

'Twas there they taught reading and writing
And nearly every arithmetic rule,
Other studies were also inviting,
The pupils of Marthaville School.

On the platform a chair and a table,
A blackboard was framed in the wall
Which did the teacher enable
To set sums for the great and small ;
Down the walls was a long row of benches,
By the desks had each scholar a stool,
Outside was the gateway and fences
Round the grounds of Marthaville School.

'Twas there we first had our preaching,
Which did sinners convinced of their guilt,
And there we had Sunday School teaching,
For years e'er our churches were built ;
We also had there singing classes
The master of which was a jewel,
And brought joy to the lads and the lasses
Who came to the Marthaville School.

Many times did they build an addition,
A woodshed and platform beside,
At the end it was in such condition,
'Twas three times as long as 'twas wide.
In the summer time was great enjoyment,
In the winter it was rather cool,
To keep warm then gave earnest employment
To all in the Marthaville School.

We had many a social tea-meeting,
When the people came from miles around,
And gladly each other were greeting
And great was the pleasure they found.
In the winter time we had elections
When the box stove was crammed full of fuel,
And voters came from all directions
To vote in the Marthaville School.

But they tore down that old seat of learning,
A new brick school is built in its stead;
A cement basement beneath we'er discerning,
And a slate covered roof over head.
Gone is that old frame erection,
To old friends it seems rather cruel ;
There's nothing but fond recollection
Of the famous Old Marthaville School.