The wind was a torrent of darkness among the gush of trees, the moon was a ghostly galleon tossed upon cloudy seas.
moonlight over the purple moor,

And the highway man came riding, came riding came riding, and the highway man came riding

up to the old inn door.
French cocked hat on his forehead, a bunch of lace at his chin, A
coat of the clar- et vel- et and breeches brown doe-skin
To be sung with dignity.

Free the warmth of friendly mirth,
Deep the faith and zeal of youth,
Strong the noble love of worth,
Bold the vision and the truth;
Light of our College richly blest,
This is our goal.
and our bequest.

Kind the hand wherein with we guide,
Safe the crest we hold and share,
Mind and spirit ranging wide,
Gladly led and made aware;
Freely the light, our strength and guide,
Deep in our urgent hearts abide.

POSSUM MUSIC PAPER No. 1 (De Luxe)