NO ONE CARES FOR ME

WORDS AND MUSIC
BY
TELL TAYLOR
COMPOSER OF
"DOWN BY THE OLD MILL STREAM"
"SOMEDAY"
ETC.

VANDERSLOOT MUSIC PUB. CO., WILLIAMSPORT, PA.
TRY THESE ON YOUR PIANO

Complete copies with the finest illustrated title pages on the market can be secured through all music dealers or will be sent upon receipt of price by the publishers.

CHORUS.


PUBLISHED BY
VANDERSLOOT MUSIC COMPANY.
32 West Fourth Street, Williamsport, Penna.
46 West 28th Street, New York City.
No One Cares For Me

Words and Music by
TELL TAYLOR
Composer of "Someday"
"Down By The Old Mill Stream" etc. etc.

Andante

Outside a mansion bright and gay,
Upon a Christmas eve,
There

The Christmas time is over now,
The poor child's heart is sad,
He

stood a ragged, homeless child,
Whose heart began to grieve;
The

thinks of all he saw that night,
It makes him feel so bad;
He

Copyright, Canada, MCMX by Vandersloot Music Pub. Co.
Williamsport, Pa.
Chicago.
Toronto.
New York.

CAST YOUR EYES OVER
THE LIST THAT MAKE UP
The Vandersloot
Mand. & Guitar Folio No.3.
boy looked in with tear dim'd eye, And to him-self he said, "Why
wanders on just as be-fore, His heart is filled with sighs, He
can't I have a home like this, Some place to lay my head? lays his wear-y head right down, Up-on the ground and cries.

CHORUS. Valse (slow)
There's no one ever cared for me, That's

why I'm all a- lone, There's no one ever

No One Cares For Me.

CAST YOUR EYES OVER
THE LIST THAT MAKE UP
The Vandersloot
Mand. & Guitar Folio No. 4.

"The Four Aces" March Two Step.
"Vandersloot's Ball" Medley Overture.
"The Tournament" March Two Step.
"Sounds from The Valley" Waltz.
"Observatory" March Two Step.
"Nippono" Intermezzo Two-Step.
"A Royal Prince" March Two Step.
"The L.A.W." Waltz.
"The Pure Master" March Two Step.
"Capitola" March Two Step.
"Reciprocity" March Two Step.
"King Crag" Characteristic March.
"After All" Waltz.
"When A Lady Leads The Band" March.
"Last Days Of Pompeii" March Two Step.
"Astaroth" March Two Step.
said to me, "My dear I'll take you home,
No

Mama dear and Papa too, so I could be,
This world is always sad and drear, There's

no one cares for me. There's me.
I wonder how the old folks are at home;
I wonder if they miss me while I roam;
I wonder if they pray for the boy that went away
And left his kind old parents all alone.
I hear the cattle lowing in the lane,
And see again those fields of golden grain;
I almost hear them sigh as they bade their boy "goodbye;"
I wonder how the old folks are at home.