

Stormalong John

Old Stormy's gone, that good old man,
Wey, Stormalong John

Old Stormy's gone, that good old man,
Wey hey Mister, stormalong John

Old Stormy heard the angels call,
So sing his dirge now one and all.

Old Stormy died way off Cape Horn,
Close by the place where he was born.

Well I wish I was old Stormy's son,
I'd build me a ship of a thousand tons.

I'd fill her hold with food and rum,
And stay in port 'til it was gone.

Then I'd sail the oceans round and round,
With plenty of money I'd be found.

<Quiet>

We dug his grave with a silver spade,
And lowered him down on a golden chain.

Old Stormy's now been laid to rest,
Of all our boys he was the best.