

To Mr. J. H. Cooke.

**No Father,**

**No Mother.**

**Song and Chorus.**

WORDS BY

**SAMUEL N. MITCHELL.**

MUSIC BY

**H. P. DANKS.**



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TO MR. J. H. COOKE.

# NO FATHER, NO MOTHER.

## SONG AND CHORUS.

Words by SAM'L. N. MITCHELL.

Music by H. P. DANKS.

*Andante.* **f**

1. No fa - ther, no  
2. No fa - ther, no  
3. No fa - ther, no

moth - er, and no where to go, I'm left a poor or - phan, a  
moth - er, and noth - ing to wear, I am a sad pic - ture, an  
moth - er, no shel - ter for me, I am a poor out - cast, oh,

bur - den of woe; From morn un - til night I am roam - ing the  
ob - ject of care, While day af - ter day I go hun - gry and  
why should it be? From dawn un - til dark I am tramp - ing in

street, But dare not ap - peal to the stran - gers I meet; The  
 sore, But will not ap - pear at the weal - thy one's door; The  
 vain, But none will ad - here to my an - guish and pain; The

nice - ly dress'd la - dies all pass in their pride, And shrink from my  
 ser - vants are chil - ly and look with a frown, They tell me there's  
 peo - ple are heart - less and char - i - ty's blind, But there is an

gar - ments when I'm by their side, The gen - tle - men jos - tle and  
 plen - ty of work in the town, The land - la - dy or - ders me  
 E - den I hope soon to find, The nee - dy are wel - come, the

knock me a - bout, And styl - ish young Miss - es trip by with a pout.  
 back to the street, And this is the pi - ty they throw at my feet.  
 wea - ry find rest, Oh, may I soon en - ter that home of the blest.

Chorus.  
SOPRANO.

No fa - ther, no mother, and no where to go, I'm left a poor orphan, a burden of woe; From

ALTO.

TENOR.

BASS.

morn un - til night I am walking the street, And dare not ap - peal to the stran - gers I meet.

morn un - til night I am walking the street, And dare not ap - peal to the stran - gers I meet.

*f* ending.