

Waiting for the Day

The worst old brig that ever did weigh,
Sailed out of Harwich on a windy day.

Chorus

*And we're waiting for the day,
Waiting for the day,
Waiting for the day
That we get our pay.*

She was built in Roman time,
Held together with bits of twine.

The skipper's half drunk and the mate is too,
And the crew are fourteen men too few.

Nothing in the galley—nothing in the hold,
But the skipper's turned in with a bag of gold.

Off Orford Ness she sprang a leak,
Hear her poor old timbers creak.

We pumped our way round Lowestoft Ness,
When the wind backed round to the west-sou'-west.

Through the Cockles to Cromer cliff,
Steering like a wagon with a wheel adrift.

Into the Humber and up the town,
Pump you blighters—pump or drown.

Her coal was shot by a drunken crew,
Her bottom was rotten and it went right through.