S O many brilliant ways there are
Of sailing on to Eau so.
That hard it is to catalogue,
But here's one with a name.
A specialist that deals in barks
In those diverse in kind,
The hemlock, spruce and fir
He'll cut and work, with bark, in mind.
But should you get the whooping cough
Fir-balsam he would blend
To cure that bark so harassing
And put you on the mend.
As lumberman and druggist both
So well his trust he keeps,
That luck brings on the best she has
And Fortune never sleeps.