

C. R.  
**D**OCKSTADER'S  
 POPULAR SONGS.

A Message from Mother. ....	.35
Captain Hiram Carter. ....	.35
Sad are the days without Thee. ....	.35
Come thee back Girl. ....	.35
What shall we name the Baby. ....	.35

Philadelphia **LEE & WALKER** 1113 Chestnut St.

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# SAD ARE THE DAYS WITHOUT THEE.

SONG AND CHORUS.

By C. R. DOCKSTADER.

*Allegretto.*

1. Sad, sad the days seem with - out you, Why have you  
 2. I was sitting last night by the win - - dow, Watch - ing the

left me a - lone . . . . . Oh! no I nev - er could  
 flee - cy clouds glide . . . . . The bright laugh - ing moon seemd to

doubt you, Tell me a - gain, I'm thine own,  
 ask love, Why has she gone from your side,

Why should we let words of an - - ger  
 O? - ten I go to the wild - - wood

Sev-er hearts con-stant and true. . . . . It on - ly makes life dark and  
 Where we have wan-der'd be-fore. . . . . Where sun - ny days of our

drea - - ry And I could ne'er love but you. . . . .  
 life pass'd Say will they ev - er come more. . . . .

*rall*

*colla voce.*

## CHORUS.

AIR.

1. Take me a - gain to your heart love Fold me a - gain in your arms . . .

ALTO.

2. What are the bright rays of sun - shine Sweet flow'rs or pure sum - mer air . . . .

TENOR.

1. Take me a - gain to your heart love Fold me a - gain in your arms . . .

BASS.

2. What are the bright rays of sun - shine Sweet flow'rs or pure sum - mer air . . . .

PIANO.

On - ly tell me you'll for - give me And life will for me yet have charms . . .

Or an - y - thing that is love - ly If thy bright eyes are not there . . .

On - ly tell me you'll for - give me And life will for me yet have charms . . .

Or an - y - thing that is love - ly If thy bright eyes are not there . . .

A most beautiful SONG AND CHORUS, with Illustrated  
Title Page,

# MOTHER'S BIRTHPLACE.

(Sung with great success by the Author, OTIS CARTER,  
of Haverly's Minstrels.)

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I've seen where mother lived, they say, -  
When she was but a child,  
When first she saw the light of day,  
And heaven on her smiled.  
There stands the cot with Ivy roof;  
Oh, could it speak to tell  
Of happy days in mother's youth,  
I know she loved so well.

CHORUS: God bless the dear spot and the Ivy roof'd cot,  
On the place where my mother did dwell;  
How enchanting the scene where the moss ever  
green  
Clothes the bucket that hangs in the well,

Within that cot an album lies,  
'Tis treasured up with care;  
One picture shows the laughing eyes  
Of mother young and fair;  
Again we see her noble face  
When she's just turning gray;  
God left the album in its place,  
But mother called away.

There is a lawn in front the cot,  
That's sprinkled night and morn;  
Sweet flowers bloom to cheer the spot  
Where mother dear was born.  
The carriage they have laid away,  
In which she loved to ride;  
Its wheels have never turned, they say,  
Since our dear mother died.

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