

The Upton Wherryman

Oh me name is John Hels-don, a wher-ry-man I; at Up-ton near Ac-le I dwell - . I'm a
 dea-ler in coal and a car-ri-er too, and a hus-band and fa-ther as well - . I've
 three grow-ing child-ren and though we are poor we're con-tent - . Like me fa-ther be -
 fore me I know e-very Broad, all me life on the riv-er I've spent - . I've
 sailed the North Riv-er, the Ant and the Thurne, - I've knownthem both wild and still - , but the
 best sight of all's when we make the last turn, and there's old Da-vy's Mill - .

2
 I've been thirty years sailing
 and fifteen years wed
 to a Gorleston girl, Anna-Marie.
 Young Lorina's just like her;
 a hard-working girl;
 but George was drowned at just three.
 Young Woodbine and John,
 when they sail with me,
 make a good crew,
 so I hope they'll take over
 when I get too old,
 and they'll be wherryman too.

3
 Oh we sail up to Aylsham
 and to East Ruston too
 and every staithe on the way
 where we unload our coal
 and then set off again;
 we try to get back the same day.
 But sometimes we run up to Norwich
 or through Oulton Broad,
 then we moor at the pub
 for a pint and a chat,
 then go back and sleep on board.

4
 Now to Yarmouth we go
 once or twice every week;
 in the harbour we moor
 alongside.
 Then it's off with the hatches
 and in with the coal
 and back if we can with the
 tide.
 But once the old gal proudly
 pushed her nose out past the
 pier
 to a collier at anchor
 in a sea like a pond,
 as smooth as Horsey Mere.