

Via Felice

Words and music by
JULIA WARD HOWE

Andante con grazia

Voice *mp*

1. 'Twas in the vi - a Fe - li - ce My friend his dwell - ing made, The
2. O not where he is ly - ing With dear, an - ces - tral dust; Not

Piano *p dolce*

poco rit. *a tempo*

Ro - man vi - a Fe - li - ce, Half sun - shine, half in shade; But I dwelt near the con - vent Whose
where his house - hold leav - ings Grow sad and dim with rust, But in the an - cient ci - ty, And

poco rit. *a tempo*

rit.

bells did hal - low noon And eve - ry les - ser hour With sweet re - cur - rent tune, They
from the quaint old door, I'm watch - ing at my win - dow His com - ing ev - er more. For

rit.

a tempo *rall.*

lent their sol - emn ca - dence To all the thought - less day; The heart so oft it heard them Was lifted up to pray.
Death's e - ter - nal ci - ty Has still some hap - py street; 'Tis in the Vi - a Fe - li - ce My friend and I shall meet

a tempo *rall.*