

Hinton...Where the Bluestone and the Greenbrier Meet the New

By V. E. Lilly

In the past dark and distant, when the earth took form,
when the land was torn by the cosmic storm,
As the seas ebbed slowly and the firmament rose,
time began, life was born, and a new river flows,
where the Bluestone and the Greenbrier meet the New.

Eons and eons of rain, snow and sleet
created great valleys, where the ridges meet.
Where, from lofty peaks to hollows dark,
came the sounds of the dove and the meadow lark,
where the Bluestone and the Greenbrier meet the New.

Then came the Shawnee and the brave Cherokee,
before our fathers dared cross the great sea.
But cross it they did, mid turmoil and strife,
and struck a course westward to start a new life,
where the Bluestone and the Greenbrier meet the New.

Onward they struggled, toward setting sun,
'til finally they knew that their journey was done.
They'd reached Gods country, so calm and serene,
with lush river valleys and forests so green,
where the Bluestone and the Greenbrier meet the New.

They worked in the forest and started to cut
the tall chestnut trees, and fashioned their hut.
They cleared off the land, and planted their seed.
For now they had all that they'd ever need,
where the Bluestone and the Greenbrier meet the New.

They hunted the deer, the fox and the bear,
produced all their food, and clothing to wear.
Then came the red warriors, in the dark of the night,
but the mighty red men were forced to take flight,
where the Bluestone and the Greenbrier meet the New.

On westward the path, toward the frontier,
but the hardy settler, the brave mountaineer,
decided this was the place where he wanted to stay
and his blood flows through me to this very day,
where the Bluestone and the Greenbrier meet the New.

Then men with great vision brought the iron horse
and followed the rivers, their mouth to their source.
They carved out a village on a mountainside steep
and bridged the green valleys, the rivers so deep,
where the Bluestone and the Greenbrier meet the New.

They called the place Hinton, a town so fair,
with fresh flowing waters and pure mountain air.
A courthouse they built there, midst a vast lawn.
Great hopes, and prosperity, were starting to dawn,
where the Bluestone and the Greenbrier meet the New.

Though problems developed, as they usually will,
the little village clung to the side of the hill.
And prosper it did, as our fathers had planned.
Soon a fine little town did indeed stand,
where the Bluestone and the Greenbrier meet the New.

She's sent sons and daughters to far distant shore
when she answered the call of her Country at war.
Think of them often, your respect they have earned.
Most made it home safely, some never returned,
where the Bluestone and the Greenbrier meet the New.

We still have old Temple Street and Ballengee too.
The old hotel, so forlorn, stands on the avenue.
And near where sits our Courthouse, covered in red,
stands guard the lonely sentinel for our Civil War dead,
where the Bluestone and the Greenbrier meet the New.

Though the old town's still here, some say it's dying.
A few folks gave up, while others keep trying.
But the ancient New River, and the gentle Greenbrier,
still keep flowing past us, still whet my desire,
for where the Bluestone and the Greenbrier meet the New.

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**On November 20, 2019 Steve Lilly authorized Classes of Hinton High School
Making A Difference to post his father's poem on our website.**