

I hope to God it's nothing more)  
The voices seem to falter out  
And whisper, where they used to shout,  
Seem kind of sad, and weary, too,  
Not laughing like they used to do;  
And then I think of what Bill said,  
And seem to see the stony bed  
A-glaring at me in the sun,  
With all the singing voices dumb!  
And then I watch the water sink  
Below that lower basin brink,  
Go down and down, and how I fret  
And feel to find if it is wet,  
And wonder if the flow will stop,  
If they have stolen every drop,  
And clench my hands, and grit my teeth,  
And curse that irrigation thief —  
Until the bursting clouds bring rain  
That sends it flooding back again!  
That's how we stand — I left the town  
Because the people trod me down;  
I left your love and hate and lies,  
Your city with its peering eyes;  
I called the old life at an end  
And took this stream for wife and friend!  
And now — hush! Listen to the stream  
And tell me, Stranger, does it seem  
Not quite so loud, and is it low,  
Low — lower than a while ago?  
Hush! Hark the voices — bend your ear —