

The Flood of 1972

Folks seem so discontented
Without knowing why,
Life gets so boring
As days go drifting by.
I'm one of those discontented people
I can't seem to find the range,
So many things in life
I've thought I'd like to change.

The house I live in bores me
It's outdated, run down and old,
The summer sun beats in
And the winter winds are cold.
The windows shake and rattle
On a dark and gusty day,
The roof is sagging in the middle
And the floor is starting to decay.

Those mansions by the riverside
Have always caught my eye,
I know I'd be contented
If one of them were mine.
In my dreams I'd like to leave
My shack upon the hill,
And rid my heart of envy
That is I've always dreamed - until.

'Twas a balmy summer day in June
The sun was riding high,
Just a fleecy cloud or two
Was floating across the sky.
I wanted to cast my cares aside
And spend the time in play,
So I could absorb each minute
Of this ideally perfect day.

But as each hour passed
Those fleecy clouds turned grey,
More and more they gathered
And drove the sun away.
By the time that evening came
The clouds engulfed the town,
And then the Heaven's opened
And the rains came pouring down.

The wind gathered up momentum
And whipped the grass and sod,
The trees swayed, and bent and snapped,
To obey an angry God.
The water came in torrents
And lashed with all it's might.
What had been a perfect day
Brought terror with the night.

Written By Viola Collins - (Lived In
Wife of Lester Collins - (Custer in 1972))

The water gushed down the mountains
The creeks and rivers swelled,
This calme and peaceful day
Had turned into a Hell.
Broken trees rode the current,
As it went rushing past,
That ever swelling river
Kook everything within its path.

It beat and battered nature
As it mounted ever higher,
It roared and rolled and tumbled
And dared man to defy her.
It tore out all the bridges
As it went roaring past,
'Twould be many many hours
Before she had spent her wrath.

It headed for the city,
To even up a score with man,
Who thought that he could stop her,
By building up a dam.
She tore and rammed and twisted,
She leaped and roared and rumbled,
The dam began to sway and weaken,
Then she felt it crumble!

One more lunge was all it took,
And she smashed that dam asunder,
Angrily she swelled herself
Cheered on by cracking thunder.
She gushed thru' Rapid City,
And left destruction in her wake,
Nothing was too priceless
For her greedy arms to take.

The begging voice of humans
She pretended not to hear,
To the sobbing cries of infants
She wouldn't lend an ear.
She boiled on and ripped and tore
Raging as she went,
And never stopped until
Her energy was spent.

When the nightmare night was over
And the sun rose in the sky,
There's not a soul who can forget
The sight before their eyes.
This can't be something real,
It must have been a dream,
'Cause there's the lazy river
So calm, so still, serene.

Why did this have to happen?
Why did these people die?
The survivors and homeless shake their heads,
And can only answer, "Why?"
Mud soaked, sad and weary
They aimlessly stumble along,
Why did this have to happen?
What in the world went wrong?

No mortal man will ever know,
Nor can we understand,
Except we have a closer bond
With our fellow man.
In our despair and sorrow
We have found a friend,
Yesterday we were strangers
Now we have a hand to lend.

The discontentment that I felt
Is no longer real,
Compassion for my fellow man
Is all that I can feel.
I've buried all my envy,
And I know I always will,
Because I've found a new contentment
In my shack upon the hill.