



An Irish writer Oscar Wilde



Oscar Fingal O'Flahertie Wills Wilde, known as Oscar Wilde, was an Irish writer. He was born in Dublin, on October 16th, 1854. He died in Paris, on November 30th, 1900 at the age of 46.



His life

Wilde came from a rich protestant family. His father, **William Wilde**, was an oculist. He treated Napoleon III. His mother, **Jane Francesca Wilde**, was a poet. Oscar Wilde had a brother and a sister. Oscar Wilde was familiar with letters and arts his childhood. He was educated at home until he was 9 years old. After college, Oscar Wilde studied in Oxford.

Wilde traveled in Italy, America, and Paris. He married **Constance Lloyd** and they had two sons. Wilde wrote when he was at college. In 1881, he published a book entitled Poems.

In 1891, he fell in love with **Alfred Douglas**, a writer. But Douglas's father opposed their love and Oscar Wilde went to prison for two years.



Citations and Poems

“You don't love someone for their looks, or their clothes, or for their fancy car, but because they sing a song only you can hear.”



Alas !

To drift with every passion till my soul
Is a stringed lute on which all winds can play,
Is it for this that I have given away
Mine ancient wisdom, and austere control ?

Methinks my life is a twice-written scroll
Scrawled over on some boyish holiday
With idle songs for pipe and virelay
Which do but mar the secret of the whole.

Surely that was a time I might have trod
The sunlit heights, and from life's dissonance
Struck one clear chord to reach the ears of God;
is that time dead? lo! with a little rod
I did but touch the honey of romance—
And must I lose a soul's inheritance?

Hélas !

Dériver avec chaque passion pour que mon âme
Devienne une harpe où tous les vents viennent jouer :
Est-ce pour cela que j'ai abandonné
Ma très vieille sagesse et l'austère contrôle ?

Ma vie ressemble à un parchemin deux fois écrit,
Où un jeune garçon a gribouillé pendant son loisir
De vaines chansons pour la flûte et des virelais,
Qui ne font que gâcher le secret de l'ensemble.

Il y eut sans doute une époque où je foulais
Les hauteurs ensoleillées, et hors de la vie dissonante
Je frappais une corde claire pour ravir les oreilles de Dieu :
Ce temps est-il révolu ? Eh ! d'une petite tige
Je n'ai fait qu'effleurer le miel des idylles –
Et faut-il que je n'aie point une âme en héritage ?

