

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