

“In the elder days of art  
Builders wrought with greatest care  
Each minute and unseen part,—  
For the gods see everywhere.”

—*Longfellow*

“Oh, happy dreams of such a soul have I,  
And softly to myself of him I sing,  
Whose seraph pride all pride doth overwing;  
Who stoops to greatness, matches low with high,  
And as in grand equalities of sky,  
Stands level with the beggar and the king.”

—*Watson*