

The Little Old Sod Shanty On My Claim

Tune: Little Old Log Cabin In The Lane

G
I am looking rather seedy now
C G
while holding down my claim,
Em7 A7
And my victuals are not always served the best;
D7 G C G
And the mice play shyly round me as I nestle down to rest
Bm C D7 G
In the little old sod shanty on my claim.

Chorus:

C G
The hinges are of leather and the windows have no glass,
Em A7 D7
While the board roof lets the howling blizzard in,
G G7
And I hear the hungry coyote
C G
as he slinks up through the grass
Em7 A7 D7 G
Round the little old sod shanty on my claim.

Yet, I rather like the novelty of living in this way,
Though my bill of fare is always rather tame;
But I'm happy as a clam on the land of Uncle Sam
In the little old sod shanty on my claim.

But when I left my Eastern home, a bachelor so gay,
To try and win my way to wealth and fame,
I little thought I'd come down to burning twisted hay
In the little old sod shanty on my claim.

My clothes are plastered o'er with dough,
I'm looking like a fright,
And everything is scattered round the room;
But I wouldn't give the freedom that I have
out in the West
For the table of the Eastern man's old home.

Still, I wish that some kind-hearted girl
would pity on me take,
And relieve me from the mess that I am in;
The angel, how I'd bless her if this her home she'd make
In the little old sod shanty on my claim!

And if fate should bless us with now and then an heir
To cheer our hearts with honest pride of fame,
Oh, then we'd be contented for the toil that we had spent
In the little old sod shanty on our claim.

When time enough had lapsed and all those little brats
To noble man and womanhood had grown,
It wouldn't seem half so lonely as round us we should look
And we'd see the old sod shanty on our claim.