



Woodman

Printed at J. Pitts, Wholesale Toy Warehouse
6, Great St. Andrew street, 7 Dials

FAR remov'd from noise and smoke,
Hark I hear the Woodman's stroke
Who dreams not as he fells the oak
What mischief dire he brews.
How art may shape the falling trees
In aid of luxury and ease
He minds not matters such as these
But sings and hacks and hews.

The tree now fell'd by this good man
Perhaps may form a spruce sedan
Or wheelbarrow where Oyster Nan
So runs her vulgar rigs.
The stage where boxers croud in flocks
Or else the quack, perhaps the stocks
Or poles for signs or barbers blocks
Where smiles the parson's wig.

He makes the bold peasant O what grief
The gibbet whereon hangs the thief
The Bench where sits the great Lord
The throne, the cobbler's stall. (Chief
He pampers life in every stage
Make folly's whim pride equipage
For children's toys crutches for age
And coffins for us all.

Yet justice let us still afford
These chairs and this convivial board
The bin that holds gay Bacchus' hoard
Confess the Woodman's stroke.
He made the press that bled the vine
The butt that holds the generous wine
The hall itself where tipplers join
To crack the nithful joke.

