

General Taylor

Great Big Sea

Well general Taylor gained the day
Walk him along, John, carry him along
Well general Taylor he gained the day
Carry him to his bury'n ground Tell me way, hey, you stormy
Walk him along, John, carry him along
Tel me way, hey, you stormy
Carry him to his bury'n ground We'll dig his grave with a silver spade
Walk him along, John, carry him along
His shroud of the finest silk will be made
Carry him to his bury'n ground Tell me way, hey, you stormy
Walk him along, John, carry him along
Tel me way, hey, you stormy
Carry him to his bury'n ground We'll lower him down on a golden chain
Walk him along, John, carry him along
On every inch we'll carve his name
Carry him to his bury'n ground Tell me way, hey, you stormy
Walk him along, John, carry him along
Tel me way, hey, you stormy
Carry him to his bury'n ground Well general Taylor he's all the go
Walk him along, John, carry him along
He's gone where the stormy winds won't blow
Carry him to his bury'n ground Tell me way, hey, you stormy
Walk him along, John, carry him along
Tel me way, hey, you stormy
Carry him to his bury'n ground Well a pint of rum for every man
Walk him along, John, carry him along
And a bloody great big barrel for shanty man
Carry him to his bury'n ground Tell me way, hey, you stormy
Walk him along, John, carry him along
Tel me way, hey, you stormy
Carry him to his bury'n ground Tell me way, hey, you stormy
Walk him along, John, carry him along
Tel me way, hey, you stormy
Carry him to his bury'n ground Well general Taylor is dead and he's gone
Walk him along, John, carry him along
Well general Taylor he's longed and gone
Carry him to his bury'n ground Tell me way, hey, you stormy
Walk him along, John, carry him along
Tel me way, hey, you stormy

Carry him to his bury'n ground

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