The lull of night brings you before me dressed in distant Land of Nod

And within my heart beholds you growing there within the sod

But eye beneath the perfumed brow. Why look to me again? You are seldom's sister how to tell my never's friend.

In the quiet of hope's surrounding where you teach a passion song

And bid it sing of love abounding to ev'ry hate among the throngs

But mouth adorned with honeyed tongue. Why speak to me again?

Your song seldom's sister sung to tell my never's friend.

In pleasure's garden you have wandered, throbbing in the dust of aim

Helping all my friends of wisdom, kindling light and answer rain

But flower of certain's ancient season. Why send your breath again?

You're seldom sister's reason for remaining never's friend.