

Strike the Bell

Out on the quarter deck and walking about,
There's the second mate so steady and so stout.
What he is a thinkin' of he doesn't know himself
We wish that he would hurry up and strike, strike the bell.

Chorus

Strike the bell second mate. Let us go below!
Look well to windward you can see it's going to blow.
Look at the glass. You can see that it is fell.
We wish that you would hurry up and strike, strike the bell!

Down on the main deck and working on the pumps,
There's the starboard watch a longin' for their bunks.
Look out to windward and see a great swell,
We wish that he would hurry up and strike, strike the bell.

Chorus

Aft at the wheel poor Anderson stands
Grasping at the spokes with his cold bitten hands
He looks at the compass and the course is clear as hell
We wish that he would hurry up and strike, strike the bell.

Chorus

Forward at the forecastle head and keeping sharp lookout
Yonder John is standing, ready for to shout
Lights are burning bright, Sir, and everything is well.
We wish that he would hurry up and strike, strike the bell.

Chorus

Out on the poop deck the gallant captain stands,
Looking out to sea with a spyglass in his hands.
What he is a thinkin' of we know very well.
He's thinkin' more of shortenin' sail than striking the bell.

Chorus