

WIND OF THE WESTERN SEA

-Words by Tennyson, Tune by Joseph Barnby, 1917

I had to include this song – it still moves me so deeply and I can hear my mother singing it in her beautiful soprano voice, 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