

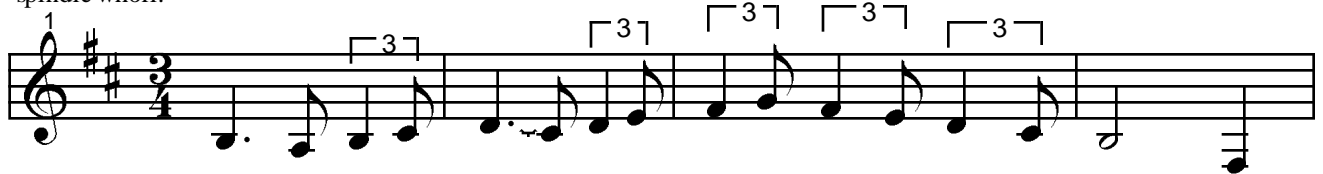
# Who Will Follow

trad. tune and poems arr. Lynn Noel

Adapted from the Vinlanders' Saga after two tenth-century Saxon poems, the Wanderer and the Seafarer, to a Scandinavian gammaldans tune with an ancient lilt. Gudrid was the first recorded European woman to bear a child in the New World, after two years with the Norse colony in Vinland circa 1000.A.D. After the second summer, the colony decided to return to Greenland in their wooden knarr.

Standing on the cold grey tip of Newfoundland at L'Anse aux Meadows, it is easy to imagine a young woman with a baby in her arms, hunting through the long grass. She has lost her spindle whorl, a ring of handworked stone, but the boat is ready to sail from the shallow beach. Suddenly the cold wind whips her cloak open and snaps the pin away, and she is left with the round ring only in her hand. "Gudrid! Come! We will miss the tide!" She gives a last look at the turf-roofed house that had been her home for two hard winters, and climbs aboard. From the deck of the knarr the plain is barren. She holds little Snørri close and wonders, will anyone ever know we were ever here?

Before the first Basque whalers come, the birch stumps of Norse house poles will rot into the iron bog. But in a thousand years, a Swedish archaeologist will dig into the grassy mounds of L'Anse aux Meadows and find -- a ring-headed pin and a spindle whorl.



Trou - bled is my heart as I gaze a - cross the frost - cold sea To -



mor - row will the whale - path car - ry me a - gain to my coun - try.



Who will fol - low? Surely they will come? Who will know us when our work is done?

Troubled is my heart  
As I gaze across the frost-cold sea  
Tomorrow wil the whale-path  
Carry me again to my country.  
Who will follow? Surely they will come.  
Who will know us when our work is done?

Here wealth is fleeting, friend is fleeting,  
Man and woman fleeting fall  
The hearth is cold, the land is cold,  
My heart is cold to leave this hall.  
Who will follow? Surely they will come.  
Who will know us when our work is done?

The memory of my kinsmen  
Moves within me even as they fade  
Again I send my warrior  
Out across the winter-woven wave.  
Who will follow? Surely they will come.  
Who will know us when our work is done?

My son, you are a warrior,  
Eldest born of this newfounded land.  
I wonder, will the whale-path  
Carry you again to fair Vinland?  
Who will follow? Surely they will come.  
Who will know us when our work is done?

I wonder, will the whale-path  
Carry me again to fair Vinland?