

THE MERIDIAN ROAD

You have heard of the road that was made by a calf,
So twisted that one mile made three and a half,
And those that traversed it felt unrighteous wrath,
But kept right along in that same crooked path.

I'll tell of another and better by far
Laid out by the law as good roads always are.
Tho it ran across draws and oft a sand bar
It always ran true—right toward the North star.

This road, at the start, was not straight and long,
No one would have thot to sing it a song.
It was short—it was bumpy and you rattled along
O'er its bumps and its ditches which, of course, was all wrong.

The tracks were deep gullies—a ridge rose between
And when one horse was driven, 'twas plain to be seen
He was up in the air—you know what I mean—
While the buggy-bed dragged on the weeds rank and green.

The farmer's old wagons so steady but slow,
O'er these deep rutted roads continued to go;
The Indians went after the big buffalo
Across them dashed wildly with eyes all aglow.

Now that road would do for the wagon and cart,
But 'twas not good enough for the surrey so smart.
But the years dragged along ere there was a start
To make this a highway of beauty and art.

A highway was dreamt of—a highway so grand
That would stretch from the North to the South's shining sand;
A bright shining highway—a bright silver band,
Known and admired thruout our great land.

Who fathered this highway? what man pushed it thru?
The leader who did it, is it nothing to you?
What a vision he had of the good it would do!
His time he has given and his good dollars too.

The fame may not follow for what he has done,
He may never be called a George Washington;
He should receive honors from every one—
Our distinguished townsman—John Nicholson.