

EVANGELINE: A TALE OF ACADIE

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Evangeline: A Tale of Acadie by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow & Geo. M. Hill

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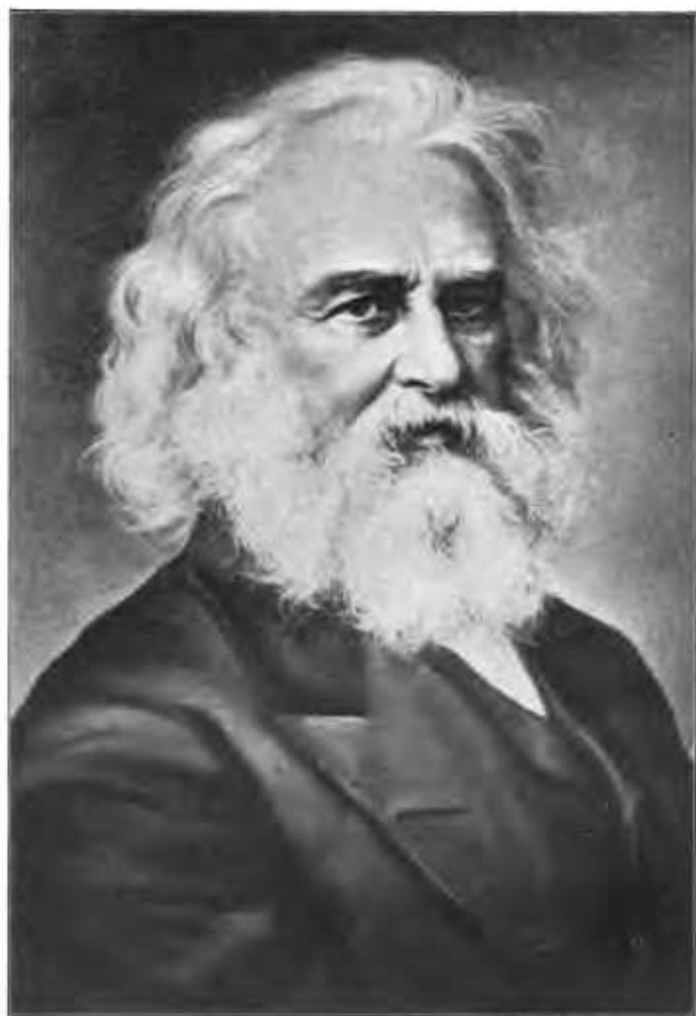
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HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW & GEO. M. HILL

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HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

EVANGELINE

A TALE OF ACADIE

BY

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

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Walter B. Briggs

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EVANGELINE.



HIS 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 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 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.
Nought but tradition remains of the beautiful
village of Grand-Pré.



Ye who believe in affection that hopes, and en-
dures, 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.

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