

Thousands of throbbing hearts, where theirs are
rest and forever,

Thousands of aching brains, where theirs no longer
are busy,

Thousands of toiling hands, where theirs have
ceased from their labors,

Thousands of weary feet, where theirs have com-
pleted their journey!

1390 Still stands the forest primeval; but under the
shade of its branches

Dwells another race, with other customs and
language.

Only along the shore of the mournful and misty
Atlantic

Linger a few Acadian peasants, whose fathers
from exile

Wandered back to their native land to die in its
bosom.

1395 In the fisherman's cot the wheel and the loom are
still busy;

Maidens still wear their Norman caps and their
kirtles of homespun,

And by the evening fire repeat Evangeline's story,

While from its rocky caverns the deep-voiced,
neighboring ocean

Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the
wail of the forest.