1Frankie and Johnnie were lovers,
O, my Gawd, how they could love!
They swore to be true to each other,
As true as the stars above;
He was her man, but he done her wrong.

6Frankie went down to the corner,
Went for a bucket of beer,
She said, "Oh, Mr. Bartender,
Has my loving Johnnie been here?
He is my man, and he's doing me wrong."

11"I won't make you no trouble,
I won't tell you no lie,
But I saw Johnnie an hour ago
With a girl named Nellie Bly;
He is your man, and he's doing you wrong."

16Frankie went into the hotel,
She didn't go there for fun,
'Cause underneath her kimono
She toted that forty-four gun;
He was her man, but he done her wrong.

21Frankie looked in at the keyhole,
And there before her eye,
She saw her Johnnie on the sofa,
A loving up Nellie Bly;
He was her man, but he done her wrong.

26Frankie threw back her kimono,
Took out the little forty-four,
Roota-toot-toot, three times she shoot,
Right through that hardwood door;
He was her man, but he done her wrong.

31Johnnie grabbed off his Stetson,
Said, "Oh, Gawd, Frankie, don't shoot!"
But she pressed hard on the trigger,
And the gun went roota-toot-toot;
He was her man, but he done her wrong.

36"Roll me over easy,
Oh, roll me over slow,
Roll me over on my right side,
'Cause my left side hurts me so."
He was her man, but he done her wrong.

41It was not murder in the first degree,

It was not murder in the third.

A woman simply shot her man

As a hunter drops a bird,

She shot her man ‘cause he done her wrong.

46Frankie said to the Sheriff

“What do you think they’ll do?”

The Sheriff said to Frankie,

“It’s the electric chair for you.

You shot your man ‘cause he done you wrong”.

51Frankie sat in her prison,
Had no electric fan,
Told her sweet little sister,
“Never marry no sporting man;
I had a man, but he done me wrong."

56Once more I saw Frankie,

She was sitting in the Chair

Waiting for her to go and meet her God

With the sweat dripping out of her hair,

He was a man but he done her wrong.

61This story has no moral,

This story has no end,

This story only goes to show

That there ain’t no good in men.

He was her man but he done her wrong.

**Frankie and Johnnie Questions (Answers must be in FULL SENTENCES)**

1. What is the relationship between Frankie and Johnnie?
2. What conflict is revealed?
3. How does Frankie deal with the conflict?
4. What is the outcome for Johnnie?
5. What is the outcome for Frankie?
6. What line is carried through the poem?
7. Where is the dialogue found in the poem? Who speaks to whom? Give two example of dialogue?
8. Do you believe the ending of the poem was justified for Frankie? Why or why not?

**Inchcape Rock** – Robert Southey

**Inchcape Rock** - Robert Southey

1No stir in the air, no stir in the sea,The Ship was still as she could be;Her sails from heaven received no motion, Her keel was steady in the ocean.

5Without either sign or sound of their shock, The waves flow’d over the Inchcape Rock; So little they rose, so little they fell, They did not move the Inchcape Bell.

9The Abbot of Aberbrothok Had placed that bell on the Inchcape Rock; On a buoy in the storm it floated and swung, And over the waves its warning rung.13When the Rock was hid by the surge’s swell, The Mariners heard the warning Bell; And then they knew the perilous Rock, And blest the Abbot of Aberbrothok

17The Sun in the heaven was shining gay, All things were joyful on that day; The sea-birds scream’d as they wheel’d round,And there was joyaunce in their sound.

21The buoy of the Inchcape Bell was seen A darker speck on the ocean green; Sir Ralph the Rover walk’d his deck, And fix’d his eye on the darker speck.

25He felt the cheering power of spring, It made him whistle, it made him sing; His heart was mirthful to excess, But the Rover’s mirth was wickedness.

29His eye was on the Inchcape Float; Quoth he, “My men, put out the boat, And row me to the Inchcape Rock, And I’ll plague the Abbot of Aberbrothok.”

33The boat is lower’d, the boatmen row, And to the Inchcape Rock they go; Sir Ralph bent over from the boat, And he cut the bell from the Inchcape Float.

37Down sank the Bell with a gurgling sound, The bubbles rose and burst around; Quoth Sir Ralph, “The next who comes to the Rock, Won’t bless the Abbot of Aberbrothok.”

41Sir Ralph the Rover sail’d away, He scour’d the seas for many a day; And now grown rich with plunder’d store, He steers his course for Scotland’s shore.

45So thick a haze o’erspreads the sky, They cannot see the sun on high; The wind hath blown a gale all day, At evening it hath died away.

49On the deck the Rover takes his stand, So dark it is they see no land. Quoth Sir Ralph, “It will be lighter soon, For there is the dawn of the rising Moon.”

53“Canst hear,” said one, “the breakers roar? For methinks we should be near the shore.” “Now, where we are I cannot tell,But I wish we could hear the Inchcape Bell.”

57They hear no sound, the swell is strong, Though the wind hath fallen they drift along; Till the vessel strikes with a shivering shock, “Oh Christ! It is the Inchcape Rock!”

61Sir Ralph the Rover tore his hair, He curst himself in his despair; The waves rush in on every side, The ship is sinking beneath the tide.

65But even in his dying fear, One dreadful sound could the Rover hear; A sound as if with the Inchcape Bell,The Devil below was ringing his knell.

4] keel – the structure along the centerline at the bottom of a vessel's hull

20] joyaunce – feelings of gladness

27] mirthful – merry or amusing

47] gale – a very strong wind

68] knell - ring solemnly, especially for a death or funeral

**Inchcape Rock Questions (Answers must be in FULL SENTENCES)**

1. What setting is established in the beginning of the poem?
2. What is the function of the Inchcape Bell?
3. What did Sir Ralph the Rover do to the Bell, and why?
4. What is a “rover”? What does this title suggest about Sir Ralph?
5. What occurs at the conclusion of the poem?
6. How is the conclusion ironic?
7. What is the rhyme scheme of the poem? Give an example. (This can be point form)

**The Wreck of the Edmund Fitzgerald**

 – Gordon Lightfoot

The legend lives on from the Chippewa on down

of the big lake they called "Gitche Gumee."

The lake, it is said, never gives up her dead

when the skies of November turn gloomy.

With a load of iron ore twenty-six thousand tons more

than the Edmund Fitzgerald weighed empty,

that good ship and true was a bone to be chewed

when the "Gales of November" came early.

The ship was the pride of the American side

coming back from some mill in Wisconsin.

As the big freighters go, it was bigger than most

with a crew and good captain well-seasoned,

concluding some terms with a couple of steel firms

when they left fully loaded for Cleveland.

And later that night when the ship's bell rang,

could it be the north wind they'd been feelin'?

The wind in the wires made a tattle-tale sound

and a wave broke over the railing.

And ev'ry man knew, as the captain did too

'twas the witch of November come stealin'.

The dawn came late and the breakfast had to wait

when the Gales of November came slashin'.

When afternoon came it was freezin' rain

in the face of a hurricane west wind.

When suppertime came the old cook came on deck sayin'.

"Fellas, it's too rough t'feed ya."

At seven P.M. a main hatchway caved in; he said,

"Fellas, it's bin good t'know ya!"

The captain wired in he had water comin' in

and the good ship and crew was in peril.

And later that night when 'is lights went outta sight

came the wreck of the Edmund Fitzgerald.

Does anyone know where the love of God goes

when the waves turn the minutes to hours?

The searchers all say they'd have made Whitefish Bay

if they'd put fifteen more miles behind 'er.

They might have split up or they might have capsized;

they may have broke deep and took water.

And all that remains is the faces and the names

of the wives and the sons and the daughters.

Lake Huron rolls, Superior sings

in the rooms of her ice-water mansion.

Old Michigan steams like a young man's dreams;

the islands and bays are for sportsmen.

And farther below Lake Ontario

takes in what Lake Erie can send her,

And the iron boats go as the mariners all know

with the Gales of November remembered.

In a musty old hall in Detroit they prayed,

in the "Maritime Sailors' Cathedral."

The church bell chimed 'til it rang twenty-nine times

for each man on the Edmund Fitzgerald.

The legend lives on from the Chippewa on down

of the big lake they call "Gitche Gumee."

"Superior," they said, "never gives up her dead

when the gales of November come early!"

**Background History about the SS Edmund Fitzgerald**

"According to a legend of the Chippewa tribe, the lake they once called Gitche Gumee 'never gives up her dead.'" -- Great Lakes: The Cruelest Month, James R. Gaines with Jon Lowell in Detroit, ©1975 Newsweek Magazine

Thus began the Newsweek article in the issue of November 24, 1975. That lead and the news magazine's dry story inspired Gordon Lightfoot to write one of the greatest "story songs" ever.

The SS Edmund Fitzgerald was an American [Great Lakes freighter](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Lake_freighter) that sank in a [Lake Superior](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Lake_Superior) storm on November 10, 1975, with the loss of the entire crew of 29. When launched on June 8, 1958, she was the largest ship on North America's [Great Lakes](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Great_Lakes), and she remains the largest to have sunk there.

For seventeen years the Fitzgerald carried [taconite](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Taconite) [iron ore](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Iron) from mines near [Duluth, Minnesota](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Duluth%2C_Minnesota), to iron works in [Detroit](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Detroit), [Toledo](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Toledo%2C_Ohio), and other Great Lakes ports. As a "workhorse," she set seasonal haul records six times, often breaking her own previous record. Captain Peter Pulcer was known for piping music day or night over the ship's intercom system while passing through the [St. Clair](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/St._Clair_River) and [Detroit](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Detroit_River) Rivers (between Lakes [Huron](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Lake_Huron) and [Erie](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Lake_Erie)), and entertaining spectators at the [Soo Locks](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Soo_Locks) (between Lakes [Superior](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Lake_Superior) and [Huron](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Lake_Huron)) with a running commentary about the ship. Her size, record-breaking performance, and "[DJ](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Disc_jockey) captain" endeared the Fitzgerald to boat watchers.

After the tragic incident, Gordon Lightfoot, inspired by that article in Newsweek Magazine, wrote what is probably his most famous song: Wreck Of The Edmund Fitzgerald.

Lightfoot wrote the song as a tribute to the ship, the sea, and the men who lost their lives that night. When asked recently what he thought his most significant contribution to music was, he said it was this song, which he often refers to as "The Wreck". In spite of its unlikely subject matter, the song climbed to #2 on the Billboard pop charts and remains one the most stirring topical ballads ever written, and a highlight of every Lightfoot concert. See the song lyrics below.

**Every year, on November 10th and the days leading up to it, there are commemorative services and other programs** to remember the ship and the men who lost their lives. This year, 2015, marks the 40th anniversary of the shipwreck.

**The Wreak of the Edmund Fitzgerald Questions**

1. What was the Edmund Fitzgerald? Using the ballad, give three descriptive examples about it.
2. What does the comparison of the ship to “a bone to be chewed” suggest about its outcome?
3. In the fourth stanza, the cook speaks twice. What is the difference between the statements he makes? What has happened in the time between the two comments?
4. Find three examples of literary devices in this ballad. Give the example and what device it is showing. (Ex. Cat/hat/mat – rhyme) This can be in point form.
5. Imagine you were a reporter at the time of this event. What might you make your opening headline for the paper?

# The Highwayman

By [Alfred Noyes](http://www.poetryfoundation.org/bio/alfred-noyes)

*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.

**Galleon** - a sailing ship in use (especially by Spain) from the 15th-17th centuries

**Moor** - a tract of open, peaty, wasteland, often overgrown with heath

**Claret** - A dark or grayish purplish red to dark purplish pink

**Rapier -** a thin, light, sharp-pointed sword used for thrusting

**Ostler** - a man employed to look after the horses of people staying at an inn

**Plaiting** - a braid of material (as hair or straw)

**Harry** - persistently carry out attacks on, harass

**Casement -** a window or part of a window set on a hinge so that it opens like a door.

*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.

*Tlot-tlot; tlot-tlot!* Had they heard it? The horsehoofs 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.

**Musket -** an infantryman's light gun with a long barrel, typically smooth-bored, muzzle loading, and fired from the shoulder

**Writhed -** make continual twisting, squirming movements or contortions of the body

**Strove** - make great efforts to achieve or obtain something

**Priming** - gunpowder placed in the pan of a firearm to ignite a charge

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.*

**The Highwayman Questions – These must be answered in FULL SENTENCES**

1. “The moon was a ghostly galleon tossed upon cloudy seas” Is this a simile or a metaphor? What is the poet comparing the moon to?
2. “The road was a ribbon of moonlight over the purple moor” Is this a simile or a metaphor? What is the poet comparing the road to?
3. How was the Highwayman dressed?
4. What does Bess, the landlord’s daughter, look like?
5. “His eyes were hollows of madness” Who is this describing? What picture is the poet giving of this person through this description?
6. What is Tim's role in the lovers' fate? How do we know this? (hint: it has to do with something the soldier says)
7. Why do you think the Highwayman goes back at the end of the poem after he finds out what happened to Bess?