

## Henry Wadsworth Longfellow (1807-1882)

Longfellow was a Boston poet, after whom Longfellow Bridge was named. Longfellow Bridge carries the Red Line (used to be known as the Harvard-Ashmont line) from Cambridge to Boston – in fact, the first regularly scheduled transit service in North America was between Harvard and Boston (Park St.) when hourly stagecoaches ran across Longfellow Bridge, before the age of electric streetcars.

Longfellow also wrote “Evangeline”, which was a poem taught at local Massachusetts high schools, as an example of classic American literature. We used a passage in class:

### Extracts from *Evangeline*

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All was ended now, the hope, and the fear, and the sorrow,  
All the aching of heart, the restless, unsatisfied longing,  
All the dull, deep pain, and constant anguish of patience!  
And, as she pressed once more the lifeless head to her bosom,  
Meekly she bowed her own, and murmured, “Father, I thank thee!”  
Still stands the forest primeval; but far away from its shadow,  
Side by side, in their nameless graves, the lovers are sleeping.  
Under the humble walls of the little Catholic churchyard,  
In the heart of the city, they lie, unknown and unnoticed;  
Daily the tides of life go ebbing and flowing beside them,  
Thousands of throbbing hearts, where theirs are at 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 completed their journey!  
Still stands the forest primeval; but under the shade of its branches

Here is the more familiar but slightly different first stanza:

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 –

More about Longfellow's Evangeline:

<http://www.iath.virginia.edu/utc/sentimnt/evanhp.html>

<http://www.iath.virginia.edu/utc/sentimnt/snpohwla1t.html>

Longfellow's other works:

<http://eir.library.utoronto.ca/rpo/display/indextitle.html>

Brief History of Cambridge

<http://www.ci.cambridge.ma.us/~Historic/cambridgehistory.html>

More about Longfellow:

[http://www.auburn.edu/~vestmon/longfellow\\_bio.html](http://www.auburn.edu/~vestmon/longfellow_bio.html)

<http://www.island-of-freedom.com/LONG.HTM>

<http://www.americanpoems.com/poets/longfellow/>

<http://www.kirjasto.sci.fi/long.htm>