



Old North Church (Toasted Coconut Porter)

We are pleased to introduce the “Old North Church.” Incorporating a rich blend of specialty malt grains and toasted coconut, this specialty beer will be a delight if you love the taste of fresh toasted coconut and porter style beers!

We are pleased to dedicate this beer to an iconic feature of American Revolutionary history - the Old North Church in Boston, Massachusetts.

Founded in 1722, the Old North Church is Boston’s oldest surviving church building and one of its most popular historic sites.

It is most famous for the role it played in the American Revolution on the evening of April 18, 1775. That night, church sexton Robert Newman and vestryman



Capt. John Pulling, Jr. climbed the steeple and lit two lanterns to signal that the British were marching to Lexington and Concord by sea (across the Charles River), rather than by land. This served as the spark to Paul Revere’s famous midnight ride (which we now know

is a riveting blend of legend and fact), and the start of the American Revolution.

Newman and Pulling quietly entered Old North and carefully climbed to the top of the church’s bell tower. They briefly hung two lan-

terns near the windows and made their escape. By the end of the next night, the American Revolutionary War had begun.

According to an account by Paul Revere, on the night of April 18, 1775, he “called upon a friend, and desired him to make the Signals.” That friend was John Pulling, and Pulling, with the assistance of Robert Newman, secretly fulfilled Revere’s request. The signal was arranged just days before: One lantern if British regular troops march out of Boston by land, two if they depart by boats across the river. Revere himself was waiting for this signal. He arranged the signal because it would be the fastest and most reliable means to send warning outside Boston. After conferring with Pulling, Revere got on a boat, and carefully rowed to Charlestown past a British warship. There were many opportunities where Revere could have been detained or arrested before even getting on horseback.



See Henry Wadsworth Longfellow’s poem (Paul Revere’s Ride) on the reverse side>>>

Paul Revere's Ride

by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow (1807 – 1882)

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 to the tower of the church,
Up 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 gazed on 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!

** There are seven more stanzas that won't fit here
-to read the entire poem, go to this URL:

<http://oldnorth.com/longfellows-poem-paul-reveres-ride/>