

Dry Valley from its "wasteful shame."
Dry Valley -- twenty miles away!
And just to grow their oats and hay,
They'd take this melted snow of mine
And coax it down a surveyed line,
And smooth it gently, like a lake,
For fear the ditch should wash and break,
And hamper it with pipe and drain,
And use it common like the rain,
A-smearing it across the field
To give their dust a double yield.
And they can do it -- that's the worst!
A fellow doesn't fyle his thirst,
Record his mate, and God defend
That I may never brand a friend!
The stream is mine, in oral fee,
Because the waters speak to me.
A thousand year they've called my name --
Has any man a prior claim?
Not by the Greater Right! But then,
I know your courts of lawyer-men,
Their book-wise wisdom, bound in calf,
And how the very judge would laugh
And ask me for the cubic-gauge,
The signed and sealed recording page --
No justice there! And that is why
I fear these mates of mine may die
And leave their places bare and cold,
With me beside them sick and old.
Sometimes (perhaps my hearing's poor,