

## TO———

Sleep on, sleep on, another hour—  
I would not break so calm a sleep,  
To wake to sunshine and to show'r,  
To smile and weep.

Sleep on, sleep on, like sculptured thing,  
Majestic, beautiful art thou;  
Sure seraph fans thee with his wing  
And fans thy brow—

We would not deem thee child of earth,  
For, O, angelic is thy form!  
But that in heav'n thou had'st thy birth,  
Where comes no storm

To mar the bright, the perfect flow'r,  
But all is beautiful and still—  
And golden sands proclaim the hour  
Which brings no ill.

Sleep on, sleep on, some fairy dream  
Perchance is woven in thy sleep—  
But, O, thy spirit, calm, serene,  
Must wake to weep.

*[May 11, 1833]*