

Bilge Pumps

"General Taylor"

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General Taylor gained the day
Walk him along, John, Carry him along
General Taylor gained the day
Carry him to his burying ground

Chorus:

To me way, hey, hey Stormy
Walk him along, John, carry him along
Way, hey, hey, Stormy
Carry him to his burying ground

I wish I wa sold Stormy's son
I'd build me a ship of 10, 000 ton

I'd load her down with ale and rum

And every shellback should have some

We dug his grave with a silver spade
His shroud of the finest silk was made

We lowered him down on a golden chain
On every link we carved his name

General Taylor died long ago
He's gone to where the winds don't blow

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

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