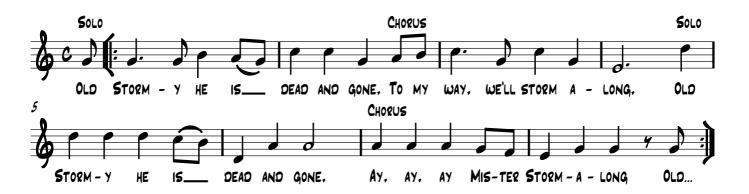
MISTER STORMALONG

TRAD. SHANTY



OLD STORMY'S DEAD, THAT GOOD OLD MAN
(TO MY WAY, WE'LL STORM ALONG)
WE'LL NEVER SEE HIS LIKE AGAIN
(AY, AY, AY, MISTER STORMALONG)

WE DUG HIS GRAVE WITH A SILVER SPADE AND THERE AT REST OLD STORMY LAID

WE DUG HIS GRAVE BOTH WIDE AND DEEP AND LEFT HIM THERE TO TAKE HIS SLEEP

I WISH I WAS OLD STORMY'S SON
I'D BUILD A SHIP BOTH STOUT AND STRONG

I'D BUILD A SHIP OF A THOUSAND TON AND GIVE MY SAILORS LOTS OF RUM