COMIC SONGS

BY

J. F. MITCHELL,

The Popular Irish Balladist.

THE SHANTY-TOWN BRIGADE.
AN ELEGANT IRISH GENTLEMAN.
The Land we've Fought and Bled For.

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THE SHANTY-TOWN BRIGADE.

Words and Music by J. F. MITCHELL.

Moderato Allegro.

1. "Shan-ty-town's a fa-mous place, Full of life and full of vim,
2. If they go to jail to-day, By to-mor-row they'll be back,

Wa-ter there is ve-ry scarce, So the peo-ple nev-er swim, Hun-gry kids, and nois-y goats
All the La-dies eyes are blue, 'Till their hus-bands paint them black, Ev-ry house is built a-like,

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Meet you ev'rywhere you go, Once the people used to work, But it's very long ago.
Ev'rything is on one floor, If you want to go inside, Strike the "chimney," that's the door.

Now the only thing that works, Is an old "to-ma-to can," And it's near-ly work'd to death, By
Flags from ev'ry house-top fly, With the balm-y breez-es flirt, "Ma-ry's" Sun-day pet-ti-coat, Or
ev'ry wo-man, child, and man, Some-time if a man by chance, Works a day and
may-be "Pat-sy's" Sun-day shirt. There's no "Vas-sar col-lege girls," Or fash-ion-a-ble

then gets paid, He is met by all the gang, Called the "Shan-ty town bri-gade."
par-ties there, When the lad-ies want some fun, They just pull each oth-er's hair.

The Shanty-Town Brigade.—3.
For the goats go "Mah-ma-ah," And the flags and banners fly, Be
civil and discreet, To everyone you meet, Or you'll may-be get a wallop in the eye, They have
no respect for "law," And of "jail" they're not afraid, The
devil is about, When the gang turns out, In the "Shan-ty-town-brigade."