

Chad Mitchell Trio, Hang On The Bell, Nellie

The scene was in the jailhouse, and if curfew rang that night
Nell's dad in number 13 cell would go out like a light
She knew her dad was innocent, so plucky Little Nell
She tied her tender torso to the clapper of the bell

Hang on the bell, Nellie, hang on the bell
Your poor daddy's locked in a cold prison cell
As you swing to the left, Nellie swing to the right
Remember that curfew bell must never ring tonight

It all started when sweet Nellie said, "No! No!" to Handsome Jack
And struggled for her virtue there down by the railroad track
Nell's dad came to her rescue as the train roared down the line
Jack fell back across the track and paid the price of crime

Nell's dad he got arrested, and brought up before the Law
The Sheriff said, "Old Handsome Jack ain't handsome any more"
Poor Nell she cried and pleaded, but the jury didn't care
They didn't have a sofa, so they offered him the chair

They pulled upon the bell rope, but there was no ting-a-ling
They could not get their foul deed done, for curfew would not ring
To and fro aloft swung Nell, while below they pulled and heaved
When suddenly a voice cried "Stop! Your daddy's been reprieved!"

They cut her fair young body down, while she made protests weak
And as they laid her out upon the ground, she cried in girlish pique:
"Look I tried to save my daddy, which was true a noble thing
But still, while I was up there, man I learned it's fun to swing."

Hang on the bell, Nellie, hang on the bell
So your poor daddy's sprung from his cold prison cell
As you swing to the left, Nellie swing to the right
No matter when that curfew rings, we're gonna swing tonight