

Les Berceaux

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René-François Sully-Prudhomme

Le long du Quai, les grands vaisseaux,
Que la houle incline en silence,
Ne prennent pas garde aux berceaux,
Que la main des femmes balance.

Mais viendra le jour des adieux,
Car il faut que les femmes pleurent,
Et que les hommes curieux
Tentent les horizons qui leurrent!

Et ce jour-là les grands vaisseaux,
Fuyant le port qui diminue,
Sentent leur masse retenue
Par l'âme des lointains berceaux.

Cradles

René-François Sully-Prudhomme

Moored at the quay, the great vessels
That quietly bend to the swell,
Pay no regard to the cradles
Rocked at homes where ladies dwell.

But the day of parting will come,
For the tears of the women must be,
Whilst horizons draw inquisitive men
Tempted by the allure of the sea.

And on that day, great vessels afloat
Leaving the harbour receding from view,
Will feel their bulk drawn back to the port
By the soul of far away cradles they knew.

http://www.poemswithoutfrontiers.com/Les_Berceaux.html