

## *Nun kommt die Schillerzeit!*

A CELEBRATION ON THE 200TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE POET'S DEATH

# Schiller's *Thought-Poetry*: 'The Artists'

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Schiller's poem "The Artists" appeared four years before *The Aesthetical Letters*, and it is one of the most magnificent examples of a species of poetry in which Schiller establishes a standard previously unattained. Schiller's *thought-poetry* demonstrates not only the identity of the origin of poetry, rather it expresses the most profound philosophical ideas with such poetic beauty, that they are much more gripping than the most beautiful philosophical treatise could ever be. Here he treats poetically the same fundamental idea of the role of beauty in the development of the individual human being, which he later discusses in the *Letters* philosophically.

Wieland, who corresponded with Schiller during the period he was writing "The Artists," and who published the poem in the *Teutschen Merkur* when it was completed, wrote on March 4, 1789:

Truths can be just as exciting as emotions, and if the poet not only teaches, but communicates his excitement, he still remains in his own domain. That which the philosopher must prove, the poet can state as a bold thesis, and can throw out as an oracular statement. The beauty of the idea has the effect, that we take him at his word.

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*This introduction is excerpted from "Beauty as a Necessary Condition of Humanity," Fidelio, Winter 1994 (Vol. IV, No. 4).*

In a letter to his friend Körner on March 9, 1789, Schiller formulated it this way: "It is a poem, and not philosophy in verse; and for that it is not a worse poem on account of that which makes it more than a poem." In the same letter, Schiller states the leading idea of "The Artists": "Cloaking truth and morality in beauty."

The first twelve-line strophe is an appeal to the people of his time, and at the same time a triumphant description of the ideal of humanity, with which Schiller shaped Germany's Weimar Classical period:

How fair, O Man, do you, your palm branch holding  
Stand at the century's unfolding  
In proud and noble manhood's prime  
With faculties revealed, with spirit's fullness  
Full earnest mild, in action-wealthy stillness,  
The ripest son of time,  
Free through reason, strong through law's measure,  
Through meekness great, and rich in treasure,  
Which long your breast to you did not disclose,  
Nature's own lord, she glories in your bridle,  
Who in a thousand fights assays your mettle  
And shining under you from out the wild arose!

In the following strophes, the man of the present time is no longer praised, but admonished, followed by a hymn of praise of the universal value of beauty, with whose help alone can truth be revealed to the human

spirit and senses. The third strophe begins as follows:

The land which knowledge does reside in  
You reached through beauty's morning gate.  
Its higher gleam to now abide in,  
The mind on charms must concentrate.  
What by the sound of Muses' singing  
With trembling sweet did pierce you through,  
A strength unto your bosom bringing  
Which to the world-soul lifted you.

"Beauty's morning gate" here stands as a metaphor for the leading idea of the poem, that the path toward truth leads through beauty; the "morning gate" signifies both the beginning of a process, as well as the entrance into a new domain, proceeding through a gate.

This is followed up to line 90 by a glorifying address to the artists who have created this beauty, an address which is recapitulated again and again in the main body of the poem, and which peaks finally in the famous lines:

The dignity of Man into your hands is given,  
Its keeper be!  
It sinks with you! With you it will be risen!

The entirety of the main part elaborates the fundamental theme, through which Schiller, in continuously escalating images and metaphors, demonstrates how beauty and art are capable of raising the human being to ever new stirrings of the heart and heights of reason. And by describing this development, he creates himself the idea of which he speaks. The reader is caught up by the excited power of imagination of the poet, and thus leaps over the chasm which apparently lies between the different steps on this path, so that the reader can relive how art becomes the "second Creator of man."

Strophe 14 says:

Now from its carnal sleep did wrestle  
The soul, so beautiful and free,  
By you unchained sprang forth the vassal  
Of care in lap of joy to be.  
Now limits of the beast abated  
And Man on his unclouded brow rang out,  
And thought, that foreign stranger elevated,  
From his astonished brain sprang out.  
Now *stood* Man, and to starry legions  
Displayed his kingly countenance,  
Then to these lofty sunlit regions  
His thanks conveyed through speaking glance.  
Upon his cheek did smiling flower,  
His voice, by sentiments now played,  
Unfolded into song's full power,  
Emotions moistened eye betrayed,  
And jest, with charm in graceful federation,  
His lips poured out in animation.

Only when he is touched by art, and thus by the experience of the power which is also the source of his own creativity, does the "slave of sorrow" become free, which means happy. One may presume that Schiller would come to the conclusion, that Kierkegaard or Heidegger remained chained to "sorrow" only because they never came to know creativity, and were never truly happy.



*A Nineteenth-century American lithograph celebrates the poet. The inscription is by Johann Wolfgang von Goethe.*

The "thought, that foreign stranger elevated," is a beautiful image for what is new, the spirituality of human beings, which has become possible through art. It is this capacity for reason which lets him *stand*; thus, it is that which distinguishes him from that which is limited, the stifling limits of animality. The idea, "And jest, with kindness in graceful federation," is a genuinely Schillerian notion, for, on the one hand, the jest is itself an expression of freedom, and on the other hand, it must be with kindness, which means that it can not be injurious; and, if the jest and kindness are to be bound together by grace, then Schiller here provides one of the many possibilities of the aesthetical condition.

Here are the first four lines of strophe 19, as merely one example:

Yet higher still, to ever higher stations  
Creative genius soared to be.  
One sees already rise creations from creations  
From harmonies comes harmony.

And from strophe 20:

So Man, now far advanced, on pinions elevated,  
With thanks does Art transport on high,  
New worlds of beauty are created  
From nature richer made thereby.

And once the human being has already achieved a high degree of ennoblement through the works of beautiful art, and fulfills his necessity with joy, the poet writes in strophe 21 the magically beautiful lines:

With destiny in lofty unity,  
Sustained in calm on Muses and on Graces,  
His friendly breast exposed obligingly,  
Is struck as threat'ning arrow races  
From gentle bowstring of necessity.

It is thus possible for the human being to overcome inner fragmentation, if he has become calm through beauty (the Graces) and art (the Muses): he will even approach death calmly. And the poet then addresses the task of the artist again: "You imitate the great Artist"—which means nothing else, than that the artists, through their art, imitate the creativity of the Creator.

To quote strophes 28 and 29 in their entirety:

The richer satisfied his fleeting vision,  
The loftier the orders which the mind  
Does fly through in *one* magic union,  
Does circumscribe in *one* enjoyment blind;  
The wider ope are thoughts and feelings growing  
To richer play of harmonies now showing,  
To beauty's more abundant streaming van—  
The lovelier the pieces of the universal plan,  
Which now, disfigured, tarnish its creation,  
He then sees lofty forms bring to perfection.  
The lovelier the riddles from the night,  
The richer is the world that he embraces,  
The broader streams the sea in which he races,  
The weaker grows his destiny's blind might,  
The higher are his urges striving,  
The smaller he himself, the greater grows his loving.

So lead him, the hidden pathway show  
Through ever purer forms, through music clearer,  
Through ever higher heights and beauty fuller  
Up poetry's beflowered ladder go—  
At last, at epoch's ripest hour,

Yet one more happy inspiration bright,  
The recent age of Man's poetic flight,  
And—he will glide in arms of Truth's full power.

If one reads or recites "The Artists" as a whole, but especially the two strophes cited here, one will sense the excitement Schiller felt about his own vocation as an artist, and in this poem he succeeds in playfully convincing us of the truth of the significance of beauty and the role which the artists play in the development of humanity, because he lets the idea dissolve into the poetic representation, and, in the composition as a whole, he lets his material be transformed into the domain of the Infinite.

He paints an image of the unfolding of the potentialities of the human species, and makes clear how art produces ever new and better levels of the existence of human beings, which did not exist previously; but he does it in such a way, that the powers of knowing Reason coincide with those of poetic metaphor.

Whereas the first strophe is still a hymn-like praise of man, on account of everything man has created over the centuries, this is still represented in a simple way; but in the course of the poem, a stream develops, which becomes ever richer in beautiful features and density of singularities. The poem describes nothing less than an infinite sequence of revolutions, higher levels of development of man, unleashed by beauty and art; it is a poetic celebration of the capacity of man, mediated by beautiful art, to bring forth ever new hypotheses, which are united by the hypothesis of the higher hypothesis, in the sense that Plato gave the idea.

The last lines of the poem summarize in a magnificently poetic way the idea of the *Parmenides* dialogue. The poet initially praises art as the most free activity of man. He presupposes that all artists raise themselves high above their own age and time, and impress their own time with the ideal they have generated. If they all agree upon this high conception of art, however different the various artists may be, then art, in all of its manifold creations, permits us to see the One, the eternally true, the Divine:

On thousand twisting pathways chasing,  
So rich in multiplicity,  
Come forward, then, with arms embracing  
Around the throne of unity.  
As into gentle beams of seven  
Divides the lovely shimmer white,  
As also rainbow beams of seven  
Dissolve into white beams of light—  
So, play in thousandfolded clar'ty,  
Enchanted 'round the heady sight,  
So flow back in *one* band of ver'ty,  
Into *one* single stream of light!

# The Artists

(1789)

How fair, O Man, do you, your palm branch holding  
Stand at the century's unfolding  
In proud and noble manhood's prime  
With faculties revealed, with spirit's fullness  
Full earnest mild, in action-wealthy stillness,  
The ripest son of time,  
Free through reason, strong through law's measure,  
Through meekness great, and rich in treasure,  
Which long your breast to you did not disclose,  
Nature's own lord, she glories in your bridle,  
Who in a thousand fights assays your mettle  
And shining under you from out the wild arose!

BESOT with vic'try operose,  
Let not the hand be now forgotten,  
Which on life's desolated strand  
The whimpering abandoned orphan,  
A savage fortune's booty, found,  
The spirit's future dignity did early  
To your young heart in silentness display,  
And sullied concupiscence surely  
Did from your tender bosom turn away,  
The good one, who in lofty duty  
Did playfully instruct your youthfulness,  
And the elevated virtue's myst'ry  
In easy riddles left for you to guess,  
Who, more mature to see him on returning,  
In foreign arms her darling one she laid,  
O fall not to degenerated yearning  
To be her abject serving woman's maid!  
In labor is the bee your master,  
In skillfulness the earthworm has your teacher grown,  
Your knowledge you do share with spirit minds far  
vaster,  
'Tis *Art*, O Man, you have alone!

THE land which knowledge does reside in  
You reached through beauty's morning gate.  
Its higher gleam to now abide in,  
The mind on charms must concentrate.  
What by the sound of Muses' singing  
With trembling sweet did pierce you through,  
A strength unto your bosom bringing  
Which to the world-soul lifted you.

WHAT, after many thousand years' expiring,

An aging reason first did find,  
In symbol great and beautiful was lying  
Revealed before unto the childlike mind.  
To virtue's love her sweet form has us drafted,  
A softer sense did bold depravity restrain  
Ere yet a Solon legislation crafted,  
Whose languid blooms did slow constrain.  
Oh! Ere the thinker's spirit daring  
Had of e'erlasting space conceived,  
Who to the starry theater staring,  
Ne'er its presentiment perceived?

SHE, with Orions circling her visage,  
To glorify her majesty sublime,  
As purer spirits contemplate her image  
Consuming, o'er the stars does climb,  
Upon her sunny throne upraising,  
Urania, so dreadful yet so grand,  
Unburdened of her crown ablazing,  
Does there—as *Beauty* 'fore us stand.  
The belt of grace 'round her receiving,  
That she, as child, the children understand:  
What here as *Beauty* we're perceiving,  
Will first as *Truth* before us come to stand.

WHEN the Creator from out His living presence  
All mankind to mortality expelled,  
And to the light, a later reappearance  
To find on senses' heavy path compelled,  
When all of Heaven's beings turned from him their faces,  
She chose, alone, with man to be,  
With the forsaken, banished races,  
Magnanimous, in their mortality.  
Here she in sloping flight does hover,  
Around her love in land of senses' thrall,  
And paints, deceiving as a lover,  
Elysium upon his prison wall.

WHEN in this nurse's arms so tender,  
The frail mankind still reposed,  
There holy bloodlust stirred up not an ember,  
There guiltless blood was not exposed.  
The heart, which she directs in gentle binding,  
The servile retinue of Duty does disdain,  
Her light's path falling, lovelier but winding,  
Onto morality's sunlighted plain.

They who her service chaste abided  
No baser urges tempt, no fates affright,  
As under holy power they resided,  
Then with pure spirit lives they are united  
Again into sweet freedom's right.

THE blissful, whom from millions, to her serving  
The purest, she did consecrate,  
Within whose breast she deemed her throne deserving  
And through whose mouth did mightiness relate,  
Whom she selected at e'er-flaming altars  
To see her holy fire never falters,  
Without a veil appeared she only 'fore their eye,  
Whom she in tender union would ally!  
Rejoice then in the honorable standing  
Wherein high order has uplifted you:  
In the exalted spirit world 'tis true,  
You held of man the highest standing.

TILL you proportion to the world brought back,  
Which serve with joy all things created,  
A boundless form, arrayed in evening crepe of black,  
Close 'round him here, by feeble beams illuminated,  
A shape of troops pugnaciously,  
Which held his sense in slav'ry's bands restrained,  
And rough, unsocialized as he,  
At him their thousand powers trained,  
—So stood creation 'fore the savage.  
Within blind appetite's complete control,  
By mere appearances now bidden,  
Flies by him, unenjoyed and ever hidden,  
So beautifly fair Nature's soul.

AND as she fleeting overhead now stole,  
You caught the friendly spirits up in tether  
With tender sense, with quiet hand,  
And learned how in harmonious band  
To bring them socially together.  
So lightly floating felt the view  
Of slender shapes of cedar cultivated;  
The crystal of the billows radiated  
The quiv'ring image back to you.  
How could you miss the lovely intimation,  
With which, benevolent, fair Nature toward you drew?

THEN Art, to steal her shadow forth in imitation,  
The image swimming on the wave displayed to you.  
Her very being parted from her,  
A phantom of herself, as dream,  
She jumped into the silver stream,  
Herself to offer to her robber.  
The beaut'ous plastic art awoke within your heart.  
Too noble not at rest to be conceiving

In sand, in clay—did you to shadow life impart,  
In outline its substantial self receiving.  
The sweet desire for action lively woke—  
From out your breast the first creation broke.

HELD under careful observation  
And captured by your watchful view,  
The private forms betrayed in revelation  
The talisman, which captivated you.  
The wonder-working laws, the measure  
Of charm's investigated treasure  
In gentle bond were by inventive mind  
Into your handiwork combined.  
The obelisk and pyramid ascended,  
The herm arose, the column sprang on high,  
The forest's melody from reedy pipe flowed by,  
And heroes' deeds in singing never ended.

THE sampling of a flow'ry bed  
Is bound in nosegay with a sage selection,  
And thus did Art from Nature first e'er tread;  
Then nosegays were into a wreath wound in collection,  
And thus a second, higher Art began  
From the creative hand of Man.  
The child of Beauty, needing no more,  
Perfected as if from your hand departed,  
The crown does forfeit, that it wore,  
Once actuality's imparted.  
The column must, unto proportion bent,  
Close ranks with all its sisters in formation,  
To Maenad's harp in acclamation,  
The hero in the hero host is blent.

SOON gathered near barbarians, astounded,  
To see the new creations forth they ran.  
Look, the delighted crowd resounded,  
Look there, all this was done by Man!  
As happy and more social pairs abounded,  
They seized hold of the singer's lyre,  
Which titans, giant battles celebrated  
And lion-slayers, who, while singers did inspire,  
From out their hearers heroes had created.  
Then, first time, did the mind partake  
Of joys more peaceful, reassuring,  
Which are but from afar alluring,  
Which won't its creature greed awake,  
Which though enjoyed are still enduring.

NOW from its carnal sleep did wrestle  
The soul, so beautiful and free,  
By you unchained sprang forth the vassal  
Of care in lap of joy to be.  
Now limits of the beast abated

And Man on his unclouded brow rang out,  
And thought, that foreign stranger elevated,  
From his astonished brain sprang out.  
Now *stood* Man, and to starry legions  
Displayed his kingly countenance,  
Then to these lofty sunlit regions  
His thanks conveyed through speaking glance.  
Upon his cheek did smiling flower,  
His voice, by sentiments now played,  
Unfolded into song's full power,  
Emotions moistened eye betrayed,  
And jest, with charm in graceful federation,  
His lips poured out in animation.

ENTOMBED in instincts worms inherit,  
In carnal pleasure full entwined,  
You recognized within his mind  
The noble seed of loving spirit.  
Though love did instinct base inherit,  
That better seed from out did bring  
He thanks that shepherd first did sing.  
Unto thought's level elevated  
Desire more modest then cascaded  
Melodic'ly from singer's mouth.  
The cheeks from dew drops softly burning,  
The steadfast, unextinguished yearning,  
The union of all souls set forth.

THE wisdom of the wise, the mild's mildness,  
Nobility's grace, the strong one's power  
You wed into a single likeness  
And placed it into glory's bower.  
The man who 'fore the unknown trembled,  
Its mere reflection came to love;  
Great heroes burning he assembled,  
To equal that great One above.  
From all archtypal Beauty the first ringing  
*You* made in Nature to resound in singing.

THE passions' frenzied, wild stress,  
The lawless whims of fortune,  
The instincts' and the duties' press  
You set with your acute emotion  
On straight-edge to their destination.  
What Nature in her great and grand procession  
In widespread distances has torn apart,  
Becomes in play, in song's expression  
Coherent, easy to impart.  
By Furies' singing much affected,  
The murder draws, though not detected,  
The fate of death from out their art.  
And long ere sages venture with a finding,  
An Iliad is fortune's mysteries unwinding

For young antiquity unfurled;  
From Thespis' chariot descending  
Came Providence into the world.

BUT in the great course of the world  
Too early was your symmetry ascending.  
When swarthy hand of destiny,  
What she before your eye had raveled,  
Would not before your eye untie,  
Then life to the abyss did fly,  
Before full lovely circle traveled—  
Then you did draw, with bold, audacious might,  
The arc still further into future's night;  
Then hurled yourself and never quivered  
Into Avernus' swarthy ocean wave  
And there the life that fled discovered  
Beyond the urn, beyond the grave;  
And then appeared with torch o'erturned the image  
Of blooming Pollux, who on Castor leans so nigh:  
The shadow that completes the Moon's full visage,  
Before the silver circle fills on high.

YET higher still, to ever higher stations  
Creative genius soared to be.  
One sees already rise creations from creations  
From harmonies comes harmony.  
What here delights the drunken eye alone,  
Is there in service to the higher beauty;  
The charms which do this nymph adorn,  
In a divine Athena soften gently:  
The forces which in wrestler's muscle rage,  
Must seek in godly Beauty silence tender;  
The figure proud of Jove, the wonder of his age,  
Does in Olympus' temple homage render.

THE world, transformed by labor's hand,  
The human heart, by new impulses greeted,  
And exercised in battles heated,  
Do your creation's scope expand.  
So Man, now far advanced, on pinions elevated,  
With thanks does Art transport on high,  
New worlds of beauty are created  
From nature richer made thereby.  
The bounds of knowledge melt away,  
The mind, in your light vic'tries sharpened,  
In mere enjoyments quickly ripened  
To race through all the artificial powers,  
Does set its sights on Nature's distant towers,  
And overtakes her on her dusky way.  
He weighs her now with human calculations,  
Does gauge with measures she herself has lent;  
Much better versed in Beauty's obligations,  
To pass before his eye she now is sent.

In self-contented, youthful joy he raises  
In loan unto the spheres his harmony,  
The universal edifice he praises  
And shows it off as symmetry.

Now everything that he discovers  
Does tell him of proportion fair.  
Fair Beauty's golden belt uncovers  
In his life's course her weaving there;  
While blest Perfection 'fore him hovers  
In all your works victoriously e'er.  
Wherever joy unblemished hurries,  
Wherever silent sorrow flees,  
Where contemplation thoughtful tarries,  
Where tears of misery he sees,  
Where thousand frights at him are 'raying;  
Do follow seas of harmony,  
He sees the Graces three in playing,  
And, his emotions soft-refined displaying,  
He strives to join the lovely company.  
Soft, as the lines alluring coil together,  
As all phenomena around  
In softened contour blend in one another  
Just so, his life's light breath is bound.  
His spirit melts in Harmony's great ocean,  
Which 'round his senses lustfully now flows  
And quietly his thoughts, enraptured, close  
On ever-present Cytherea, in devotion.  
With destiny in lofty unity,  
Sustained in calm on Muses and on Graces,  
His friendly breast exposed obligingly,  
Is struck as threat'ning arrow races  
From gentle bowstring of necessity.

THE trusted favorites of blessed Harmony,  
Companions who to gladden life have striven,  
The noblest and the dearest, those which she,  
Who gave us life, that we might live has given!  
That man unshackled of his duty now takes heed,  
The fetters loves which him do lead,  
Not prey to iron scepter of contingency,  
*This* thanks you—your eternity,  
And a sublime reward is your heart's treasure.  
That 'round the cup in which our freedoms run  
The gods of joy do joke with pleasure,  
The charming dream is lovely spun,  
Embraced for this be, in full measure!

THE Spirit glittering and bright,  
Who cloaked Necessity with grace, does order  
Unto his starry vault, unto his ether,  
To serve us graciously and right,  
Who in destruction still adorns himself, delights us

With the sublime where he affrights us,  
To be like this great Artist seek.  
As on the brooklet mirror-sleek  
The bright-hued banks a-dancing glimmer  
With sunset's glow and flow'ry field,  
So on our barren life does shimmer  
The poet's lively shadow-world.  
You have to us, as bride garmented,  
The frightening unknown presented,  
Our destiny without relent.  
Just as your urns the bones do cover,  
You put a magic, sweet sheen over  
The dreadful sorrow's choir lament.  
Throughout millenia I've hurried,  
In boundless realm of ages past,  
How Mankind laughs where'er you've tarried,  
How dreary when you're gone at last.

WHAT once with feathers soaring upward  
Full force from your creating hands did climb,  
Again itself within your arms discovered,  
When silent victory of time  
From off his cheeks life's rosy flower  
The strength from out his members stole  
And sadly, steps now lacking power,  
The old man staggered on his pole.  
Then you from fountain freshly rendered  
The wave of life to thirsty tendered;  
Twice did the epoch gain its youth anew,  
Twice from the seed which you yourself did strew.

BY savage hordes expatriated,  
The last of off'ring brands you snatched away  
From Orient's fair altars desecrated  
And brought it to the Occident to stay.  
There dawned the lovely fugitive much feted,  
The new day, from the East, now in the West,  
And on Hesperia's meadows germinated  
Ionia's renewed and blooming best.  
Into men's souls now cast a Nature fairer  
Soft mirroring, a fair reflection bright,  
And in these souls bejewelled there came aglitter  
To reign the goddess great of light.  
One saw the falling of a million shackles,  
And for the slaves the rights of men now heard,  
As brother peacefully with brother travels,  
So mildly has the young mankind matured.  
With inner lofty joy inspired  
Of fortune's gift you take your part,  
And in humility attired  
With silent merit you depart.

IF on the paths of thought without obstruction

Now roams th'investigator, fortune bold,  
And, drunken with the paeons' loud eruption,  
He reaches rashly for the crown to hold;  
If now it is his rash conception  
To noble guide dispatch with hireling's bread,  
While by Art's dreamed-for throne's erection  
The first slave office to permit instead:—  
Forgive him—th'crown of all perfection  
Does hover bright above your head.  
With you, the spring's first blooming flower,  
Fair Nature's soul-formation first arose,  
With you, the harvest's joyful power,  
Does Nature's self-perfecting close.

EMERGED from humble clay, from stoney traces,  
Creative Art, with peaceful victories embraces  
The mind's unmeasured, vast domain.  
What but discoverers in knowledge's high places  
Can conquer, did for you its conquest gain.  
The treasures which the thinker has collected  
Will only in your arms first warm his heart,  
When science is, by beauty ripened and perfected,  
Ennobled to a work of art—  
When he up to the hilltop with you sallies  
And to his eye, in evening's shining part,  
Is suddenly revealed—the lovely valleys.

THE richer satisfied his fleeting vision,  
The loftier the orders which the mind  
Does fly through in *one* magic union,  
Does circumscribe in *one* enjoyment blind;  
The wider ope are thoughts and feelings growing  
To richer play of harmonies now showing,  
To beauty's more abundant streaming van—  
The lovelier the pieces of the universal plan,  
Which now, disfigured, tarnish its creation,  
He then sees lofty forms bring to perfection.  
The lovelier the riddles from the night,  
The richer is the world that he embraces,  
The broader streams the sea in which he races,  
The weaker grows his destiny's blind might,  
The higher are his urges striving,  
The smaller he himself, the greater grows his loving.

So lead him, the hidden pathway show  
Through ever purer forms, through music clearer,  
Through ever higher heights and beauty fuller  
Up poetry's beflowered ladder go—  
At last, at epoch's ripest hour,  
Yet one more happy inspiration bright,  
The recent age of Man's poetic flight,  
And—he will glide in arms of Truth's full power.

AND she, the gentle Cypria,  
By fiery crown illuminated,  
Before her son-grown-man now elevated,  
Unveiled—as Urania;  
So much the sooner by him sighted,  
The *lovelier*, from her now flown!  
Thus sweet, thus happily delighted  
Stood once Ulysses' noble son,  
When she, divine, who shared his youth as partner,  
Was then transfigured to Jove's daughter.

THE dignity of Man into your hands is given,  
Its keeper be!  
It sinks with you! With you it will be risen!  
The sacred magic of poetry  
A world-plan wise is serving  
To th'ocean, steer it e'er unswerving,  
Of lofty harmony!

FAIR Truth, by her own time rejected,  
By Poetry now be protected,  
And refuge find in the Muses' choir.  
In highest and abundant splendor,  
More fright'ning in her veil of wonder,  
Then let her rise aloft in singing  
And vengeance win with music ringing  
Upon her persecutor's ear.

YOU free sons of the freest mother,  
Swing upward with a constant face,  
And strive then after no crown other,  
To highest Beauty's radiant place.  
The sisters who from here departed  
In the mother's lap you soon will see;  
What souls of beauty have imparted  
Must excellent and perfect be.  
Uplift yourselves on wings emboldened  
Above your epoch's course be drawn;  
See in your mirror now engoldened  
The coming century's fair dawn.  
On thousand twisting pathways chasing,  
So rich in multiplicity,  
Come forward, then, with arms embracing  
Around the throne of unity.  
As into gentle beams of seven  
Divides the lovely shimmer white,  
As also rainbow beams of seven  
Dissolve into white beams of light—  
So, play in thousandfolded clar'ty,  
Enchanted 'round the heady sight,  
So flow back in *one* band of ver'ty,  
Into *one* single stream of light!

—translated by Marianna Wertz