

71 THE PRIMARY SCHOOL (Anonymous)

Again each morning as we pass
The city's streets along,
We'll hear the voices of the class
Ring out the nation's song.

The small boys' treble piping clear,
The bigger boys' low growl,
And from the boy who has no ear
A weird discordant howl.

With swelling hearts we hear them sing
"My country, 'tis of thee,"
From childish throats the anthem ring,
"Sweet land of liberty!"

Their little hearts aglow with pride,
Each with exultant tongue
Proclaims: "From every mountain side
Let freedom's song be sung."

Let him who'd criticize the time,
Or scout the harmony,
Betake him to some other clime, --
No patriot is he!

From scenes like these our grandeur springs,
And we shall e'er be strong
While o'er the land the schoolhouse rings
Each day with Freedom's song.

Sources:

The Golden Argosy, October 17, 1885.

Annals of the Class of 1852, 1922.

Alger Street, 1964.

Newsboy, November-December, 1995.