

Wareham Whaler's Songbook

Waiting for the Day

AKA The Worst Old Ship.

The crabbiest ship the yard's ever laid,
sailed out of Plymouth on a winter's day.

We're waiting for the day, waiting for the day,
waiting for the day that we get our pay.

She was laid down in Nelson's time,
held together with seam & twine.

We're waiting for the day, waiting for the day,
waiting for the day that we get our pay.

Her keel was buckled an'er rudder don't turn,
she's steered by a dhobey bucket hung on the stern.

We're waiting for the day, waiting for the day,
waiting for the day that we get our pay.

Even the fiddlin's all to cock,
we've a tonne o' corn dog from Devonport dock.

We're waiting for the day, waiting for the day,
waiting for the day that we get our pay.

We sailed for the Med in the month of May,
an' met up with the Diso in Beegy Bay.

We're waiting for the day, waiting for the day,
waiting for the day that we get our pay.

Then the lashings parted and the bottom fell out,
an' four dozen matelots were swimming all about.

We're waiting for the day, waiting for the day,
waiting for the day that we get our pay.

If there 'adn't been so much tickler to save,
we all would've met with a watery grave.

We're waiting for the day, waiting for the day,
waiting for the day that we get our pay.

Now the moral of this story's easy to tell,
for we're in the NAAFI an' the skipper's in hell.

We're waiting for the day, waiting for the day,
waiting for the day that we get our pay.

We're waiting for the day, waiting for the day,
waiting for the day that we get our pay.