

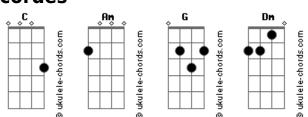
Loreena McKennitt - The Highwayman

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Intro: Am Am C G Am
                                                              Intro | x2
                                                             |======|
The wind was a torrent of darkness among the gusty trees
                                                             He did not come at the dawning; he did not come at noon,
The moon was a ghostly galleon tossed upon the cloudy seas
                                                             And out of the tawny sunset, before the rise o' the moon,
                       C G Am
The road was a ribbon of moonlight over the purple moor
                                                                     Dm G C G Am
           G
                     C G
                                                             When the road was a gypsy's ribbon, looping the purple moor,
And the highwayman came riding,
                                                                      G C G
                                                             A red-coat troop came marching,
Riding, riding,
                                                                     G
               Dm Am
                                                             Marching, marching
The highwayman came riding, up to the old inn-door.
                                                             King George's men came marching, up to the old inn-door.
                                                             They said no word to the landlord, they drank his ale instead,
He'd a French cocked hat on his forehead, a bunch of lace at
A coat of claret velvet, and breeches of brown doe-skin;
                                                             But they gagged his daughter and bound her to the foot of her
              G C G Am
                                                             narrow bed
They fitted with nary a wrinkle; his boots were up to the
                                                                                     C G
                                                             Two of them knelt at the casement, with muskets at their side!
                                                                              G
And he rode with a jeweled twinkle,
                                                             There was death at every window
               G
                                                                Am
His pistol butts a-twinkle,
                                                             And hell at one dark window;
              Dm
                                                                           G
His rapier hilt a-twinkle, under the jeweled sky.
                                                             For Bess could see, through the casement,
                                                             The road that he would ride.
Over the cobbles he clattered and clashed in the dark inn
vard.
Am
                                                             They had tied her up to attention, with many a sniggering
Am
And he tapped with his whip on the shutters, but all was
locked and barred;
                         C G
                                                             They had bound a musket beside her, with the barrel beneath
He whistled a tune to the window, and who should be waiting
                                                             her breast!
                                                                  Dm
                                                             "now keep good watch!" And they kissed her.
But the landlord's black-eyed daughter,
                                                             She heard the dead man say
Bess, the landlord's daughter,
                                                                 Dm G C G
              Dm
                                                             "Look for me by the moonlight
                         Am
Plaiting a dark red love-knot into her long black hair.
                                                             Watch for me by the moonlight
                                                                  Am
                                                                                   Dm
"One kiss, my bonny sweetheart, I'm after a prize tonight,
                                                             I'll come to thee by the moonlight, though hell should bar the
But I shall be back with the yellow gold before the morning
                                                             She twisted her hands behind her, but all the knots held good!
Yet if they press me sharply, and harry me through the day,
                                                                                                       С
                                                             She writhed her hands till her fingers were wet with sweat or
            G
Then look for me by the moonlight,
                                                             blood!
Watch for me by the moonlight,
                                                             They stretched and strained in the darkness and the hours
    Am C
                       G
I'll come to thee by the moonlight, though hell should bar the crawled by like years!
                                                             Till, now, on the stroke of midnight,
                                               G
                                                                  Am
He rose upright in the stirrups; he scarce could reach her
                                                             Cold, on the stroke of midnight,
                                                                           G Dm
                                                             The tip of one finger touched it!
But she loosened her hair i' the casement! His face burnt like The trigger at least was hers!
As the black cascade of perfume came tumbling over his breast; | Intro | x2
                G
And he kissed its waves in the moonlight,
                      G
(Oh, sweet waves in the moonlight!)
                                                             Totelot-totelot! Had they heard it? The horse's hooves rang
                    G
                              Dm
                                                             clear
Then he tugged at his rein in the moonlight, and galloped away
to the west.
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Totelot-totelot, in the distance! Were they deaf that they did Am Dm not hear?
Dm G C G Am Had watched for her love in the moonlight, and died in the darkness there. Down the ribbon of moonlight, over the brow of the hill, G C G The highwayman came riding, Back, he spurred like a madman, shrieking a curse to the sky Riding, riding! Am G With the white road smoking behind him and his rapier The red-coats looked to their priming! brandished high! She stood up straight and still! Blood-red were the spurs in the golden noon; wine-red was his velvet coat, Totelot in the frosty silence! Totelot, in the echoing night! Dm When they shot him down on the highway, Nearer he came and nearer! Her face was like a light! G Dm G CG Down like a dog on the highway, Am Her eyes grew wide for a moment! She drew one last deep G Dm And he lay in his blood on the highway, with the bunch of lace at his throat. Then her finger moved in the moonlight, Her musket shattered the moonlight, Intro | x4 G Dm Shattered her breast in the moonlight and warned him with her Still of a winter's night, they say, when the wind is in the | Intro | x2 When the moon is a ghostly galleon, tossed upon the cloudy C G Am He turned; he spurred to the west; he did not know she stood When the road is a ribbon of moonlight over the purple moor, G A highwayman comes riding, Bowed, with her head o'er the musket, drenched with her own G Riding, riding,
Am G Dm red blood! A highwayman comes riding, up to the old inn-door. How Bess, the landlord's daughter, | Intro | x4 İ=====|

Acordes

The landlord's black-eyed daughter,



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