Messmates

Song

Words by
Henry Newbolt

Music by
Margaret Bennett
Men mates. Song.

Moderato.

He gave us all a good-bye cheerily. At the first dawn of day, we dropped him down the side full cheerily. When the light died away, it's a dead dark with that he's a-cros.

Keeping there, and a long, long night that lay a-creeeping there, when the...
Trade and the tide roll over him
And the great ships go

Agitate, piano, agitate

He's there alone with green seas rocking him
For a thousand miles

Round;

He's there alone with dumb thing rocking him
And we're homeward bound
A long, long watch that has a-

Keeping there, And a dead cold night that lags a-cree-ping there, While the

months and the years roll o-ver him And the great ships go
Tempo I

If there all the lone watch that he's a keeping there
And the

long, cold night that lags a creeping there
The voices of the sailor man shall

comfort him when the great ships go by

ad lib

pp

roll.