

## Under the Phantom Moon

Ghoultown

the high hawk knows where the rabbit goes  
and the buzzard marks the kill  
but few there be with eyes to see  
the tall men riding still  
we hark in vain on the speeding train  
for an echo of hoofbeat thunder  
and the yellow wheat is a winding sheet  
for cattle trails plowed under

hoofdust flies at the low moon's rise  
and the bullbat's lonesome whir  
is an echoed note from the longhorn throat,  
a steer as it were  
inch by inch, time draws the cinch,  
till the saddles creak no more  
and they the lords of the cattle hordes  
shall tally a final score

chorus:

oh the tall men riding  
under the phantom moon  
oh the tall men riding  
hoofbeats like hammers of doom

this is the song that the night birds sing  
as the phantom herds trail by  
horn by horn where the long plains throw  
flat miles to the sky  
and this is the song that the night birds wail  
where the Texas plains lie wide  
over the dust of a ghostly trail  
where the phantom tall men ride

“Under the Phantom Moon” lyrics based on a traditional poem by  
Omar Barker (b.1894)