

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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ALONE, ALL ALONE IN THIS WIDE WORLD OF SORROW.

(RIP VAN WINKLE.)

G. F. BRISTOW.

ORIGINAL KEY A \flat .

Andante affettuoso. Sostenuto.

p

A - lone, all a - lone in this

pp

wide world of sorrow, No kind friend to com - fort, no chil - dren to cheer, No

joy for to - day, and no hope for to - morrow, And gone is each heart that I

ev-er held dear, All the friends of my youth, one by one have depart-ed, The

tomb-stones white repeat the sad tale that they died; My wife too is gone, And e'er

long brok-en heart-ed I shall tran- quill re- pose in the grave by her side, Ah!

say, are there none that will greet me with gladness? Are there none to remind me of

hap - py days past? No! all, all are dead that would grieve at my sad - ness, Then

stringendo. wel - come the tomb, that receives me at last, Then *a tempo ritardando.* wel - come the tomb that re -

ceives me at last, re - ceives me at last, re -

ritard. *tempo.* ceives me at last.

ritard. *tempo.* *pp* *dim.*