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Baum Henry Kipling Doyle Henry Willis  
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# **The Children's Own Longfellow**

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

# Imprint

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[Illustration: THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS S.M. *Arthurs*

He wrapped her warm in his seaman's coat  
Against the stinging blast ]





## THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS

It was the schooner Hesperus,  
That sailed the wintry sea;  
And the skipper had taken his little daughter,  
To bear him company.

Blue were her eyes as the fairy-flax,  
Her cheeks like the dawn of day,  
And her bosom white as the hawthorn buds,  
That ope in the month of May.

The skipper he stood beside the helm,  
His pipe was in his mouth,  
And he watched how the veering flaw did blow  
The smoke now West, now South.

Then up and spake an old Sailor,  
Had sailed to the Spanish Main,  
"I pray thee, put into yonder port,  
For I fear a hurricane.

"Last night, the moon had a golden ring,  
And to-night no moon we see!"  
The skipper, he blew a whiff from his pipe,  
And a scornful laugh laughed he.

Colder and louder blew the wind,  
A gale from the Northeast,  
The snow fell hissing in the brine,  
And the billows frothed like yeast.

Down came the storm, and smote amain  
The vessel in its strength;  
She shuddered and paused, like a frightened steed,  
Then leaped her cable's length.

"Come hither! come hither! my little daughter,  
And do not tremble so;  
For I can weather the roughest gale  
That ever wind did blow."

He wrapped her warm in his seaman's coat  
Against the stinging blast;  
He cut a rope from a broken spar,  
And bound her to the mast.

"O father! I hear the church-bells ring,  
Oh say, what may it be?"  
"T is a fog-bell on a rock-bound coast!" —  
And he steered for the open sea.

"O father! I hear the sound of guns,  
Oh say, what may it be?"  
"Some ship in distress, that cannot live  
In such an angry sea!"

"O father! I see a gleaming light,  
Oh say, what may it be?"  
But the father answered never a word,  
A frozen corpse was he.

Lashed to the helm, all stiff and stark,  
With his face turned to the skies,  
The lantern gleamed through the gleaming snow  
On his fixed and glassy eyes.

Then the maiden clasped her hands and prayed  
That saved she might be;  
And she thought of Christ, who stilled the wave,  
On the Lake of Galilee.

And fast through the midnight dark and drear,  
Through the whistling sleet and snow,  
Like a sheeted ghost, the vessel swept  
Tow'rds the reef of Norman's Woe.

And ever the fitful gusts between  
A sound came from the land;  
It was the sound of the trampling surf  
On the rocks and the hard sea-sand.

The breakers were right beneath her bows,  
She drifted a dreary wreck,  
And a whooping billow swept the crew  
Like icicles from her deck.

She struck where the white and fleecy waves  
Looked soft as carded wool,  
But the cruel rocks, they gored her side  
Like the horns of an angry bull.

Her rattling shrouds, all sheathed in ice,  
With the masts went by the board;  
Like a vessel of glass, she stove and sank,  
Ho! ho! the breakers roared!

At daybreak, on the bleak sea-beach,  
A fisherman stood aghast,  
To see the form of a maiden fair,  
Lashed close to a drifting mast.

The salt sea was frozen on her breast,  
The salt tears in her eyes;  
And he saw her hair, like the brown sea-weed,  
On the billows fall and rise.

Such was the wreck of the Hesperus,  
In the midnight and the snow!  
Christ save us all from a death like this,  
On the reef of Norman's Woe!

[Illustration: THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH *Howard Smith*  
And children coming home from school  
Look in at the open door ]

## THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH

Under a spreading chestnut-tree  
The village smithy stands;  
The smith, a mighty man is he,  
With large and sinewy hands;  
And the muscles of his brawny arms  
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long,  
His face is like the tan;  
His brow is wet with honest sweat,  
He earns whate'er he can,  
And looks the whole world in the face,  
For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,  
You can hear his bellows blow;  
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,  
With measured beat and slow,  
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,  
When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school  
Look in at the open door;  
They love to see the flaming forge,  
And hear the bellows roar,  
And catch the burning sparks that fly  
Like chaff from a threshing-floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,  
And sits among his boys;  
He hears the parson pray and preach,  
He hears his daughter's voice,

Singing in the village choir,  
And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,  
Singing in Paradise!  
He needs must think of her once more,  
How in the grave she lies;  
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes  
A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling, — rejoicing, — sorrowing,  
Onward through life he goes;  
Each morning sees some task begin,  
Each evening sees it close;  
Something attempted, something done,  
Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,  
For the lesson thou hast taught!  
Thus at the flaming forge of life  
Our fortunes must be wrought;  
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped  
Each burning deed and thought.

[Illustration: EVANGELINE

Homeward serenely she walked with God's benediction upon  
her.

When she had passed, it seemed like the ceasing of exquisite mu-  
sic ]

## 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  
    hunter?

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-Pre.

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-Pre

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 corn-  
fields

Spreading afar and unfenced o'er the plain; and away to the north-  
ward

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 hemlock,  
Such as the peasants of Normandy built in the reign of the Henries.  
Thatched were the roofs, with dormer-windows; and gables project-  
ing

Over the basement below protected and shaded the doorway.  
There in the tranquil evenings of summer, when brightly the sunset  
Lighted the village street, and gilded the vanes on the chimneys,  
Matrons and maidens sat in snow-white caps and in kirtles  
Scarlet and blue and green, with distaffs spinning the golden  
Flax for the gossiping looms, whose noisy shuttles within doors  
Mingled their sounds with the whirl of the wheels and the songs of the

maidens.

Solemnly down the street came the parish priest, and the children  
Paused in their play to kiss the hand he extended to bless them.  
Reverend walked he among them; and up rose matrons and maid-  
ens,

Hailing his slow approach with words of affectionate welcome.  
Then came the laborers home from the field, and serenely the sun  
sank

Down to his rest, and twilight prevailed. Anon from the belfry  
Softly the Angelus sounded, and over the roofs of the village  
Columns of pale blue smoke, like clouds of incense ascending,  
Rose from a hundred hearths, the homes of peace and contentment.  
Thus dwelt together in love these simple Acadian farmers, —  
Dwelt in the love of God and of man. Alike were they free from

Fear, that reigns with the tyrant, and envy, the vice of republics.  
Neither locks had they to their doors, nor bars to their windows;  
But their dwellings were open as day and the hearts of the owners;  
There the richest was poor, and the poorest lived in abundance.

Somewhat apart from the village, and nearer the Basin of Minas,  
Benedict Bellefontaine, the wealthiest farmer of Grand-Pre,  
Dwelt on his goodly acres; and with him, directing his household,  
Gentle Evangeline lived, his child, and the pride of the village.  
Stalworth and stately in form was the man of seventy winters;  
Hearty and hale was he, an oak that is covered with snow-flakes;  
White as the snow were his locks, and his cheeks as brown as the  
oak-leaves.

Fair was she to behold, that maiden of seventeen summers.  
Black were her eyes as the berry that grows on the thorn by the  
wayside,  
Black, yet how softly they gleamed beneath the brown shade of her  
tresses!

Sweet was her breath as the breath of kine that feed in the mead-  
ows.

When in the harvest heat she bore to the reapers at noontide  
Flagons of home-brewed ale, ah! fair in sooth was the maiden.  
Fair was she when, on Sunday morn, while the bell from its turret  
Sprinkled with holy sounds the air, as the priest with his hyssop  
Sprinkles the congregation, and scatters blessings upon them,  
Down the long street she passed, with her chaplet of beads and her  
missal,

Wearing her Norman cap, and her kirtle of blue, and the ear-rings,  
Brought in the olden time from France, and since, as an heirloom,  
Handed down from mother to child, through long generations.  
But a celestial brightness – a more ethereal beauty –  
Shone on her face and encircled her form, when, after confession,  
Homeward serenely she walked with God's benediction upon her.  
When she had passed, it seemed like the ceasing of exquisite music.

Firmly builded with rafters of oak, the house of the farmer  
Stood on the side of a hill commanding the sea; and a shady  
Sycamore grew by the door, with a woodbine wreathing around it.

Rudely carved was the porch, with seats beneath; and a footpath  
Led through an orchard wide, and disappeared in the meadow.  
Under the sycamore-tree were hives overhung by a penthouse,  
Such as the traveller sees in regions remote by the roadside,  
Built o'er a box for the poor, or the blessed image of Mary.  
Farther down, on the slope of the hill, was the well with its moss-  
grown  
Bucket, fastened with iron, and near it a trough for the horses.  
Shielding the house from storms, on the north, were the barns and  
the  
farm-yard.

There stood the broad-wheeled wains and the antique ploughs and  
the

harrows;

There were the folds for the sheep; and there, in his feathered sera-  
glio,

Strutted the lordly turkey, and crowed the cock, with the selfsame  
Voice that in ages of old had startled the penitent Peter.

Bursting with hay were the barns, themselves a village. In each one  
Far o'er the gable projected a roof of thatch; and a staircase,  
Under the sheltering eaves, led up to the odorous corn-loft.

There too the dove-cot stood, with its meek and innocent inmates  
Murmuring ever of love; while above in the variant breezes  
Numberless noisy weathercocks rattled and sang of mutation.

Thus, at peace with God and the world, the farmer of Grand-Pre  
Lived on his sunny farm, and Evangeline governed his household.

Many a youth, as he knelt in church and opened his missal,  
Fixed his eyes upon her as the saint of his deepest devotion;  
Happy was he who might touch her hand or the hem of her gar-  
ment!

Many a suitor came to her door, by the darkness befriended,  
And, as he knocked and waited to hear the sound of her footsteps,  
Knew not which beat the louder, his heart or the knocker of iron;  
Or at the joyous feast of the Patron Saint of the village,  
Bolder grew, and pressed her hand in the dance as he whispered  
Hurried words of love, that seemed a part of the music.  
But, among all who came, young Gabriel only was welcome;