

Bluegrass Songs - Lyrics
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Little old sod shanty on my claim

I am looking rather seedy now
While hohding down my claim
And the mice play shyly round me as I nestle down to rest
In the little old sod shanty on my claim

The hinges are of leaher and the windows have no glass
While the board roof letsthe howling bizzard in
And I hear the hungry coyote as he slinks up through the grass
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

* Refrain

But when I left my Easten 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

* Refrain

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

* Refrain

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

* Refrain

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

* Refrain

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

* Refrain