

STRIKE THE BELL

#53

Aft on the quarter deck walking about
There is the Second mate so steady and so stout.
He is thinking of his sweetheart and he's hoping she is well;
He wish that old Second mate would strike, strike the bell.

Strike the bell, Second mate, let's go below,
Look out to wind'ard you can see it's gonna blow.
Look at the glass you can see that it has fell,
We wish that you would hurry up and strike, strike the bell.

For'ard on the foc's'le head and keepin' sharp lookout,
There is Johnny waiting, ready fer to shout,
“Lights' burnin' bright, sir, and everything is well!”
But he's wishin' that old Second mate would strike, strike the bell.

Down on the main deck, and workin' at the pumps,
There is the larboard watch ready for their bunks;
Over to wind'ard they see a great swell,
And he's wishin' that old Second mate would strike, strike the bell.

Aft at the wheel poor Anderson stands,
Graspin' the spokes in his cold mitten hands.
Lookin' at the compass and the course is clear as hell
But he's wishin' that old Second mate would strike, strike the bell.

Aft on the quarter deck our gallant Captain stands,
Lookin' to wind'ard with the glasses in his hand.
What he is thinkin' of we know very well,
He's thinkin' more of shortenin' sail than strike, strike the bell.