

Go to Sleep, Paul Revere!

Allan Sherman

As the clock struck twelve that fateful night
In the town of Boston, Mass.,
Our forefathers were sound asleep, of course;
From beneath their windows came a noise
That almost broke the glass:
'Twas a wild-eyed horseman on a breathless horse.
So our forefathers called out, "Who goes here?"
And the horseman answered, "Paul Revere."

So our forefathers climbed out of bed,
And they went to the window and said:

Go to sleep, go to sleep, Paul Revere;
Please don't make all that noise around here!
How can we rest, when, from down in the street
Comes the clomping and the stomping
Of your horse's big feet?

Go away, or I'll call the police,
And report you're disturbing the peace!
Stop horsing around in the dark of the night;
Tell those people at the Old North Church
To turn out that light!

Whatever you're trying to say, it'll keep;
Go to sleep, Paul Revere, go to sleep!

Are you planning to stay until dawn?
Won't you please get that horse off my lawn?
You're drunk and disorderly, feeling your oats,
Tell those strangers behind you
To take off those silly red coats!

Why, you're carrying on like the British were here;
Go to sleep, go to sleep, Paul Revere!
Go to sleep, go to sleep, Paul Revere!
Go to sleep, go to sleep, Paul Revere!
Go to sleep, go to sleep, Paul Revere!

The King will hear of this!