

Minnie (Ballard) Falls
Smallwood
F.D. Ballard

As I sit today by the waterfalls,
And hear the murmuring stream,
My thoughts revert to bygone days,
And life seems but a dream.
I see a small boy wading-
In the water clear and cool;
I see another fishing-
In a near-by fishing pool.
I hear their playmates shouting;
I see, or seem to see,
The sparkling waters dancing,
In their mad rush to the sea.

And then the vision changes;
A youth goes strolling by,
With a maiden walking by his side;
Their eyes reflect the sky.
All nature to them seems beautiful
The trees and the blooming flowers,
The sun as it peeps through the branches
Of the forest's leafy bowers.
The brook, too, has a son for them,
As it rushes to the sea;
It tells a tale of recklessness,
A something that is to be.

And then a change comes o'er the scene;
The youth to manhood has grown;
The maid has become a Mother,
And children around them roam,
The cares of life are pressing,
But this beautiful spot is near;
The dear old falls is a shady glen,
And the thoughts are ever dear,

And then another change takes place;
A stranger is by their side,
And the place that was once their Paradise
Is now a stranger's pride,
Cabins are strewn along the bank
Of that historic stream;
And city life is filling
What was once a mountain scene.

And still the sweet brook murmurs,
As it glides toward the sea;
And tells a tale of chances
That ends in eternity.