

# ON The Road to <sup>Chantey</sup> LONDON TOWN

'Tis away off Cape Horn  
 Where the breeze's blow the strongest  
 Heave yo ho snug your tops'ls down.  
 We are homeward bound  
 on the trip that seems the longest  
 Timmy weh yah back to LONDON TOWN.

Oh we're on the road from WELLINGTON  
 the Wool's jambed tight.  
 Heave lad's the sea is running high.  
 an there's dirty weather brewin  
 that we'll get before the night.  
 Hurrah lads we'll watch the good ship fly.

Heh it's for'ward on the foc'sle  
 where the bully boys tramp round.  
 Hi yo hilly flatten in your sheet.  
 It's a long run yet before your  
 anchor touches ground.  
 Heh yah through heavy gale and sleep.

So the deck's are all awash boy's  
 you can hear the backstays hum.  
 Heave yo ho coil your halyards down.  
 an there's hail and snow to wind'ard  
 and plenty more to come.  
 Timmy weh yah on the road to—  
 -LONDON TOWN.

Illustration by  
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-LONDON TOWN.