



## The Land of Nod

by Robert Louis Stevenson

from, *A Child's Garden of Verses* (1916)

From breakfast on through all the day  
At home among my friends I stay,  
But every night I go abroad  
Afar into the land of Nod.

All by myself I have to go,  
With none to tell me what to do--  
All alone beside the streams  
And up the mountain-sides of dreams.

The strangest things are these for me,  
Both things to eat and things to see,  
And many frightening sights abroad  
Till morning in the land of Nod.

Try as I like to find the way,  
I never can get back by day,  
Nor can remember plain and clear  
The curious music that I hear.

Illustration by Myrtle Sheldon  
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