

***Joachim Du Bellay was an Angevin poet born in Liré.
He witnessed prosperous and insecure times :
the French Renaissance.***



The Musée Joachim du Bellay is located in a charming 16th-century mansion house with turrets, called « Le Grand Logis », at the heart of the « Petit Lyré » region.

Five different rooms recount the « beau voyage » (beautiful trip) of the poet from the Loire riverbanks in the region of Angers to the splendid city of Rome.

Once there, you will discover the poet and his works through an original exhibition of engravings, trompe-l'oeil and Renaissance-inspired furniture. Each room corresponds to a period of Joachim du Bellay's life and each engraving illustrates his works and epoch.



*Only a stone's throw away from the Museum,
you will then have the chance to visit the ruins of the castle
where the poet was born, the « Domaine de la Turmelière ».*

Useful informations :

Admission costs :

Adult : 4,6 €

Child under 18 : 3 €

Child under 10 : free admission

Concessions (students, unemployed people, disabled people) : 3.8€

Group (at least 10 people) : 3.8€

We do not accept credit card payment

Opening times:

March, april, may, june, september and October :

Tuesday to Friday from 10h30 to 12h30 and from 15h to 18h +

The 3rd weekend of the month from 11h to 18h

July and august

Tuesday to Friday from 10h30 to 12h30 and from 15h to 18h

Saturday and Sunday from 15h to 18h30

Guided tour (in french only) : at 11h,15h30 and 17h. From 3 people.

Last admission 30 minutes before closing gates.

The most famous poem of Du Bellay :

Happy he who like Ulysse has returned successful from his travels,
Or like he who sought the Golden Fleece,
Then returned, wise to the world
Live amongst his family to the end of his age!

When shall I see again, alas, of my dear village,
Its chimney smoke, and in which season,
Will I see again that little, modest, plot of
is a province to me, and far more than I draw here?

I'm drawn far more to my forefathers home,
Than to a Roman palace fine and proud,
More than hard marble I prefer fine slate

My gaul Loir I prefer to latin Tiber,
My little Liré I prefer to Palatine,
And to sea air, soft climate Angevine.