



**A TOWN IN MAINE**

There's a state on the map called Maine,  
A place we all love to roam,  
"The Pine Tree State" everyone calls it,  
We cherish this state as our home.

Near the trees you'll see birds  
Singing as happy as can be,  
In winter they are very plentiful,  
Maine's bird is the chickadee.

A small town in Maine named Rumford  
I'll always hold to my heart,  
Surrounded by Andover, Bethel, and  
Mexico,  
They have all helped to give us a start.

The brooks as they travel so merry,  
Have a fixed journey to go,  
And they ramble and roar in the  
springtime,  
Encouraged by mountains of snow.

They join three rivers in Rumford,  
Swift River and Ellis, I guess,  
The Androscoggin helps Rumford Power  
Co.,  
Without lights we would be in a mess.

Our industries are lumbering and  
farming,  
In the center of town is our mill,  
It makes paper for much of the country,  
And with work we can all pay our bills.

The lumber comes from the forests,  
The mountains have trees up so high,  
Black Mountain, Glass Face, and White  
Cap,  
At least they are willing to try.

The Mount Zircon Spring is of great  
interest,  
It is located eight miles from town,  
Twenty-seven hundred feet above sea  
level,  
Large oxen used to haul water down.

The volume of water is interesting,  
It rises and falls with the tide,  
The full moon has the same power,  
God alone must be their own guide.

We've had some great men in Rumford,  
In 1816, a Samuel Hall,  
He invented the very first blackboard,  
Like the schools now have on the wall.

I could go on forever,  
Telling about Maine so grand,  
But why not come and visit us?  
Maine, Our Vacationland!

Written by Ethel West