The Country School

At the age of six, a little lad,
With a mind scarce a minute long
In imagination craving for work,
I humbly toddled along.
I did so because it was the rule,
At that age to start to the country school.

My A. B. Cs were first drilled in
By a man with muscle strong
Who depended much on the correcting
To help the boys along
With an iron drill and a wooden rule
He belabored us boys in that country school.

I memorized the first two books;
And of course was promoted on;
Then was allowed a pencil and slate
And punishment for pictures drawn.
At times I felt as stubborn as a mule
As I was knocked about in that country school.