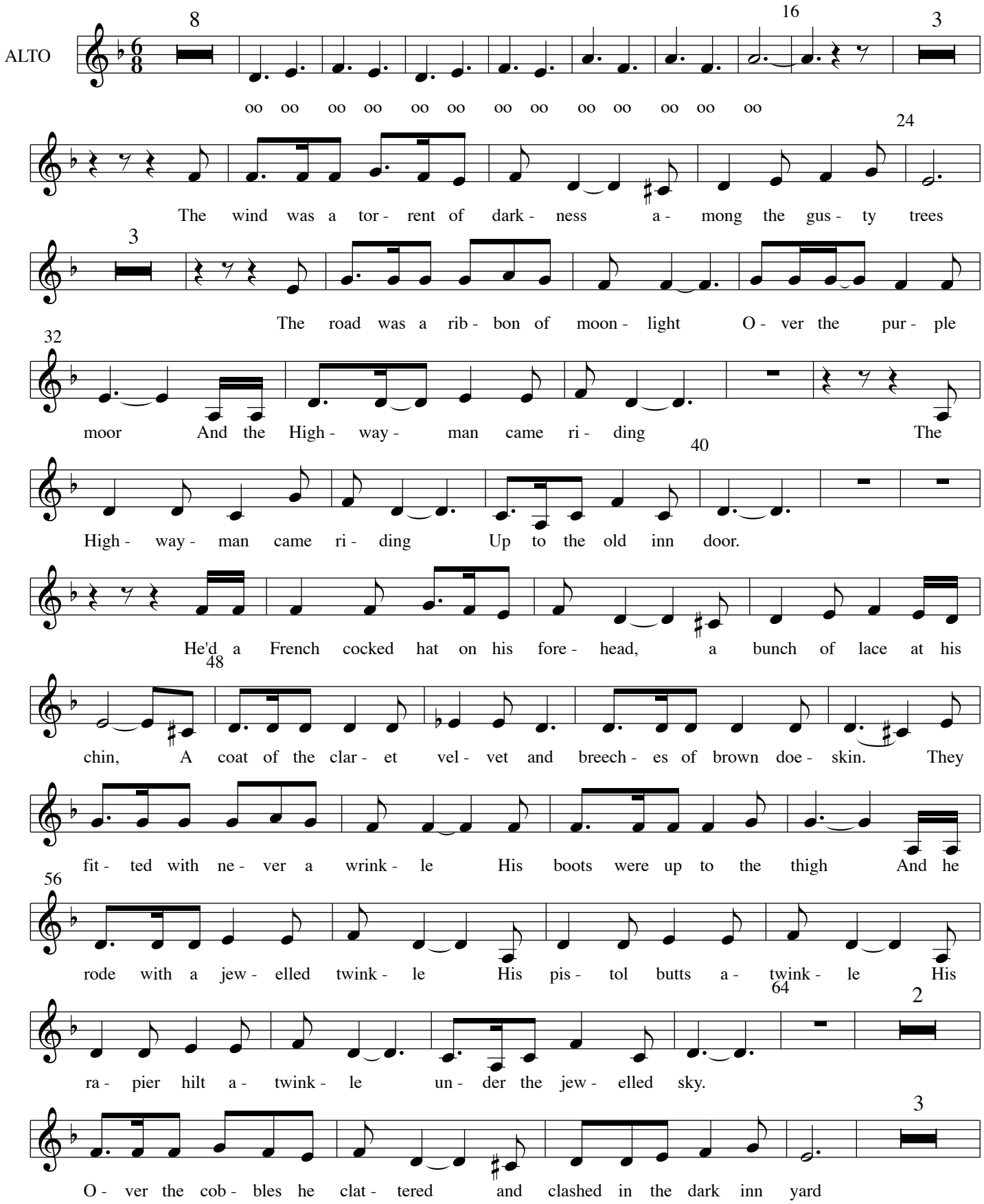
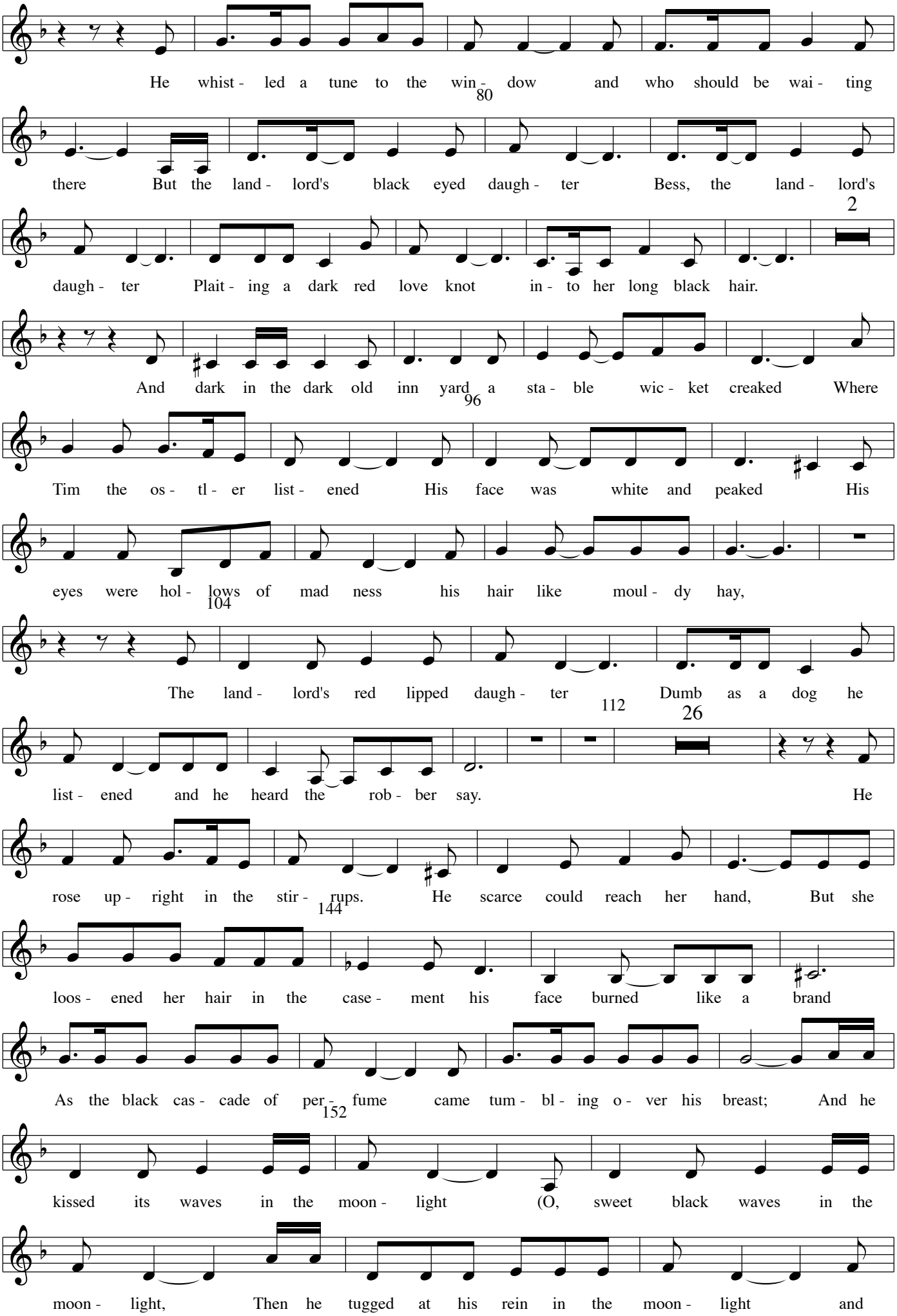
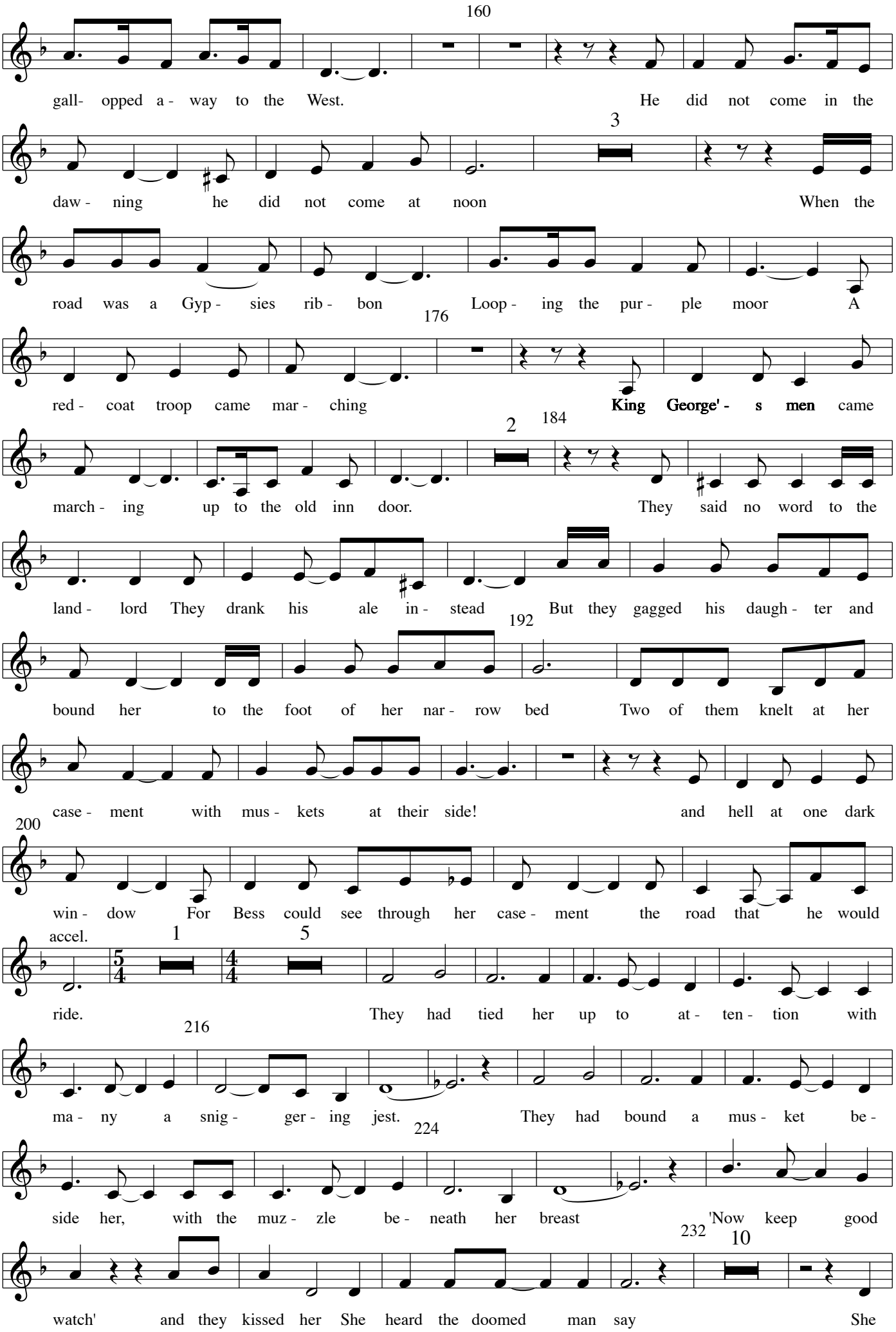
The Highwayman

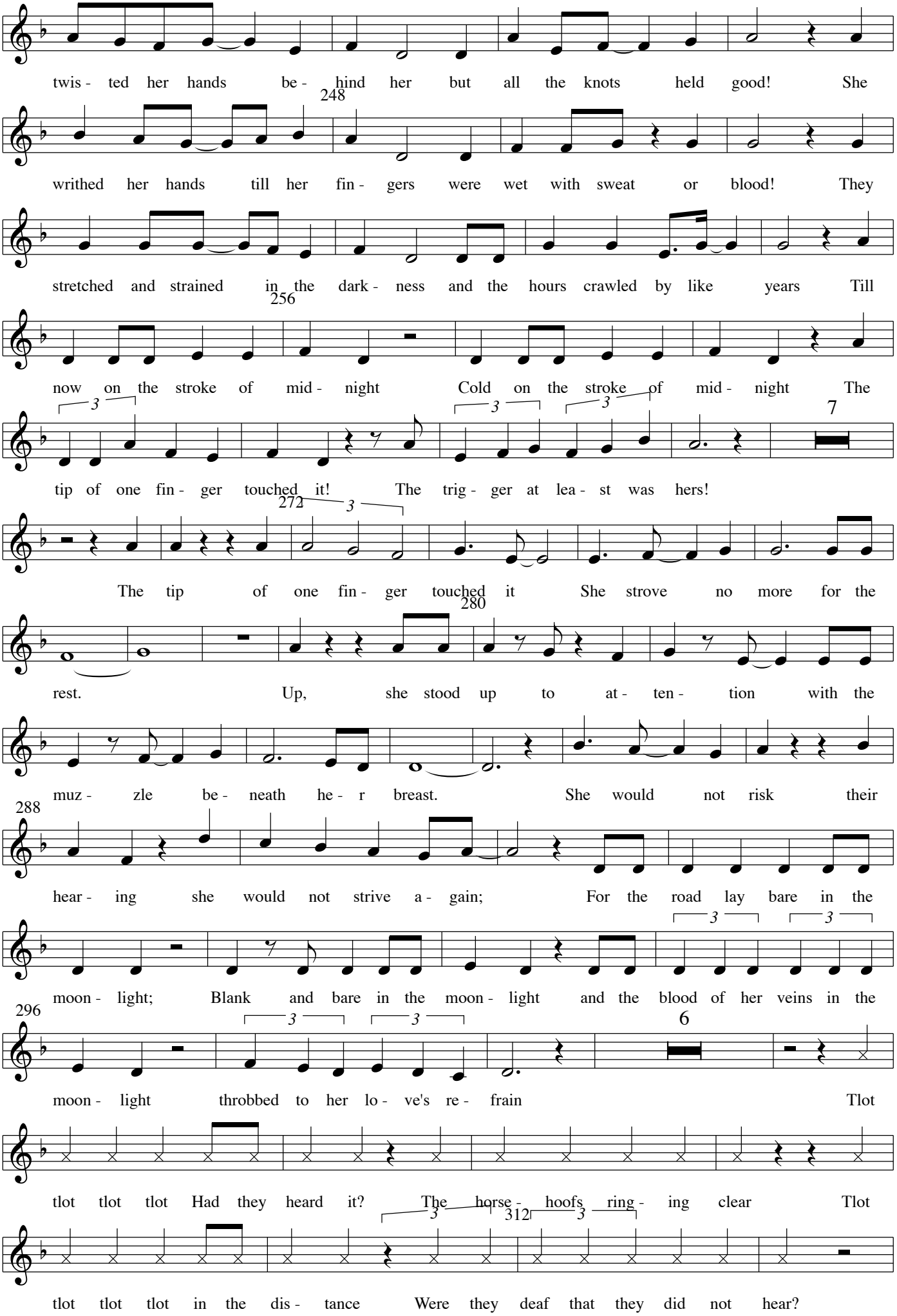
Poem by Alfred Noyes

Music J Gleadall




He whist - led a tune to the win - dow and who should be wai - ting
80
there But the land - lord's black eyed daugh - ter Bess, the land - lord's
2
daugh - ter Plait - ing a dark red love knot in - to her long black hair.
And dark in the dark old inn yard a sta - ble wic - ket creaked Where
96
Tim the os - tl - er list - ened His face was white and peaked His
eyes were hol - lows of mad ness his hair like moul - dy hay,
104
The land - lord's red lipped daugh - ter Dumb as a dog he
112
26
list - ened and he heard the rob - ber say. He
rose up - right in the stir - rups. He scarce could reach her hand, But she
144
loos - ened her hair in the case - ment his face burned like a brand
As the black cas - cade of per - fume came tum - bl - ing o - ver his breast; And he
152
kissed its waves in the moon - light (O, sweet black waves in the
moon - light, Then he tugged at his rein in the moon - light and


160
gall- opped a - way to the West. He did not come in the
3
daw - ning he did not come at noon When the
road was a Gyp - sies rib - bon Loop - ing the pur - ple moor A
176
red - coat troop came mar - ching King George' - s men came
2
184
march - ing up to the old inn door. They said no word to the
land - lord They drank his ale in - stead But they gagged his daugh - ter and
192
bound her to the foot of her nar - row bed Two of them knelt at her
case - ment with mus - kets at their side! and hell at one dark
200
win - dow For Bess could see through her case - ment the road that he would
accel.
1
5
ride. They had tied her up to at - ten - tion with
216
ma - ny a snig - ger - ing jest. They had bound a mus - ket be -
224
side her, with the muz - zle be - neath her breast 'Now keep good
232
10
watch' and they kissed her She heard the doomed man say She


twis - ted her hands be - hind her but all the knots held good! She
248
writhed her hands till her fin - gers were wet with sweat or blood! They
stretched and strained in the dark - ness and the hours crawled by like years Till
256
now on the stroke of mid - night Cold on the stroke of mid - night The
7
tip of one fin - ger touched it! The trig - ger at lea - st was hers!
272
The tip of one fin - ger touched it She strove no more for the
280
rest. Up, she stood up to at - ten - tion with the
muz - zle be - neath he - r breast. She would not risk their
288
hear - ing she would not strive a - gain; For the road lay bare in the
moon - light; Blank and bare in the moon - light and the blood of her veins in the
296
6
moon - light throbbed to her lo - ve's re - frain Tlot
tlot tlot tlot Had they heard it? The horse - hoofs ring - ing clear Tlot
312
tlot tlot tlot in the dis - tance Were they deaf that they did not hear?

Down the rib - bon of moon - light, o - ver the prow of the hill The

320

High - way - man came ri - ding ri - ding ri - ding The red - coats looked to their

3

pri - ming She stood up straight and still. Tlot tlot in the fros - ty

si - lence! Tlot tlot in the ech - o - ing night Near - er he came and

336

near - er Her face was like a light Her eyes grew wide for a mo - ment she

drew one last deep breath Then her fin - ger moved in the moon - light Her

344

mus - ket shat - tered the moon - light shat - tered her breast in the moon - light and

10

360

warned him with her death! He spurred to the West

368

- stood. with her head o'er the mus - ket her

376

blood! and his face grew grey to hear How

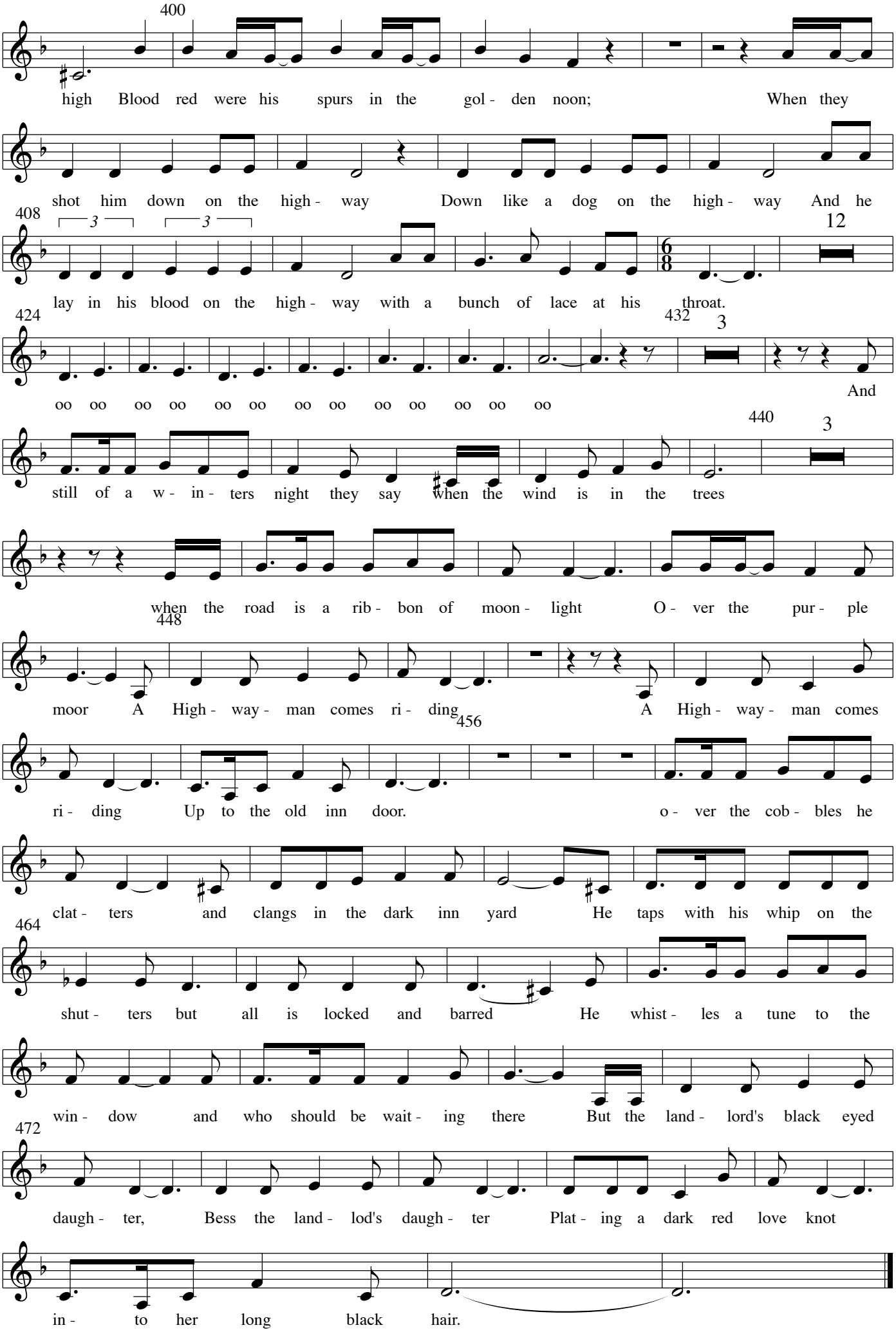
Bess, the land - lord's daugh - ter The land - lord's black eyed daugh - ter Had

384

7

watched for her love in the moon - light and died in the dark - ness there!

With the white road smo - king be - hind him and his ra - pier bran - dished


400
high Blood red were his spurs in the gol - den noon; When they
shot him down on the high - way Down like a dog on the high - way And he
408
lay in his blood on the high - way with a bunch of lace at his throat.
12
424
432
3
oo oo oo oo oo oo oo oo oo oo oo oo oo
And
440
3
still of a w - in - ters night they say when the wind is in the trees
when the road is a rib - bon of moon - light O - ver the pur - ple
448
moor A High - way - man comes ri - ding A High - way - man comes
456
ri - ding Up to the old inn door. o - ver the cob - bles he
clat - ters and clangs in the dark inn yard He taps with his whip on the
464
shut - ters but all is locked and barred He whist - les a tune to the
win - dow and who should be wait - ing there But the land - lord's black eyed
472
daugh - ter, Bess the land - lod's daugh - ter Plat - ing a dark red love knot
in - to her long black hair.