

With blood-red sails, ebony mast and the bitter gales
Through the storm 'round the cape of fate the Flying Dutchman sails
Searching for release from the curse that overcast
The life of the Flying Dutchman 'till he's found a true-loving maid

No blood runs through his veins, no heart beats in his chest
And the pale light of the moon is the colour of the rest
He is damned to cruise the ocean forever and a day
'Till he's found a true-loving maid to release him from his pain

CHORUS: With blood-red sails, ebony mast and the bitter gales
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Through the storm 'round the cape of fate the Flying Dutchman sails

"I will conquer the stormy cliffs of the cape!"
The Dutch captain boastfully swore by his soul
"Even if I sail until Judgement Day!"
And he left the harbour to reach for his goal
Through day, through night the sailor's ship fought
Against the anger of the outrageous sea
Struggling for their lives the men fell over board
Devoured by the waves eternally

(CHORUS)

Seven times seven years have past
Since the Dutchman's crew had drowned
The lonesome sailor's ghost-ship
Has stranded to the shore
Along came a young fair maid
And there the sailor she found
She said "I know thy story
and my death can save thy soul."

(CHORUS)

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At home she told her father:
"I'll be off with the Dutchman to save him from his fate."
Hearing these words the old man cried: "Me daughter, don't thou dare...!
Thou shall not sacrifice thyself to a cold blooded villain full of might,
With Eriksson ...the fine young man... the wedding bed thou will share!"

(CHORUS)