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