

# Ghosts Of Cape Horn

## Gordon Lightfoot

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 dawn  
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 your 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 dawn  
They are the ghosts of Cape Horn 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 your letters  
Cried [Incomprehensible] away  
Then ya took them to the bottom of the sea All around old Cape Horn  
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Some who wish they'd never been born  
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