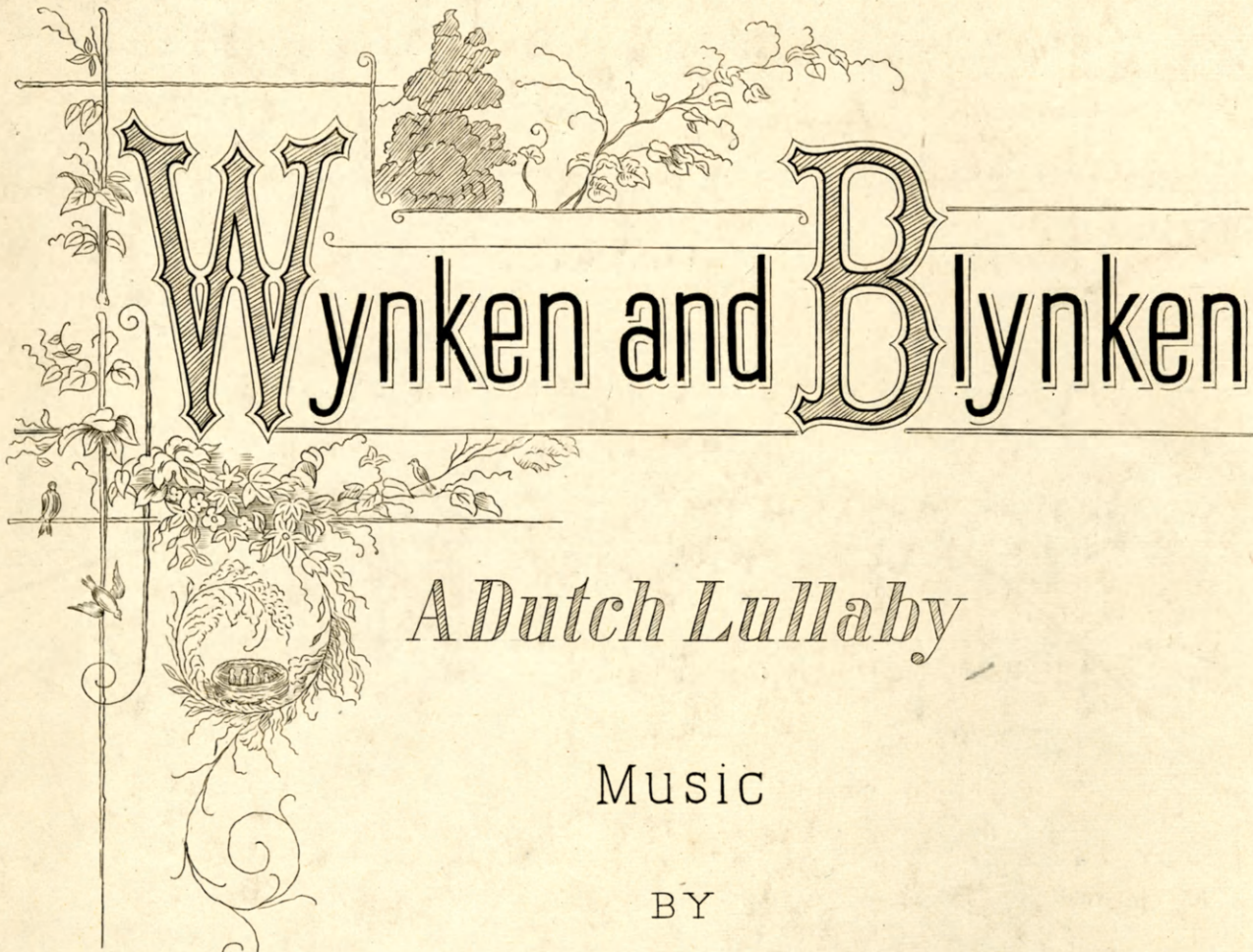


To  
Miss Emma Juch.



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.*

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To Miss EMMA JUCH.

# A Dutch Lullaby.

Words by EUGENE FIELD.

JULES JORDAN.

*Allegretto.*

VOICE. 

Wynken, and Blynken, and

PIANO. 

*p leggiero.* *rit.* *a tempo.*



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



*p cresc.*



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



*rit.*



*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.*



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, Ruf - fled 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 - ev - er 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 fisher-men home. 'Twas all so pret - ty a sail, it seemed

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

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



*a tempo.*

*a tempo.* As if — it could not be, And some folks thought 'twas a dream they dreamed of

sail-ing the beau-ti-ful 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 *poco rit.*

*rit.* *a tempo.*



*a tempo.*

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

*a tempo.*

rock on the mist-y 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 wood-en shoe; Sailed on a riv-er of misty light;

*p*

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

*rit. pp rit.*