tlistent ang schitazoon zanat agou schatt faan
Of the midnight wide of Paul Revere,
Constant sighteenth of Apoliticin
davondy-live;
Haradhy air maani ila maaar adimee
Althornementaris that famous day and apart
He said the his friend; "Af the British march
By thand or treat from the thours to raight,
Hang zo thanderen schoft ibni dhe ibelfing iareti
Of the Both Chiptch tourer in airpedition
light
One if by band, and two if by sec:
<u>And I for the apposite show with he,</u>
Ready to taide sand equipated the salarme
Through terroup Middheen arthogo tendi
-Fort-that acountry-folk-to-the-up-amat-to
<i>xoam</i> ."

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;
τ 10 1 0 00 1 0
For the country-folk to be up and to
zvm."

Listen my children and you shall hear
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere.
On the eighteenth of April, in
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arm."



-Then the wata" stroat-might "- wout wath
<u>muillaut-ouv</u>
se Seltendlej invented to the Charbakann who et :
*
Jaki za ithe impore incret to recithe thay,
Atthene sauringing wither at their moordings lag-
The Sanazast, thitish man of unar;
<u> Ar zahavntomu sehipo, razithu zaoch zmaest zanedi sepazu i</u>
<u> Azzassi the imporitike iz prazoni hari i i i i i i i i i i i i i i i i i i </u>
<u> And at large black lark, drak roms magnified</u>
By tibs to une reflection the didet.
Ti baanaudube, daa febenah shuzragki salbeg zonzh
Ti bearaichthe, him peòmat thræagh albeg zonzt
Thandens and workfoo, with pager pars,
Handenz zmitzonbilus, zistki zagen zanz, Sittim tiluszitunz zanzanai lime he locanz She muziten af menszit tilus bozonaik dizos;
Henrederes and weather, with vager vare, Hittim the sitemes are the house the fears. He muster of ment at the boward teams of feet.

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:
<i>U</i>
a phantom ship, with each mast and spar
Arrons the more tike
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	measure	d tread	of the g	renad	iers,
Marchin	rg down t	o their	boats or	r the 2	shore.

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 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.



-Them the adiminal that thousen of the Old
Ttorthe-Chanade,
By the wooden stairs, with skealthy trocad;
To the below chamber overland,
Amd whathed the pigeme fram their peach
Om the rombre rafters, that rowed him:
<i>zavad</i> z
Htaaaro zonit imzortny ishazos i of izhadzi,
Bry the boombling ladder, where word tall,
To the highest window in the world;
Where he paused to distent and bok down -
a moment on the wolfs of the town
And the montight flaving were all

Then he climbed the tower of the Old
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.

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
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Masses and moving shapes of shade
By the trembling ladder, steep and tall.
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