LETHARGY

BY JULIA AUSTEN

Walk softly, children, lest you wake
Your fathers, weary, drenched in sleep;
Walk softly, children, never take
Their sleep from those who cannot break
The lethargy of Man.
But if you find in tip-toed quest
A man who lightly sleeps, and dreams,
Then wake him, children, wake him lest
He sleep too long, but it seem
As if he waked himself.

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