Dan Fogelberg, Song For A Carpenter

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 home again

Here he met his sweet Rebeckah
Here he came to make his stand
In a house he built in the piney 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 Rebeckah 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 piney 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 Born of the carpenter's hand