

---

---

## MARSHLANDS

By VERNA LOVEDAY HARDEN

Far stretch the meadows where the Fundy tides  
Come curling inland to the farmer's door  
Like silver fences for the open fields  
Below the battlements of Beausejour.

Where fearful settlers heard the raucous clouds  
Of marshfowl gather in the autumn noons  
Before the dykes were finished or the barns  
Dotted these fields between the deep lagoons,

Now harvest leans and soon the barns are full,  
The dream our fathers dreamed has come to pass;  
Marauding tides are leashed, their silver arms  
Encircle miles of bending meadow grass.

Content, they rest and wait the season's turn,  
Quilted with cloud and known to every star,  
The sea their lover and the sky their friend,  
The tide-laved marshes of the Tantramar.