



The Ship's Good-Bye (150 Days Out From Vancouver)

I leaned on the taffrail, I saw 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.

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!*

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

There be many good songs we have knocked round the world to,
Manned capstan and halliard, reefed, shifted and furled to,
All round the oceans since first we did roll,
By the Straits of Le Mair for Coquimbo with coal.

All round the world, lads, to ports without number,
Chile for nitrates, the Fraser for lumber,
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!