

# The Bellman

Crescent Shield

"The Chorus"

Curse the hand of the man  
With the bell he doth ring  
One did tell me

"The Young"

Old man with traveler's hands  
Scarred by age and salt of the sea  
Tell me, warn thee your tales  
Of cried from the ocean's abide

"The Bellman"

You fallow lads with smoother hands  
Beware the beyond sea  
The sun does not quite follow  
The skies of the water you seek

Sunsets sadden  
Mornings terrify!

On and on from the shores they do go  
With their hearts and minds one way do they know  
My bell will ring  
And they will sing  
A song I did too once sing

Mercator's Poles and Meridian Lines  
The stars will guide, the sun will time  
The winds of trade will guide the way  
To the unknown and then  
Home

Hold my hand and stay  
With me listen to what I warn you  
For so long am I imprisoned  
To these streets of ports call  
Still they sail, hence I raise  
My bell and strike its chime of fate!

On and on from the shores we do go  
With our hearts and minds one way do we know  
Our bell will ring, And we will sing  
The song we always dreamed to sing  
Mercator's Poles and Meridian Lines  
The stars will guide, the sun will time  
The winds of trade will guide the way  
To the unknown and then

Solo

Unseen or heard is the ghost  
Of the Bellman we know

Unless you're the fool who  
Is doomed from the moment you sail

Once was he the arrogant Bellman ago

Cursed to live on to call  
The cry of the fell

Cursed be the hand of the man  
With the bell he doth ring

Death to you all whose  
Warnings you never did heed

Beware of the shivering bell  
When you set forth to sea

For it rings the chime of fate!