

EIGHT BELLS

#11

I found myself shipped on a whaler,
And I sailed to the far Northern Seas;
And being a bold-hearted sailor,
I cared not for ice, sea, nor breeze.

Eight bells, Eight bells,
Rouse out there the watch from below;
Eight bells, eight bells,
Rouse out there the watch from below.

When up in the hoops I was dandy
At sighting a whale – “There she blows!”
When out in the whaleboat was handy
A smarter young tar never rowed!

Well, it always felt such a long time
To be up there just on your own
And my mind would often a-wander
To dream of my girl back at home

At the end of my watch, oh my fancy
Was to get to my bunk quickly-O
For I wanted to dream of my Nancy
So, I called from the watch “Hey below”

But now I’m no longer a sailor
I often wake up in the night
And thinking I’m still on the whaler
Call out with the greatest delight