

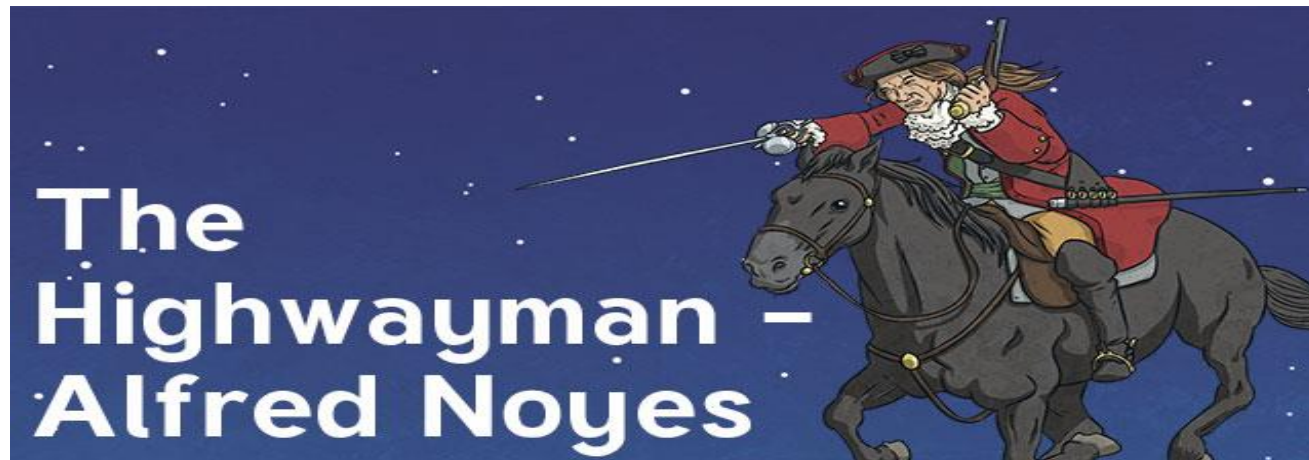
Year 8 English

Week beginning 1st June 2020



Welcome Back to English Lessons

We missed you!



LO: To understand the narrative poem
The Highwayman.

What was a highwayman?



- A robber who stole from people as they travelled.
- Common in England in the 17th and 18th Century.
- At this time travel was already hazardous due to the lack of decent roads, No one rode alone without fear of being robbed, and travellers often wrote their wills before they took their journey.
- Highwaymen frequented main roads between cities and towns, they were particularly prevalent on roads into and out of London – especially what are now the A2 and A20 from Dover!
- Legend has it that highwaymen were gentlemen. They were well dressed with a handkerchief to cover their face, had good manners and used threats like “Stand and deliver” or “Your money or your life”. They were very rarely violent.
- In reality, whilst some were gentlemen, most were not and were extremely brutal. When Tom Wilmot, a notorious highwayman, had difficulty removing a woman's ring, he cut off her finger!
- England's most famous highwayman was Dick Turpin (circa. 1705-1737).

Alfred Noyes (1880 - 1958)



- British poet and author.
- Educated by his father.
- Went to Oxford University, but did not get a degree because he did not turn up for his final exams.
- Inspired by and especially fond of the work of Alfred Lord Tennyson, William Wordsworth, Geoffrey Chaucer, and William Shakespeare.
- Was a pacifist, but believed that sometimes there is no choice but to go to war.
- Hated violence.
- Could not join the army in either world war 1 because of poor eyesight, he was too old to fight in WW2.
- Designed propaganda posters and wrote patriotic poems for the foreign office during WWI.
- Married an American lady and went to work in America for a few years.
- After first wife died he married an English lady and had 3 children.
- Noyes is said to have written "The Highwayman" in two days, when he was 24.
- He said about his life when he wrote it that he was at "the age when I was genuinely excited by that kind of romantic story."

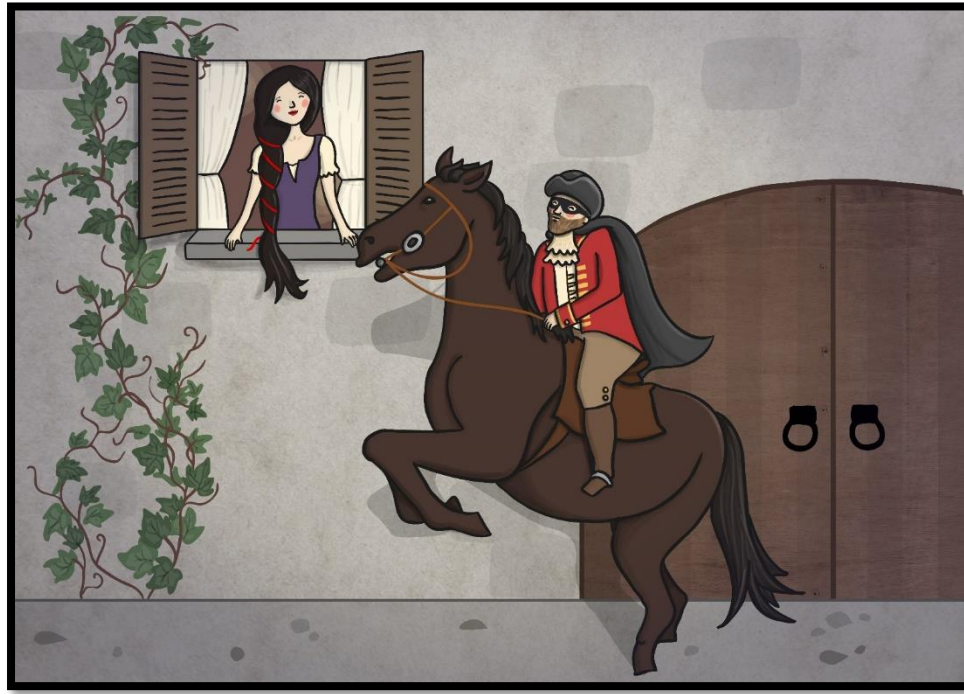
Part One, I



The wind was a torrent of darkness among the gusty trees,
The moon was a ghostly galleon tossed upon cloudy seas,
The road was a ribbon of moonlight over the purple moor,
And the highwayman came riding-
Riding- riding-
The highwayman came riding, up to the old inn door.



He'd a French cocked-hat on his forehead, a bunch of lace at his chin,
A coat of the claret velvet, and breeches of doe brown skin;
They fitted with never a wrinkle: his boots were up to the thigh!
And he rode with a jewelled twinkle,
His pistol butts a twinkle,
His rapier hilt a-twinkle, under the jewelled sky.



Over the cobbles he clattered and clashed in the dark inn-yard,
And he tapped with his whip on the shutters, but all was locked and barred;
He whistled a tune to the window, and who should be waiting there
But the landlord's black-eyed daughter,
Bess, the landlord's daughter,
Plaiting a dark red love-knot into her long black hair.



And dark in the old inn-yard a stable-wicket creaked
Where Tim the ostler listened; his face was white and peaked;
His eyes were hollows of madness, his hair like mouldy hay,
But he loved the landlord's daughter,
The landlord's red-lipped daughter,
Dumb as a dog he listened, and he heard the robber



"One kiss, my bonny sweetheart, I'm after a prize to-night,
But I shall be back with the yellow gold before the morning light;
Yet, if they press me sharply, and harry me through the day,
Then look for me by moonlight,
Watch for me by moonlight,
I'll come to thee by moonlight, though hell should bar the way."



He rose upright in the stirrups; he scarce could reach her hand,
But she loosened her hair i' the casement! His face burnt like a brand
As the black cascade of perfume came tumbling over his breast;
And he kissed its waves in the moonlight,
(Oh, sweet black waves in the moonlight!)
Then he tugged at his rein in the moonlight, and galloped away to the West

Part Two, I



He did not come in the dawning; he did not come at noon;
And out o' the tawny sunset, before the rise o' the moon,
When the road was a gypsy's ribbon, looping the purple moor,
A red-coat troop came marching-
Marching-marching-
King George's men came marching, up to the old inn-door.



They said no word to the landlord, they drank his ale instead,
But they gagged his daughter and bound her to the foot of the narrow bed;
Two of them knelt at her casement, with muskets at their side!
There was death at every window;
And hell at one dark window;
For Bess could see, through the casement, the road that he would ride.



They had tied her up to attention, with many a sniggering jest;
They bound a musket beside her, with barrel beneath her breast!

"Now keep good watch!" and they kissed her.

She heard the dead man say-

Look for me by moonlight;

Watch for me by moonlight;

I'll come to thee by moonlight, though hell should bar the way!



She twisted her hands behind her; but all the knots held good!

She writhed her hands till her fingers were wet with sweat or blood!

They stretched and strained in the darkness, and the hours crawled by like years,

Till, now, on the stroke of midnight,

Cold, on the stroke of midnight,

The tip of one finger touched it! The trigger at least was hers!



The tip of one finger touched it; she strove no more for the rest!
Up, she stood up to attention, with the barrel beneath her breast,
She would not risk their hearing; she would not strive again;
For the road lay bare in the moonlight;
Blank and bare in the moonlight;
And the blood of her veins in the moonlight throbbed to her love's refrain.



Tlot-tlot; tlot-tlot! Had they heard it? The horse-hoofs ringing clear;
Tlot-tlot, tlot-tlot, in the distance? Were they deaf that they did not hear?
Down the ribbon of moonlight, over the brow of the hill,
The highwayman came riding,
Riding, riding!
The red-coats looked to their priming! She stood up straight and still!



Tlot-tlot in the frosty silence! *Tlot-tlot*, in the echoing night!
Nearer he came and nearer! Her face was like a light!
Her eyes grew wide for a moment; she drew one last deep breath,
Then her fingers moved in the moonlight,
Her musket shattered the moonlight,
Shattered her breast in the moonlight and warned him-with her death.



He turned; he spurred to the West; he did not know who stood
Bowed, with her head o'er the musket, drenched with her own red blood!
Not till the dawn he heard it, his face grew grey to hear
How Bess, the landlord's daughter,
The landlord's black-eyed daughter,
Had watched for her love in the moonlight, and died in the darkness there.



Back, he spurred like a madman, shrieking a curse to the sky,
With the white road smoking behind him and his rapier brandished high!
Blood-red were his spurs i' the golden noon; wine-red was his velvet coat,
When they shot him down on the highway,
Down like a dog on the highway,
And he lay in his blood on the highway, with the bunch of lace at his throat.



And still of a winters night, they say, when the wind is in the trees,
When the moon is a ghostly galleon tossed upon cloudy seas,
When the road is a ribbon of moonlight over the purple moor,
A highwayman comes riding-
Riding-riding-
A highwayman comes riding, up to the old inn-door.



Over the cobbles he clatters and clangs in the dark inn-yard,
And he taps with his whip on the shutters, but all is locked and barred;
He whistles a tune to the window, and who should be waiting there
But the landlord's black-eyed daughter,
Bess, the landlord's daughter,
Plaiting a dark red love-knot into her long black hair.

The Vocabulary

Some of the words and phrases in the poem might be unfamiliar to you. This table tells you what they mean:

A French cocked-hat	An old-fashioned three corner hat.
Claret	Dark red, like wine.
Pistol butts	The handles of the pistol.
Rapier	A long thin sword.
Stable-wicket	Stable door.
Ostler	A person who looks after horses at an inn or pub.
Peaked	Having a sickly look.
Harry me	Hound me- chase me.
Casement	Window.
Tawny	Yellow, golden.
Musket	An old-fashioned rifle.
Jest	Joke, something to laugh at.
Priming	Charging muskets with gunpowder.
Blanched	Went pale.

Homework Task

You can do this work on a computer or write in on a piece of paper.

- Write a paragraph explaining what you think the poem is about.
- Answer the questions about the poem that are given on the next slide. Write your answers in full sentences.
- Send your work or a photograph of it if you hand write it to Mrs Shaddock:

maryon.shaddock@grangepark.kent.sch.uk

Questions on the Poem

1. What time of day did the highwayman arrive at the inn?
2. What weapons was he carrying?
3. How did he let the landlord's daughter know he was there?
4. What was the landlord's daughter called?
5. Who was listening secretly?
6. What was his job at the inn?
7. How did he betray the lovers?
8. Who were the redcoats?
9. What did they do to Bess?
10. How did she manage to warn the highwayman?
11. What did the highwayman do when he found out that Bess was dead?
12. What did the locals say happened on winter's nights?

End of Lesson

- Have a good week everyone. I will look forward to seeing your work and seeing all of you again next Friday.

Goodbye!