

# Blow the wind southerly

Blow the wind southerly, southerly, southerly,  
Blow the wind south for the bonny blue sea.  
Blow the wind southerly, southerly, southerly,  
Blow, bonny breeze, my lover to me.

They told me last night there were ships in the offing,  
And I hurried down to the deep rolling sea.  
But my eye could not see it, wherever might be it,  
The barque that is bearing my lover to me.

I stood by the lighthouse the last time we parted  
Till darkness came down o'er the deep rolling sea  
And no longer I saw the bright barque of my lover  
Blow, bonny breeze and bring him to me.

Oh, is it not sweet to hear the breeze singing  
As lightly it comes o'er the deep rolling sea?  
But sweeter and dearer by far when 'tis bringing  
The barque of my true love in safety to me.

*A traditional Northumberland folk song sung on the Youtube link by contralto Kathleen Ferrier, here shown with Peter Pears at the Edinburgh festival.*

*Liz Walshaw's mother, Bessie Burdekin was a pianist with the BBC and also Kathleen Ferrier's rehearsal pianist. Apparently Kathleen would come to rehearsal and say, "I'm performing Mendelssohn and Brahms, Bessie, but let's just sing some Mahler instead." She was very keen on Mahler lieder.*

Chosen by Sue Mildenhall: I chose Kathleen singing this because it's a thing of beauty and because my mother loved it and because we all want our loved ones to be safely home.

