

THE POSTILLION.

Words by F. E. WEATHERLY.

Music by J. L. MOLLOY.

Vivace.

The piano introduction consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 6/8 time signature. The middle and bottom staves are grand staff notation. The music begins with a forte (f) dynamic and features a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes. A piano (p) dynamic marking appears in the second measure of the bottom staff.

The first line of the song features a vocal line on a treble clef staff and piano accompaniment on a grand staff. The lyrics are: "The night is late, we dare not wait, the winds be-gin to blow, An'". The piano accompaniment consists of chords and moving lines in both hands. A piano (p) dynamic marking is present in the second measure of the piano accompaniment.

The second line of the song features a vocal line on a treble clef staff and piano accompaniment on a grand staff. The lyrics are: "'ere we gain the hol-low plain, there'll be a storm I trow, . . . An'". The piano accompaniment continues with chords and moving lines. A piano (p) dynamic marking is present in the second measure of the piano accompaniment.

The third line of the song features a vocal line on a treble clef staff and piano accompaniment on a grand staff. The lyrics are: "as we pass the Beg-gar's tree, look out'n the dark, look out, . . . The". The piano accompaniment continues with chords and moving lines.

phan - tom horse - man you will see, He'll crack his whip and shout, . . . Ho -

lá! Ho - lá! Ho - lá! . . . He'll crack his whip an' shout, Ho - lá! Ho - lá! Ho -

lá! . . . Who's for the coach to - night, For we are boun' for Bris - tol town be -

fore the morning light, Ho - lá! . . . Ho - lá! Ho - lá! . . .

Ped. v

Ped.

*

Oh, I've a wife in Bris - tol town, a wife an' chil - dren three, An'

they are sleep - in' safe an' soun' But she keeps watch for me; An'

gaiement.

who would quake, the road to take with such a prize in store, . . . Tho'

ra - vens croak on Hang - man's oak, An' a storm be at our fore, . . . Ho -

lâ! Ho - lâ! Ho - lâ! An' a storm be at our fore. Ho -

- lá! Ho - lá! Ho - lá! . . . who's for the coach to - night, . . . For we are bound for

rit.
Bris - tol town be - fore the morn - ing light, Ho - la! Ho -

lá! Ho - lá! . . .

f *f* *Ped.* *

Poco piu lento.
Then one glass more, The ale is fine, a toast sweet la - dies fair, To

ritard. *poco rall.*
each man's home good mas - ters mine an' may he soon be there, The

suivez. *poco rall.*

tempo.

sparks shall flash as on we dash, The clatt'ring wheels shall spin, An'

tempo.

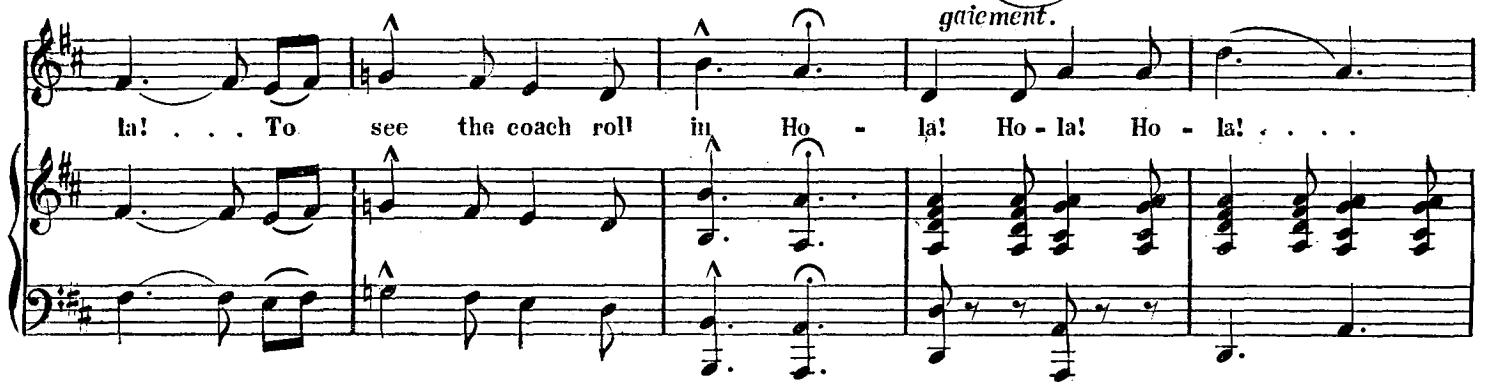


ev'ry sleep-in' loon shall stir, to see the coach roll in, . . . Ho - la! Ho - la! Ho -



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

gaiement.



who's for the coach to - night For we are boun' for Bris - toltown be - fore the morning

rit.



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

rall.

colla voce



Ped.

