

## THA WOOLD SCHOOLMEASTER

Jist auverite tha village church  
Ower leetle school da stan,  
An in tha yard da play about,  
A merry jovil band;  
An to an vro, an roun they go,  
Ael link'd in hand an hand.

An when tha sharp shrill bell rings out,  
At nine a'clock ache day,  
Tha aged measter laves his cot  
An zlowly bends his way,  
An at tha porch greets wie a smile  
Tha merry childern gay.

An dear they love ta zee his form,  
Enter tha leetle school;  
An in quick time ache scholard there  
Is sated on his stool,  
Wie play an laffin put azide,  
Vor well thay know his rule.

Wie reverence they ael kneel down  
Apon tha oaken vloer,  
While tha good man in earnest voice,  
Tha marnin pray'r da pour;  
An oft his zolemn words da touch  
Their young hearts' leetle core.

Tha joyous marnin hymn thay zing  
Wie cheerful heart an voice,  
Upwards ta heaven their praises gooes  
Before tha Lord tha Christ;

To hear the children's hearty strain,  
    Makes his woold heart rejoice.

Tha daily task then thay begin,  
    Ta rade, an zum, an write,  
Geography an history, too,  
    An verses to recite;  
Instructin wieout weariness,  
    Their minds vrim marn till nite.

An thus his work vrim day to day,  
    Ta train thease leetle ban,  
Ta vit their leetle childish minds  
    For culter inta man,  
An upwards lade their wordly thoughts  
    Tawards a better lan.

An oft the good man zees his work,  
    It av bin bless'd, indeed;  
Var many a scholard he av taught,  
    In life, a zees zucceed;  
An hagerly apon dull minds,  
    Examples he will plead.

Vrim year ta year droo out his life,  
    Instructin on a gooes,  
An well tha zeeds a larnin he  
    In every chile a zows;  
God grant un pace an hope a heav'n,  
    When life draas to a close.