

## THE HIGHWAYMAN- Alfred Noyes

Name:

1. Some call death "the ultimate sacrifice." What are some examples of people who have died to save others? What do you think were their reasons to give their lives? Discuss in small groups and write down the main ideas here.
2. Read the poem "The Highwayman" (see end) and watch the video at [http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=le727fRZHpA&safety\\_mode=true&persist\\_safety\\_mode=1](http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=le727fRZHpA&safety_mode=true&persist_safety_mode=1)
3. What is a metaphor?
  - a. Find three of them in the first stanza. What is being compared in each one?

THING	COMPARED TO

- b. How can wind be "a torrent of darkness?"
  - c. How can the moon be "a ghostly galleon?"
  - d. How can a road be "a ribbon of moonlight?"
  - e. By using the words "torrent of darkness," "ghostly," and "moonlight," what kind of mood do you think Noyes is setting up for his poem?
4. What is personification?
  5. Find the example of personification in stanza ten? What is being personified? Why do the hours seem to "crawl" for Bess at this point in the story?

6. What is a simile?

7. Find the simile in stanza thirteen? What two things are being compared?

8. How can a face be "like a light?"

9. What would cause Bess's face to be "like a light" as she stood listening to her love ride toward the inn?

**Review questions:**

10. In stanza twelve, there is an example of onomatopoeia. What is it?

11. Why does Noyes make a sound effect rather than just tell us that the horse was galloping down the road?

12. In stanza three, there is an example of alliteration. What is it?

13. What is the repeated consonant sound? How do the words "cobbles," "clattered," and "clashed" create a sound effect for the action that is taking place in the stanza? Why do you think Noyes used "noisy words" at this point in the poem?

**Summary:**

14. If you were an illustrator, and could paint only one picture to represent this entire poem, what would your painting depict, and why?

15. Write down the last word of each line in the first stanza.

- 
- 
- 
- 
- 
- 

16. What is the rhyme scheme? (ex: AABBC? ABABAB?)

**Closing question:**

17. Do you think Bess made a wise choice in sacrificing herself for her love? Why or why not?

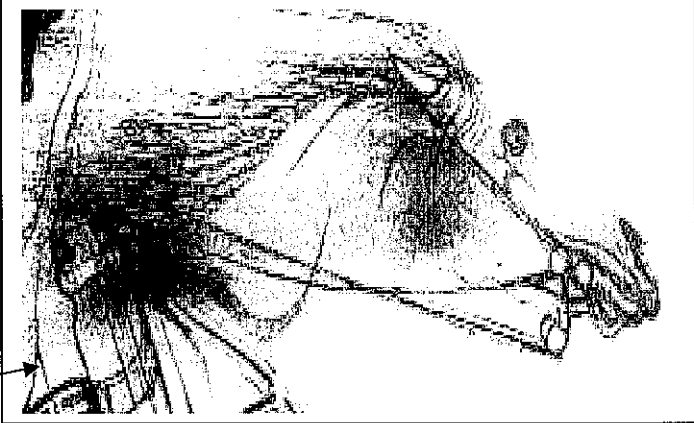
Closing assignment:

18. Look back at question 14 and make an illustration of what you answered OR pick ONE stanza and illustrate it.

- 8.5 x 11
- coloured
- Neat
- Title
- Caption (with either the stanza you used or a little summary of what is happening in your picture)

SAMPLE OF WHAT IT SHOULD LOOK LIKE

THE HIGHWAYMAN- Alfred Noyes



4-5 lines in summary or using the stanza

*The Highwayman: Text 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,  
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 jeweled twinkle,  
His pistol butts a-twinkle,  
His rapier hilt a-twinkle, under the jeweled 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 moldy 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 tonight,  
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,  
(Oh, sweet black waves in the moonlight!)  
Then he tugged at his rein in the moonlight, and galloped away to the West.

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 barrel 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.

*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 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 red blood.  
Not till the dawn he heard it, his face grew gray 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 the 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.*