

THE NAMING OF THE GASPEREAU.

ABOUT 1673.

NOW the rainbow tints of autumn
Deck the ancient hills
And the dreamy river saunters
Past the lazy mills,
Let us seek the murmuring forest
Where the pines and hemlocks grow
And a thousand fringed shadows
Fall upon the Gaspereau.

When the old Acadian farmers,
Sailing up the Bay,
Landed with their goods and cattle
On the fair Grand Pré,
Wandering through the ancient forest
Claude, René, and Theriot,
In a vale of matchless beauty
Found the River Gaspereau.