

## THE MIDSHIPMITE

Frederic Weatherly (1848–1929)

Stephen Adams (1841–1913)

1. 'Twas in fif - ty - five, on a win - ter's night, Cheer-i - ly my lads yo - ho! We'd  
 2. We launch'd the cut-ter and shoved her out, Cheer-i - ly my lads yo - ho! The  
 3. "I'm done for now; good - bye!" says he, Stead-i - ly, my lads, yo - ho! "You  
 got the Roo - shan lines in sight, When up comes a lit - tle Mid - ship-mite,  
 lub - bers might ha' heard us shout, As the Mid - dy cried, "Now, my lads, put a - bout."  
 make for the boat, nev - 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'  
 Cheer-i - ly my lads yo - ho! "We made for the guns, an' we ram'd 'em tight, But the  
 Cheer-i - ly, my lads, yo - ho! "So we hoist-ed him in, in a ter - ri - ble plight, An' we  
 spike their guns a - long wi' me?" "Why, bless 'ee, sir, come a - long!" says we,  
 mus - ket shots came left and right, An' down drops the poor lit - tle Mid - ship-mite,  
 pull'd ev - 'ry man with all his might, An' saved the poor lit - tle Mid - ship-mite,  
 Cheer-i - ly my lads yo - ho! Cheer-i - ly my lads yo - ho! With a  
 long, long pull, An' a strong, strong pull, Gai - ly boys, make her go! An' we'll

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drink to-night To the Mid-ship-mite, Sing-ing cheer-i-ly, lads, yo-ho!\_\_\_\_