

650 And like the day of doom it seemed to her waver-  
ing senses.  
Then a familiar voice she heard, as it said to the  
people,—  
“Let us bury him here by the sea. When a  
happier season  
Brings us again to our homes from the unknown  
land of our exile,  
Then shall his sacred dust be piously laid in the  
churchyard.”  
655 Such were the words of the priest. And there in  
haste by the sea-side,  
Having the glare of the burning village for funeral  
torches,  
But without bell or book, they buried the farmer  
of Grand-Pré.  
And as the voice of the priest repeated the service  
of sorrow,  
Lo ! with a mournful sound like the voice of a  
vast congregation,  
660 Solemnly answered the sea, and mingled its roar  
with the dirges.  
’T was the returning tide, that afar from the waste  
of the ocean,  
With the first dawn of the day, came heaving and  
hurrying landward.  
Then recommenced once more the stir and noise of  
embarking ;  
And with the ebb of the tide the ships sailed out  
of the harbour,  
665 Leaving behind them the dead on the shore, and  
the village in ruins.