



PAUL REVERE'S RIDE.

Listen, my children, and you shall hear  
 Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere,  
 On the eighteenth of April, in Seventy-five;  
 Hardly a man is now alive  
 Who remembers that famous day and year.

He said to his friend, "If the British march  
 By land or sea from the town to-night,  
 Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry arch  
 Of the North Church tower as a signal light,—  
 One, if by land, and two, if by sea;  
 And I on the opposite shore will be,  
 Ready to ride and spread the alarm  
 Through every Middlesex village and farm  
 For the country folk to be up and to arm."

Then he said, "Good night!" and with muffled oar  
 Silently rowed to the Charlestown shore,  
 Just as the moon rose over the bay,  
 Where swinging wide at her moorings lay  
 The Somerset, British man-of-war;  
 A phantom ship, with each mast and spar  
 Across the moon like a prison bar,  
 And a huge black hulk, that was magnified  
 By its own reflection in the tide.

Meanwhile, his friend, through alley and street,  
 Wanders and watches with eager ears,  
 Till in the silence around him he hears  
 The muster of men at the barrack door,  
 The sound of arms, and the tramp of feet,  
 And the measured tread of the grenadiers,  
 Marching down to their boats on the shore.

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 Description: From 'The Complete Poetical Works of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow with numerous illustrations.' Boston : Houghton, Mifflin and Company; James R. Osgood and Company, 1880. p. 183-4. "Paul Revere's Ride" from "Tales of a Wayside Inn, The Landlord's Tale."

Then he climbed the tower of the Old North Church,  
By the wooden stairs, with stealthy tread,  
To the belfry-chamber overhead,  
And startled the pigeons from their perch  
On the sombre rafters, that round him made  
Masses and moving shapes of shade,--  
By the trembling ladder, steep and tall  
To the highest window in the wall,  
Where he paused to listen and look down  
A moment on the roofs of the town,  
And the moonlight flowing over all.

Beneath, in the churchyard, lay the dead,  
In their night-encampment on the hill,  
Wrapped in silence so deep and still  
That he could hear, like a sentinel's tread,  
The watchful night-wind, as it went  
Creeping along from tent to tent  
And seeming to whisper, "All is well!"  
A moment only he feels the spell  
Of the place and the hour, and the secret dread  
Of the lonely belfry and the dead;  
For suddenly all his thoughts are bent  
On a shadowy something far away,  
Where the river widens to meet the bay,--  
A line of black that bends and floats  
On the rising tide, like a bridge of boats.

Meanwhile, impatient to mount and ride,  
Booted and spurred, with a heavy stride  
On the opposite shore walked Paul Revere.  
Now he patted his horse's side,  
Now gazed at the landscape far and near,  
Then, impetuous, stamped the earth,  
And turned and tightened his saddle girth;  
But mostly he watched with eager search  
The belfry-tower of the Old North Church,  
As it rose above the graves on the hill,  
Lonely and spectral and sombre and still.  
And lo! as he looks, on the belfry's height  
A glimmer, and then a gleam of light!  
He springs to the saddle, the bridle he turns,  
But lingers and gazes, till full on his sight  
A second lamp in the belfry burns!

A hurry of hoofs in a village street,  
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,  
And beneath, from the pebbles, in passing, a spark  
Struck out by a steed flying fearless and fleet:  
That was all! And yet, through the gloom and the light,  
The fate of a nation was riding that night;  
And the spark struck out by that steed, in his flight,  
Kindled the land into flame with its heat.

He has left the village and mounted the steep,  
And beneath him, tranquil and broad and deep,  
Is the Mystic, meeting the ocean tides;  
And under the alders, that skirt its edge,  
Now soft on the sand, now loud on the ledge,  
Is heard the tramp of his steed as he rides.

It was twelve by the village clock,  
When he crossed the bridge into Medford town.  
He heard the crowing of the cock,  
And the barking of the farmer's dog,  
And felt the damp of the river fog,  
That rises after the sun goes down.

It was one by the village clock,  
When he galloped into Lexington.  
He saw the gilded weathercock  
Swim in the moonlight as he passed,  
And the meeting-house windows, blank and bare,  
Gaze at him with a spectral glare,  
As if they already stood aghast  
At the bloody work they would look upon.

It was two by the village clock,  
When he came to the bridge in Concord town.  
He heard the bleating of the flock,  
And the twitter of birds among the trees,  
And felt the breath of the morning breeze  
Blowing over the meadows brown.  
And one was safe and asleep in his bed  
Who at the bridge would be first to fall,  
Who that day would be lying dead,  
Pierced by a British musket-ball.



He watched with eager search the belfry tower.

So through the night rode Paul Revere;  
And so through the night went his cry of alarm  
To every Middlesex village and farm,—  
A cry of defiance and not of fear,  
A voice in the darkness, a knock at the door,  
And a word that shall echo forevermore!  
For, borne on the night-wind of the Past,  
Through all our history, to the last,  
In the hour of darkness and peril and need,  
The people will waken and listen to hear  
The hurrying hoof-beats of that steed,  
And the midnight message of Paul Revere.

#### INTERLUDE.

THE Landlord ended thus his tale,  
Then rising took down from its nail  
The sword that hung there, dim with dust,  
And cleaving to its sheath with rust,  
And said, "This sword was in the fight."  
The Poet seized it, and exclaimed,  
"It is the sword of a good knight,  
Though horseshoan was his coat-of-mail;  
What matter if it be not named  
Joyeuse, Colado, Durindale,  
Excalibar, or Aroundight,

Or other name the books record?  
Your ancestor, who bore this sword  
As Colonel of the Volunteers,  
Mounted upon his old gray mare,  
Seen here and there and everywhere,  
To me a grander shape appears  
Than old Sir William, or what not,  
Clinking about in foreign lands,  
With iron gauntlets on his hands,  
And on his head an iron pot!"

All laughed; the Landlord's face grew red  
As his escutcheon on the wall;  
He could not comprehend at all  
The drift of what the Poet said;  
For those who had been longest dead  
Were always greatest in his eyes;  
And he was speechless with surprise  
To see Sir William's plumed head  
Brought to a level with the rest,  
And made the subject of a jest.  
And this perceiving, to appease  
The Landlord's wrath, the others' fears,  
The Student said, with careless ease,  
"The ladies and the cavaliers,  
The arms, the loves, the courtesies,  
The deeds of high enterprise, I sing!  
Thus Ariosto says, in words

You know the rest. In the books you have read,  
How the British Regulars fired and fled,—  
How the farmers gave them ball for ball,  
From behind each fence and farm-yard wall,  
Chasing the red-coats down the lane,  
Then crossing the fields to emerge again  
Under the trees at the turn of the road,  
And only pausing to fire and load.

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