

THE CHARCOAL BURNER.

WHY does the charcoal burner stay
Up in the forest by night and day?
He chops the trees, and he piles the wood,
And burns it slow to the charcoal good.

The blacksmith's hammer goes "*Kling! klang!*
kling!

Charcoal! charcoal hurry and bring!
For how can I shoe the pony's feet,
Without good charcoal the iron to heat?"

The charcoal burner is black and grim,
But thanks for his labour we owe to him;
He chops the trees with a whack! whack!
whack!
And burns the wood to the charcoal black.

Knives and hatchets, shovels and rakes,
Shoes for the pony, the blacksmith makes,
The bellows blow and the hammers beat,
But he must have charcoal the iron to heat.

EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.



