

Later still unto a town grew.
Fifty years ago last Spring-time
As a town it had existence;
Oh what visions grand and splendid
Of a city great and mighty,
Filled the breasts of these new townsmen
As they wrought both late and early,
And some there with eye prophetic
Saw the mighty power latent
In the murmuring, flowing river.
Dams they built across the water,
Iron works were set in motion.
Mills were built for making flour,
Mills for grinding fine the plaster,
Woollen mills too, large and modern,
Which ere long so great a fame had,
That their products world-wide known were,
For their goodness and their beauty.
Work these many mills provided,
For the artisans so skilful.
Nature too had kindly hidden
Treasures underneath earth's surface,
In the hills were beds of gypsum,
Gravel beds were there in number.
Then, once, men for oil a-boring,
Struck a stream whose forceful water
Through the orifice came gushing,
And this stream held healing virtues,
All who quaffed its waters freely,