

Windy Nights

By Robert Louis Stevenson

Whenever the moon and stars are set

Whenever the wind is high

All night long in the dark and wet

A man goes riding by

Late in the night when the fires are out

Why does he gallop and gallop about?

Whenever the trees are crying aloud

And ships are tossed at sea

By, on the highway, low and loud

By at the gallop goes he

By at the gallop he goes, and then

By he comes back at the gallop again.