

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.
Then he climbed to
the tower of the church, Up 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.
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.
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