

Ch. Frank Richardson

Respectfully Dedicated to Miss Mary W. Merston.

No One to Love.

BALLAD.

*No one to love! None to caress;
None to respond to this heart's tenderness!
Sad is my heart, — joy is unknown; —
For in my sorrow I'm weeping alone.*

Words adapted by

A. H. G. R.

Music arranged by

W. M. B. HARVEY.

B flat.

PIANO.

3

A flat.

GUITAR.

3

This Song is also published in the Key of G

Philada. Published by LEE & WALKER, 722 Chestnut St.

Entered according to act of Congress, in the year 1861, by A. H. G. RICHARDSON, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

NO ONE TO LOVE.

BALLAD.

WORDS BY A. H. RICHARDSON

MUSIC BY W. B. HARBURY

Andante.

W. B. HARBURY.

1. No one to love,
 2. In dreams a love,
 3. No one to love,
 none to love,
 loved ones I see,
 none to love,
 them I see,
 And well I know
 None to love

NO ONE TO LOVE.

WORDS BY A. H. G. RICHARDSON.

MUSIC ARRANGED BY C. EVEREST.

Andante.

f

1. No one to love,	none to ca - ress,	Roam - ing a -
2. In dreams a - lone,	loved ones I see,	And well-known
3. No one to love,	none to ca - ress,	None to re-

lone through this world's wil - der - ness, Sad is my heart,
 voi - ces then whis - per to me; Sigh - ing I wake,
 spond to this heart's ten - der - ness! Trust - ing I wait:

joy is un - known, For in my sor - row I'm weep - ing a - lone;
 wak - ing I weep: Soon with the loved and the lost I shall sleep.
 God in his love Prom - i - ses rest in his man - sions a - bove:

No gen - tle voice, no ten - der smile, Makes me re - joice,
 Oh, bliss - ful rest! what heart would stay, Un - loved, un - bless'd,
 Oh, bliss in store, oh, joy mine own, There nev - er - more

or cares be - guile. . . . No one to love, none to ca -
 from heaven a - way? No one to love, none to ca -
 to weep a - lone! No one to love, none to ca -

ress, Roam - ing a - lone through this world's wil - der - ness,

The first system of music features a vocal line in the upper staff and a piano accompaniment in the lower two staves. The vocal line begins with the lyrics 'ress, Roam - ing a - lone through this world's wil - der - ness,'. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and single notes, with dynamic markings 'f' and 'p'.

Sad is my heart, joy is un - known, For in my

The second system continues the vocal line with the lyrics 'Sad is my heart, joy is un - known, For in my'. The piano accompaniment features chords and single notes, with a dynamic marking 'p'.

sor - row I'm weep - ing a - lone.

The third system shows the vocal line with the lyrics 'sor - row I'm weep - ing a - lone.' The piano accompaniment includes a section marked 'Ritard e dim.' (Ritardando e Diminuendo).

The fourth system is a piano accompaniment consisting of two staves. It features chords and single notes, with dynamic markings 'f' and 'p', and concludes with a double bar line and repeat sign.

LEE & WALKER'S LATE POPULAR BALLADS,

722 CHESTNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

KEEP MY SECRET, NELLIE DEAREST.

Words by THOMAS MANAHAN; Music by H. Th. KNAKE.

"Keep my secret, Nellie dearest,
'Neath thy marble bosom's swell:
Never breathe it in thy whisper,
For it's sacred; guard it well:
None but thee were ever trusted
With the vows I made to thee:
Keep them pure, then, Nellie dearest,
As the gems beneath the sea."

A charming song, well composed, and with an easy accompaniment. We cheerfully recommend it.

Price, 30 cents.

KIND FRIENDS ARE NEAR HER.

Song and chorus: an answer to "Who will care for mother now?"

Words by EDNOR ROSSITER; Music by B. FRANK WALTERS.

"Sleep, noble hero,
Let not one fear
Steal o'er thy brave heart
As death draws near;
For, in her sorrow,
Mother will find
True hearts around her,
Loving and kind."

The popularity of "Who will care for mother now?" induced the above song as a reply; and it is a most suitable one, both in words and music, and is within the capacity of all singers, and also has an easy accompaniment.

Price, 30 cents.

I REMEMBER THE HOUR WHEN SADLY WE PARTED.

Answer to "Weeping, sad and lonely." Song and chorus.

Words by EDNOR ROSSITER; Music by B. FRANK WALTERS.

"I remember the hour when sadly we parted,
The tears on your pale cheek glistening like dew,—
When, clasped in your arms, almost broken-hearted,
I swore by the bright sky I'd ever be true,—
True to the love that nothing could sever,
And true to the flag of my country forever.
Chorus—Then weep not, love, oh, weep not;
Think not hopes are vain;
For when this fatal war is over
We will surely meet again."

The popularity of this song has been immense, several thousand having already been published. It is not to be wondered at, however, as the sentiment, both in words and music, is unsurpassed.

Price, 30 cents.

WEEP NOT FOR ME, MY MOTHER DEAR.

Written and composed by FRANK DRAYTON.

"Weep not for me, my mother dear,
Though in thy cot thy dear one's missed,
Who round thy neck so oft hath clung
And thy dear lips with fondness kissed,
Who oft at eve her weary head
Hath lain upon thy tender breast,
When thy sweet voice, with cheerful song,
Hath lulled thy darling child to rest."

The songs of Drayton have attained a deserved popularity, as the words are expressive of fine sentiments, and the melodies are pleasing. This one especially is deserving of attention.

Price, 30 cents.

COME WHEN YOU WILL, I'VE A WELCOME FOR THEE.

Words and Music by W. LANSDON.

A new and revised edition has just been issued.

"Come in the spring-time, come in the summer,
Come when the autumn makes leafless each tree;
Or when the chill wind of winter is blowing,—
Come when you will, I've a welcome for thee!
"Welcome as sunshine to birds and to flowers,
Or first sight of land to the roamer by sea,
Thou bring'st to my mind all my happiest hours:
Come when you will, I've a welcome for thee!"

Price, 40 cents.

THE PICKET GUARD.

Composed by H. COYLE, and respectfully dedicated to B. M. Greene and his comrades, of the 49th Regiment P. V.

"All quiet along the Potomac, they say,
Except now and then a stray picket
Is shot on his beat, as he walks to and fro,
By a rifleman hid in a thicket.
'Tis nothing: a private or two, now and then,
Will not count in the news of the battle;
Not an officer lost,—only one of the men
Moaning out alone the death-rattle.
All quiet along the Potomac to-night,
No sound, save the rush of the river;
While soft falls the dew on the face of the dead!
The picket's off duty forever!"

Also a very popular song, as the words appeal to thousands of sorrowing hearts, made so by the death in battle of fathers, sons, and brothers. The music is simple and touching.

Price, 30 cents.

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