

©1981 Don Simpson. All rights reserved

Am
Once there was a Ship of Stone
That orbited a mighty star
And from it flew the first ship's crew
Whose children we all are;
And no matter how long
We've drawn our track,
Still over our shoulder, looking back
Through the hydrogen's hiss
And the methane's moan,
Past the polymer clouds
Of the dead stars' shrouds,
All our roads run back to the Ship of Stone.
Am
There the first crew all were made
And wakened from unknowing sleep
By the boundless sight of Heaven's height
And the fires on the deep;
And no matter how strange
the forms we wear,
How warped and wild, how rich and rare,
How changed we've made the seed we've
sown;
We are blood of those who singing rose
From the body of the Ship of Stone.

Am
There our own ships' frames were formed
To grow blue glowing wings,
And spread them wide to the farthest tide
Where the last, lone beacon sings;
And no matter how tight the net they knot
Of our web where the wheel of light is caught,
How strange and lost,
How grand they've grown,
They too desire all Heaven's fire:
Our companions since the Ship of Stone.

one verse instrumental

Am
Once there was a Ship of Stone,
Clear-domed, broad-hulled, and clean,
Where the air shone blue,
Through whose holds birds flew,
Whose decks were growing green;
And no matter how odd
These things may seem,
As madly mazed as shards of dream,
no drum on these two lines
They are not a dream that you dream alone—
All ships, all men are of one kin;
We shall not forget the Ship of Stone.

If any of the songs we filkers are writing and singing now deserves to be remembered a thousand years from now, this is it. My all-time favorite.