

ΚΕΦΑΛΗ ΚΘ

THE SOUTHERN CROSS

Love, I love you ! Night, night, cover us !  
Thou art night, O my love : and there are no  
stars but thine eyes.

Dark night, sweet night, so warm and yet so  
fresh, so scented yet so holy, cover me, cover  
me !

Let me be no more ! Let me be Thine ; let  
me be Thou ; let me be neither Thou nor I ; let  
there be love in night and night in love.

N. O. X. the night of Pan ; and Laylah, the  
night before His threshold !