

Father was a Dredgerman [Allelujah]

by Janie Meneely (ca. 2019)

Father was a dredgerman, he worked out on the water
Pulling up the oysters on the dark-eyed winter days
Ma was always worried that the winter chill would snag him
Catch him in the heart, and then take his breath away.
[But] always in the evening, just as night was falling,
When the setting of the sun had drawn its cloak across the Bay
We'd hear my father singing, as his boat came up the channel
A loud and fervent chorus as he sang his songs of praise:

CHORUS:

Allelujah, allelujah, allelujah
Allelujah, allelujah, allelujah

Mother's eyes would soften when she heard his simple music
Heard the simple phrases that professed his simple faith
And she would put the kettle on and ready up the supper
Another day was over, and his god had kept him safe.
It was amazing grace that we heard across the water
The joyful allelujahs that made us sing along
No matter what the day had brought, or what the Bay had given
The hymnal of his heart filled the harbor with his song

CHORUS

Always was the wonder of the wind and of the wildness
Always was the power of the storm upon the waves
Always was the spirit moving close upon the water
Always was the faith that led our journeys through the day
And now as night comes falling and the sun begins its slumber
I strain to hear those hymns my father sang so long ago
Through the distance softly, I can sometimes hear the echo
Drifting through the darkness of a song I used to know

CHORUS

CHORUS