

# 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