

Glowing in tremulous moonlight,
High upon a jagged cliff,
Rides the haunted soul of bonnie Todd Ramble,
The forsaken son of Lord John the Fifth.

Some claim to have seen him clearly,
While others have heard him speak;
But few, if any, know why he rides
With face and eyes so bleak.

They'd met on the morn of Valentine's Day
When her mother had wed his sire,
Todd was a young man of twenty,
And Helen, but ten and five.