

THE WORST OLD SHIP (WAITING FOR THE DAY)

#09

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

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

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.

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