

I've often heard that terse adage,  
 Young heads wont stick on shoulders old ;  
 But yet, in this erratic age,  
 On shoulders young, we're often told,  
 Are heads so full of modern lore—  
 Too full to hold one atom more.

The youth to-day assumes too much  
 Who would his father wisdom teach,  
 Or claim to be a giant tree  
 While but a verdant sapling he;  
 Who men's ideas fain would throttle  
 As soon as he forsakes the bottle,  
 Or would his betters try to rule  
 By silly theories brought from school ;  
 Who claims that he would dare explore  
 Where Satan sulphur has in store,  
 And soar on high to visit Mars,  
 Or wing his flight beyond the stars ;  
 Who thinks to him the power is given  
 To open wide the gates of heaven,  
 And teach the brightest angels there  
 The knowledge he so well can spare.

In schools to-day there's too much taught,  
 The feeble brains are over-wrought ;  
 The cramming process is a fizzle,  
 Weakening brains, and bones, and muscle.  
 To battle well through life's confusion,  
 Give me less knowledge and less tuition  
 Rather than have a scholar's name  
 And a weak dyspeptic frame.