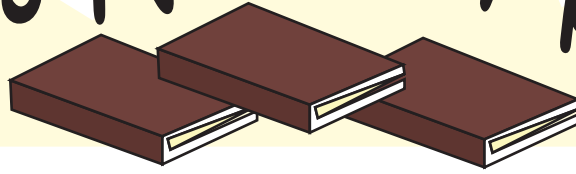




Dizkis Nursery Songs



Wynken, Blynken And Nod

Wynken and Blynken are two little eyes,
And Nod is a little head,
And the wooden shoe that sailed the skies
Is a wee one's trundle-bed.

So shut your eyes while mother sings
Of wonderful sights that be,
And you shall see the beautiful things
As you rock in the misty sea,
Where the old shoe rocked the fishermen three;
Wynken, Blynken and Nod.
All night long their nets they threw
To the stars in the twinkling foam -
Then down from the skies came the wooden shoe,
Bringing the fishermen home.

'Twas all so pretty a tale it seemed
As if it could not be,
And some folks thought 'twas a dream they'd dreamed
Of sailing that beautiful sea -
But I shall name you the fishermen three:
Wynken, Blynken and Nod.

The old moon laughed and sang a song
As they rocked in the wooden shoe,
And the wind that sped them all night long
Ruffled the waves of dew.

The little stars were the herring fish
That lived in the beautiful sea -
"Now cast your nets wherever you wish -
Never afeard are we";
So cried the stars to the fishermen three:
Wynken, Blynken and Nod.

Wynken, Blynken and Nod.
By Eugene Field
Wynken, Blynken and Nod, one night,
Sailed off in a wooden shoe.
Sailed on a river of crystal light,
Into a sea of dew.

"Where are you going and what do you wish?"
The old moon asked the three.
"We have come to fish for the herring fish
That live in this beautiful sea;
Nets of silver and gold have we!"
Said Wynken Blynken and Nod.