High on de air, till de islan' dere
  Of Salvador lie below.

Dat 's w'ere de bell 's a-ringin'
  Over de ocean track,
Troo fog an' rain an' hurricane,
  An' w'enever de night is black;
Kipin' de vow he 's makin',
  Dat 's w'at he 's workin' for,
Ringin de bell, an' he do it well,
  De Fader of Salvador!

An' de years go by, an' quickly,
  An' many a sailor's wife
She 's prayin' long, an' she 's prayin' strong
  Dat God he will spare de life
Of de good, de holy Fader,
  Off w'ere de breakers roar,
Only de sea for hees companie,
  Alone on Salvador.

. . . . . .

Summer upon de islan',
  Quiet de sea an' air,
But no bell ring, an' de small bird sing,
  For summer is ev'ryw'ere;
A ship comin' in, an' on it
  De wickedes' capitaine
Was never sail on de storm, or gale,
  From here to de worl's en'!