

DEDICATED TO  
ALICE MEDORA WYATT,  
Louisville, Ky.



CALL ME NO MORE  
MOTHER!

A BEAUTIFUL SONG AND CHORUS,

A COMPANION TO "ROCK ME TO SLEEP MOTHER"

WRITTEN AND COMPOSED

BY

WILL. S. HAYS,

Author of "We May Never Meet Again" "Old Sergeant" etc. etc'.



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## CALL ME NO MORE, MOTHER.

BY WILL. S. HAYS.

Piano introduction in 3/4 time, marked *pp*. The music is written for piano with a treble and bass clef. It features a series of chords and melodic lines in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand.

3. Ma -- ry, dear Ma -- ry, these warm tears will start--

1. Call me no more, Mother, Call me no more--  
 2. Oh! death, spare the grief of a fond Moth -- er's heart

Vocal line and piano accompaniment for the first system. The piano part is marked *p*. The vocal line has two parts: a soprano part and an alto part. The piano accompaniment consists of chords in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand.

Drops of af -- fee -- tion that come from my heart, Will

Call me not back from "the ech -- o -- less shore."  
 Break -- ing and bleed -- ing, to think she must part--

Vocal line and piano accompaniment for the second system. The piano part continues with chords and a bass line. The vocal line has two parts: a soprano part and an alto part.

steal from mine eye -- lids and die on my cheek; My

Where the bright an -- gels as -- sem -- ble, 'round me  
 Part, and for -- ev -- er, with Ma -- ry on earth,

Vocal line and piano accompaniment for the third system. The piano part continues with chords and a bass line. The vocal line has two parts: a soprano part and an alto part.

heart yields them, Ma - - ry, my lips can - not speak. Ye an - - gels as -

Watch - ing, and wai - ting, dear Mother, for thee. I feel thy soft  
Whom all knew to love-God best knew her worth. An - gels had call -

sem - - - ble and smile on her face; Fold her, each one, in thy

hand as it smooths o'er my cheek, And e - - ven in death, ah! me  
ed her to dwell in the skies, Where they - - could shine in the.

ten - der em - - brace; Crown her the brightest of all "gone be -

thinks that you speak, I hear your sweet voice, but oh! I im -  
light of her eyes, Life's storms and tem - pests a - round us may.

fore," Call her not back Mother, Call her no more.

plore, Call me not back, Mother, Call me no more..  
roar, Call her not back, Mother, Call, her no more.

## CHORUS.

Air.

Close her bright eyes, she is sweetly at rest, Fold her white

Alto.

Tenor.

Close her bright eyes, she is sweetly at rest, Fold her white

Bass.

Piano.

hands on her cold, chil - ly breast; An - gels sur - round her and

hands on her cold, chil - ly breast; An - gels sur - round her and

Heavenward soar— Call her not back, Mother, Call her no more.

Heavenward soar— Call her not back, Mother, Call her no more.

Heavenward soar— Call her not back, Mother, Call her no more.

Heavenward soar— Call her not back, Mother, Call her no more.