

THE
SQUATTERS

IRISH SONG

Written composed & inscribed to his

His Companions

THE
Casco Bay Rangers

BY

F. NICHOLLS CROUCH.



BOSTON.

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THE SQUATTERS!

IRISH SONG.

LIFE IN THE WEST!

J. NICHOLLS CROUCH.

Voice.

Piano.

The first system of music features a piano accompaniment in the lower staves and a voice line in the upper staff. The piano part begins with a *f* dynamic and includes a *crese.* (crescendo) marking. The voice line starts with a fermata over the first measure.

1. Now Katty dear, Why drop a tear? There's comfort yet in
 2. 'Tis thru I am, And that's no flam, A Landlord free to

The second system contains two vocal lines and piano accompaniment. The piano part includes dynamics *f*, *mf*, and *pp*, and a *crese.* marking. The lyrics are: "1. Now Katty dear, Why drop a tear? There's comfort yet in" and "2. 'Tis thru I am, And that's no flam, A Landlord free to".

store, 'Tis cowl'd I know; When east winds blow And earth is frosted o'er! Its
 roam, And choose my land Where now I stand, And build my shanty home. So

The third system continues the vocal lines and piano accompaniment. The piano part includes dynamics *f* and *mf*. The lyrics are: "store, 'Tis cowl'd I know; When east winds blow And earth is frosted o'er! Its" and "roam, And choose my land Where now I stand, And build my shanty home. So".

thru colleen you've got the spleen, And vexed ye are wid me, But
pitch me dear The hatchet here I've a mighty tree to fell — And

dolce *crese.* *f* *pp*

patience dear, And dhry that tear, And shmile that we are free. Och Katty dear My
while I chop, your blubbring stop, And feed the fire well. Och Katty dear, My

mf *crese.* *dolce*

own shweet Katty! Katty dear shweet Katty!
own shweet Katty! Katty dear shweet Katty!

mf *con espress.* *pp* *f* *mf*

3

Here's land in sthore
 And wood galore—
 And wather from the Brook—
 Here's natures room,
 It needs no broom;
 It's perfect as a Book.
 So dhry your tears,
 And calm your fears—
 And make the porage hot,
 The saints be prais'd
 The shanty's rais'd
 A darlint little Cot.

4

Katty Agra!
 When you're a Mama
 And the Sow, 'll have her Pigs
 And the Poulthry dear
 Shall all be here!
 We'll sing as merry as griggs.
 The Hens a squallin'
 The Bay a sprawlin'
 The whake and fun we'll have.
 When Corn's a growin'
 And Praties blowin'
 The farm we'll never lave.

5

But howl'd, what's that?
 A big wild Cat—
 A flarin' its eyes so wild!
 And there's a Bear,
 A sittin' o' there!
 As black as the Devil's Child.
 Och! mercy me—
 Did ever I see,
 Such Varmint in my days,
 They're comin' here!
 Och! Katty dear—
 My wits'll surely craze.

6

Hand 'em the pot,
 With Porage hot,
 Its manners makes the man!
 And when you've done—
 See how they'll run,
 Back to the woods agin.
 Och! Modther o' Moses,
 Look at their noses
 A scentin the fragrant male
 And Katty dear,
 Just come up here!
 It's pleasant your hand to feel.

7

The Bear he growl'd!
 And Katty howl'd,
 Och! mercy such a yell!
 Kate seized a brand
 With fire, in hand,
 Upon them both, she fell.
 The blazing pine
 Took out the shine
 Of Bear! and Cat! always
 And then came Pat
 With this, and that,
 And made the clearance blaze.

8

Off scamper'd they,
 And to this day
 The Squatters tell the tale.
 How few there be
 Who live so free
 But dangers must bewail.
 But now poor Pat
 Is growin' fat—
 His home! isthrivin' fast
 And Katty dear
 Is ever near
 To prate o'er what is past.