

# 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