

Eight Bells

*A seamen's song collected by Merv Lilley from Kevin Troy, on the SS Dulverton, from Singabout 4/1.
Striking eight bells meant the end of the watch.*

Chorus

1 Strike those bells, sec - ond mate, and then we'll go be - low,
2 I see the glass is fall - in' and I know she's gon - na blow.
5 What do we care for the weath - - er, and what do we care for the swell,
6 Just wait - in' on the sec - ond mate to strike eight bells.

Chorus chords: D, G, C, G, D7, G, C, G, G.

Verse

8 Now down in the stoke hole a great big fire - man stands,
11 Rak - - in' out the fires with a big rake in his hands;
12 He's bawl - in' at the trim - - mer, but he's a - fraid to tell,
14 That he's wait - in' on the sec - ond mate to strike eight bells.

Verse chords: G, C, D7, G, C, G, C, G.

Down in the galley, the greasy cook 'e stands,
Mixin' up the pea soup with his dirty slimy hands.
He's mixin' up the pea soup, but he's afraid to tell,
That he's waitin' on the second mate to strike eight bells.

Now up in the wheelhouse, an able seaman stands,
Gazin' in the compass with the wheel spokes in his hands;
She's steerin' nor-by-east sir, she's steerin' up to hell;
Still he's waitin' on the second mate, to strike eight bells.