

## YE BIG COMPLAYNTE OF YE LYTTLE BOY.

[Written for THE QUARTERLY.]

Oh! dear, I have so many lessons to learn,  
 I really don't know what to do ;  
 Till the hour of mid-night my candle doth burn,  
 And I rumple my hair all askew.  
 Tra, la, and I rumple my hair all askew.

There's Latin and Greek, and German and French,  
 And a great many others beside ;  
 And I sigh in despair as I sit on the bench,  
 Was ever poor mortal so tried ?  
 Tra, la, was ever poor mortal so tried ?

There's Chemistry, Physics and Botany too,  
 Tormenting my poor tired brain.  
 If you were in my place now what would you do ?  
 Zoology drives me insane.  
 Tra, la, Zoology drives me insane.

There's History in which to remember the dates,  
 And Geography also to learn ;  
 There's Book-keeping too, which puzzles our pates,  
 While its Ledgers and Day-books I spurn.  
 Tra, la, while its Ledgers and Day-books I spurn.

There's Arithmetic, Algebra, bothersome Trig,  
 Philosophy and Euclid to boot ;  
 And since I'm a lad who is not very big,  
 These surely my age do not suit.  
 Tra, la, these surely my age do not suit.

Now Grammar comes last on this difficult list,  
 With Literature tacked on behind.  
 Don't you think if a few of my studies were missed,  
 It would be for the good of my kind ?  
 Tra, la, it would be for the good of my kind ?

To all of my readers I make this appeal—  
 I'm sure that with me they'll agree—  
 That this is an evil, not-fancied, but real,  
 And these studies much fewer should be.  
 Tra, la, and these studies much fewer should be.