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A CHOICE COLLECTION

OF

Secular Quartettes

For Male and Mixed Voices,

COMPOSED AND ARRANGED BY

COLLIN COE.

MALE VOICES.

We Meet Again, Boys, - -	3
Rowing Swiftly Down the Stream,	4
O, Fair Dove, O, Fond Dove, -	4
Awake, my Love, - - -	3½

MIXED VOICES.

I Know You'll be True to Me Robin,	3
Come Where Birds are Singing, -	4
Merrily Goes the Mill, - -	3

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AWAKE, MY LOVE!

SERENADE QUARTETTE

for

MALE VOICES.

By COLLIN COE.

Lively.

PIANO.

f

I. TENOR.

f

1. A - wake, my love! A - wake, a - wake, my love! The stars are beaming, The
2. A - wake, my love! The dew is on the flow'r, The world is fair - est In

II. TENOR.

f I. BASS.

1. A - wake, my love! A - wake, a - wake, my love! The stars are beaming, The
2. A - wake, my love! The dew is on the flow'r, The world is fair - est In

II. BASS.

f

14943=4

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sil-v'ry lake is gleaming! A-wake, awake, my love, And come where music calls.
midnight beauty rarest! A-wake, awake, my love, And feel its magic pow'r.

sil-v'ry lake is gleaming! A-wake, awake, my love, And come where music calls.
midnight beauty rarest! A-wake, awake, my love, And feel its magic pow'r.

CHORUS.

p

Come where the zephyrs stray, Come where the fairies play, Come where the

Come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, Where the

p

Come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, Where the

p

14943=4

nightingale sing - eth his song, Yes! come where the zephyrs stray,

nightingale sings his song, Yes! come, come, come, come,

nightingale sings his song, Yes! come, come, come, come,

sings his song Oh!

Come where the fairies play, Come where the rippling wave floweth a - long.

come, come, come, come,

come, come, come, come, Come where the rippling wave floweth a - long.

REFRAIN.

f *pp* *f*

Then sing to - night..... sing to-night, For my
A - wake to - night..... come my love! My

f *pp* *f*

Then sing to - night..... sing to-night, For my
A - wake to - night..... come my love! My

f

Then sing the sweetest song to - night..... sing to-night,
A - wake my love to - night, to - night..... come my love!

f *pp* *f*

dim

own..... true..... love.....

love, my own love love.

own..... - true..... love, my own love love.

dim

14943 = 4

THEMATIC CATALOGUE OF POPULAR SONGS.

THE LITTLE ONES AT HOME. *C. T. Lockwood.* 40

I am thinking now of home, a-mong my na-tive hills,
And though a-far through dis-tant lands I roam,

LITTLE ONE CREEP CLOSER. *G. W. Persley.* 30

Lit-tle ones creep clos-er, near-er
To my warm and throb-bing heart,

SONGS THAT WE NEVER FORGET. *Frank Howard* 30

Songs that we nev-er for-get,.....
Strains to our hearts ev-er dear,.....

AND HE'S GOT THE MONEY TOO. *C. T. Lockwood.* 35

I am just as fond of beauty, as a-ny one can be!
The pret-ty eye, the ro-sy cheek, I love so much to see;

SOFTLY FALL THE SILVERY MOONBEAMS. *G. W. Persley.* 35

Soft-ly fall..... the sil-ver-y moon-beams,
O-ver the val-ley and o-ver the hill,

I STAND ON MEMORY'S GOLDEN SHORE. *J. P. Webster.* 35

I stand on mem-'ry's gold-en shore.....
And muse and dream, ... this au-tumn night,.....

CALL ME WHEN BREAKFAST IS READY! *C. T. Lockwood.* 35

Call me when break-fast is rea-dy..... Oh
mother, don't call me be-fore,.. Do not de-ny me the pleasure,..

HOLD THE FORT. *P. P. Bliss.* 30

Ho! my comrades, see the sig-nal Wav-ing in the
sky! Re-in-force-ments now ap-pear-ing,

FATHER WILL SETTLE THE BILL. *C. T. Lockwood.* 40

Al-low me to look at your dress goods,
And trim-mings to match, if you please;....

LITTLE ROBIN, TELL KITTY I'M COMING. *G. W. Persley.* 40

Lit-tle Rob-in tell Kit-ty I'm com-ing,
Yes, tell her to meet me for sure,.....

'TILL THE CLOUDS GO BY. *Jas. M. North.* 30

O my Jamie, O my Ja-mie, Bide the time a-
wee, Sure-ly lanes must have their turn-ing,

STILL I LOVE THEE. *C. T. Lockwood.* 40

What should make thee sad, my darl-ing?
Why those pear-ly tears I see?

GONE THROUGH THE BEAUTIFUL GATE. *G. W. Persley.* 30

Soft-ly the breezes of evening are sighing,
Down where the wild flow-ers bloom in the glade,

COME O'ER THE SILVERY WAVES. *G. A. Glover.* 30

Come, come where the moon-light falls
On the clear, tran-quil sea,

HOW THE GATES CAME AJAR. *Eastburn.* 40

'Twas whispered one morn-ing in Heav-en,
How the lit-tle white an-gel May,

JEANIE IS MY BONNIE LASSIE. *T. P. Westendorf.* 30

Jea-nie is my bon-nie las-sie, And she lives a-
cross the sea, Ma-ny years a-go we parted,

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