

# The Highwayman

1. The wind was a torrent of darkness  
upon the gusty trees.  
The moon was a ghostly galleon,  
Tossed upon cloudy seas.  
The road was a ribbon of moonlight  
looping the purple moor,  
and the Highwayman came riding,  
riding, riding,  
the Highwayman came riding  
up to the old inn door.

Ah. Ah.

2. He'd a French cocked hat on his forehead,  
and a bunch of lace at his chin;  
He'd a coat of the claret velvet,  
And breeches of fine doe skin.  
They fitted with never a wrinkle;  
His boots were up to his thigh!  
And he rode with a jewelled twinkle,  
His rapier hilt a twinkle,  
His pistol butts a twinkle  
under the jeweled sky.

Ah. Ah.

Ah. Ah.