They tell him all their small complaints
He's judge and jury both
Weildes the case and verdict give
Unwonting useless oath.

His pupils occupy his mind
His thoughts from morn till night
To elevate their minds and thoughts
To cipher read and write.

His work seems light when viewed by
Who labor all for gain.
But his reward counts not in gold
Nor his work in muscles' strain.

He sees the crop he daily sows
Is budding every day
And soon the fruit will ripen forth
And then he gets his pay.