



Long ago a band of travellers  
Left behind the coast of Spain,  
Turned their faces to the westward,  
Sailed across the storm-tossed main,  
Crossed the black Atlantic waters,  
Landed on a rock-bound shore,  
Moored their argosies and left them,  
That the land they might explore,  
Sadly turned they homeward, murmuring,  
"Aca Nada!" nothing here.

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