Bringing Wynken, Blynken & Nod to Wellsboro

Elizabeth Cameron Bailey, Daughter of Tioga County Judge David Cameron, became the bride of Fred Bailey on June 16, 1892. Both were Wellsboro natives. They spent their married life in Denver where Mr. Bailey became a State Senator, a major stockholder in the Crippled Creek gold Mine and the Brown Palace Hotel. He was one of the founders of the United States National Bank.

Mr. Bailey honored his wife following her death with the bronze statue of Wynken, Blynken and Nod to be placed in her memory on The Green where it has remained since its dedication on Friday, September 23, 1938. Among the reported 2000 who attended the ceremony were Mrs. Torrey, her daughter and Peter Cameron, brother of Mrs. Bailey.

Additions by the Community

On May 22, 1950, the Wellsboro Lions Club voted to finance the erection of a wrought iron fence for the protection and added beauty of the statue and fountain. In 1976, the Soldiers and Sailors Memorial Hospital erected a plaque containing the poem, a very much-appreciated addition.

On May 15, 1982, the statue sailed away to temporary quarters while the Carson Construction Company made repairs to the fountain foundation.

In April 1989, a committee was formed for the restoration and preservation of the statue and fountain and to raise the necessary funds. Arthur Voorhees, owner of the Gettysburg Restoration and Preservation Association, Inc and his assistant, Jeff Miller of Morris, did the work.

The installation of lighting in the fountain was done by Kaminski and Son of Wellsboro.
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;
"I was all so pretty a sail 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.

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.

The End