'Tis now the time of silver moon,
Of swelling bud, and fancies free
as western winds, but then, ah me!
May cannot come too soon.
The rover calls in every child
and sets his pulses running wild.

"Do stop that noise and take your seat."
Joe, learn to study quietly!
Why, girl, it surely has me beat
How you forget geography.
Brazil's in Spain? ... Here, close that book.
What cause the Civil War, you say?
Suzanna says somebody took
Her beads. Return them. Now without delay.

Now, boy, I told you once before
To put that story book away.
I'll call the roll: Beatrice Moore,
Why were you absent yesterday?
Yes, yes, I heard that mockingbird ... .
Lee Arthur, straighten up your face!
Well, surely, class, you never heard
Of adverbs having tense and case.

(Continued)
"Now, James, explain the term 'percent.'

My, my, 'tis surely not forgot.

If it were fun or devilment

You'd know it all, sir, like as not!

Who put that bent pin in my chair?

No one, of course. Bent pins can walk!

I tell you, though: had I sat there

I'd make these straps and switches talk!

"A picnic on for Saturday?

(I wish that I were going, too.)

Oh no, I couldn't get away.

I have so many things to do.

Yes, there's the bell. Goodbye, goodbye.

And be good children, don't forget."

Well, thank the Lord, they're gone, but I

Can hear their joyous laughter yet.

'Tis now the time of silver moon,

Of swelling bud, and fancies free

As western winds, but then, ah me . . .

May cannot come too soon.

1918