Time rolled on new branches taken,
A new teacher the sceptre waved,
I raised in size and increased in sense
And of course was better behaved.
Then I thought I once had been a fool
For so rashly judging the country school.

An entrance candidate I was sent away
And with credit the exam I passed.
To the high school then, I directed my course
And to hard study buckled fast.
But an outburst of sorrow, was hard to keep cool
As I bid Adieu to that country school.

But time flew past and so did my funds
While attending the T.C. 1.
But a year and a half gave me a 2d A
Then the Model term soon flew by.
And now pray believe it, I away think
The absolute monarch to a country school.