

come!
told.
light—

For I'd list to the o-cean's loud roar,
Oh, then by the shore would I stray,
Oh, earth has no beau-ty so rare,

And
And
No

joy in its storm-i-est glee,
roam as the hal-cy-on free;
place that is dear-er to me;

Nor ask, in this wide world, for
From en-vy and care far a-
Then give me, so free and so

more,
way,
fair,

Than a home by the deep heav-ing sea.
At my home by the deep heav-ing sea.
A home by the deep heav-ing sea.