

**EVANGELINE, A
TALE OF ACADIE.
SIXTH EDITION**

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Evangeline, a Tale of Acadie. Sixth Edition by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

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HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

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BY

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

SIXTH EDITION.

BOSTON:

WILLIAM D. TICKNOR & COMPANY.

1848.

PART THE FIRST.

THIS is the forest primeval. The murmuring
 pines and the hemlocks,
Bearded with moss, and in garments green, indis-
 tinct in the twilight,
Stand like Druids of old, with voices sad and
 prophetic,
Stand like harpers hoar, with beards that rest on
 their bosoms.
Loud from its rocky caverns, the deep-voiced
 neighbouring ocean

Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the
wail of the forest.

This is the forest primeval ; but where are the
hearts that beneath it
Leaped like the roe, when he hears in the wood-
land the voice of the huntsman ?
Where is the thatch-roofed village, the home of
Acadian farmers, —
Men whose lives glided on like rivers that water
the woodlands,
Darkened by shadows of earth, but reflecting an
image of heaven ?
Waste are those pleasant farms, and the farmers
forever departed !
Scattered like dust and leaves, when the mighty
blasts of October
Seize them, and whirl them aloft, and sprinkle
them far o'er the ocean.

Naught but tradition remains of the beautiful vil-
lage of Grand-Pré.

Ye who believe in affection that hopes, and
endures, and is patient,
Ye who believe in the beauty and strength of
woman's devotion,
List to the mournful tradition still sung by the
pines of the forest ;
List to a Tale of Love in Acadie, home of the
happy.

I.

In the Acadian land, on the shores of the Basin
of Minas,
Distant, secluded, still, the little village of Grand-
Pré
Lay in the fruitful valley. Vast meadows
stretched to the eastward,
Giving the village its name, and pasture to flocks
without number.
Dikes, that the hands of the farmers had raised
with labor incessant,
Shut out the turbulent tides ; but at stated
seasons the flood-gates