

## North Cape Calling

February, North Cape calling me,  
Mercury falling, and our hearts are full with 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*

February, North Cape calling me,  
We've lost our mast and cut the engines too  
We've dragged the first mate back into the hold, me lads  
The frostbite has his fingers, but we're sure that he'll pull through

### *Chorus*

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

### *Chorus*

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 (twice)*

*Note; The North Cape is the most northerly point of Norway.*