

# To Sleep

By George Sylvester Viereck

O gentle sleep, turn not thine eyes away,  
But place thy finger on my brow and take  
All burthens from me and all dreams that ache;  
Upon mine eyes a cooling balsam lay,  
Seeing I am aweary of the day.  
But now thy lips are ashen and they quake—  
What spectral vision seest thou that can shake  
Thy sweet composure and thy heart dismay?

Perhaps the eyes of wicked murder gleam  
Upon my bedside, or some monstrous dream  
Would bring such fearsome guilt upon the head  
Of my unvigilant soul as might arouse  
The Borgian snake from her envenomed bed,  
And startle Nero in his Golden House!