The Log of the Good Ship Nod

Verse by George W. Stevens

Music by Catherine Fannill Mead

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The John Church Company
Cincinnati
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The log of the good ship Nod, I ween,
   Is the fairest log I know;
It's written in dew on the misty blue
   Of the pages of long ago.

Only the eyes of a child may read
   And only a child may go.
The mariner bold is a three year old,
   And the sailors are made of dough.

The town of Good-night lies far astern
   The Island of Dreams ahead,
The binnacle light is a fire-fly bright,
   And the cargo is ginger bread.

Swung in a golden hammock of dreams,
   We would cruise forever more;
But there comes a day when she sails away
   And alas, we are left on shore.

Aye the log of the good ship Nod, I ween.
   Is the fairest log I know.

-Geo. W. Stevens
The Log of the Good Ship Nod

GEO. W. STEVENS

CATHARINE PANOLL MEAD

Dreamily, not too fast

The log of the good ship

Nod, I ween, Is the fairest log I know; It's

written in dew on the misty blue of the pages of long a-

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Only the eyes of a child may read and

Only a child may go; The mariner bold is a

three year old And the sailors are made of dough.
The town of Good-night lies far a stern.

Island of Dreams ahead, The binnaclie light is a firefly bright, And the cargo is ginger bread.

Swung in a golden hammock of dreams, We would cruise forever.
more; But there comes a day when she sails a-way And a-
las, we are left on shore. Aye the
log of the good ship Ned, I ween, Is the fair-est log I 
know.