Alfred Noyes:
POEM.

"The Highwayman"

Part I

Music by
"Seyon."

8va

Allegro moderato

Risoluto

f

The wind was a tor-rent of dark-ness a-

RH

mp

-mong the gus-ty trees.....

The moon was a ghost-ly

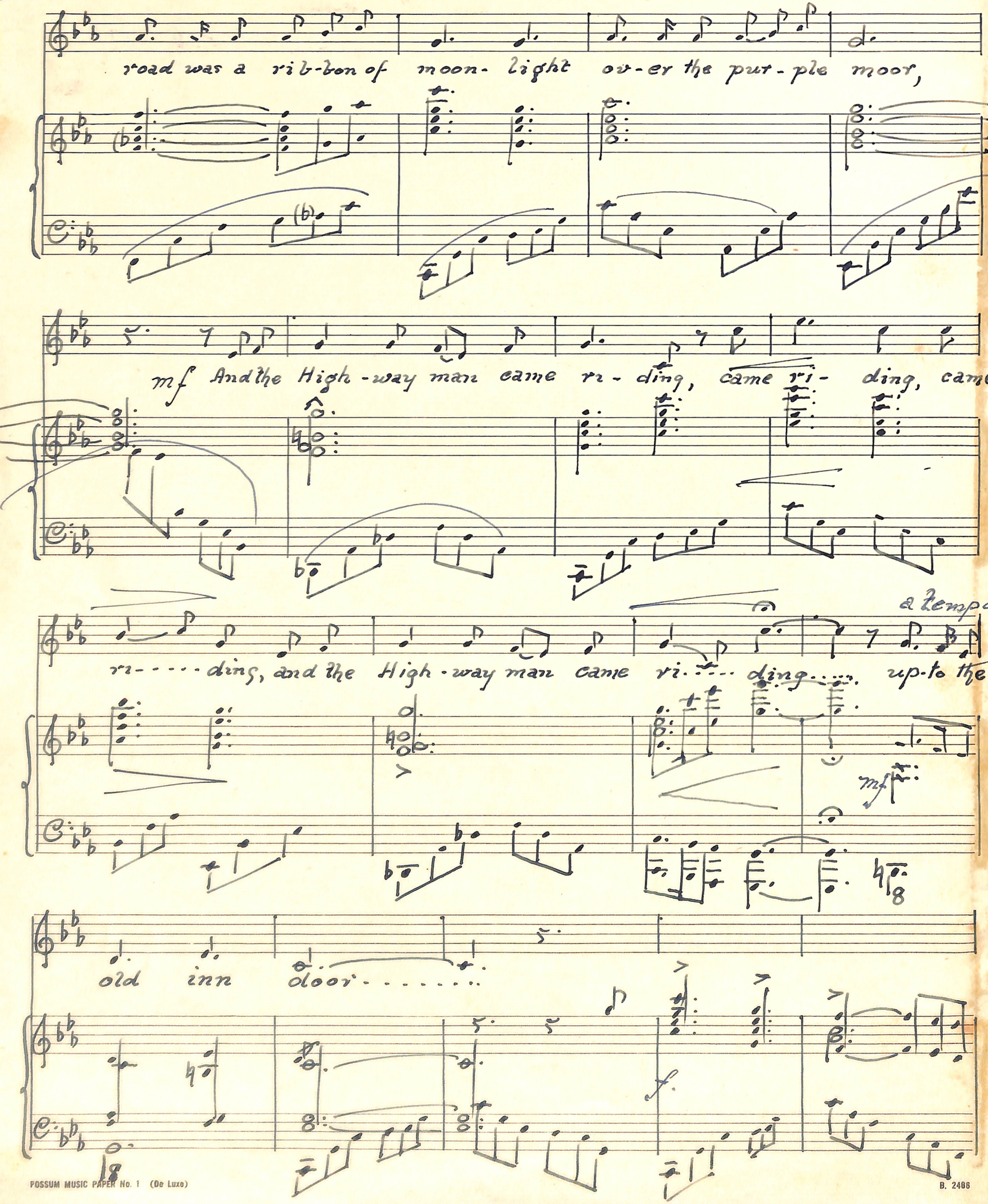
8va

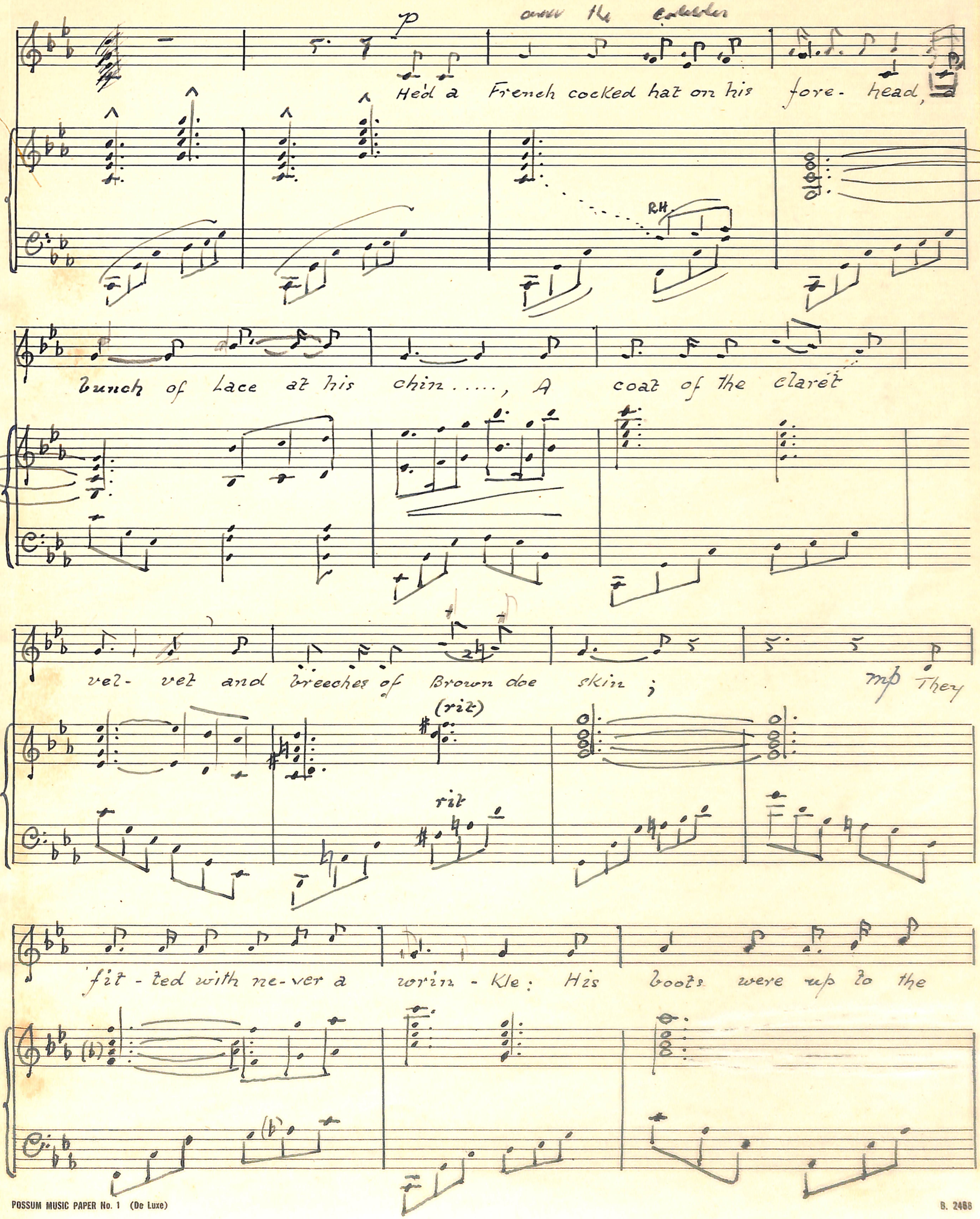
gall-eon tossed up.on clou-dy seas.

The

8va

sf


road was a rib-bon of moon- light ov-er the pur-ple moor,
mf And the High-way man came ri- ding, came ri- ding, came
ri- - - - ding, and the High-way man came ri. - - - ding. - - - up-to the
a tempo
mf
old inn door. - - - - - - -
f


p
over the shoulder
He'd a French cocked hat on his fore- head,
RH
bunch of Lace at his chin...., A coat of the claret
vel- vet and breeches of Brown doe skin ;
mp They
(rit)
rit
fit - ted with ne-ver a wrin - kle: His boots were up to the

thigh! *mf* And he rode with a jew-elled twin kle, His

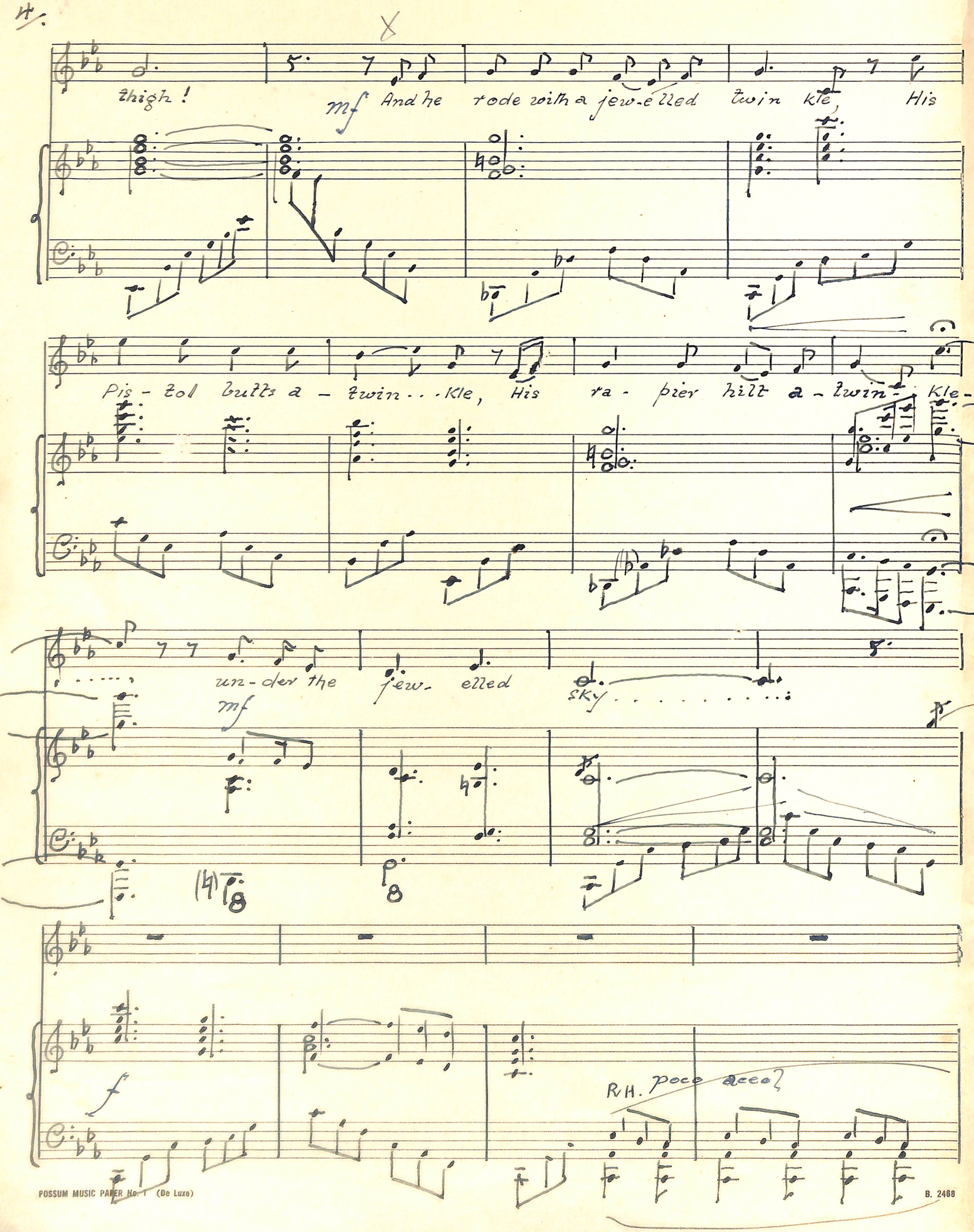
Pis-tol butts a-twin...kle, His ra-pier hilt a-twin-kle--

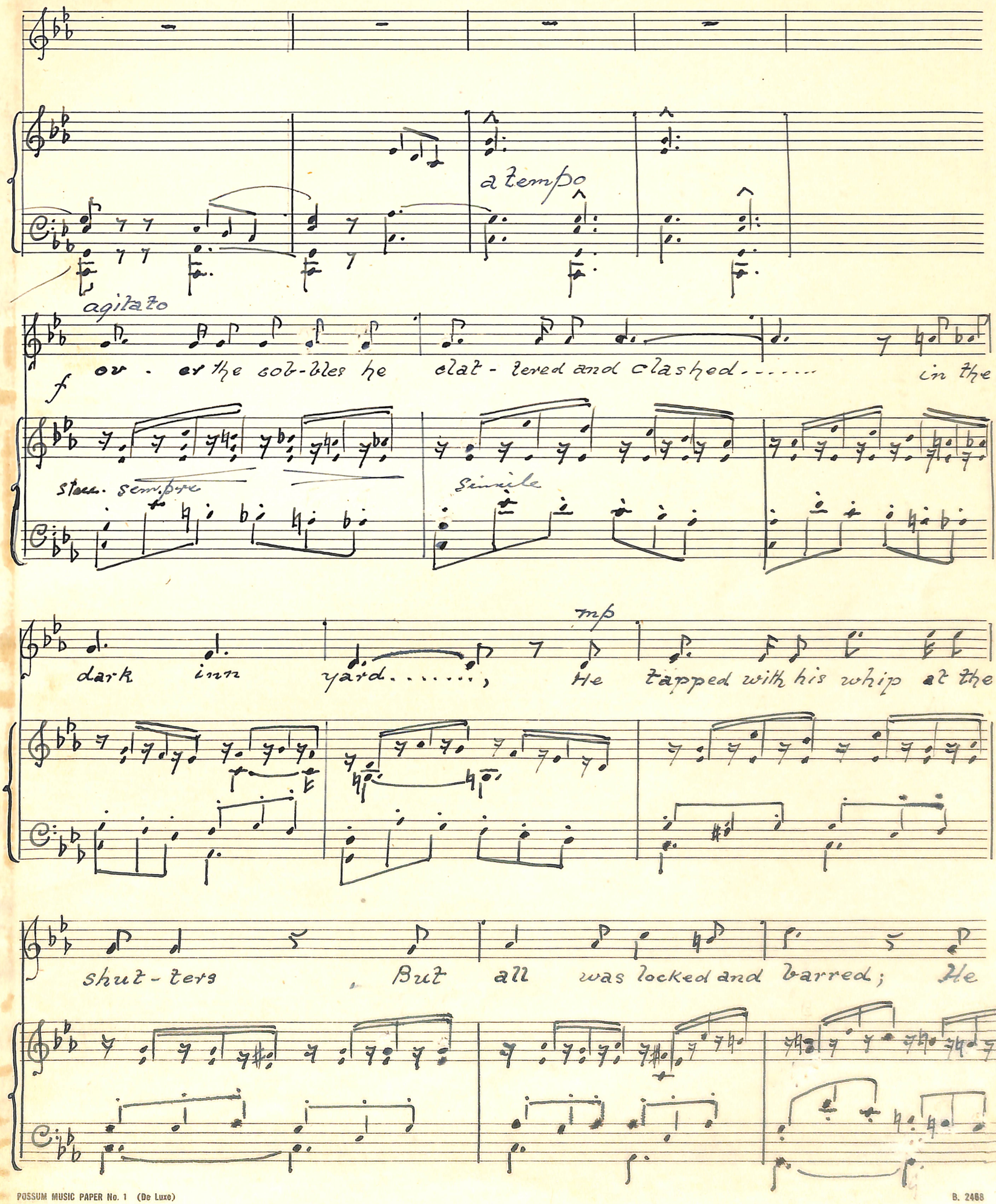
.....un-der the jew-elled sky.....

mf

f

R.H. poco acco?




a tempo
agitato
f
ov - er the cob-bles he clat - tered and clashed..... in the
stacc. sempre
simile
mp
dark inn yard....., He tapped with his whip at the
shut - ters But all was locked and barred; He

whist-led a tune to the win-dow And

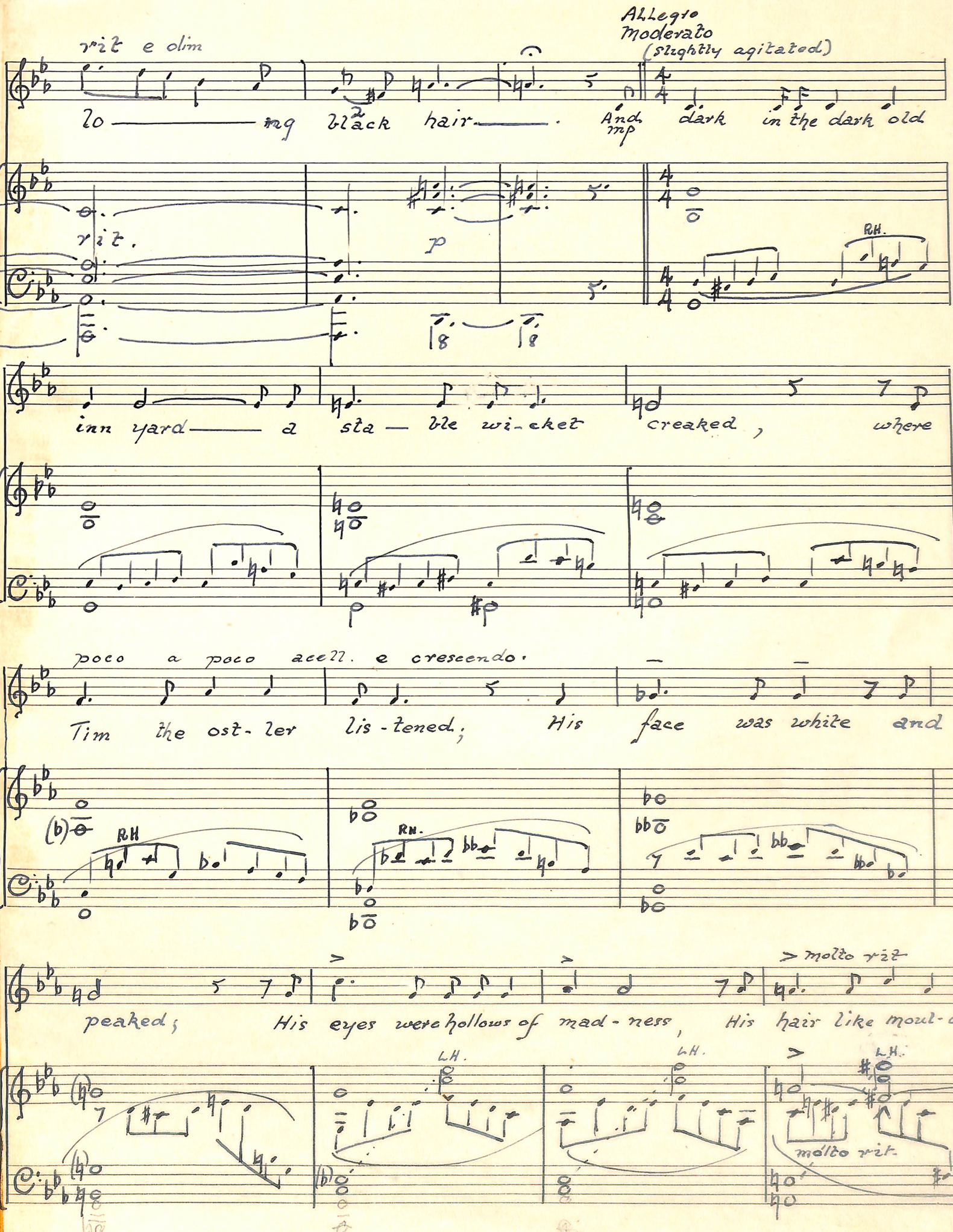
who should be wai-ting there mf But the land lords Black eyed

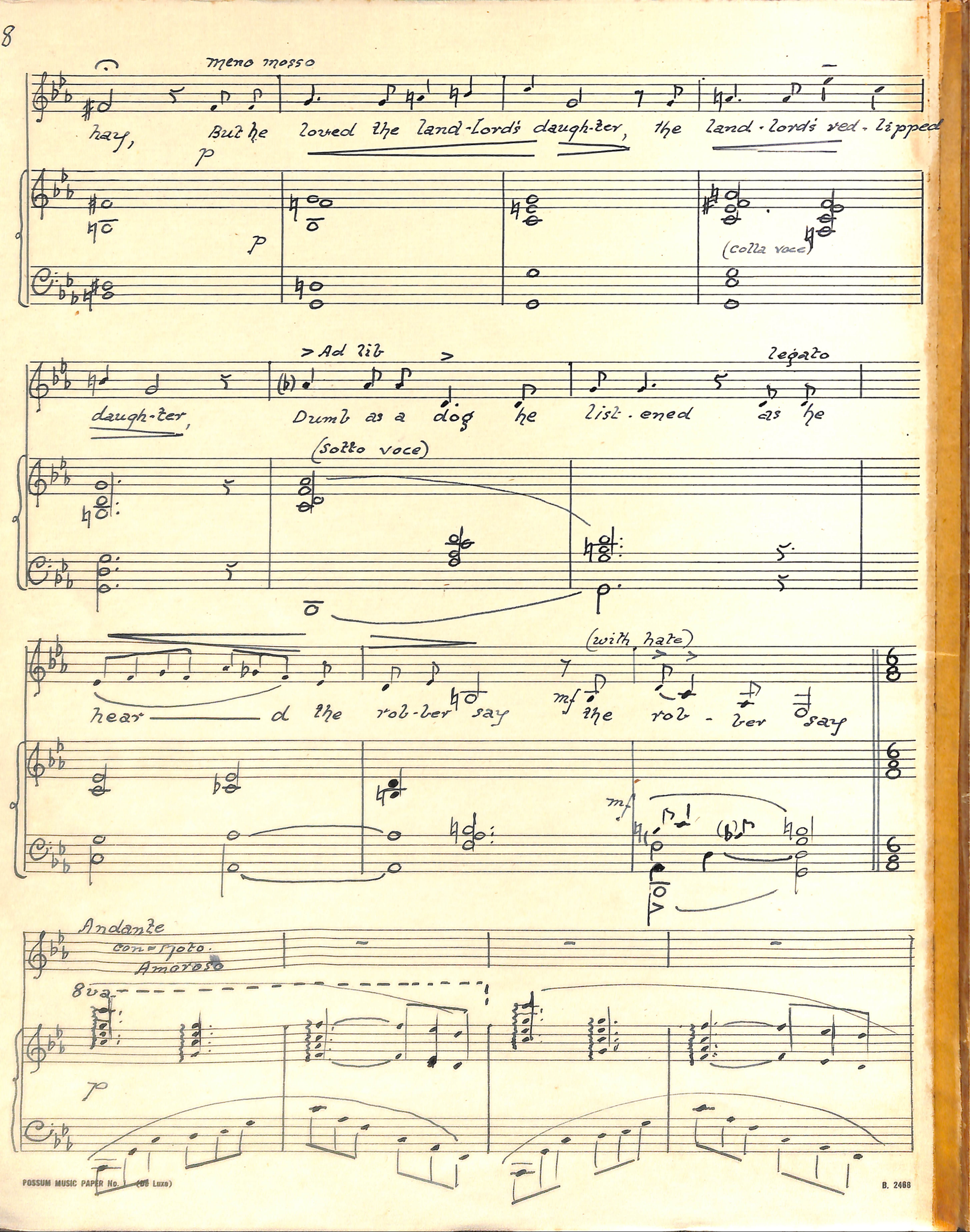
daugh-ter, Bess the land-lords daugh-ter, Plai-ting a dark red

meno mosso

love-knot in-to her long Black hair.....her.

a tempo


rit e dim
Allegro
Moderato
(slightly agitated)
lo — ng black hair —. And dark in the dark old
mp
rit.
p
RH.
inn yard — a sta — ble wi-cket creaked, where
poco a poco accel. e crescendo.
Tim the ost-ler lis-tened; His face was white and
(b)
RH
RH.
peaked; His eyes were hollows of mad-ness, His hair like moul-dy
molto rit
LH.
LH.
LH.
molto rit.


meno mosso
hay, But he loved the land-Lord's daugh-ter, the land-lord's red-lipped
p
p
(colla voce)
> Ad lib
legato
daugh-ter, Dumb as a dog he list-ened as he
(sotto voce)
(with hate)
hear d the rob-ber say mf the rob-ber say
mf
Andante
con moto.
Amoroso
8va
p

poco accel.

mf

p

in a Swaying Style.

"One kiss my bon-ny sweet-heart, I'm

RH

af-ter a prize to-night,

mf

But I shall be back with the

8va

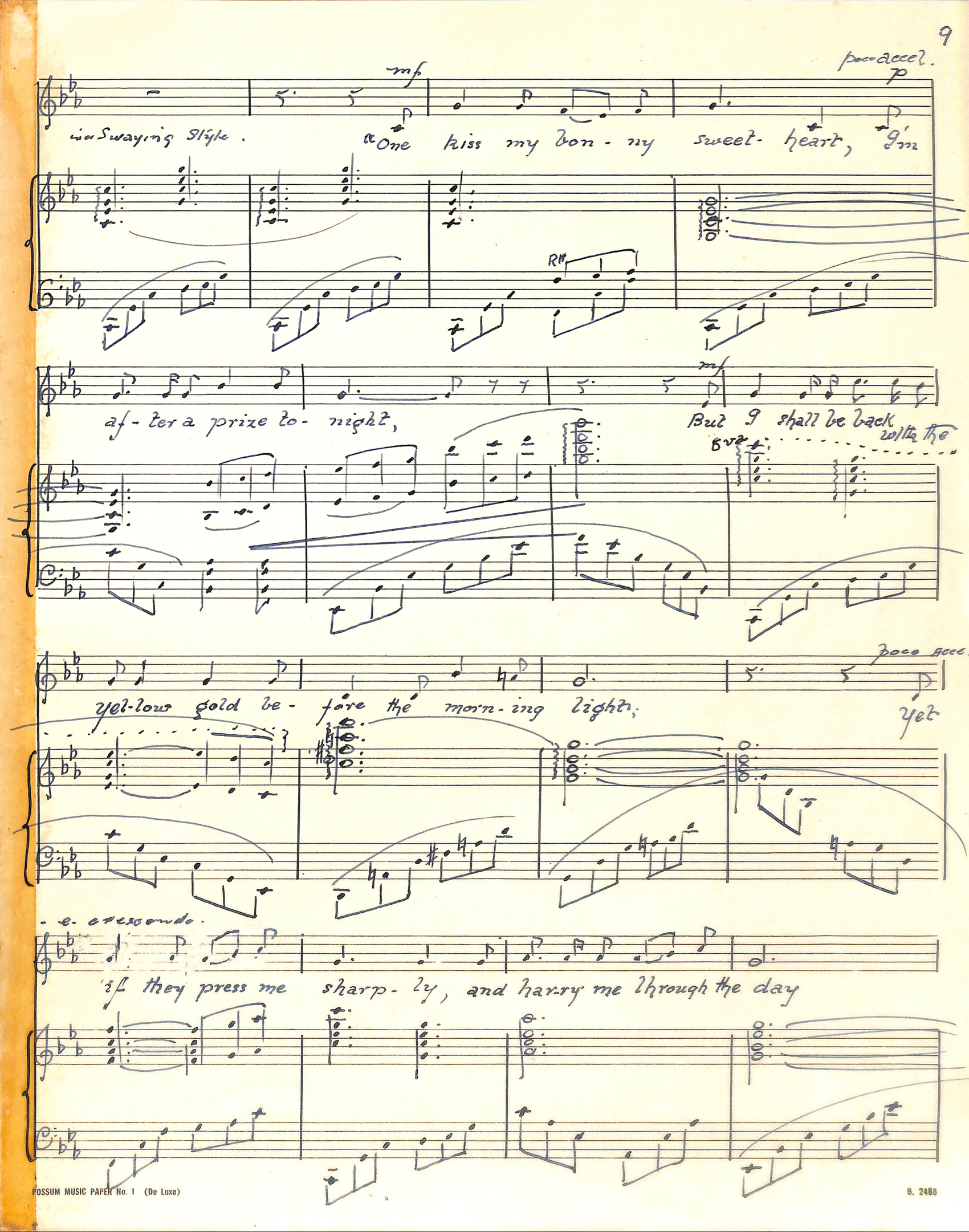
yel-low gold be-fore the morn-ing light;

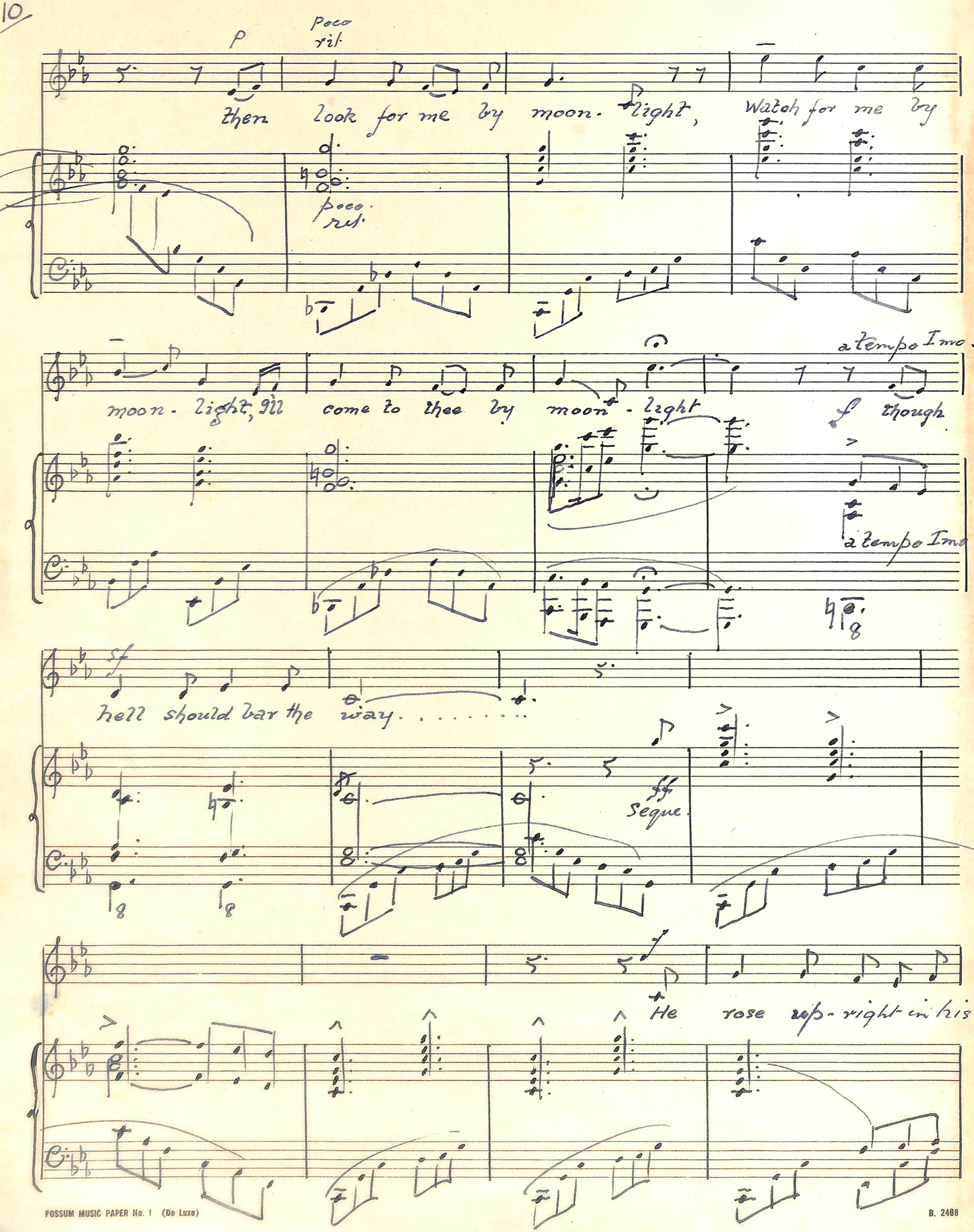
poco acce

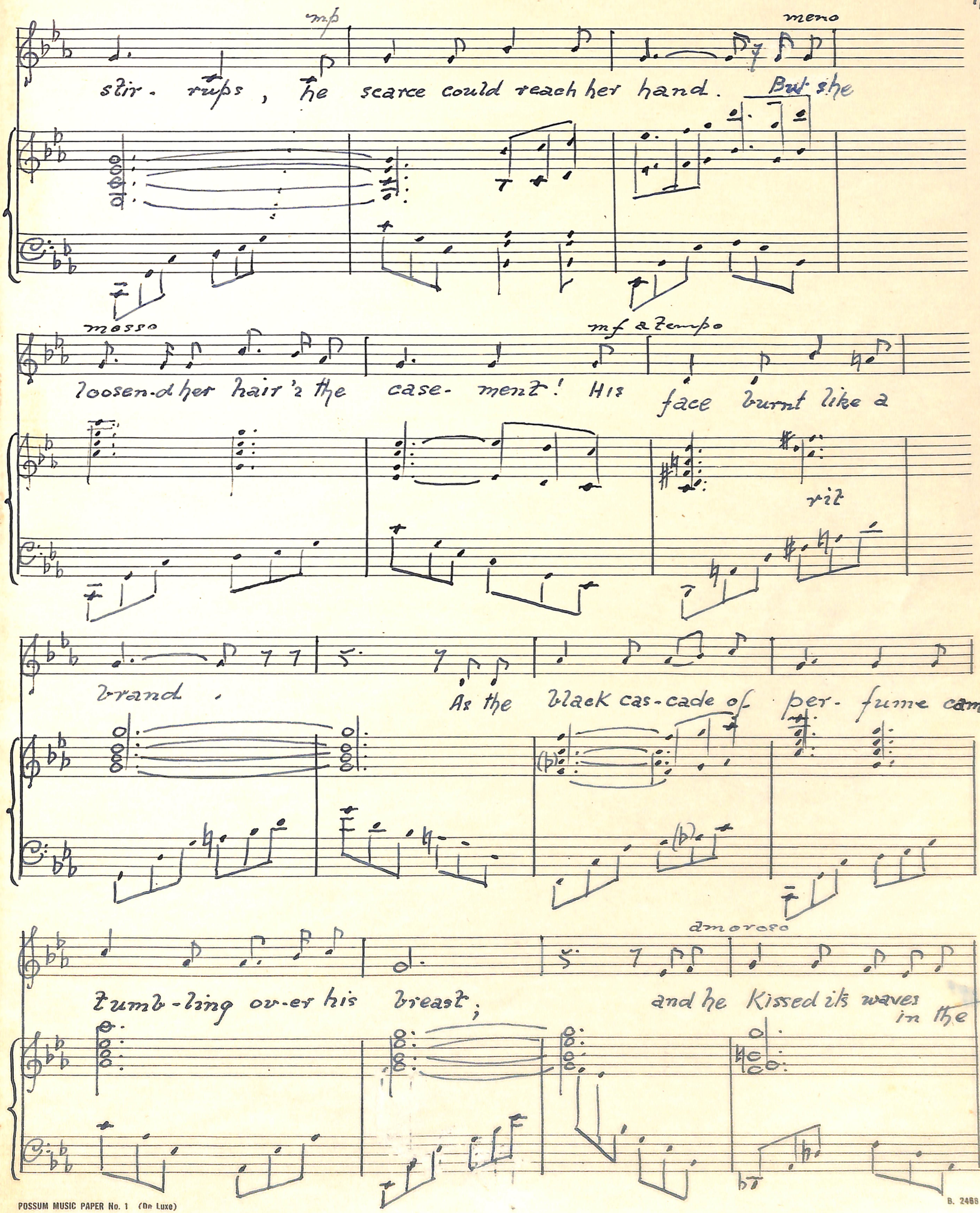
Yet

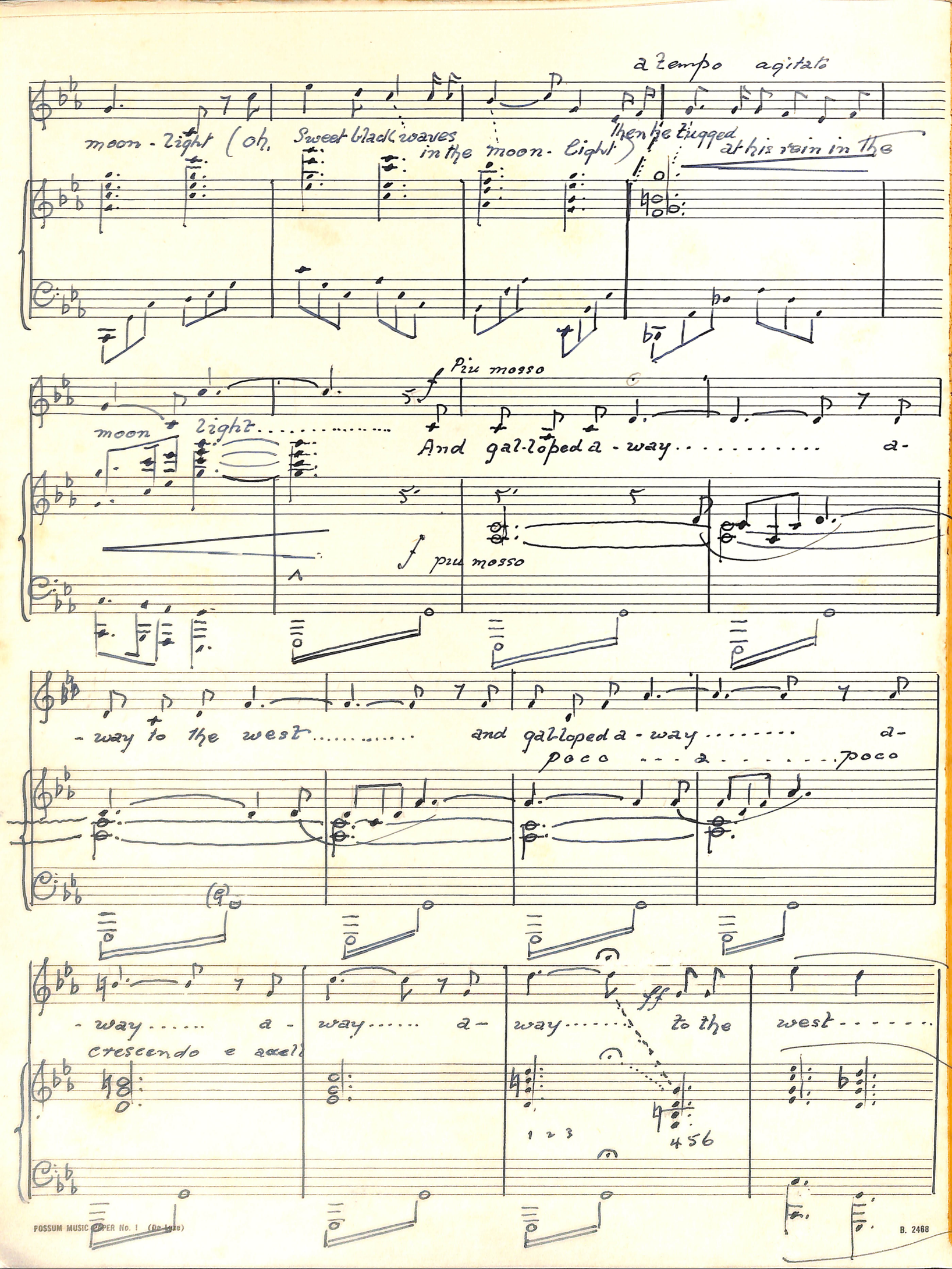
-e. crescendo.

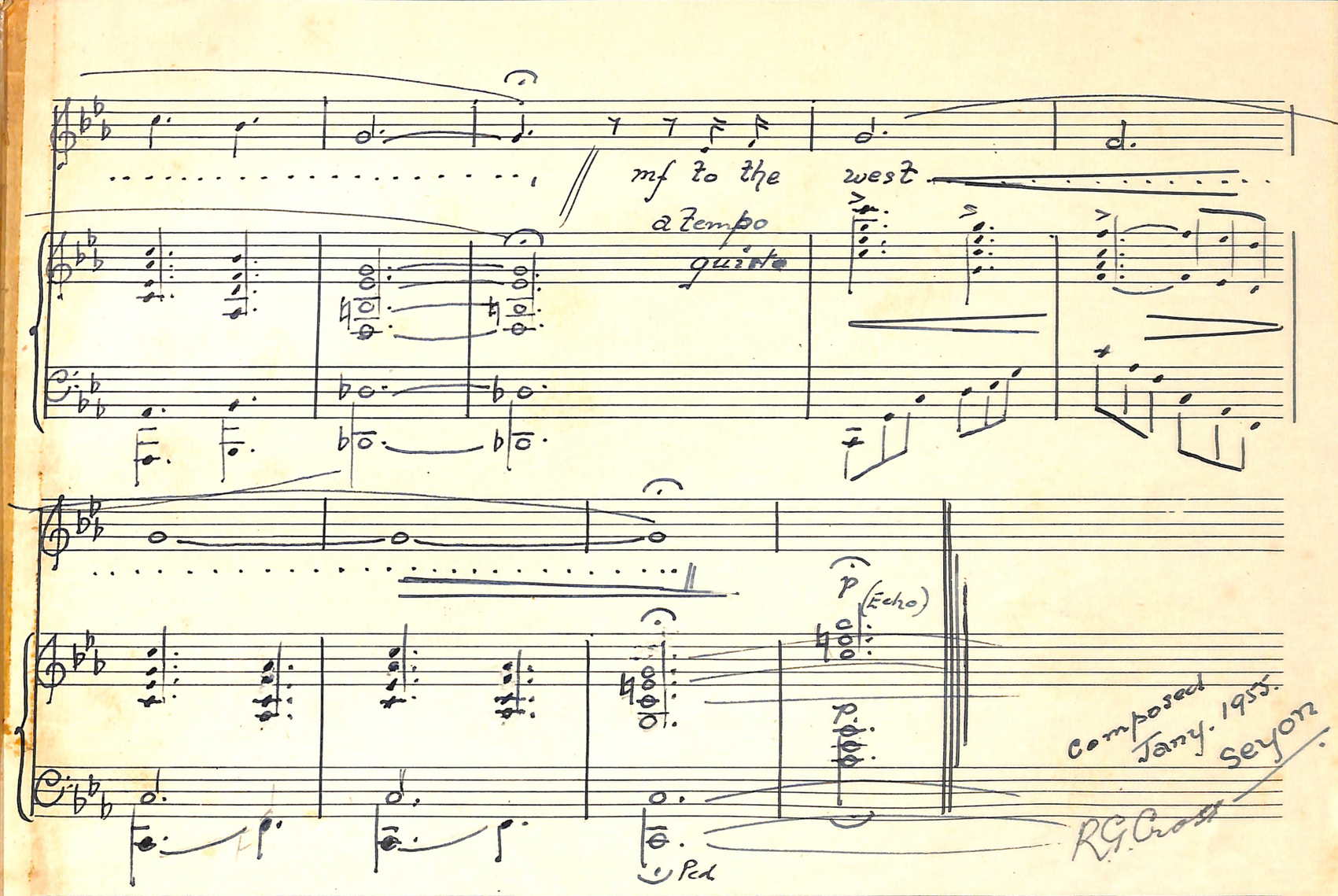
if they press me sharp-ly, and harry me through the day




p
poco rit.
Then look for me by moon-light, Watch for me by
poco rit.
moon-light, I'll come to thee by moon-light
a tempo I mo.
f though
a tempo I mo.
sf
hell should bar the way.....
fff
Segue
He rose up-right in his


mp
meno
stir-rups, he scarce could reach her hand. But she
mosso
mf a tempo
loosen-d her hair 'g the case-ment! His face burnt like a
rit
brand. As the black cas-cade of per-fume came
amoroso
tumb-ling ov-er his breast; and he kissed its waves in the


a tempo agitato
moon - light (oh, Sweet black waves in the moon - light) then he tugged at his rein in the
Più mosso
moon light.....
And gal-loped a - way..... a-
più mosso
- way to the west..... and gal-loped a - way..... a-
poco ... a ..... poco
- way..... a - way..... a - way..... to the west.....
cresendo e accel
1 2 3
4 5 6



composed Jany. 1955.
Seyon
R.G. Cross