

# **THE HIGHWAYMAN**

*A musical adaptation of the narrative ballad  
of the same name by Alfred Noyes*

**Music & words by John Gleadall**

**Words by Greg Mosse & Alfred Noyes**

gleadall\_mosse\_highwayman\_complete\_v18

© 2018 Mosse Associates Ltd

## **Time & Place**

Prologue – 1776

Act One & Act Two – 1786

A village on the London to Bristol road / a tavern in Bristol.

## **Agent**

Caroline Hazeldine  
caroline@granthamhazeldine.com

## **Contact**

Greg Mosse  
gregmosse@hotmail.com  
07715 665 952

**CAST - SCENE BY SCENE**

**Prologue**

Milkmaid 1  
Farmer 1  
Trader 1  
Craft 1  
Young Highwayman  
Young Bess  
Young Tim  
Landlord  
Redcoat 1  
Redcoat 2  
Redcoat 3

**Act One – Scene One**

Milkmaid 1  
Milkmaid 2  
Milkmaid 3  
Farmer 1  
Farmer 2  
Farmer 3  
Trader 1  
Trader 2  
Trader 3  
Craft 1  
Craft 2  
Craft 3  
Tim  
Highwayman  
Landlord  
Bess  
Lady  
Lord

**Act One – Scene Two**

Lady  
Lord  
Guest 1  
Guest 2  
Highwayman  
Servant 1  
Servant 2  
Servant 3

**Act One – Scene Three**

Tim  
Redcoats  
Bess  
Landlord  
Lady  
Lord  
Milkmaids  
Farmers  
Traders  
Crafts  
Servants

**INTERVAL**

**CAST - SCENE BY SCENE (CONTINUED)**

**Act Two – Scene One**

Highwayman  
Redcoat 1  
Redcoat 2  
Redcoat 3  
Landlord  
Bess  
Tim  
Milkmaid 1  
Milkmaid 2  
Milkmaid 3

**Act Two – Scene Two**

Highwayman  
Sailor 1  
Sailor 2  
Sailor 3

**Act Two – Scene Three**

Guest 1  
Guest 2  
Lady  
Lord  
Redcoat 1  
Tim  
Redcoats  
Landlord  
Milkmaids  
Farmers  
Crafts  
Traders  
Bess  
Highwayman

**THE END**

## CAST – 30 NAMED ROLES

Bess	Redcoat 1
Craft 1	Redcoat 2
Craft 2	Redcoat 3
Craft 3	Sailor 1
Farmer 1	Sailor 2
Farmer 2	Sailor 3
Farmer 3	Servant 1
Guest 1	Servant 2
Guest 2	Servant 3
Highwayman	Tim
Lady	Trader 1
Landlord	Trader 2
Lord	Trader 3
Milkmaid 1	Young Bess
Milkmaid 2	Young Highwayman
Milkmaid 3	Young Tim

## PROLOGUE

*Location: The Village Square, the Inn Yard & Stables*

*Enter Milkmaid 1 & Farmer 1.*

***Song: 'Villagers'***

Milkmaid 1 WE ALL LIVE IN A VILLAGE ON A MAJOR ENGLISH ROAD.  
THE COACHES AND THEIR HORSES ARE OUR TRADE.  
THEY RATTLE UP FROM BRISTOL –

Farmer 1 RATTLE UP FROM LONDON TOO –

Milkmaid 1 THEY COME BOWLING IN AT CHRISTMAS –

Farmer 1 EASTER, WHITSUN – TELL YOU TRUE:  
DO WE LOVE THE WAY OUTSIDERS MUSCLE IN ON OUR ABODE?

Milkmaid 1 THE COACHES AND THEIR HORSES ARE OUR TRADE.

*Enter Young Tim, Young Highwayman & Young Bess.*

Young Tim You be the American revolutionaries. I'll be King George's army.

Young Bess I'll be George Washington.<sup>1</sup>

Young H'man I'll be Alexander Hamilton.<sup>2</sup>

*They run about, playing chase.*

Milkmaid 1 THERE'S A WAR IN AMERICA, ACROSS THE WIDE GREY SEA.  
THERE'S REDCOATS MARCHING UP AND DOWN OUR ROADS.

---

<sup>1</sup> George Washington was the most important general in the American uprising, later president.

<sup>2</sup> Alexander Hamilton was Washington's right-hand man.

THEY COME MARCHING UP FROM BRISTOL –

Farmer 1 MARCHING UP FROM LONDON TOO –

Milkmaid 1 WIELDING MUSKETS, SWORDS AND PISTOLS –

Farmer 1 POUNDING DRUMBEATS – TELL YOU TRUE:  
DO THEY GIVE US REASSURANCE, GIVE US MORE SECURITY?

Milkmaid 1 THERE'S REDCOATS MARCHING UP AND DOWN OUR ROADS.

*Young Bess catches Young Highwayman.*

Young Tim Why are you chasing him? You're supposed to be on the same side.

**Song: 'Village Life is Quiet'**

Young H'man VILLAGE LIFE IS QUIET.

Young Bess VILLAGE KIDS ARE POOR.

Young Tim VILLAGE LIFE IS GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME.

*Young Highwayman makes Young Tim 'It'. They chase around.*

*Enter Trader 1 & Craft 1.*

Milkmaid 1 WHEN YOU LIVE CHEEK BY JOWL ...

Farmer 1 IT'S IMPORTANT TO BE KIND.

Trader 1 JEALOUSY'S A PROBLEM ...

Craft 1 THAT WE OFTEN FIND.

*Young Tim makes Young Bess 'It'.*

Young Tim I caught you!

Young Bess (*bored*) I suppose you did.

Young H'man VILLAGE LIFE IS DEADLY.

Young Bess           VILLAGE KIDS ARE DULL.

Young Tim            VILLAGE LIFE IS GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME.

*Exit Young Highwayman & Young Tim, chased by Young Bess.*

*Enter Landlord, with a tray of jugs of ale.*

Trader 1            THERE'S AN INN IN OUR VILLAGE AND AN HONEST SERVING MAN,  
AN INNKEEPER WHOSE WIFE HAS SADLY DIED.  
IF IT'S SOLDIERMEN OR GENTRY –

Craft 1             LADIES, FAMILIES OR THE MAIL –

Trader 1            HE'LL GIVE THEM ALL FREE ENTRY –

Craft 1             SERVE THEM CHEESE AND CAKES AND ALE.  
HE LOVES THE WAY OUTSIDERS ALL PUT MONEY IN HIS HAND.

Trader 1            THE INNKEEPER WHOSE WIFE HAS SADLY DIED.

*Enter Young Highwayman chased by Young Bess. Young Highwayman  
lets Young Bess 'catch' him.*

*Enter Young Tim.*

*There is a 'moment'.*

Young Tim           *(to Young Bess & Young Highwayman)* What are you two doing?

Milkmaid 1         WHEN YOU LIVE CHEEK BY JOWL ...

Farmer 1            IT'S IMPORTANT TO BE KIND.

Trader 1            JEALOUSY'S A PROBLEM ...

Craft 1             THAT WE OFTEN FIND.

Young Tim           *(to Young Bess & Young Highwayman)* I asked you, what are you two  
doing?

Milkmaid 1           VILLAGE HOMES ARE CROWDED.

Farmer 1             VILLAGE LIFE CAN PALL.

Trader 1             FRIENDSHIPS CAN CAUSE PROBLEMS ...

Craft 1              IF AFFECTION IS UNEQUAL.

Young Bess           *(to Young Tim)* We're not doing anything.

Young H'man         VILLAGE LIFE'S TOO QUIET.

Young Bess           VILLAGE LIFE'S UNSURE.

Young Tim           *(to Young Highwayman, angry)*  
IF YOU DON'T LIKE THIS VILLAGE LIFE, BOY, LEAVE MY GIRL TO ME!

Landlord             *(to Young Bess)* Indoors, Bess.

Young Bess           *(to Landlord)* But I haven't done anything wrong.

Landlord             *(to Young Bess)* Indoors.

*Exit Young Bess.*

Villagers

WE ALL LIVE IN A VILLAGE  
ON A MAJOR ENGLISH ROAD.  
THE COACHES AND THEIR HORSES ARE OUR  
TRADE.

THERE'S A WAR IN AMERICA,  
ACROSS THE WIDE GREY SEA.  
THERE'S REDCOATS MARCHING UP AND  
DOWN OUR ROADS.

THERE'S AN INN IN OUR VILLAGE  
AND AN HONEST SERVING MAN,

Young Highwayman & Young Tim

VILLAGE LIFE IS QUIET.  
VILLAGE KIDS ARE POOR.  
VILLAGE LIFE IS GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME  
[HIM].

VILLAGE LIFE IS DEADLY.  
VILLAGE KIDS ARE DULL.  
VILLAGE LIFE IS GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME  
[HIM].

IF YOU DON'T LIKE VILLAGE LIFE,  
IF YOU DON'T LIKE VILLAGE LIFE,



AN INNKEEPER WHOSE WIFE HAS SADLY  
DIED.

VILLAGE LIFE IS GOOD ENOUGH [LIFE'S  
NOT GOOD ENOUGH] FOR WE.

*SFX: Coach horn.*

Landlord           THERE'S THE COACH COMING IN.  
THE HORSES AND PEOPLE  
NEED FEEDING AND A-WATERING.  
WE'RE BUSY AGAIN!

*SFX: Coach horn.*

*Exit Landlord & Young Tim.*

*Young Highwayman clears up Landlord's things.*

Young H'man       VILLAGE LIFE IS QUIET AND I LIVE HERE LIKE A LOUSE.  
VILLAGE LIFE IS DEADLY WHEN YOU'RE POOR AS A CHURCH MOUSE.  
BUT THERE'S NOWHERE I'D RATHER BE.  
THERE'S SOMETHING HOLDS ME HERE.  
OR RATHER THERE IS SOMEONE,  
A VERY SPECIAL SOMEONE –  
VILLAGE LIFE IS PERFECT WHEN THAT SOMEONE'S ALWAYS NEAR.

*Enter Young Tim & Redcoat 1, a recruiting officer.*

M1, F1, T1, C1    WHEN YOU LIVE CHEEK BY JOWL  
IT'S IMPORTANT TO BE KIND.  
JEALOUSY'S A PROBLEM  
THAT WE OFTEN FIND.

Young Tim           *(to Redcoat 1)* There he is.

Redcoat 1           *(to Young Tim)* He's not much of a lad.

Young Tim           *(to Redcoat 1)* But you'll still take him.

Redcoat 1           I don't know how he'll do in the army but we must sail for America  
from Bristol tomorrow.

- M1, F1, T1, C1     VILLAGE HOMES ARE CROWDED.  
VILLAGE LIFE CAN PALL.  
FRIENDSHIPS CAN CAUSE PROBLEMS  
IF AFFECTION IS UNEQUAL.
- Young Tim            *(to Redcoat 1)* He's an orphan. Take him. No one will care. No one  
will even notice.
- Redcoat 1            *(to Young Tim)* All right. Fetch the others.  
  
*Exit Young Tim.*
- Young H'man        BUT THERE'S NOWHERE I'D RATHER BE.  
THERE'S SOMETHING HOLDS ME HERE.  
OR RATHER THERE IS SOMEONE,  
A VERY SPECIAL SOMEONE –  
VILLAGE LIFE IS PERFECT WHEN THAT SOMEONE'S ALWAYS NEAR.  
  
*Enter Young Tim, Redcoat 2 & Redcoat 3.*
- Young Tim            *(to Redcoat 1)*  
THERE, THERE HE IS.
- Redcoat 1            *(to Redcoat 2 & Redcoat 3)*  
THERE, THERE HE IS.
- Young H'man        What do you want?  
  
*Redcoat 2 & Redcoat 3 chase Young Highwayman – like a more  
sinister version of the children's earlier game.*  
  
*Enter Young Bess.*  
  
*Young Tim trips Young Highwayman. Redcoat 2 & Redcoat 3 catch  
Young Highwayman and prepare to carry him away.*
- Young Bess           *(to Redcoats)*  
STOP!

***Song: 'Redcoats'.***

Redcoat 1            THIS IS A BOY WITH NO FUTURE.  
                          THIS IS A BOY WITH NO LIFE.  
                          THE REDCOATS WILL GIVE HIM A FUTURE,  
                          ASSUMING, THAT IS, HE SURVIVES.

Young Bess            THIS IS A BOY WITH A FUTURE.  
                          THIS IS A BOY WITH A LIFE.  
                          THE REDCOATS WILL GIVE HIM NO FUTURE.  
                          SO WHAT IS THE CHANCE HE'LL SURVIVE?

Redcoat 1            SLIM, SLIM TO NONE.

Young Bess            SLIM, SLIM TO NONE?

Redcoats              THIS IS A BOY WITH NO FUTURE.  
                          THIS IS A BOY WITH NO LIFE.  
                          THE REDCOATS WILL GIVE HIM A FUTURE –  
                          ASSUMING, THAT IS, HE SURVIVES.

Redcoat 1            *(to Young Tim) Here, boy. Here's your shilling.*

*Young Tim takes the shilling.*

*Young Highwayman & Young Bess understand Young Tim's betrayal.*

Young H'man        Don't worry. I'll be back.

Redcoats 1, 2 & 3

THIS IS A BOY WITH NO FUTURE.  
 THIS IS A BOY WITH NO LIFE.  
 THE REDCOATS WILL GIVE HIM A FUTURE,  
 ASSUMING, THAT IS, HE SURVIVES

Young Bess

THIS IS A BOY WITH A FUTURE.  
 THIS IS A BOY WITH A LIFE.  
 REDCOATS - NO FUTURE.  
 WHAT IS THE CHANCE HE'LL SURVIVE?

Redcoats 1, 2 & 3

WHAT IS THE CHANCE HE'LL SURVIVE?

Young Bess & Young Tim

WHAT IS THE CHANCE I'LL SURVIVE?

Young H'man

WHAT IS THE CHANCE I'LL SURVIVE?

**BLACKOUT**

**ACT ONE****Scene One**

*Location: The Village Square, the Inn Yard & Stables*

*Blue light – just before dawn.*

***Song: The Highwayman***

*Enter 12 Villagers - Milkmaid 1, Milkmaid 2, Milkmaid 3, Farmer 1, Farmer 2, Farmer 3, Trader 1, Trader 2, Trader 3, Craft 1, Craft 2, Craft 3 – & Tim.*

*As the intro to the song plays, the 13 Villagers, in choreographed movement, spell out words with large letter cards, calling them out in unison.*

Villagers	<i>REAL</i>
Villagers	<i>STAY</i>
Villagers	<i>STEAL</i>
Villagers	<i>STRAY</i>
Villagers	<i>TEARS</i>
Villagers	<i>STEEL</i>
Villagers	<i>NEARLY</i>
Villagers	<i>ETERNAL</i>
Villagers	<i>ENTREATY</i>

Villagers *EARNESTLY*

Villagers *TEN YEARS LATER*

Landlord *(off)* Tim? Where are you, boy?

*Exit Tim.*

*SFX: Cock crow.*

*Enter Highwayman.*

Highwayman THE WIND WAS A TORRENT OF DARKNESS AMONG THE GUSTY TREES.  
THE MOON WAS A GHOSTLY GALLEON TOSSED UPON CLOUDY SEAS.  
THE ROAD WAS A RIBBON OF MOONLIGHT OVER THE PURPLE MOOR,  
AND THE HIGHWAYMAN CAME RIDING—  
—RIDING—RIDING—  
THE HIGHWAYMAN CAME RIDING, UP TO THE OLD INN-DOOR.

Villagers *(taking over the song as Highwayman looks for Bess)*  
HE'D A FRENCH COCKED-HAT ON HIS FOREHEAD, A BUNCH OF LACE AT  
HIS CHIN,  
A COAT OF THE CLARET VELVET, AND BREECHES OF BROWN DOE-SKIN.  
THEY FITTED WITH NEVER A WRINKLE. HIS BOOTS WERE UP TO THE  
THIGH.  
AND HE RODE WITH A JEWELLED TWINKLE,  
—HIS PISTOL BUTTS A-TWINKLE,  
HIS RAPIER HILT A-TWINKLE, UNDER THE JEWELLED SKY.

*Warm light of dawn.*

Highwayman *(calling)* Where are you, Bess?

Landlord *(off)* Who's there?

Highwayman      (*calling*) Bess, are you there?

*Enter Landlord.*

Landlord          Who's there? What do you want?

Highwayman      Nobody. I'm nobody. Forget you ever saw me.

*Exit Highwayman.*

*SFX: Cock crow.*

Landlord          THERE'S THE SUN COMING UP.  
THE VILLAGERS ARE STIRRING.  
MAY DAY IS A FEAST DAY  
AND WE'RE BUSY AGAIN!

*Enter Milkmaids & Farmers.*

Milkmaids        (*severally*) Good morning. Landlord.

***Song: 'Milkmaids'***

Landlord          WHERE ARE YOU GOING, MY PRETTY MILKMAIDS?

Milkmaids        WE'RE GOING A-MILKING ON THIS FINE MAY DAY.

Landlord          WHY ARE YOU WORKING ON THIS FINE FEAST DAY?

Milkmaids        THE CATTLE NEED A-MILKING ON EVERY SINGLE DAY.

All                YES, THE CATTLE NEED A-MILKING ON EVERY SINGLE DAY.

Landlord          WHO IS YOUR FATHER, MY PRETTY MILKMAID?

Milkmaid 1        MY FATHER'S AN IDLER, SITTING IN THE SHADE.

Landlord          WHO IS YOUR MOTHER, MY PRETTY MILKMAID?

Milkmaid 2 MY MOTHER'S A WEAVER SO OUR BILLS ARE PAID.

All YES, HER MOTHER'S A WEAVER SO HER BILLS ARE PAID.

Landlord WHAT IS YOUR FORTUNE, MY PRETTY MILKMAID?

Milkmaid 3 I'M HOPING FOR SOME ROMANCE ON THIS FINE FEAST DAY.

Landlord (*disapproving*) YOU'RE HOPING FOR SOME ROMANCE ON –

Milkmaid 3 I'M HOPING FOR SOME ROMANCE ON ...

All SHE'S HOPING FOR SOME ROMANCE ...

All / Milkmaid 3 (*together*)  
I'M HOPING [SHE'S HOPING] FOR SOME ROMANCE ON THIS FINE FEAST  
DAY!

Milkmaids WE'RE GOING A-MILKING ON THIS FINE MAY DAY.  
THE CATTLE NEED A-MILKING ON EVERY DAY.  
RED ROSY CHEEKS AND CURLY HAIR –  
SITTING IN THE DEW WILL MAKE A MILKMAID FAIR.

ALL SITTING IN THE DEW WILL MAKE A MILKMAID FAIR.

Milkmaid 1 & 2 (*together, to Milkmaid 3*)  
THE FARMERS' SONS ARE LISTENING. LOOK AT WHAT YOU'VE DONE!

Milkmaid 3 I'M HOPING FOR SOME ROMANCE WITH A FARMER'S SON.

Milkmaids THIS WILL BE OUR FORTUNE ON THIS FINE FEAST DAY.  
WE'LL WORK AND THEN WE'LL FROLIC AND NONE CAN SAY US 'NAY'.

*Exit Milkmaids.*

Landlord I SUPPOSE THEY'RE NOT BAD GIRLS.  
THEY LIVE THE LIVES THEY'RE BORN TO.  
AND NOW HERE COME THE FARMERS  
AND WE'RE BUSY AGAIN!



*Song: 'Farmers'*

Farmers THE SUN IS UP BEHIND THE HILL  
SHINING ON OUR GREEN LAND.  
MAY DAY IS A LAZY TIME.  
CROPS ARE GROWING ON THEIR OWN.  
WORKING? THAT WOULD BE A CRIME.  
LEAVE THE LIVESTOCK WELL ALONE.  
THERE'S NO WORK FOR BOB OR BILL  
OR ANY OTHER FARMHAND.

Farmer 1 PLOUGH AND SOW AND REAP AND MOW.

Farmer 2 MAKE THE OATS AND BARLEY GROW.

Farmer 3 WORK THE LAND IN HEAT AND SNOW.

Farmer 1 STREAMS IN SPRINGTIME OVERFLOW.

Farmer 2 STREAMS IN SUMMER – LOW AND SLOW.

Farmer 3 DRIVE THE SHEEP FLOCKS TO AND FRO.

Farmers PLOUGH AND SOW AND REAP AND MOW.  
MAKE THE OATS AND BARLEY GROW.

*Enter Milkmaids.*

Milkmaids 1 &amp; 2

MILKING'S DONE  
EVERY DAY  
WITH SHINY HAIR  
IT MAKES US FAIR.

OUR WORK IS DONE,  
EVERY ONE,  
THE SPRINGTIME SUN ...

Milkmaid 3

THE MILKING'S DONE THIS FINE MAY DAY.  
MILKING WE DO EVERY DAY.  
ROSY CHEEKS AND SHINY HAIR –  
SUNSHINE MAKES A MILKMAID FAIR.

THIS FINE FEAST DAY – OUR WORK IS  
DONE.  
TIME FOR PLEASURE, EVERY ONE,  
SITTING IN THE SPRINGTIME SUN ...

Milkmaid 3            *(approaching Farmer 1)*  
I'M HOPING FOR SOME ROMANCE WITH A FARMER'S SON.

*Everyone watches Milkmaid 3 & Farmer 1.*

*Farmer 1 kisses Milkmaid 3's hand.*

All                    Hooray!

Fs & Ms              THE SUN IS UP BEHIND THE HILL  
SHINING ON OUR GREEN LAND.  
MAY DAY IS A LAZY TIME.  
CROPS ARE GROWING ON THEIR OWN.  
WORKING? THAT WOULD BE A CRIME.  
LEAVE THE LIVESTOCK WELL ALONE.  
THERE'S NO WORK FOR BOB OR BILL  
OR ANY OTHER FARMHAND.

*Enter Market Traders.*

Landlord            I SUPPOSE THEY'RE NOT BAD BOYS.  
THEY LIVE THE LIVES THEY'RE BORN TO.  
HERE COME THE TRADERS.  
AND WE'RE BUSY AGAIN!

***Song: 'Trades'***

Traders             EVEN THOUGH IT'S MAY DAY.  
WE MUST COME TO MARKET.  
WE MUST SELL OUR PRODUCE.

Farmers             SELL THE FARMERS' HARVEST.

Trader 1            BREAD AND CAKES AND CHEESES,

Trader 2            PASTIES, PIES AND PASTRIES,

Trader 3 ANYTHING THAT PLEASES.

Trader 4 STEP RIGHT UP NOW LADIES.

Milkmaids THIS FINE FEAST DAY – ALL OUR WORK IS DONE.  
TIME FOR PLEASURE, COME ON EVERYONE.

*Enter Craft 1, Craft 2, Craft 3 & Craft 4 – Blacksmith, Apothecary,  
Saddler, Barber.*

Traders CABBAGES AND CARROTS,  
CAULIFLOWERS AND TATIES,  
LEEKs AND NEEPS AND BEET TOPS,  
STEP RIGHT UP NOW LADIES.

All THIS FINE FEAST DAY – ALL OUR WORK IS DONE.  
TIME FOR PLEASURE, COME ON EVERYONE.

***Song: ‘Crafts’***

Craft 1 *(on a single note a half tone higher)*  
I SHARPEN THE KNIVES AND REPAIR THE PLOUGHS AND SHOE THE  
HORSES ...

All The Blacksmith!

Craft 2 *(on a single note)*  
I’M PHARMACIST, DOCTOR, DENTIST, HERBALIST AND ALL-ROUND  
GENERAL HEALTH PROFESSIONAL ...

All The Apothecary!

Craft 3 *(on a single note a half tone higher)*  
I MAKE THE BELTS THAT STOP YOUR TROUSERS FALLING DOWN AND  
THE LEATHERWORK AND BRIDLES FOR YOUR HORSES ...

All The Saddler!

- Craft 4                    *(on a single note a half tone higher)*  
I TRIM YOUR HAIR AND YOUR BEARDS AND YOUR MOUSTACHES AND  
ALSO, ALTHOUGH YOU PROBABLY DON'T LIKE IT, I'M THE  
SURGEON ...
- All                         The Barber! Ouch!
- Crafts                    *(on a single note a half tone higher)*  
THERE ARE MANY MORE OF US, SKILLED CRAFTSPEOPLE –  
BOOKBINDER, BRICKMAKER, CARPENTER, COACHMAKER,  
MILLINER, ROPEMAKER, SHOEMAKER, WIGMAKER –
- Landlord                *(interrupting, a capella)*  
I PROVIDE THE LODGINGS AND MEALS AND DRINKS AND  
ENTERTAINMENT ...
- (before they can interrupt)*  
AND A WARM BED IN THE WINTER AND A COOL ROOM IN THE SUMMER  
...
- (before they can interrupt)*  
AND REST AND REFRESHMENT FOR YOUR HORSES ...
- (before they can interrupt)*  
AND A WELCOME TO ALL WHO COME AS LONG AS YOU ARE WELL  
BEHAVED AND DON'T BRING YOUR MUDDY BOOTS INDOORS OR  
BOTHER MY BEAUTIFUL DAUGHTER BESS ...
- Pause.*
- Craft 1                    *(to Landlord)* Finished?
- Landlord                *(to Craft 1)* Yes, I've finished.
- All                         He's the Landlord!
- SFX: Coach horn.*
- Enter Tim, running.*

- Tim THE COACH IS ROLLING OUT THE WOLD,  
ONTO THE PURPLE MOOR LAND.  
LONDON NEWS IS ON ITS WAY.  
WEALTHY FOLKS ARE ROLLING IN.
- Landlord SERVE THEM DRINKS AND MAKE THEM PAY.  
PROFITS FOR THE LANDLORD.  
NOW THERE'S WORK FOR BESS AND TIM.  
FILL THE TILL WITH SHINY GOLD.
- All SERVE THEM DRINKS AND MAKE THEM PAY.  
PROFITS FOR THE COACHING INN.  
NOW THERE'S WORK FOR BESS AND TIM.  
THEY'LL FILL THE TILL WITH FINE GOLD.
- Tim But the maypole isn't ready. How are we all to dance for the Lord and Lady without the maypole?
- Landlord You're right, Tim. (*generally*) Have we all eaten lubberwort? Come along, you scobberlotchers. The maypole!

*... underscored ...*

*The Villagers erect the maypole and perform a rustic clog dance.*

*As they dance, the coach arrives.*

*Enter Lord & Lady (local landowners) and Bess (the Landlord's daughter who has been acting as lady's maid).*

*Lord, Lady & Bess are swept away – unwillingly – with the dance.*

*Again and again, Tim tries to partner with Bess, but every time he seems close to taking her hand, she is whisked away by another villager.*

*The dance reaches a climax ...*

***Song: reprise 'Plough and Sow'.***

Farmers &amp; Milkmaids

THE SUN IS UP BEHIND THE HILL  
SHINING ON OUR GREEN LAND.  
MAY DAY IS A LAZY TIME.  
CROPS ARE GROWING ON THEIR OWN.

WORKING? THAT WOULD BE A CRIME.  
LEAVE THE LIVESTOCK WELL ALONE.  
THERE'S NO WORK FOR BOB OR BILL  
OR ANY OTHER FARMHAND.

Other Villagers

PLOUGH AND SOW AND REAP AND MOW.  
MAKE THE OATS AND BARLEY GROW.  
WORK THE LAND IN HEAT AND SNOW.  
STREAMS IN SPRINGTIME OVERFLOW.

STREAMS IN SUMMER – LOW AND SLOW.  
DRIVE THE SHEEP FLOCKS TO AND FRO.  
PLOUGH AND SOW AND REAP AND MOW.  
MAKE THE OATS AND BARLEY GROW.

Lord & Lady      *(furious)* Stop!*The singing and the dancing stop abruptly.**Pause.*

Landlord      I'm sorry, my Lady, your Lordship. We thought we would be doing  
the right thing to welcome your honourable worships with a maypole  
dance ...

Bess            It isn't your fault, Father. You weren't to know what happened.

Landlord      What do you mean, know what happened?

*Lord & Lady both raise a hand for silence.****Song: 'Down the Road'***

Lady            WHEN YOUR COACH IS ROLLING BOLDLY DOWN THE ROAD ...

Lord            DOWN THE ROAD ...

Lady            AND YOU HAVE NO INCLINATION TO BE SLOWED ...

Lord TO BE SLOWED ...

Lady AND YOU'RE THINKING OF YOUR DINNER AND YOUR GLASS ...

Lord AND YOUR GLASS ...

Lady AND YOUR BONES ARE ALL QUITE SHAKEN AND YOUR NETHER PARTS ARE BRUISED ...

Lord NOT AMUSED, NOT AMUSED ...

Lady AND YOU STOP ALL OF A SUDDEN AND YOU'RE IN A PRETTY PASS ...

Lord YOU KNOW IT ISN'T UPPER CLASS ...

Villagers UPPER CLASS? UPPER CLASS?

Lady AND YOU'RE MADE TO QUICKLY CLIMB OUT AND YOU'RE GREETED BY A GUN ...

Lord A GUN, A GUN, A GUN ...

Lady AND IT'S POINTING AT YOUR HEART AND, NO, IT DOESN'T SEEM IN FUN ...

Lord NOT IN FUN, NOT IN FUN, NO, IT DOESN'T SEEM IN FUN ...

Lady AND THE MAN WHO HOLDS THE PISTOL DOESN'T HAVE A WORD TO SHARE ...

Lord WORD TO SHARE ...

Lady WITH A MASK UPON HIS FACE AND A RED RIBBON IN HIS HAIR ...

Lord RIBBON IN HIS HAIR ...

Lady AND HE'S EYEING UP YOUR PERSON, HIS EXPRESSION QUITE DEADPAN, AND HE WANTS YOUR CASH AND JEWELLERY, THAT'S HIS OPPRESSIVE PLAN,  
AND YOU REALISE WITH SOME SURPRISE THAT HE'S A HIGHWAYMAN!

Lord                   A HIGHWAYMAN!

All                     A HIGHWAYMAN?

Lord & Lady        A HIGHWAYMAN!

Landlord            MY BESS, HOW DID HE TREAT YOU?  
THE ROAD'S NO LONGER SAFE.

Bess                 I'M FINE, LET'S SERVE THE LUNCHEON  
CAUSE WE'RE BUSY AGAIN!

*... underscored ...*

Tim                 If ever he hurt you, Bess, I'd hunt him down and kill him. You mark  
my words.

Bess                 Thank you, Tim, but I'm fine, He didn't do me any harm.

Landlord            MY LORD, YOU'RE STILL MOST WELCOME.  
MY LADY, COME WITHIN.  
IT'S TIME TO SERVE THE LUNCHEON  
CAUSE WE'RE BUSY AGAIN!

*Song: reprise 'Plough and Sow'.*

Principals

THE TIME HAS COME TO FEAST AND SING.  
THE TIME HAS COME TO STEP WITHIN.  
MAY DAY IS A LAZY TIME.  
CROPS ARE GROWING ON THEIR OWN.

WORKING? THAT WOULD BE A CRIME.  
LEAVE THE LIVESTOCK WELL ALONE.  
THERE'S NO WORK FOR BOB OR BILL

Villagers

PLOUGH AND SOW AND REAP AND MOW.  
MAKE THE OATS AND BARLEY GROW.  
WORK THE LAND IN HEAT AND SNOW.  
STREAMS IN SPRINGTIME OVERFLOW.

STREAMS IN SUMMER – LOW AND SLOW.  
DRIVE THE SHEEP FLOCKS TO AND FRO.  
PLOUGH AND SOW AND REAP AND MOW.



AND NOW IT'S TIME FOR FEASTING.

AND NOW IT'S TIME FOR FEASTING.

THERE'S NO WORK FOR BOB OR BILL  
AND NOW IT'S TIME FOR FEASTING.

PLOUGH AND SOW AND REAP AND MOW.  
AND NOW IT'S TIME FOR FEASTING.

*Exit all.*

*... underscored – time passes – transition to ...*

*... still May Day, but late in the evening.*

*Enter Bess & Landlord.*

Landlord           That's done at last. What a day. But a very successful one. You get to bed, Bess.

Bess                Yes, father. I'll just clear up these few things first.

Landlord           All right, love. Don't be long.

*Exit Landlord.*

*Bess picks up stray plates and bowls and cutlery.*

*Enter Tim, in the stable, cleaning horse leathers.*

*They are unaware of one another.*

***Song: 'What a day'***

Bess                THIS KITCHEN'S MY LIFE  
AND MOST DAYS  
I CAN LIVE WITH THAT FATE,  
WITH THIS RANGE AND THESE FLAGSTONES,

THESE SAUCEPANS AND STOCK BONES,  
THIS PLATE  
AND THIS BOWL AND THIS KNIFE.  
WHAT A DAY. WHAT A DAY.

Tim THIS STABLE'S MY LIFE  
AND MOST DAYS  
I CAN COPE WITH MY LOT,  
WITH THESE LEATHERS AND BRIDLES,  
DEPARTURES, ARRIVALS,  
THIS COT  
WHERE I SLEEP EVERY NIGHT.  
WHAT A DAY. WHAT A DAY.

Bess BUT I WONDER ...

Tim ALL THE TIME ...

Bess WOULD IT BE ...

Tim SUCH A CRIME ...

Bess JUST TO GO ...

Tim JUST TO FLY ...

Bess DOWN THE ROAD ...

Tim AND THE SKY ...

*Enter Milkmaid 1, Milkmaid 2 & Milkmaid 3*

*Enter Farmer 1, Farmer 2 & Farmer 3.*

Bess & Tim WOULD BE ALL THAT I'D NEED  
AND ALL BE THAT I'D SEE,  
EVERY STEP THEN WOULD TAKE ME  
TO WHERE I SHOULD BE ...

*Bess & Tim go back to their chores.*

Milkmaids            THIS KITCHEN'S HER LIFE  
 AND MOST DAYS  
 SHE CAN LIVE WITH THAT FATE,  
 WITH THIS RANGE AND THESE FLAGSTONES,  
 THESE SAUCEPANS AND STOCK BONES,  
 THIS PLATE  
 AND THIS BOWL AND THIS KNIFE.  
 WHAT A DAY. WHAT A DAY.

Farmers              THIS STABLE'S HIS LIFE  
 AND MOST DAYS  
 HE CAN COPE WITH HIS LOT,  
 WITH THESE LEATHERS AND BRIDLES,  
 DEPARTURES, ARRIVALS,  
 THIS COT  
 WHERE HE SLEEPS EVERY NIGHT.  
 WHAT A DAY. WHAT A DAY.

Milkmaids            BUT THEY WONDER ...

Farmers              ALL THE TIME ...

Milkmaids            WOULD IT BE ...

Farmers              SUCH A CRIME ...

Milkmaids            JUST TO GO ...

Farmers              JUST TO FLY ...

Milkmaids            DOWN THE ROAD ...

Farmers              AND THE SKY ...

Bess & Tim

WOULD BE ALL THAT I'D NEED  
 AND ALL THAT I'D SEE,  
 EVERY STEP THEN WOULD TAKE ME

Milkmaids & Farmers

WOULD BE ALL THAT THEY'D NEED  
 AND ALL THAT THEY'D SEE,  
 EVERY STEP THEN WOULD TAKE THEM

TOWARD WHERE I SHOULD BE ...

TO WHERE THEY SHOULD BE ...

Farmer 1            Go on then, Tim. Go and talk to her.

*Tim goes to Bess.*

Tim                 Happy May Day, Bess. Good luck and everything.

Bess                Thank you, Tim.

*Pause.*

Tim                 Bess?

Bess                Yes, Tim?

Tim                 You know I'd do anything for you, Bess.

Bess                I know, Tim.

*Everyone watches Bess & Tim.*

*Tim kisses Bess's hand.*

Milkmaid 1        Oo-er!

Tim                 Shut up!

*Embarrassed but hopeful, Tim runs back to the stable.*

*The scene continues as two separate scenes.*

Milkmaid 1        *(simultaneously, to Bess)* What about the Highwayman, then?

Farmer 1            *(simultaneously, to Tim)* What about the Highwayman, then?

Farmer 1            *(to Tim)* Isn't he a devil?

Milkmaid 1        *(to Bess)* Isn't he a dream?

***Song: 'Looks, Brains'****Milkmaids sing to Bess. Farmers sing to Tim.*

Farmer 1            TELL ME, WOULD YOU DARE TO BE  
                         ABROAD BY DARKEST NIGHT?

Milkmaid 1        HE NEVER ROBS THE POORER FOLK  
                         OR RIDES OUT WHEN IT'S LIGHT.

Farmer 2            I HAVEN'T LEFT THE VILLAGE  
                         SINCE I KNEW THAT HE WAS NEAR.

Milkmaid 2        I HANG OUT ROUND THE CROSSROADS  
                         IN THE HOPE THAT HE'LL APPEAR.

Farmer 3            HIS CRUELTY IS LEGEND'RY.  
                         HE WINS WITHOUT A FIGHT.

Milkmaid 3        I HEARD HE ONCE WAS NOBLE.  
                         WAS HE ROBBED OF HIS BIRTHRIGHT?

Milkmaid 1        IT'S BESS HE LOVES. IT'S PROBABLY  
                         NOT WISE TO INTERFERE.

Farmers            HE'S TAUGHT THE WHOLE DAMN COUNTY  
                         HOW TO LIVE IN CONSTANT FEAR!

Milkmaids         HE'S GOT STYLE AND A SMILE  
                         THAT MAKES US TREMBLE AND QUIVER.  
                         YOU FEEL THE MAN'S CHARISMA,  
                         WANT TO STAND AND DELIVER.

                         HE CAN RIDE LIKE A PHANTOM  
                         DRUMMING HOOF-BEATS ON AIR.

Milkmaid 1        THE WORD YOU WANT IS 'HANDSOME'.

Farmers            GIRLS, IT JUST ISN'T FAIR.

                         HE'S GOT THE LOOKS.

HE'S GOT THE BRAINS.

Farmers

HE'S GOT THE GIRLS.

Milkmaids

HE'S GOT CHARISMA.

HE'S GOT THE GIRLS.

Milkmaid 1      HIS FACE IS LIKE ADONIS.

Milkmaid 2      WITH A GRECIAN PHYSIQUE.

Milkmaids      IF WE'RE REALLY, REALLY HONEST  
HE MAKES US FEEL WEAK.

Farmers      HE'S A ROUGH RAGAMUFFIN  
TRYING TO PILLAGE OUR PATCH.

Milkmaid 1      OH, I LIKE THE SOUND OF THAT.

Milkmaid 2      WE'LL LEAVE THE DOOR ON THE LATCH.

Milkmaids      HE'S GOT THE LOOKS.  
HE'S GOT THE BRAINS.

Farmers

HE'S GOT THE GIRLS.

Milkmaids

HE'S GOT CHARISMA.

HE'S GOT THE GIRLS.

Farmer 1      HE LIKES TO PLAY THE HERO.

Milkmaid 3      AND HE DOES IT SO WELL.

Farmer 2      HE MAKES US FEEL LIKE ZEROS.

Farmer 3      WE'RE ALL JEALOUS AS HELL.

Farmers      HE'S POISONING OUR LIVES  
WITH ALL THIS DISSATISFACTION.

Milkmaid 1 I WOULDN'T MIND A LITTLE BIT  
OF HIGHWAYMAN ACTION.

Farmers LOOKS, BRAINS, HE'S GOT THE GIRLS.  
HE'S GOT THEIR SENSES IN A WHIRL.  
ACTING LIKE A CASANOVA.

Tim PRETTY SOON. I PROMISE YOU, HIS LIFE WILL BE OVER!

*Exit Tim.*

*... underscored ...*

*Dance break.*

Milkmaids THEY SAY HE'S GOT IT COMING.

Farmers YES, WE'D LIKE TO FORETELL,  
HE'LL HAVE TO DANCE THE TYBURN JIG  
SO BID HIM FAREWELL.

GET BACK INTO THE KITCHEN GIRLS.  
DON'T HOLD OUT NO HOPE.

Milkmaids IT'S YOU WE'D LIKE DANGLE  
FROM THE END OF A ROPE.

Farmer 1 HIS BOOTS ARE SCUFFED AND DIRTY.

Milkmaid 2 DON'T YOU LOVE HIS BRIGHT SPURS?

Farmer 2 HIS DRESSES LIKE A DANDY.

Milkmaid 3 *(to audience)* HE'LL BE MINE AND NOT HERS.

Farmers AMORAL AND ANONYMOUS –

Milkmaid 1 I THINK I MIGHT FAINT  
AT THE THOUGHT OF ALL THE QUALITIES  
HE'S GOT THAT YOU AIN'T!

*Enter Landlord.*

Milkmaids        HE'S GOT THE LOOKS.  
                     HE'S GOT THE BRAINS.

Farmers  
HE'S GOT THE GIRLS.

Milkmaids  
HE'S GOT CHARISMA.  
HE'S GOT THE GIRLS.

*Bess appears at the window.*

Milkmaids        HE'S GOT THE LOOKS.  
                     HE'S GOT THE BRAINS.

Farmers  
HE'S GOT THE GIRLS.

Milkmaids  
HE'S GOT CHARISMA.  
HE'S GOT THE GIRLS.

Milkmaids        HE'S GOT THE LOOKS.  
                     HE'S GOT THE BRAINS ...

... GRRRR!

Landlord         That's enough all of you. Go to bed. Hasn't this day gone on long enough?

*Exit Milkmaids & Farmers.*

Bess                You too, Father. Tomorrow's labour will soon be upon us.

*Exit Landlord.*

*Transition to ...*



*Song (reprise): 'The Highwayman'.*

Bess  
 THE WIND WAS A TORRENT OF DARKNESS AMONG THE GUSTY TREES.  
 THE MOON WAS A GHOSTLY GALLEON TOSSED UPON CLOUDY SEAS.  
 THE ROAD WAS A RIBBON OF MOONLIGHT OVER THE PURPLE MOOR,  
 AND THE HIGHWAYMAN CAME RIDING—  
 —RIDING—RIDING—  
 THE HIGHWAYMAN CAME RIDING, UP TO THE OLD INN-DOOR.

*Enter Highwayman.*

Bess  
*(describing what she sees)*  
 HE'D A FRENCH COCKED-HAT ON HIS FOREHEAD, A BUNCH OF LACE AT  
 HIS CHIN,  
 A COAT OF THE CLARET VELVET, AND BREECHES OF BROWN DOE-SKIN.  
 THEY FITTED WITH NEVER A WRINKLE. HIS BOOTS WERE UP TO THE  
 THIGH.  
 AND HE RODE WITH A JEWELLED TWINKLE,  
 —HIS PISTOL BUTTS A-TWINKLE,  
 HIS RAPIER HILT A-TWINKLE, UNDER THE JEWELLED SKY.

Highwayman  
*(taking over the song)*  
 OVER THE COBBLES HE CLATTERED AND CLASHED IN THE DARK INN-  
 YARD.  
 HE TAPPED WITH HIS WHIP ON THE SHUTTERS, BUT ALL WAS LOCKED  
 AND BARRED.  
 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.

*Enter Tim.*

*As Tim sings, Highwayman climbs up, takes the red ribbon from his own hair and helps plait the love knot into Bess' hair.*

*(In Act Two, this clue will identify Bess as his protector.)*

- Tim                    *(taking over the song)*  
AND DARK IN THE DARK OLD INN-YARD A STABLE-WICKET CREAKED  
WHERE TIM THE OSTLER LISTENED. HIS FACE WAS WHITE AND PEAKED.  
HIS EYES WERE HOLLOWINGS OF MADNESS, HIS HAIR LIKE MOULDY HAY,  
BUT HE LOVED THE LANDLORD'S DAUGHTER,  
—THE LANDLORD'S RED-LIPPED DAUGHTER.  
DUMB AS A DOG HE LISTENED, AND HE HEARD THE ROBBER SAY—
- Highwayman        *(spoken, taking over the song)*  
“One kiss, my bonny sweetheart, I'm after a prize to-night,  
But I shall be back with the yellow gold before the morning light;  
Yet, if they press me sharply, and harry me through the day,  
Then look for me by moonlight,  
—Watch for me by moonlight,  
I'll come to thee by moonlight, though hell should bar the way.”
- Tim                    No! No!
- Highwayman        Who's there?
- Bess                    *(to Highwayman)* Go now, my love. Ride on before anyone comes.  
  
*Exit Highwayman.*
- Landlord            *(off)* What's this noise again?
- Bess                    *(to Tim)* Don't say what you saw, Tim. You promised. You said you'd  
do anything for me.  
  
*Enter Landlord.*
- Landlord            What is it, Tim? What are you shouting for?  
  
*Pause.*
- Tim                    Nothing. A nightmare, that's all.
- Landlord            A nightmare? Are you a child?

Tim I suppose I must be.

*Exit Landlord.*

Bess (to Tim) Thank you.

Tim (to Bess) What's he got that I ain't?

Bess (taking over the song)

ONE KISS, FROM MY BONNY SWEETHEART. HE'S AFTER A PRIZE TO-NIGHT,

BUT HE SHALL BE BACK WITH THE YELLOW GOLD BEFORE THE MORNING LIGHT;

YET, IF THEY PRESS HIM SHARPLY, AND HARRY HIM THROUGH THE DAY,

I'LL LOOK FOR HIM BY MOONLIGHT,

—WATCH FOR HIM BY MOONLIGHT,

HE'LL COME TO ME BY MOONLIGHT, THOUGH HELL SHOULD BAR THE WAY.

*Exit Bess.*

Tim (to himself) What's he got that I ain't?

*Exit Tim.*

*Fade to black.*

## Scene Two

*Location: The Manor House.*

*Enter Lady & Lord.*

Lady                   Come through, my friends. We shall have desserts and liqueurs and sweets in the withdrawing room.

*Enter Guest 1 & Guest 2 (very posh).*

Guest 1               Wonderful! Magnificent!

Guest 2               *(French) Formidable! Magnifique!*

Lady                   *(to Guests)* Thank you so much for coming. What a relief you didn't meet the Highwayman upon the road. It's amazing to think that was only a few days ago

Guest 1               The army should intervene.

Guest 2               *(French) C'est vrai, ça. Absolument.*

Lord                   We won't see him round here again. He wouldn't dare come back where he's known.

Lady                   I'm not so sure.

Lord                   Mark my words. We've seen the last of the Highwayman. *(calling)* Servants! Bring us some light!

Guest 2               *(French) C'est un scandale qu'il soit toujours en liberté.*

Lady                   I beg your pardon.

Guest 1               It's a scandal he should still be at liberty.

*Enter Highwayman (disguised as servant), carrying a candelabrum.*

Highwayman      Coming, sir. Here we are.

Lord                About time.

Lady                Who are you? I seem to recognise you.

Highwayman      I'm new.

*Enter Servant 1, Servant 2 & Servant 3 with desserts and liqueurs and sweets served with gold and silver plates and goblets.*

Lady                *(to Highwayman)* Are you sure you haven't served us before?

Highwayman      I've never 'served' you, ma'am, no.

Lord                Send him on his way, wife! Send them all on their way. We can help ourselves.

*Exit Highwayman, Servant 1, Servant 2 & Servant 3.*

*Lady, Lord, Guest 1 & Guest 2 serve one another desserts and liqueurs and sweets.*

***Song: 'That was a dinner from heaven'***

Guest 1 & 2      THAT WAS A DINNER FROM HEAVEN.  
 THAT'S WHAT THEY SERVE TO THE GODS.  
 THE MELON WITH LEMON, THE PHEASANT SO PLEASANT,  
 THE EXQUISITE ROASTED HOG!  
 THE DISCOURSE WAS FINE.  
 THE FISH COURSE DIVINE,  
 THAT WAS A DINNER FROM HEAVEN.  
 WE BOTH HAD A WONDERFUL TIME!

Lady & Lord      THAT WAS A DINNER FROM HEAVEN.  
 WE WERE PROUD TO SERVE THAT TO OUR GUESTS.  
 THAT MELON WITH LEMON'S A CURE FOR DEPRESSION,  
 SO EASY TO DIGEST!

THE CHEESES SO FINE.  
THE CUSTARDS SUBLIME,  
THAT WAS A DINNER FROM HEAVEN.  
WE ALL HAD A WONDERFUL TIME!

Guest 1           REMEMBER THE ICE CREAM WITH COLOURFUL SPRINKLES,  
THE JELLY WITH WHOLE TANGERINES!

Guest 2           REMEMBER WHEN COOK BROUGHT US COLD CUTS AND PICKLES?  
HOW DOES SHE GET THEM SO GREEN?<sup>3</sup>

Guest 1           OH, SO GREEN!

All                THAT WAS A DINNER FROM HEAVEN.  
I'VE EATEN MUCH MORE THAN I MEANT.  
THE PUDDINGS AND PASTRIES, THE FANCIES SO TASTY,  
WE'RE STUFFED BUT SO CONTENT.

Lord              I HAVE A SORE HEAD.

Lady              NOW IT'S TIME FOR BED.

All                THAT WAS A DINNER FROM HEAVEN.  
WE ALL HAD A WONDERFUL TIME!

*... underscored ...*

Lord              *(calling)* Servants!

*Enter Highwayman (disguised as servant).*

Highwayman      My Lord?

Lord              Clear away. We're off to bed.

---

<sup>3</sup> Many 18<sup>th</sup> century foods were secretly or unwittingly made with poisonous ingredients. Pickles were made green, sweets multi-coloured, and cheese rind red, all with the use of copper and lead.

- Highwayman      Yes, my Lord.
- Lady              And feel free to finish anything we've left.
- Highwayman      Thank you, my Lady. I'm sure we are very grateful.
- Guest 1          Good night.
- Guest 2          *(French) Bonne nuit.*
- Lady              *(to Lord)* That new servant reminds me of someone.
- Lord              What does it matter who the damn servants remind you of? Come along, wife.
- Exit Lady, Lord, Guest 1 & Guest 2.*
- End underscoring.*
- 
- Servant 1        They haven't left much.
- Servant 2        *(to Servant 1)* Did you expect them to? *(to Highwayman)* Before we clear up, is it true you were a soldier and you fought for King George against the American Revolution?
- Servant 3        *(to Highwayman)* Yeah, and before we clear up, is it true you turned traitor and fought for the American Revolution against King George?
- Servant 1        *(to Highwayman)* And tell us this. Where do you come from all of a sudden?
- Servant 2        *(to Highwayman)* And why did you want this job so badly?
- Servant 3        *(to Highwayman)* So badly you were willing to work without pay?

***Song: 'You must fight if you want to be free'****(reprising the tune from 'That was a dinner from heaven')*

Highwayman      THAT WAS A DINNER FROM HEAVEN,  
 THAT'S WHAT THEY SERVE TO THE RICH,  
 WHILE POOR MEN ARE FIGHTING IN THUNDER AND LIGHTING  
 AND SLEEPING IN A DITCH.  
 ARISTOCRATS FEAST.  
 THE POOR GET THE LEAST.  
 THAT WAS A DINNER FROM HEAVEN.  
 YOU MUST FIGHT IF YOU WANT TO BE FREE.

Servant 1      *(underscoring)* So did you go to America and fight?

Highwayman      I FOUGHT FOR KING GEORGE IN NEW ENGLAND.  
 I WAS KIDNAPPED, DID NOT VOLUNTEER.  
 I FOUGHT THE REBELLION THEN CHALLENGED OPPRESSION,  
 BECAME A MUTINEER.  
 FOR LIBERTY,  
 AGAINST MISERY,  
 I DESERTED KING GEORGE IN NEW ENGLAND.  
 YOU MUST FIGHT IF YOU WANT TO BE FREE.

Servants 1, 2 & 3 *(finding themselves in agreement)*  
 HE DESERTED KING GEORGE IN NEW ENGLAND.  
 YOU MUST FIGHT IF YOU WANT TO BE FREE.

Servant 1      DID GEORGE WASHINGTON<sup>4</sup> THANK YOU FOR FIGHTING BESIDE HIM?

Servant 2      DID HAMILTON<sup>5</sup> FIND OUT YOUR NAME?

---

<sup>4</sup> George Washington was the most important general in the American uprising, later president.

<sup>5</sup> Alexander Hamilton was Washington's right-hand man.



Servant 3            WAS THE BATTLE OF YORKTOWN<sup>6</sup> AMAZING, EXCITING?

Highwayman        DON'T FORGET, MY FRIEND, WAR'S NOT A GAME.

All                    I [HE] FOUGHT FOR KING GEORGE IN NEW ENGLAND.  
I [HE] WAS PRESSED, I [HE] DID NOT VOLUNTEER.  
I [HE] FOUGHT THE REBELLION THEN CHALLENGED OPPRESSION,  
BECAME A MUTINEER.

Highwayman        YOU MAY DISAGREE,  
BUT LIFE HAS TAUGHT ME,

Servants 1, 2 & 3    THERE'S NO HELP FOR THE POOR HERE IN ENGLAND.

Highwayman        YOU MUST FIGHT IF YOU WANT TO BE FREE.

Servants 1, 2 & 3    ... FIGHT IF YOU WANT TO BE ...

Highwayman        ... FIGHT IF YOU WANT TO BE ...

All                    YOU MUST FIGHT IF YOU WANT TO BE FREE.

*In full agreement, they all shake hands and embrace.*

Highwayman        You get along to bed. I'll finish up here.

Servant 1            That's very good of you.

Highwayman        Go on. I'm not tired.

Servant 2            Thank you very much. You're a good sort.

Servant 3            (*joking*) Though you are a traitor.

Highwayman        A traitor to the king, perhaps, but not a traitor to what's right.

---

<sup>6</sup> The Battle of Yorktown in 1781 was a decisive victory for American independence.

Servants            Good night!

*Exit Servant 1, Servant 2 & Servant 3.*

*Highwayman collects the four corners of the tablecloth and lifts the candelabrum and all the gold and silver plates and goblets off the table, swinging them over his shoulder like in a sack.*

Highwayman        *(to himself)*  
No, not a traitor to what's right. And, though I've never served this Lady and this Lord, that makes twice I've robbed them!

*Exit Highwayman.*

Highwayman        *(off)* Come, my beauty, let's ride!

*SFX: hoof beats, very loud.*

*Enter Lady & Lord.*

Lord                I tell you I saw him riding away.

Lady                But why would he come here?

Lord                That servant you recognised – that was him! *(calling)* Where is everybody?

Lady                Of course. I should have known.

*Enter Servant 1.*

Servant 1          My Lady?

Lady                Where is the new man?

Servant 1          Is he not here?

Lord                    Never mind the man. Where is all our gold and silver plate?

Servant 1            The new man put it away, my Lord.

Lord                    ‘Put it away’? Are you joking?

Lady                    Oh, husband, you don’t think we’ve been robbed a second time?

Lord                    A second time and a last time. I’m calling for the army.

Lady                    Good.

Lord                    The Redcoats will hound him across the purple moor.

Lady                    Good.

Lord                    And, when they catch him, I’ll see to it that he does the Tyburn jig.

Lady                    Or they’ll shoot him down like a dog on the highway.

Lord                    You mark our words.

*Exit Lady & Lord.*

Servant 1            *(to himself)* Well I never did! *(calling)* Here, you lot, you’ll never guess what’s happened ...

*Exit Servant 1.*

*Fade to black.*

### Scene Three

*Location: The Village Square, the Inn Yard & Stables*

*Enter Tim.*

#### **Song: “Sunshine after rain”**

Tim

THIS SONG I’M SINGING IS A SONG SHE’LL NEVER HEAR.  
I WISH THE PAST MEANT SOMETHING MORE THAN SHAME.  
OUR LIVES AND HEARTS SHOULD BE ENTWINED FOR EVER MORE  
BUT THE GOLDEN DAYS ARE GONE AND TURNED TO RAIN.

MY CHILDHOOD DREAMS WERE MINE, THEY DID NOT REACH HER SOUL.  
MY CHILDHOOD DREAMS WERE SADNESS, GRIEF AND PAIN.  
I NEVER WILL FORGET HER, NEVER UNDERSTAND  
WHY BESS FOR ME IS SUNSHINE AFTER RAIN.

MEMORIES ARE BEST FORGOTTEN.  
MEMORIES ARE FULL OF PAIN.  
MEMORIES ARE ALL I LIVE FOR  
AND BESS FOR ME IS SUNSHINE AFTER RAIN.

AND SO I’M SINGING HER A SONG SHE’LL NEVER HEAR.  
THE WORDS ARE LESS THAN RIPPLES ON THE WATER.  
PERHAPS IT WOULD BE BETTER IF I DISAPPEARED,  
JUST LIKE A LAMB THE FARMER TAKES TO SLAUGHTER.

OH YES, IT’S ME WHO’S BEEN FORGOTTEN.  
YES, IT’S ME WHO FEELS THE PAIN.  
WHAT HAS HE GOT THAT I AIN’T?  
DON’T I DESERVE SOME SUNSHINE AFTER RAIN?

*Enter Bess and Milkmaids, dancing.*

Tim                   AND SO I'M LIVING OUT A LIFE OF LEADEN SKIES  
WITH NO GLEAM OF GOLD REFLECTING ON THE WATER.  
I WONDER WHAT HE'S GOT. I REALLY CAN'T EXPLAIN  
WHY FOREVER BESS IS SUNSHINE AFTER RAIN.

*Exit Bess and Milkmaids.*

Tim                   SHE'S THE SUNSHINE, SHE'S THE SUNSHINE,  
A GOLDEN RAY OF SUNSHINE.  
BESS IS SUNSHINE.  
SHE'S THE WARMTH I CAN'T EXPLAIN  
AND I NEED TO FEEL THE SUNSHINE EASE MY PAIN.  
I NEED TO FEEL THE SUNSHINE AFTER RAIN.

*SFX (off): Redcoat bugles.*

*Song: 'The British Grenadiers'*

*At first, just pipes and side drums, then increasingly powerful as instruments are added.*

*Marching feet coming closer.*

*Chanting coming closer: 'Left-right-left-right ...'*

*Enter Redcoats and perform an impressive sequence of formation marching.*

*As they march, they put up **WANTED** posters.*

*As the music gets louder and the marching sequence progresses, enter Bess, Landlord, Lady, Lord and representatives of each of the groups (Milkmaids, Farmers, Traders, Crafts, Servants).*

*The music and marching evolves into:*

*Song: 'We will put him in his grave'*

Redcoats

WHERE HE RUNS TO NO ONE KNOWS.  
 WHERE HE'S HIDING NO ONE GOES.  
 HE IS NOTHING, NOTHING BUT A KNAVE.

WHERE HE LIVES NOW NONE WILL TELL.  
 WE WILL PUT HIM IN A CELL.  
 THEN HE WILL NOT, WILL NOT FEEL SO BRAVE.

WHO HIS FRIENDS ARE NONE WILL SHARE.  
 THEY ALL CLAIM THEY'RE UNAWARE.  
 WE WILL PUT HIM, PUT HIM IN HIS GRAVE.

Redcoats

WHERE HE RUNS TO NO ONE KNOWS.  
 WHERE HE'S HIDING NO ONE GOES.  
 HE IS NOTHING, NOTHING BUT A KNAVE.

WHERE HE LIVES NOW NONE WILL TELL.  
 WE WILL PUT HIM IN A CELL.  
 THEN HE WILL NOT, WILL NOT FEEL SO  
 BRAVE.

Bess, Tim, Landlord

THE WIND WAS A TORRENT OF DARKNESS  
 AMONG THE GUSTY TREES.  
 THE MOON WAS A GHOSTLY GALLEON  
 TOSSED UPON CLOUDY SEAS.  
 THE ROAD WAS A RIBBON OF MOONLIGHT  
 OVER THE PURPLE MOOR ...

AND DARK IN THE DARK OLD INN-YARD A  
 STABLE-WICKET CREAKED  
 WHERE TIM THE OSTLER LISTENED. HIS  
 FACE WAS WHITE AND PEAKED.  
 HIS EYES WERE HOLLOW OF MADNESS,  
 HIS HAIR LIKE MOULDY HAY ...

Bess

THIS IS A BOY WITH A  
 FUTURE.

Redcoats

WHO HIS FRIENDS ARE NO  
 ONE SHARES.

Tim, Landlord

HE ROSE UPRIGHT IN THE  
 STIRRUPS. HE SCARCE  
 COULD REACH HER HAND,

REDCOATS - NO FUTURE.	THEY ALL CLAIM THEY'RE UNAWARE.	BUT SHE LOOSENED HER HAIR IN THE CASEMENT. HIS FACE BURNT LIKE A BRAND
WHAT IS THE CHANCE HE'LL SURVIVE?	WE WILL PUT HIM, PUT HIM IN HIS GRAVE.	AS THE BLACK CASCADE OF PERFUME CAME TUMBLING OVER HIS BREAST ...

Tim, Landlord      A RED-COAT TROOP CAME MARCHING—  
—MARCHING—MARCHING—  
KING GEORGE'S MEN CAME MARCHING, UP TO THE OLD INN-DOOR.

Redcoats	Bess, Tim, Landlord
HE DID NOT COME IN THE DAWNING. HE DID NOT COME AT 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, A RED-COAT TROOP CAME MARCHING— —MARCHING—MARCHING— KING GEORGE'S MEN CAME MARCHING, UP TO THE OLD INN-DOOR.	HE DID NOT COME IN THE DAWNING. HE DID NOT COME AT 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, A RED-COAT TROOP CAME MARCHING— —MARCHING—MARCHING— KING GEORGE'S MEN CAME MARCHING, UP TO THE OLD INN-DOOR.

Redcoat 1      Atten-tion!

*The Redcoats come to attention.*

*Silence.*

Lord            You've come at last.

Landlord      Why have the soldiers come?

Lady            They've come for him.

Bess                    No!

Lord                    Yes they have – and good riddance.

Bess                    *(to Tim)* Tim, you promised not to tell.

Tim                     This is none of my doing.

Landlord              Don't worry, Bess. Everything will come out all right.

Bess                    *(to Redcoat 1)* What do you mean to do?

Redcoat 1             We mean to hunt him down.

Bess                    *(to Redcoat 1)* To hunt him down?

Redcoat 1             And shoot him down like a dog on the highway.

Bess                    Oh!

*Bess faints.*

**BLACKOUT**

**INTERVAL**



## ACT TWO

### Scene One

*Location: The Village Square, the Inn Yard & Stables*

*Darkness.*

Highwayman

*(spoken, off)*

HE ROSE UPRIGHT IN THE STIRRUPS. HE SCARCE COULD REACH HER  
HAND,  
BUT SHE LOOSENED HER HAIR IN THE CASEMENT. HIS FACE BURNT LIKE  
A BRAND  
AS THE BLACK CASCADE OF PERFUME CAME TUMBLING OVER HIS  
BREAST;  
AND HE KISSED ITS WAVES IN THE MOONLIGHT,  
— (O, SWEET BLACK WAVES IN THE MOONLIGHT!)  
THEN HE TUGGED AT HIS REIN IN THE MOONLIGHT, AND GALLOPED  
AWAY TO THE WEST.

*SFX: Hoof beats - receding.*

*SFX: Cock crow.*

*Warm light of dawn.*

*The **WANTED** posters are torn and faded.*

*Enter Redcoats, weary and dispirited.*

Redcoat 1

All right, then. That's another waste of time. *(calling)* Landlord!

Redcoat 2

What a night. I can't take much more of this.

Redcoat 3           And not a sniff of him anywhere.

*Enter Landlord.*

Landlord            Good morning, gentlemen. No luck once more?

Redcoat 1           We're about ready to give up.

Landlord            Oh dear. (*calling*) Tim. Bess.

Redcoat 2           We can't stay here searching for one man on the London to Bristol road when the King's got other troubles brewing on every side.

Landlord            I'm sure the Lady and Lord will understand.

Redcoat 3           That's easy for you to say. They're the most powerful family there is hereabouts.

*Enter Tim & Bess.*

Landlord            Can we bring you something to revive you?

Bess                Good morning, Father.

Redcoat 1           Ale.

Landlord            Ale. Right away.

Redcoat 2           And plenty of it.

Landlord            Of course.

Redcoat 3           And a bit of quiet.

*Exit Redcoats.*

Landlord            (*to Tim*) Put them in the back room where they won't hear the noise of the yard and take them their ale. They'll sleep all day having ridden all night.

Tim                 And they've not found him?

Landlord            No, Tim. No one will give him away. I wouldn't be surprised if they called off the search.

Tim                    I suppose.

*Exit Tim.*

Landlord            (*to Bess*) You're unhappy, love.

Bess                  I'm sorry. I'll try to cheer up.

Landlord            I know. This village life isn't enough for you.

***Song: 'My Only Hope'***

Landlord            THE FIRST BREATH THAT YOU TOOK,  
I REMEMBER THE LOOK  
ON YOUR MOTHER'S FACE  
SMILING AND PROUD.

SHE WAS SURE THAT YOUR LIFE  
WOULD BE MORE THAN JUST STRIFE,  
THAT YOU'D STAND OUT  
SO PROUD FROM THE CROWD.

FIND YOUR WAY.  
DON'T LET THIS PLACE DEFINE WHO YOU ARE.  
GO YOUR WAY.  
I WILL MISS YOU BUT YOU SHOULD GO FAR.

Bess                  SHALL I EVER SEE HIM?  
WILL HE COME BACK AGAIN?  
WHO WOULD BE HERE TO GREET HIM?  
IF HE CAME BACK, WHAT THEN?  
SHACKLES AND MUSKETS AND PISTOLS,  
THEN JUST THE ROPE.  
MAYBE HE'LL SET SAIL FROM BRISTOL.  
THAT COULD BE MY ONLY HOPE.

Landlord

THE FIRST BREATH THAT YOU TOOK,  
I REMEMBER THE LOOK  
ON YOUR MOTHER'S FACE  
SMILING AND PROUD.

SHE WAS SURE THAT YOUR LIFE  
WOULD BE MORE THAN JUST STRIFE,  
THAT YOU'D STAND OUT  
SO PROUD FROM THE CROWD.

FIND YOUR WAY.  
DON'T LET THIS PLACE DEFINE WHO YOU  
ARE.  
GO YOUR WAY.  
I WILL MISS YOU BUT YOU SHOULD GO FAR.

Bess

SHALL I EVER SEE HIM?

WILL HE COME BACK AGAIN?

WHO WOULD BE HERE TO GREET HIM?

IF HE CAME BACK, WHAT THEN?

SHACKLES AND MUSKETS AND PISTOLS,  
THEN JUST A ROPE.

MAYBE HE'LL SET SAIL FROM BRISTOL.  
THAT COULD BE MY ONLY HOPE.

*... underscored ...*

*Enter Milkmaid 1, Milkmaid 2 & Milkmaid 3.*

Landlord            Don't worry, Bess. Everything will come out all right.

Bess                 That's what you always say.

Landlord            I know, I know. I'll leave you with your friends.

*Exit Landlord.*

Milkmaids            WHEN YOU FIRST SAW HIS EYES,  
IT WAS AT THE ROADSIDE.  
DID YOU KNOW STRAIGHT  
AWAY IT WAS LOVE?

WHEN YOU KNEW HE WAS BAD,  
DID THE THOUGHT MAKE YOU SAD?  
DID YOU THINK HE'D FIT  
YOU LIKE A GLOVE.

IS HE FINE?  
IS HE EVERYTHING YOU'VE EVER DREAMT?  
IT'S A SIGN  
THAT THE MEETING BETWEEN YOU WAS MEANT.

Milkmaids

WHEN YOU FIRST SAW HIS EYES,  
IT WAS AT THE ROADSIDE.  
DID YOU KNOW STRAIGHT  
AWAY IT WAS LOVE?

WHEN YOU SAW HE WAS BAD,  
DID THE THOUGHT MAKE YOU SAD?  
DID YOU THINK HE'D FIT  
YOU LIKE A GLOVE.

IS HE FINE?  
IS HE EVERYTHING YOU'VE EVER DREAMT?

IT'S A SIGN  
THAT THE MEETING BETWEEN YOU WAS  
MEANT.

Bess

SHALL I EVER SEE HIM?

WILL HE COME BACK AGAIN?

WHO WOULD BE HERE TO GREET HIM?

IF HE CAME BACK, WHAT THEN?

SHACKLES AND MUSKETS AND PISTOLS,  
THEN JUST A ROPE.

MAYBE HE'LL SET SAIL FROM BRISTOL.  
THAT COULD BE MY ONLY HOPE.

*... underscored ...*

Bess

It isn't my fault. I didn't ask to love him.

*Enter Tim.*

Tim

Bess?

Bess

What is it, Tim?

Tim                    He's a bad man, isn't he?

Bess                    I suppose so.

Tim                    And you wouldn't want to be tied to a bad man, would you, Bess?

Bess                    I don't understand.

Tim                    Well, the Redcoats think he'll come and find you – and then they'll catch him.

Bess                    Who told you that?

Tim                    It's not important. What I mean is, if you was married to me, then he'd have no reason to come for you.

*... stop underscoring.*

*Pause.*

Bess                    I'm sorry, Tim –

Milkmaid 1            Oh my God, I don't believe it.

Milkmaid 2            Do you seriously think Bess would marry you?

Milkmaid 3            Look at you. You're nothing. You're nobody ...

Milkmaid 1            ... with your face all white and peaked ...

Milkmaid 2            ... and your mad hollow eyes ...

Milkmaid 3            ... and your hair like mouldy hay.

*Pause.*

Tim                    Is that what you think, too, Bess.

Bess                    I think ... I mean ... No, Tim, I can't marry you.

*Exit Tim, distraught.*

**Song: reprise ‘Village life is quiet’**

Milkmaid 1      WHEN YOU LIVE CHEEK BY JOWL ...

Milkmaid 2      IT’S IMPORTANT TO BE KIND.

Milkmaid 3      JEALOUSY’S A PROBLEM ...

Milkmaid 1      THAT WE OFTEN FIND.

Milkmaid 2      VILLAGE LIFE IS QUIET.

Milkmaid 3      VILLAGE KIDS ARE POOR.

Bess              VILLAGE LIFE IS NOT ENOUGH FOR ME.

Milkmaid 1      VILLAGE HOMES ARE CROWDED.

Milkmaid 2      VILLAGE LIFE CAN PALL.

Milkmaid 3      FRIENDSHIPS CAN CAUSE PROBLEMS ...

Bess              IF AFFECTION’S UNEQUAL.

*... underscored ...*

Milkmaid 1      Don’t worry, Bess. Everything will come out all right.

Bess              That’s what Father always says.

*Exit Milkmaid 1, Milkmaid 2 & Milkmaid 3.*

*Bess waits till all is quiet then tears down the WANTED posters and hides them under a bale of straw.*

*Exit Bess.*

*Transition to ...*

## Scene Two

*Location: A dockside tavern in Bristol*

*Highwayman is drinking alone.*

Highwayman VILLAGE LIFE WAS QUIET AND I LIVED THERE LIKE A LOUSE.  
VILLAGE LIFE WAS DEADLY. I WAS POOR AS A CHURCH MOUSE.  
BUT THERE'S NOWHERE I'D RATHER BE.  
*(indicates his heart)* THERE'S SOMETHING HOLDS ME HERE.  
OR RATHER THERE IS SOMEONE,  
A VERY SPECIAL SOMEONE –  
LIFE, IT WOULD BE PERFECT IF, THAT SOMEONE, SHE WERE NEAR.

*SFX: Quiet concertina.*

*Enter Sailor 1, Sailor 2 & Sailor 3.*

Sailor 1 Is this the best a Bristol tavern can offer? Let's have a song.

Sailor 2 I'm all for a song, but which one?

Sailor 3 A song about setting off where no one can ever find you.

***Song: 'Out of sight and out of mind'***

Sailor 1 OH, WE'D BE ALL RIGHT IF THE WIND WAS IN OUR SAILS.  
YES, WE'D BE ALL RIGHT IF THE WIND WAS IN OUR SAILS.  
WE'D BE ALRIGHT IF THE WIND WAS IN OUR SAILS,  
OUT OF SIGHT AND OUT OF MIND.

Sailors AND WE'LL ROW THE OLD TIMBER SHIP ALONG,  
WE'LL ROW THE OLD TIMBER SHIP ALONG,  
WE'LL ROW THE OLD TIMBER SHIP ALONG,  
OUT OF SIGHT AND OUT OF MIND!

Sailor 2 WELL, A NIGHT ON THE TOWN WOULDN'T DO US ANY HARM.



NO, A NIGHT ON THE TOWN WOULDN'T DO US ANY HARM.  
A NIGHT ON THE TOWN WOULDN'T DO US ANY HARM,  
OUT OF SIGHT AND OUT OF MIND.

Sailors                    AND WE'LL ROW THE OLD TIMBER SHIP ALONG,  
                                 WE'LL ROW THE OLD TIMBER SHIP ALONG,  
                                 WE'LL ROW THE OLD TIMBER SHIP ALONG,  
                                 OUT OF SIGHT AND OUT OF MIND!

Sailor 3                 OH, WE'LL BE ALL RIGHT IF WE MAKE IT ROUND THE HORN.  
                                 WE'LL BE ALL RIGHT IF WE MAKE IT ROUND THE HORN.  
                                 OH, WE'LL BE ALL RIGHT IF WE MAKE IT ROUND THE HORN,  
                                 OUT OF SIGHT AND OUT OF MIND.

Sailors                    AND WE'LL ROW THE OLD TIMBER SHIP ALONG,  
                                 WE'LL ROW THE OLD TIMBER SHIP ALONG,  
                                 WE'LL ROW THE OLD TIMBER SHIP ALONG,  
                                 OUT OF SIGHT AND OUT OF MIND!

Sailor 1                 NOW, ANOTHER SEVEN SEAS WOULDN'T DO US ANY HARM  
                                 ANOTHER SEVEN SEAS WOULDN'T DO US ANY HARM  
                                 OH, ANOTHER SEVEN SEAS WOULDN'T DO US ANY HARM  
                                 OUT OF SIGHT AND OUT OF MIND ...

Sailors                    AND WE'LL ROW THE OLD TIMBER SHIP ALONG,  
                                 WE'LL ROW THE OLD TIMBER SHIP ALONG,  
                                 WE'LL ROW THE OLD TIMBER SHIP ALONG,  
                                 OUT OF SIGHT AND OUT OF MIND!

*... underscored ...*

Sailor 1                 What's up with you, friend?

Highwayman            Nothing – and everything.

Sailor 2                 Sing with us, why don't you?

Highwayman            Sing a song of leaving? Why not?

- Sailor 3                   Or sing your own song if you like.
- Highwayman               OH, I LEFT MY LOVE IN A VILLAGE OVER THERE  
AND PERHAPS SHE THINKS THAT I NEVER REALLY CARED.  
BUT IF I GO BACK, I'M SURE I WON'T BE SPARED.  
OUT OF SIGHT NOT OUT OF MIND.
- Sailors                     THEN YOU SHOULD ROW YOUR OLD TIMBER SHIP ALONG,  
YOU SHOULD ROW YOUR OLD TIMBER SHIP ALONG,  
YOU SHOULD ROW YOUR OLD TIMBER SHIP ALONG,  
OUT OF SIGHT AND OUT OF MIND!
- Highwayman               OH, THE REDCOATS THEY ARE ALWAYS ON MY TRAIL  
AND THEIR ONE DESIRE IS TO SEE ME PUT IN JAIL  
AND TO SEE ME DRAGGED TO TYBURN WITHOUT FAIL.  
OUT OF SIGHT NOT OUT OF MIND.
- Sailors                     THEN YOU SHOULD ROW YOUR OLD TIMBER SHIP ALONG,  
YOU SHOULD ROW YOUR OLD TIMBER SHIP ALONG,  
YOU SHOULD ROW YOUR OLD TIMBER SHIP ALONG,  
OUT OF SIGHT AND OUT OF MIND!
- Highwayman               SO I CAME TO BRISTOL TO SAIL THE SEVEN SEAS  
AND TO LEAVE MY LOVER FAR BEHIND IN PEACE  
BUT WITH EVERY STEP, MY LOVE IT DOES INCREASE.  
OUT OF SIGHT NOT OUT OF MIND.
- Sailor 1                   IF YOU LOVE HER TRUE, YOU CAN DO NO WRONG.  
IF SHE LOVES YOU TRUE, MIGHT SHE COME ALONG?  
IF YOU LOVE HER TRUE, WHERE DOES SHE BELONG?  
AT YOUR SIDE NOT OUT OF MIND.
- Sailors                     THEN YOU SHOULD ROW YOUR OLD TIMBER SHIP ALONG,  
YOU SHOULD ROW YOUR OLD TIMBER SHIP ALONG,  
YOU SHOULD ROW YOUR OLD TIMBER SHIP ALONG,  
OUT OF SIGHT AND OUT OF MIND!

*SFX off: Ship's bell.*

Sailor 1            That's us. We must be on our way.

Sailor 2            Good luck ...

Sailor 3            ... whatever you decide.

*Exit Sailors, singing.*

Highwayman        *(to himself)* Whatever I decide ...

*SFX off: Ship's bell.*

Highwayman        *(drains tankard)* Time to go.

*Exit Highwayman.*

*Fade to black.*

### Scene Three

*Location: The Village Square, the Inn Yard & Stables*

*Enter Guest 1 & Guest 2.*

Guest 1           No, we absolutely cannot stay.

Guest 2           *(French) C'est impossible! Impossible!*

*Enter Lady & Lord.*

Lady               But we have so enjoyed your visit.

Lord               Don't tell us you're frightened.

Guest 1           Of course we are frightened. Who wouldn't be?

Guest 2           *(French) Ah oui, ça alors – nous avons bien peur. (French accent) We are frightened. (French) Vous comprenez? (French accent) You understand?*

*Enter Redcoat 1.*

Redcoat 1        My Lady.

Lord               Our guests are too frightened to stay here in the country where they claim the roads and the moors are unsafe.

Redcoat 1        Yes, my Lord, and we have orders to withdraw within the week.

Lady               Withdraw? What do you mean?

Redcoat 1        We have other duties, my Lady –

Lord               Other duties?

Guest 2           *(French) Vous voyez, même l'armée a peur.*

Lady               What did he say?

Guest 1            Even the army is frightened!

*SFX: coach horn.*

Guest 2            *(French) Voilà la diligence.*

Guest 1            There's our coach. Goodbye!

Guest 2            *(French) Adieu!*

*Exit Guest 1 & Guest 2.*

Lady                Somebody must know where he is.

Lord                Somebody must know who he is.

Redcoat 1         What do you suggest? There are limits to my authority ...

***Song: 'If the Villagers refuse'***

*(reprise of the Scene One G&S-style song telling the story of the stage coach hold up, 'Down the Road'.)*

Lady                IF THE VILLAGERS REFUSE TO SPILL THE BEANS ...

Lord                SPILL THE BEANS ...

Lady                AND THEY STAND THERE LIKE SOME WAXWORK FIGURINES ...

Lord                FIGURINES ...

Lady                EVEN THOUGH IT'S BOUND TO CAUSE ALL KINDS OF SCENES ...

Lord                KINDS OF SCENES ...

Lady                YOU ARE FREE TO USE YOUR JUDGEMENT AND ALL PRACTICABLE  
MEANS ...

Lord                ANY MEANS, ANY MEANS ...

*Pause.*

Redcoat 1            Could you be more specific?

*Faster.*

Lord                 IF THE PEOPLE WILL NOT TELL YOU WHAT HE'S DOING ...

Lady                 WHAT HE'S DOING ...

Lord                 THIS HIGHWAYMAN YOU'RE FRUITLESSLY PURSUING ...

Lady                 YOU'RE PURSUING ...

Lord                 IF IT'S TREACHERY AND LIES THAT THEY ARE BREWING ...

Lady                 THEY ARE BREWING ...

Lord                 YOUR PUNISHMENT SHOULD BE THEIR SWIFT UNDOING ...

Lady                 SWIFT UNDOING, SWIFT UNDOING ...

*Pause.*

Redcoat 1            So you give me complete authority –

*Faster.*

Lady                 IF THE VILLAGERS GO SILENT AS THE GRAVE ...

Lord                 AS THE GRAVE ...

Lady                 AND PRETEND THAT THEY ARE INFINITELY BRAVE ...

Lord                 OH, SO BRAVE ...

Lady                 IF THEY DISREGARD THE ORDERS THAT YOU GAVE ...

Lord                 THAT YOU GAVE ...

Lady                 THEN I GIVE YOU THE AUTHORITY ...

Lord WE GIVE YOU THE AUTHORITY ...

Lady WE GIVE YOU THE AUTHORITY ...

Lord WE GIVE YOU THE AUTHORITY ...

Lady To make an example!

Lord And to find out where who's helping him, damn it!

Redcoat 1 I see.

*Pause.*

Lady So, will you do it?

***Song: reprise 'Redcoats'.***

Redcoat 1 THIS HIGHWAYMAN, HE HAS NO FUTURE.  
THIS HIGHWAYMAN, HE HAS NO CHANCE.  
THE REDCOATS WILL CUT OFF HIS FUTURE.  
THE REDCOATS WILL MAKE THE MAN DANCE.

FOR HIM WE'VE A NOVEL COMPANION.  
FOR HIM WE'VE A NEW SPECIAL FRIEND.  
THE NEW SPECIAL FRIEND IS THE HANGMAN.  
HE'LL STICK WITH HIM RIGHT TO THE END.

***... underscored ...***

Lady / Lord Good.

Redcoat 1 (*calling*) Hey there, boy!

*Enter Tim.*

Tim Yes sir?

Redcoat 1           What's happened to the WANTED posters?

Tim                   I don't know, sir.

Redcoat 1           Here's a shilling for you. Call the whole village into the square.

Tim                   I beg your pardon, sir?

Redcoat 1           Do you want it or not?

*Pause.*

*Tim takes the shilling.*

*(The audience should be reminded of the equivalent moment in the Prologue.)*

*Exit Tim.*

R1, Lady, Lord    THIS HIGHWAYMAN, HE HAS NO FUTURE.  
THIS HIGHWAYMAN, HE HAS NO CHANCE.  
THE REDCOATS WILL CUT OFF HIS FUTURE.  
THE REDCOATS WILL MAKE THE MAN DANCE.

FOR HIM WE'VE A NOVEL COMPANION.  
FOR HIM WE'VE A NEW SPECIAL FRIEND.  
THE NEW SPECIAL FRIEND IS THE HANGMAN.  
HE'LL STICK WITH HIM RIGHT TO THE END.

*... underscored ...*

*In a sinister sequence without words, Tim ushers on all the Villagers (Landlord, Milkmaids, Farmers, Crafts, Traders, Servants and so on).*

*The Redcoats push them around.*



*Once everyone (except Bess) is assembled, the accompaniment transitions to ...*

***Song: reprise ‘We will put him in his grave’***

Redcoats

WHO HIS FRIENDS ARE NONE WILL SHARE.  
THEY ALL CLAIM THEY’RE UNAWARE.  
WE WILL PUT HIM, WE WILL PUT HIM IN HIS GRAVE.

*The Redcoats brutally search the Square and the Villagers.*

WHERE HE LIVES NOW NONE WILL TELL.  
WHO PROTECTS HIM SO, SO WELL.  
SOMEONE PAYS FOR ALL THE HELP, THE HELP THEY GAVE.

SOMEONE HELPS HIM – THAT’S FOR SURE.  
SOMEONE OPENS UP THEIR DOOR.  
SOMEONE NEVER WANTS HIM, WANTS HIM TO BE FOUND.

SEARCH THE PEOPLE. LOOK FOR CLUES.  
NOW’S THE TIME FOR THEM TO CHOOSE.  
WE WILL FIND HIM, WE WILL PUT HIM IN THE GROUND.

Villagers

NOW, THE WHOLE VILLAGE IS SHAKING WITH FEAR.  
HAS THE HIGHWAYMAN FLED FREE AND CLEAR?  
SOMEWHERE, MAYBE, HE CAN START A BRAND-NEW LIFE.

*Redcoat 2 finds the WANTED posters that Bess tore down and shows them to Redcoat 1.*

Redcoat 2

*(to Redcoat 1)* Look what I’ve found.

Redcoat 1

WHO’S THE AUTHOR OF THIS CRIME?  
SOMEONE DID THIS. NOW’S THE TIME.  
GIVE YOURSELF UP. PUT AN END TO ALL THIS STRIFE.

*Bess appears at the window.*

DO I HAVE TO MAKE IT CLEAR?  
IF THE CULPRIT WON'T APPEAR,  
I WILL CHOOSE ONE. I WILL CHOOSE TO END A LIFE.

Bess  
I KNOW I'M SINGING HIM A SONG HE'LL NEVER HEAR.  
THE FEAR CUTS THROUGH MY HEART JUST LIKE A KNIFE.  
THEY NEED A VICTIM. THEY HAVE MADE IT VERY CLEAR  
THEY CAN CUT THE DARK RED LOVE KNOT OF MY LIFE.

Redcoat	Villagers	Bess
DO I HAVE TO MAKE IT CLEAR?	NOW, THE WHOLE VILLAGE IS SHAKING WITH FEAR.	THEY NEED A VICTIM. THEY HAVE MADE IT VERY
IF THE CULPRIT WON'T APPEAR,	HAS THE HIGHWAYMAN FLED FREE AND CLEAR?	CLEAR
I WILL CHOOSE ONE. I WILL CHOOSE TO END A LIFE.	SOMEWHERE, MAYBE, HE CAN START A BRAND- NEW LIFE.	THEY CAN CUT THE DARK RED LOVE KNOT OF MY LIFE.

*Redcoat 1 points a gun at Landlord.*

Bess  
Stop!

*As Bess is coming down to the Square ...*

Lady  
(*to Lord*) Did you see that?

Lady  
(*to Lady*) Did I see what?

Lady  
(*to Lord*) In her hair!

*Enter Bess.*

Bess  
I pulled down the WANTED posters. It was my fault. I was wrong.

Lady  
Never mind the posters. Did you see –

Redcoat 1  
(*interrupting Lady*) One moment, please, my Lady. (*to Bess*) And why would you have done that?

- Bess I felt sorry for him. We were friends with him when we were young, weren't we, Tim? He was just an orphan boy. He was pressed into the army. He never knew anything but hardship. Life never gave him a chance.
- Redcoat 1 *(to Tim)* Is that so?
- Pause.*
- Tim I suppose so.
- Redcoat 1 *(to Bess, understanding)* All the same, you should have left them where they were.
- Bess I know. I'm very sorry.
- Redcoat 1 *(to Bess, understanding)* Perhaps we can let it go at that –
- Lady For heaven's sake, I said 'never mind the posters'. Look in her hair.
- Redcoat 1 I don't understand. What about her hair?
- Lady The girl is wearing the Highwayman's red ribbon as a love knot in her hair!
- Everyone realises Bess is guilty ...*
- ... but there is a sudden stillness as Bess and Highwayman 'connect' across time and space ...*
- Song: 'What a day – reprise'***
- Bess THAT MAN HAS MY HEART  
AND THIS DAY  
I COULD CURSE AT MY FATE.  
WAS THERE EVER A FUTURE  
WHERE I AND MY SUITOR  
MIGHT SAY  
THAT WE NEVER WOULD PART?  
WHAT A DAY. WHAT A DAY.

Highwayman      THAT WOMAN'S MY LIFE  
 AND THIS DAY  
 I GIVE THANKS FOR THIS CHANCE.  
 I WILL GIVE UP THESE PISTOLS  
 AND TAKE BESS TO BRISTOL  
 THEN FRANCE  
 WHERE I'LL MAKE HER MY WIFE.  
 WHAT A DAY. WHAT A DAY.

Bess                BUT I WONDER ...

Highwayman      ALL THE TIME ...

Bess                WOULD IT BE ...

Highwayman      SUCH A CRIME ...

Bess                JUST TO GO ...

Highwayman      JUST TO FLY ...

Bess                DOWN THE ROAD ...

Highwayman      AND THE SKY ...

Bess & H'man    WOULD BE ALL THAT I'D NEED  
 AND BE ALL THAT I'D SEE,  
 EVERY STEP THEN WOULD TAKE ME  
 TO WHERE I SHOULD BE ...

*Bess & Highwayman reach out for one another, but their hands do not touch ...*

*... then the stillness is over and the village is in uproar as Bess is brutally arrested.*

***Song: reprise 'The Highwayman'***

*The remaining verses of 'The Highwayman' are acted out on stage, each action accompanied by the words of the ballad poem as they are*

*sung or recited, shared out among the various groups of Villagers and principals (examples below).*

Lady / Lord

*(spoken or sung)*

HE DID NOT COME IN THE DAWNING. HE DID NOT COME AT 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,  
A RED-COAT TROOP CAME MARCHING—  
—MARCHING—MARCHING—  
KING GEORGE'S MEN CAME MARCHING, UP TO THE OLD INN-DOOR.

Milkmaids

*(spoken or sung)*

THEY SAID NO WORD TO THE LANDLORD. THEY DRANK HIS ALE  
INSTEAD.  
BUT THEY GAGGED HIS DAUGHTER, AND BOUND HER, TO THE FOOT OF  
HER NARROW BED.  
TWO OF THEM KNELT AT HER CASEMENT, WITH MUSKETS AT THEIR  
SIDE!  
THERE WAS DEATH AT EVERY WINDOW;  
—AND HELL AT ONE DARK WINDOW;  
FOR BESS COULD SEE, THROUGH HER CASEMENT, THE ROAD  
THAT *HE* WOULD RIDE.

Farmers

*(spoken or sung)*

THEY HAD TIED HER UP TO ATTENTION, WITH MANY A SNIGGERING  
JEST.  
THEY HAD BOUND A MUSKET BESIDE HER, WITH THE MUZZLE BENEATH  
HER BREAST!  
“NOW, KEEP GOOD WATCH!” AND THEY KISSED HER. SHE HEARD THE  
DOOMED MAN SAY—  
*LOOK FOR ME BY MOONLIGHT;*  
—*WATCH FOR ME BY MOONLIGHT;*  
*I'LL COME TO THEE BY MOONLIGHT, THOUGH HELL SHOULD BAR THE WAY!*

Crafts

*(spoken or sung)*

SHE TWISTED HER HANDS BEHIND HER; BUT ALL THE KNOTS HELD  
GOOD!  
SHE WRITHED HER HANDS TILL HER FINGERS WERE WET WITH SWEAT  
OR BLOOD!

THEY STRETCHED AND STRAINED IN THE DARKNESS, AND THE HOURS  
 CRAWLED BY LIKE YEARS  
 TILL, NOW, ON THE STROKE OF MIDNIGHT,  
 —COLD, ON THE STROKE OF MIDNIGHT,  
 THE TIP OF ONE FINGER TOUCHED IT! THE TRIGGER AT LEAST WAS  
 HERS!

Traders

*(spoken or sung)*

THE TIP OF ONE FINGER *TOUCHED* IT. SHE STROVE NO MORE FOR THE  
 REST.

UP, SHE STOOD UP TO ATTENTION, WITH THE MUZZLE BENEATH HER  
 BREAST.

SHE WOULD NOT RISK THEIR HEARING; SHE WOULD NOT STRIVE AGAIN;  
 FOR THE ROAD LAY BARE IN THE MOONLIGHT;

—BLANK AND BARE IN THE MOONLIGHT;

AND THE BLOOD OF HER VEINS, IN THE MOONLIGHT, THROBBED TO HER  
 LOVE'S REFRAIN.

Servants

*(spoken or sung)*

*TLOT-TLOT; TLOT-TLOT!* HAD *THEY* HEARD IT? THE HORSEHOOFS  
 RINGING CLEAR;

*TLOT-TLOT; TLOT-TLOT,* IN THE DISTANCE? WERE THEY DEAF THAT  
 THEY DID NOT HEAR?

DOWN THE RIBBON OF MOONLIGHT, OVER THE BROW OF THE HILL,  
 THE HIGHWAYMAN CAME RIDING—

—RIDING—RIDING—

THE RED COATS LOOKED TO THEIR PRIMING! SHE STOOD UP, STRAIGHT  
 AND STILL.

Sailors

*(spoken or sung)*

*TLOT-TLOT,* IN THE FROSTY *SILENCE!* *TLOT-TLOT,* IN THE ECHOING  
 NIGHT!

NEARER HE CAME AND NEARER. HER FACE WAS LIKE A LIGHT.

HER EYES GREW WIDE FOR A MOMENT; SHE DREW ONE LAST DEEP  
 BREATH,

THEN HER FINGER MOVED IN THE MOONLIGHT,

—HER MUSKET SHATTERED THE MOONLIGHT,

SHATTERED HER BREAST IN THE MOONLIGHT AND WARNED HIM—WITH  
HER DEATH.

Redcoats

*(spoken or sung)*

HE TURNED. HE SPURRED TO THE WEST; HE DID NOT KNOW WHO STOOD  
BOWED, WITH HER HEAD O’ER THE MUSKET, DRENCHED WITH HER OWN  
BLOOD!

NOT TILL THE DAWN HE HEARD IT, AND HIS FACE GREW GREY 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.

BACK, HE SPURRED LIKE A MADMAN, SHRIEKING A CURSE TO THE SKY,

Landlord

*(spoken or sung)*

WITH THE WHITE ROAD SMOKING BEHIND HIM AND HIS RAPIER  
BRANDISHED HIGH.

Redcoat 1

*(spoken or sung)*

BLOOD RED WERE HIS SPURS IN THE GOLDEN NOON; WINE-RED WAS HIS  
VELVET COAT;

Lady

*(spoken or sung)*

WHEN THEY SHOT HIM DOWN ON THE HIGHWAY,

Lord

*(spoken or sung)*

—DOWN LIKE A DOG ON THE HIGHWAY,

Tim

*(spoken or sung)*

AND HE LAY IN HIS BLOOD ON THE HIGHWAY, WITH A BUNCH OF LACE  
AT HIS THROAT.

All

*(spoken or sung)*

*AND STILL OF 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,  
A HIGHWAYMAN COMES RIDING—*

*—RIDING—RIDING—*

*A HIGHWAYMAN COMES RIDING, UP TO THE OLD INN-DOOR.*

*OVER THE COBBLES HE CLATTERS AND CLANGS IN THE DARK INN-YARD.*

*HE TAPS WITH HIS WHIP ON THE SHUTTERS, BUT ALL IS LOCKED AND  
BARRED.*

*HE WHISTLES 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.*

**BLACKOUT**

**THE END**