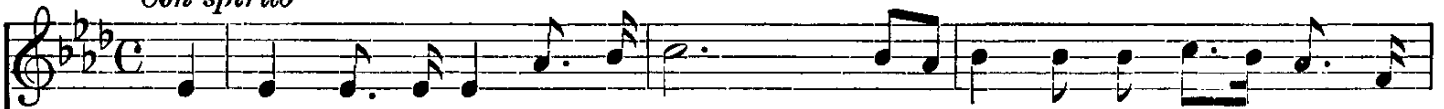


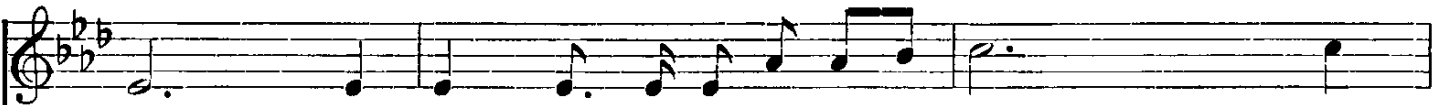
O Give Me a Home by the Sea

E. A. HOSMER

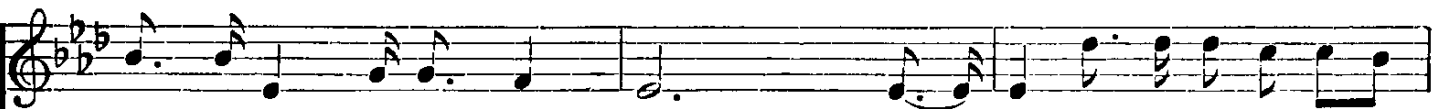
Con spirito

1. Oh! give me a home by the sea,
 2. At morn when the sun from the east
 3. At eve when the moon in her pride

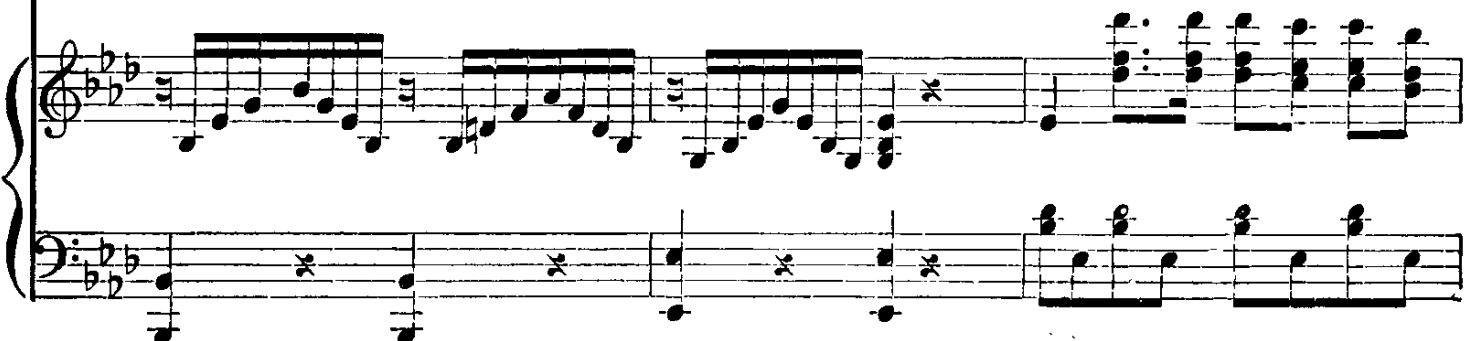
Where wild waves are crest - ed with
 Comes man - tled in crim - son and
 Rides queen of the soft sum - mer



foam, Where shrill winds are car - ol - ing free, As
 gold, Whose hues on the bil - lows are cast, Which
 [night, And gleams on the mur - mur - ing tide, With



o'er the blue wa - ters they come;
 spar - kle with splendor un - told, —
 floods of her sil - ver - y light, —
 For I'd list to the ocean's loud
 Oh! then by the shore would I
 Oh earth has no beau - ty so



roar, And joy in its stormi - est glee, Nor ask in this wide world for
 stray, And roam as the hal - cy - on free, From en - vy and care far a -
 rare, No place that is dear - er to me. Then give me so free and so

more, . . . Than a home by the deep heav - ing sea, A home, a
 way, . . . At my home by the deep heav - ing sea! My home, my
 fair, . . . A home by the deep heav - ing sea! A home, a

home, A home by the heav - ing sea, A
 home, My home by the heav - ing sea, My
 home, A home by the heav - ing sea, A

home, A home, A home by the heav - ing sea.
 home, My home, My home by the heav - ing sea.
 home, A home, A home by the heav - ing sea.

tr

There's Music in the Air

1. There's mu-sic in the air, When the in-fant morn is nigh, And faint its blush is
 2. There's mu-sic in the air, When the noontide's sul-try beam Re-flects a gold-en
 3. There's mu-sic in the air, When the twilight's gen-tle sigh Is lost on eve-ning's

seen On the bright and laughing sky. Many a harp's ecs-tat-ic sound Thrills us with its
 light On the distant mountain stream. When beneath some grateful shade Sorrow's ach-ing
 breast, As its pensive beauties die: Then, O, then, the loved ones gone Wake the pure, ce -

joy pro - found, While we list, en - chant - ed there, To the mu - sic in the air.
 head is laid, Sweet - ly to the spir - it there Comes the mu - sic in the air.
 les - tial song; An - gel - ic voi - ces greet us there, In the mu - sic in the air.