

- 15 Naught but tradition remains of the beautiful
village 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.

PART THE FIRST

I.

- 20 In the Acadian land, on the shores of the Basin of
Minas,
Distant, secluded, still, the little village of Grand-
Pré
Lay in the fruitful valley. Vast meadows stretched
to the eastward,
Giving the village its name, and pasture to flocks
without number.
Dikes, that the hands of the farmers had raised
with labour incessant,
25 Shut out the turbulent tides ; but at stated seasons
the flood-gates
Opened and welcomed the sea to wander at will
o'er the meadows.
West and south there were fields of flax, and
orchards and cornfields
Spreading afar and unfenced o'er the plain ; and
away to the northward