

And noisy Jim Collins, and Davis and John,
Tryphenia with white flaxen hair,
And Betsy, whom Mark set his young heart upon
But only to fall in a snare;

For tall Moses Reed—his rival and friend—
Walked straight into Betsy's affections,
Nor deigned to give Mark the accustomed amende
Or to heed his protests and objections.

And Abigail Collins and queer little Dan,
And Joseph and dark Jacob Reed,
And Valentine Sharman and lubberly Sam,
Less fond of his book than his feed.

And Sarah, and Susan, and Hannah, and Steve,
Young Allen McDougal, and Sandy,
From whom 'twas my fate sundry knocks to receive,
By no means so pleasant as handy.

And the Sharmans who came from *below* Tower Hill—
Rough Harris, dark Ann, and Serene—
And another one still, I believe they called *Will*,
Whom his school-mates pronounced rather green.

And laughing Joe Connick, and Gay 'Liza Moore
And other *occasional* scholars,
And noisy Frank Foster, and grave Theodore,
More properly classed among *callers*.

You'll remember the spot where the old school-house stood—
I fancy I see it there still—
Overlooking the meadows, the pasture and wood,
From the top of Eliphalet's Hill.

Though substantial the structure, 'twould fail to command
Much praise from fastidious people,
For its walls were not lofty, its roof was not grand,
And it had neither beltry nor steeple.

Its architect certainly showed his good sense
In placing it close to the ground,
For of foundation pillars it saved the expense,
And it could not be easy blown down.

Its square little windows, which numbered but four,
Served the air and the sunlight to guide,
There was one where the master sat, two by the door
And one on the opposite side.