

# THE PAINTER OF SEVILLE

A Dramatic Poem

by  
Susan Wilson



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Susan Wilson  
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Extracts.

'Twas morning in Seville; and brightly beamed  
The early sunlight in one chamber there;  
Showing, where'er its glowing radiance gleamed,  
Rich, varied beauty. 'Twas the study where  
Murillo, the famed painter, came to share  
With young aspirants his long-cherished art....

The pupils came, and glancing round,  
Mendez upon his canvas found,  
Not his own work of yesterday,  
But, glowing in the morning ray,  
A sketch so rich, so pure, so bright,  
It almost seemed that there were given  
To glow before his dazzled sight,  
Tints and expression warm from heaven.  
'Twas but a sketch--the Virgin's head--  
Yet was unearthly beauty shed  
Upon the mildly beaming face....

Murillo entered, and amazed,  
On the mysterious painting gazed.  
"Whose work is this? Speak, tell me!--He  
Who to his aid such power can call,  
Will yet be master of us all.  
Would I had done it!--Ferdinand!  
Isturitz! Mendez!--say, whose hand  
Among ye all?" With half-breathed sigh,  
Each pupil answered,--"'Twas not I."

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