

ON A PORTRAIT BY TINTORET
IN THE COLONNA GALLERY

AN old man sitting in the evening light
Touching a spinet ; there is stormy blow
In the red heavens, but he does not know
How fast the clouds are faring to the night :
He *hears* the sunset as he thrums some slight
Soft tune that clears the track of long ago ;
And, as his musings wander to and fro
Where the years passed along, a sage delight
Is creeping in his eyes. His soul is old,
The sky is old, the sunset browns to gray ;
But he, to some dear country of his youth
By those few notes of music borne away,
Is listening to a story that is told,
And listens, smiling at the story's truth.

MICHAEL FIELD.