

## Waiting for the Day

*Folktrax 047 ('A Bargeman's Song & Stories') Bob Roberts 1952. Roud 1855.*

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*

*When 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 to 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