

# The Flying Dutchman

By Charles Godfrey Leland

We met the *Flying Dutchman*,  
By midnight he came,  
His hull was all of hell fire,  
His sails were all aflame;  
Fire on the main-top,  
Fire on the bow,  
Fire on the gun-deck,  
Fire down below.

Four-and-twenty dead men,  
Those were the crew,  
The devil on the bowsprit,  
Fiddled as she flew,  
We gave her the broadside,  
Right in the dip,  
Just like a candle,  
Went out the ship.