



Something to love me.

Hime, E. L.; Carpenter, J. E. (Joseph Edwards), 1813-1885
London, UK: Duff & Hodgson, 65 Oxford St., 1850

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NEW EDITION IN A LOWER KEY.

SOMETHING TO LOVE ME,
BALLAD.

Sung by

Mrs Alexander Newton,

The Words by

J. E. CARPENTER,

The Music by

E. L. HIME.

Ent. Sta. Hall.

Pr. 2/-

LONDON,

DUFF & HODGSON, 65, OXFORD STREET.

"SOMETHING TO LOVE ME."

The Words by J. E. Carpenter.

The Music by E. L. Hime.

ALLEGRETTO.

Something to love me — something to bless —

Something to smile upon and to caress;

Something to fill up the void in my heart. That will not, when sorrow comes

mf

o'er me, de--part. Something that loves not as summer friends love, As

true as the star in the blue realms a--bove; Something with instinct e--

mf

nough to be--lieve, That will not, like most of earth's proud ones' de--ceive.

ral: *f*

Something to love me — something to bless — Something to

smile upon and to caress; Some thing to fill up the

void in my heart, That will not, when sorrow comes o'er me, depart.

Something to love me — something to pet — Something that kindness can

ne-ver for — get; Something that clings to me, e — ven a bird

In whose sweet music re — proach is not heard. Something to cheer me, and

stay by my side, That ne-ver will leave me whate'er may be — tide,

That I may still in this hol-low world find There's something still left to be

lov-ing and kind. Something to love me — something to bless —

ral:

Something to smile upon and to ca-ress, Something to fill up the

void in my heart, That will not, when sorrow comes o'er me, de-part.

MUSICAL INDEX OF FAVORITE SONGS

PUBLISHED BY
DUFF & HODGSON, 65, OXFORD STREET.

LASSIE.

Mod^o G. LINLEY.
Blythe is my heart, my step is free, When o'er the hills I rove with thee.

Mod^o E. L. HIME.
A blessing on the outward-bound, where-e-ver they may go

Allegretto. E. L. HIME.
Something to love me, something to bless, Something to smile upon and to caress

Mod^o J. W. HOBBS.
WHAT WILL TOMORROW BRING?
What will tomorrow bring? Strife or repose, Pleasure or sorrowing? Nobody knows

Allegro. Fairy Song. R. LACY.
Children of Earth, fare-well The summer hath gone by

Allegretto. A. LEE.
THE GONDOLETTE.
Gaily, gai-ly glides the boat, Gently, gen-ly wave the trees

Andante. W. H. WEISS.
'TIS A FLOWER FROM THE HOME OF THY CHILDHOOD.
'Tis a flow'r from the home of thy child-hood

Andantino. F. ROMER.
O WOULD I WERE A BOY AGAIN.
O would I were a child again, When life seem'd form'd of sunny years

Allegretto. W. S. PRATTEN.
OF WHAT IS SHE DREAMING.
Of what is she dreaming? yon la-dy old and grey

Mod^o S. GLOVER.
GERTY'S SONG OF THE STAR.
The past has many me-mories, But none so sweet as mine

Andante. S. NELSON.
FORGIVE ONE ANOTHER.
For-give one a-no-ther, there's few but have err'd

Andante. A. FRY.
CAN I E'ER FORGET THE VALLEY.
Can I e'er forget the valley, Or the gen-tle rippling rill

TREES OF THE FOREST.

Andante. J. W. CHERRY.
I wan-der'd thro' the forest glade, I gaz'd upon the trees

Allegro mod^o
DOWN THE DEEP-HOLM LANE.
Take thy crook and go Colin, Bitter winds do blow

Mod^o W. S. PRATTEN.
FARE-THREE-WELL HEATHER BELL
The pride of the mountain, The charm of the vale

Andante. F. ROMER.
OH GIVE ME BACK BUT YESTERDAY.
Oh give me back but yes-terday! I know what I would do

Andantino. A. LEE.
ONE CARELESS WORD.
For years our hearts to-ge-ther beat, We knew no joys a-part

Allegretto. E. F. RIMBAULT.
GENTLE WORDS.
A young rose in summer time, Is beautiful to me

Allegro mod^o W. S. PRATTEN.
THOUGH FAR AWAY.
Tho' far a-way from me you fly To seek for bliss elsewhere

Allegretto. E. L. HIME.
LOOK ALWAYS ON THE SUNNY SIDE.
Look always on the sunny side, 'Tis wise and better, far

Mod^o E. L. HIME.
YOU WOULD NOT LEAVE YOUR NORAH.
You would not leave your No-rah To pine a-lone be-hind

Andante. W. S. PRATTEN.
THE EVENING STAR.
I often think when yonder stars, Is ri-sing in the ruddy sky

Andante. S. NELSON.
I SAW NOT HER FACE.
I saw not her face, but her sweet voice I heard

Andante. F. ROMER.
MAY GUARDIAN ANGELS HOVER NEAR THEE.
As thy wav'ring footsteps wander, O'er the rug-ged path of life