



# The Highwayman

a fanbook by

*khoraqir*



# The Highwayman

by *Alfred Noyes*  
adapted and illustrated  
by *khoraizir*

This fanbook contains 17 ink drawings created during the summer of 2014. They are based on characters from the fabulous BBC series *Sherlock*, created by Steven Moffat and Mark Gatiss, and the famous poem *The Highwayman* by Alfred Noyes, the text of which has been slightly adapted to fit the Sherlockian setting. No copyright infringement is intended.

All drawings can also be found online at:  
[khorazir.tumblr.com/tagged/highwayman](http://khorazir.tumblr.com/tagged/highwayman)

The  
Highwayman

*1.*

The wind was a torrent of darkness among the  
gusty trees.

The moon was a ghostly galleon tossed upon cloudy seas.

The road was a ribbon of moonlight over the  
purple moor,

And the highwayman came riding—

Riding—riding—

The highwayman came riding, up to the old inn-door.



## 2.

He'd a French cocked-hat on his forehead, a bunch  
of lace at his chin,

A coat of the claret velvet, and breeches of brown  
doe-skin.

They fitted with never a wrinkle. His boots were up  
to the thigh.

And he rode with a jewelled twinkle,

His pistol butts a-twinkle,

His rapier hilt a-twinkle, under the jewelled sky.



### 3.

Over the cobbles he clattered and clashed in the  
dark inn-yard.

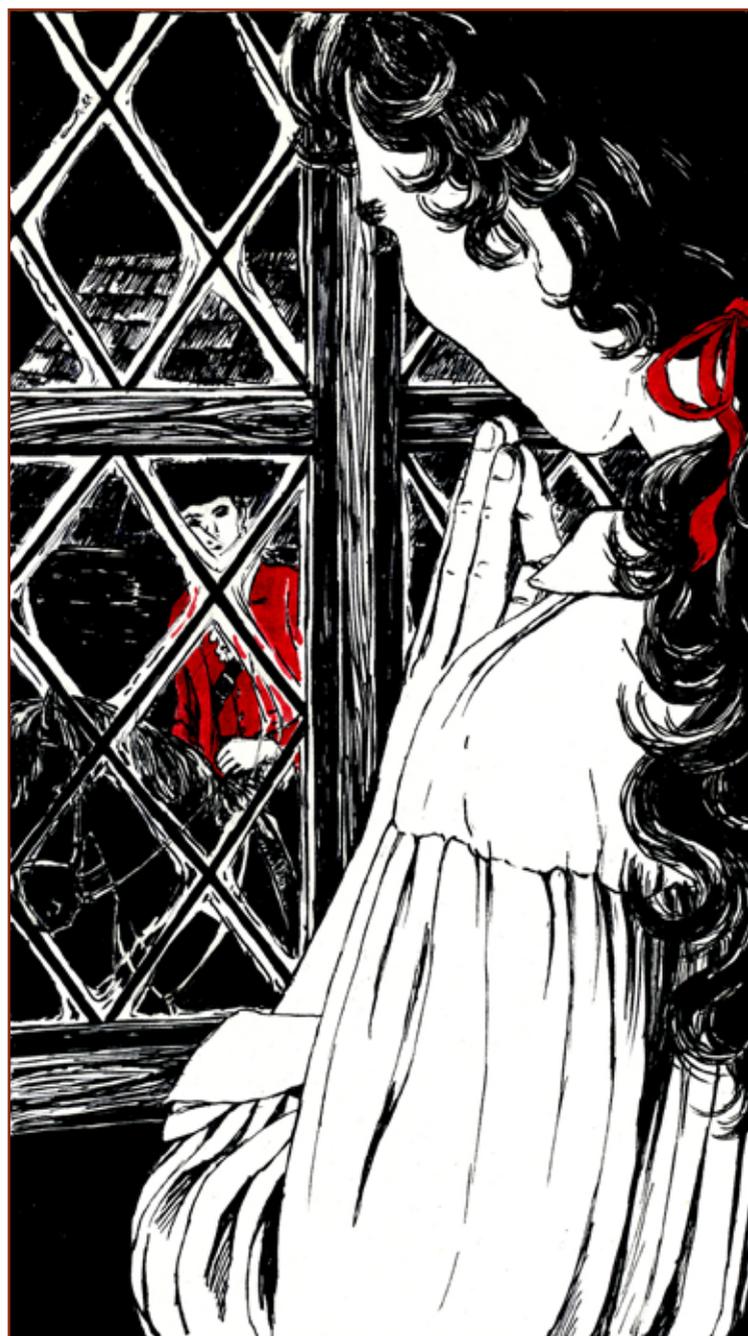
He tapped with his whip on the shutters, but all was  
locked and barred.

He whistled a tune to the window, and who should  
be waiting there

But the landlady's grey-eyed lodger,

Sherlock, the landlady's lodger,

Plaiting a dark red love-knot into his long black hair.



4.

And dark in the dark old inn-yard a stable-  
wicket creaked

Where Jim the ostler listened.

His face was white and peaked.

His eyes were hollows of madness,

his hair like mouldy hay,

But he loved the landlady's lodger,

The landlady's quick-witted lodger.

Sly as a fox he listened, and he heard the robber say—



5.

“One kiss, my bonny sweetheart, I’m after a prize  
to-night,  
But I shall be back with the yellow gold before the  
morning light;  
Yet, if they press me sharply, and harry me through  
the day,  
Then look for me by moonlight,  
    Watch for me by moonlight,  
I’ll come to thee by moonlight, though hell should  
bar the way.”



6.

He rose upright in the stirrups. He scarce could reach  
his hand,  
But he loosened his hair in the casement. His face burnt  
like a brand  
As the black cascade of perfume came tumbling over  
his breast;  
And he kissed its waves in the moonlight,  
    (O, sweet black waves in the moonlight!)  
Then he tugged at his rein in the moonlight,  
and galloped away to the west.



7.

He did not come in the dawning. He did not come  
at noon;

And out of the tawny sunset, before the rise  
of the moon,

When the road was a gypsy's ribbon, looping the  
purple moor,

A red-coat troop came marching—

Marching—marching—

King George's men came marching, up to the old  
inn-door.



## 8.

They said no word to the lady. They drank her  
ale instead.

But they gagged her lodger, and bound him,  
to the foot of his narrow bed.

Two of them knelt at his casement, with muskets  
at their side!

There was death at every window;

And hell at one dark window;

Sherlock could see, through his casement, the road  
that he would ride.



## 9.

They had tied him up to attention, with many a  
sniggering jest.

They had bound a musket beside him, with the  
muzzle beneath his breast!

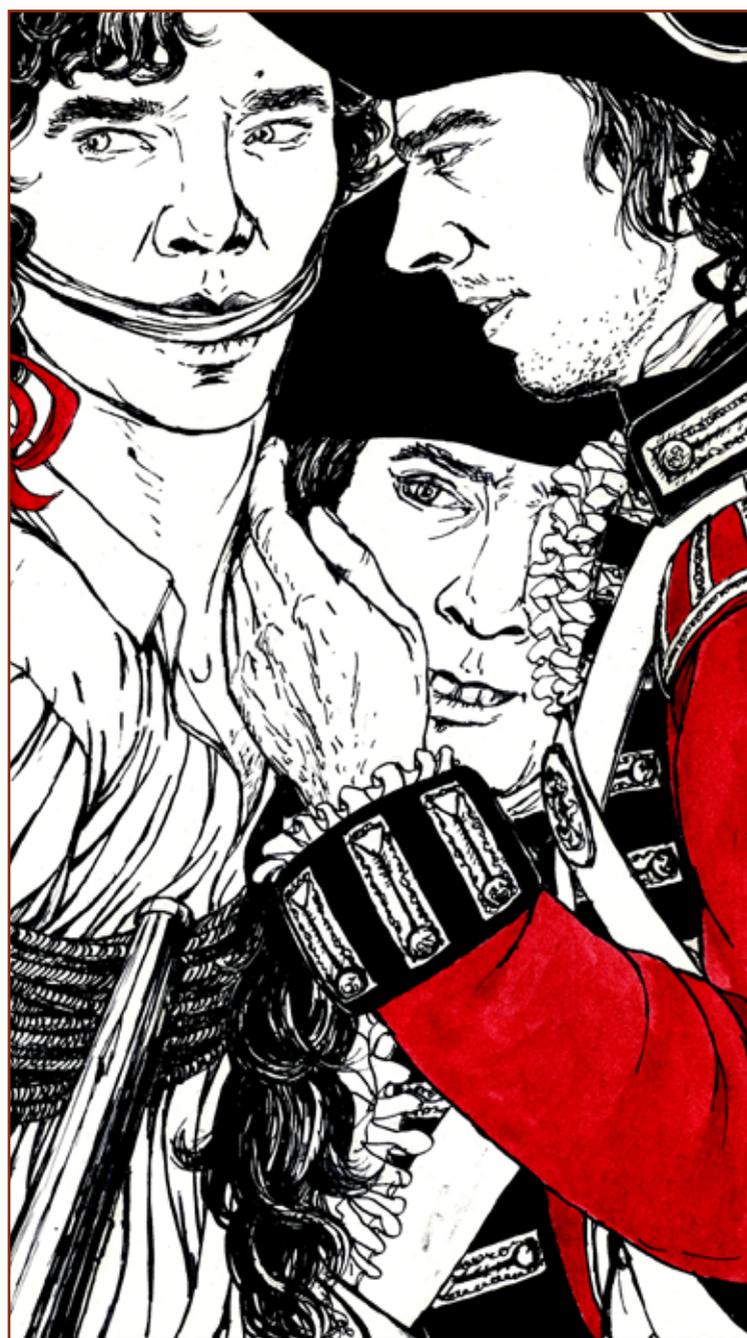
“Now, keep good watch!” and they kissed him.

He heard the doomed man say—

Look for me by moonlight;

    Watch for me by moonlight;

I'll come to thee by moonlight, though hell should  
bar the way!



## *10.*

He twisted his hands behind him; but all the knots  
held good!

He writhed his hands till his fingers were wet with  
sweat or blood!

They stretched and strained in the darkness, and the  
hours crawled by like years

Till, now, on the stroke of midnight,

    Cold, on the stroke of midnight,

The tip of one finger touched it! The trigger at least  
was his!



*11.*

The tip of one finger touched it.

He strove no more for the rest.

Up, he stood up to attention, with the muzzle  
beneath his breast.

He would not risk their hearing; he would not  
strive again;

For the road lay bare in the moonlight;

Blank and bare in the moonlight;

And the blood of his veins, in the moonlight,  
throbbbed to his love's refrain.



## 12.

Tlot-tlot; tlot-tlot! Had they heard it? The horsehoofs  
ringing clear;

Tlot-tlot; tlot-tlot, in the distance? Were they deaf that  
they did not hear?

Down the ribbon of moonlight, over the brow of the hill,  
The highwayman came riding—

Riding—riding—

The red coats looked to their priming! He stood up,  
straight and still.



*13.*

Tlot-tlot, in the frosty silence! Tlot-tlot, in the  
echoing night!

Nearer he came and nearer. His face was like a light.

His eyes grew wide for a moment;

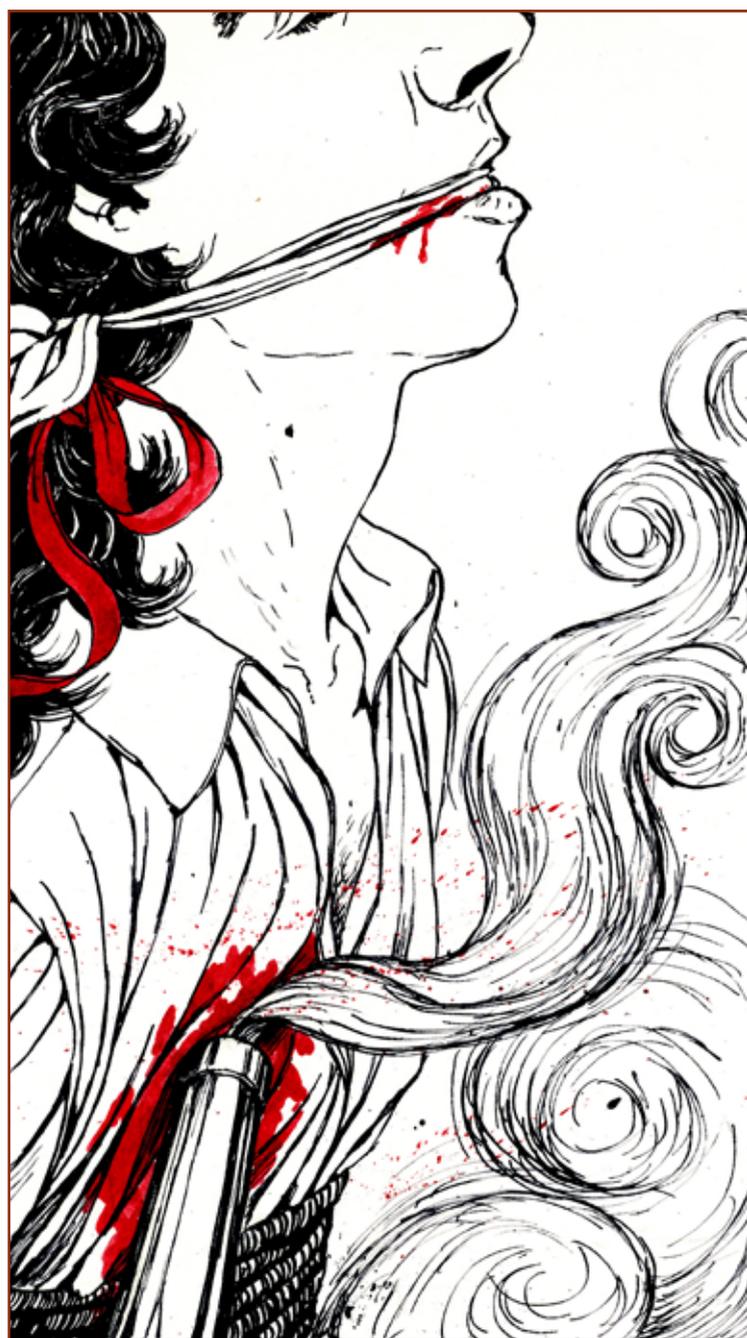
he drew one last deep breath,

Then his finger moved in the moonlight,

His musket shattered the moonlight,

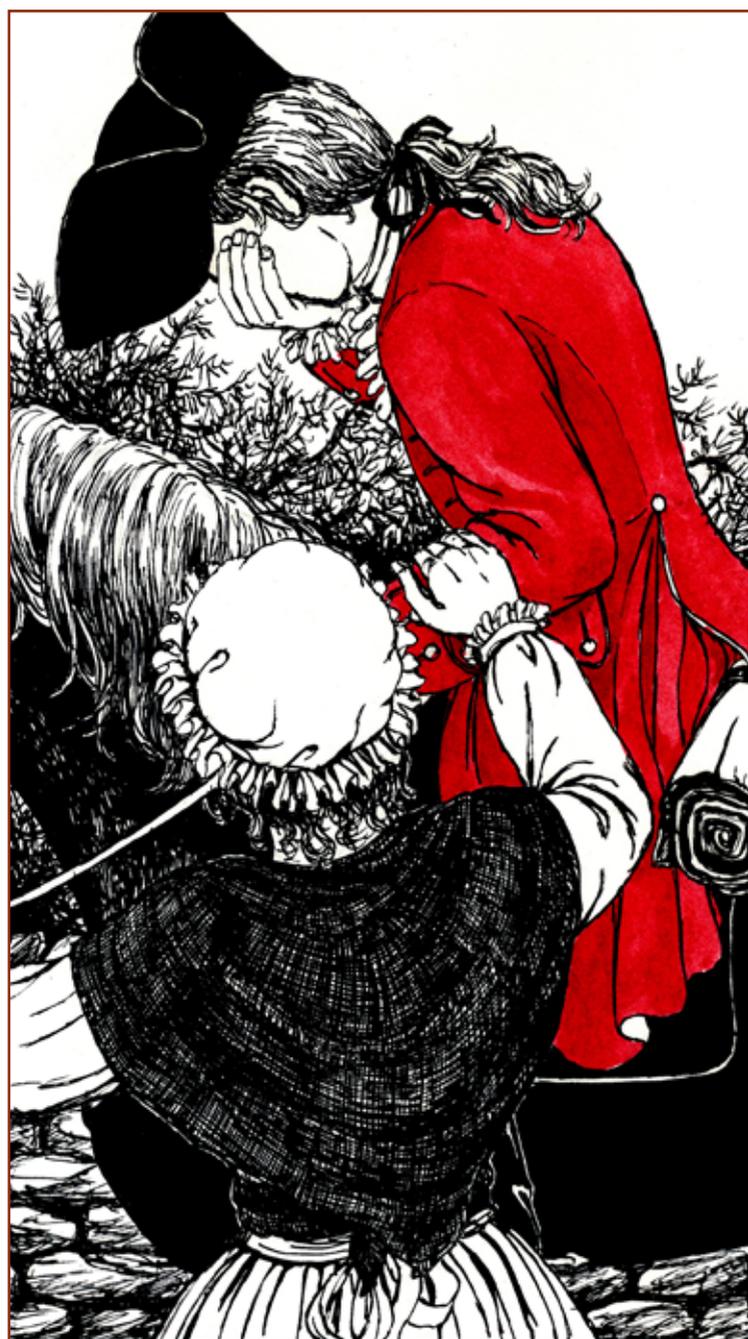
Shattered his breast in the moonlight and warned him—

with his death.



*14.*

He turned. He spurred to the west;  
he did not know who stood  
Bowed, with his head o'er the musket,  
drenched with his own red blood!  
Not till the dawn he heard it, and his face  
grew grey to hear  
How Sherlock, the landlady's lodger,  
    The landlady's grey-eyed lodger,  
Had watched for his love in the moonlight,  
and died in the darkness there.



*15.*

Back, he spurred like a madman, shouting a curse  
to the sky,

With the white road smoking behind him  
and his rapier brandished high.

Blood red were his spurs in the golden noon;  
wine-red was his velvet coat;

When they shot him down on the highway,

    Down like a dog on the highway,

And he lay in his blood on the highway,  
with a bunch of lace at his throat.



*16.*

And still of a winter's night, they say, when the wind  
is in the trees,

When the moon is a ghostly galleon tossed upon  
cloudy seas,

When the road is a ribbon of moonlight over the  
purple moor,

Two highwaymen come driving—

Driving—driving—

Two highwaymen come driving, up to the old inn-door.







