

## **In an Old School Building.**

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The dust rose from the cloakroom floor  
And entered the form-room from under the door.  
Those endless repairs that go on in vain,  
No sooner done than need doing again.

The children sit in untidy rows,  
The girls' hair plaited with large, bright bows.  
The boys in tattered shirts and socks,  
So little and wan and stupid and lost.

The sun peeps in through the window high,  
One lone ray from its watery eye.  
The bell shrills out. It's time for break!  
Life returns, the children wake  
From the boredom of learning  
To their true estate---  
Troop joyous and free where their play-grounds wait!