

# **EVANGELINE, A TALE OF ACADIE**

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Evangeline, a Tale of Acadie by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

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**HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW**

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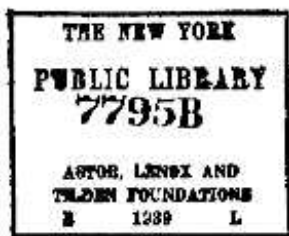
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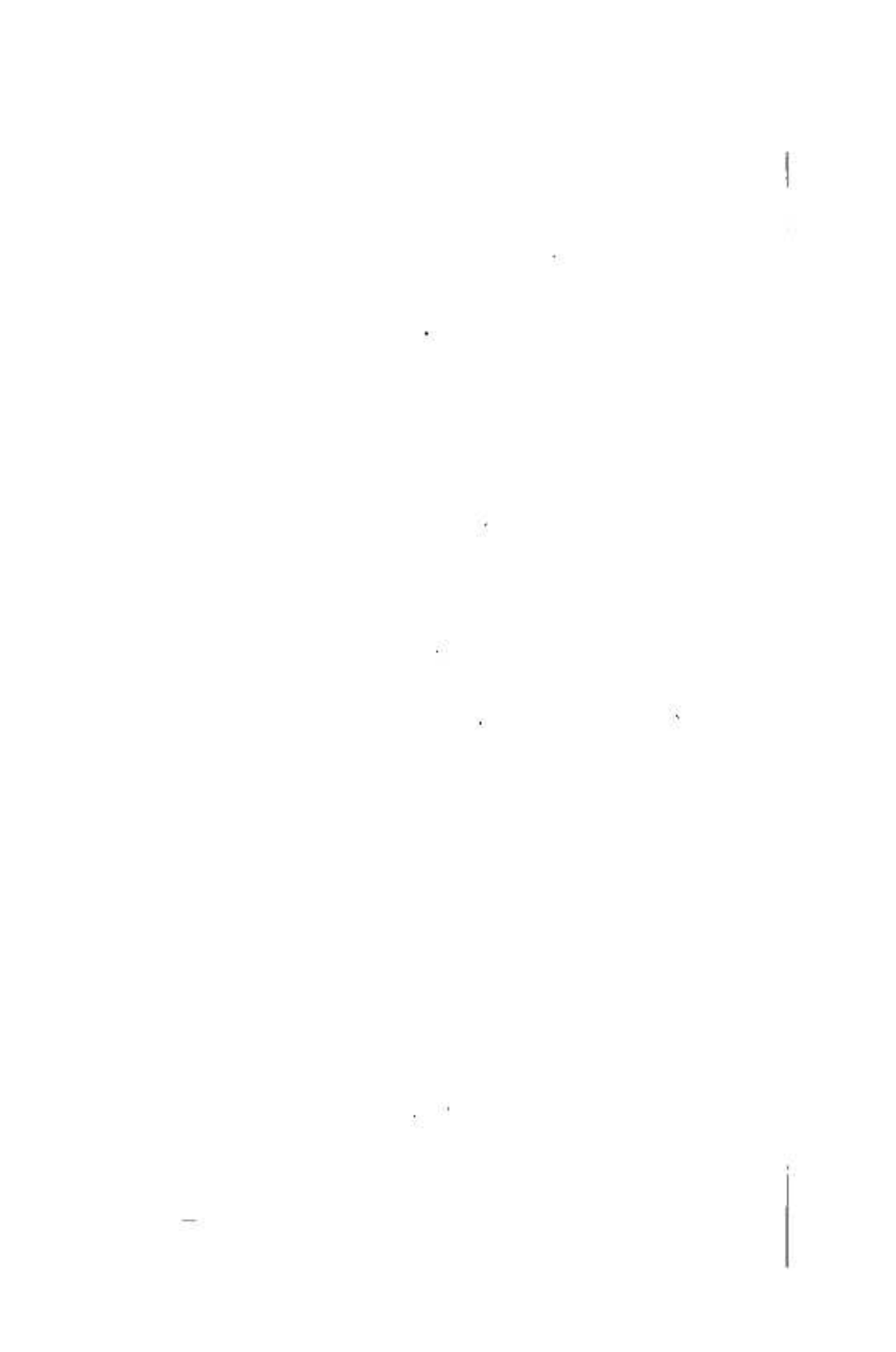


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## EVANGELINE.

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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 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  
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.