Lightfoot Gordon "Ghosts Of Cape Horn"

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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 da riddle de rum
With a rim dim diddy
And a rum dum dum
Sailing away at the break of morn
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 great Southern Cross
You we're rounding the Horn
In the eye of a storm
When ya lost 'er one day
And you read all yer letters
>From oceans away
Then you took them to the bottom of the sea

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

Fal deral da riddle de rum
With a rim dim diddy
And a rum dum dum
Sailing away at the break of morn
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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 ya read all yer letters Cried anchor aweigh Then ya took them to the bottom of the sea

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