

FAVORITE SONGS

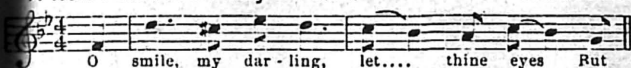
BY

WILL. S. HAYS.

FIRST SERIES.

A Heart that beats only for thee.

Plain 35 cts.



Belle Bradley.

Plain 35 cts., Picture 50 cts.



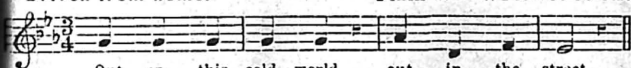
Darling Kate.

35 cts.



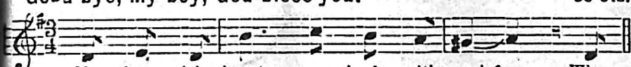
Driven from home.

Plain 40 cts., Picture 50 cts.



Good bye, my boy, God bless you.

35 cts.



My boy - ish heart near broke with grief, When I'm sitting by the window, love.

35 cts.



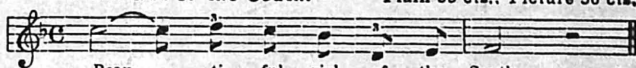
win - dow, love,

Plain 35 cts., Picture 50 cts.



Beautiful Girl of the South.

Plain 35 cts., Picture 50 cts.



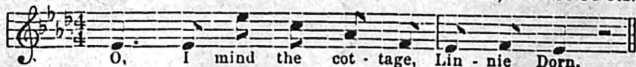
Coraline.

Plain 35 cts., Picture 50 cts.



Darling Linnie Dorn.

Plain 35 cts., Picture 50 cts.



Down by the deep sad Sea.

Plain 35 cts., Picture 50 cts.



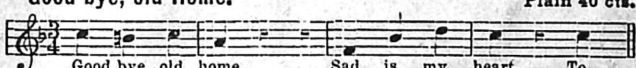
The gay young clerk.

Plain 35 cts., Picture 50 cts.



Good bye, old Home.

Plain 40 cts.



Good bye, old home, Sad is my heart, To Heaven claims her as an angel, or Laura Lee.

35 cts.



When the Sun thro' shades of eve - ning,

35 cts.



cho thro' the vale,

Picture 50 cts.



I have no Home

35 cts.

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I HAVE NO HOME.

SONG and CHORUS.

WILL S. HAYS

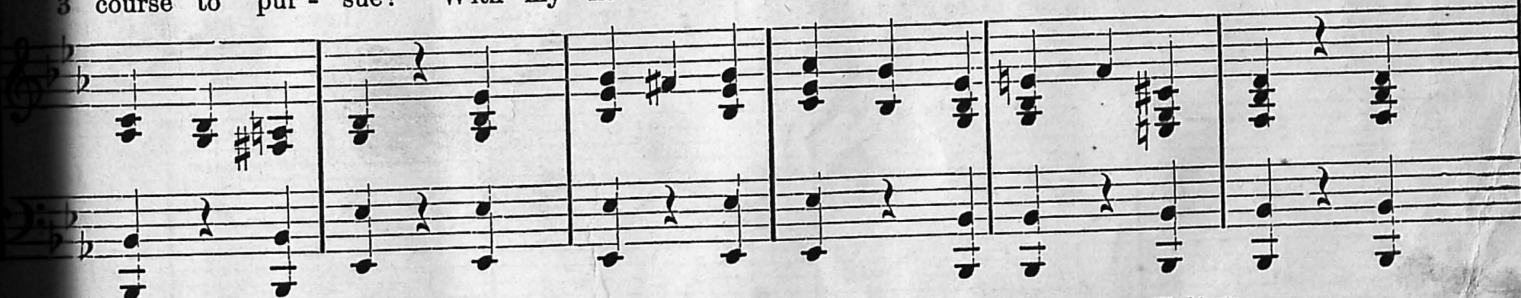
ALLEGRETTO.



1. Oh! how the mer - ci - less win - ter winds blow, As onward I tread through the
2. Fa - ther and moth - er now sleep in the grave; I gave to the poor all they
3. Oh! where shall I go? tell me, what can I do, Is there no one to tell me what



- 1 "beau - ti - ful snow," Asking a pen - ny from each one I meet, To
2 told me to save; But how lit - tle I dreamed when they came to the door, That
3 course to pur - sue? With my lit - tle dress torn, and no shoes on my feet— Oh! I'm



1 buy me some shoes for my lit - tle cold feet No one takes
 2 I would be pen - ni - less, home - less, and poor Tear - drops now
 3 hun - gry and cold — must I die in the street? When my jour - ney is

1 pi - ty, or hears my ap - peal, God a - lone knows how I
 2 freeze on my col - or - less cheek, I trem - ble with weak - ness when -
 3 o - ver, and Death calls me to go, Let me die in the street in the

1 suf - fer and feel; Half starved and shiv - er - ing, sad - ly I
 2 -ev - er I speak, No one seems car - ing wher - ev - er I
 3 "beau - ti - ful snow." When I wake, it will be with the an - gels to

1 roam, No place to shel - ter me — I have no home.
 2 roam, What will be - come of me? I have no home.
 3 roam, For I'll then have a home — I'll be at home.

ritard.

ritard.

CHORUS.

Soprano.

An - gels of Heaven, look down from the skies, Oh! go to our Father with tears in your eyes, And

Alto.

An - gels of Heaven, look down from the skies, Oh! go to our Father with tears in your eyes, And

Bass.

Accomp.

tell him to call me, I'm read - y to come, For I have no home — I have no home.

tell him to call me, I'm read - y to come, For I have no home — I have no home.