

Year 5/6
English
Booklet 5

PART ONE

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 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.

Over the cobbles he clattered and clashed in the dark inn-yard.
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 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-

"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 in 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,
(O, sweet black waves in the moonlight!)
Then he tugged at his rein in the moonlight, and galloped away to the west.

PART TWO

He did not come in the dawning. He did not come at noon;
And out of the tawny sunset, before the rise of 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 her 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 her casement, the road that he would ride.

They had tied her up to attention, with many a sniggering jest.
They had bound a musket beside her, with the muzzle beneath her breast!
"Now, keep good watch!" and they kissed her. She heard the doomed 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 muzzle 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.

Plot-tlot; tlot-tlot! Had they heard it? The horsehoofs ringing clear;
Plot-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 finger 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 blood!
Not till the dawn he heard it, and 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, shouting a curse to the sky,
With the white road smoking behind him and his rapier brandished high.
Blood red were his spurs in 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 a bunch of lace at his throat.

. . .

And still of a winter's 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.
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.

Date			
Subject/s	<u>English</u> <u>Imitate</u>		
Learning Objective 	To understand figurative language		
		SA 	TA 
Success Criteria 	I can explain what similes, metaphors, personification and hyper-		
	I can identify similes, metaphors, personification and hyperbole in		
	I can discuss the meaning of figurative language		
Support	Independent	Adult Support ()	Group Work

Figurative language makes our writing more interesting. It also helps the reader create a mental image of our meaning.

There are different types of figurative language:

- Simile - Metaphor - Personification - Hyperbole

Similes

A simile compares two things by using the words 'like' or 'as.'

For example

- Your eyes sparkle like diamonds.
- The classroom looked like a tornado had gone through!
- I tiptoed as quietly as a mouse.
-

Similes always include the words 'like' or 'as.'

Metaphors

A metaphor compares one thing to another without using 'like' or 'as.'

For example

- Laughter is music for the soul.
- You are my sunshine.
- Those ideas are food for thought.

Metaphors say one thing is another.

Personification

Personification gives human qualities to animals, non-living objects or ideas.

For example:

- The stars danced in the sky.
- In the jungle, the lion sings tonight.
- That cake is calling my name.
-

Personification gives something non-human the qualities of a person

Hyperbole

Hyperbole is obvious exaggeration to make a point.

For example

- She knows everything about math!
- You are the best teacher in the entire universe.
- My hands are ice cold!

Similes and metaphors can also be examples of hyperbole.

Watch this video:

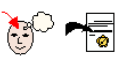



<https://www.bbc.co.uk/bitesize/topics/zfkk7ty/articles/z9tkxfr>

In the poem *The Highwayman*, Alfred Noyes uses similes and metaphors to give you a good picture of the things he is describing.

Read through the poem again and identify as many similes and metaphors you can. In the table below try to explain what this imagery means/suggests.

Does it help you to understand the poem better?

Quote	Type of figurative Language (simile, metaphor, personification, hyperbole)	What does this suggest/mean?
The wind was a torrent of darkness upon the gusty trees	Metaphor	This means that the wind was violent and gloomy against the trees. This suggests that it was dark and extremely windy.
His hair like mouldy hair		
Down like a dog on the highway		
The moon was a ghostly galleon tossed upon cloudy seas		
His face burnt like a brand		
The road was a ribbon of moonlight over the purple moor		
His eyes were hollows of madness		

Date			
Subject/s	<u>English</u> <u>Imitate</u>		
Learning Objective 	To understand figurative language		
		SA 	TA 
Success Criteria 	I can explain what similes, metaphors, personification and hyper-		
	I can identify similes, metaphors, personification and hyperbole in		
	I can discuss the meaning of figurative language		
Support	Independent	Adult Support ()	Group Work

Task

Look at the first three lines of the first stanza of the poem:

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.

Close your eyes and visualise the setting.

Choose one of the lines to illustrate—create a picture. You can use any medium of your choice—pencil, paint, chalk pastel, coloured pencil.

Add your chosen line from the poem.

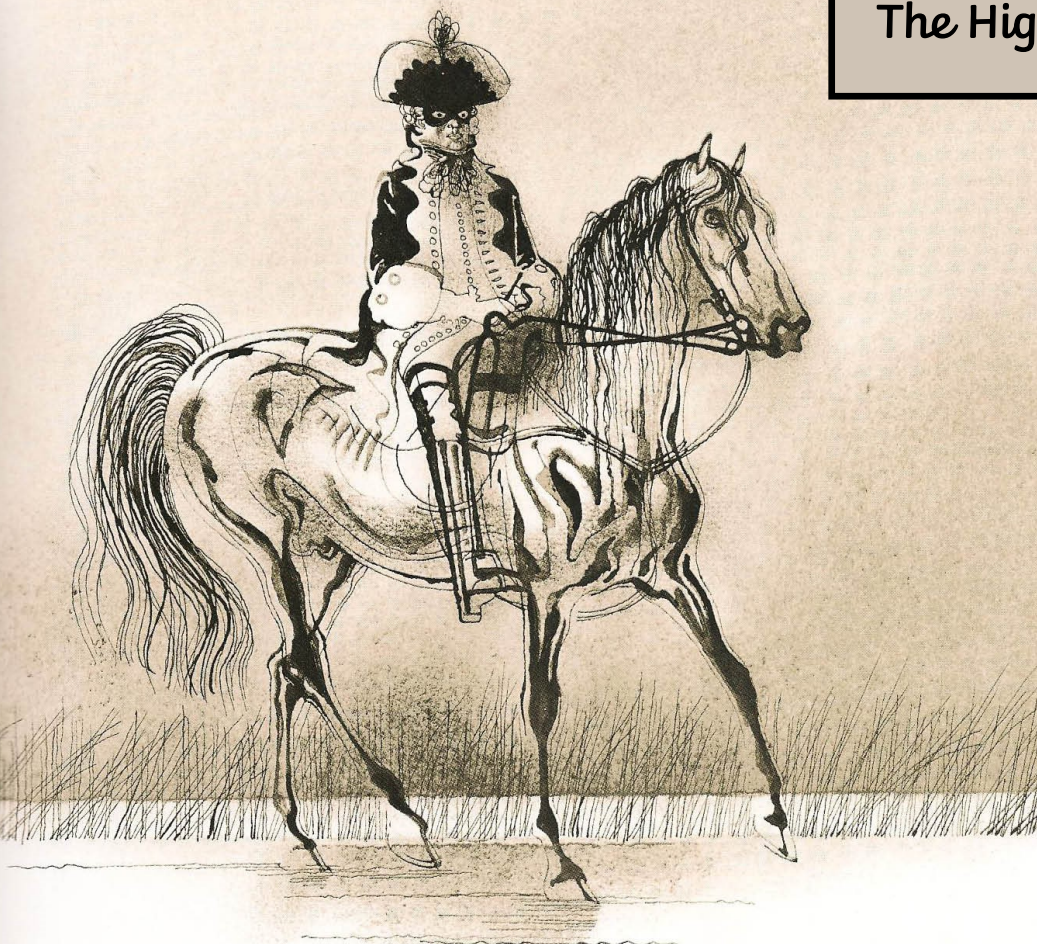
Date			
Subject/s	<u>English</u> <u>Imitate</u>		
Learning Objective 	To understand characters.		
		SA 	TA 
Success Criteria 	I can use clues from a range of sources		
	I can infer information about a character		
	I can choose appropriate vocabulary		
Support	Independent	Adult Support ()	Group Work

- Use information from the poem
- Use the pictures on the following pages—these are from Alfred Noyes' original, illustrated version of his poem 'The Highwayman'

Task

- Choose words from the word bank to describe the characters (you do not have to use every word — complete the table)
- Add words or phrases from the poem
- Add any other words or phrases of your own.

The Highwayman



Bess the landlord's
daughter

King George's men
(the soldiers)



Tim the Ostler



Word Bank

adventurous

beautiful

careful

charming

considerate

contended

courageous

courteous

cowardly

curious

dangerous

daring

determined

devoted

disrespectful

enraged

envious

frightening

funny

furious

gentle

malevolent

menacing

peaceful

polite

reliable

resilient

respectful

romantic

sad

selfish

sensible

shy

sly

solemn

strong

thoughtful

threatening

timid

trustworthy




vengeful

The Highwayman

Bess the landlord's daughter

King George's men (the soldiers)

Tim the Ostler

Date		
Subject/s	English Imitate	
Learning Objective	To write a diary	
	SA	TA
		
Success Criteria	I can write about key events from the narrative poem	
	I can write about a character's thoughts and feelings	
	I can use figurative language	
Support	Independent	Adult Support ()
		Group Work

Task

Choose a character from the poem. Write a diary extract for one of these characters.

- The Highwayman
- Bess the landlord's daughter
- Tim the ostler
- One of King George's men (a soldier)

Your diary does not need to cover the whole story, choose part of it. For example—the highwayman looking forward to seeing Bess; Bess waiting for him; Tim after he overhears their plans or a soldier after they set their trap.

This diary checklist may help.

include the date and/or time that the entry was written?



write in the first person?

use past tense for the main events?



tell events in chronological order?

include personal emotions and feelings?



use paragraphs to organise my writing (including an introduction and conclusion)?

use an informal style?

use time conjunctions and adverbials?



Here is an example of a diary for Bess, written by a child in year 5. Can you spot the figurative language?

Dear Diary,

I wondered would he come? As I was tied to the post of my bed with a musket beneath my breast, I glared out of the casement. The jewelled moon illuminated a streak of moonlight onto the winding path. The wind talked in the darkness as the trees waved like marching troops. The sky was black like water rushing through the night air but I still stretched and strained until my hands bled. I hoped the highwayman would come soon.

Time had never passed so slowly. I couldn't last another second before the sun came out. My heart was thumping like a drum. Feeling panic, I could only take short breaths. Tears fled from my eyes. I was a volcano waiting to erupt.

Now on the stroke of midnight, the road lay bare in the moonlight. I felt calmer in a way. The sound of horse's hooves like thunder came nearer and nearer. I knew what I needed to do. The tip of my finger touched the trigger but time was not on my side....

Best wishes,

Bess

