

Wilderun, Storm Along

Stormie's gone, the good old man
To my aye storm along
Oh, Stormie's gone, the good old man
Aye aye Mister Storm along

They dug his grave with a silver spade
To my aye storm along
The shroud of finest silk was made
Aye aye Mister Storm along

He's moored at least and furled his sail
To my aye storm along
No danger now from wreck or gale
Aye aye Storm along

Of captain brave, he was the best
To my aye storm along
But now he's gone and is at rest
Aye aye Mister Storm along

Old Storm has heard the angel call
To my aye storm along
So sing his dirge, now one and all

I recall the day the hurricane
Engulfed a hundred ships
Fate was stripped from our hands

Waves of the size of mountainsides bludgeoned us one by one
Stormie saved so many under the veil of the blackened sun

As the wind came to a calm
The bright sun awakened the dawn
We stood in silence endlessly
And gazed to the edge of the sea

As we turned our heads
And looked back towards the shore
Our hearts sunk ever low
For our captain was no more

Still his body lay
At the breaking of the day
We lowered him with a golden chain
Our eyes dim with more than rain

He lies in an earthen bed
Our hearts are sore, our eyes are red

Storm along, we must now venture on
Into the beauty of the open sea
Our will must not become undone
Journey onwards far as our eyes can see

O do not mourn for long
Let our words ring on in his memory
The vast horizon draws us near
Journey onwards