



1878  
RAVENNA  
by Oscar Wilde

I

A year ago I breathed the Italian air,-  
And yet, methinks this northern Spring is fair,-  
These fields made golden with the flower of March,  
The throstle singing on the fathered larch,  
The cawing rooks, the wood-doves fluttering by,  
The little clouds that race across the sky;  
And fair the violet's gentle drooping head,  
The primrose, pale for love uncomforted,  
The rose that burgeons on the climbing briar,  
The crocus-bed, (that seems a moon of fire  
Round-girdled with a purple marriage-ring);  
And all the flowers of our English Spring,  
Fond snow-drops, and the bright-starred daffodil.  
Up starts the lark beside the murmuring mill,  
And breaks the gossamer-threads of early dew;  
And down the river, like a flame of blue,  
Keene as an arrow flies the water-king,  
While the brown linnets in the greenwood sing.  
A year ago!- it seems a little time  
Since last I saw that lordly southern clime,  
Where flower and fruit to purple radiance blow,  
And like bright lamps the fabled apples grow.  
Full Spring it was- and by rich flowing vines,  
Dark olive-groves and noble forest-pines,  
I rode at will; the moist glad air was sweet,  
The white road rang beneath my horse's feet,  
And musing on Ravenna's ancient name,  
I watched the day till, marked with wounds of flame,  
The turquoise sky to burnished gold was turned.

O how my heart with boyish passion burned,  
When far away across the sedge and mere  
I saw that Holy City rising clear,  
Crowned with her crown of towers!- On and on  
I galloped, racing with the setting sun,  
And ere the crimson after-glow was passed,  
I stood within Ravenna's walls at last!

II

How strangely still! no sound of life or joy  
Startles the air! no laughing shepherd-boy  
Pipes on his reed, nor ever through the day  
Comes the glad sound of children at their play:  
O sad, and sweet, and silent! surely here  
A man might dwell apart from troublous fear,  
Watching the tide of seasons as they flow  
From amorous Spring to Winter's rain and snow,  
And have no thought of sorrow;- here, indeed,  
Are Lethe's waters, and that fatal weed  
Which makes a man forget his fatherland.

Ay! amid lotus-meadows dost thou stand,

Like Proserpine, with poppy-laden head,  
Guarding the holy ashes of the dead.  
For though thy brood of warrior sons hath ceased,  
Thy noble dead are with thee!- they at least  
Are faithful to thine honour:- guard them well,  
O childless city! for a mighty spell,  
To wake men's hearts to dream of things sublime,  
Are the lone tombs where rest the Great of Time.

III

Yon lonely pillar, rising on the plain,  
Marks where the bravest knight of France was slain,-  
The Prince of chivalry, the Lord of war,  
Gaston de Foix: for some untimely star  
Led him against thy city, and he fell,  
As falls some forest-lion fighting well.  
Taken from life while life and love were new,  
He lies beneath God's seamless veil of blue;  
Tall lance-like reeds wave sadly o'er his head,  
And oleanders bloom to deeper red,  
Where his bright youth flowed crimson on the ground.

Look farther north unto that broken mound,-  
There, prisoned now within a lordly tomb  
Raised by a daughter's hand, in lonely gloom,  
Huge-limbed Theodoric, the Gothic king,  
Sleeps after all his weary conquering.  
Time hath not spared his ruin,- wind and rain  
Have broken down his stronghold; and again  
We see that Death is mighty lord of all,  
And king and clown to ashen dust must fall.

Mighty indeed their glory! yet to me  
Barbaric king, or knight of chivalry,  
Or the great queen herself, were poor and vain  
Beside the grave where Dante rests from pain.  
His gilded shrine lies open to the air;  
And cunning sculptor's hands have carven there  
The calm white brow, as calm as earliest morn,  
The eyes that flashed with passionate love and scorn,  
The lips that sang of Heaven and of Hell,  
The almond-face which Giotto drew so well,  
The weary face of Dante;- to this day,  
Here in his place of resting, far away  
From Arno's yellow waters, rushing down  
Through the wide bridges of that fairy town,  
Where the tall tower of Giotto seems to rise  
A marble lily under sapphire skies!  
Alas! my Dante! thou hast known the pain  
Of meaner lives,- the exile's- galling chain,  
How steep the stairs within king's houses are,  
And all the petty miseries which mar  
Man's nobler nature with the sense of wrong.  
Yet this dull world is grateful for thy song;  
Our nations do thee homage,- even she,  
That cruel queen of vine-clad Tuscany,  
Who bound with crown of thorns thy living brow,  
Hath decked thine empty tomb with laurels now,  
And begs in vain the ashes of her son.

O mightiest exile! all thy grief is done:  
Thy soul walks now beside thy Beatrice;  
Ravenna guards thine ashes: sleep in peace.

IV

How lone this palace is; how grey the walls!  
No minstrel now wakes echoes in these halls.  
The broken chain lies rusting on the door,  
And noisome weeds have split the marble floor:  
Here lurks the snake, and here the lizards run  
By the stone lions blinking in the sun.  
Byron dwelt here in love and revelry  
For two long years- a second Anthony,  
Who of world another Actium made!-  
Yet suffered not his royal soul to fade,  
Or lyre to break, or lance to grow less keen,  
'Neath any wiles of an Egyptian queen.  
For from the East there came a mighty cry,  
And Greece stood up to fight for Liberty,  
And called him from Ravenna: never knight  
Rode forth more nobly to wild scenes of fight!  
None fell more bravely on ensanguined field,  
Borne like a Spartan back upon his shield!  
O Hellas! Hellas! in thine hour of pride,  
Thy day of might, remember him who died  
To wrest from off thy limbs the trammelling chain:  
O Salamis! O lone Plataean plain!  
O tossing waves of wild Euboean sea!  
O wind-swept heights of lone Thermopylae!  
He loved you well- ay, not alone in word,  
Who freely gave to thee his lyre and sword  
Like Aeschylus at well-fought Marathon:

And England, too, shall glory in her son,  
Her warrior-poet, first in song and fight.  
No longer now, shall Slander's venom'd spite  
Crawl like a snake across his perfect name,  
Or mar the lordly scutcheon of his fame.

For as the olive-garland of the race  
Which lights with joy each eager runner's face,  
As the red cross which saveth men in war,  
As a flame-bearded beacon seen from far  
By mariners upon a storm-tossed sea,-  
Such was his love for Greece and Liberty!

Byron, thy crowns are ever fresh and green:  
Red leaves of rose from Sapphic Mitylene  
Shall bind thy brows; the myrtle blooms for thee,  
In hidden glades by lonely Castaly;  
The laurels wait thy coming: all are thine,  
And round thy head one perfect wreath will twine.

V

The pine-tops rocked before the evening breeze  
With the hoarse murmur of the wintry seas,  
And the tall stems were streaked with amber bright;-  
I wandered through the wood in wild delight,  
Some startled bird, with fluttering wings and fleet,  
Made snow of all the blossoms: at my feet,

Like silver crowns, the pale narcissi lay,  
And small birds sang on every twining spray.  
O waving trees, O forest liberty!  
Within your haunts at least a man is free,  
And half forgets the weary world of strife:  
The blood flows hotter, and a sense of life  
Wakes i' the quickening veins, while once again  
The woods are filled with gods we fancied slain.  
Long time I watched, and surely hoped to see  
Some goat-foot Pan make merry minstrelsy  
Amid the reed! some startled Dryad-maid  
In girlish flight! or lurking in the glade,  
The soft brown limbs, the wanton treacherous face  
Of woodland god! Queen Dian in the chase,  
White-limbed and terrible, with look of pride,  
And leash of boar-hounds leaping at her side!  
Or Hylas mirrored in the perfect stream.

O idle heart! O fond Hellenic dream!  
Ere long, with melancholy rise and swell,  
The evening chimes, the convent's vesper-bell  
Struck on mine ears amid the amorous flowers.  
Alas! alas! these sweet and honied hours  
Had 'whelmed my heart like some encroaching sea,  
And drowned all thoughts of black Gethsemane.

VI

O lone Ravenna! many a tale is told  
Of thy great glories in the days of old:  
Two thousand years have passed since thou didst see  
Caesar ride forth in royal victory.  
Mighty thy name when Rome's lean eagles flew  
From Britain's isles to far Euphrates blue;  
And of the peoples thou wast noble queen,  
Till in thy streets the Goth and Hun were seen.  
Discrowned by man, deserted by the sea,  
Thou sleepest, rocked in lonely misery!  
No longer now upon thy swelling tide,  
Pine-forest like, thy myriad galleys ride!  
For where the brass-beaked ships were wont to float,  
The weary shepherd pipes his mourning note;  
And the white sheep are free to come and go  
Where Adria's purple waters used to flow.

O fair! O sad! O Queen uncomforted!  
In ruined loveliness thou liest dead,  
Alone of all thy sisters; for at last  
Italia's royal warrior hath passed  
Rome's lordliest entrance, and hath worn his crown  
In the high temples of the Eternal Town!  
The Palatine hath welcomed back her king,  
And with his name the seven mountains ring!

And Naples hath outlived her dream of pain,  
And mocks her tyrant! Venice lives again,  
New risen from the waters! and the cry  
Of Light and Truth, of Love and Liberty,  
Is heard in lordly Genoa, and where  
The marble spires of Milan wound the air,  
Rings from the Alps to the Sicilian shore,

And Dante's dream is now a dream no more.

But thou, Ravenna, better loved than all,  
Thy ruined palaces are but a pall  
That hides thy fallen greatness! and thy name  
Burns like a grey and flickering candle-flame,  
Beneath the noon-day splendour of the sun  
Of new Italia! for the night is done,  
The night of dark oppression, and the day  
Hath dawned in passionate splendour: far away  
The Austrian hounds are hunted from the land,  
Beyond those ice-crowned citadels which stand  
Girdling the plain of royal Lombardy,  
From the far West unto the Eastern sea.

I know, indeed, that sons of thine have died  
In Lissa's waters, by the mountain-side  
Of Aspromonte, on Novara's plain,-  
Nor have thy children died for thee in vain:  
And yet, methinks, thou hast not drunk this wine  
From grapes new-crushed of Liberty divine,  
Thou hast not followed that immortal Star  
Which leads the people forth to deeds of war.  
Weary of life, thou liest in silent sleep,  
As one who marks the lengthening shadows creep,  
Careless of all the hurrying hours that run,  
Mourning some day of glory, for the sun  
Of freedom hath not shown to thee his face,  
And thou hast caught no flambeau in the race.

Yet wake not from thy slumbers,- rest thee well,  
Amidst thy fields of amber asphodel,  
Thy lily-sprinkled meadows,- rest thee there,  
To mock all human greatness: who would dare  
To vent the paltry sorrows of his life  
Before thy ruins, or to praise the strife  
Of kings' ambition, and the barren pride  
Of warrior nations! wert not thou the Bride  
Of the wild Lord of Adria's stormy sea!  
The Queen of double Empires! and to thee  
Were not the nations given as thy prey!  
And now- thy gates lie open night and day,  
The grass grows green on every tower and hall,  
The ghastly fig hath cleft thy bastioned wall;  
And where thy mailed warriors stood at rest  
The midnight owl hath made her secret nest.  
O fallen! fallen! from thy high estate,  
O city trammelled in the toils of Fate,  
Doth nought remain of all thy glorious days,  
But a dull shield, a crown of withered bays!

Yet who beneath this night of wars and fears,  
From tranquil tower can watch the coming years;  
Who can fortell what joys the day shall bring,  
Or why before the dawn the linnets sing?  
Thou, even thou, mayst wake, as wakes the rose  
To crimson splendour from its grave of snows;  
As the rich corn-fields rise to red and gold  
From these brown lands, now stiff with Winter's cold  
As from the storm-rack comes a perfect star!

O much-loved city! I have wandered far  
From the wave-circled islands of my home,  
Have seen the gloomy mystery of the Dome  
Rise slowly from the drear Campagna's way,  
Clothed in the royal purple of the day  
I from the city of the violet crown  
Have watched the sun by Corinth's hill go down,  
And marked the "myriad laughter"  
From the hills of flower-starred Arkady;  
Yet back to thee returns my perfect love,  
As to its forest-nest the evening dove.

O poet's city! one who scarce has seen  
Some twenty summers cast their doublets green,  
For Autumn's livery, would seek in vain  
To wake his lyre to sing a louder strain,  
Or tell thy days of glory;- poor indeed  
Is the low murmur of the shepherd's reed,  
Where the loud clarion's blast should shake the sky,  
And flame across the heavens! and to try  
Such lofty themes were folly: yet I know  
That never felt my heart yet nobler glow  
That when felt my the silence of thy street  
With clamorous trampling of my horse's feet,  
And saw the city which now I try to sing,  
After long days of weary travelling.

VII

Adieu, Ravenna! but a year ago,  
I stood and watched the crimson sunset glow  
From the lone chapel on thy marshy plain:  
The sky was as a shield that caught the stain  
Of blood and battle from the dying sun,  
And in the west the circling clouds had spun  
A royal robe, which some great God might wear,  
While into ocean-seas of purple air  
Sank the gold galley of the Lord of Light.

Yet here the gentle stillness of the night  
Brings back the swelling tide of memory,  
And wakes again my passionate love for thee:  
Now is the Spring of Love, yet soon will come  
On meadow and tree the Summer's lordly bloom:  
And soon the grass with brighter flowers will blow,  
And send up lilies for some boy to mow.  
Then before long the Summer's conqueror,  
Rich Autumn-time, the season's usurer,  
Will lend his hoarded gold to all the trees,  
And see it scattered by the spend-thrift breeze;  
And after that the Winter cold and drear.  
So runs the perfect cycle of the year.  
And so from youth to manhood do we go,  
And fall to weary days and locks of snow.  
Love only knows no winter; never dies:  
Nor cares for frowning storms or leaden skies.  
And mine for thee shall never pass away,  
Though my weak lips may falter in my lay.

Adieu! Adieu! yon silent evening star,

The night's ambassador, doth gleam afar,  
And bid the shepherd bring his flocks to fold.  
Perchance before our inland seas of gold  
Are garnered by, the reapers into sheaves,  
Perchance before I see the Autumn leaves,  
I may behold thy city; and lay down  
Low at thy feet the poet's laurel crown.

Adieu! Adieu! yon silver lamp, the moon,  
Which turns our midnight into perfect noon,  
Doth surely light thy towers, guarding well  
Where Dante sleeps, where Byron loved to dwell.

THE END