

The Little Sod Shanty On The Plain

Words & Music:
Traditional American

E A
I'm looking rather seedy now while holding down my claim
E B7
And my vittles are not always served the best.
E A
And the mice play shyly 'round me as I nestle down to rest
E B7 E
In my little old sod shanty in the west.

CHORUS:

A E
Oh, the hinges are of leather and the windows have no glass.
E B7
The boards, they let the howling blizzards in.
E A
And I hear the hungry coyote as he sneaks up through the grass
E B7 E
To my little old sod shanty on the plain.

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 can be for I'm single and I'm free.
In the little old sod shanty on the plain.

CHORUS:

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.

CHORUS:

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