

A relic of the fall of Beau Sejour,
And the last siege of fated Louisbourg,—
And, resting, told the legend, strange and rare,
Of those Acadians who sailed away
As into exile, leaving, far behind,
Grand-Pré in ashes, and their flocks and herds
Starving and masterless. How they arose,
Slaying their guard, then northward held their way,
And parted, some to seek their native France,
The rest to battle with the wilds again.

“An hundred years and twelve have passed away
Since, 'neath the chapel-roof of Grand-Pré, met
The yeomanry of Minas, fearing much,
But knowing naught deserving of the blow
That fell upon them, giving their broad fields
Back to the wilderness, themselves and theirs'
To dreary exile in a distant land:
Where e'en their speech was strange; their ancient faith,