

Mister Stormalong

Old Stormy he is dead and gone

To me away you Stormalong

Old Stormy he is dead and gone

Ay! Ay! Ay! Mister Stormalong

He lies low in his salt sea bed, *to me away...*

Our hearts are sore, our eyes wuz red, *Ay! Ay! Ay!...*

For fifty years he sailed the seas...

In winter gale and summer breeze...

So we sunk him under with a long, long roll...

Where the sharks heve his body and the devil have his soul....

He slipped his cable off Cape Horn....

Close by the place where he was born...

Old Stormy loved a sailor's song...

His voice wuz tough and rough and strong...

Oh, now we'll sing his funeral song....

Oh, roll her over, long and strong...

Old Stormy was a seaman bold...

A Grand Old Man of the days of old....