

memory. In such a mood the following verses were written:—

OH, LET ME SLEEP!

Oh, let me sleep! nor wake to sadness
The heart that, sleeping, dreams of gladness;
For sleep is death, without the pain—
Then wake me not to life again.
Oh, let me sleep! nor break the spell
That soothes the captive in his cell;
That bursts his chains, and sets him free,
To revel in his liberty.

Loved scenes, array'd in tenderest hue,
Now rise in beauty to my view;
And long-lost friends around me stand,
Or, smiling, grasp my willing hand.
Again I seek my island home;
Along the silent bays I roam,
Or, seated on the rocky shore,
I hear the angry surges roar.

And oh, how sweet the music seems
I've heard amid my blissful dreams!
But of the sadly pleasing strains,
Naught save the thrilling sense remains.
Those sounds so loved in scenes so dear,
Still—still they murmur in my ear:
But sleep alone can bless the sight
With forms that fade with morning's light.

J. W. D. M.