

Made of Wood

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I am a seafaring carpenter and timbering is my trade,
I sails from Swansea round Cape Horn, on ships that are timber-made
At the trunking and the shuttering-up you'll find me very good,
I'll fix up any thing you want as long as it's made of wood.
*Made of wood, made of wood,
I'll fix up any thing you want as long as it's made of wood.*

When it's time to leave the town, we loads her up with coal,
I builds the shutters and the chutes that tumble it into the hold,
I makes the hatches watertight, to be sure that we don't flood,
A ship'll be safe as anything, as long as it's made of wood
*Made of wood, made of wood,
A ship'll be safe as anything, as long as it's made of wood*

And when we gets to Valipo, the lighters they comes around,
I builds the wooden winches that will lower the cargo down,
They creaks away for days on end, with a rattle and a thud,
I appreciate these contrivances, as long as they're made of wood
*Made of wood, made of wood,
I appreciate these contrivances, as long as they're made of wood*

But before we winch the copper aboard, I must fit the trunking in,
It holds the copper ore secure, it's like a second skin,
For if the cargo should shift about, that wouldn't do any good,
I keeps it secure and Swansea-style, in my shuttering made of wood
*Made of wood, made of wood,
I keeps it secure and Swansea-style, in my shuttering made of wood*

And on the passage homeward I spends most of my time in the hold,
Making sure the trunking's secure, no matter how we've rolled,
For that is where I likes to be, it's where I can do most good,
Between the shuttering and the hull, and they're both of them made of wood
*Made of wood, made of wood,
Between the shuttering and the hull, and they're both of them made of wood*

Well, once down by the Falkland Isles a mast was carried away
I rigged a replacement jury up in less than half a day
We sailed into Port Stanley then, as quick as ever we could,
There's plenty of ways to fix a mast, as long as it's made of wood
*Made of wood, made of wood,
There's plenty of ways to fix a mast, as long as it's made of wood*

Well, I hear they're making ships of iron, to sail upon the sea,
I don't know what'd become of them, or what'd become of me,
But how do you nail up bits of iron, that've come adrift in the flood?
You'd only get me to go to sea on a ship that's been made of wood
*Made of wood, made of wood,
You'd only get me to go to sea on a ship that's been made of wood*

(Repeat first verse)