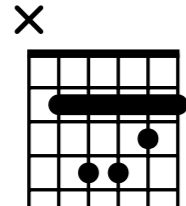


THE HIGHWAYMAN

Words and Music by
JIMMY WEBB

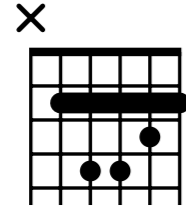
Moderately (♩ = 92)

Bm

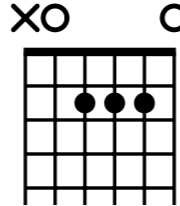


mf

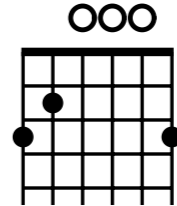
Bm



A



G

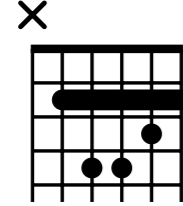


3

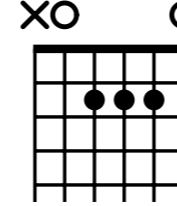
I was a high - way - man; a - long the coach roads I did

1.
2.-4. (See additional lyrics)

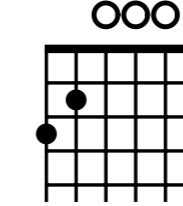
Bm



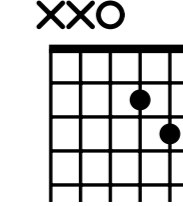
A



G



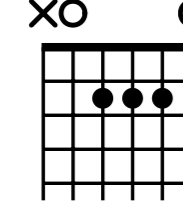
D



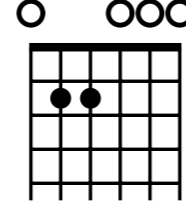
5

ride, with sword and pis - tol by my

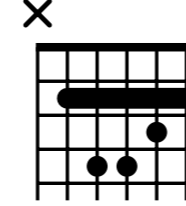
A



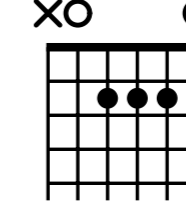
Em



Bm



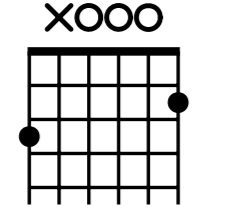
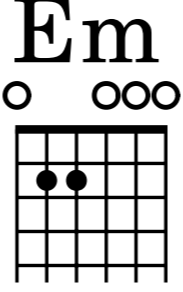
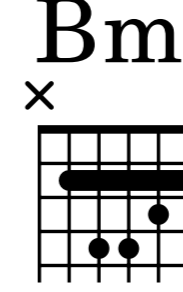
A



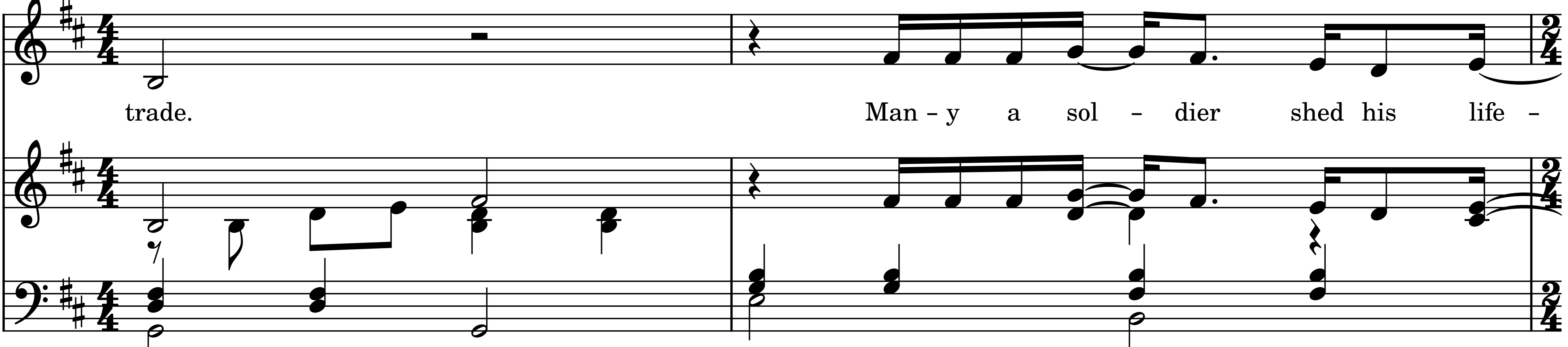
7

side. Man - y a young maid lost her bau - bles to my

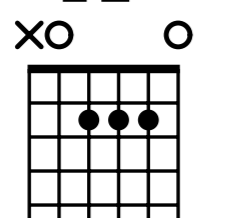
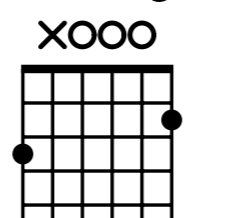
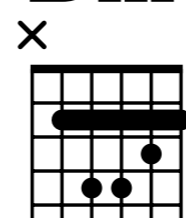
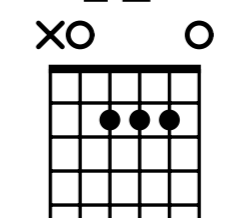
10

Gmaj7  Em  Bm 


trade. Man - y a sol - dier shed his life -



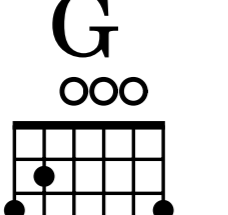
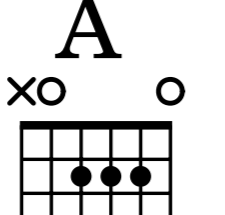
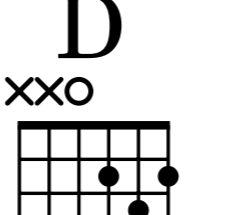
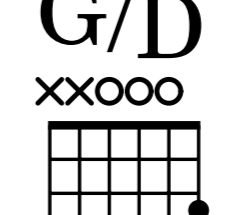
12

A  Gmaj7  Bm  A 


- blood on my blade. The bas - tards hung me in the spring



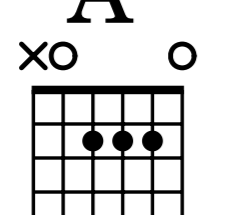
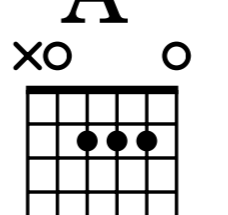
15

G  A  D  G/D 

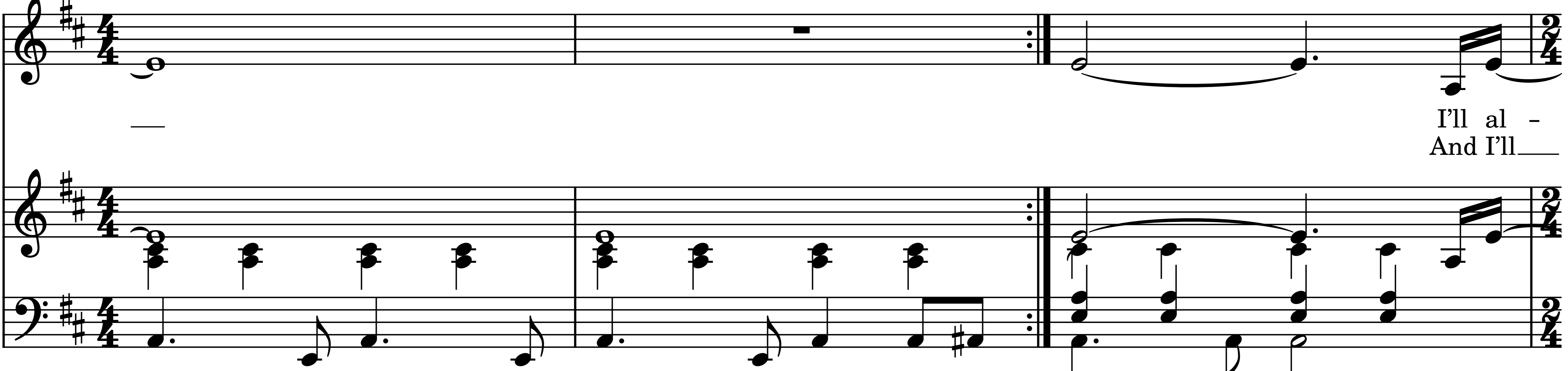
of twen - ty - five. But I am still a - live.



18

1, 2  3, 4 

I'll al - And I'll



21

D A/C# Bm F#m/A

- ways be a - round, and a-round, and a - round, and a-round, and a -
 be back a - gain, and a-gain, and a - gain, and a-gain, and a -

24

G D/F# Em G A

round, and a-round, and a - round.
 gain, and a-gain, and a - gain.

27

D

D.S. al Coda

2.
 I was a sailor,
 And I was born upon the tide,
 And with the sea I did abide.
 I sailed a schooner 'round the Horn to Mexico;
 I went aloft to furl the mainsail in a blow.
 And when the yards broke off, they say that I got killed.
 But I am living still.

Additional Lyrics

4. I'll fly a starship
 Across the universe divide.
 And when I reach the other side,
 I'll find a place to rest my spirit if I can.
 Perhaps I may become a highwayman again,
 Or I may simply be a single drop of rain.
 But I remain.
 And I'll be back again, and again, and again,
 And again, and again, and again, and again.

3.
 I was a dam builder
 Across the river deep and wide,
 Where steel and water did collide.
 A place called Boulder on the wild Colorado,
 I slipped and fell into the wet concrete below.
 They buried me in that great tomb that knows no sound,
 But I am still around;
 I'll always be around, and around, and around,
 And around, and around, and around, and around.