

# The Ghost Ship

Now listen well as a tale I tell  
Of a night shook with fear.  
We were sailing west on the open sea,  
Headin' home from a long, long year.  
I was standing watch all alone that night  
When I heard a wailing cry.  
As I strained to see what the sound could be,  
Something flashed, and caught my eye.  
And the cold wind blew, and the cold wind blew.

'Twas then I spied off the starboard side  
A strange, mysterious sight.  
I froze with fear as it drifted near  
Like a ghost in the dark of night.  
I could see a sail on a broken mast and deserted decks below.  
From all around came a mournful sound, but I saw not a living soul!  
And the cold wind blew, and the cold wind blew, and the cold wind blew.

Well, I held fast to the forward mast  
As the ship moved slowly on,  
And I watched that way 'til the break of day,  
When I knew that it fin'ly had gone.  
Oh, they laughed and joked as I told my tale  
To the captain and the men.  
But the story's true, I can promise you,  
And it's sure to happen again.  
Yes, it's sure to happen again.  
And the cold wind blew, And the cold wind blew!