

Song for a Carpenter

Dan Fogelberg

Oh, he makes his life as a carpenter
He works his hands in wood
And he lives the way his granddad
Might have liked and understood

He goes to work each morning
And he comes home every night
And the time that passes in between
He knows has been spent right

A child in South Ohio
A man in Northern Maine
He took his dream to the end of the world
And he brought it back again

Here he met his sweet Rebekah
Here he came to make his stand
In a house he built in the piny woods
Where the ocean meets the land

And it's hey ho, steady as you go
Sing for the love of the land
Hey ho, blessed is the home
Born of the carpenter's hand

Oh, his hair is rough and curly
And his legs they reach the ground
And his eyes are full of living
And his back is broad and brown

And his heart is sure and stubborn
And his pride's too strong to bend
And somewhere in his life
He found the time to be my friend

And it's hey ho, steady as you go
Sing for the love of the land
Hey ho, blessed is the home
Born of the carpenter's hand

Oh, he loves his sweet Rebekah
He'll love her 'til his death
And she gave to him a bonny son
And they named the child Seth

And now they are a family
A community of three
Living in the piny woods
Where the soil meets the sea

And it's hey ho, steady as you go
Sing for the love of the land
Hey ho, blessed is the home
Born of the carpenter's hand
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