**A Prayer for the Waterman**

Early in the morning, he’s out before the sun

If you like your oyster dressing say a prayer for the waterman.

May the Conowingo hold back her debris.

May the Susquehanna waters flow gently towards the sea.

May the briny mixture kiss your spat upon their beds.

May year by year they increase and provide your daily bread.

May the storms of summer miss you, may the winters all be mild.

May your pound nets fill to bursting, be the bay forever wild.

May your engines never falter, may you thrive on sea and land.

May nature yield her harvest marrying limit to demand.

Saw your shadow in the morning light, I could not see your face.

With the cormorants and herons and the gulls you took your place.

And when you sit at table with your loved ones gathered ‘round

Know that at our table we rejoice to know you’re home and sound.

Bridge

So, spare a thought for dredgers and the man who holds the tongs.

For the shuckers and the oystermen we offer up this song.

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