

# SONG 1 | **HOWLING, MOANING**

**ALL**

**Howling, moaning,  
the wind whistled through the trees,  
and the highwayman came riding  
with the moon like a ship on the seas.**

**Riding, still riding,  
up to the old inn door he came,  
and he tapped with his whip on the shutters  
and he whistled a quiet refrain...**

*(Whistled tune)*



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# SONG 2 | BESS

**ALL**      **With his French cocked-hat  
and his swagg'ring air  
and a flash at his chin of fine lace so fair,  
his claret coat and his fancy tie  
made him twinkle under the jewelled sky.**

## **THE HIGHWAYMAN**

'I'll return to the old inn-yard,  
though its shutters there  
will be locked and barred.  
Bess will wait 'neath a ghostly moon  
for the sound of my horse  
and my whistled tune.

**ALL**      **With her piercing eyes and her long black hair,  
the landlord's daughter was waiting there.  
She plaited a love-knot so dark and red  
as she murmured the words  
to her love she'd said:**

**BESS**      'Come back soon; I'll be waiting here  
for your tap on the window, your tuneful air.  
I will open the gate for you.  
You'll be welcomed here by my love so true.'

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# SONG 3 | **ONE KISS, MY BONNY SWEETHEART**

**ALL**      **One kiss my bonny sweetheart,  
I'm after a 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  
then look for me by moonlight  
though hell should bar the way.**

*(Whistled tune)*

**Upright in the stirrups  
he scarce could reach her hand  
but she loosed her hair in the casement;  
his face burnt like a brand.  
As the sweet black waves of perfume  
came tumbling o'er his breast  
then he kissed its waves in the moonlight  
then galloped away to the west.**

*(Whistled tune)*

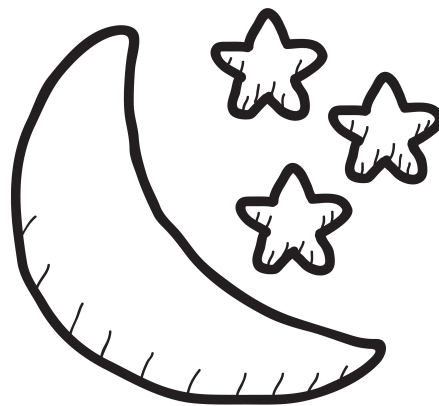
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# SONG 4 | **LOOK FOR ME IN THE MOONLIGHT**

**ALL**

**The highwayman galloped away to the night.  
He did not return with the morning light.  
Bess waited so long, she waited in vain,  
but over and over she heard his refrain:**

**‘Look for me in the moonlight,  
watch for me in the moonlight,  
I’ll come to you in the moonlight,  
though Hell should bar the way.’**



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# SONG 5 | REDCOATS

**ALL**

**Redcoats came marching  
up to the inn-keeper's door;  
they drank his ale then bound poor Bess  
and left her there, trapped for sure.**

**Two of them knelt at the window  
with muskets by their side  
waiting for the highwayman  
on the road where they knew he would ride.**

**'Look for me in the moonlight,'  
he'd said as he rode once more.  
Beth knew for sure death lay in wait  
if he returned to that door.**

**Redcoats came marching.  
Redcoats came marching.**

# SONG 6 | BESS WAS BOUND

**ALL:**            **Bess was bound.  
See them jest.  
Tied a rifle beside her  
pointing at her breast.  
They kissed her in the darkness  
and she heard her dead love say:**

*(Spoken)*        **'Look for me by moonlight,  
watch for me by moonlight,  
I'll come to you by moonlight,  
though Hell should bar the way.'**

**Bess was trapped.  
The knots held good.  
She writhed her hands  
until wet with blood.  
She stretched and strained in darkness  
till the trigger at last was hers.**

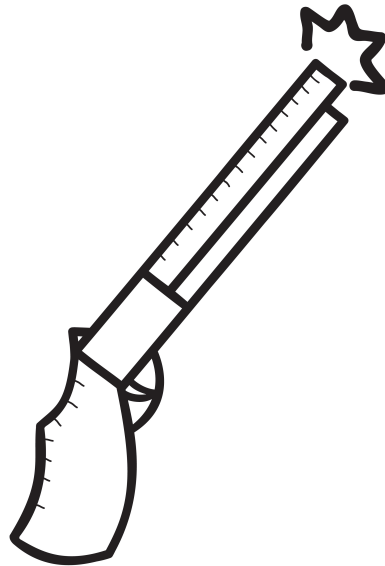
*(Spoken)*        **'Look for me in the moonlight,  
watch for me in the moonlight,  
I'll come to you by moonlight,  
though Hell should bar the way.'**

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# SONG 7 | **THE HIGHWAYMAN** **APPROACHES (part 1)**

**ALL**

**They heard the sound of horse's hooves;  
the highwayman appeared.  
She stood up at attention,  
the barrel beneath her breast.  
Her finger moved in the moonlight;  
she warned him with her death.**



# SONG 8 | **THE HIGHWAYMAN** **APPROACHES (part 2)**

**ALL**

**Then back he spurred,  
went back to the inn,  
his rapier brandished high.  
They shot him down on the highway.  
He lay in his blood on the highway  
with the bunch of lace at his throat.**



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# SONG 9 | **AND STILL OF A WINTER'S NIGHT**

**ALL:**       **And still of a winter's night, they say,  
                  when the wind is in the trees,  
                  when the moon is a ghostly galleon  
                  tossed upon cloudy seas,  
when the road is a ribbon of moonlight  
                  over the purple moor,  
                  a highwayman comes riding  
                  up to the old inn-door.**

**Over the cobbles he clatters still  
                  and he sees the dark inn-yard;  
                  and he taps with his whip on the shutters,  
                  but all is locked and barred;  
Still he whistles a tune to the window;  
                  who should be waiting there  
                  but the landlord's black-eyed daughter,  
                  love-knot in her hair.**

**'Look for me in the moonlight,  
                  watch for me in the moonlight,  
                  I'll come to you in the moonlight,  
                  though hell should bar the way.'** *(Rpt)*

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