

This is the old Acadian shore
Prized by the poet more and more
As he lives in the loves and hopes, and hears
Silvery strains from the silent years.

Long ere the Frenchmen drove away
The cruel tides from the fair Grand Pré,
And bound the dykes like emerald bands
Round the Acadian meadow lands,

The Micmac sailed in his birch canoe
Over the Basin calm and blue,
With salmon spear to the lakeside crept,
Then by his wigwam fire slept.

Far in the depths of the forest gray
Hunted the moose the livelong day;
While the Micmac mother crooned to her child
Forest folk-songs weird and wild.

Over the tribe with jealous eye
Watched the Great Spirit from on high;
In the purple mists of Blomidon
The god-man, Glooscap, had his throne.