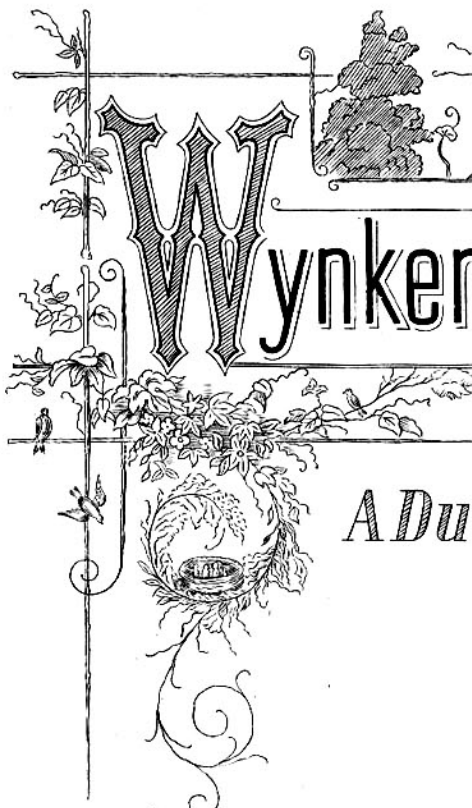


To  
Miss Emma Juch.



# Wynken and Blynken

*A Dutch Lullaby*

Music

BY

# JULES JORDAN

Pr. 50¢

*Sop. or Tenor in A.*

*Mezzo-Sop. in G.*

*Alto or Bar in F.*

NEW YORK, G. SCHIRMER.

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To Miss EMMA JUCH.

# A Dutch Lullaby.

Words by EUGENE FIELD.

JULES JORDAN.

*Allegretto.*

VOICE.  Wynken, and Blynken, and

PIANO. 

 Nod, one night, Sailed off in a wood - en shoe,



 Sailed on a riv - er of mist - y light In - to a sea of -



*a tempo.* *poco rit.*

dew. — “Where are you go - ing, and what do you wish?”

*a tempo.* *poco rit.*

*a tempo.*

The old moon asked of the three; “We have come to fish for the

*a tempo.*

her - ring fish That live in this beau - ti - ful sea. — Nets of

sil-ver and gold have we? Said Wyn - ken, Blynken and Nod, — The

*molto rit.* *rit.*

old moon laughed and sang a song, As they rocked in the wood-en

*p cresc*

shoe, And the wind that sped them all night a long, Ruffled the waves of

*rit.*

dew. The lit-tle stars were the her-ring fish That lived in the

*a tempo.* *poco rit.* *a tempo*

*a tempo.* *a tempo*

*poco rit.*

beau-ti-ful sea; "Now cast your nets where-ever you wish, But nev-er a-

feard are we." So cried the stars to the fisher-men three;

Wyn-ken, Blynken and Nod. All night long their nets they threw

*rit.* *a tempo.*  
*rit.* *molto rit.* *a tempo.*

For the fish in the twink-ling foam, Then down from the sky came the wooden-

*p.*

shoe, Bringing the fish-er-men home. 'Twas all so pret-ty a sail, it seemed,

*rit.* *a tempo.* *poco rit.*  
*a tempo.* *poco rit.*

*a tempo.*  
*a tempo.* As if it could not be; And some folk thought it was a dream they dreamed of

sailing the beautiful sea. — But I shall name you the fisher-men three:

*rit.* Wyn - ken, Blynken and Nod. *a tempo.* Wynken and Blynken are two lit-tle eyes,  
*rit.* *molto rit.* *a tempo.*

And Nod is a lit - tle head; And the wooden shoe that sailed the skies Is a

*p cresc.*

*rit.* wee ones trundle - bed. — *a tempo.* "So shut your eyes while moth - er sings  
*a tempo.* *poco rit.*

*a tempo.*

Of wonderful sights that be, And you shall see the beautiful things, As you

*a tempo.*

rock on the misty sea; Where the old shoe rocked the fisher-men three,

*rit.* Wyn - ken, Blynken and Nod? *pp a tempo.* Wynken, and Blynken, and Nod one night,

*rit.* *molto rit.* *a tempo.*

Sailed off in a wooden shoe; Sailed on a river of misty light;

*p. cresc.*

*rit.* In - to a sea of dew. *a tempo.* *ten.* *ten.* *ten.*

*rit.* *pp* *rit.*