

The Ride of William Dawes

by Mary J. Gladhill

Listen, my children, for oft you will hear
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere
But now, if you will but pause,
You shall here the tale of William Dawes.

When the lights of the Old North Church flashed out
Paul Revere was waiting about,
But Dawes was already on his way
To warn the farmers of the coming fray.

Through the still night down Washington street
He rode on his steed, swift and fleet.
Through Roxbury and Brighton rode he in haste.
Swift as a courser in a chase.

It was eleven by the village clock
When Dawes rode into Cambridge town;
Through the silent streets he sped.
Rousing the patriots from their beds.

It was twelve when he reached old Arlington town;
Like a flash he sped o'er the village down,
Warning the farmers of every farm
That then was the time to be up and arm.

It was half-past one when, fleet as a deer.
Down the country road dashed Paul Revere;
Patriots both, for the same cause,
Together they rode to warn Concord.

Swiftly they rode, that fateful morning.
Till Revere was surrounded, without a warning.
By the British redcoats.
As new day was dawning.

Over a stone wall jumped Dawes' faithful horse
To help his master make up for the lost,
The sparks from his hoof beats flashed
As over the sand and rocks he passed.

Into Concord town he galloped in speed
To give the warning all would heed,
He made the courthouse bell ring clear,
So all the people the message would hear.

That was the ride of William Dawes.
Who risked his life in liberty's cause.
So also should this patriot's name
Be written with Revere's in the hall of fame.