

To Sleep

O soft embalmer of the still midnight,
Shutting, with careful
Fingers and benign,
Our gloom-pleas'd 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 lords
Its strength for darkness,
Burrowing like a mole;
Turn the key deftly
In the oiled wards,
And seal the hushed
Casket of my Soul.

by John Keats