

General Taylor

E H E
General Taylor gained the day

H E H
Walk him along, John, carry him along

A E H
Well General Taylor gained the day

E H E
Carry him to his burying ground

E A E H
To me, way, hey, Stormy

H E H
Walk him along, John, carry him along

A E H
To me, way, hey, Stormy

E H E
Carry him to his burying ground

Well I wish I was old Stormy's son
I'd build a ship ten thousand tonne

We'll load her up with ale and rum
That every shellback should have some

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

We'll lower him down on a golden chain
On every link we'll carve his name

Well General Taylor's dead and gone
Well General Taylor's dead and gone