

TO SLEEP.

O gentle spirit of eternity !
To whose sweet influence weary mortals yield :
Eager to shut from sight the fairest field,
And, utterly, to sink the soul in thee !
Thou blessed tide that floweth from love's sea !
Infinite compassion is in thee unseal'd :
In thee, all griefs are lost, all wounds are heal'd,
And death is silent, dreamless ecstasy.

When my last day on earth draws to its end,
And light is failing, and strange shadows gloom,
And I shall turn me, feebly, to the wall,
O, comfort me in mercy, Sleep ! and lend
Thy spirit to my soul, until the doom
Of death be past, and life is all in all.