



STUDY GUIDE

WHO WAS PAUL REVERE AND WHY SHOULD YOU CARE?

KEY TERMS:

Paul Revere
abolitionist

heritage
noble

courier
nation

NOTE-TAKING COLUMN: Complete this section during the video. Include definitions and key terms.

Where was the flashpoint of the American Revolutionary War?

What did Paul Revere do on the night of April 18th, 1775?

Which magazine first published “Paul Revere’s Ride” by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow in 1861?

CUE COLUMN: Complete this section after the video.

Why is remembering Paul Revere’s ride so important?

What can art, like Longfellow’s poem, do for a nation?

DISCUSSION & REVIEW QUESTIONS:

- Towards the beginning of the video, Mr. Metaxas asks if the viewers know about Paul Revere or the Longfellow poem commemorating his ride, then states, “If you’re under, say, 30, I’m going to guess that the answer to both of these questions might be no. This is a very serious problem, but it’s not your fault... because no one bothered to teach you about this courageous man and the great American poet who made him famous. It seems professional educators decided that other topics were more important to your education. But they made a mistake. A big one.” Why do you think that the story of Paul Revere is not made into as high a learning priority as it should be? Why do you think that Mr. Metaxas characterizes this curricular diminishment as a big mistake and ‘a very serious problem?’
- Mr. Metaxas largely answers this last question by explaining that, “The story of Paul Revere is part of our heritage. It and countless other stories like it unite us as a distinct people with a shared noble past. They also inspire us and stir national pride. These are good things—vital to the future of the country.” Do you think that historical stories still inspire the young people of today? Why or why not? How much do you think that the progressive agenda of promoting ‘equality’ and ‘political correctness’ over the value of freedom interferes with young people developing national pride and accepting national pride as a positive trait without a racial component? Explain. Why do you think that Mr. Metaxas believes historical stories are ‘vital to the future of the country?’
- Later, Mr. Metaxas shares with us that, “It [Longfellow’s poem] is doing what all great art does: it calls us to think of ourselves as part of something larger—as part of something noble, beautiful, good and true.” What do you think Mr. Metaxas means by this?
- Mr. Metaxas further points out that, “The men like Paul Revere who fought in the American Revolution were not merely fighting for themselves and for their families, but something far beyond that – for a new kind of nation. The men who fought to free the slaves in the Civil War renewed that promise.” In what ways did their fighting, in both cases, make the United States a ‘new kind of nation?’
- Towards the end of the video, Mr. Metaxas contends that, “If we forget these brave men, we forget what they stood for and therefore we will forget what America means. And just like an individual who has lost his memory no longer knows who he is, a nation or a people that loses its memory no longer knows who they are.” What do you think these men stood for? What do you think Mr. Metaxas is referring to when stating that ‘we will forget what America means?’ How do you think a nation can best keep from ‘losing its memory?’

EXTEND THE LEARNING:

CASE STUDY: Paul Revere's Ride

INSTRUCTIONS: Read the article "Paul Revere's Ride by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow," then answer the questions that follow.

- What 'secret dread' does Paul Revere's friend feel in the poem? What caused the spark in the pebbles? Who chased the redcoats down the lane?
- In the last half of the last stanza, Longfellow writes:

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 do you think the meaning of this passage is? What do you think the 'message' of Paul Revere might be for people today?

- Do you think that the United States should keep from 'losing its memory?' Why or why not?



QUIZ

WHO WAS PAUL REVERE AND WHY SHOULD YOU CARE?

1. In which city did Paul Revere make his famous ride?
 - a. New York
 - b. Boston
 - c. Philadelphia
 - d. Los Angeles

2. Henry Wadsworth Longfellow's brilliant ballad about Paul Revere was an initial flop.
 - a. True
 - b. False

3. In the decades following Paul Revere's daring ride, _____.
 - a. many literary works were written about him.
 - b. Revere struggled financially and was destitute at the end of his life.
 - c. Revere pursued a successful career in politics.
 - d. history mostly forgot about him.

4. *Paul Revere's Ride* was written in response to what crisis in American history?
 - a. The Revolutionary War
 - b. The Civil War
 - c. World War II
 - d. The Cold War

5. The story of Paul Revere _____.
 - a. unites Americans.
 - b. inspires Americans.
 - c. stirs national pride.
 - d. All of the above.



QUIZ - ANSWER KEY

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Paul Revere's Ride

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

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."

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 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.

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.

Beneath, in the churchyard, lay the dead,
In their night encampment on the hill,
Wrapped in silence so deep and still
That he could hear, like a sentinel's tread,
The watchful night-wind, as it went
Creeping along from tent to tent,
And seeming to whisper, "All is well!"
A moment only he feels the spell
Of the place and the hour, and the secret dread
Of the lonely belfry and the dead;
For suddenly all his thoughts are bent
On a shadowy something far away,
Where the river widens to meet the bay,--
A line of black that bends and floats
On the rising tide like a bridge of boats.

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.

A hurry of hoofs in a village street,
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,
And beneath, from the pebbles, in passing, a spark
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;
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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.