

The Carpenter

When I carry my burdens to Him
He takes them ^{apart} with care.

He searches for all the splinters,
Which gall and prick and tear.

Then He seals the big rough edges
With planing and sweat and toil.
His hands are strong like a carpenter's vise,
His touch as smooth as oil.

After awhile the work is done,
And I leave Him, whole and sound.
Won't you carry your burdens to Him,
And find Him as I have found?

Chorus

Jesus is the Carpenter.
His work is neatly done.

He takes up all our brokenness
And "fixes" everyone.

Yes, Jesus is the Carpenter.

Yes, Jesus is the One
In labor of love He works with us,
And lo! His zeal has won!

K.B.A.

How do you spell

PLANE(ING) or planing

VICE OF VISE