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THE SCULPTOR

I saw a sculptor all intent
 Upon his marble white,
 And all his energies were bent
 To mould it day and night.
 With mallet hard, and tools of strength,
 And many strokes severe,
 The block was made to feel at length
 That skillful hands were near.

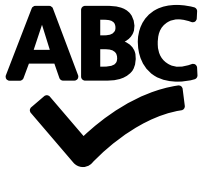
And I beheld a child look on,
 And gaze with wondering eye;
 She saw the splinters, one by one,
 In all directions fly:
 The doubts that filled that simple mind
 Were hard to understand,
 Like curious things that children find
 Upon the ocean's strand.

The marble chips, at every stroke,
 Were scattered one by one,
 When childish doubt broke out and spoke,
 "Father, why waste the stone?"
 "It is," he said, in accents mild,
 "By strokes and heavy blows,
 That as the marble wastes, my child,
 The more the statue grows."

—Selected.

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— February, 1880 —



Jeżeli zauważysz błąd w pisowni, powiadom nas poprzez zaznaczenie tego fragmentu tekstu i przyciśnięcie *Ctrl+Enter*.