Their constant hum like swarming bees
Resounds the school rooms o'er
Just broken by the loud report
As a slate descends the floor.

The school room large and dusty is
The walls with grates of lath.
The ink-beepattered desk-tops are
The most cheering sights he hath.

The stove is cracked, the pipes are bent
The windows patched and sad
From a nail above the master's seat
Suspends the old beech gad.

The rod is now but little used,
The teacher tries instead
To reason, and in gentle words
The pupils right are led.