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Cheaper than any house in the trade.

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 hearted men,

When led on by old Colonel Shea,

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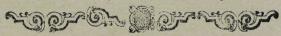
OVER

THE

GARDEN WALL.

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White. Printer, 8 Place, Leverpool



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

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,

