

Classic Poetry Series

Henri de Regnier
- poems -

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Henri de Regnier(1864-1936)

Henri François Joseph de Régnier (December 28, 1864 - May 23, 1936) was a French symbolist poet considered one of the foremost of France during the early 20th century.

He was born at Honfleur (Calvados) on the 28th of December 1864, and was educated in Paris for the law. In 1885 he began to contribute to the Parisian reviews, and his verses found their way into most of the French and Belgian periodicals favorable to the symbolist writers. Having begun, however, to write under the leadership of the Parnassians, he retained the classical tradition, though he adopted some of the innovations of Jean Moréas and Gustave Kahn. His gorgeous and vaguely suggestive style shows the influence of Stéphane Mallarmé, of whom he was an assiduous disciple.

His first volume of poems, *Lendemains*, appeared in 1885, and among numerous later volumes are *Poèmes anciens et romanesques* (1890), *Les Jeux rustiques et divins* (1890), *Les Médailles d'argile* (1900), *La Cité des eaux* (1903). He is also the author of a series of realistic novels and tales, among which are *La Canne de jaspe* (2nd ed., 1897), *La Double maîtresse* (5th ed., 1900), *Les Vacances d'un jeune homme sage* (1903), and *Les Amants singuliers* (1905). M. de Régnier married Mlle Marie de Heredia, daughter of the poet José María de Heredia, and herself a novelist and poet under the name of Gérard d'Houville.

Henri de Régnier died in 1936 at age 71 and was interred in the Père Lachaise Cemetery in Paris.

Autre Inscription

Henri de Regnier

Chanson

Henri de Regnier

Crépuscule

Henri de Regnier

Élégie

Henri de Regnier

Épigramme

Henri de Regnier

Épilogue

Henri de Regnier

Fête D'Eau

Henri de Regnier

Fond De Jardin

Henri de Regnier

Funérailles

Henri de Regnier

Hélène Au Cheval

Henri de Regnier

Hommage

Henri de Regnier

Inscription

Henri de Regnier

Intérieur

Henri de Regnier

Invocation

Henri de Regnier

La Colline

Henri de Regnier

La Course

Henri de Regnier

La Façade

Henri de Regnier

La Fleur Du Soir

Henri de Regnier

La Louange Des Eaux, Des Arbres Et Des Dieux

Henri de Regnier

La Lune Jaune

Henri de Regnier

La Neige

Henri de Regnier

La Nymphé

Henri de Regnier

La Plainte Du Cyclope

Henri de Regnier

La Rampe

Henri de Regnier

La Voix

Henri de Regnier

L'Abandon

Henri de Regnier

Latone

Henri de Regnier

L'Automne

Henri de Regnier

Le Bassin Noir

Henri de Regnier

Le Bassin Rose

Henri de Regnier

Le Bassin Vert

Henri de Regnier

Le Bonheur

Henri de Regnier

Le Bouquet

Henri de Regnier

Le Centaure Blessé

Henri de Regnier

Le Cyprès

Henri de Regnier

Le Fleuve

Henri de Regnier

Le Jardin

Henri de Regnier

Le Passé

Henri de Regnier

Le Pavillon

Henri de Regnier

Le Repos

Henri de Regnier

Le Silence

Henri de Regnier

Le Socle

Henri de Regnier

Le Sommeil

Henri de Regnier

Le Souvenir

Henri de Regnier

Le Vœu

Henri de Regnier

Léda

Henri de Regnier

L'Encelade

Henri de Regnier

Les Cloches

Henri de Regnier

Les Feuilles

Henri de Regnier

Les Scaliger

Henri de Regnier

Les Statues

Henri de Regnier

L'Escalier

Henri de Regnier

L'Heure

Henri de Regnier

L'Heure

Henri de Regnier

L'Homme Et Les Dieux

Henri de Regnier

Lied

Henri de Regnier

L'Île

Henri de Regnier

L'Image

Henri de Regnier

L'Odeur

Henri de Regnier

L'Ombre Nue

Henri de Regnier

L'Oubli Suprême

Henri de Regnier

L'Urne

Henri de Regnier

Masque

Henri de Regnier

Ode

Henri de Regnier

Ombre D'Eau

Henri de Regnier

Pan

Henri de Regnier

Perspective

Henri de Regnier

Promenade

Henri de Regnier

Salut À Versailles

Henri de Regnier

Stances

Henri de Regnier

The Voice

I do not wish anyone to be near my sadness—
Not even your dear step and your loved face,
Nor your indolent hand which caresses with a finger
The lazy ribbon and the closed book.

Leave me. Let my door today remain closed;
Do not open my window to the fresh wind of morning;
My heart today is miserable and sullen
And everything seems to me somber and everything seems vain.

My sadness comes from something further than myself;
It is strange to me and is not of me;
And every man, whether he sings or he laughs or he loves,
In his time hears that which speaks low to him,

And something then stirs and awakens,
Is perturbed, spreads and laments in him,
Because of this dull voice which says in his ear
That the flower of life in its fruit is ashes.

Henri de Regnier

Trianon

Henri de Regnier

Urbs

Henri de Regnier

Vérone

Henri de Regnier

Wish

I'd like to show your eyes the plains
And a forest green and ruddy,
Far off and soft
Under clear skies on the horizon,
Or some hills
With lovely slopes
So changing and supple and misty,
Seeming to melt in the sweetness of the air,
Either hills
Or forest.
I'd like
For you to hear
Strong, vast, deep, and tender,
The great dull voice of the sea
That moans
Like Love;
And once in a while
Right next to you,
In the interval,
I'd like you to hear
Right next to you
A dove
In the silence
Both soft and weak
Like Love a trifle in the shadows,
I'd like you to hear
The gushing of a spring
For your hands I'd like some flowers,
And for your steps
I'd like a little path, grassy and sandy
Going up a bit and coming down,
Turning and seeming
To approach the limits of silence.
A very little sandy path
Where your steps would leave faint marks,
Our steps
Together.

