

www.practicetracks.co.uk

When The Night Wind Howls

Reference number PT0582

SIR RODERICK

When the night wind howls in the chimney cowl,
and the bat in the moonlight flies,
And inky clouds, like funeral shrouds,
sail over the midnight skies -
When the footpads quail at the night-bird's wail,
and black dogs bay at the moon,
Then is the spectre's holiday
then is the ghost's high noon!

CHORUS

Ha! Ha!

SIR RODERICK

For then is the ghost's high noon, high noon,
then is the ghost's high noon!

As the sob of the breeze sweeps over the trees
and the mists lie low on the fen,
From grey tomb-stones are gathered the bones
that once were women and men,
And away they go, with a mop and a mow,
to the revel that ends too soon,
For cock crow limits our holiday -
the dead of the night's high noon!

CHORUS

Ha! Ha!

SIR RODERICK

The dead of the night's high noon!
The dead of the night's high noon, high noon,
the dead of the night's high noon!

And then each ghost with his ladye-toast
to their church yard beds take flight,
With a kiss, perhaps, on her lantern chaps,
and a grisly grim, "good night!"
Till the welcome knell of the midnight bell
rings forth its jolliest tune,
And ushers in our next high holiday -
the dead of the night's high noon!

CHORUS

Ha! Ha!

SIR RODERICK

The dead of the night's high noon, high noon,
the dead of the night's high noon!