

Cape Horn

Sarah Brightman

It was like riding a port over a waterfall, sir
And wind is not the name for what blows in your face
It's something made of iron
Swings at you from the west
Never changin' day in and day out

With seas as high as the main mast
We had lifelines rigged everywhere, sir
And there were still 16 men washed over board
Cold, three men froze in the yards, frozen stiff, sir
Couldn't get them down without cutting their fingers
Loose from the shrouds, I was lucky