

The Ballad of Homan Walsh

Prosperity Poem 28

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Now listen well and hear this tale
Of a sixteen year old lad
Who with his wit and flying skill
Made two great countries glad

The chasm was eight hundred feet
Across Niagara Falls
The travelers could not get across
The steep and spray soaked walls

“We need a bridge”, cried engineers
A modern thoroughfare
But how to reach the other side?
We cannot build on air

A rocket or an arrow? No.
But what about a kite?
Let’s have a contest for the youth
We’d have a start, though slight

The people came with kites prepared
For fame and a reward
And Homan Walsh was very first
To span the gorge with cord

A string, then ropes, then cables spanned
And soon the bridge was done
The mighty falls could now be crossed
With string it was begun

And every great accomplishment
Began with something small
Remember Homan and his kite
That bridged Niagara Falls

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