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My sea-side Home

Ballad

Composed by

B. F. BAKER.



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MY SEA-SIDE HOME.

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Words by Mrs Madline Leslie.

Music by B.F. Baker.

Andante.

1. O swel - - ling seal thou deep blue seal! How rest - - less, free and
grand thou art! How dear to me thy murmurs are, At
thought o thee, how thrills my heart! Nor gurgling
brook nor birds' sweet lay, So dear assound of thee, O seal
colla voce.

8373

Detailed description: This is a musical score for a song titled 'My Sea-Side Home'. The score is written for voice and piano. It begins with the tempo marking 'Andante.' and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The time signature is 3/4. The music is arranged in four systems. Each system consists of a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (grand staff with treble and bass clefs). The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The first system starts with '1. O swel - - ling seal thou deep blue seal! How rest - - less, free and'. The second system continues with 'grand thou art! How dear to me thy murmurs are, At'. The third system continues with 'thought o thee, how thrills my heart! Nor gurgling'. The fourth system concludes with 'brook nor birds' sweet lay, So dear assound of thee, O seal' and ends with a double bar line. The piano accompaniment features a steady, rhythmic pattern in the right hand and a more active, flowing line in the left hand. The overall mood is gentle and nostalgic, as indicated by the 'Andante' tempo.

1. And then when sadness pierced my breast, When those I dear-ly

2. From child-hood's hour, I've loved to roam, 'Mong rocks and cliffs where

loved proved false, Thy bounding bil-lows sang of him, Who

sea birds come; And then, re-treat from waves that laved My

spoke the tem-pest in-to peace. Ah! pines my

ti-ny feet with moss and foam, Ah! those were

heart at thought of thee, And of my home just by the sea.

joy-ous days to me, When on thy beach I played, O sea!

colla voce.

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5. And when de - - - vo - - - tion's twi - light hour, Al - - - lured me on thy

3. When hap - - pi - - ness my ho - som swelled, My wil - - - ling feet were

shore to stray, Thy pear - ly beach and roll - - ing surf, In - - -

turned to thee, And in thy spark - - - ling, crested waves Was

spired my soul and helped me pray. Ah! thrills my

sure of love and sym - - - pa - - - thy Nor hill, nor

heart when thought of thee, Up - - - lifts to God, Thy God, O sea!

dell, nor lawn nor tree, So dear as glimpse of thee, O sea

colla voce.