













HENRY W. IONGFELIOW

"A national heroine." - The Beaver

A classic of romantic literature, *Evangeline* tells the story of a young Grand Pré couple separated by the Expulsion of the Acadians. From the cypress groves of Louisiana to the forests of the Ozarks and the plains of the Midwest, Evangeline's heroic lifelong search for Gabriel ends with their tragic reunion.

In 1841, the American poet Henry Wadsworth Longfellow first heard the story of the two Acadian lovers. He elaborated this simple tale into his long narrative poem. First published in 1847, *Evangeline* is one of the most affecting accounts of unfulfilled love ever written. In this edition, engravings from the 1866 Bell and Daldy edition illustrate Longfellow's moving poem.



A Tale of Acadie



HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW



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EVANGELINE



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 eld, with voices sad and prophetic,
Stand like harpers hoar, with beards that rest on their bosoms.
Loud from its rocky caverns, the deep-voiced neighboring ocean
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 woodlands, Darkened by shadows of earth, but reflecting an image of heaven? Waste are those pleasant farms, and the farmers forever 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.

Ye who believe in affection that hopes, and endures, and is patient, Ye who believe in the beauty and strength of woman's devotion, List to the mournful tradition still sung by the pines of the forest; List to a Tale of Love in Acadie, home of the happy.

PART THE FIRST





I

IN THE ACADIAN LAND, on the shores of the Basin of Minas, Distant, secluded, still, the little village of Grand-Pré Lay in the fruitful valley. Vast meadows stretched to the eastward, Giving the village its name, and pasture to flocks without number. Dikes, that the hands of the farmers had raised with labor

incessant,

Shut out the turbulent tides; but at stated seasons the flood-gates Opened, and welcomed the sea to wander at will o'er the meadows. West and south there were fields of flax, and orchards and cornfields

Spreading afar and unfenced o'er the plain; and away to the northward

Blomidon rose, and the forests old, and aloft on the mountains Sea-fogs pitched their tents, and mists from the mighty Atlantic Looked on the happy valley, but ne'er from their station descended. There, in the midst of its farms, reposed the Acadian village. Strongly built were the houses, with frames of oak and of chestnut,