

WATERFORD
PRIMER



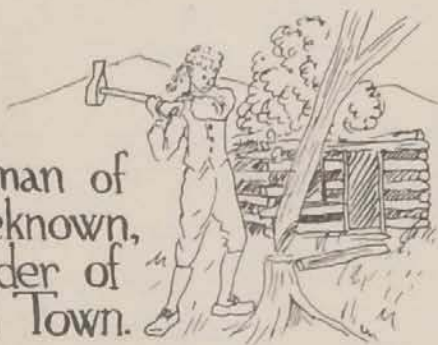
by
NANCY WHITE
and
CLARE METZGER



WATERFORD PRIMER



Amos Janney was a man of
reknown,
For he was the founder of
Waterford Town.



Butchers Row is a quaint
little street,
Where once stood the homes
of the village élite.



Churches of almost every
creed,
Were built to fulfill the
faithful's need.



Dormers and doorways of
design colonial,
Some are simple, and others,
baronial.



Eternity, will you spend it
under the sod,
Or will you prepare to
meet thy God?



Fairfax Meeting House sheltered
Friends long ago,
Who now peacefully sleep there,
row upon row.



Gardens for Victory, gardens for
flowers,
Are faithfully tended through
long summer hours.



Handicraft; tanners, joiners,
and weavers,
The Waterford folk used to
work like beavers.



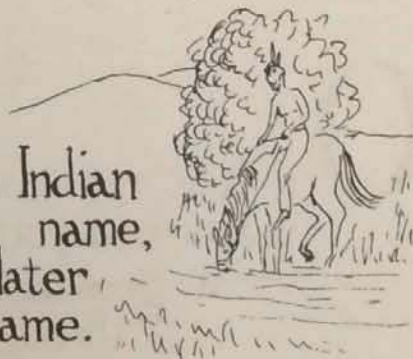
Insurance, the Waterford Mutual
for fires,
Is ably directed by Douglas N.
Myers.



Jail which housed offenders
of yore,
Has no padlock, jailer, or
door.



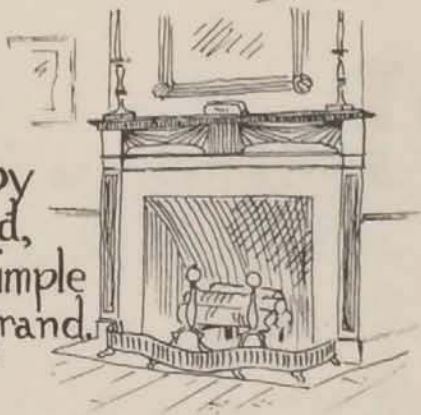
Kittoctin Creek is the Indian
name,
For the stream which later
Catoctin became.



Lloyd is an old man who weaves
by hand
His baskets and brooms are in
great demand.



Mantle pieces carved by
hand,
In most of our houses, simple
and grand.



Nature is generous with
beautiful scenery.
Fields and streams and
woodland greenery.



Old Mill now houses the
Waterford Foundation,
Whose growing fame spreads
through the Nation.



Playhouse, where the chorus
makes such a din,
That the roof flies off and
the walls fall in.



Quiling Cabin, where quilts were
an art,
Is now covered with vines and
falling apart.



Race belongs to the past and
like the mill,
Is silent now, its waters still.



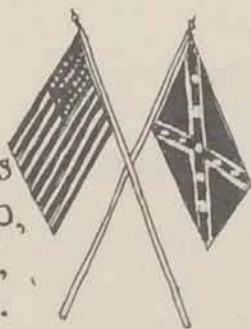
Sales of farm goods throughout
the year,
Bring people from everywhere,
far and near.



Tavern is no longer here,
No wine for sale, no gin,
no beer.



Union soldiers and Confederates
too,
Fought through the streets,
both the grey and the blue.



Venerable village lies deep in
the past,
May its peace and its charm
forevermore last.



Waterford Chorus makes the
evenings ring,
With lovely old carols when-
ever they sing.



Xmas carols through the streets
covered with snow,
Bring back memories of days
long ago.



Yuletide, the happiest time of the
year
In our little old town filled with
Christmas cheer.



Z is the end, for the time is nigh
To close this book, and so goodby.

zzzzzzzzzz

