THE POSTILLION.

Words by F. E. WEATHERLY.

Music by J. L. MOLLOY.

Vivace.

The night is late, we dare not wait, the winds begin to blow, An' ere we goin' the hollow plain, there'll be a storm I trow, ... An' as we pass the Beggar's tree, look out in the dark, look out ... The
Ho! lal! lal! lal!... Who's for the coach to-night, For we are boun' for Bristol town be-
fore the morning light, Ho! lal!... Ho! lal!... Ho! lal!...
Oh, I've a wife in Bristol town, a wife an' children three, An'
they are sleep-in' safe an' sound. But she keeps watch for me; An'
galemen.
who would quake, the road to take with such a prize in store; Tho'
ravens croak on Hangman's oak, An' a storm be at our fore; Ho-
li! Ho-li! Ho-li! An' a storm be at our fore. Ho-

2139. The Pavillon. 5–3.
Ho - ló! Ho - ló! . . . who's for the coach to-night, . . . For we are bound for

Bristol town before the morning light, Ho - la! . . . . . . . . Ho -

Poco più lento.

Then one glass more; The ale is fine, a toast sweet ladies fair, To

Each man's home good masters mine an' may he soon be there, The

sulzetz. poco rall. poco rall.
tempo.

sparks shall flash as on we dash, The clat'rin' wheels shall spin, An'

cv'-ry sleep-in' boon shall stir, to see the coach roll in, . . . Ho-la! Ho-la! Ho-

la! . . . To see the coach roll in Ho-la! Ho-la! Ho-la! . . .

who'k for the coach to-night For we are bound for Bristol town before the morning.

light Ho-la! . . . . . Ho-la! Ho-la! Ho-la! . . .

coda voce

Ped.