

BALLAD OF THE IAT [10-98

**The Appalachian Mountains
Don't end in northern Maine.
For as you tack a northeast course,
They re-emerge again.**

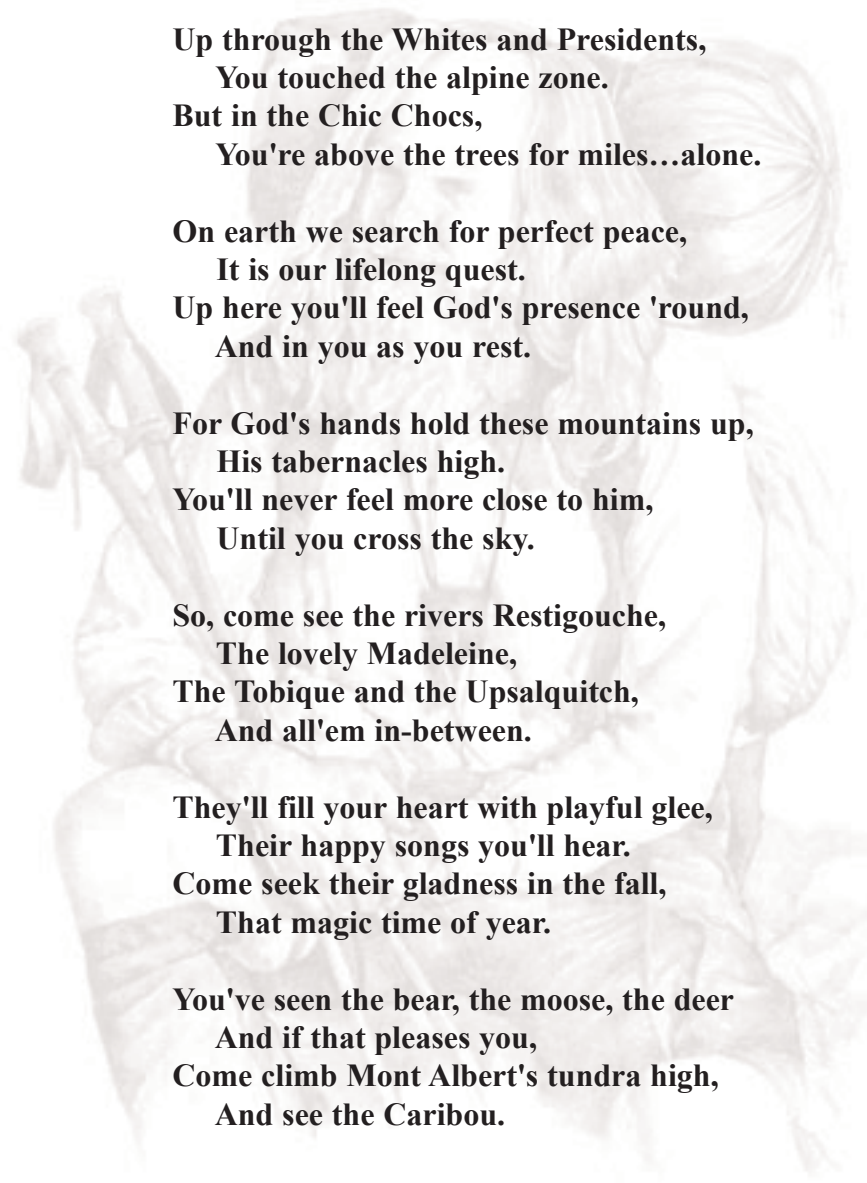
**They climb to stand triumphant,
Through New Brunswick and Quebec.
And o'er them wends the IAT,
A dreamer's perfect trek.**

**No mountains stand the likes of these,
Down in the forty-eight.
A wild, yet stately majesty
You'll find they radiate.**

**Here, rugged mountain men do speak,
Strange words in softest tones.
While in them born a hard, tough style,
No meanness in their bones.**

**Bring me a man who makes friends fast,
And I will bet you this:
Give me a day in Canada,
'n I'll have a longer list!**

**Down in the states' vast wilderness,
You thought you'd seen it all.
In Canada...it doesn't end,
Till past horizon's wall.**



**You've hiked by ponds and lakes and brooks,
Fell captive to their spell.
But here, somehow, your heart turns warm,
In their forbidding chill.**

**Up through the Whites and Presidents,
You touched the alpine zone.
But in the Chic Chocs,
You're above the trees for miles...alone.**

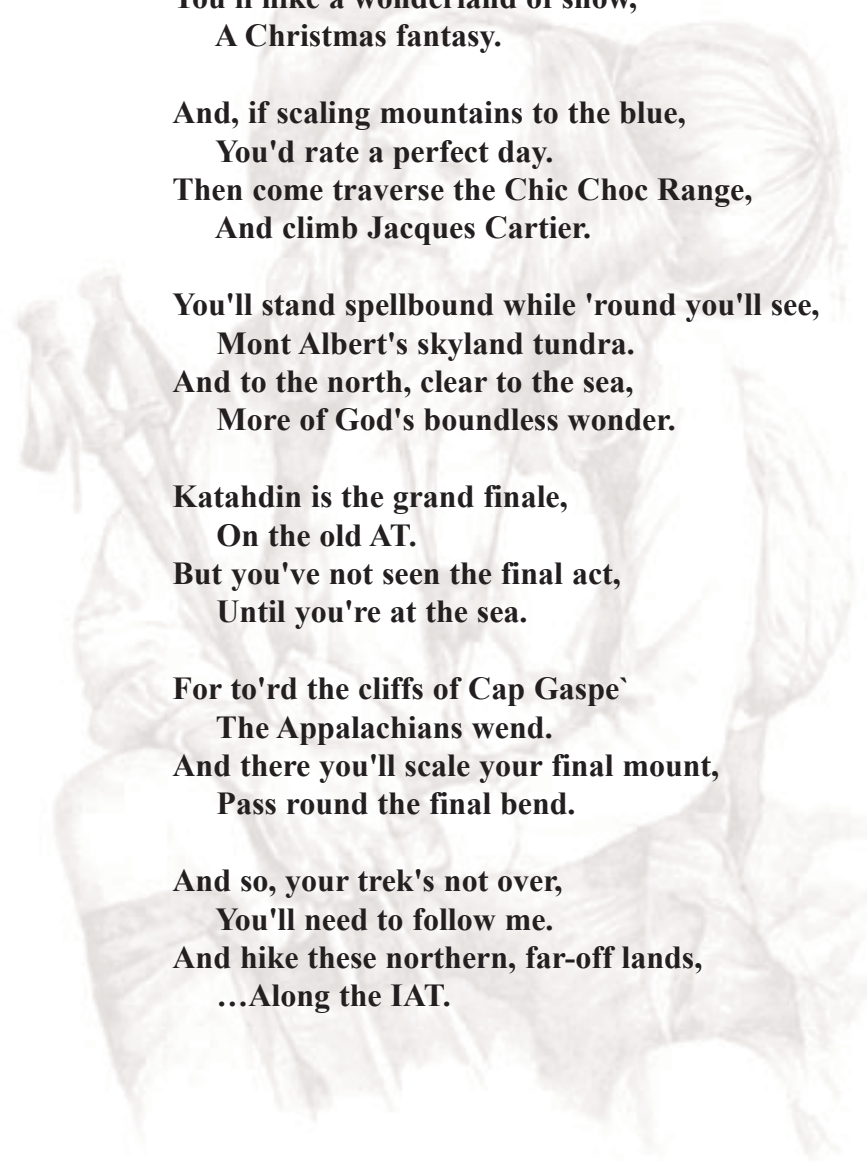
**On earth we search for perfect peace,
It is our lifelong quest.
Up here you'll feel God's presence 'round,
And in you as you rest.**

**For God's hands hold these mountains up,
His tabernacles high.
You'll never feel more close to him,
Until you cross the sky.**

**So, come see the rivers Restigouche,
The lovely Madeleine,
The Tobique and the Upsalquitch,
And all'em in-between.**

**They'll fill your heart with playful glee,
Their happy songs you'll hear.
Come seek their gladness in the fall,
That magic time of year.**

**You've seen the bear, the moose, the deer
And if that pleases you,
Come climb Mont Albert's tundra high,
And see the Caribou.**



**For here you're nearing Santa's land
With reindeer roaming free.
You'll hike a wonderland of snow,
A Christmas fantasy.**

**And, if scaling mountains to the blue,
You'd rate a perfect day.
Then come traverse the Chic Choc Range,
And climb Jacques Cartier.**

**You'll stand spellbound while 'round you'll see,
Mont Albert's skyland tundra.
And to the north, clear to the sea,
More of God's boundless wonder.**

**Katahdin is the grand finale,
On the old AT.
But you've not seen the final act,
Until you're at the sea.**

**For to'rd the cliffs of Cap Gaspe'
The Appalachians wend.
And there you'll scale your final mount,
Pass round the final bend.**

**And so, your trek's not over,
You'll need to follow me.
And hike these northern, far-off lands,
...Along the IAT.**