

# In Plain English

## Part A

Draw lines to match up the stanzas to the descriptions opposite.

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.

The highwayman rides into the inn-yard. He knocks on the window but nobody answers so he whistles a tune and Bess comes to the window. Bess is plaiting a love-knot in her hair.

The scene is set. It is night time and the moon is reflecting off the road over the moor. It is a windy night when the highwayman rides over the road towards the inn.

The highwayman asks Bess for a kiss. He tells Bess her that he is going out to make some money but that he will be back tomorrow with some gold. He tells Bess that if he is being chased in the day he will come back at night-time instead.

The highwayman's clothes are described. He is well-presented and appears to twinkle in the moonlight as he rides along.

The highwayman has to stand up in the stirrups to just about reach Bess's hand. She lets her hair fall down towards him so he can smell the perfume on it. He then gallops away on his horse.

A wild-looking man called Tim, who looks after the horses, is listening to the conversation between Bess and the highwayman. He is hiding so they will not see him. Tim also loves Bess.



# In Plain English Answers

## Part A

Draw lines to match up the stanzas to the descriptions opposite.

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.

The highwayman rides into the inn-yard. He knocks on the window but nobody answers so he whistles a tune and Bess comes to the window. Bess is plaiting a love-knot in her hair.

The scene is set. It is night time and the moon is reflecting off the road over the moor. It is a windy night when the highwayman rides over the road towards the inn.

The highwayman asks Bess for a kiss. He tells Bess her that he is going out to make some money but that he will be back tomorrow with some gold. He tells Bess that if he is being chased in the day he will come back at night-time instead.

The highwayman's clothes are described. He is well-presented and appears to twinkle in the moonlight as he rides along.

The highwayman has to stand up in the stirrups to just about reach Bess's hand. She lets her hair fall down towards him so he can smell the perfume on it. He then gallops away on his horse.

A wild-looking man called Tim, who looks after the horses, is listening to the conversation between Bess and the highwayman. He is hiding so they will not see him. Tim also loves Bess.