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## \*TANTRAMAR

CLAIRE HARRIS MACINTOSH

Tantramar, my Tantramar,  
How lush and green you lie  
About the Fundy's inlet streams,  
Beneath a radiant sky.  
Tantramar, my Tantramar,  
I love your tawny spread  
Of dykelands, weathered barns, the honk  
Of wild geese overhead.

Shadow patterns o'er you drift,  
Sweet-meadowed Tantramar;  
Faint, phantom voices windless sigh,—  
Spent echoes travelling far.  
Tantramar, when redskins lurked  
And French and English fought  
For Canada, at Beauséjour,  
I know you slumbered not.

Tantramar, dear Tantramar,  
Of Canada we sing;—  
Her loveliness in which you share,  
The peace you help to bring.  
Tantramar, our Tantramar,  
How lush and green you lie  
About the Fundy's inlet streams,  
Beneath a radiant sky.

*\*Tantramar marshes:* A large section of the more than 40,000 acres of marshlands extending on either side of the dividing line (Missaquash River) between the provinces of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. They are mostly dyked and, being thus reclaimed from salt water, are very fertile.

*Beausejour:* Fort B.—taken, in 1775, from the French by the English and renamed Fort Cumberland. Now frequently referred to as Fort Beausejour-Cumberland.