

Bertram :

“ Watcher unseeing! what of the night!

’Tis past and gone.

I know th’ advance and joy of light!

Look how for it all things put on

Such hues as in comparison

The earth and sky to darkness turn,

Hues of the sard, and chrysolite

And sapphire herald in the morn.”

Atmâ :

“ Ah! woe is me for day so quickly past,

For morning fled, and noontide unexpressed.”

Bertram :

“ The subtly-quicken^{ing} breath of morn

my inmost being is borne,

And I behold th’ unearthly train

Of solemn splendours that pertain

To seraph state,

Such as our glories symbolize.

They sweep in countless bright convoys

Athwart my blissful view, they seem

Completion of all pleasure known

Or loved, and of our fairest dream

End and interpretation.”