

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 fading to the right:
He hears the sunset as he throws some slight
Soft-tune that clears the track of long ago;
And, as his musings wander to + 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 grey;
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.

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Michael Field

"FIELD, Michael" (Katherine Harris
Bradley, 1846-1913, and Edith Emma
Cooper, 1862-1914).

MS. of the sonnet, "On a Portrait by
Tintoret in the Colonna Gallery." (1p. quarto.)
The text begins: "An old swan sitting in the
waning light." Signed: Michael Field.