

“No Finer Woodsman”

If you're looking for a guide
To take you through the countryside,
Look no further – Ron is here!
To help catch fish and find your deer.
He knows where the fish will be
(For he speaks walleye, pike you see);
Have no doubt he's got the bait,
So cast your line—not long you'll wait.
If your line you make a mess,
Then give to Ron—he'll fix your tess;
New equipment he'll provide
(His tackle box is filled inside).
If you're squeamish, have no peace,
Then Ron can help the fish release;
Gloves are wimpy and take time,
But Ron's bare hands enjoy the slime.
Fish are nasty to be cleaned,
So give to Ron—he'll intervene!
He fillets the best of fish,
And you'll enjoy a yummy dish.
(One suggestion I will make:
That's in your boat—gas can you take;
Once he oopsed—left it behind--
That must have somehow slipped his mind.)
Maybe venison's your taste--
Go grab your gun, your bow, make haste!
On the trail, he's tracking now,
His gun is primed to go KA-POW!
If you're 'fraid to cross the swamp,
Then you can follow where he stomps;
If your gear you cannot bear
Then give to Ron—he doesn't care.
He can carry twice the stuff
That normal hunters think enough;
He moves quickly and you must,
Or he will leave you in his dust.
(Just make sure he does not pack
Some nails and batt'ries in his sack;
Once he set himself on fire--
He was not careful: crossed some wires.)
If you're lucky—shoot a deer,
Then you'll be glad that Ron is near;
He can dress it, wear the mess,
He'll drag it out and you can rest.
Now I'm sure it's Ron you'll choose--
You'll win with him—you cannot lose;
No better teacher on the street;
No finer woodsman you can meet.

T.R. Hobson
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