



Round the Horn

In fair Atlantic weather
We hauled away together
And set our course for Ireland's emerald shore;
And soon a storm was on us
And tore our topsail from us
And seas like mountains threw us back and fore.

Come you along
And hearken to my song,
Hear how we sailed her round the Horn,
Round the Horn;
For a mighty gale was raging,
The light of day was fading,
And rocks were white to leeward with the storm.

I've sailed on every ocean,
As matelot, mate and boson,
And every ship my pride and joy has been.
But this tub is a cursed one,
The starving, slaving worst one
That in my time afloat I've ever seen.