

**EVANGELINE: COURTSHIP
OF MILES STANDISH.
FAVORITE POEMS**

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Evangeline: Courtship of Miles Standish. Favorite Poems by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

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HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

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OF MILES STANDISH.
FAVORITE POEMS**

No 26

Modern Classics.

EVANGELINE.
COURTSHIP OF MILES STANDISH.
FAVORITE POEMS.

BY
HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

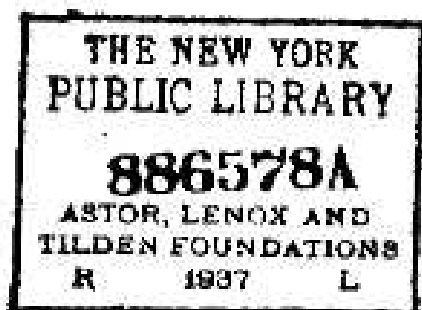
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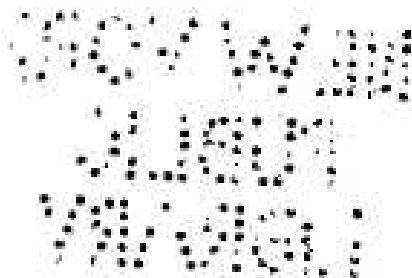
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EVANGELINE.



SCOTT & BROWN, N. Y.



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EVANGELINE.

A TALE OF ACADIE.

THIS is the forest primeval. The murmuring pines and the hemlocks,
Bearded with moss, and in garments green,
Indistinct in the twilight,
Stand like Druids of eld, with voices sad and prophetic,
Stand like harpers hoar, with beards that rest on their bosoms.
Loud from its rocky caverns, the deep-voiced neighboring ocean
Speaks, and in accents discousolate 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 woodland 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
village 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.





PART THE FIRST.

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 sea-
sons the flood-gates
Opened, and welcomed the sea to wander at will
o'er the meadows.
West and south there were fields of flax, and
orchards and cornfields
Spreading afar and unfenced o'er the plain; and
away to the northward
Blomidon rose, and the forests old, and aloft on
the mountains
Sea-fogs pitched their tents, and mists from the
mighty Atlantic
Looked on the happy valley, but ne'er from their
station descended.
There, in the midst of its farms, reposed the
Acadian village.