

## **'The Call of the Boat Builder'**

I hew the oak, I plane the elm  
I steam the ribs, I shape the helm

Please remember when you're set free on the sea,  
Who made thee, the hands of a loving heart

I know the grain like my father's hands  
The tree was felled, its memory stands

Please remember when you're set free on the sea,  
Who made thee, the hands of a loving heart

I hear the call of builders past  
Long live their words, long live their craft

Please remember when you're set free on the sea,  
Who made thee, the hands of a loving heart

You are my gift from tree to sea  
May a grain of me speak out in thee

Please remember when you're set free on the sea,  
Who made thee, the hands of a loving heart

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