

THE SEAL LULLABY

Ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh .

Oh! Hush thee, my baby, the night is behind us,
And black are the waters that sparkled so green.
The moon, o'er the combers, looks downward to find us,
At rest in the hollows that rustle between.

Where billow meets billow, then soft be thy pillow,
Oh weary wee flipperling, curl at thy ease!
The storm shall not wake thee, nor shark overtake
thee,
Asleep in the arms of the slow swinging seas!

Asleep in the arms of the slow swinging seas!

Ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh.