

Though at some sport or cunning plan  
They far beyond their comrades ran.

Around the house some staid to pile  
The gathered wood in proper style;  
Which ever harder work they found  
As high and higher rose the mound.

Above the window-sill it grew,  
And next, the cornice hid from view;  
And, ere the dawn had forced a stop,  
The pile o'erlooked the chimney-top.

Some hands were sore, some backs were blue,  
And legs were scraped with slipping through  
Where ice and snow had left their mark  
On rounded log and smoothest bark.

That morning, when the parson rose,  
Against the pane he pressed his nose,  
And tried the outer world to scan  
To learn how signs of weather ran.

But, 'round the house, behind, before,  
In front of window, shed, and door,  
The wood was piled to such a height  
But little sky was left in sight!



When next he climbed his pulpit stair,  
He touched upon the strange affair,  
And asked a blessing rich to fall  
Upon the heads and homes of all  
Who through the night had worked so hard  
To heap the fuel 'round the yard.