

Found the lithe and dark-skinned Micmac,  
In his birch canoe,  
Paddling down his *Magapskegechk*  
To the Basin blue,  
Little dreaming of the presence  
Of the Indian's pale-faced foe  
Singing unmelodious boat-songs  
On the winding Gaspereau.

Midst the brushwood and the rushes  
And the trembling ferns,  
Where the River, sighing, singing,  
Speeds with many turns  
Through the gateway of the mountains  
Toward the meadows far below,  
On they crept in silent wonder  
By the sun-kissed Gaspereau.

These were days of dream and legend,  
Continents were new,  
Here the humble Norman peasants  
Into poets grew;  
From their roaming in the forest  
Claude, René, and Theriot