

WILLIAM·T·WALTERS



OBIIT· 22·NOVEMBER·MDCCCXCIV

He loved the hand that drew the perfect line,
The eye that caught true color and could give
To pigments a creator's light divine,
Baffling and fugitive.

The silent harmonies a canvas bore
Were sweet to him, as music may be sweet;
Or dear, as a great epic's mighty roar,
To lips that oft repeat.

His life was noble, as a life must be
To range above the paths of slaves or kings;
He held in trust for art a treasury
Filled with all lovely things.

He was no dreamer, yet amid life's haste
Dared follow where the high ideals led;
His largess made the wide world less a waste,
Art's path less hard to tread.

From some deep woodland where the chill winds sing,
Through thinning boughs, their plaintive Autumn hymn
Gather a mighty oak's broad leaves, and bring
A wreath in praise of him.

Meredith Nicholson