

## 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