

Ghosts of Cape Horn

Gordon Lightfoot

All around old Cape Horn
Ships of the line, ships of the morn
Some who wish they'd never been born
They are the ghosts of Cape Horn

Fal deral dal riddle de rum
With a rim dim diddy
And a rum dum dum
Sailing away at the break of dawn
They are the ghosts of Cape Horn

See them all in sad repair
Demons dance everywhere
Southern gales, tattered sails
And none to tell the tales

Come all of you rustic old sea dogs
Who follow the bright Southern Cross
You were rounding the Horn
In the eye of a storm
When you lost her one day
And you read all your letters
From oceans away
Then you took them to the bottom of the sea

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Come all you old sea dogs from Devon
Southampton, Penzance, and Kinsale
You were caught by the chance
Of a sailor's last dance
It was not meant to be
And you read all your letters
Cried anchors aweigh
Then you took them to the bottom of the sea

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