Sweet and Low

Sweet and Low

Sweet and low, sweet and low, wind of the western sea
Low, low, breathe and blow, wind of the western sea
Over the rolling waters go, come from the dying moon and blow
Blow him again to me
While my little one, while my pretty one sleeps

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest, Father will come to thee soon
Rest, rest, on Mother's breast, Father will come to thee soon
Father will come to his babe in the nest, silver sails all out of
the west
Under the silver moon
Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one, sleep

SOF