FOUR SONGS

THE POEMS BY
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

THE MUSIC BY
MENTOR CROSSE

Sweet and Low  
5
Crossing the Bar  
5
The Song of Love and Death  
6
As Through the Land at Eve  
5

THE JOHN CHURCH COMPANY
Chicago, New York, London, Leipzig
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
Sweet and Low

ALFRED TENNYSON

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Come from the dy-ing moon, and blow, Blow him a-gain to me; While my

lit-tle one, while my pret-ty one, sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
Father will come to thee soon; Rest, rest, on mother's breast,

Fa-ther will come to thee soon; Fa-ther will come to his babe in the nest,

Sil-ver sails all out of the west Un-der the sil-ver moon; Sleep, my

lit-tle one, sleep, my pret-ty one, sleep.