

# The Highwayman's Son

Music and Lyrics by Andrew Heinrich

Boy, fetch my blade now  
And make right my steed  
Clean out my pistols right  
Or you shall bleed  
All must be polished bright  
All must have a shine  
For by this clear starry night  
Gold shall be mine

Now some lonely highwaymen  
Who practice my trade  
They take more than money  
Aye their lust must be paid  
But hell has a special place  
Carved out for when  
Every last on of those dogs  
Meets his dark end

I see you now eyeing  
My sword of fine steel  
A rapier deadly  
With a well balanced feel  
She stays in her scabbard  
More often than naught  
For if she sees moonlight my boy,  
Then sin I have bought

But stealing's a sin you say  
Stealing's a crime  
And sure as you stand there  
I say it's a lie  
For noble men high upon  
Gilded cart fine  
Know not about hunger at all,  
Upon poor men they dine

And so I take that  
Which so drives them to sin  
This strange shiney metal  
I'll take with a grin  
And if It buys food for us  
It's all just the same  
And if it shall get me hanged high  
I'll go without shame

And now as we set out  
On dark winding road  
You think me a brave man  
You think me quite bold  
But each day I wake  
With bright fear in my throat  
And each night I sleep away joy  
And dream away hope

So choose now my boy  
If you'll follow my lead  
You'll be poor of company  
Should you follow my creed  
But I'll show you  
Fighting skill, shooting and stealth  
And well both drink deep of the cup  
Of the noble man's wealth

But mind you your honor, boy  
Mind you your faith  
Should you fall prey to darkness  
Or give in to hate  
I shall be there  
On a clear starry night  
And you shall know fear and pain  
As I set your path right