**C Em Am**

The wind was a torrent of darkness, among the gusty trees

**G F D G7**

the moon was a ghostly galleon, tossed upon cloudy seas

**C Em Am**

and the road was a ribbon of moonlight, over the purple moor

**F C E Am**

And the highwayman came riding, riding, riding

**F C D G7**

yes the highwayman came riding, up to the old Inn door

Over the cobbles he clattered, and clashed in the darkened yard

and he tapped with his whip on the window, but all was locked and barred

so he whistled a tune to the window, who should be waiting there,

But the landlords black-eyed daughter, Bess the landlord’s daughter

braiding a dark red love knot, into her long black hair

One kiss my bonny sweetheart, for I'm after prize, tonight

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

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 landlords 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" Hoofbeats 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'flowin' down, drenched with her own red blood,

No, not till the dawn had he heard it, and his face grew gray to hear

how Bess, the Landlords daughter, the Landlords 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,

with a white road smoking behind him, and his rapier brandished high

bloodred were his spurs in the golden moon, wine red his velvet coat

when they shot him down on the highway, down like a dog on the highway

and he lay in his blood on the highway, with a bonshot lace at his throat

And still, of a winter's night, they say, when the wind is in the trees

and the moon is a ghostly Galleon, tossed upon cloudy seas,

when the road is a ribbon of moonlight, looping the purple moor

Oh, the highwayman comes riding, riding, riding,

yes, the highwayman comes riding, up to the old Inn door