

# 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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