The Antique Restorer

(Written for Gary, by Cathryn Ivin
Valentines Day, 1997)

Morning is breaking. The workshop comes open.
The young fella starts with the chairs which are broken.
He scratches his head and then looks with more care
And then starts the machines up. The noise fills the air.

The boss arrives later and straight away comes
To see work progressing and what isn't done.
He barks, and discusses, and hands out the orders.
That's the typical start for this antique restorer.

The antique restorer who belongs from the past
With respect for tradition and standards that last
And a preference for old things, some wagons and steeds
And his character trademark - the long flowing beard.

He always is moving, applying his trade
With accurate certainty reproductions are made.
With care and precision, he restores for each caller
Such is the way of the antique restorer.

The antique restorer has creative flair
And will attend to the mouldings and joinery with care.
And should there be something which requires some more thought
Why he'll think it right through from the basics as taught

But teaching alone just cannot explain
The magnificent works which come out off his plane.
He's an intuitive bloke, oh there's nothing surer,
And challenge is fun for this antique restorer!

The antique restorer is there for all types
For the dealers and clients and friends smoking pipes.
He always makes time to hear, or just chat
And the people are drawn to him - they appreciate that.

A pleasure it is to see him tooling on leather
Applying the gold by working together
The hide and the mineral for desks of top order.
Oh an artist he is - this antique restorer!

The antique restorer, at close of the day
Will go in his ute to do quotes or to play.
Then finally he's home for that much needed rest.
Its comforts of hearth and heart he loves best

And what is the future for one of this trade?
Are prospects quite good? Or will memory fade?
Whilst so many people love things which are older
There's a pleasurable living for an antique restorer.