

TO SLEEP

O SOFT enbalmer of the still midnight !
Shutting, with careful fingers and benign,
Our gloom-pleased 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 hoards
Its strength, for darkness burrowing like a mole ;
Turn the key deftly in the oiled wards,
And seal the hushed casket of my soul.

ON FAME

FAME, like a wayward girl, will still be coy
To 'hose who woo her with too slavish knees,
But makes surrender to some thoughtless boy,
And dotes the more upon a heart at ease ;
She is a Gipsy,—will not speak to those
Who have not learnt to be content without her ;
A Jilt, whose ear was never whisper'd close,
Who thinks they scandal her who talk about her ;
A very Gipsy is she, Nilus-born,
Sister-in-law to jealous Potiphar ;
Ye love-sick Bards ! repay her scorn for scorn ;
Ye Artists lovelorn ! madmen that ye are !
Make your best bow to her and bid adieu,
Then, if she likes it, she will follow you.