

## Sweet and Low

Mary Hopkin

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.