

## LOVE'S SLEEP

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(Vers de Société)

WE'LL cover Love with roses,  
And sweet sleep he shall take  
None but a fool supposes  
Love always keeps awake.  
I've known loves without number—  
True loves were they, and tried ;  
And just for want of slumber  
They pined away and died.

Our love was bright and cheerful  
A little while ago ;  
Now he is pale and tearful,  
And—yes, I've seen him yawn.  
So tired is he of kisses  
That he can only weep ;  
The one dear thing he misses  
And longs for now is sleep.

We could not let him leave us  
One time, he was so dear,  
But now it would not grieve us  
If he slept half a year.