

Then and Now

This Poem written by Miss Clara Robinson in 1914 to commemorate the Town of Fremont's 150th Anniversary.

One hundred and fifty years ago
Our town, then Poplin, was born
The same old sun that shines today
Rose from the East that morn.

The same big, blue and beautiful sky
That we all look up and adore
Was up above those people then,
In Seventeen Sixty-four.

The same moon rose above the hills
When darkness fell over the earth;
The roses bloomed that leafy June
When Poplin was given birth.

But time, the great revealer,
Has many changes wrought;
Many great inventions been made,
Many a battle been fought.

And could those ancient founders
Look down on earth and see
The marvelous improvements,
What would their thoughts be?

For all our early fathers,
Who watched this town expand,
Lived but the pure and simple life
Near to great nature grand.

There weren't any trains or steamboats
Or automobiles galore;
They rode in a two-wheel shay
In Seventeen Sixty-four.

The telegraph wasn't invented,
And likewise the telephone;
They were not inspired with music
By an up-to-date graphophone

There weren't any stoves or matches;
They wrote with a quill, not a pen,
And all the electric inventions
Had never been heard about then.

But despite all the deprivations
Their ambitions were not kept down,
And they planned and worked together
And incorporated this town.

Notwithstanding the wonders of science
And all the inventions so new,
They were quite happy as we are now,
And their troubles were just a few.

They were proud of quiet Poplin;
Neither microbes or germs did they fear,
And the suffering suffragette
Had not been invented that year.

And here's to that generation
Who pioneered the town,
Who have left their marks and records
To those who have since come down.

May their memory, though silent, keep with us,
And their records a monument be
That will stand forever and ever
Through all the eternity.

And here's to the men and women
Who in this town now live,
And who all their work and effort
For its interest and uplift give.

As the day and years roll onward,
May their daughters and sons well say,
We were proud of our town and parents
On that sesquicentennial day.

And here's to the sons and daughters
Who from place to place do roam,
But who think that Fremont
Was their early Home, Sweet Home.

*Reprinted from the History of Fremont
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