

## EVANGELINE.

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### Prelude.

THIS is the forest primeval. The murmuring pines and  
the hemlocks,  
Bearded with moss, and in garments green, indistinct in  
the twilight,  
Stand like Druids of old, with voices sad and prophetic,  
Stand like harpers hoar, with beards that rest on their  
bosoms.  
Loud from its rocky caverns, the deep-voiced neighbouring  
ocean 5  
Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail of the  
forest.

This is the forest primeval; but where are the hearts that  
beneath it  
Leaped like the roe, when he hears in the woodland the  
voice of the huntsman?  
Where is the thatch-roofed village, the home of Acadian  
farmers, —  
Men whose lives glided on like rivers that water the wood-  
lands, 10  
Darkened by shadows of earth, but reflecting an image of  
heaven?  
Waste are those pleasant farms, and the farmers for ever  
departed!  
Scattered like dust and leaves, when the mighty blasts of  
October  
Seize them, and whirl them aloft, and sprinkle them far  
o'er the ocean.  
Naught but tradition remains of the beautiful village of  
Grand-Pré. 15