I am a wandering, bitter shade,  
Never of me was a hero made;  
Poets have never sung my praise,  
Nobody crowned my brow with bays;  
And if you ask me the fatal cause,  
I answer only, "My name was Dawes"

'Tis all very well for the children to hear  
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere;  
But why should my name be quite forgot,  
Who rode as boldly and well, God wot?  
Why should I ask? The reason is clear --  
My name was Dawes and his Revere.

When the lights from the old North Church flashed out,  
Paul Revere was waiting about,  
But I was already on my way.  
The shadows of night fell cold and gray  
As I rode, with never a break or a pause;  
But what was the use, when my name was Dawes!

*Directions: Answer the following questions in complete sentences on the back of this paper.*

1. *What is the tone of the poem?*
2. *Who is William Dawes?*
3. *What does he do?*
4. *Why is he sad?*
5. *Why does Dawes believe he is not remembered?*

History rings with his silvery name;  
Closed to me are the portals of fame.  
Had he been Dawes and I Revere,  
No one had heard of him, I fear.  
No one has heard of me because  
He was Revere and I was Dawes.

I am a wandering, bitter shade,  
Never of me was a hero made;  
Poets have never sung my praise,  
Nobody crowned my brow with bays;  
And if you ask me the fatal cause,  
I answer only, "My name was Dawes"

'Tis all very well for the children to hear  
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere;  
But why should my name be quite forgot,  
Who rode as boldly and well, God wot?  
Why should I ask? The reason is clear --  
My name was Dawes and his Revere.

When the lights from the old North Church flashed out,  
Paul Revere was waiting about,  
But I was already on my way.  
The shadows of night fell cold and gray  
As I rode, with never a break or a pause;  
But what was the use, when my name was Dawes!

History rings with his silvery name;  
Closed to me are the portals of fame.  
Had he been Dawes and I Revere,  
No one had heard of him, I fear.  
No one has heard of me because  
He was Revere and I was Dawes.