

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

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

The musical notation for the chorus is in 4/4 time, G major, and consists of four staves. The first staff has a D chord above it. The second staff has C, G, and D7 chords above it. The third staff has G, C, and C chords above it, with triplets indicated by a '3' over the notes. The fourth staff has D7, G, C, and G chords above it.

Verse

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

The musical notation for the verse is in 4/4 time, G major, and consists of four staves. The first staff has G and C chords above it. The second staff has G and D7 chords above it. The third staff has G and C chords above it. The fourth staff has D7, G, C, and G chords above it.

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.