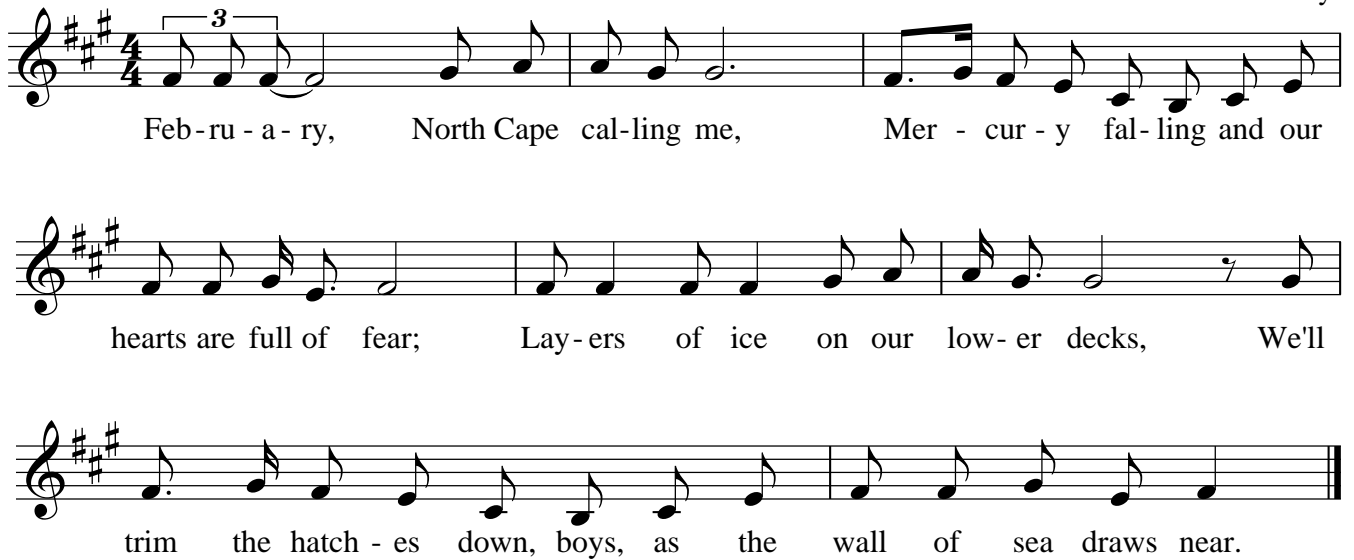


North Cape Calling

TYG 94

Words and music by
Linda Kelly.

VERSE:



Feb - ru - a - ry, North Cape cal - ling me, Mer - cur - y fal - ling and our
hearts are full of fear; Lay - ers of ice on our low - er decks, We'll
trim the hatch - es down, boys, as the wall of sea draws near.

CHORUS:



"It's too late to turn a - round," our skip - per says,
"There's a hold half emp - ty here be - sides, There's plen - ty more good fish - ing to be
done, me lads, We'll ride the storm till morn - ning then de - cide."

Lyrics



1. February, North Cape calling me,
Mercury falling and our hearts are full of fear;
Layers of ice on our lower decks,
We'll trim the hatches down, boys, as the wall of sea draws near.

CHORUS: 'It's too late to turn around,' our skipper says,
'There's a hold half empty here besides,
There's plenty more good fishing to be done, me lads,
We'll ride the storm till morning then decide.'

2. February, North Cape calling me,
We've lost our mast and cut the engines too,
We've dragged the first hand back into the hold, me lads,
Frostbite has his fingers but I'm sure that he'll pull through.

CHORUS

3. February, North Cape calling me,
We've never prayed so hard in all our lives;
Good Lord if this is judgment then I'll promise you,
I'll give up drink and women if you'll just let me survive.

CHORUS

4. February, North Cape calling me,
Mercury rising and a calmer sea prevails.
'Lower your nets,' we hear the skipper cry,
'The sooner we get done here then the sooner we set sail.'

CHORUS