

This poem about D. Cordova Bend (deCordova) was composed by a Rev. Jesse Allon Tiner in 1916. The Pecan Plantation as we know it today became Kristenstad in 1928, but that's another story. In 1933, my father AI Campbell moved our family from North Dakota to Kristenstad for five years then on to the town of Granbury. I still remember some of the names and places mentioned in this poem.

The Narrows referred to is the area where the river almost meets itself, now represented by the Backgate, Marina and the Bluffs. The Carmichals', the old barns seen to the left as you approach the new Tommy's store from the back gate, the Jones' just beyond and George Waters home, etc.; I hope you enjoy the nostalgia of it all ... John Campbell

D. Cordova Bend

Way down in the dear old Cordova,
Where the rabbits, and squirrels love to play,
On the banks of the old Brazos river,
I've spent many a happy day.

Down through the deep tangled wildwood,
And out in the broad open farm,
To whistle and sing with the birdies,
With no thought of sorrow or harm.

The neighbors were all such fine people:
I was at home where'er I'd go;
They worked hard and loved one another,
As all good folks ought to, you know.

I remember a fine little preacher
Came into our midst one day;
He wanted to bring us The Gospel,
And tell of the New Living Way.

He preached through the spring,
and the summer We had a revival most grand!
A harvest of souls there was gathered,
They obeyed the Master's Command.

The old Brazos circled around us,
Like a ribbon of silvery gold!
A long twenty-seven mile circuit,
A wonderful sight to behold!

Just fifteen miles below Granbury,
With a laughing bound, and a whoop
He turns abruptly to northward,
And starts on his wonderful loop.

He makes his circuit completely,
Most wonderful ever was seen!
He almost comes back then together,
Leaving hardly a half mile between.

And when he completes that grand circuit,
Of which he seems proudly to boast
He smilingly bids us goodbye then,
And goes on his way to the coast.

Now when we would go to the city,
The wagon and team we'd employ
We'd drive to and out through those narrows,
On that trip of most thrilling joy.

The road through those narrows was crooked,
Each hill was as steep as a stump!
And over the rocks and the ridges,
The wagon went "bumpity bump."

And daddy, driving the horses,
Seemed to have life at his command,
As he'd sit on the spring seat singing
"I am Bound for the Promised Land."

We'd pass by the Carmichal pasture,
Through neighbor Jones' orchard we'd drive,
The peaches were fine and delicious,
And on them we children would thrive.

Mambrino was next on the program,
And then through The Long Sandy
Lane We'd roll very softly and easy,
With no thought of sorrow or pain.

We were having the fun of a lifetime;
As each hill we'd go up and down;
(I'm giving the road we would travel from
D. Cordova Bend to town.)

With laughter and singing we'd journey,
That "going to town" was a thrill!
We'd pass by the home of George Waters,
And out by the grand Ennis Hill.

And then we would cross old Rough Creek,
And by the little Ulmer Farm;
Then on into dear old Granbury,
With never a trouble or harm.

Now if you would visit Cordova,
(I'm sure that time wisely you'd spend)
Just go to and pass through those narrows,
Then you'll be inside the old Bend.

Oh, isn't it wondrous to travel
On "Life's Real and Glorious Highway"?
Just pressing right on for that city,
Where "True Pleasures" never decay.

Hastening onto that bright world
Where happiness never can end,
Where "Life's Pretty River" is flowing
We have a brand new D Cordova Bend