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A Christmas Song

William Cox Bennett

Blow, wind, blow.
Sing through yard and shroud;
Pipe it shrilly and loud,
Aloft as well as below;
Sing in my sailor's ear
The song I sing to you,
"Come home, my sailor true,
For Christmas that comes so near."



Go, wind, go.
Hurry his home-bound sail,
Through gusts that are edged with hail,
Through winter, and sleet, and snow;
Sing in my sailor's ear,
Your shrilling and moans shall be,
For he knows they sing him to me
And Christmas that comes so near.

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