

Chapter IX

Estatic Fear

The Dawn arose, the slumbers shadows have passed
The autumnal grace which so kindly has cast
It's sombre yet gracious delight on my grief
Enshrouded and lulled by the winters far deeper relief
As weary my days will grow from leisure apart
I shall wait for your powers renewed
I pray to whatever there be
"Let be my heart by your tenderness again imbued."
Cura a die renovato cedit
Dolor et laetitia conjunctus est
Delightful shade was all that I dared hope for
Thy silent charm alone remains to adore.

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