



Strike the bell

Down on the poop deck, walking all about
There is the second mate so steady and so stout
What he is a thinking of he doesn't know himself
We're wishing that he'd hurry up and strike, strike the bell

***Strike the bell second mate, let's go below
Look well to windward you can see it's gonna blow
Look at the glass you see it has fell
We're wishing that you'd hurry up and strike, strike the bell***

Down on the main deck, working at the pumps
There is the larb'd watch, a longing for their bunks
Looking to windward, they see a great swell
They're wishing that you'd hurry up and strike, strike the bell

Down at the wheel poor Anderson stands
Clutching at the spokes with his cold mittened hands
Looking at the compass, the course is clear as hell
He's wishing that you'd hurry up and strike, strike the bell

Forrard at the foc'sle, keeping sharp lookout
Johnny is a watching, ready for to shout
Light's burning bright sir, and everything is well
He's wishing that you'd hurry up and strike, strike the bell

Down on the quarter deck, our gallant captain stands
Looking to windward, his glasses in his hand
What he is a thinking of we know very well,
He's thinking more of short'ning sail than strike, strike the bell