

- Little Dug Out Soddy On The Plains

Little Dug-Out Soddy On The Plains

Starlight On the Rails

Banjo tuned E, Key A, Capo 3

(Not sure of the D7 second verse; but that
is what he Bruce phillips shows)

A
E7
A
 There's a little dug-out soddy on the plains,
E7
 The wind it blows and the sky it seldom rains
A
A7
D
 There ain't no place to go, so I'll just go insane
A
E7
A
 In my little dug-out soddy on the plains.

E7
A
 The broad Ohio Valley was my home,
E7
A
 In eight-teen seventy-one I had to roam
D7(?)
 How I wished I had stayed and left those sandy hills alone,
E7
A
 Far away from my Ohio Valley home.

D
A
 There's better times a coming, wait and see,
B7
E7
 When Tilden is elected, he will end our misery
D
A
F#m
 He's making lots of promises, Oh please remember me,
A
E7
A
 In my little dug-out soddy on the plains.

In the year of seventy-three I took a wife;
 I could not weasel out to save my life;
 Her daddy was an Injun, said he'd skin me with his knife,
 If I did not take his daughter for my wife.
 I haven't got a dollar for my seed;
 You ought to see the bill I owe for feed;
 There's a banker down in town, says he'll loan me all I need,
 If I'll ride in and sign a mortgage deed.

In the year of seventy-five I went bust;
 Left my wife and me without a single crust;
 We got sick on poison water and tired of plowin' dust,
 Watchin' all our friends and neighbors goin' bust.
 Things they got so bad I couldn't stay;
 Made up my mind to hire out for pay;
 I was beaten, cursed and robbed and starvin' anyway,
 So I turned around and went back home to stay.

When I got home the pox had took my wife;
 And the damned raw-hiders nearly got my life;
 When I get to heaven no more trouble, toil or strife,
 As long as I don't run into my wife.
 Now young feller before you head out west,
 You have listened to my story of distress;
 Oh, a cowboy's life is handsome, some say it is the best;
 But a prairie farmer's life is just a mess.

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