

You sung, and on the boughs that bent
Above our heads the little birds
Would cease their songs: they seemed intent
To catch the meaning of your words:
You Laughed, the very frowns would smile
To hear a laugh so full of glee:
'Tis pity they were dumb the while,
My Little Maid of Acadie.

My Little Maid of Acadie,
Of all God's worlds the best is this:
So once you whispered, love, to me,
When over-flowed your heart with bliss:
Twas a sweet world through which we went,
A sweeter I've no wish to see;
Thank heaven for all the joys its lent
My Little Maid of Acadie.