

ADDRESSED TO SLEEP.

DESCEND, sweet Sleep, mine eyelids close
With peace-restoring balm ;
'Tis thou alone can'ft heal my woes,
And lull me to a calm:

Come then on Fancy's airy wing
With all thy pleasing train,
Thy kind delusions with thee bring,
And lull my aching brain.

But why so oft must I in vain
Invoke thy sov'reign power ?
Say, cruel, why dost thou disdain
On me thy bliss to shower ?

Freely by Heav'n on all thou'rt shed,
The gift all nature shares,
Why then from me so distant fled ?
Ah ! why not hear my pray'r ?

Why, like the selfish and the vain,
Thus deaf to sorrow's cry,
Court none but Pleasure's smiling train,
And shun the weeping eye ?

Did wicked thoughts within my breast
A welcome harbour meet,
Did I, when lying down to rest,
Plot or contrive deceit,

Then could I not presume to find
Remission of my grief ;
For whither can a guilty mind
Resort for its relief ?

But

But soft ! sure 'twas a voice that said—

“ Stop ! thy rebukes are vain ;

“ Man by his Maker first was made

“ Exempt from grief or pain.”

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