

So either at their length reclined,
Or curled around as serpent kind,
Or deep in burrows mined with care,
Or poised on branches high in air.
Whilst all their varied habits keep,
In this they do agree, to sleep.

And man, "the lord of all below,"
By reason taught his good to know,
Straight to his friendly couch repairs ;
Forgets in sleep his daily cares ;
A respite is his pillow true
From toils, and thus his powers renew.

The light so dear to man by day,
To guide his feet—insure his way,
Has by a wise provision fled,
From eyes to outer vision dead.

And whilst refreshing slumbers weigh
Upon his brow, strange phantom's play
Around his half-unconscious mind,
In dreamy shadows ill defined.

He takes the strangest scenes for true,
The dreamy land whilst passing through ;
The revelations there made known,
Would startle Reason from her throne.

To balmy sleep that bears away,
Entranced the mind all seem to say,
" O ! welcome, welcome, constant friend,
" All living things on thee depend ;
" When nature droops thy willing arms,
" In fond embrace bestow their charms,