

He saw the gilded weathercock  
Swing 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.  
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.  
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.

—Paul Revere's Ride.

# Longfellow Souvenir



"Ye are better than all the ballads  
That ever were sung or said ;  
For ye are living poems,  
And all the rest are dead."

## School District No. 25

Utica Township,  
Winona Co., Minn.

Sept. '99—June 1900.

Sarah T. O'Meara,

TEACHER.

Presented to

## Pupils.

Ruby I. Blair	Millard F. Blair
E. Pearl Conway	
Guy E. Conway	Pearl M. E. Heath
Jay B. Keeville	
Eva M. Gillman	Alice A. Lewis
Florence G. Lewis	
Ethel M. Lewis	Ira A. Lewis
S. Mabel Lewis	
Mary E. Murphy	Frances D. Murphy
Charles W. Perry	
John Stackhouse	Maude Wilmot
Grace Wilmot	
George W. Zilsberger	Theresia Zilsberger
Flossie Wilmot	
Alice E. Frisby	Kate C. Frisby
Ray F. Frisby	
Robert W. Frisby	Amelia A. Neumann
John Swanson	