Around The Wild Cape Horn

by Ralph Mctell

Capo'd at the 2nd fret

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G                        C    G        Em     D       C
I was born a land-bound farm boy and in New England raised,
                    G                          Em           D
The rippling of the wheat fields, well they were my ocean waves.
     G                  C        G              Em      D         C
Each cry and call, each rise and fall, of the crows a-cross the corn
               G          D         G         C                   Em     D
Were seagulls swooping a-cross the bow, of a ship I dreamed Id sail a-round
     G
Cape Horn.


G                       C    G         Em             D         C
My deck was the dusty farm yard, my mast was the telegraph pole
                                  G                          Em                  D
And the windblow choir in the telephone wire was the call heard in my soul
G                  C          G        Em                  D     C
And it seemed to have been singing since the day that I was born
                   G          D       G     C             Em         D
I'm gonna take a trip on a sailing ship, all the way around the wild Cape
G
Horn

G                           C  G          Em      D       C
Well I found that ship in Hamburg, her name it was Peking
                          G                      Em                      D
Our skippers name was Captain Jrs, and Id never met a man like him.
G                       C        G             Em          D      C
He pulled two men out from the sea, by the hair, in a raging storm.
                  G          D       G     C             Em         D
And he kept that grip on a sailing ship, all the way around the wild Cape
G
Horn.

D                                                Am
Well its four hours on and its four hours off and you sleep in your wet
C
clothes
                     G                     C     Em     D
The only dry thing on the ship is the cargo down below
G                  C         G        Em           D       C
Eleven thousand miles we sailed, nigh on one hundred dawns
G           D           G        C                  Em         D         G
Thirty two sails on a heaving ship, pulling us around the wild cape horn

G                              C         G          Em          D         C
Well the cargo weighed five thousand tons, the ship three thousand more.
                   G                        Em                  D
An acre of sail was up aloft, some seventeen storeys tall.
G                         C        G           Em     D      C
And we had a pig, and a scruffy dog and a turkey fed on corn.
G             D           G        C                  Em          D          G
And willing hands who catch the wind, hauling us around the wild Cape Horn.

G                       C    G                     Em     D         C
For seventeen days we were becalmed and then Friday the thirteenth
                  G                          Em           D
Sixty eight great ships were lost in the storm of the century.
G                         C       G        Em      D          C
But we were swept into the Atlantic, on a sun-lit sparkling morn,
G                D           G        C                  Em         D
The turkey got sick, so we ate him quick, on the way around the wild Cape
G
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Horn.

D Am C
Well she had us sort of hypnotised, no time to catch our breath,
G C Em D
If you want to feel real alive, well you have to flirt with death.
G C G Em D C
Sail close to the harnessed wind, and treat all risks with scorn
G D G C Em D
A farm boy and an un-yoked team, ploughed their way around the wild Cape
G
Horn.

G C G Em D C
Now on that voyage we lost two boys, they got thrown overboard.
G Em D
Silence from us down below, no one could put in words.
G C G Em D C
Two empty bunks to mark the space in our young lives to mourn,
G D G C Em D G
Voids between all life and death, on the way around the wild Cape Horn

G C G Em D C
And mountain waves, like avalanches crashed upon the decks,
G Em D
The screaming winds snapped ropes and spars, and tried to have us wrecked.
G C G Em D C
But she rose and fell through foam and swell, her sails were ripped and torn
G D G C Em D G
Eight thousand tons tossed like a cork, on the way around the wild Cape
Horn.

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