



Mister Stormalong

Stormy was a good old man,
Way, Stormalong John!
Stormy was a good old man,
Way hey, Mister Stormalong!

We dug his grave with a silver spade,
Way, Stormalong John!
His shroud of the finest silk was made
Way hey, Mister Stormalong!

We lowered him with a golden chain,
Way, Stormalong John!
Our eyes were dim, but not with rain
Way hey, Mister Stormalong!

An able sailor, bold and true,
Way, Stormalong John!
A good old bosun to his crew
Way hey, Mister Stormalong!

He's moored at last, and furled his sails,
Way, Stormalong John!
No danger now of wreck or gales
Way hey, Mister Stormalong!

I wish I was old Stormy's son,
Way, Stormalong John!
I'd build me a ship - ten thousand tons
Way hey, Mister Stormalong!

I'd fill her with New England rum,
Way, Stormalong John!
And all my shellbacks they would have some
Way hey, Mister Stormalong!

We'd sail this whole wide world around,
Way, Stormalong John!
With plenty of money we would be found
Way hey, Mister Stormalong!

But Stormy's dead and gone to rest,
Way, Stormalong John!
Of all the sailors he was the best
Way hey, Mister Stormalong!