

Strike the Bell

Aft on the poopdeck
Walking about
There is the second mate
So sturdy and so stout
What he is thinking of
He only knows himself
Oh, we wish that he would hurry up
And strike, strike the bell

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

Down on the maindeck
Working at the pumps
There is the larboard watch
Ready for their bunks
Over to windward
They see a great swell
They're wishing that the second mate
Would strike, strike the bell

Aft at the wheel
Poor Anderson stands
Grasping the spokes
In his cold, mittened hands
Looking at the compass
The course is clear as hell
He's wishing that the second mate
Would strike, strike the bell

For'ad in the fo'c'sle head
Keeping sharp lookout
There is Johnny standing
Ready for to shout
"Lights' burning bright, sir
And everything is well"
He's wishing that the second mate
Would strike, strike the bell

Aft the quarterdeck
The gallant captain stands
Looking to windward
With his glasses in his hand
What he is thinking of
We know very well
He's thinking more of shortening sail
Than strike, strike the bell