

Bette Midler, Sweet And Low

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.
Mm-mm-mm-mm-mm-mm-mm.

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, my little one, sleep.