The king and his men stole the queen from her bed
Some have died and some are alive
Bell has been raised from its watery grave.

and bound her in her bones.
and others sail on the sea.
Do you hear its sepulchral tone?

The seas be ours and by the
With the keys to the cage and the devil to
A call to all, pay heed to the

pow’rs, where we will, we’ll roam!
pay we lay to Fiddler’s Green!
squall and turn your sails to home.