

## VERMONTVILLE

A song for Vermontville so lovely and fair  
With its bright sunny clime and its pure bracing air;  
Its tall spreading elms as they wave in the breeze.  
And the sweet scented perfume of blossoming trees.

Twas a well chosen spot by that Puritan band,  
Who journeyed afar from their own native land,  
Who left the green hills of New England behind,  
A home and an altar far westward to find.

They sought not the valley, prairie or plain,  
With the tall waving grass or the rich golden grain;  
For the home of the Yankee, let it be where it will;  
Must have forest and flowers with river and hill.

So they sought far and near with much patience and toil  
'Til they found this grand hill with its deep fertile soil;  
And they built here their homes neath the tall frest tree,  
And "the Green Mountain Village" its name was to be.

And they built them an altar forever to stand.  
Firm as old Plymouth Rock so majestic and grand;  
As devoutly they kneeled on the soft yielding sod,  
And in deep consecration pledged all to their God.

How firm was the faith and the courage how grand,  
And the labor how hard for this pioneer band;  
But with heart never faint and with arms ever strong.  
They cheered each days labor with music and song.

Then a council was called and, as one, they decided  
That a church and a school must soon be provided;  
For though sometimes the body may suffer privation,  
The head and the heart must have education.

And though humble at first was their church and their college,  
It answered the purpose for faith and for knowledge.  
For preacher and teacher for parent and child,  
No strife nor division this temple defiled.

But as patience and toil brought their certain reward,  
And all were united in grandest accord;  
The forests were felled and the ripening grains,  
Rewarded their patience and labor and pain.

For wealth follows closely on industry's heels,  
And plenty rolls in on economy's wheels;  
While progress rides high on the crest of the wave,  
And victory crowns every act of the brave.

And though but a remnant of that sturdy band,  
Yet survive to enjoy the works of their hand;  
They have left to their children a heritage rare,  
Their noble example and these homes so fair.

Then let us not murmur, nor dare to complain,  
While all thses great comforts and blessings remain;  
But only the green fields, the shades and sweet flowers,  
And thank God and our sires that these comforts are ours.