

# 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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