

The General Slocum. L.M.

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1. The day the Gen'-ral Slo-cum sail They bombed the gate of heav-en's hell, But hun - ger had e -

2. New York it cried an ug - ly sound, One thou - sand fer - ri - ers were dead, The ci - ty must re -

3. A cem - e - tar - y born to Queens For un - der - wa - ter lies no tomb. Go stab the land and

ro - ded he, But hun - ger had e - ro - ded he, He swabbed the deck and set them free.

tal - i - ate, The ci - ty must re - tal - i - ate, Please stop this death that swells our gate.

dredge its bed, Go stab the land and dredge its bed, You can - not do this an - y - more.