

Around The Wild Cape Horn
Ralph McTell

Capo d at the 2nd fret

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 Iâ€™d 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 skipperâ€™s name was Captain JÃ¼rs, and Iâ€™d 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
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.

D Am C
And 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 **D** **G** **C** **Em** **D**
Well, a farm boy and un-yoked team, ploughed their way around the wild Cape
G
Horn.