

THE SEA SAUL SAW

Seasoned Saul, he ceased to saw
Then seized his saw anew
And on a seesaw, saw the sea
The sea Saul saw in view.

“What wood would do for damp and dew
Whatever should I choose?
I pine for pine, but oke with oak.
A choicest choice,” he mused.

He thought his thoughts, delayed the lay,
A carpenter’s lament
“I ought to auger holy holes,”
Intense was his intent.

At end of day he straight away
Went to his mighty miter
And coping, saw his coping saw
Sawed siders sipping cider.