

Logs Poem

LOGS

Oaken logs if dry and old
Keep away the winters cold.
Beechwood fires burn bright and clear
If the logs are kept a year.
Birch and fir logs burn too fast
Blaze up bright but do not last.
But, Ash wood wet, or Ash wood dry;
A King to warm his slippers by.
Elm wood burns like graveyard mould
Even the very flames are cold!
Poplar gives a bitter smoke,
Fills your eyes and makes you choke!
Chestnut's only good they say
If for years it's stored away.
But Ash wood green or Ash wood brown
Is fit for a Queen with a golden crown.
Apple wood will scent the room;
Pear wood smells as flowers in bloom.
It is by the Irish said,
Hawthorn bakes the sweetest bread.
But Ash logs, all smooth and grey,
Burn them green or old;
Buy up all that come your way,
They're worth their weight in gold.