Highwayman’s Hollow

By Gilbert V. Yonge

Where the cliff hangs hollow, where the gloom falls chill,
You hear a something, follow, follow, follow down the hill;
Where the horses sweat and lather and the dusk begins to gather
It is there that I will meet you and I will greet you,
You sir traveller"

Where the leaves lie rotting and the knight falls blind,
You here a someone trotting, trotting trotting down the wind,
And you listen all a shiver to my ghostly stand, deliver,'
Yes, although my bones have whitened, you are frightened
Yes sir traveller."

"Twas a traveller who slew me where the firs frown,
"Twas his small sword through me and the blood dripped down.
Where the horses sweat and lather and the dusk begins to gather,
it is there I ride behind you to remind you,
You, Sir Traveller."