

Strike the Bell

Aft on the poop there is walk - ing a - bout
Our bul - ly sec - ond mate so ab - - le and stout,
What he is think - ing of he does - n't know him - self, It
seems to us he's quite for - got to strike, strike the bell!
Strike the bell, sec - ond mate let us go be - low.
If you look to wind - 'ard you will see its goin' to blow.
Look at the glass, you will see how it's fell. I
wish that you would hur - ry up and strike, strike the bell!

Aft on the poop there is walking about
Our bully second mate so able and stout,
What he is thinking of he doesn't know himself,
It seems to us he's quite forgot to strike, strike the bell!

(Chorus)

Strike the bell, second mate, let us go below.
If you look to wind'ard you will see its goin' to blow.
Look at the glass, you will see how it's fell.
I wish that you would hurry up and strike, strike the bell!

Aft on the maindeck working at the pumps.
There is the larboard watch a-longing for their bunks,
Lookin' to the wind'ard they see a great swell
They're wishing that the second mate would strike, strike the bell!

Aft at the whell there poor Anderson stands
Grasping at the spokes with his cold, mittoned hands,
Looking at the compass, the course clear to tell,
He's wishing that the second mate would strike, strike the bell.

For'ard on the fo'c'slehead keeping sharp lookout
There is Johnny standind, he's ready to shout.
"Lights burnin' bright sir! and everything is well!"
He's wishing that the second mate would strike, strike the bell.

Aft on the quaterdeck our cap'n there he stands
Lookin' to the wind'ard with his glasses in his hands,
What he is thinkin' of we know very well,
He's thinking more of shortening sail than strike, strike the bell.