

INTRODUCTION:

The village of M—— lay nestled among

High hills and maple trees

That bent in the winter's stormy gale,

Or stirred in the summer breeze:

There were noisy mills on the rapid stream

That gleamed in the soft moonlight,

Or sparkled and flashed in the sun's warm smiles

Like diamonds so rare and bright.

And busy men, in those whirling mills,

Worked hard, both night and day,

They toil'd for the loved and treasured homes

That down in the valley lay.