

COLONEL SHEA OF THE IRISH BRIGADE.

Printed by John White Rose-place, Scotland-road.
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Now don't be alarmed at seeing me here,
I'm a gent of the very first water, [too,
My appearance will show, I'm a gentleman
And the son of a nobleman's daughter.
My mother! God bless her, she doated on me
And of danger I ne'er was afraid,
When I grew to manhood a commission I
bought,
Now I'm one in the Irish Brigade.
Then hurrah! hurrah! for the true sons of
Erin, [afraid,
Whose stout hearted soldiers are never
They're true to the core, and death ever
daring,
I'm Colonel Shea of the Irish Brigade.
The Irish Brigade are a corps true & brave
For fighting the best in the land, [gay,
In peace they're true hearted, cheerful and
In battle like lions they'll stand.
And I am the Colonel, and proud I'm to say
My men really doat upon me. [shout
For oft midst the roar of cannon, they
Give a cheer boys for old Colonel Shea.
To the roll of the drum, we gaily march on
To the field, mid'st the dead and dying,
And high in the air thro' smoke can be seen
Our green flag so nobly flying. [shell,
And there it waves proudly amid shot and
While my men to the charge are led,
They'll fight till they die, ere an inch they
would fly,
In defence of the flag o'er their head.
Then boys give a cheer for the sons of our
Isle.
For gallantry none can them excel,
For the rights of their country, they've oft
led the way,
And like soldiers have bravely fell,
They've fought and they've conquered their
foes o'er and o'er,
In foreign lands far over the sea,
And they can do so again my brave heart-
ed men,
When led on by old Colonel Shea,

OVER THE GARDEN WALL.

White. Printer, 8 Rose Place, Liverpool

Oh, my love stood under the walnut tree,
Over the garden wall,
She whispered and said she'd be true to me
Over the garden wall,
She'd beautiful eyes, and beautiful hair,
She was not very tall so she stood on a chair
And many a time I've kissed her there,
Over the garden wall.
Over the garden wall, the sweetest girl of
all,
There never was yet, such eyes of jet,
And you may bet, I'll never forget,
The night our lips in kisses met,
Over the garden wall.
But her father stamp'd and her father raved
Over the garden wall,
And like an old madman he behaved,
Over the garden wall,
She made me a nice bunch of roses red,
But immediately I popped up my head,
He gave me a bucket of water instead,
Over the garden wall.
One day I jumped down on the other side
Over the garden wall,
And she bravely promised to be my bride,
Over the garden wall, [quick,"
But she scream'd in affright "Here's father,
I have an impression he's bringing a stick,
But I brought the impression of half a brick
Over the garden wall.
But where there's a will there's always a
way,
Over the garden wall,
There's always a night as well as a day
Over the garden wall. [cheap
We hadn't much money but weddings are
So while the old fellow was snoring asleep
With a lad and a ladder she managed to
creep,
Over the garden wall.

