



You'll remember the day that we first went to school—
 The scene is before me e'en now—
 When the *master* laid down his imperative rule
 As to making our entrance bow.

And how into classes, according to age,
 And the studies they had to pursue,
 He divided his scholars—to each gave a page,
 And directed what each had to do.

When organized thus, to their places assigned,
 And commanded to study aloud—
 Ye gods! the vile music street-organists grind,
 Or the thunder from out of a cloud,

Were soft and seraphic compared to the noise
 That alarmingly broke on our ears—
 The *scream* of the girls and the *shout* of the boys,
 All tending to quicken our fears.

But in time we got used to these terrible sounds,
 That they were such became quite insensible,
 And when they were kept within moderate bounds,
 We found them almost indispensable.

The master, amid all the din and discord,
 A survey of his scholars would take—
 He somehow appeared to hear every word
 And was quick to detect a mistake.