

Classic Poetry Series

Agnes Louise Storrie

- poems -

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Twenty Gallons of Sleep

MEASURE me out from the fathomless tun
That somewhere or other you keep
In your vasty cellars, O wealthy one,
Twenty gallons of sleep.

Twenty gallons of balmy sleep,
Dreamless, and deep, and mild,
Of the excellent brand you used to keep
When I was a little child.

I've tasted of all your vaunted stock,
Your clarets and ports of Spain,
The liquid gold of your famous hock,
And your matchless dry champagne.

Of your rich muscats and your sherries fine,
I've drunk both well and deep;
Then measure me out, O merchant mine,
Twenty gallons of sleep.

Twenty gallons of slumber soft,
Of the innocent, baby kind,
When the angels flutter their wings aloft
And the pillow with down is lined.

I have drawn the corks, and drained the lees,
Of every vintage pressed;
If I've felt the sting of my honey bees,
I've taken it with the rest.

I have lived my life, and I'll not repine;
As I sowed I was bound to reap;
Then measure me out, O merchant mine,
Twenty gallons of sleep.

Agnes Louise Storrie