

The Woodmen now with Sledges, on the Snow,
Their Winter's Work draw out, and homeward go.
What's yet to do, must instantly be done,
For other Works must shortly be begun.
Shallops now launch'd, the Crews no longer stay,
But, in their Boats, bring all their Work away.
In such like Toils and Sports, the Year goes round,
And for each Day, some Work, or Pleasure's found.

