

# THE COUNTRY SCHOOL

By John Dolinski

# The Country School

by John Dolinski, Libau Manitoba

The school yard stands with fences down

But all is bleak and bare,

All is quiet not a sound

The school is gone from there,

Only foundation and rubble remain

They moved the school away,

All is changed it's not the same

It's all in disarray

It seems only a few years back  
That the school stood there with pride  
They hoisted up a union jack  
On a flag pole built inside,  
Children came from near and far  
To learn their ABC's,  
All on foot there were no cars  
Like one big family.

Now the school stores the farmer's grain  
The lumber was tongue and groove,  
But there are a few that still remain  
Because they were too old to move,  
When the wind blows the walls creak  
They have lost their former pride,  
The squirrels play the game of hide and seek  
And the swallows build nests inside.

There is nothing like a country school  
Where many attended classes,  
Every child understood the rules  
And enjoyed the short recess,  
I love to stop by an old school yard  
And just stay there and reminisce,  
I try to forget but it's very hard  
That one room school I miss.

I still recall those Christmas days  
When on stage we performed as a team,  
But now it's all so far away  
It all seems like a dream,  
What has happened in these modern times  
With consolidation, buses and reconstruction,  
Children are oriented into assembly lines  
It's just one mass production.