

The Art of Alma · Cadema

There is no song his colors cannot sing,
For all his art breathes melody, and
tunes

The fine, keen beauty that his brushes
bring

To murmuring marbles and to golden
Junes.

The music of those marbles you can hear
In every crevice, where the deep green
stains

Have sunken when the grey days of the
year

Spilled leisurely their warm, incessant
rains

That, lingering, forgot to leave the ledge,
But drenched into the seams, amid the
hush

Of ages, leaving but the silent pledge
To waken to the wonder of his brush.