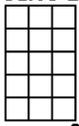


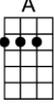
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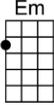
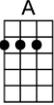
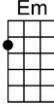
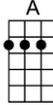


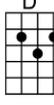
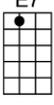
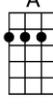
WINKIN' BLINKIN' AND NOD (BAR)-m-Lucy Simon

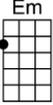
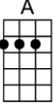
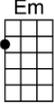
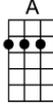
4/4 1...2...1234

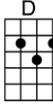
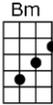
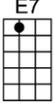
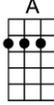
-w-Eugene Field (1889)

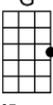
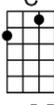
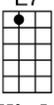
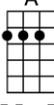
Intro:  (4 measures)

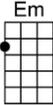
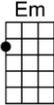
   
Winkin' and Blinkin' and Nod one night sailed off on a wooden shoe,

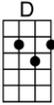
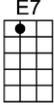
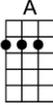
   
Sailed on a river of crystal light, into a sea of dew.

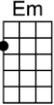
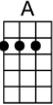
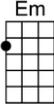
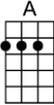
   
"Now, where are you goin', and what do you wish?" The old moon asked the three.

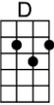
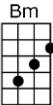
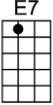
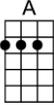
   
"Well, we're goin' out fishin' for herring fish that live in the beautiful sea,

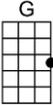
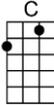
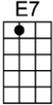
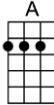
   
Nets of silver and gold have we, " Said Winkin' and Blinkin' and Nod.

   
The old moon laughed, and sang a song, as they rocked in their wooden shoe

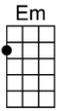
   
And the wind that sped them all night long ruffled the waves of dew.

   
Well, the little stars were the herring fish that lived in the beautiful sea.

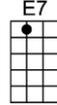
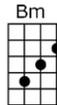
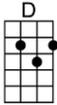
   
"Now cast your nets where-ever you wish, never afeared are we, "

   
So sang the stars to the fishermen three: Winkin' and Blinkin' and Nod

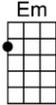
p.2. Winkin' Blinkin' and Nod



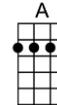
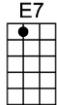
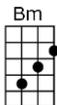
All night long their nets they threw, to the stars in the twinkling foam.



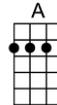
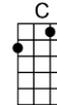
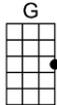
Then down from the skies came the wooden shoe, bringin' the fishermen home.



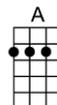
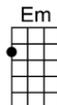
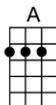
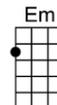
'Twas all so pretty a sight, it seemed, as if it could not be



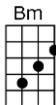
And some folks thought 'twas a dream they dreamed, of sailin' the beautiful sea



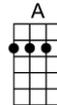
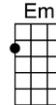
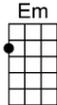
But I shall name you the fishermen three: Winkin' and Blinkin' and Nod



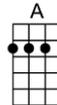
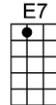
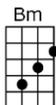
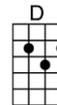
Now, Winkin' and Blinkin' are two little eyes, and Nod is a little head.



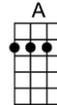
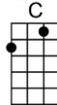
And the wooden shoe that sailed the skies is a wee one's trundle bed.



So, close your eyes while mother sings of the beautiful sights that be



And you will see the wonderful things, as you rock in the misty sea



Where the old moon rocked the fishermen three: Winkin' and Blinkin' and Nod

WINKIN' BLINKIN' AND NOD-m-Lucy Simon

4/4 1...2...1234

-w-Eugene Field (1889)

Intro: A (4 measures)

Em A Em A
Winkin' and Blinkin' and Nod one night sailed off on a wooden shoe,
D Bm E7 A
Sailed on a river of crystal light, into a sea of dew.

Em A Em A
"Now, where are you goin', and what do you wish?" The old moon asked the three.

D Bm E7 A
"Well, we're goin' out fishin' for herring fish that live in the beautiful sea,
G C E7 A
Nets of silver and gold have we, " Said Winkin' and Blinkin' and Nod.

Em A Em A
The old moon laughed, and sang a song, as they rocked in their wooden shoe
D Bm E7 A
And the wind that sped them all night long ruffled the waves of dew.

Em A Em A
Well, the little stars were the herring fish that lived in the beautiful sea.

D Bm E7 A
"Now cast your nets where-ever you wish, never afeared are we, "
G C E7 A
So sang the stars to the fishermen three: Winkin' and Blinkin' and Nod

Em A Em A
All night long their nets they threw, to the stars in the twinkling foam.

D Bm E7 A
Then down from the skies came the wooden shoe, bringin' the fishermen home.

Em A Em A
'Twas all so pretty a sight, it seemed, as if it could not be

D Bm E7 A
And some folks thought 'twas a dream they dreamed, of sailin' the beautiful sea
G C E7 A
But I shall name you the fishermen three: Winkin' and Blinkin' and Nod

Em A Em A
Now, Winkin' and Blinkin' are two little eyes, and Nod is a little head.

D Bm E7 A
And the wooden shoe that sailed the skies is a wee one's trundle bed.

Em A Em A
So, close your eyes while mother sings of the beautiful sights that be

D Bm E7 A
And you will see the wonderful things, as you rock in the misty sea

G C E7 A
Where the old moon rocked the fishermen three: Winkin' and Blinkin' and Nod