THE HIGHWAYMAN

BY ALFRED NOYES AND PHIL OCHS

OVER THE COBBLES HE CLATTERED AND CLASHED IN THE DARKENED YARD

AND HE TAPPED WITH HIS WHIP AT THE WINDOW BUT ALL WAS LOCKED AND BARRED

SO HE WHISTLED A TUNE TO THE WINDOW AND WHO SHOULD BE WAITING THERE

BUT THE LANDLORD'S BLACK EYED DAUGHTER BESS THE LANDLORD'S DAUGHTER

PLAITING A DARK RED LOVE KNOT INTO HER LONG BLACK HAIR

ONE KISS, MY BONNY SWEETHEART FOR I'M AFTER A PRIZE TONIGHT

BUT I SHALL BE BACK WITH THE YELLOW GOLD BEFORE THE MORNING LIGHT

YET IF THEY PRESS ME SHARPLY HARRY ME THROUGH THE DAY

OH, THEN LOOK FOR ME BY MOONLIGHT WATCH FOR ME BY MOONLIGHT

AND I'LL COME TO THEE BY MOONLIGHT THOUGH HELL SHOULD BAR THE WAY

HE DID NOT COME AT THE DAWNING NO, HE DID NOT COME AT THE NOON

AND OUT OF THE TAWNY SUNSET BEFORE THE RISE OF THE MOON

WHEN THE ROAD WAS A GYPSY'S RIBBON LOOPING THE PURPLE MOOR

OH A REDCOAT TROOP CAME MARCHING, MARCHING, MARCHING

KING GEORGE'S MEN CAME MARCHING UP TO THE OLD INN DOOR

AND THEY BOUND THE LANDLORD'S DAUGHTER WITH MANY A SNIGGERING JEST

AND THEY BOUND THE MUSKET BESIDE HER WITH THE BARREL BENEATH HER BREAST

NOW KEEP GOOD WATCH AND THEY KISSED HER SHE HEARD THE DEAD MAN SAY

"OH LOOK FOR ME BY MOONLIGHT WATCH FOR ME BY MOONLIGHT

AND I'LL COME TO THEE BY MOONLIGHT THOUGH HELL SHOULD BAR THE WAY"

LOOK FOR ME BY MOONLIGHT HOOF BEATS RINGING CLEAR

WATCH FOR ME BY MOONLIGHT WERE THEY DEAF THAT THEY DID NOT HEAR

FOR HE RODE ON THE GYPSY HIGHWAY SHE BREATHED ONE FINAL BREATH

THEN HER FINGER MOVED IN THE MOONLIGHT HER MUSKET SHATTERED THE MOONLIGHT

AND IT SHATTERED HER BREAST IN THE MOONLIGHT AND WARNED HIM WITH HER DEATH

OH HE TURNED; HE SPURRED ON TO THE WEST HE DID NOT KNOW WHO STOOD

OUT WITH HER BLACK HAIR A FLOWING DOWN DRENCHED WITH HER OWN RED BLOOD

OH NOT 'TIL THE DAWN HAD HE HEARD IT AND HIS FACE GREW GRAY TO HEAR

HOW BESS THE LANDLORD'S DAUGHTER THE LANDLORD'S BLACK EYED DAUGHTER

HAD WATCHED FOR HER LOVE IN THE MOONLIGHT AND DIED IN THE DARKNESS THERE

AND STILL ON A WINTER'S NIGHT THEY SAY WHEN THE WIND IS IN THE TREES WHEN THE MOON IS A GHOSTLY GALLEON TOSSED UPON CLOUDY SEAS WHEN THE ROAD IS A RIBBON OF MOONLIGHT OVER THE PURPLE MOOR OH THE HIGHWAYMAN COMES RIDING, RIDING, RIDING

YES THE HIGHWAYMAN COMES RIDING UP TO THE OLD INN DOOR.