The highwayman, who was wearing a smart claret coat and carried polished weapons, rode across the moor. He could only think of one thing: he would see his love – Bess – soon. As his mind turned to her perfect porcelain face, her rosy lips and her raven-black hair, he felt flutters of excitement in his stomach.

Once he arrived at the inn – where Bess lived with her father – the highwayman slowed his horse down to a gentle trot, and rode over to the area of the courtyard just below her window. Seeing a candle burning in Bess' chamber window, he knew his sweetheart was in her room. This was the secret symbol that they had agreed on.