

The Carpenter

John Conlee

Let us now praise the carpenter and the things that he made
And the way that he'd live by the tools of the trade
I can still hear his hammer singing ten penny time
Working by the hour till the day that he died

He was tough as a crowbar, he was quick as a chisel
Fair as a plane, Lord, and true as a level
He was straight as a chalk line and right as a rule
He was square with the world, he took good care of his tools

He worked his hands in wood from the crib to the coffin
With a care and a love that you don't see too often
He built boats out of wood, big boats, working in a shipyard
Mansions on the hill and a birdhouse in the backyard

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He said anything that's worth cutting down a tree for
Is worth doing right, don't the Lord love a two by four?
And if you asked him how to do something, he said "Like Noah built the ark"
You've gotta hold your mouth right and never miss a mark

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