

# Loreena McKennitt - The Highwayman

Tom: C  
Intro: Am Am C G Am

Am C G Am  
The wind was a torrent of darkness among the gusty trees  
Am C G Am  
The moon was a ghostly galleon tossed upon the cloudy seas  
Dm G C G Am G  
The road was a ribbon of moonlight over the purple moor  
Dm G C G  
And the highwayman came riding,  
Am G  
Riding, riding,  
Am G Dm Am  
The highwayman came riding, up to the old inn-door.

Am C G  
He'd a French cocked hat on his forehead, a bunch of lace at his chin,  
Am C G Am  
A coat of claret velvet, and breeches of brown doe-skin;  
Dm G C G Am G  
They fitted with nary a wrinkle; his boots were up to the thigh  
Dm G C G  
And he rode with a jeweled twinkle,  
Am G  
His pistol butts a-twinkle,  
Am G Dm Am  
His rapier hilt a-twinkle, under the jeweled sky.

Am C G Am  
Over the cobbles he clattered and clashed in the dark inn yard,  
Am C G  
Am  
And he tapped with his whip on the shutters, but all was locked and barred;  
Dm G C G Am G  
He whistled a tune to the window, and who should be waiting there?  
Dm G C G  
But the landlord's black-eyed daughter,  
Am G  
Bess, the landlord's daughter,  
Am G Dm Am  
Plaiting a dark red love-knot into her long black hair.

Am C G Am  
"One kiss, my bonny sweetheart, I'm after a prize tonight,  
Am C G  
But I shall be back with the yellow gold before the morning light;  
Dm G C G  
Yet if they press me sharply, and harry me through the day,  
Dm G C  
Then look for me by the moonlight,  
G  
Watch for me by the moonlight,  
Am C G Dm  
I'll come to thee by the moonlight, though hell should bar the way.

Am C G Am  
He rose upright in the stirrups; he scarce could reach her hand  
Am C G  
Am  
But she loosened her hair i' the casement! His face burnt like a brand  
Dm G C G Am G  
As the black cascade of perfume came tumbling over his breast;  
Dm G C G  
And he kissed its waves in the moonlight,  
Am G  
(Oh, sweet waves in the moonlight!)

Am G Dm Am  
Then he tugged at his rein in the moonlight, and galloped away to the west.

Intro x2

Am C G Am  
He did not come at the dawning; he did not come at noon,  
Am C G Am  
And out of the tawny sunset, before the rise o' the moon,  
Dm G C G Am G  
When the road was a gypsy's ribbon, looping the purple moor,  
Dm G C G  
A red-coat troop came marching,  
Am G  
Marching, marching  
Am G Dm Am  
King George's men came marching, up to the old inn-door.

Am C G  
They said no word to the landlord, they drank his ale instead,  
Am C  
G Am  
But they gagged his daughter and bound her to the foot of her narrow bed  
Dm G C G Am G  
Two of them knelt at the casement, with muskets at their side!  
Dm G C G  
There was death at every window  
Am G  
And hell at one dark window;  
Am G Dm  
For Bess could see, through the casement,  
Am  
The road that he would ride.

Am C G Am  
They had tied her up to attention, with many a sniggering jest;  
Am C G  
Am  
They had bound a musket beside her, with the barrel beneath her breast!  
Dm G C G  
"now keep good watch!" And they kissed her.  
Am G  
She heard the dead man say  
Dm G C G  
"Look for me by the moonlight  
Am G  
Watch for me by the moonlight  
Am G Dm Am  
I'll come to thee by the moonlight, though hell should bar the way!"

Am C G Am  
She twisted her hands behind her, but all the knots held good!  
Am C G Am  
She writhed her hands till her fingers were wet with sweat or blood!  
Dm G C G Am  
G  
They stretched and strained in the darkness and the hours crawled by like years!  
Dm G C G  
Till, now, on the stroke of midnight,  
Am G  
Cold, on the stroke of midnight,  
Am G Dm  
The tip of one finger touched it!  
Am  
The trigger at least was hers!

Intro x2

Am C G Am  
Totelot-totelot! Had they heard it? The horse's hooves rang clear  
Am C G  
Am

Totelot-totelot, 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!

Totelot in the frosty silence! Totelot, 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.

|=====|  
| Intro | x2  
|=====|

He turned; he spurred to the west; he did not know she stood  
Bowed, with her head o'er the musket, drenched with her own red blood!  
Not till the dawn he heard it; 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  
With the white road smoking behind him and his rapier brandished high!  
Blood-red were the spurs in the golden noon; wine-red was 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 the bunch of lace at his throat.

|=====|  
| Intro | x4  
|=====|

Still of a winter's night, they say, when the wind is in the trees,  
When the moon is a ghostly galleon, tossed upon the 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.

|=====|  
| Intro | x4  
|=====|

Acordes

