



## 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 wheel 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