

For pity calls if no intent we see,
Or righteous wrath when purposed it may be;
Our well born words, when thus they mangled
lie,
Should touch the heart of every passer by.
If queer the form and strange the altered face,
A foolscap change,—no harm to then grimace;
If homely form its heritage from birth,
No quarrel then with nature's simple worth;
Yet if by those who fain with loving care
Would nurture well, a marring stroke it bear,
We sorrow feel that spite their purpose true,
Through lack of skill such ugly sears it knew;
But when with formal effort marred and torn,
You wish in wrath such wretches ne'er were born.
Among the helps the needed skill to give,
That words well born should still in beauty live,
Our spelling matches needed drill they gave
In vital strength our language forms to save.
A pleasing thrill, it ran our ranks along
And stirred the blood of all the eager throng,
Whene'er the call to match our skill was heard,
And each for battle lightly now prepared.
Each valiant captain there in brave array
Opposing forces marshalls for the fray,
With high resolve that foes to them should yield
Or, Spartan like, to die upon the field.
Two serried ranks each other eye and smile
Where all too soon will be but one in file.