TO

Miss Anna E. Clift.

THERE'S

None Left to Love Me.

Now sad and lonely, as mem'ry recalls
Thy blessing at parting, again the tear falls;
Alone! all alone, though some kind ones there be,
There's none left to lobe me, to lobe me like thee.

A BEAUTIFUL SONG & CHORUS.

BY

ALICE MORTIMER.

PIANO. 3½ GUITAR.

PUBLISHED BY J. L. PETERS & BRO., CINCINNATI, O.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, 1867, by J. L. Peters & Bro., in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the U. S. for the Southern District of Ohio.

W. H. BONER & CO. AMERICAN & FOREIGN MUSIC PHIL.

THERE'S NONE LEFT TO LOVE ME.

Song and Chorus.

By ALICE MORTIMER.

670. 3.

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pressed on thy face, And felt for the last time a mo - ther's em-brace: I
help - less I lay, Thou nursed me and soothed me by night and by day. Years,

thought of my boyhood, thy kind - ness to me When, youngest and dear - est, I sat on thy knee, Of thy
years of en - du-rance have van-ished, and now There 's pain on my heart, there is care on my brow, All the

love to me ev - er so kind - ly ex-pressed, As I grew to man - hood un-con - sciously blessed.
vis - ions of hope and of fan - cy are gone, And cheer-less I trav - el life's path-way a - lone.

CHORUS.

SOPRANO.

Now, sad and lone - ly, as mem - 'ry recalls Thy bless-ing at part - ing, a - gain the tear falls; A-

ALTO.

TENOR.

Now, sad and lone - ly, as mem - 'ry recalls Thy bless-ing at part - ing, a - gain the tear falls; A-

BASS.

lone! all a-lone, tho' some kind ones there be, There's none left to love me, to love me like thee.

lone! all a-lone, tho' some kind ones there be, There's none left to love me, to love me like thee.

Rit.

D. S.