



To Sleep

O soft embalmer of the still
midnight,
Shutting, with careful
Fingers and benign,
Our gloom-pleas'd eyes,
Embower'd from the light,
Enshaded in forgetfulness divine:
O soothest Sleep! if so it please
thee, close
In midst of this thine hymn my
willing eyes,
Or wait the —Amen, ere thy
poppy throws
Around my bed its lulling
charities.
Then save me, or the passed
day will shine
Upon my pillow, breeding many
woes,—
Save me from curious
Conscience,
That still lords
Its strength for darkness,
Burrowing like a mole;
Turn the key deftly
In the oiled wards,
And seal the hushed
Casket of my Soul.