

ON SLEEPING.

"Morn — — — the time of all times to a snoozer."—C. CLARK.

POOR Richard* has told us the way to be wise—
To go to bed early, and early to rise ;
But, in summer, when daylight's beginning to peep,
I always have found it—the *best time for sleep*.

The light of the morning oft dawns on my eyes,
When I feel in a doze, and unwilling to rise :
And oft are such seasons so dear to my heart,
That I find it *a bore* from my pillow to part!

Some folks will rise *early*, and bustle about,
And awake ev'ry one in the house with their rout ;—
Now this I don't like, for 'twas always my plan
To let those rise who *will*—but let those sleep who *can*!

At night when my head on my pillow I lay,
How soon are forgotten the cares of the day ;—
When the weather, without, is tempest'ous and rough,
Let me get to my pillow—I'm *all right enough*!

* Dr. Franklin.

JOHN HOLLAMBY.

HAILSHAM, 1846.

AFTER WORKING MANY HOURS. A Parody.

AFTER working many hours,
And going to bed quite late,
What a shame it is to be disturb'd
Before next morn at eight!
It makes me rub my weary eyes,
And scratch my sleepy head,
Before I can collect my thoughts,
Or sit upright in bed.

But times are changed, and I am forced
To rise each morning soon :
Once I had nothing else to do
But lay and sleep till noon ;
Or watch the sunshine on the wall
Creep slowly to the floor ;
And sigh'd not for a greater joy,
Than such a peaceful hour.

I would I could recall once more
That bless'd and peaceful joy,
And lay and sleep my time away,
As when I was a boy.
I think on days of past delight,
Which fills my heart with sorrow ;
As a sluggard, when in bed at night,
I dread the coming morrow!

JAMES HOLLAMBY.

TUNBRIDGE WELLS, 1846.