

# THE SCHOOLMASTER.



D. C. Johnston del.

T. Moore's lith. Boston.

## A VERY POPULAR GLEE.

BOSTON.

Published by PARKER & DITSON, 135 Washing<sup>n</sup> St.

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# THE SCHOOLMASTER.

*A Favorite Piece for Three Voices*

*As Sung at the*  
**SALEM GLEE CLUB.**

BOSTON: Published by C. BRADLEE 107 Washington Street.

ANDANTE.

BASS SOLO.

Come, come my children, I must see, How you can say your A B C, Go get your books and hither come to me

And I will hear your E F G. Hold up your heads and frighten'd dont ye be While you repeat to me your

L M N O P, Come, come my darlings now let me see, How well you know your U X Y & Z.

*V. S. Trio.*

TRIO.

1st VOICE.

A B C D E F G H I J K L M N O P

2d VOICE.

A B C D E F G H I J K L M N O P

BASS.

A B C D E F G H I J K L M N O P

PIANO

FORTE.

Q R S T U W V. Q R S T U W V.

Q R S T U W V. Q R S T U W V.

(To One.)

(To the Other.)

Dont you be so much alarm'd Dont you cry you shant be harm'd Dont you laugh you rogue at me, mind I say your ABC

X & Y & Z oh dear me! I cannot say my A B C.

X & Y & Z oh dear me! I cannot say my A B C.

Else I will whip you and send you out of school For you are a naughty boy and do not mind my rule.

The 1st. and 2d. Voices repeat A, B, & c. during the following three verses.

Bass, to be sung with the 1st. and 2d. Voices.

3<sup>d</sup> Verse.

(To One.)

Not so, not so, not so, not so, Bravo, bravo, bravo, boy how

(To the Other.)

(To One.)

well your task you know. Not so, not so, not so stupid boy,

(To the Other.)

That's right, ah! my dearest child you are your masters joy. Take good care, now, shut your books,

On your master fix your looks, If you miss what'er I tell you And dont say the words I spell you

Then I shall whip you and beat you all-around; Silence, softly, silence, let me not hear a sound.

4<sup>th</sup> Verse.

B A B Bab; B E B Beb; Ba be bi bo bu, Ra re ri ro ru, C A Ca and C U Cu.

A B Ab; E B Eb; I B Ib; O B Ob; B A Ba; B E Be; B I Bi; B O Bo;

L A B Lab; L E B Leb; Na ne ni no nu, Sa se what d'ye mean you rogue by twisting off my cue.

5<sup>th</sup> Verse.

Is it not a cruel fate a master thus to be, Doom'd to teach such naughty boys, such

blunder heads as these, Ah! who knows my misery, or half the pains endur'd While my grief my troubles dire, I

know cannot be cured, Nothing else but letters telling Ruling books and hard words spelling;

Pens a making, boys a shaking, Reading writing scolding fighting, Coaxing on the stubborn ones, and

pushing on the lazy, Toils like these are hard enough to drive a poor man crazy.