



150 Days Out From Vancouver

Words by C. Fox-Smith. Music by Tom Lewis
(Recorded by Tom Lewis on Tinker, Tailor, Soldier, Singer!)

Chorus:

*A hundred and fifty days out from Vancouver,
Don't you hear them all singing it over and over?
A hundred and fifty days longer to roam,
Or less if you're lucky to England and home!*

I leaned on the taffrail to watch the day dying,
Like a flock of gay birds round the royal yards flying,
High o'er the sunset I saw the young moon,
And the wind and the tide they were singing one tune

The ship took it up as she tugged at her tether,
Brace, footrope and halliard all singing together,
So did the seagulls which round us did call,
But, oh, my heart sang it the strongest of all.

We've sailed round the world, lads, to ports without number,
To Chile for nitrates, the Fraser for lumber,
All o'er the ocean since first we did roll,
By the Straits of Le Maire to Coquimbo with coal.

There's many good songs we have knocked round the world to,
Manned capstan and windlass, reefed, shifted and furled to,
Where charters might offer or cargoes might call,
But the homeward-bound shanty's the best of them all.

A hundred and fifty days out from Vancouver
Brings the ship to the land, brings the lad to his lover,
A hundred and fifty days longer to roam
Or less if you're lucky to England and home!