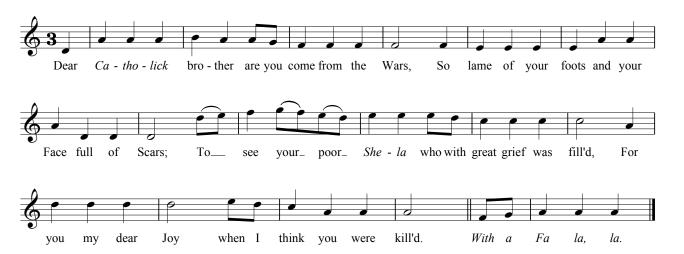
## (The Catholick Brother) A SONG.



O my shoul my dear *Shela*, I'm glad you see me, For if I were dead now, I could not see thee; The Cuts in my Body, and the Scars in my Face, I got them in Fighting for Her Majesty's Grace.

But oh my dear *Shela* dost thou now love me, So well as you did, e're I went to the Sea; By *Cri*---- and St. *Pa*---- my dear Joy I do, And we shall be Married to morrow Just now.

I'll make a Cabin for my dearest to keep off the Cold, And I have a Guinea of yellow red Gold; To make Three halfs of it I think will be best, Give Two to my *Shela* and the Tird to the *Priest*.

Old *Philemy* my Father was full Fourscore Years old, And tho' he be dead he'll be glad to be told; That we Two are Married, my dear spare no cost, But send him some Letter, upon the last Post.