

(*The Catholick Brother*) A SONG.

Dear *Ca - tho - lick* bro - ther are you come from the Wars, So lame of your foots and your
Face full of Scars; To see your poor *She - la* who with great grief was fill'd, For
you my dear Joy when I think you were kill'd. *With a Fa la, la.*

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 halves 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.