

Long lingered our dear friend
 Upon that bed of pain
 The Doctor could not mend
 His shattered bones again
 He called his scholars all
 Around his dying bed
 And whilst our tears did fall
 Thus solemnly he said,

My pupils fare ye well
 My race is almost run
 Sadly my heart doth swell
 As you kiss me one by one
 When down the schoolhouse hill
 Again you go to ride
 Oh look out for that fatal log
 And turn your shield aside
 Then he bowed his head and died
 The boy sobbed and cried
 And we never rid down the schoolhouse hill afterwards

Come ye patrons proud and lowly
 Rich and ragged every man
 Come and fork over what you owe the
 Red river republican.

We are right anxious to receive it
 At we sadly need the chink
 Every dollar brought believe it
 To pay for paper rent and ink.

Pray don't hesitate ye signers,
 Of the printers pittance think
 Send o send the silver shivers
 Quickly cash us or we sink.