O GIVE ME A HOME BY THE SEA

WORDS & MUSIC

E.A. HOSMER.

Con Spirito

Oh! give me a home by the sea, Where wild waves are crested with

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foam, Where shrill winds are caroling..... free, As o'er the blue waters they come; For I'd list to the ocean's loud roar, And joy in its stormiest.....
glee, Nor ask in this wide world for more, ......... Than a home by the deep heaving sea, a home, a home. A home by the heaving...
At morn when the sun from the east,
Comes mantled in crimson and gold,
Whose hues on the billows are cast,
Which sparkle with splendor untold,
Oh! then by the shore would I stray,
And roam as the halcyon free,
From envy and care far away,
At my home by the deep heaving sea!

At even when the moon in her pride,
Rides queen of the soft summer night,
And gleams on the murmuring tide,
With floods of her silvery light,
Oh! Earth has no beauty so rare,
No place that is dearer to me,
Then give me so free and so fair,
A home by the deep heaving sea!