

Stormalong

Capstan Chanty

Stormy's gone, that good old man,
Way, Stormalong, John!
Stormy's gone, that good old man,
Way aye, Mister Stormalong!

They dug his grave with a silver spade,
His shroud of the finest silk was made.

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

An able sailor, bold and true,
A good old bosun to his crew.

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

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

I'd fill her with New England rum,
My shellbacks they would have some.

I'd sail this wide world 'round and 'round,
With plenty of money I would be found.

Old Stormy's dead and gone to rest,
Of all the sailors he was the best,