

SUNG AND ILLUSTRATED BY MANY VAUDERVILLE STARS.

IN THE VALLEY WHERE THE ROBINS USED TO SING.



WORDS AND MUSIC
BY

MRS. S. C. BIDDLE.

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"NO ONE LOVES ME NOW."

Words by Mrs. T. A. JUDSON.
Author of "Only a grave in the old churchyard," etc.

Music by HARRY J. LINCOLN.
Composer of "Only a grave in the old churchyard," "Midnight Fire Alarm," etc.

CHORUS.

"No one loves me now" and I must roam a - lone, . . . No one seems to

care for me while I'm a - way from home, . . . An - oth - er won his love to live I

know not how . . . Since that false man my love betrayed and "no one loves me now," . . .

IN THE VALLEY WHERE THE ROBINS USED TO SING 3

arr. by Harry J. Lincoln

Words and Music by Mrs. S.C. BIDDLE

Andante Moderato

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature (C). The tempo is marked 'Andante Moderato'. The score is divided into four systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part begins with a forte (f) dynamic and later moves to piano (p). The lyrics are written below the vocal line, with some words hyphenated across measures. The melody is simple and evocative, with a recurring motif of eighth notes in the vocal line.

Far a - way in old New Eng - land, stands a home - stead I a - dore, And
As I won - d'ed home one eve - ning, when all na - ture seemed at rest, I
where I spent my child - hood days so gay And how
heard the strains of Dix - ie soft and clear How it
mem - 'ry paints the pict - ure of a lit - tle bub - ling brook A
pict - ures in my mind the lit - tle church - yard on the hill Where

place I long for man - y miles a - way I can
sleeps my lit - tle sweet-heart I loved dear Naught shall

see my lit - tle sweet-heart as she stood one sum-mer's day a -
e'er dis - turb her slum - ber from that peace-ful qui - et rest its

mid the flow-ers that she loved so well I can see her as she gazed in - to my
rec - ol - lec - tions fondest mem-'ries bring How my heart is filled with long-ing for those

eyes and said good by While the rob - ins sang so sweet-ly in the dell.
seems of child-hood days In the val - ley where the rob - ins used to sing.

Chorus

5

I am long-ing for my sweet-heart and the home I loved so dear And the

lit - tle or - chard where we used to swing — But them

gold - en rays have fad - ed, now a shad - ow lin - gers there In the

val - ley where the rob - ins used to sing. —

In the valley &c.

"ONLY A GRAVE IN THE OLD CHURCH YARD."

Words by Mrs T. A. JUDSON.

Author of "No one love me now."

CHORUS.

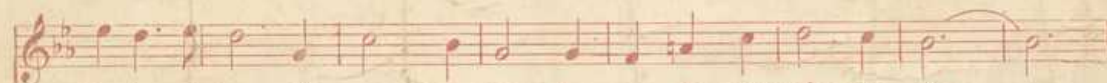
Music by HARRY J. LINCOLN.

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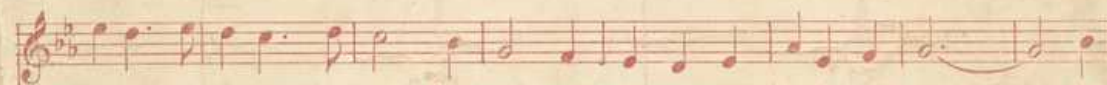
"No one loves me now."



On-ly a grave in the old church-yard, covered by weeds of neg-lect,



On-ly a stone with mes-sage plain for one she could ne'er for-get,



Trampled and crush'd by her wan-d'ring boy whose heart had grown reckless and hard,



told a love with-out-a-foy, that grew in the old church-yard.



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