

# 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 of 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.

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 that 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.

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;  
'T was all so pretty a sail it seemed  
As if it could not be,  
And some folks thought 't was a dream they 'd dreamed  
Of sailing that beautiful sea---  
But I shall name you the fishermen three:  
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.