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

Roderic

3rd Verse
And then each ghost with his
lady's toast
to their churchyard beds takes 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! The dead of the night's high-

Chorus     ff   . . . .
Ha! ha!

Ha! ha!

42202
noon,  high - noon,

Ha! ha!  high - noon,

Ha! ha!  high - noon.

the dead of the night's high-
the dead of the night's high-
cresc.

noon!

noon!  Ha! ha!  ha!  ha!

noon!  Ha! ha!  ha!  ha!