

The Midshipmite

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STEPHEN ADAMS

Con spirito

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 Roosh - an lines in sight, When up comes a lit - tle
 lub - bers might ha' heard us shout, As the Mid - dy cried, "Now, my
 make for the boat, nev - er mind for me!" "We'll take 'ee back, sir, or



Mid-ship-mite, Cheer-i - ly, my lads, yo ho! "Who'll go a - shore to-night," says he, "An'
 lads, put a-bout; Cheer-i - ly, my lads, yo ho! We made for the guns an' ramm'd 'em tight, But the
 die," says we! Cheer-i - ly, my lads, yo ho! So we hoisted him in, in a terrible 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' sav'd 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? . . . And we'll

drink to - night To the Mid - ship - mite, Singing cheer-i - ly, lads, yo ho! . . .