THE LEGEND OF DUTCHMAN CREEK

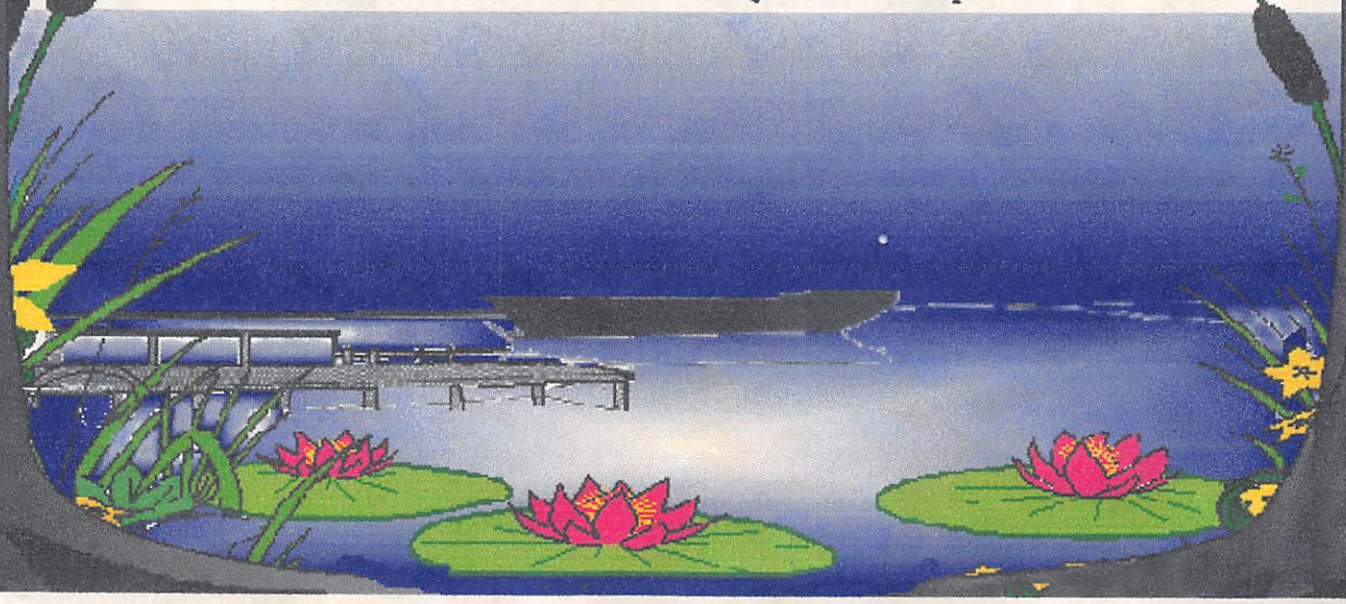
Raught one now remembers his name, this quiet man
who wore shoes hewn of wood.
Some say he was a simple soldier, while others spin the
tale of a scorned lover so misunderstood.
Some say he could no longer wear the badge of courage
required by stalwart men to endure a war lost.
Yet, other tongues wagged of the fairest of maidens who
made her choice for another and his heart it did cost.

Which tale holds the truth is not for those now living to
ponder or afford even one moment of concern.
Nay, theirs' is the task of offering to him a continuance,
ensuring that luminaries into his path doth burn.
It is said that those who faltered quickly lost their senses,
their hopes, and, yes, even their lives.
As one strike from the Dutchman severed fathers from children
and husbands from now widowed wives.

So, even to this set of sun and break of day they toil
and sweat, the task at hand to belabor.
Standing on his spot so closely, brother to brother, friend
to friend, and neighbor to neighbor.
For it is on this bridge that he embarked on the journey
to the most watery of silent graves.
But, just before, he spake of his lighted return to brave
men waiting with families they would save.

If by chance the path of life leads you to lamps, not made
by Aladdin, but hovering just above the lake.
I urge you to pause at this spot of his demise, listen, and
try ever so hard not even a sound to make.
If you listen to the night skies there or catch a glimpse of
lights being gently lowered to the deep.
It is whispered you will hear the tap tap of the Dutchman,
as his feet bring him up the step so steep.

Tap, Tap, Tap, Tap . . .
Beware, I return at last from my eternal sleep.



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