Iambic Tetrameter

Stand up to to greet the rising sun,
And cutting bread parts, grab an axe
   To find yourself a mighty tree
And feast the Yule with strange new branch.
And when you’ve done that, take a pair
   Of pairs of pairs of pairs of pairs
   Of pairs of pairs of pairs of pairs
And turn it round about itself
And find you there some long-dead tree
   The next step of your journey there.