

SONNET ON APPROACHING ITALY

Oscar Wilde

I reached the Alps: the soul within me burned,
 Italia, my Italia, at thy name:
And when from out the mountain's heart I came
And saw the land for which my life had yearned,
I laughed as one who some great prize had earned:
 And musing on the marvel of thy fame
I watched the day, till marked with wounds of flame
The turquoise sky to burnished gold was turned.
The pine-trees waved as waves a woman's hair,
 And in the orchards every twining spray
Was breaking into flakes of blossoming foam:
But when I knew that far away at Rome
 In evil bonds a second Peter lay,
I wept to see the land so very fair.

Turin.