



Midshipmite.

Adams, Stephen, 1844-1913; Weatherly, F. E. (Frederic Edward), 1848-1929
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THE MIDSHIPMITE.

FRED. E. WEATHERLY.
Con spirito.

STEPHEN ADAMS.

1. "Twas in fif - ty - five, on a
2. We launch'd the cut - ter and
3. "I'm done for now; good -

win-ter's night, Cheer-i - ly, my lads, yo ho! We'd got the Roosh-an lines in sight, When up comes a lit - tle Mid- ship- mite, shov'd her out, Cheer-i - ly, my lads, yo ho! The lub- bers might ha' heard us shout, As the Mid- dy cried, "Now, my lads, put a-bout!" "bye!" says he, Steadi - ly, my lads, yo ho! "You make for the boat, ne'er mind for me!" "We'll take 'ee back, sir, or die," says we!

Cheer-i - ly, my lads, yo ho! "Who'll go a-shore to - night," says he, "An' spike their guns a - long wi' me?" "Why, bless 'ee, sir, come a - Cheer-i - ly, my lads, yo ho! We made for the guns, an' we ramm'd them tight, But the musket shots came left and right, An' down drops the poor little Cheer-i - ly, my lads, yo ho! So we hoisted him in, in a ter-rible plight, An' we pull'd ev'ry man with all his might, An' sav'd the poor lit-tle

long!" says we, Cheer-i - ly, my lads, yo ho! Cheer-i - ly, my lads, yo ho! With a long, long pull, An' a strong, strong pull, Mid-ship-mite, Mid-ship-mite,

Gai-ly, boys, make her go? . . . An' we'll drink to-night To the Mid- ship-mite, Singing cheerily, lads, yo ho!