Prelude

'The willow-wren was twittering his thin little song, hidden himself in the dark selvedge of the river bank. Though it was past ten o'clock at night, the sky still clung to and retained some lingering skirts of light from the departed day; and the sullen heats of the torrid afternoon broke up and rolled away at the dispersing touch of the cool fingers of the short midsummer night.'



'The water's own noises, too, were more apparent than by day, its gurglings and 'cloops' more unexpected and near at hand... The line of the horizon ... showed black against a silvery climbing phosphorescence that grew and grew. At last, over the rim of the waiting earth the moon lifted with slow majesty till it swung clear of the horizon and rode off, free of all moorings; and once more they began to see surfaces ... all radiant again as by day, but with a difference that was tremendous.'



Caprice

 $\label{thm:continuous} \began slowly to declare itself... a bird piped suddenly, and was still; and a light breeze sprang up and set the reeds and bulrushes rustling.'$

