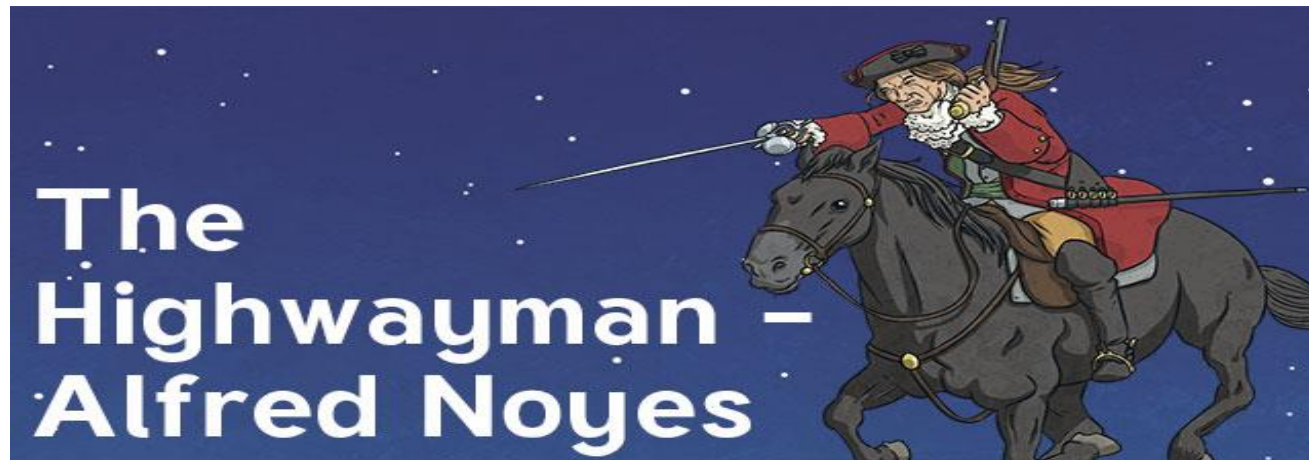


Year 8 English

Week beginning 8th June 2020



LO: To identify sensory imagery in the poem *The Highwayman*.



What is imagery?



- Language that appeals to your five senses . What are your five senses?



Look at the sensory imagery in the first two verses (stanzas) of the poem



- See = blue
- Hear = yellow
- Taste = purple
- Touch = red
- Smell = green

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 rapier hilt a twinkle,
His pistol butts a-twinkle, under the jewelled sky.

Now you try with the next two verses:

- What can you?

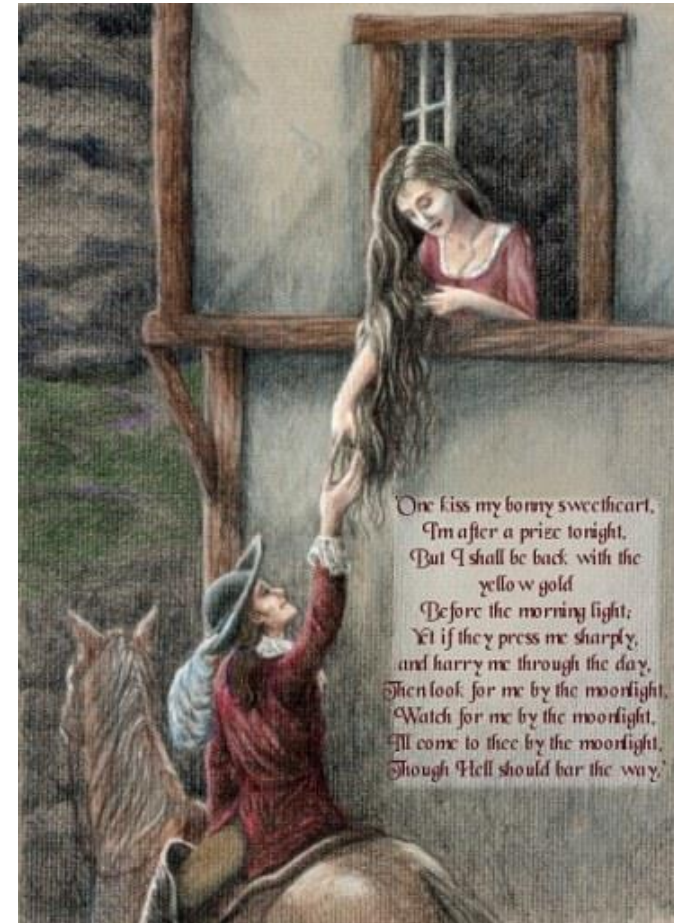
See 

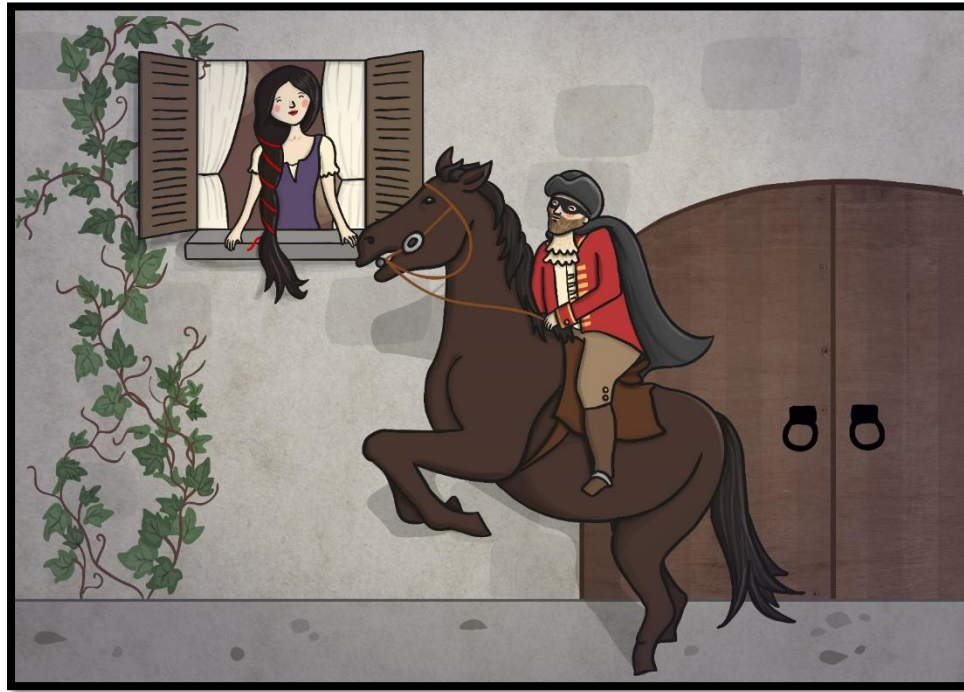
Hear 

Taste 

Touch 

Smell 





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 say:



The 6th Sense



- Not really a sense, but helps us to experience the story in the same way as our official senses do.

Feelings/Emotions

- In the same way we know about the things that the characters can touch, taste, smell, hear or see we know how they are feeling about things.

Look at the sensory imagery of feeling or emotion in the next two verses of the poem





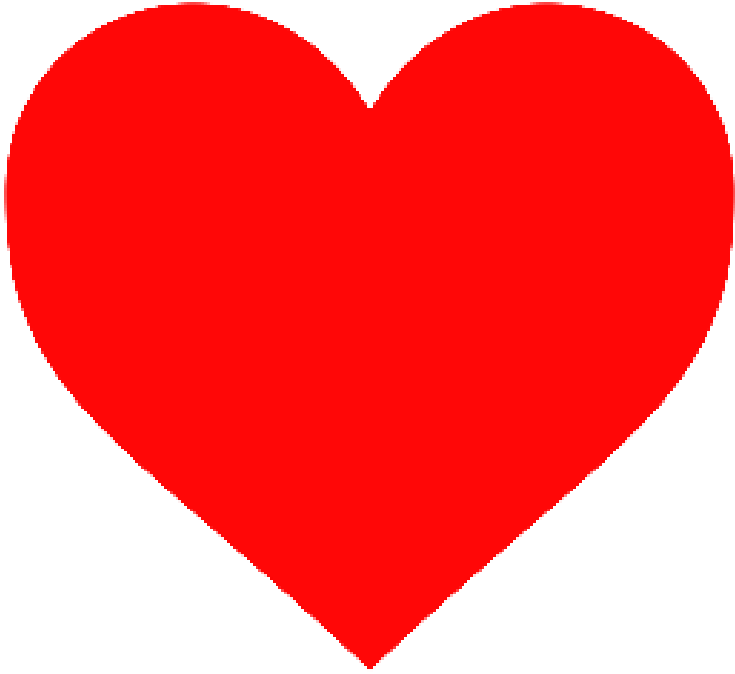
"One kiss, my bonny sweetheart, I'm after a prize to-night,
But I shall be back with the yellow gold before the morning light;
Yet, if they press me sharply, and harry me through the day,
Then look for me by moonlight,
Watch for me by moonlight,
I'll come to thee by moonlight, though hell should bar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

Now you try with the next two verses:

- What feelings or emotions can you identify?



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.

The use of rhythm and rhyme to create and image

- You might've noticed some rhyme and sound patterns. These elements are part of the imagery of the poem as they help to create an image in the readers mind.
- Basically this means we are looking for a pattern in the way the poem is laid out and words that rhyme to make a rhyme scheme.

Rhyme is the correspondence of words and syllables.

Rhyme is mostly concerned with the use of words and syllables.

Rhyme can be divided into internal and external rhyme.

Rhythm is the pattern of the poem, marked by stressed and unstressed syllables.

Rhythm is concerned with words, phrases, and lines.

Rhythm can be categorized into groups based on syllables.

Rhyme Scheme

The rhyming pattern that is created at the end of lines of poetry.

| | |
|--------------------------------|---|
| Mary had a little lamb, | A |
| Its fleece as white as snow. | B |
| And everywhere that Mary went, | C |
| The lamb was sure to go. | B |

If the poem does not have a rhyme scheme it is considered to be a free verse poem.

Identity the rhyme scheme in the next verse of the poem.

Then check with the following verse. Do you think it is the same all the way through?





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!

Let's look at the rhythm (metre).

- How many lines in each stanza?
- Are they made up the same way?
- How are they similar or different?
- Is there a pattern in the number of beats in each line (count the syllables)?
- Which lines are similar and which are different?
- Are these patterns the same in each verse?
- Why do you think the poet made these choices?





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!

Homework Task

You can do this work on a computer, write in on a piece of paper or print out and write on the poem slides.

- The last five stanzas of this poem follow this page .
- Identify all the sensory imagery (taste, touch, smell, hear, see and feelings/emotions) in these verses and write them down.
- Identify the rhyme scheme and the rhythmic patterns in these verses and write them down.
- Send your work or a photograph of it if you hand write it to Mrs Shaddock:

maryon.shaddock@grangepark.kent.sch.uk



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.

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!