

The Land of Nod.

A LITTLE boat put out from shore,
Into the twilight dim.
A little boatman in the prow,
Chanted an ev'ning hymn.

It drifted gently with the tide,
Beyond the harbour's mouth ;
And someone there who saw it said,
'Twas drifting towards the south.

The " Land of Nod " it reached at last,
And anchored in the bay,
Where all the little children sleep,
While all the ripples play.

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