

The Highwayman

Pythia

(Extracts from the poem by Alfred Noyes)

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 up to the old inn-door

His love had died a year ago, a bullet in her breast
The deadly shot a warning that he soon would be next
And so they found him on the road and they killed him like a dog
But still he keeps on riding in moonlight and in fog

Plaiting a dark red love knot into her long black hair
She waits to see him only, singing in her despair

After the sunlight, there comes the rain
Never to see my true love again
After the bullet I still remain
Never to see my true love again

Two lovers that were parted shall never meet once more
Although he keeps on knocking at the old inn door
His horse shall gallop nightly since she met her death
And the inn was burned down years ago with her final breath

And I wander this world and I mourn for my loss
All the gold and silver could afford pay the cost
After kisses in darkness a river of blood
Now the Highwayman rides, whilst the moon shines above

Moon shine brightly over the heather
Don't deny my iron will