



THE OLD SCHOOLHOUSE
By Martha Anne Huddleston Denny
w/o Hugh Toi Denny

The old schoolhouse has been torn away,
It stood there many a day,
It stood by the stream, that gave it its name,
The dear old schoolhouse on Rock Spring,
Some said our school must forever close,
Then the people with a mighty protest arose.
Tom Amonett spoke up with a voice loud and clear,
They will never take it away while I am here,
Our community would never be the same,
Without our school on Rock Spring.
For seventy years I've watched children come and go at will,
To the little schoolhouse at the foot of the hill,

Why did they tear it away?
It was like all things,
It had had its day,
Time changes every thing,
So it changed our schoolhouse on Rock Spring.
The old house had useless grown,
Its walls were leaning,
Its roof most gone,
Raffers and sleepers resting one o're one,
Like the folded hand when the work is done.
They built a new one on the same ground,
But for me, it won't have the thrill,
That the old house had at the foot of the hill.

The change would mean very little to the stranger,
As he passed along the way,
But for a pupil of other days,
He would stop in amazement, wonder and say,
"I can't see why they torn it away,
It should have stood as a memento,
To the good old days of long ago,
But many a sacred memory will linger still,
Around the site of the old school house at the foot of the hill.
And when I like the old school house have had my day,
And the time comes for me to go away,
I'd like to be buried, if it be thy will,
Near the site of the old schoolhouse,
At the foot of the hill.