

# EASTER DAY

*Oscar Wilde*

The silver trumpets rang across the Dome:  
The people knelt upon the ground with awe:  
And borne upon the necks of men I saw,  
Like some great God, the Holy Lord of Rome.  
Priest-like, he wore a robe more white than foam,  
And, king-like, swathed himself in royal red,  
Three crowns of gold rose high upon his head:  
In splendour and in light the Pope passed home.  
My heart stole back across wide wastes of years  
To One who wandered by a lonely sea,  
And sought in vain for any place of rest:  
'Foxes have holes, and every bird its nest.  
I, only I, must wander wearily,  
And bruise my feet, and drink wine salt with tears.'