

Last Ship Sails

SIG:AR:TYR

Long have we sailed, to this far away land
far have we come, to seek fame
and as the days grow long and cold
we yearn for home again

The cold winds blow, and the ice sets in
where our animals roamed and grazed
the Skraeling men, who killed our kin
did not escape our hate

With timber, wheat, and vines so sweet
filled our ships to sail away
with last words said, we bury our dead
set stones to mark our stay

Years may pass, men come and go
this land, our children may tame
for when the sun sets, and the last ship sails
they will still remember our names

Let our trusty band
haste to Fatherland
let our vessel brave
plough the angry wave
while those few who love
Vinland here may rove
or with idle toil
fetid whales may boil
here on Furdustrand
far from Fatherland
- Thorhall the Hunter, Erik the Red's Saga