

TO MY FRIEND

MYRON A. COONEY, New-York.

Parlor Edition,

RIP VAN WINKLE,

ROMANTIC OPERA,

WORDS BY

J. HOWARD WAINWRIGHT,

MUSIC BY

GEO. F. BRISTOW.



- | | |
|--|---|
| 1. When circled round in youth's glad Spring, - 3½ | 8. List! the merry Bells are Ringing, - - |
| 2. Vivandiere, Song, - - - - 5 | 9. Joy ne'er ceasing, (Duet,) - - 4 |
| 3. Alone, all alone in this wide World, - - 3½ | 10. O'er my Heart some spell is stealing, (Trio.) |
| 4. The Gentry may talk, - - - - 5 | 11. Whither art thou going? (Duet,) - |
| 5. The day is done, the setting Sun, - - | 12. I cannot wait his coming, - - - |
| 6. The dew of Night, I'm afraid, - - | 13. Nay, do not weep, my Alice, dear, - |
| 7. Protecting Power, (Prayer,) - - - | 14. He's gone, and now the Wild-wood Rose, |

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JOYS NEVER CEASING

DUET

FOR SOPRANO AND TENOR.

From Geo. F. BRISTOWS Opera

RIP VAN WINKLE.

Andante. ALICE.

EDWARD.

Joys nev-er ceas - ing

Joys nev-er ceas - ing

Andante.

pp

pp

com.

Gar-land our way,..... True love in - creas - - ing Brighter each day.....

Gar-land our way,..... True love in - creas - - ing Brighter each day.....

6556

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1870 by Wm. Hall & Son, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

Friendship's de - vo - tion To us be given, Safe o'er life's o - - cean

Friendship's de - vo - tion To us be given, Safe o'er life's o - - cean

Corn.

Leading to heaven, Safe o'er life's o - - cean Leading to heaven;

Leading to heaven, Safe o'er life's o - - cean Leading to heaven;

Corn.

Sor-row and sad - ness. Claim not a tear,....

Sor-row and sad - - ness Claim not a tear,.... Sor-row and sad - - ness

not a tear, Af-fec-tion and glad-ness Ev-er be near, Af-

Claim not a tear, Af-fec-tion and glad-ness Ev-er be near, Af-

pp

ritard. *a tempo.*

-fec-tion and glad-ness Ev-er be near,..... So at life's por-tal

-fec-tion and glad-ness Ev-er be near,..... So at life's por-tal

ritard. *a tempo.*

Love points the road, The spir-it im-mor-tal Must

Love points the road, The spir-it im-mor-tal Must

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pass to its God..... So at life's por - tal Love points the road, The

pass to its God..... So at life's por - tal Love points the road, The

spir - it im - mor - tal Must pass to its God. The spir - it im - mor - tal Must

spir - it im - mor - tal Must pass to its God. The spir - it im - mor - tal Must

rit. tempo.

pass..... to its God.....

pass..... to its God.....

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