

CARPENTER'S SON

(written by Kenneth Cope)

Back to the days of His childhood
Back to the faces who smiled on His youth
Back to the land where He grew to a Man
While following in carpenter shoes

Back to the tutoring Joseph
Back to the hammer and saw
Working the plans with the skill of His hands
He learned to master it all

*That's why they called Him the carpenter's son
The seed of a simple one
But He knew the Sire from whence He had come
Framer of worlds
Jesus—the Carpenter's Son*

Now the time came to lay down His woodwork
And take up His mission of finishing souls
But knowing His word must by all men be heard
He turned back to labor at home
He stood up to preach in their church house
And told them of His heavenly call
But flat out rejected—how could they accept it
He was just a carpenter after all

*Run out of town—this carpenter's son
Boy of the local one
But He knew the Sire from whence He had come
Framer of worlds
Jesus—the Carpenter*

A carpenter's livelihood is his wood
Shaped and prepared for his neighbor's good
And this Carpenter planned to die by the wood
For His neighbor's good
Carved from a tree of His own creating
Grown in a world He had graced for saving

*Jesus—the Carpenter's Son
I'm hoping He'll have me—that Carpenter's Son
Till I'm seed of the Holy One
To share in His name and be heir of the crown He has won
Framer of worlds
Make me a child of the Carpenter's Son*

A son of the Carpenter's Son
Make me a son of the Carpenter's Son
I want to become like the Carpenter's Son
Lord, let me be like the Carpenter's Son
I want to become like the Carpenter's Son
Lord, make me one with that Carpenter's Son