

** OH, MONTONOUSLY RINGS THE COACH BELL **

Solo

1. OH, MO - NOT -- O - NOUS - LY RINGS THE COACH BELL AND HOW DUST - Y THE
2. HOW MUCH FEEL-ING THERE IS IN THAT SAD SONG HOW MUCH SUF - - - 'RING
3. AND IT BROUGHT TO MY MEN-'RY NIGHTS LONG PAST OF THE FIELDS AND THE

HM

Solo

1. ROAD THAT WE GO RING-ING SOR-ROW-F'LLY OUT O'ER THE HIGH - WAY POURS THE
2. IN HIS RE-FRAIN SO THAT DEEP IN MY BOS- OM IT FELT LIKE MY
3. WOODS I HOLD DEAR AND FROM EYES THAT HAVE LONG, LONG BEEN DRY LIKE A

Solo

1. COACH-MAN HIS SAD SONG OF WOE.
2. HEART ONCE A- GAIN WAS A FLAME.
3. JEWEL DOWN MY CHEEK ROLLED A TEAR.

WS 81

Solo

4. AND THE COACH-MAN HAS NOW BE-COME SI -- LENT AND THE ROAD UP A HEAD RUNS OUT OF SIGHT