

Springboard^{into} Comprehension 5

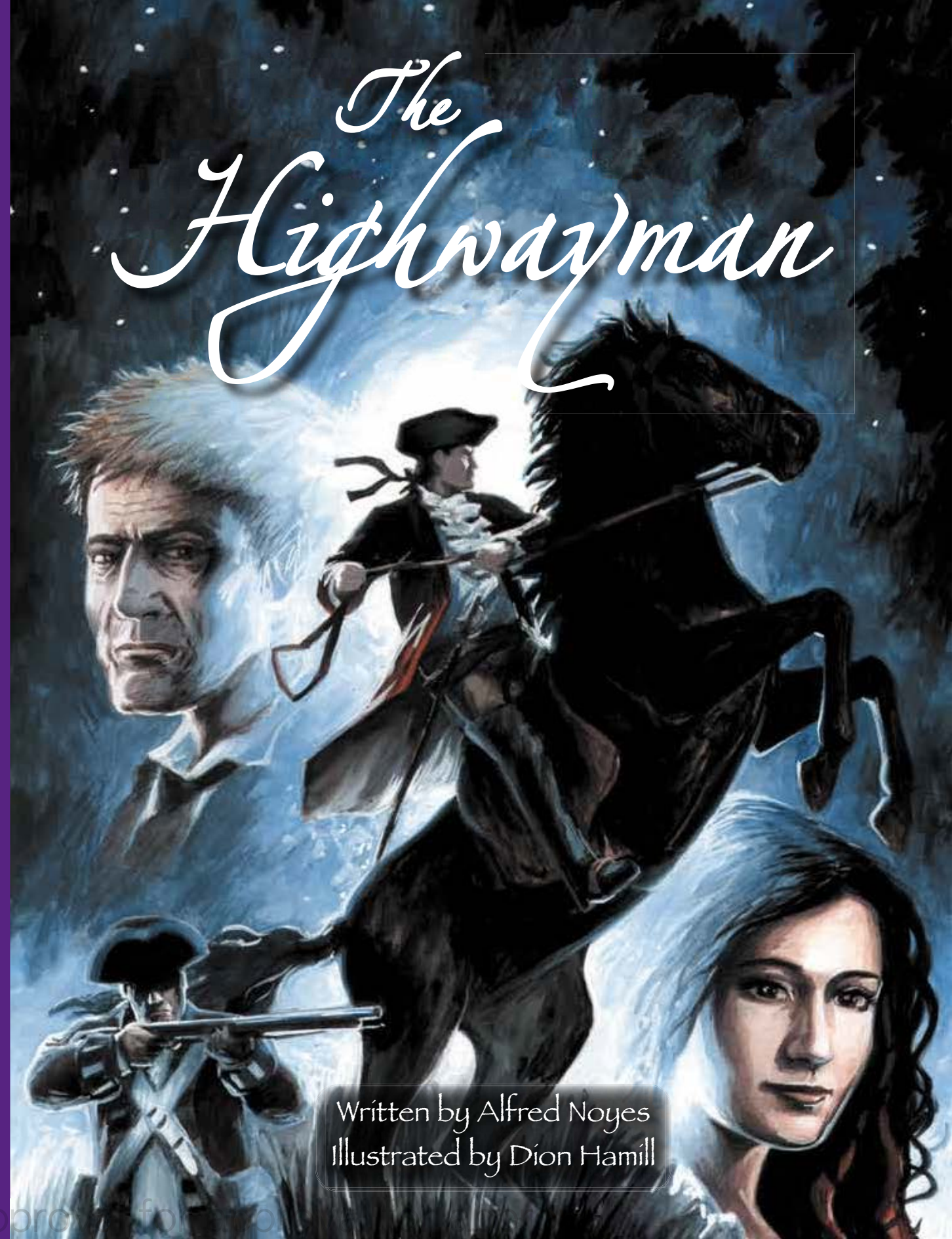
Main Idea	Bukit Timah Nature Reserve The Nelson Mandela Story
Compare and Contrast	Animals under Threat Soccer v Ballet
Fact and Opinion	The Great Rainbow Hill Council Debate The Smith Family Diaries
Cause and Effect	It's Just Not Right Save Our Planet!
Bias and Prejudice	What's Up? Changing Times
Figurative Language	The Highwayman Sports Mad Magazine



RA 10.5–11.5

Narrative

The Highwayman



Written by Alfred Noyes
Illustrated by Dion Hamill

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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.



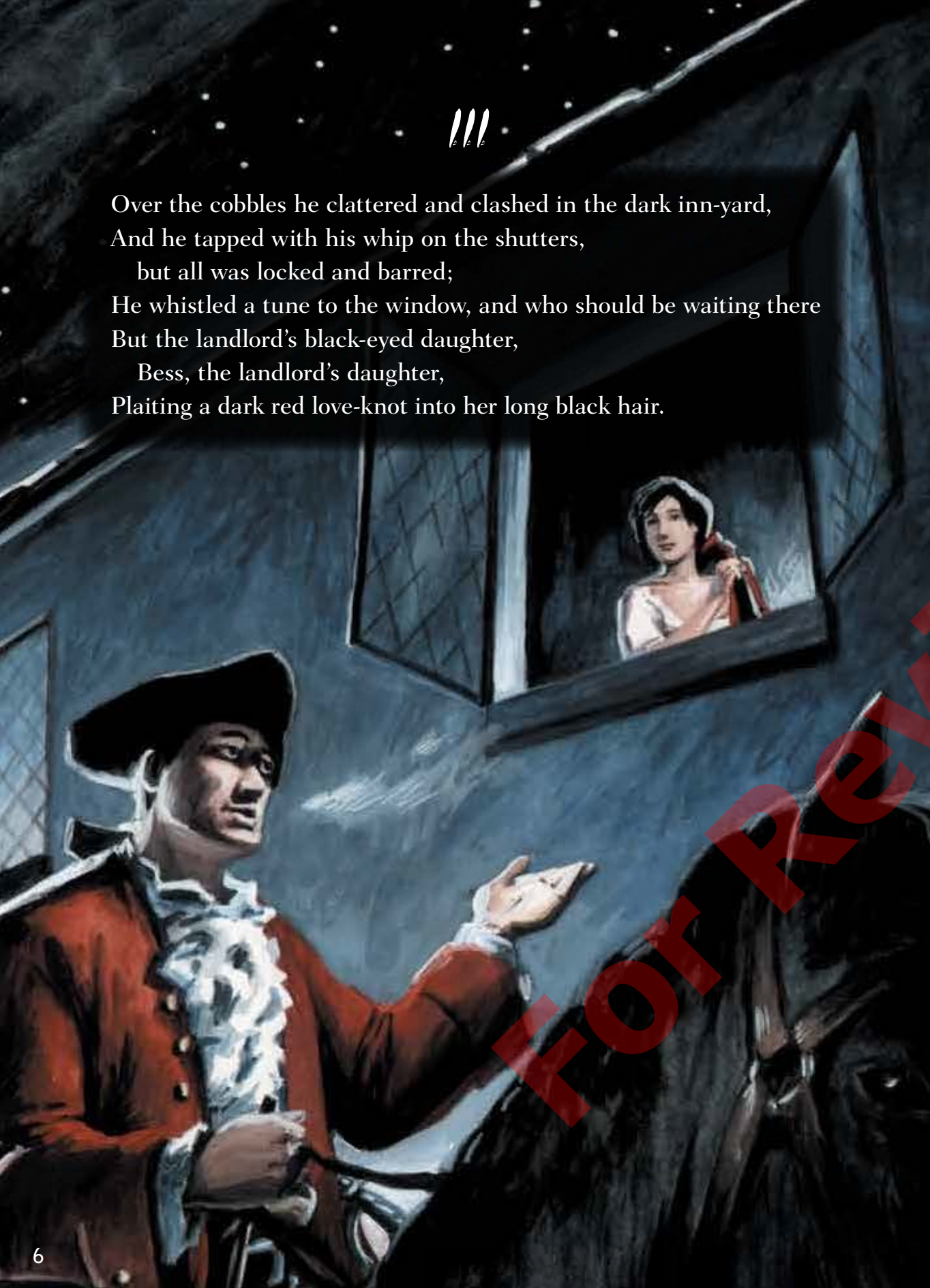
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He'd a French cocked-hat on his forehead, a bunch of lace at his chin,
A coat of the claret velvet, and breeches of brown doe-skin;
They fitted with never a wrinkle: his boots were up to the thigh!
And he rode with a jewelled twinkle,
His pistol butts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





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

