



Sweet and low

A LULLABY

Joseph Barnby
(1838-1896)

Larghetto ♩ = 100

Sweet and low, Sweet and low, Wind of the west - ern sea, Low, low,

Sweet and low, Sweet and low, Wind of the west - ern sea, Low, low,

Sweet and low, Sweet and low, Wind of the west - ern sea, Low, low,

Sweet and low, Sweet and low, Wind of the west - ern sea, Low, low,

6 breathe and blow, Wind of the west - ern sea. O - ver the roll - ing wa - ters go,

breathe and blow, Wind of the west - ern sea. O - ver the wa - ters go,

breathe and blow, Wind of the west - ern sea. O - ver the roll - ing wa - ters go,

breathe and blow, Wind of the west - ern sea. O - ver the roll - ing wa - ters go,

11

S *pp* Come from the dy - ing moon and blow, *f* Blow him a - gain to me,

A *pp* Come from the moon and blow, *f* Blow him a - gain to me,

T *pp* Come from the dy - ing moon and blow, *f* Blow him a - gain to me,

B *pp* Come from the moon and blow, *f* Blow him a - gain to me,

15

S *p* While my pret - ty one, while my pret - ty one sleeps. *rall. e dim.* *pp*

A *p* While my pret - ty one, while my pret - ty one sleeps. *rall. e dim.* *pp*

T *p* While my pret - ty one, while my pret - ty one sleeps. *rall. e dim.* *pp*

B *p* While my pret - ty one, while my pret - ty one sleeps. *rall. e dim.* *pp*

Tempo primo

19

S *pp* Sleep and rest, sleep and rest, Fa - ther will come to thee soon.

A *pp* Sleep and rest, sleep and rest, Fa - ther will come to thee soon.

T *pp* Sleep and rest, sleep and rest, Fa - ther will come to thee soon.

B *pp* Sleep and rest, sleep and rest, Fa - ther will come to thee soon.

23

S Rest, rest, on mo - ther's breast, Fa - ther will come to thee soon; _____

A Rest, rest, on mo - ther's breast, Fa - ther will come to thee soon; _____

T Rest, rest, on mo - ther's breast, Fa - ther will come to thee soon; _____

B Rest, rest, on mo - ther's breast, Fa - ther will come to thee soon; _____

27

S *mf* Fa - ther will come to his babe in the nest, *pp* Sil - ver sails all out of the west,

A *mf* Fa - ther will come to his babe, *pp* Sil - ver sails out of the west,

T *mf* Fa - ther will come to his babe in the nest, *pp* Sil - ver sails all out of the west,

B *mf* Fa - ther will come to his babe in the nest, *pp* Sil - ver sails all out the west,

31

S *f* Un-der the sil - ver moon. Sleep, my lit - tle one, sleep, my pret - ty one, sleep. *rall. e dim.* *pp*

A *f* Un-der the sil - ver moon. Sleep, my lit - tle one, sleep, my pret - ty one, sleep. *rall. e dim.* *pp*

T *f* Un-der the sil - ver moon. Sleep, my lit - tle one, sleep, my pret - ty one, sleep. *rall. e dim.* *pp*

B *f* Un-der the sil - ver moon. Sleep, my lit - tle one, sleep, my pret - ty one, sleep. *rall. e dim.* *pp*

Sir Joseph Barnby (1838–1896) was born at York, as a son of organist Thomas Barnby. He was a chorister at York Minster and was educated at the Royal Academy of Music. In 1856, he competed for the first Mendelssohn Scholarship and tied for first place with Arthur Sullivan, but, after a second test, Sullivan won. Barnby held organist positions at Mitcham, St. Michael's, Queenhithe, and St. James' the Less, Westminster, St. Andrew's, Wells Street, London, and St. Anne's, Soho. In London, he also was conductor of "Barnby's Choir," well known for their many performances. In 1871 he was appointed conductor of the Royal Albert Hall Choral Society, succeeding the eminent composer Charles Gounod after he returned to his native France. He held that position until his death. He was director of music at Eton College then principal of the Guildhall School of Music. His works include oratorio, many services and anthems, 246 hymn tunes, organ pieces, and many part-songs, some of the most popular of the era.

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, Lord Tennyson (1809–1892)

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