

The Clam-soup Peddler's Daughter - song lyrics

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The Clam-Soup Peddler's Daughter.
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'Twas a real hot Summer's day,
I felt most terribly.
So I got up and tore for the big sea shore,
And a swim in the deep blue sea;
On the beach was a nice young gal,
Her feet looked like two hams,
On her bended knees, in the cool sea breeze,
She was digging for soft-shell clams.

Chorus

'Twas on Coney Island beach,
We flirted And I caught her;
I was up above my ears in love,
With the clam-soup peddler's daughter.

I approached this lovely maid,
And said, sweet angel dear.
As the day is hot, say, would'st thou not
Prefer some German beer;
But many a word she spoke,
This innocent sea-shore lamb,
As she dun in the sand, with her sun-cured hand.
And pulled out a great big clam.-Chorus.

When I said, oh, fairest maid,
I swear I'll love but thee.
She said, you might, but clams don't bite,
To-day, by the deep blue sea;
She said, when I showed her wealth.
And asked her for her hand,
Go up to the shop, and ask my pop,
He's the fellow with the clam-soup stand. - Chorus.