

Sheamus' Wood.

I heard tell of a carpenter, the greatest around  
His wood was the best, so said all in town  
He was modest, but generous, and gave when he could  
For it is a sin to hold on to good wood

Now some wood is thick and some wood is thin  
Which makes it quite easy to slip it right in  
To the shelving or floor boards where it's needed most  
But his wood was glorious and he never did boast.

Oh Seamus, Oh Seamus please show me your wood  
Show it to me and I swear I'll be good  
Oh Seamus, Oh Seamus please let me see  
You've shared wood with others, now share it with me

Some wood is knotty and some wood is bent  
Some wood is stiff and others wood's spent  
Not all wood is good wood, you can take it from me  
I've sampled the best wood from over the sea

Hard wood is better than soft it is said  
If you're working on furniture or a nice sturdy bed  
And I heard tell that light wood is easy to stack  
Though once you've gone mahogany you'll never go back

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At his shop they would gather when he plied his trade  
From widows to clerics, he was always well paid  
When making a delivery, he wouldn't mind  
If the front was too crowded, he go in from behind

Till one day while shellacking a fine piece ash  
He somehow contracting a nasty red rash  
Now he's given up carpentry for a more gentle trade  
He's taken up archery and gone on crusade

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