois Armand Prudhomme

# Le Dernier Adieu

Rene Francois Armand Prudhomme

# Le Long Du Quai

Rene Francois Armand Prudhomme

# Le Pardon

Rene Francois Armand Prudhomme

# Le Premier Amour

Rene Francois Armand Prudhomme

# Le Réveil

Rene Francois Armand Prudhomme

# Le Temps Perdu

Rene Francois Armand Prudhomme



# Le Vase Brisé

Rene Francois Armand Prudhomme

# Le Volubilis

Rene Francois Armand Prudhomme

# Les Amours Terrestres

Rene Francois Armand Prudhomme

# Les Caresses

Rene Francois Armand Prudhomme

# Les Oiseaux

Rene Francois Armand Prudhomme

# Les Serres Et Les Bois

Rene Francois Armand Prudhomme

# Les Stalactites

Rene Francois Armand Prudhomme

# Les Yeux

Rene Francois Armand Prudhomme



# L'Escalier De L'Ara Coeli

Rene Francois Armand Prudhomme

# L'Étoile Au Coeur

Rene Francois Armand Prudhomme

# L'Étranger

Rene Francois Armand Prudhomme

# L'Habitude

Rene Francois Armand Prudhomme

# L'Idéal

Rene Francois Armand Prudhomme

# L'Indifférence

Rene Francois Armand Prudhomme

# L'Indulgence

Rene Francois Armand Prudhomme

# L'Inspiration

Rene Francois Armand Prudhomme



# L'Une D'Elles

Rene Francois Armand Prudhomme

# Mars

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# Midi Au Village

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# Music For The Dying

Ye who will help me in my dying pain,  
Speak not a word: let all your voices cease.  
Let me but hear some soft harmonious strain,  
And I shall die at peace.

Music entrances, soothes, and grants relief  
From all below by which we are opprest;  
I pray you, speak no word unto my grief,  
But lull it into rest.

Tired am I of all words, and tired of aught  
That may some falsehood from the ear conceal,  
Desiring rather sounds which ask no thought,  
Which I need only feel:

A melody in whose delicious streams  
The soul may sink, and pass without a breath  
From fevered fancies into quiet dreams,  
From dreaming into death.

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# Ne Nous Plaignons Pas

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# Never To See Or Hear Her

Never to see or hear her,  
never to name her aloud,  
but faithfully always to wait for her  
and love her.

To open my arms and, tired of waiting,  
to close them on nothing,  
but still always to stretch them out to her  
and to love her.

To only be able to stretch them out to her,  
and then to be consumed in tears,  
but always to shed these tears,  
always to love her.

Never to see or hear her,  
never to name her aloud,  
but with a love that grows ever more tender,  
always to love her. Always!

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# On The Water

The sound of bank and water is all I hear,  
The sad resignation of a weeping spring  
Or a rock that hourly sheds a tear,  
And the birch leaves' vague quivering.

I do not see the river bear the boat along  
The flowering shore flits past, and I remain;  
And in the watery depths that I skim,  
The reflected blue sky flutters like a curtain.

Meandering in their sleep, you might say the waters  
Waver, no longer sure where the bank lies:  
And the flower thrown in hesitates to choose.  
And like this flower, all that man desires  
Can settle on the river of my life,  
Without teaching me which way my wishes lie.

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# Pèlerinages

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# Pensée Perdue

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# Pluie

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# Première Solitude

Rene Francois Armand Prudhomme

# Prière

Rene Francois Armand Prudhomme

# Prière Au Printemps

Rene Francois Armand Prudhomme

# Printemps Oublié

Rene Francois Armand Prudhomme

# Renaissance

Rene Francois Armand Prudhomme

# Rosées

Rene Francois Armand Prudhomme



# Scrupule

Rene Francois Armand Prudhomme

# Silence

Rene Francois Armand Prudhomme

# Silence Et Nuit Des Bois

Rene Francois Armand Prudhomme

# Soupir

Rene Francois Armand Prudhomme

# Trop Tard

Rene Francois Armand Prudhomme

# Un Rendez-Vous

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