



By Rev. Paul Nigh 1974

The days of yore have served us well
As one and all can surely tell
But change has come and we must know
That thus it ever has been so
Now we look back at shifting sand
Content to know that here we stand
It is no time for falling tear
Or heart a weak with morbid fear

With fond farewell we bid good-bye
Then look ahead without a sigh
The suns that shone and moons that rose
Are not 'cause this about to close
The rains that fell to fruit the soil
Will not be less to stay the toil
Because the lines are changed around
No less of snow to white the ground

The name we knew as our Walpole
Will soon be stricken from the roll
Another one will take its place
To leave us then without a trace
When we are asked our domicile
We'll have to pause and think awhile
But, time will heal without a scar
To leave no doubt as where we are

We're swallowed up a bitter dirge
May come to each with little urge
But may we think that our Walpole
Will add more lustre to the whole
And so we give and share and grow
To show ahead a better glow
The whole is equal to its parts
A charge to stir in all our hearts

“TOWNSHIP OF WALPOLE”



125th ANNIVERSARY

CELEBRATION

1850-1974

NORFOLK region. It may come as a surprise to some, but Walpole's no stranger to Norfolk. During the reign of King George III Walpole was declared part of Norfolk. It was not until 1850 Walpole joined after Sir Robert Walpole who was prime

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