

The highwayman - dandy, dashing and dapper.  
Strutting confidently towards his horse - silky,  
supple and strong.

And the highwayman was sneaking - sneaking -  
sneaking-

The highwayman was sneaking all through the night.

In the light of the full moon, the trees were snakes  
slithering across the sky.

Rolling. Rocking. Rattling. The stagecoach approached.

And the highwayman was waiting - waiting - waiting -

The highwayman was waiting under the moonlight.

They came with a jeweled sparkle.

The coach was a-sparkle, their clothing  
was a-sparkle under the jeweled sky.

Then over the cobbles they banged and  
bashed, beneath the dazzling stars.

And the highwayman was lurking- lurking -  
lurking-

The highwayman was lurking near the  
dark, shady trees.

Earl Burley - anxious and agitated - was keeping a watchful eye.

Lord and Lady Burley - calm and casual - were contented about their trip.

The lord's emerald necklace shone as green as a leprechaun's hat.

His wife's cobalt necklace sparkled as blue as a tropical sky.

And the highwayman was lurking- lurking - lurking-  
The highwayman was lurking for the perfect time.

Thunder cracked. What is that loud noise?

Gates creaked. What was that?

Dogs howled. What was that sound?

"I feel like someone's watching me. How frightening!"  
stated Lord Burley.

This was the night for jewels to be snatched, throats  
to be sliced and hearts to be shot.

And the highwayman was plotting - plotting -  
plotting-

The highwayman was plotting with violence in his  
mind.

And the highwayman came dashing - dashing -  
dashing-

The highwayman came dashing with robbery in his  
mind.

His pistol shot was loud - as loud as a lion roaring.

Slamming to a stop, they saw him - determined, wild  
and fearless.

And the highwayman was robbing - robbing - robbing-

The highwayman was robbing in the dead and dark  
night.

Smack! Crack! Whack! The coachman was ambushed.  
Thud! Bang! Slam! His lifeless body crashed to the  
ground.

"We're all going to die!" wailed Lady Burley.

"Oh my goodness gracious me!" screeched her  
husband.

The shot of the pistol. The scream of terror. The sob  
of grief. The drip of blood.

And the highwayman was unrelenting - unrelenting-  
unrelenting-

The highway man was unrelenting to the family in the  
coach.

The moon stared down at the king's men -  
a sea of blood-red coats.

The clouds concealed last night's sin.

The road guided them closer to the  
terrible, bloodied scene.

And the highwayman was bolting - bolting -  
bolting-

The highwayman was bolting away into the  
moors.

And the redcoats came racing - racing - racing-  
The king's redcoats came racing right down the  
bumpy road.

Stab for stab. Slice for Slice. Pistol for pistol.  
Rapier for rapier.

They yanked so he wriggled.

They grabbed yet he elbowed.

They tackled however he kicked.

And the highwayman was winning - winning -  
winning -

The highwayman was winning over the  
aggressive redcoats.



The highwayman - proud, undefeatable and powerful.

Cantering confidently towards the moon - glowing, gleaming and glimmering.

The fight was over.

The war was done.

The violence had ended.

And the highwayman was riding - riding - riding-

The highwayman was riding across the purple moor.