

The Old Figurehead Carver
Gordon Bok

[Intro]

E A

[Verse]

A

I have done my bit of carving

Bm

Figureheads of quaint design

E

For the Olives and the Ruddocks

D

A

And the famous Black Ball Line

G

A

Brigantines and barques and clippers

D

Bm

Brigs and schooners, lithe and tall

E

But the bounding Marco Polo

D

A

Was the proudest of them all

[Chorus]

G

A

And while my hand is steady

D

Bm

While my eyes are good

E

I will carve the music

D

A

E

Of the wind into the wood

[Verse]

A

I can see that white-winged clipper

Bm

Reeling under scudding clouds

E

Tramping down a hazy skyline

D

A

With a Norther in her shrouds

G

A

I can feel her lines of beauty

D

Bm

See her flecked with spume and brine

E

As she drives her scuppers under

D

A

And that figurehead of mine

[Chorus]

G **A**
And while my hand is steady
D **Bm**
While my eyes are good
 E
I will carve the music
 D **A** **E**
Of the wind into the wood

[Verse]

A
Twas of seasoned pine I made it
 Bm
Clear from outer bark to core
 E
And the finest piece of timber
 D **A**
From the mast-pond on Straight Shore
 G **A**
Every bite of axe or chisel
 D **Bm**
Every ringing mallet welt
 E
Brought from out that piece of timber
 D **A**
All the spirit that I felt

[Chorus]

G **A**
And while my hand is steady
D **Bm**
While my eyes are good
 E
I will carve the music
 D **A** **E**
Of the wind into the wood

[Verse]

A
I had read of Marco Polo
 Bm
Till his daring deeds were mine
 E
And I saw them all a-glowing
 D **A**
In that balsam-scented pine
 G **A**
Saw his eyes alight with purpose
 D **Bm**
Facing every vagrant breeze

E

Saw him lifting, free and careless

D A

Over all the Seven Seas

[Chorus]

G A

And while my hand is steady

D Bm

While my eyes are good

E

I will carve the music

D A E

Of the wind into the wood

[Verse]

A

That was how I did my carving

Bm

Beat of heart and stroke of hand

E

Blended into life and action

D A

All the purpose that I planned

G A

Flowing robes and wind-tossed tresses

D Bm

Forms of beauty, strength, design

E

Saw them all, and strove to carve them

D A

In those figureheads of mine

[Chorus]

G A

And while my hand is steady

D Bm

While my eyes are good

E

I will carve the music

D A E D A

Of the wind into the wood

[Verse]

A

I am old, my hands are feeble

Bm

And my outward eyes are dim

E

But I see again those clippers

D A

Lifting over the ocean's rim

G A

Great white fleet of reeling rovers

D

Bm

Wind above, the surf beneath

E

And the Marco Polo leading

D

A

With my carving in her teeth

[Chorus]

G

A

And while my hand is steady

D

Bm

While my eyes are good

E

I will carve the music

D

A

Of the wind into the wood

[Chorus]

G

A

And while my hand is steady

D

Bm

While my eyes are good

E

I will carve the music

D

A

E A

Of the wind into the wood