Around the wild Cape Horn
by Ralph McTell

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

My deck was the dusty farm yard,
my mast was the telegraph pole,
The wind blown choir in the telephone wire
was the chord heard in my soul.
And it seemed to have been singing,
since the day that I was born,
Gonna take a trip on a sailing ship,
all the way around the wild Cape Horn.

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

Well its four hours on, and its four hours off
you sleep in your wet clothes.
The only dry thing on this ship,
is the cargo down below.
Eleven thousand miles we sailed,
nigh on one hundred dawns,
Thirty-two sails on a heaving ship,
pulling us around the wild Cape Horn.

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

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

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

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

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

And she had us sort of hypnotised,
no time to catch our breath,
If you ever want to feel alive,
well youd better flirt with death.
And sail close to the harnessed wind,
and treat all risks with scorn
A farm boy and un-yoked team,
ploughed their way around the wild Cape Horn.
Well, a farmer boy and un-yoked team,
ploughed their way around the wild Cape Horn.