

L.O. Use clues and evidence to draw conclusions and ask questions.

Today, we will be reading the first part of the Highwayman poem

You have already thought about one of the characters and a setting, but before we read the poem, you will need to do some detective work...



The Highwayman is a narrative poem - it tells a story. In your groups, you will receive a 'story sack' with a set of pictures.

Look at them closely and discuss what you think they tell you about the story.



What clues do they give you about the text? What do you definitely know?

What do you *think* you know?

Are there any links between the objects?

What are your main questions that need answers?

Under your L.O., write the first of these sub-headings, then record everything that you are **sure** about - use the story sack pictures and yesterday's work on setting and character to help. Use the 'double develop' method to explain your ideas fully: write your idea, then think 'So what?' and use a **causal** conjunction (e.g. **because**) to explain it; then think 'So what?' again, and explain further with another causal or an **adding** conjunction (e.g. **which means that/ in addition**). Repeat for the other sub-headings.

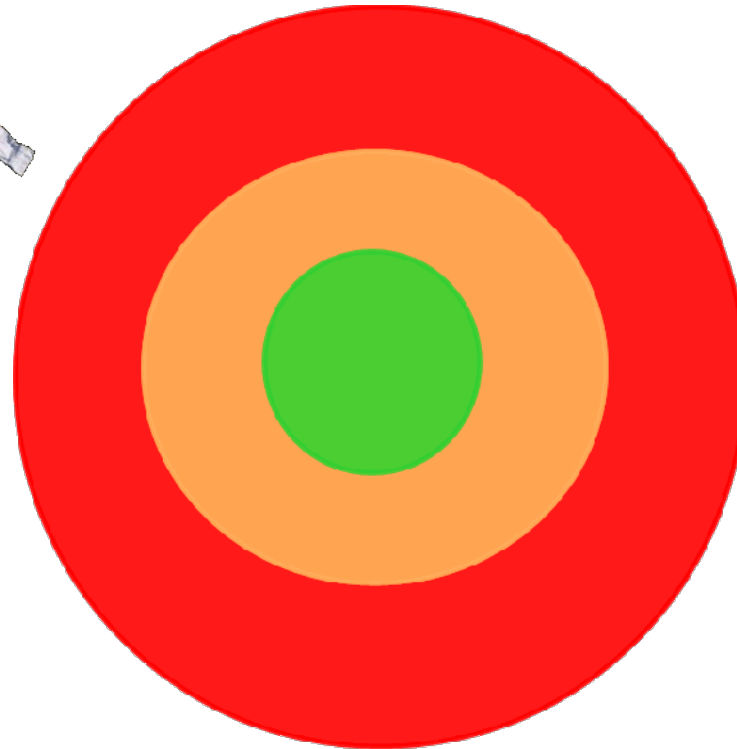
What I know: *(what is definite or obvious?)*

What I think I know: *(possible inferences & deductions)*

Patterns and links: *(do any items relate to each other?)*

Puzzles and questions: *(what do you really want to know?)*

Use the Zone of Relevance targets in your pairs to decide which items you think are the most relevant (important) to the story.



The first six stanzas (verses) of *The Highwayman* are on the following screens.

Discuss any words that you are unsure of as you read; definitions are in the green bars.



# The Highwayman

## 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.

torrent - a strong and fast-moving stream of water

galleon - a sailing ship, used between the 15th & 18th centuries

## II

He'd a French cocked-hat on his forehead, bunch of lace at his chin,

A coat of the claret velvet, and breeches of brown doe-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.



### III

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.

#### IV



And dark in the dark 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—

wicket - a small door or gate, especially within a larger one

ostler - stable boy

peaked - gaunt or pale from illness or tiredness

V

"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."

press me sharply - give chase

harry - harass/bother

though hell should bar the way - even if hell was in the way

## VI

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.

casement - window

brand - a red-hot branding iron