

A BLAST FROM THE SHELL

Would you feel nature's beauty, and revel in ancient tradition?
Do you long for a bath in the yielding embrace of the ocean?
Are you tired and dry as the dust on the streets of the city?
Come, let me persuade you to visit Acadian waters.

If you wish for the briniest sweetness with limitless sand-dunes,
Come on to the Gem of the Gulf, known as Prince Edward Island;
But would you have scenery steeped in pathetic traditions,
Then stop on your way at the dyke-lands, remaining at Wolfville.

For here, as of old, lie the blossoming orchards and meadows,
With Blomidon rising to northward, just over the Basin;
And here you may walk to Grand Pré, where she sleeps in seclusion,
Or drive to Cornwallis, and gaze from the brow of the look-off.

The willows are near, and the well, where so many have sauntered,
Free from all care, as the bobolinks singing at sunset,
Over the dyke to Evangeline Beach, where friend Patriquin
Holds out a welcome as hearty as ever did Benedict.

