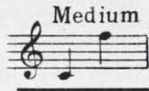
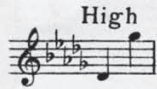


2 SM 6469

DAWN



Lyric by
ROSCOE GILMORE STOTT

Music by
FRED R. WEAVER

Not too slowly

mp *gradually louder* *f* *p*

The

gradually louder

night is long and I wait a - lone, But dawn will come when your

gradually louder

mf a little slower *p in time and softly*

mf a little slower *p in time and softly*

lips touch my own! Love tells me, dear, morn - ing is near,

mf a little slower *p in time and softly*

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gradually louder

Ros - es a - wak - en that sleep in dew; Far on the

gradually louder *f*

hill call the birds that were still, Morn - ing will come and bring the

mp gradually louder

mp *gradually louder*

sun - light and you.

f *slower*

f *slower* *mp* *gradually louder*

The night is dark and the stars are gone, Your

p

gradually louder *a little slower* *mf* *p in time and softly*

dear lips call and I know it is dawn! Love tells me,

gradually louder *mf* *a little slower* *p in time and softly*

gradually louder

dear, morn - ing is near, Ros - es a - wak - en that

gradually louder

f

sleep in dew; Far on the hill call the birds that were

f

gradually louder *f* *very slowly*

still, Morn - ing will come and bring the sun - light and you.

gradually louder *f* *very slowly*

DAWN

MEDIUM

CELLO OBLIGATO

FRED R. WEAVER

Not too slow
Piano

mp *gradually louder* *f* VOICE *p*

a little slower *p* in time and

sweetly

f

Piano *f* *mp* *f*

VOICE *p*

a little slower *p* in time and

sweetly

f

f *very slow*

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DAWN

VIOLIN OBBLIGATO

MEDIUM

FRED R. WEAVER

Not too slow
Piano
mp
gradually louder
f
VOICE 1 2 3 1 4 3 3 2 2 3 0 3 2
p
2 3 1 2 1 3 4 3 2 1 2 1 4 1 2 2 3 4 3 2 1 1 3 1
a little slower *p* *in time*
2 2 0 4 2 2 1 1 2 4 3 2 1 2 3 4 3 1 0 3 1 0
and softly
4 1 3 2 1 1 2 0 1 3 4 3 4 3 2 1 0
f
V 1 2 0 1 4 Piano
f *slower* *mp*
VOICE *p*
in time and sweetly
a little slower *p*
f
f *very slow*

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Dawn

The night is long
And I wait alone,
But dawn will come
When your lips touch my own!

Love tells me, dear,
Morning is near;
Roses awaken that sleep in dew;
Far on the hill
Call the birds that were still;
Morning will come
And bring the sunlight— and you.

The night is dark
And the stars are gone,
Your dear lips call
And I know it is dawn!

Roscoe Gilmore Stott.