

# My Home By The Deep Rolling Sea - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from [www.traditionalmusic.co.uk](http://www.traditionalmusic.co.uk)

My Home by the Deep Rolling Sea.  
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Come, oh, come, to my home by the deep rolling sea,  
Where the fairest of pearls strew the shore,  
And the tides ebb and flow in their beauty and pride,  
While I wait for my bonnie Lenore.  
Then, oh, come to me on the sands of the sea,  
Where the music of waves thrill the soul;  
I have built me a home where the foam caps may come,  
And the tempests grow tierce round my goal.

Chorus.  
Will you come to my home by the deep rolling sea,  
Where the fairest of shells strew the shore?  
I have built me a home where the foam caps may come,  
Will you come to my home by the sea?

Come, Oh, come, to my home by the deep rolling sea,  
Where the sunshine of life is so fair,  
And the waves throb with pain then as calm as the heart,  
That would win thee such true love to share.  
Then come at the dawn of the morning so bright,  
Or when sunbeams grow dim in the West;  
When the sweet strains are heard, as old ocean is stirred  
By the tempest grown fierce on its breast.-Chorus.

Come, oh, come, to my home by the deep rolling sea,  
Where the pleasures of life may be found;  
We will pick up the shells which are strewn on the shore,  
And we'll bathe in the waves dancing round.  
We'll speak words of love on the sands of the sea,  
And my home shall be thine evermore,  
When old ocean is stirred and sweet music is heard  
By the happy ones down on the shore.-Chorus.