

Annotate
Thursday

- ethnos
- pathos
- logos

- lyric poem
- meant to be remembered.
- [Epic Poem]

older wiser
narrator
(ethnos)

Paul Revere's Ride

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

1775

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.

- passed down story

- no one is alive to know what happened (1860)
remember sacrifices

directions
for signal

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."

Imagery

Metaphor
of British
power &
perception

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.

personification - quiet
↳ wrap cloth around it

establishes tension + fear "phantom ship"
bring ghost / death
Simile → connection to Prison / Slavery on colonists

alliteration

parallelism

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.

assonance

- scary British soldier

personification

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.

- Secretive mission

- old church

establishes mood for reader / listener (spooky / dangerous mission)

so great!!

Beneath, in the churchyard, lay the dead, R
In their night encampment on the hill, S
Wrapped in silence so deep and still S
That he could hear, like a sentinel's tread, R
The watchful night-wind, as it went T
Creeping along from tent to tent, T
And seeming to whisper, "All is well!" S
A moment only he feels the spell S
Of the place and the hour, and the secret dread R
Of the lonely belfry and the dead; R
For suddenly all his thoughts are bent T
On a shadowy something far away, U
Where the river widens to meet the bay, -- U
A line of black that bends and floats V
On the rising tide like a bridge of boats. V

- adds to mood (cemetery)

for fathers who died before them

- simile soldier to wind

troops to graves

church personified

snaps out of it

sea invasion

simile + alliteration

Shift to Paul Revere (from friend)

referencing footsteps

Paul Revere's actions

alliteration + polysyndeton

almost goes, but stops himself
by sea

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 he 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.

Climax

A hurry of hoots in a village street. → footsteps

A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,

And beneath, from the pebbles, in passing, a spark alliteration

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;

personification
foreshadow
metaphor
hyperbole

puts Revere as the fate

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.

alliteration
repetition

He is responsible

seeing + hearing
imagery

Soldier moving people into tents telling them everything will be okay

Wreckless passionate

tragedy

Symbolism
spark a fire
freedom
courage

river



= Paul Revere

- repetition of time to intro stanza legitimizes time frame for readers (even if it isn't true)

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.

repetition

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, black and bare,
Gaze at him with a spectral glare,
As if they already stood aghast
At the bloody work they would look upon.

foreshadows
Battle of
Lexington

personification

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 meadow 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.

- Sheep

foreshadow
imagery

pathos sacrifices
sad reality of first
person who will die

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 farmyard wall,
Chasing the redcoats 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.

Why is
this so
much shorter?
- American
pride
- emphasis on
stout courage

- recounting facts
about the battle
that happened the
next day

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 for evermore!
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.

What is that cry??
never tells us

tone: motivating
strength & determination

foreshadow

Logical that
this is a
story to
remember

strength
unity

alliteration

Symbolism of
America / freedom

We can have
comfort when in
peril that "his
words will come to us"