

## The Music Class

Half a bar, half a bar,  
Half a bar onward!  
Into an awful ditch  
Class and percentor hitch,  
Into a mess of pitch,  
They led the Old Hundred.

Trebles to right of them,  
Tenors to left of them,  
Basses in front of them,  
Bellowed and thundered.

Oh, that director's look,  
When the sopranos took  
Their own time and hook  
From the Old Hundred!

Screached all the treble's blare,  
Boggled the tenors there,  
Raising B. Cockrum's hair,  
While his mind wondered.

Their's not to reason why,  
The song was pitched too high:  
Their's but to gasp and cry  
Out the Old Hundred.

Trebles to right of them,  
Tenors to left of them,  
Basses in front of them,  
Bellowed and thundered.

Stormed they with shout and yell  
Nor wise they sang, nor well,  
Drowning the nine o'clock bell,  
While the school wondered.

Dire was Belle Mossman's glare,  
Flashed her baton in air,  
Sounding fresh keys to hear  
Out the Old Hundred.

Swiftly she turned her back,  
Reached her brown leather sack,  
Then from the screaming pack,  
Herself, she sundered.

Tenors to right of her,  
Tenors to left of her,  
Discords behind her,  
Bellowed and thundered.

Oh, the wild howls they wrought,  
Right to the end they fought!  
Some tune they sang but not,  
Not the Old Hundred.  
—An adaptation by Margaret Noble.

# ATHLETICS

