



A DIALOUGE BETWEEF A

SCHOOLMASTER & LABOURER

As I walked out on a summers morning
Down by a pleasant green verdant shade
The fragrant tulips & blooming roses
Seemed enterwoven by Floras aid
Among the bowers stood a beautiful mansion
Its charming beauties for to behold
There dwells a pamsel of comely statue
Whom nature formed & beautiful mould
Amongst this fair maids admirers
There was out two did her favor gain
The one a teacher of arts & science
The next by labour himself maintained
The honor gained by those two rivals
Both in the past & the present days
Were well rehearsed to that blooming fairmaid
In their enchanting poetic lays
First spoke the teacher to this glooming fairmaid
And in great rapture his love expressed
Hail fairest creature the pride of nature
You shot & wounded my tender breast
To gain your favor I would rage the nation
I will venture life for my darlings sake
My love is loyal to you my harling
If I dont gain you my heart will break
Next spoke the labourer to this foir maid
And he addresssed her in an artless strain
Hail fairest creature the pride of nature
Your humble servant I now remain
I will till your garden for you my darling
With Jesamine it shall be entwined
I'll maintain you better than the school maeter
With all his learning & books combited
Without my aid saith the loarned teacher
To blooming fair maid can be secure
I teach the traver his case to gain
And am respect'd by rich & poor
I teach the pastor the mass to ofar
Where the halls of glory to you are ringing
I am not comparee to that wretched labourer
Who would often lead you with tur and dung
In the summer time I will till my garden
And pull the daises before they seed
And in the harvest I will reap the corn
The rich & poor I will help to feed
It's by manual labour I will maintain nature
While health & vigear with me remain
While the schoolmaster he must endeavour
To pulverise his barren brain
The knight that rides in his golden chariot
Without some learning cannot be crowned
Lords Dukes & Earls sit in splendor
By my assistance great honors found
While here I am help in the timation
The wretched labourer is by me employed
His oskep wife must work for you my parling
And thus our pleasure is never annoyed
The king that rides in his golden chariot
Must be omsl'yed by the sward and plough
Lords Dukes and Earls that sit in splendor
Lives on the sweet of my humble brow
It's by my labour I maintain nature
From self morn gairse vick joy
While the schoimaster is always raving
Both books and questions his brain annoy
I own my darling your blooming features
Made an impression on my tender breast
And while you rre absent I'm always raving
My troubled mind can find no rest
I want no lecture from a school master
He may bestow them on his barefoot train
I would rather walk thro a well tilled garden
In conversation vvith my darling svvan