

WATERFORD  
PRIMER



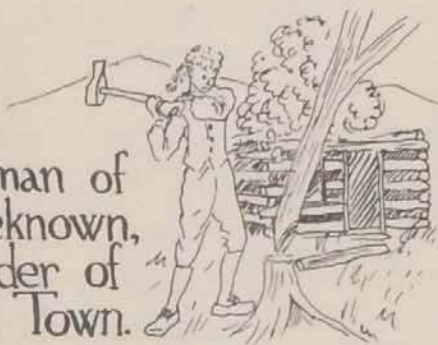
by  
NANCY WHITE  
and  
CLARE METZGER



# WATERFORD PRIMER



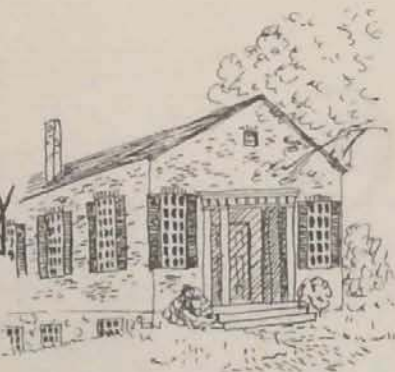
**A**mos Janney was a man of  
reknown,  
For he was the founder of  
Waterford Town.



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



**C**hurches 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.



**H**andicraft; tanners, joiners,  
and weavers,  
The Waterford folk used to  
work like beavers.



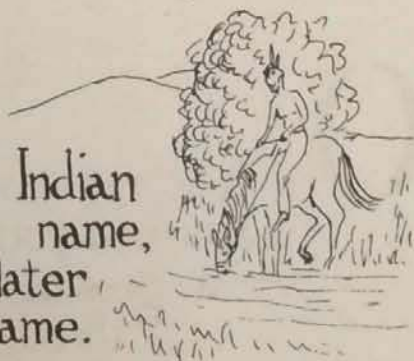
**I**nsurance, the Waterford Mutual  
for fires,  
Is ably directed by Douglas N.  
Myers.



**J**ail which housed offenders  
of yore,  
Has no padlock, jailer, or  
door.



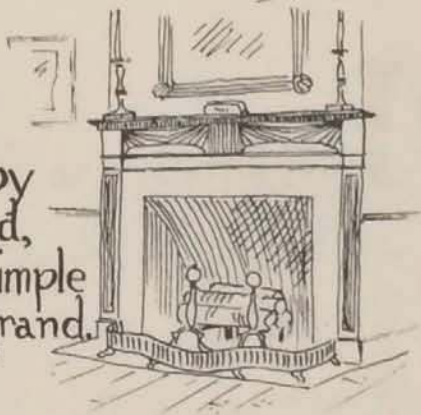
**K**ittoctin Creek is the Indian  
name,  
For the stream which later  
Catoctin became.



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.



**P**layhouse, where the chorus  
makes such a din,  
That the roof flys off and  
the walls fall in.



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



**R**ace belongs to the past and  
like the mill,  
Is silent now, its waters still.



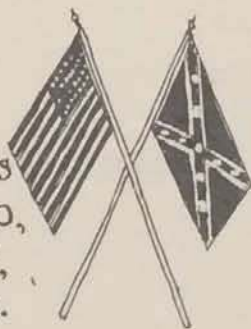
**S**ales of farm goods throughout  
the year,  
Bring people from everywhere,  
far and near.



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.



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



**Y**uletide, 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

