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| **Paul Revere's Midnight Ride** Listen my children and you shall hearOf the midnight ride of Paul Revere,On the eighteenth of April, in Seventy-five;Hardly a man is now aliveWho remembers that famous day and year.He said to his friend, "If the British marchBy land or sea from the town to-night,Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry archOf 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 alarmThrough every Middlesex village and farm,For the country folk to be up and to arm."Then he said "Good-night!" and with muffled oarSilently rowed to the Charlestown shore,Just as the moon rose over the bay,Where swinging wide at her moorings layThe Somerset, British man-of-war;A phantom ship, with each mast and sparAcross the moon like a prison bar,And a huge black hulk, that was magnifiedBy its own reflection in the tide.Meanwhile, his friend through alley and streetWanders and watches, with eager ears,Till in the silence around him he hearsThe 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 perchOn the somber rafters, that round him madeMasses 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 downA moment on the roofs of the townAnd 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 stillThat he could hear, like a sentinel's tread,The watchful night-wind, as it wentCreeping along from tent to tent,And seeming to whisper, "All is well!"A moment only he feels the spellOf the place and the hour, and the secret dreadOf the lonely belfry and the dead;For suddenly all his thoughts are bentOn a shadowy something far away,Where the river widens to meet the bay,A line of black that bends and floatsOn the rising tide like a bridge of boats.Meanwhile, impatient to mount and ride,Booted and spurred, with a heavy strideOn 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 searchThe 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 heightA glimmer, and then a gleam of light!He springs to the saddle, the bridle he turns,But lingers and gazes, till full on his sightA 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 sparkStruck 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 clockWhen 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 weathercockSwim 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 aghastAt 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 breezeBlowing over the meadow brown.And one was safe and asleep in his bedWho 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 readHow 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 againUnder 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 alarmTo 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 hearThe hurrying hoof-beats of that steed,And the midnight message of Paul Revere. | **《保罗·里维尔的午夜狂奔》**来听听我的孩子们，你们应该听听，听听保罗雷维尔午夜的奔骑，在那一七七五年的四月十八；还活着的人们，多已忘记，著名的那一年的那一天。他对他的朋友说：“要是英国人来了，今夜从城里出发，走陆路或走水路，请在钟楼上高挂明灯，在北教堂的塔楼作信号，一盏是陆路，两盏是水路；我会在对岸上等候，准备好奔骑，四处发出警报，跑遍每一个梅都塞克思的村落和田野，叫乡下的兄弟们武装起自己。 然后他道了声“晚安”，伴着压低的桨声悄悄划向查尔斯镇的岸上，月亮刚好升上海湾，在她停泊处猛烈地摇摆那是英国人的战船——索默塞特号；一艘幽灵般的战船，每一条桅与杆都像监狱的栅栏，穿过月亮，巨大的黑色船体，被自己的倒影在风浪中放大。此时，他的朋友，穿过大街和小巷探头探脑，竖起自己的耳朵，直到寂静包围中的他，听见兵营的门口士兵在集结，武器在碰撞，脚步在跺踏，还有那榴弹兵整齐的步伐，向他们岸边的战船在进前。他爬上老北教堂的塔楼，通过木楼梯，轻手轻脚，朝着头上的钟室，把鸽子们惊起它们栖息在阴暗的屋檐之上，现在在他的身旁盘绕一片混乱，影子恍惚，通过危而陡耸的梯子，爬上墙身最高的窗子，他在那儿一动也不动，四下里看探竖耳探听俯瞰着镇子的各个屋顶月光洒在这一切之上。下面的墓地里死尸们静躺，在他们夜营的小山之上，包裹在幽深的静止当中，他听见，仿佛一个哨兵的脚步之声，是那警惕的午夜的风，在营地的帐篷间踱步，似乎还在耳语，“一切正常！”有那么一会儿他中了邪一样这样的时间，这样地点，神秘而恐慌孤寂的钟楼和死尸；突然间他回到现实看见远处有东西时隐时现，在那大河的入海之处，一条黑线弯弯地浮起在涨潮时的浪尖上像是小船间的搭桥。与此同时，急待着蹬马狂奔，穿好马靴，上好马刺，迈着沉重的大步保罗雷维尔在对岸上徘徊。他时而拍拍马肩，时而注视远近的地标，然后猛跺几脚地面，然后转身系紧马鞍上的肚带；然而大部分的时间他急切地扫视老北教堂塔楼的钟室，在山坡的墓地之上，孤独，诡异，幽暗，死寂。啊！他看见了！在钟室的高处闪了一下，然后亮起了微光！他跳上马鞍，调转马头，但是他仍原地等候着，注视着，直到在他的视线里燃起了第二盏明灯。村庄的街道上急促的马蹄行过，月影中的轮廓，黑夜中的块头，经过的时候，在它身下，在石块之中，一个火星被无畏的狂奔的战马激起；就是这样！穿过黑暗，穿过光明，一个国家的命运在那一夜奔行；他飞过时激起的火星，以它的热量燃起了整个大地。他离开村庄翻山越岭，在他身下，是安宁，深邃，广阔，神秘的大洋的浪花；在围绕着它的赤杨树之下，时而轻扶沙滩，时而在暗礁上吼叫，那也能听见他骏马的奔腾。当村子的钟指向十二点钟，他跨过大桥进入梅德福镇，他听见公鸡的啼鸣，他听见农夫的狗叫，他感到河雾的潮湿，在日落后慢慢升起。当村子的钟指向一点钟，他飞奔入莱克星顿村。他看见镀金的风向标在他经过的时候在月光中浮漂，还有那集结地的窗，漆黑而空，看着他，带着幽灵般的目光，仿佛它们已经承受了惊恐出于它们将要面对的血腥。当村子的钟指向两点钟，他来到了通往康德镇的桥边。他听见了羊群的咩咩，还有林间鸟儿的叫嚷，感受到清晨的微风，在焦黄的草场上吹过。那人还在安稳地睡着，桥上第一个倒下的那个，那一天将要倒地身亡的那个，将被英国人的枪弹刺穿的那个。你们知道故事的后半段。在你们读过的那些书中英国兵是如何开火又逃走，农户们是如何以牙还牙，在每个篱笆和院墙身后，通过小巷去追击龙虾兵，然后穿过田地重新集结，在小路的拐弯处的树下，只在开枪和装弹时才会停下。通过保罗雷维尔午夜的奔骑，通过深夜里他呼喊的警笛，在整个梅都塞克思的村落和田里，那是反抗的叫喊，而非恐惧的叫声，一个黑暗中的声音，一阵门上的敲动，一句应当永世回荡的话语！因为那发自于过往午夜之风的声音，那穿越我们历史，直到永远的声音，在黑暗，受迫，被需要的时刻，能够唤醒人们起来聆听那骏马奔腾地急行，那保罗雷维尔午夜的呼声。 |