

## The God Of Sleep Has Made His House

Current 93

In a strange land  
The god of sleep  
Has made his house  
Of marvellous design  
Under a hill  
There is a cave  
Which of the sun  
May nothing have  
So that no man  
May know aright  
The point between  
The day and the night  
So that inward  
There is no light  
And so to speak  
Of that without  
There stands no  
Great tree there about  
Whereupon might  
Crow or magpie alight  
To call or to cry  
There is no cock  
To crow the day  
Neither beast which  
Might noise make  
Upon the hill  
But all around  
There is growing  
On the ground  
Poppy which bears  
The seed of sleep  
A still water  
All the time  
Is running over  
The small stones  
And it gives  
Great desire  
To sleep  
To sleep

And thus full of delight  
Sleep has his house