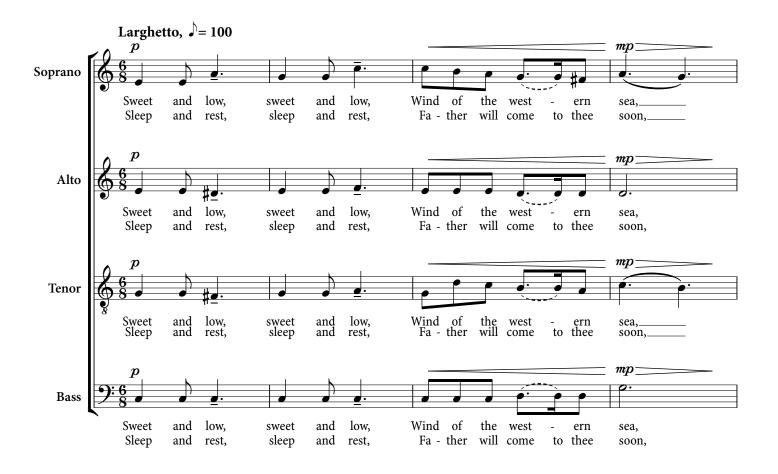
Sir Joseph Barnby (1838–1896)

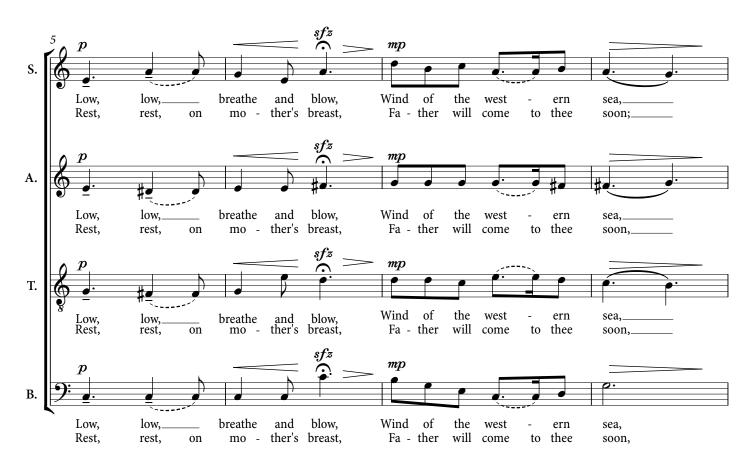
Sweet and Low pub. 1863

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.

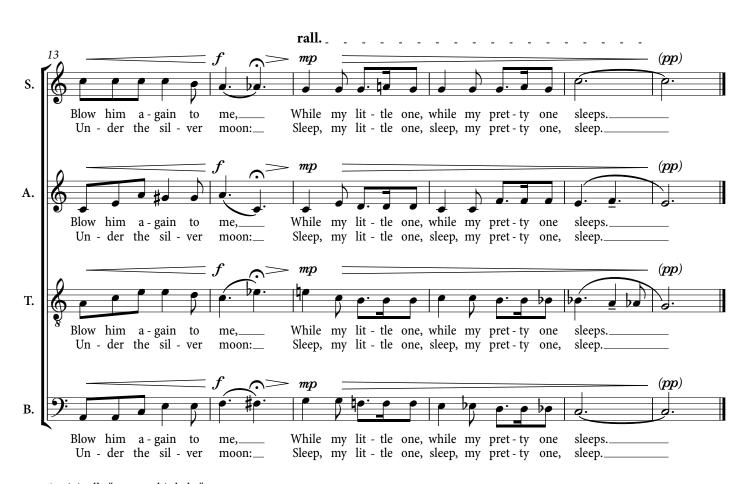
— Alfred Tennyson (1809–1892)





Engraved by Maia McCormick (maia.mcc@gmail.com), 2023 Dynamics are editorial





^{*} originally "come to his babe"