

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."

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Then he said "Blood-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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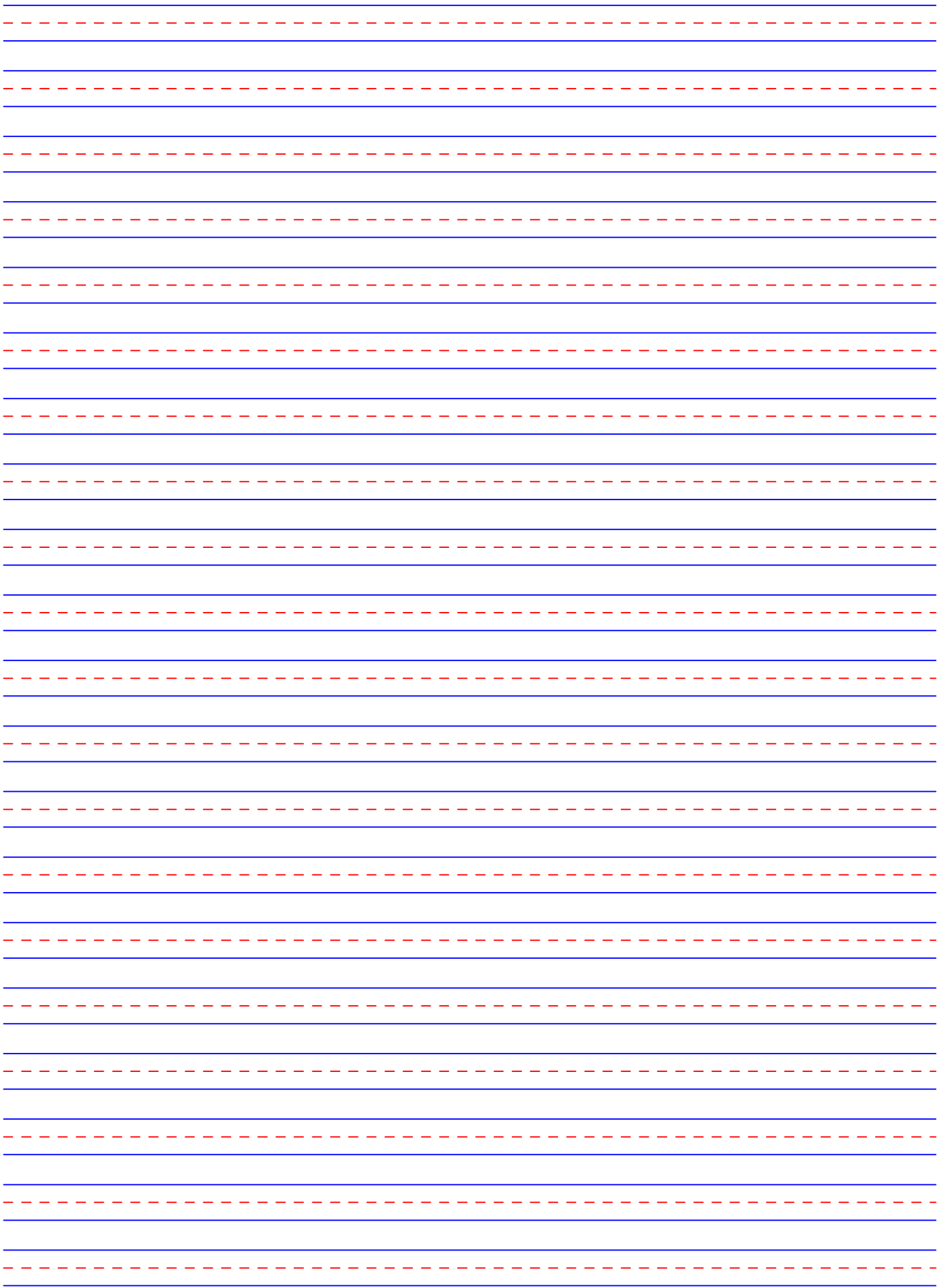
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Then he climbed the tower of the Old  
North Church,

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.

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