

The Baby Lumberjack

In a forest, so dense and deep,
Where secrets like to keep,
A baby named Jonathan was born,
With a heart for timber, not yet torn.

Tiny hands, gripping an axe,
Diaper-clad, leaving tiny tracks.
Jonathan of York, the baby lumberjack,
Chopping wood with a baby's knack.



Every morning, with the sun,
Jonathan's lumbering day begun.
Trees would giggle, leaves would shake,
At the tiny chops he would make.
Squirrels and birds, up in the trees,
Watched in wonder, feeling the breeze.
For in the woods, tales they'd tell,
Of the baby who chopped so well.

Chop, chop, baby's rhythm so fine,
Cutting logs in a perfect line.
Jonathan of York, with laughter and glee,
Baby lumberjack, as wild as can be.

With his bottle, and his toy,
He'd lumber on, oh boy, oh boy!
The forest whispered, the animals knew,



This baby's spirit, so pure and true.

One day, a tree spoke, so old and wise,
"Dear Jonathan, with those twinkling eyes,
Chop with care, and love the land,
For in your tiny hands, the forest does stand."

Jonathan smiled, a baby's grin,
And the forest felt a warmth from within.

For even in youth, wisdom can grow,
In the heart of the lumberjack, the forest did know.



In tales of old, and stories anew,
Of a baby lumberjack, the world once knew.
Jonathan of York's legacy, forever will last,
In the rhythm of chop, chop, echoing the past.

Origins Story unknown

retold by Orlando Giovanni

