

## General Taylor

Well General Taylor gained the day  
*Walk him along, John, Carry him along*  
Well General Taylor he gained the day  
*Carry him to his burying ground*

**To me!**

*way, hey Stormy*  
*Walk him along, John, carry him along*

**To me!**

*way, hey, Stormy*  
*Carry him to his burying ground*

I wish I was old Stormy's son  
I'd build me a ship of 10,000 ton

I'd fill her up with ale and with rum  
And all the songs these shellbacks have sung

We'll dig his grave with a silver spade  
His shroud of the finest silk will be made

We'll lower him down on a golden chain  
On every link we'll carve his name

General Taylor he died long ago  
He's gone where the stormy winds won't blow

General Taylor he's dead and he's gone  
Well General Taylor he's long dead and gone

*Chorus x 2*