

THE FIRST DAY AT ARMOUR

Before I left the High-school,
 (Oh, would I were there yet),
 I didn't have to study 'cause,
 I was the teacher's pet.

She let me talk and whisper,
 And make a lot of noise,
 And I was leader of the class,
 Of all the girls and boys.

But now I'm at old Armour,
 I feel so strange and small,
 And where I felt so big and grand,
 I'm nothing now at all.

And all the upper classmen,
 They push me aside and say
 "Get out of the road there, freshie,
 Can't you see you're in our way?"

And so I hide, 'much as I can,
 And stick close to the walls
 And follow where the others go,
 Around those awful halls.

And once a fellow spoke to me,
 (I thought that I was hid)
 "And you're subscribing for the Cycle?
 Hand out a dollar, kid."

I didn't know just what he meant
 I'd seen no cycles about,
 And I clutched my one last dollar,
 But I had to hand it out.

They call you by your last name,
 'Stead of John or just Billie,
 And they're big men teachers,
 Where one lady used to be.

But when I saw the Deans
 In fright, I vowed right then
 If ever I got out alive
 I'd never leave mamma again.

Did you ever notice this,
 When a fellow takes a kiss,
 Of a righteous little maiden, calm and meek,
 How her Bible learning shows,
 Not by turning up her nose,
 But by simply turning round the other cheek.