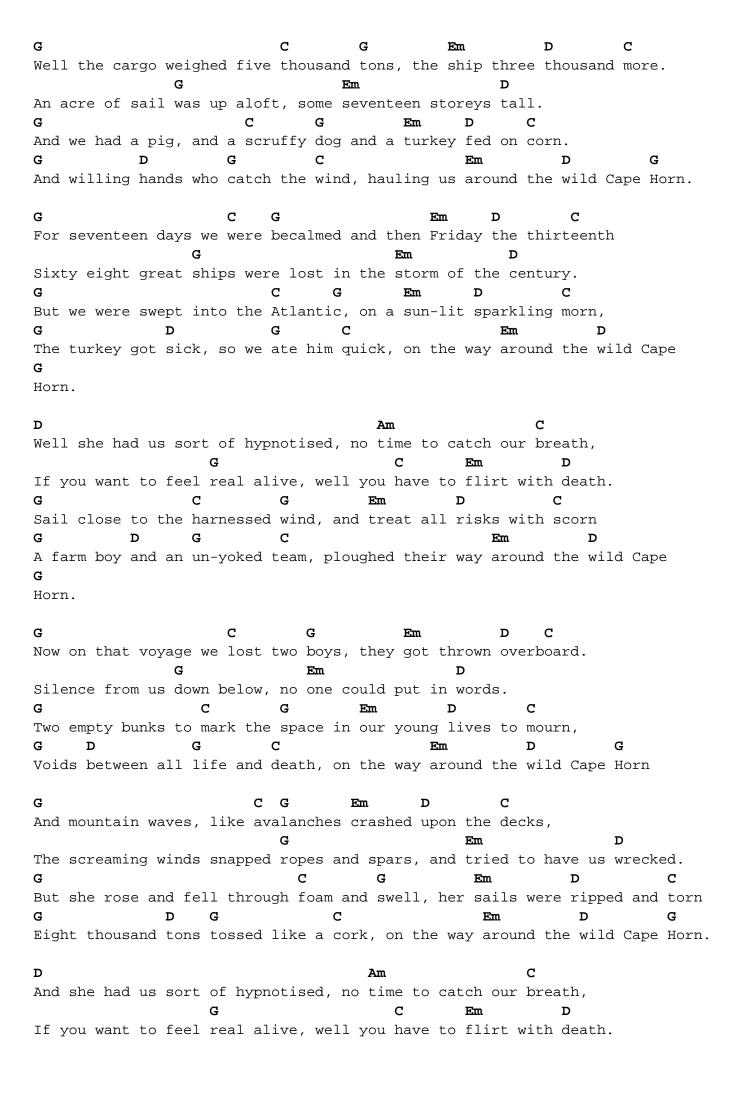
Around The Wild Cape Horn Ralph McTell

Capo d at the 2nd fret

G C G	Em D	C	
I was born a land-bound farm boy and ${f G}$	d in New England Em	raised, D	
The rippling of the wheat fields, we $f G$ $f C$ $f G$	ell they were my Em	ocean waves. D C	
Each cry and call, each rise and fall G D O	ll, of the crows	a-cross the corn Em D	
Were seagulls swooping a-cross the ${f G}$	oow, of a ship I	dreamed I'd sail a-rour	ıd
Cape Horn.			
G C G	Em D	С	
My deck was the dusty farm yard, my ${\bf G}$	mast was the tel	egraph pole Em D	
And the windblow choir in the teleph			
G C G I And it seemed to have been singing s	Em since the day tha	D C at I was born	
	G C	Em D	
I m gonna take a trip on a sailing s G	ship, all the way	around the wild Cape	
Horn			
G C G	Em D	С	
Well I found that ship in Hamburg, h	_		
G Our skipper's name was Captain Jù	Em ¼rs, and I'd ne	D ever met a man like him.	
G C G	Em	D C	
He pulled two men out from the sea, $f G \qquad f D \qquad f G$	by the hair, in C	a raging storm. Em D	
And he kept that grip on a sailing s	ship, all the way	around the wild Cape	
Horn.			
D	Am		
Well its four hours on and its four C	hours off and yo	ou sleep in your wet	
clothes			
G	C Em I		
The only dry thing on the ship is the G G Em	ne cargo down bel D	.ow C	
Eleven thousand miles we sailed, nig			
G D G C	Em	D G	
Thirty two sails on a heaving ship,	pulling us arour	nd the wild cape horn	



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 t	eam, ploug	shed their	way around	the wild Cape
G					
Horn.					
G 1	D G	С		Em	D
Well, a farm boy a	and un-yoke	d team, pl	oughed the	eir way arou	and the wild Cape
G					
Horn.					