

**T**was a jolly old pedagogue, long ago,  
Tall and slender, and sallow and dry;  
His form was bent, and his gait was slow,  
His long hair was as white as snow,  
But a wonderful twinkle shone in his eye.  
And he sang every night as he went to bed,  
"Let us be happy down here below;  
The living should live, the dead be dead,"  
Said the jolly old pedagogue long ago.

---George Arnold.