Sweet and low

(Lullaby)

(Edición: CPDL) (The Musical Times, nº 272, Novello)

Sir Joseph Barnby

(1838-1896)

Texto: Alfred Tennyson (1809-1892)

Larghetto  \( \text{\textbf{\textit{\textgreek{d}}} = 100} \)

S.

\[\begin{align*}
\text{Sweet and low, sweet and low, wind of the western sea,} \\
\text{Sleep and rest, sleep and rest, father will come to thee soon,}
\end{align*}\]

A.

\[\begin{align*}
\text{Sweet and low, sweet and low, wind of the western sea,} \\
\text{Sleep and rest, sleep and rest, father will come to thee soon,}
\end{align*}\]

T.

\[\begin{align*}
\text{Sweet and low, sweet and low, wind of the western sea,} \\
\text{Sleep and rest, sleep and rest, father will come to thee soon,}
\end{align*}\]

B.

\[\begin{align*}
\text{Sweet and low, sweet and low, wind of the western sea,} \\
\text{Sleep and rest, sleep and rest, father will come to thee soon,}
\end{align*}\]

\[\begin{align*}
\text{low, low breathe and blow, wind of the western sea.} \\
\text{rest, rest on mother's breast, father will come to thee soon,}
\end{align*}\]

\[\begin{align*}
\text{low, low breathe and blow, wind of the western sea.} \\
\text{rest, rest on mother's breast, father will come to thee soon,}
\end{align*}\]

\[\begin{align*}
\text{low, low breathe and blow, wind of the western sea.} \\
\text{rest, rest on mother's breast, father will come to thee soon,}
\end{align*}\]

\[\begin{align*}
\text{low, low breathe and blow, wind of the western sea.} \\
\text{rest, rest on mother's breast, father will come to thee soon,}
\end{align*}\]
Over the rolling waters go, come from the dy - ins
fa - ther will come to his babe in the nest. Sil - ver sails all

moon and blow, blow him a - gain to me,
out of the west, un - der the sil - ver moon,

while my lit - tle one,
sleep, my lit - tle one,

Over the waters go, come from the fa - ther will come to his babe in the nest. Sil - ver sails out

moon and blow, blow him a - gain to me,
out of the west, un - der the sil - ver moon,

while my lit - tle one,
sleep, my lit - tle one,

Over the rolling waters go, come from the dy - ins
fa - ther will come to his babe in the nest. Sil - ver sails all

moon and blow, blow him a - gain to me,
out of the west, un - der the sil - ver moon,

while my pret - ty one sleps,
sleep, my pret - ty one,

Sweet and low, 2