

NEWFOUNDLAND [9-01]

**Back in the haunts where the shadows, long cast,
Chase the far away corners of time.
Search there through the annals of centuries past,
For a glimmer of reason or rhyme.**

**Great Norsemen in long boats set out on the sea,
Sails furled to the rush and the roar.
Each one of them bent with a yearn to be free,
None daring a look to the shore.**

**Sailed forth those great warriors on uncharted wind,
Toward lands where the sun seldom sets.
Thence tacking to port for a southerly bend,
Set they all, nary one with regrets.**

**Pitched up o'er the depths in the frightening grips,
Thru the tumult of violence and rage.
Came men steeled in armour aligning their ships,
Into fear, their foe to engage.**

**True venturers they to the ends of the earth,
Where told, fierce dragons kept wait.
Truth-testing their mettle, their valor, their worth,
Their destiny sealing their fate.**

**Yet forth from the shadows, did images form,
Thru the brine-crested shimmering hue,
And out of the gale and the teeth of the storm,
The sails of their ships came to view.**

**Time-shrouded in mystery...Vinland of old,
Thought only a scheme of the mind.
Defiantly stand, where Vikings so bold,
Carved marks in the land of the wine.**

**Oh hearken that time, to have lived, to have sailed,
As only Leif Eiriksson knew.
A journ' throughout history that all thought had failed,
Set his flag 'cross the surf-driven blue.**

**Came they to new-found-land, these venturers bold,
To lands set adrift in the sky.
Where glacier-torn mountains so ancient and old,
Inspired both their mind and their eye.**

**This place? L'Anse aux Meadows, here puzzled about,
Lie fragments of history's truth.
And so to a world fil'd with wonder and doubt,
Revealed! America's youth.**

**So come all ye doubters, to Vinland's glad days,
To these meadows on Newfoundland's shore,
And witness, a-mingling the centuries' gray haze,
America's past...Evermore!**

**Ahh, yet comes another, his story to tell,
O'er hills set apart from the sea.
From lands of a nation where millions now dwell,
To these hallows where man was set free.**

**So stand ye true helmsmen, set wind to your sail,
Outbound on a journey anew.
And test your true mettle and fearing to fail,
And quit dreaming the doing...and do.**