Mild Splendour of the various-vested Night!Mother of wildly-working visions! haillI watch thy gliding, while with watery lightThy weak eye glimmers through a fleecy veil;And when thou lovest thy pale orb to shroudBehind the gather’d blackness lost on high;And when thou dartest from the wind-rent cloudThy placid lightning o’er the awaken’d sky.