

Strutted the lordly turkey, and crowed the cock,
with the selfsame

Voice that in ages of old had startled the peni-
tent Peter.

Bursting with hay were the barns, themselves a
village. In each one

Far o'er the gable projected a roof of thatch;
and a staircase,

Under the sheltering eaves, led up to the odorous
corn-loft.

There too the dove-cot stood, with its meek and
innocent inmates

Murmuring ever of love ; while above in the
variant breezes

Numberless noisy weathercocks rattled and sang
of mutation.

Thus, at peace with God and the world, the
farmer of Grand-Pré