

Thorvaldsens Museums

ARKIV.

S. & Co. Dated.



"La Nolle," of Thorvaldsen.

Beneath the summer moonlight—slumbering soft,
While summer breezes whispered in thine ear,
And all the odors of the dewy eve
Were round thee breathing; when thy happy soul
Flamed half way between the world of dreams,
And that of outward sense,—then was it that before
Thine eye the dream-like beauty of this poem came?
Or in a waking hour to thy rapt soul
Did music softly utter it? for strains
That are that lift the spirit heavenward, whence
It often bringeth down a bounteous thought.
Or even unaided by the outward sense,
Swelled up its germ within thy poet mind,
And grew, and outward urg'd its way? Then forms
Unbeautiful, disturbed thy racking soul,
And vexed thine artist eye, came it to soothe?
But whether to thy sleeping eye it came,
Or to thy waking thought, or whether 'mid
External beauty 'twas conceived and born,
Or 'mid deformity, in Heaven first
It had its bounteous being: angels brought
The vision down from Heaven unto thee;
From Heaven, through thee, it came to us; thy mind
Was but the soil in which the angels sowed
To plant the seeds of outward beauty; This,
To plant these heavenly seeds within our minds,
That thence they may strive forth, and thus attain

you seen now as yet? They were & we - & they
are the only ones of composed rays we've
had or no broad open spaces
composed in the little sun-rays they
are in hot they're always early, they
are now: and enough they're burning
! And some of them are very nice & others of
them are very bad, some are
among the most & a great deal others they're
of

The last, the earthly form, and bear on earth
This fruit, is one among the many joys
of Heaven; — But this, and each of thy so rare
and beautiful conceptions, are no more
Than faintest glimmerings of what thou yet
Shalt do: thy genius has but just begun
Its never ending course — it is a babe,
That has but newly opened to the light
Its fable eyes; a flower that here on earth,
Hath budded forth, to blossom in the Heavens.

To Thorwaldsen, on hearing that he was observed to be
depressed by the fear that his genius had failed him.

Great Poet! art thou sad because at length
Thou has produced a work in which thine eye
Can find no fault, — for which thy soul can ask
No greater beauty? eye, because thine hand
Hath made the outward form of thine idea
So perfect that thine eye rests satisfied,
Thou thinkst thy genius faints and droops its wing.
That its bright course is done, because no more
It asketh from thine hands. — Fear not the path
Of true poetic genius runneth through
Eternity. Thy genius even now is like a babe
That's just begun to totle on the floor,
Think not its course is stopped even in the outset;
Poet! thou art as yet but learning how to breathe.
All earthly beauty is but Heaven's shadow;
And thou as yet art in the morning dusk,