

Mister Stormalong



Old Storm-y he is _ dead an' _gone, To me way you Storm-a - long!



Old _____ Storm - - y he is _____



dead an' gone, Ay! Ay! Ay! Mis-ter Storm - a - long!

Old Stormy he is dead and gone,
(Chorus: To me may you Stormalong!)
Old Stormy he is dead and gone,
(Chorus: Ay! Ay! Ay! Mister Stormalong)

Of all ol' skippers [the sailors] he was best,
But now he's dead and gone to rest.

He slipped his cable off Cape Horn,
Close by the place where he was born.

Oh, off Cape Horn where he was born,
Our sails wuz torn an' our mainmast gorn.

We'll dig his grave with a silver spade,
His shroud of finest silk was made.

We lowered him down with a golden chain,
Our eyes all dim with more than rain.

He lies low in his salt-sea [earthen] bed,
Our hearts are sore, our eyes were red.

An able seaman bold an' true,
A good ol' skipper [bosun] to his crew.

He's moored at last an' furled his sail,
No danger now from wreck or gale.

Old Stormy heard the Angel call,
So sing his dirge now one an' all.

Oh, now we'll sing his funeral song,
Oh, roll her over, long an' strong.

His heart wuz good an' kind an' soft,
But now he's gone 'way up aloft.

For fifty years he sailed the seas,
In winter gale and summer breeze.

But now Ol' Stormy's day is done;
We marked the spot where he is gone.

So we sunk him under with a long, long roll,
Where the sharks'll have his body an' the devil have his soul.

An' so Ol' Stormy's day wuz done,
South fifty six, west fifty one.

Ol' Stormy wuz a seaman bold,
A Grand Ol' Man o' the days of old.